

IMPORTER,
GLOVER HARRISON,
CHINA HALL,
49 KING ST. E., Toronto.



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Conflicting Emotions of Mr. Mackenzie on hearing the Rumor

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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—It is most gratifying to note the firm stand taken by the Dominion Government against the proposal of the Montana and Wyoming ranchmen to ship their cattle to the English markets through Canada. The cattle interests of the territories mentioned are represented by aristocratic Englishmen, and the influence of the Canada Pacific syndicate has apparently been brought to bear upon the Government in favor of their project, which, it is alleged in industriously circulated press paragraphs, would put thousands of dollars in the pockets of Canadians when once inaugurated. It is pointed out that the route to England via Canada is many hundreds of miles shorter than by the American highways heretofore used, and a brilliant picture is drawn of the vast benefit the western cattle-men would confer upon Canadian railways if permitted. To all these appeals the Government have given a prompt and emphatic negative. The Canadian cattle trade is too important to be jeopardized (as it assuredly would be) to oblige our neighbors, however highly we may respect them. Our cattle stand alone in English estimation on the score of health and wholesomeness, and it would certainly be madness on our part to have our stock scheduled and practically barred out of Britain by associating them with the less favored American exports. GRIP rejoices in the pluck and good sense of the Government, and congratulates them that in one important matter at all events they are determined to keep Canada for the Canadians.

FIRST PAGE.—Some days ago the Ottawa Sun published a sensational statement to the effect that the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie was about to enter Sir John Macdonald's Cabinet as Minister of Railways. The editor of the Sun is well known as a poet of more than average powers of imagination, and this has led to a general want of confidence in the truth of the report. It is never safe to say that anything is impossible in politics, but most people who know Alexander Mackenzie and John A. would not hesitate to say that a coalition between them is the most unlikely of events. The Globe, followed by other prominent Reform organs, at once denounced the statement as a vile slander of the Grand Old Grit; other papers have merely taken the matter as a rich joke. Perhaps Mr. Mackenzie's telegram to the president of the C. P. R., congratulating

him on the progress of the great work, was the origin of this startling rumor, but Carrol Ryan alone knows exactly how it transpired.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The editor of the Mail still ably sustains his reputation as the "funniest institution of Canada." He is now out-Quixoting Quixote in a battle against the Radical windmills of England, and if anything is more laughable than the spectacle he presents, GRIP would like to know where to find it. There is just now enough work to keep a writer of forty-Griffiu power busy in defending the Tory party of Canada against well defined and substantial charges; but this phenomenon feels compelled to undertake the defence of all the wrong doing of the old world as well. Even Salisbury would laugh if he saw the Mail.



A CHINESE QUESTION.

Said Miss Montmorenci to Miss Magee,
 "There come bad news across the sea;
 Bad news my dear for you and for me,
 For the French are at war with the heathen Chinese.
 It's a pity the seal-laws can't agree,
 Because my dear you can readily see
 It will interfere with our cup of tea."
 Then Miss Magee cried out in dismay,
 "Oh! mother of Moses! and what do you say?
 Can we get no Young Hyson or Old Bahay?
 Faith I don't care a rap for the Haythan Chimay,
 Nor yet for the parley voo Fransay,
 And I hope the Old Boy will fly away
 With both of them if I don't get my tay."
 I wonder if Admiral Combet now,
 As his shells go flying into Foo Chow,
 And his marines land from each flat-bottomed scow
 To bayonet the Chinamen, thinks what a row
 He will kick up here in this land of the free,
 When Miss Montmorenci and Miss Magee
 Can't get their matutinal cup of tea.

THE FATAL FIGURE.

A TALE OF LOVE IN FOUR ACTS.

I.

Reginald De Symphonie is in love, yea "heavily," deeply in the meshes, using the common expression. In high and lofty language (especially adapted by sensational love-story writers), he is completely submerged in the vortex of an unceasing, never-dying, soul-transferring (sole-copyright) infatuation for her, the sweet pensive flower of Canadian aristocracy, namely, Imogen McGinnis.

He is bidding her a usual fond adieu, time 11:30, standing in the door-way of the stately McGinnis mansion, overhung with creeping vines, forming a most beautiful frame-work for those "two souls with but a single thought, etc., etc."

"Lovest me? my own darling!" he gazes up into her dreamy gazelle-like orbs. "Lovest me, sweet bird?"

"Love you, I should sm—," she, however,

checks herself by a very great effort. "Love you, forsooth, marry! but I couldn't help loving thee, sweet boy, how often have I told thee of my love; oh! Reggie, doubttest my word?" and the soft cooing voice is hushed by a flow of hot burning tears.

Reginald feels a cold chill flush over his whole frame, as if an icicle had been cruelly placed along his vertebrae, for who could withstand those tears.

"My own ownest, never can I doubt your word, no never can I." Imogen's head dropped trustingly on his manly breast, her back hair idly playing with his young moustache. "Oh! what an ecstasy of love is this, unmarred by the bright prospects of future mothers-in-law, when wilt be mine, when wilt fly with me, sweet bird?"

"I leave all that to you Reggie," and she did.

II.

Gentle reader do not be alarmed when I say Reginald De Symphonie contemplated an elopement, but, 'tis a fact, nevertheless. Reginald lived in a sphere of life afar from the rough goings on of this wicked and depraved world. His thoughts were constantly verging into the realms of the too-too; alas! he is "aesthetic." It is needless to say his love was reciprocated. There was no tyrant papa to mar their course of true love.

On the other hand, Imogen's stern pater rather encouraged him; for why? Had the De Symphonies cash? no, not that, for Reginald was only a bank clerk, at a salary of \$300 per annum. The De Symphonies had name, they could trace their ancestors back to certain English Lords and Barons of "golden time," whose deeds of valor and chivalry had won them credit and renown, and who had at last succumbed to the effects of the horrible "galaxy," caused by over-eating. Imogen's father did not believe in; "what's in a name?" No, not a bit of it. Why should he oppose, when his scanty income was almost a mere nothing in comparison to the amount of blue blood of the De Symphonies. The McGinnis pedigree consisted of a long line of soap and tallow dealers in the "ould country," but whose ambitions soared above the common class of tradespeople, and who had emigrated over here on the principle that as long as you have the tin society will take you in. Therefore Reginald found favor in the eyes of the old man. But let us to Imogen.

III.

City, Aug. 12th.

DARLING,—Be ready, 11:30 sharp, on evening of 13th. All will be prepared. REGOIZ.

What a depth of meaning lies hidden in those few lines, especially to Imogen. But oh! what great and awful consequences may arise from little irregularities. Reginald made his 3 likon to a 5. Imogen took it for a 5. "Oh! how can he wait so long?" she softly murmured to herself on receipt of the above, which, through some delay of the post office, had not reached her until the evening of the 13th, "but 'tis his will, and I must submit."

She has had company that night; they have all gone now, having been kept unusually late listening to some long-winded yarn of her father's. It is now eleven o'clock; she opens the door of her richly-furnished boudoir to retire—for the forty-fifth time she pulls the letter out of her pocket and eagerly scans its lines.

Never was night lovelier than this, especially around the McGinnis mansion, the moon's soft, mellow rays glancing through the trees on the front lawn; everything looked superbly beautiful. The mansion itself had the appearance of some ancient monastery looming forth in the moonlight. It was all in darkness, save for one solitary light gleaming faintly in the north-east window; a death-like stillness prevails. Such a night for ghosts!

But soft! wasn't that a crack loud enough to be made by a number nine boot? A figure emerges from the shadow of a soft maple. Who is it? There is no mistaking those litho and airy limbs. 'Tis Reginald. Hastily he implants a ladder against the bricks, the light in the window renews his courage, he ascends and hastily pulls back the shutters; what a sight meets his first gaze! Imogen has just finished reading her letter, already her back hair has given away under the gentle pressure of her taper finger, she is unbangled, and other little make-ups are being taken off. But how fares it with Reginald? His delicate nerves are shattered at the first onset, even the size of her boots appear twice their right in the horror of his gaze. "Can this be she?" he cries, "oh! heavens what a make up; base girl why hast deceived me." He does not wait to see, for he has swooned away; poor fellow! he is to be pitied, he never had a sister.

IV.

The following appeared in next morning's *Globe* "personals":—"Mr. Reginald De Symphonie left this city on early morning train for Boston. —SAM. BEAMISH.



"TYPES OF BEAUTY."

Portraits reluctantly declined by the Exhibition sub-committee in charge of the Beauty Competition.

THE ANTI-SNEERING INSULT FUND.

MR. GRIP.—No doubt you think yourself very clever, a drawing of them nasty cartoons of decent people with your black beak, which as I says you can't never expect no better from a crow. And them paltry little newspapers, which as I say, is a shame, they way they laughs and makes game of hys Henglishmen. I'm a goin' to tell you something which you don't know, Mr. Goldwin Smith is a Henglish gentleman, sir, none of your bloomin' hupstarts has thinks Canada the best kentry under the sun, but a hup and down Henglishman sir, has thinks Canada fit for nothing but annexing to the States. Which as I says the sooner the quicker. When nawsty little colonists like you begin to laugh at the Henglish and Henglish customs they're fit for nothing but to make Yankees of. Which them's my very sentiments. Mr. Smith says as 'ow you are allus a-sneering and a-taking us off half the time, cos we ain't a-plotting and a-combining like them low Scotch and Hrish half the time; which we ain't a-going to stand hit a minnit longer. Hif the late Lord Beaconsfield was halive now, which mores the pity he ain't, hinstead of this ore Gladstone, which as Mr. Goldwin says he aint got no 'ead to manage, hand no hability to speak hof; he'd have a gunboat run in to Youngstreet wharf, to demand satisfaction for the sneers hand the insults which 'ave been 'eaped on the pore hoppedressed Henglishmen in this ere city of Toronto.

I ham a direct decendant of the Hearl of Silkhat, which my great grandmother made a low marriage, and ran haway to Hamerika, which is ow I come to be in business, but the blue-blood is hlu my veins sir, I feels hit sir; has Mr. Goldwin says, we got to give you notice that we will "brook no hinsults." Canada aint a-goin to be hallowed to sit on John Bull's knee, hand pull his whiskers, hand chuck him under the chin, and tickle him hunder the harms, a-taking half the dignity hout of the hold gentleman, hand making hys laughing stalks half hover. Wy! they 'ave no more respect for a lord 'ere no more nor if he was a monkey. Half this 'as got to be stopped. Mr. Smith says we must "plot hand combine" like hother hoppedressed peoples does, hand make them laugh on the other side of their mouth. We 'ave started the "Anti-sneering Hinsult Fund," which we are a-going to carry the war hinto Hafrika. We 'ave hordered a

dozen wedding cake boxes, which they're a-going to be filled with dynamite, hand sent to half the dirty little newspaper hoflices wot sneer hand laugh hat Henglishmen. 'Owver though we knows you 'ave be'aved shamefully like the rest, still we are willing to spare your life, if you will consent to 'ave an open subscription list in your hoflice, which Mr. Goldwin aud myself will 'ead with two shillings ha piece, and you come good for half the printer's devil steals hof the contributions. Hand we will consider it some reparation hif you will lend hus "Bunthorne Abroad" to get up a hamatour concert hin laid hof the Hinsult Fuud. Them's the conditions on which we will keep from blowing the hughly black feathers hof your back, hand that subscription list in your hoflice window will be the red card that will save you when half the hother offices are destroyed.

Hi ham, sir,
HAN HINDIGNANT HENGLISHMAN.
P.S.—Hi henclose my card.



DISINTERESTED TEARS.

Scott Act Missionary.—My good man, what is wrong? Why do I find you in tears?
Liquor Dealer.—How can I help weeping? (*sob, sob.*) I find the people determined to pass the Scott Act and (*boo-hoo*) I know it increases the sale of liquor! I am weeping for the people, not for myself.

CANADIAN SPORTS.

FOX-HUNTING EXTRAORDINARY—A LONG RUN AND A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

The inhabitants of the eastern portion of the city have for some time past been in an unwonted state of excitement, and on the tip-toe of expectation, on account of the great fox hunt which took place last week on the Don Flats, sublying Riverside Park. The fox, which was to play what may be called the leading role in the matinee, had been for days kept securely chained—the beast being of a very savage and hostile disposition—in the loft of the boat-house on the banks of the Don, the same being, singularly enough, kept by Mr. John Fox.

The start was supposed to take place at 2.30 p.m., but as the doomed animal was at that time enjoying his usual siesta, his keeper, probably from humane considerations, refused to disturb him. In the meantime the multitude had gathered from all quarters to view the chase, and occupied the adjacent heights in full force. One gentleman, probably from England, wanted to know "Where the 'untsmen and 'osses were." Poor fellow, he evidently did not know the constituent parts of a Canadian fox.



Mr. J. Ross Robertson is making a tour of England on horse back.—*Daily Paper.*

THE LAY OF THE GOOD CROP.

Hamilton "Spectator":—"A good crop is a great thing for the country."

For I'm First Min. and the Cabinet too,
And the helm to steer 'em straight,
And the balance of power and the Q. of the hour,
And the hope of the Ship of State,
I'm Tory or Grit, as in power they sit,
I'm the root of the good soft snap;
I'm the barnacles' hulk, I'm the parasite's bull,
I'm the Civil Service Sycophant's nap.
I'm the cold, cold shades, I'm the pleasant glades,
I'm pasture field of both kinds of kine;
I'm the empty dishes, and the luvvies and the fishes,
I'm the winning or the losing Party Nine.
I'm the savior of Sir John, the N. P. can now go on,
I'm the bete noir both of Blake and of the *Globe*;
I'm the oil on North-west troubles, I boom more
South Sea bubbles,
I'm the speculator's scalpel and his probe.
I'm Mowat's light and life, I'm in Moredith a knife,
I'm a welcome guest of Tory writers all;
I'm the lane of agitators, I'm the tramp's meat and
pertators,
I'm of all the Party Prophets the Great Saul.
Yes, just now I'm the Cook and Captain too,
And the crew of the *Old Dominion*,
And the guiding star and the harbor-bar
That shelters the good ship in.

hunt, and thus hunts, like everything else in this country, are modelled on the great economical platform of "Mowat and good Government," so that riders and horses are quite an expensive and unnecessary adjunct to a *bona fide* Ontario fox hunt.

Exactly as the bell of the fire tower of No. 4 station tolled the hour of three the dogs were brought up to the scratch.

THE SLEUTH HOUNDS

GRIP discovered were respectively—Johnny Scholes' infant bull terrier, Catnip; J. Argus' Bulgarian bone-setter, Bingo; Mons. Alfonse Beaucaulle's hare hound, Hugo, and P. Rooney's wild Irish wolf-dog, Shamus. Long, loud and continuous was the cheering as the impatient brutes writhed and struggled under the restraint of the leather; while the deep baying of the two hounds and the staccata accompaniment of the terrier and setter made the distant hills around Castle Frank reverberate again. At last

THE FOX

was brought out to the field by his namesake of the boat-house. The time-honored cry arose from the Old Country portion of the spectators, "Hey-ho! tantivy!"

"Hark, forward; hark, forward, tantivy!" and the fox was dropped from the bag; but he didn't tantivy or hark forward worth a cent, but after gazing around with an admiring glance at the scenery he walked off leisurely to the centre of the field and laid down for a comfortable nap. Now is the time for the dread hound to speed on his errand of death and mutilation. The dogs were let go and away they flew in the direction of Reynard, who was taking it easy, and knew not of their coming until the French hound grabbed him by the ear, which awoke him. It would be all up with poor Reynard at once had not Johnny Scholes' dog arrived at that moment, and ignoring the fox, pitched into the French hound and almost devoured him before Mr. Fox, of the boat-house, came up and gave the B. T. a kick. The custodian of the B. T. taking umbrage at the same, with a walking cane smote Mr. Fox over the head, who retired rather precipitately in the direction of the river. The custodian of the bull terrier, fearing a sortie with strong reinforcements, retired in the direction of the woody hills, leaving the dogs to fight it out. The fox in the meantime escaped, though closely pursued by the Irish dog, Shamus, and the bone-setter, Bingo. The poor animal made a lateral traverse and took a run up into the park, where the nursery maidens and their charges disport themselves betimes. He also visited the surrounding shrubbery on the hills, as if to take a last and parting glance at the world he was about to leave. One young lady declared that she saw him climb a tree, probably to that end. But after a while the poor hunted down and mangy specimen of a menagerie wild beast appeared, and walked deliberately down to the amphitheatre, otherwise the Don flats, where the four ferocious dogs, in spite of his gallant defence, like the wolf with little Red Riding Hood, fell upon him and devoured him.

"Hey-ho, tantivy!"
There's nothing like field sports after all; they are so elevating.

RAMROD.

OUR JACK TRIES IT ON.

Oh! say, old boy, give me a boost, will you? I want to get up on that fence among those other fellows there; just this once, I'd like to know how it feels,—there—a little more yet; whew! it don't feel all-fired comfortable you know—too—kind of teetery for me—however—let's see if I can't hit it off as well as those fellows. Here goes—oh! I forgot—go into my room, there's a good fellow, and on the top of that shelf you'll find a Bible—whisk the

dust off with the broom, and bring it here—oh! thanks—couldn't get along without that you know—references, and so forth—now for it—"To the Editor of the *Globe*,—Sir, (ahem! that's in good form—so far), I have read with great interest (that's one flamer) the correspondence from both parties on the burning question of prohibition. May I crave space in your truly excellent journal (that's another) for a few remarks, which I shall try to make as brief as possible. (You bet). If the principles laid down by Mr. Talkative in his admirable letter be true, (which I question) then Prohibition from a Bible stand-point must be entirely wrong. (Which nobody can deny—chorus, 'For he's a jolly good' etc.) Prohibition in the abstract is in certain circumstances (mind you) a boon, may a blessing—on the other hand it cannot be said that drink is an unmixed blessing. (By no means—mix you any quantity; what'll you have?) That the church has in all ages countenanced the use of wines (sent up a basket to the old buck to-day) no student of history can pretend to deny. That the Bible has done Mr. Kyle yeoman service in his vindication of the liberty of the subject, is also a fact admitting of no dispute. (He beats Old Harry at quotations, does Kyle.) If I believed in Prohibition as some do, I should consider it indirectly endorsed by a thousand texts of scripture—as it is— Oh! hang it all—let me down old fellow, I never felt so queer in all my life—I feel plural—couldn't stand that sort of thing any longer—let us go hence and liquor up,—say boy, whiskey straight for two—no sir—afore I'd sit on a fence like that, strokin' cats on each side of me, I'd—yes, blow me if I wouldn't, jump right onto the other side.



(WHISKEY-AND-) WATER-LOGGED.

The delinquent (who has passed the night in the cooler.—Talk 'bout (hic) frien'ship—I think you (hic) might ha' bailed me out—"
The other—"Bailed" you out! Pumped you out, you mean!—Punch.

HUDDLECOME HUDDLECOME

ON THE GERMAN ATTITUDE.

NORWAY, Aug. 22, 1884.

FWEND GWIP:—

I am witing this epistle, as you see, in Norway. The place is not as one might suppose in Euwope, but is a hamlet situated a few miles east of—aw—Towonto. I came heah on account of the name being so suggestive of coolness, and d'ye know, stwange to say, the weathah since my awival heah has indeed become so welfeshingly cool that in the evenings I am almost tempted to don—aw an—ulstah. There is a great deal in a name aftah all, d'ye know.

I see by the newspapahs that Germany is twying to kick up a wov with the—aw—old country, after the mannah they adopted towards Fwance by a sewies of irwitating petty actions, and sneewing editorials in theah—aw—newspapahs. The occupation of the pestilential west coast of Afwica togethah with theah comments on English monopoly of the country and their little opehwations in the Nawth Sea, seem to be begat of a little pwemeditated—aw—game on theah pawt. Of causs England has no wegular Army of sufficient membahs to cope with the Gehman legions, but her—aw—East Indian troops might suffice to keep them in check in the aw East, say Egypt—and owah fleet might—aw—prove a source of discomfort to them in the event of stwive. I caunt help thinking moah ovah, that Germany is acting wathah an ungwateful pawt, as England has been keeping half of them—aw—Crown Pwinces and Gwand Dukes in bwead and buttah for evah so many years. Besides theso Gehman fellahs vevy fwequently get fat births in the Awmy and Navy, and in fact England has proved a vevy golden egged goose for the impetuous ingwates. It would be a wathah good thing if Parliamentshould stop all themgwants, dowahs and subsidies, and let the otherwise hauf stawvved pwinces and so forth go home and earn their living by fawming bwass bands aftah the mannah of the Caut officials in *La Mascotte*. I think that would bwing some of them to an undehstanding as to theah position, if indeed they didn't stawve befoah the civil wah was ovah.

I weally think that those Gehman fellahs have been made altogethah too much of at home, I do indeed.

Yours sincerely,

HUDDLECOME HUDDLECOME,
Late of Huddlecume Hall,
Hants.

TARHEEL'S WILD OATS.

Men make their wills, but a woman seldom does. In fact there is so much of it she wouldn't have time to shop if she did.

A chimney sweep's sign should read: "Work warranted to soot."

The author of the "Hidden Hand" was probably a pickpocket.

Beer should be served at a "german."

A Romeo, Mich., paper is called the *Hydrant*. Its mission is probably to pump people.

Contemporaries are insinuating that the Sweet Singer of Michigan is no Moore.

The sound of Beau Belles is a giggle.

Over 3,000 paper car wheels are now in use. Some of our contemporaries are at last reaching an era of prosperity and usefulness.

The skeleton of a soldier has been found in an Arizona cave. Perhaps this is the long lost United States army.

The reason cats are musical is because they are full of fiddle strings.

Weather reports—thunder.

A charity bawl—"got any cold vitals?"

When a woman devours a novel it's generally a novelette, eh!

A girl in Amsterdam, N.Y., has two tongues. My! won't she make it warm for her husband when she gets married.

Bartley Campbell's new play is called "Separation." The general run of actors will know how to play it without study.

Theatrical managers dislike to have their theatres alluded to as suppe-houses.

Divorces should be granted under the title of quit claims.



BULL-Y FOR JOHN A.

JOHN A.—NO SIR, YOU CAN'T TAKE YOUR CATTLE THROUGH CANADA ON ANY CONDITION WHATEVER!

Grip's Clips.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.

Two little children were passing the residence of one of our favorite caterers. They rang the door-bell, and upon being admitted inquired if there was a Maltese kitten in the place.

"Yes," was the reply of the lady of the house.

"How much is it?" demanded the children.

"Not for sale," replied the lady.

"Oh, dear," said the little ones, "what other kind of cats have you for sale?"

"We don't sell cats here," ventured the now astonished lady, looking curiously at the children.

"Don't you?" echoed they, astonished in their turn. "Then what does your sign say 'cat-er-er' for?" And they went away disappointed.—*Boston Beacon.*

FASHIONABLE POLITICS.

A pretty girl of Clifton was talking politics to her best young man the other night, and he was rather surprised.

"Why, Lucy," he said, "do you read the papers for political news?"

"Oh, yes, and I just do on it. I'm getting to be thoroughly posted."

"Who's going to be the Democratic nominee for President, do you think?"

"I couldn't say positively, but I can say, that if Ohio is bound to be represented on the ticket, the Democrats needn't think that they can carry the State by giving Cleveland first place."

"Why not?"

"Because Cincinnati should have it."—*Cincinnati Merchant Traveller.*

SHE EXPLAINED IT RIGHT AWAY.

Last Tuesday young Miss Greatheart went to see one of her friends who had just been married. They were looking over the wedding presents and Miss Greatheart observed four teapots among them and remarked upon the unusual number.

"Why, don't you know," said her friend in that femininely confidential manner, "it's the funniest thing. Three of those teapots came from three of the Cultureuses."

"Oh, now I understand," said Miss Greatheart; "they each probably thought that one good tea-urn deserved another."

The bride's husband will never know how near he came to being a widower.

SHE GOT WHAT SHE LIKED.

She was young, and sweet, and poetic, and he was young and mischievous. They were sitting out on the verandah in the moonlight, and she grew ethereal.

"Oh, how I love to sit out here in the moonlight," she cooed; "to be fanned by the languorous perfumes of the roses, and to be kissed by the soft airs from the south!"

Then he kissed her, and she grew indignant.

"How dare you?" she almost sobbed.

"Why, I'm a soft heir from the south," he replied contritely.

She didn't say anything when he kissed her again.

It is no wonder that confidence men succeed so well in New York. They are about the only race of people in that city who act as if they cared a straw whether a stranger lives or dies.—*Philadelphia Call.*

SOME CONSOLATION.

"Papa, you will have to buy me a new silk dress very soon."

"Why, it's not long ago that I bought you a new silk dress. What's the matter with that one, my dear?"

"It is badly worn about the waist. It doesn't look fit to be seen."

"H'm. Isn't that the second silk dress that young Mr. Featherly has worn out for you—about the waist?"

"I—I am afraid it is, papa," replied the blushing girl, "but we have one consolation, you and I. It must cost him a great deal for coat sleeves."—*New York Sun.*

A SLOW YOUNG MAN.

"I am afraid that young Featherly who calls on you so often is rather a fast young man," said a father to his daughter.

"Oh, no, he isn't, father," replied the little brother, who was present.

"What do you know about Mr. Featherly?" demanded the old man.

"I only know," he replied, "that I heard him ask sister for a kiss last night, and she told him he could have one if he would be quick about it. But it was the slowest kiss I ever saw."—*Christian at Work.*

A GOOD TIME.

Little Jack—"Ah, ah! I went to a picnic yesterday, and you didn't."

Little Dick—"I don't care; I went on an excursion."

Little Jack—"I'll bet you didn't have as good a time as I had."

Little Dick—"I'll bet I did. We was way off to the sea shore and had dead loads of fun."

Little Jack—"Pooch? that's no fun. Why, I had so much ice cream and cake that they had to get the doctor three times last night."—*Philadelphia Call.*

The bicycle rider is said to be a South American state, because he is always on the brink of a revolution.—*Boston Bulletin.*

We have at last discovered the reason our gas bill is so high. The motor is sick—it must have gas-trick fever.—*Evansville Argus.*

A poetess asks: "Where is my sailor love to-night?" If he is ashore, the probabilities are that he is "half seas over."—*Norristown Herald.*

Puns are the brick-bats which the giant fun hurls at the tomcats of despondency which infest the woodsheds of mundane existence.

Some rise with the lark; others get up when the steam whistle blows. Real comfort is found in lying in bed until one feels like getting up.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"Mr. Sullivan," said a newspaper man, "you have never been knocked out, have you?" "Yes, but it took a good one." "Who was it?" "Whiskey."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

The effective preacher always aims to hit the man who sits in the next pew. His church is always crowded and he is very popular with his congregation.—*Chicago Sun.*

The late Sam Ward said any green thing could be made into a salad. The young medical graduate may therefore be said to be in his salad season.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.

A WARNING TO EXCURTERS.

'Tis past noonday on Monday, that day when Mr. and Mrs. Toronto, and all the grown-up of the Toronto family, and the Toronto kiddlets turn out for a half holiday. Yonge-street is clogged with humanity, who choke up that great artery as superannuated dogs, cats and fish are said to choke up the water pipes. The humanity isn't of a bad kind, taken on the whole. There are fat men and fatter women weighed down with the cares of married life and *embonpoint* lunch-baskets; there are hard-to-keep-track-of children lost in enjoyment and the crowd; there are dudes of all shades, sizes and complexions, who have fearful responsibilities—keeping their arms at the proper angle, and saying "te-he, te-he" and "yaas" to pretty girls. (It's not necessary to use the word *pretty* when referring to Toronto girls; that's always understood. But it is rumored that a Belleville girl is visiting the city.) The humanity surges on, and the goosie hangs high. At the Yonge-street wharf all is confusion, wharf and humanity. Excited individuals are running hither and thither, gathering together other excited individuals, wraps, children, baskets, cases, dogs, and mothers-in-law; the iron-lunged and brass-faced shouters of rival boats howl out, "He-e-e-ere y'are! Tickets fer Niga-a-a-a-a-ara!" and the humanity still surges. The Chicora is freighted with humanity. (Good word, humanity.) On the forward deck are seated Ralph Fitz Noscroginton Vere de Vere Mullingatwaney and Birdie Knickerbocker. Voovoorandevagaffer, and Ralph's pet poodie, "Oscar." Ralph and Birdie sit gazing into each other's eyes; they are also chewing peanuts and caramels.

"Dost thou love me, Birdie?"

"Ay, that I do, e'en more I ween than thou dost me. Gimme some peanut."

Ralph F. N. V. de V. M. sighs so heavily that he bursts two buttons off his vest; he mentally figures what the spree is going to cost him, and wonders which he'll "stand off" for another week—his washerwoman or the boarding missus. Birdie Knickerbocker, etc., etc., says to herself, "Wonder if this crank'll be around to-morrow when I'm driving with Jack Smith. Won't he feel like biting himself? Ho thinks I love him. Pshaw! its only his peanuts and caramels."

Suddenly a piercing, shrill, sharp, shriek is heard. Everyone screams and stands up. It's only the Chicora whistling.

"Birdie, and I say it truly, wert thou to deceive me, and give to another, to some mean catiff, that heart of thine which now beats with love for me, I'd throw my world-wearied self—"

"Into a sewer," murmured Birdie.

"Or I'd hang my—"

"Clothes on a hickory limb and take a shower bath," giggled Birdie Knickerbocker, etc., etc.

"Or I'd shoot—"

"That hat and buy a decent one."

"Or I'd poison my—"

"Purp and sell him for sausage meat," continued the cruel Birdie.

"Unkind one! why dost thou torture me so? Knowst thou not that all I have is thine—"

"That's not saying much," thought Birdie. "And that thou alone, and only thou, art the ever bright star whose effulgent rays unexcelled—"

"Cept by the 'lectric light."

"Guide me through this world and its dark and dreary—"

"Back streets."

"When—"

"You're rolling home in the morning. Oh, Ralph dearest, I am but joking. I did but speak so lightly to find the depth of your love, which is indeed deeper than a fathomless abyss—say, have you got any more caramels?"

And still the humanity surged, and the boat began to move out.

Suddenly a piercing, shrill, sharp shriek was heard. It came from the lips of Ralph Fitz-Noscrogginton Vere de Vere Mullingatwaney. He rose to his feet, and with another p. s. s. shriek sprang over the side of the boat into the —ah—the water that fills the Yonge-street slip. (Ugh-h-h, reader, think of that water!) Contrary to the rules of navigation the boat returned to the wharf, where, extended on his back and puffing like a behind-time locomotive lay Ralph F. N. V. de V. M. He had not sunk; water too thick.

With a heart-rending wail, and a bound that would have done credit to a man getting out of the way of a mad bull, Birdie Knickerbocker Voovorandevagaffer threw herself on Ralph's lively corpse, and, after filling her mouth with peanuts and caramels to keen down the emotion, cried, "say, oh say, I adjure thee! Why didst thou do the rash act?"

"I — could not — go," murmurs Ralph. "There would be no pleasure."
"Oh, say it not, thou who said that thou didst love me with all thy heart. Why would there be no pleasure?"

Ralph moved his lips sadly, and faintly said with a pale smile, "I—I—I forgot my kazoo!" And the humanity surged on.

C. M. R.

THE REJECTED LOVER;

OR, THE VITECHAPEL BIRD-CATCHER AND THE BILLINGSGATE FISH-GIRL.

V. B.

"My 'cart, my 'cart's with love consumed,
And all burnt up to cinders;
To woo and misery I'm doomed
For love of Lucy Flinders.

My 'ome is in Vitechapel, heast,
Bird-catchin' vich my trade is;
Vite Lucy's occupation is
A-sollin' fish to ladies.

Ho! my, 'ow I did love that gal,
Hid' holt go there a-courtin';
Hi hofered 'er my 'cart and 'and,
And 'alf hof hall my fortin'.

'My sole, my sole,' I said to she,
'De mine; my breast is bustin';
Ho! eet my breakin' 'cart, and me
Do give your love and trust in.'

B. F.

'Begone, you bird-lime man,' she cried,
And spurned me from 'er sobbin';
'And sparrow, spare me; for my love
I cannot 'ave, you robbin';

And I canary spark of love
Discern; vy, you enus me,
The man wot gets me—tho' no hen,
He boards, and clothes and 'shoes' me.

And you 'ave neither 'ouse nor gold,
Nor land with tittle innit;
I cannot swallow all your stuff,
Begone in 'alf a minute.'

V. B.

'Ho! chub-by Lucy,' then I sighed,
A 'ouse I'll perch-ase for you;
I'll mackeret-y splendid match.'

B. F.

She only said, 'Ho! lor, you.

You're tall enough, I must allow,
If finches made the man at;
But then your temper; crab-bed quite,
Say that in truth I cancer.

And then again I must refuse,
You haven't anemone;
I think your sentiments are quite
Too shellfish to be funny.

So say no more, but go away;
Be silent do, I hush you,
Oriole Flinders will bring here,
And he will surely thrush you.

So good-by Pigeon, 'er birden was,

V. B.

'I minnow harm,' I faltered
In 'usky tones, all bass and low,
'My love can ne'er be allared.

Ho! Lucy, if you spurn me thus
Far bot-my Bay I'll floe, miss;
You'll think of them shark-astic words
As you 'ave said to me, miss.

The ship I sail in may be wrecked,
And fish may eat my corpus,
And then you'll cry, too late, 'Ho.' I
Did not do this o' porpoise.

B. F.

'Go, foolish man,' (air Lucy said,
Parrot to know about you;
You're wrenny-thing but nice, and he
Would come and quickly scout you.'

The bird-man turned and seized a knife,
He tried to slit his gullet;
He halibut did it, but in haste
Did very badly mullet.

And Lucy laughed and went away,
The man no birden longer;
He went to China, and became
A regular Hong-Conger.



King John, of Abyssinia, gave Queen Victoria an elephant, and Her Majesty made a present of it to the London Zoo. I wonder does Harry know of all the chances he is missing.

I see that at a fancy dress affair at Old Orchard, a Hamilton lady was universally awarded the honors of belle. She personated "The Dawn." Perhaps the novelty of a fashionable young lady showing a partiality for "the dawn" carried the whole ball-room away.

Beach, the champion, was first an Australian, then an Irishman, now an Englishman, and the smaller countries are yet to be heard from. Now, you Americans, speak out! Of course Canada is not in the competition at all, for Hanlan will take it all back next time. But I positively refuse to take back anything I have said in this paragraph.

"We have the finest force in the world," say the Toronto Police Commissioners; and the burglar who did the Yonge-street fur store for \$1,600 the other night says: "Right you are, gentlemen! I have 'em sized down very fine." Then he carefully shines up his kit in the sitting room of a fashionable hotel and blithly warbles,

"Nix me dolly pals, fake away!"

"A Polander supposed to have caused a fire in Sandwich" is the head-line of an arson article in one of the dailies. How it came that the man was termed "a Polander" has just struck me. You see the able editor considered that if it were correct to call a man from Poland a "Pole," you ought to refer to a man from Holland as a "Hole," and really this would be carrying the thing to a ridiculous length.

The New York Sun's special London correspondent telegraphs the price of tea and the condition of the market. Just as if anybody on this continent was interested in foreign tea! "Were I starving," so writes, Labouchere, of Truth "with the corpse of a friend by me, I should regard myself as very foolish were I to allow myself to die of hunger." But I guess the question with most people who know the erratic egotist is not so much what Labby would do as what he would not do.

My predatory shears have secured me the following, which suggests to my mind a poetic-gom:—"In the evening Mr. Atkinson's

friends and office associates tendered him a farewell supper which was a most interesting and successful affair, the feature of the occasion being the presentation to the departing guest of a purse containing \$200." This is a London, Ont., incident of a few days ago. But you want to know the poetic gem it suggests, of course. Well, you all remember:

"Though this parting gives me payin'."

The first telegraph message has just been sent from Pekin. Our Chinese friends no doubt feel proud, but they ought to be made understand that they have only barely entered on a knowledge of the true principles of scientific telegraphy. Let them look over at Canada and ask themselves how long will it be before they have made such progress in telegraphic specialities as to be able to determine that the best way to prevent the courts getting hold of tell-tale political telegrams is for the manager of the company to have the tell-tale telegrams carefully and beautifully destroyed. To tell the truth, I have never had much of an opinion of the Chinese; but I would hate to think a Chinese Telegraph Tyeoon would emulate this preceding of Manager Dwight, and a Chinese law-book permit it.

Talking to one of the parties to a lunacy case, he asserted that many grave wrongs arise from the administration of the Quebec lunacy laws. "I could have you confined this afternoon," said he to a reporter, "and you would be powerless to prevent me." But this would have made the matter out all the worse for the gentleman in question. To have locked up a reporter would have established what this party to the lunacy case would not care to have made out just now. It would have made him out a lunatic. But speaking of Quebec lunacy laws, when you come to consider the peculiar lot of people they have down there, and the peculiar way they run the old Province, you are haunted with a shrewd suspicion that a pretty good stock of lunacy law ought to be kept handy, at any rate.

I don't want to be ranked as an agnostic, but the fact of the matter is, the way in which the Globe reported "Talmage on Ingersoll" is just about enough to make me not only become an agnostic, but make me go around as advance agent for the Colonel. The report read as if some one had stolen every alternate page of the reporter's notes, or else that he had altogether depended on his memory—and a very poor and very erratic memory also. There was no more in what was written of what Talmage said than there was sense in Talmage's discussing Bob Ingersoll at all. Another clergyman, speaking on the self-same rostrum, said about the opponents of christianity:—"Agnosticism could not produce a drunkard made sober, a heathen made pure, a liar made truthful, a libertine purified." No! They talk away a man's satisfying creed and make him a spiritual Dr. Tanner. That's all you want to say to sensible people about agnostics, it seems to me.

Possibly the editor of the Mail has serious thoughts about taking proceedings against West Ontario electors. The editor clearly regards Mr. Edgar as a fraud, and the nature of the charge he will make will be "fraudulent preference," because the people preferred to elect Mr. Edgar unanimously rather than squabble among themselves and give some innocent, amiable Tory a chance to do justice to the fair riding. This observation is, of course, only a trifling humorism which I should never have been led to make only that I know the member elect will be glad to secure a few even of the most commonplace funnygrams to sustain him under the present trying circumstances. Speaking seriously of this interesting election episode, however, I fancy I am quite safe in saying that Mr. Edgar, uncandidly admitting the fact that some other person than

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ENOUGH TO MAKE EVEN SALISBURY LAUGH.

he might have been found ready and able to represent West Ontario, is nevertheless not altogether willing to admit that anyone else than the present editor of the *Mail* could be found more willing and able to represent the Tory party in Canada—especially able.

It appears that in Quebec the civil service wants to be reduced. This is not to say that it is the service itself that proposes the reduction, but rather a body of commissioners appointed to investigate and report as to the state of it. I have an idea that the state of the civil service in other Provinces than Quebec could stand an investigation and report, to say nothing about an improvement. Often an idea will rise in one's mind over the contemplation of a civil service office, and the idea is not so much about the good of the office as the use of the official. There have to be civil service offices, but you can not get everybody to believe that there have to be persons put into these offices whose sole labor and responsibility is to draw pay for the services rendered by subordinates, who, in turn, have the onerous task to perform of drawing pay for services rendered by more subordinate subordinates, as it were—and so on down. It is impossible to carry on Government without a civil service, and that is bad

enough; but a worse trouble is the impossibility of carrying on the Government without civil service employees. Professional politicians will have a frightful load of national sins to shoulder.

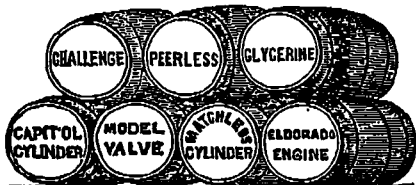
Some of the railway conductors have been getting into trouble and are now waiting in suspense, or more properly suspension, to learn what it is all about and what will be all about it. Perhaps it is a funny admission to make, but I never can reconcile with my notions of congruity the idea of a railway company discharging a conductor. It has always seemed to me, in view of the railway conductor's official bearing, that it would be more natural for him to discharge the company. Of course it is sometimes true that the Railway Company owns the road—after the Government have cancelled the lien and the municipal contributors have let their interest in it go by default. But on the other hand the conductor owns the travelling public, notwithstanding that it is only an occasional traveller he will own to an acquaintance with. And right here, it occurs to me, is the origin of some of the little messes into which the King of the

Cars once in a while finds himself. The conductor should not know a blessed man he meets on board until the train brings up at the end of the run and he finds himself at liberty—to make another run—on a convenient lager-beer saloon. The next best thing to knowing the spotters is to never mind them, but shut down on the dead-heads and other foolish practices.

"Has Vulcan left the skies?" is the title of a scientific article in an exchange. We understand that Vulcan is guilty of forging, and it may be that he has left the skies for Canada. —*Norristown Herald.*

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