

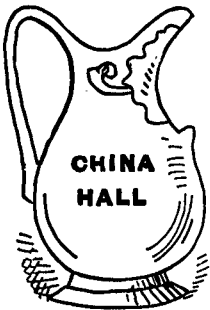
THE GALLANT MASHER ;

OR, SIR RICHARD TRYING TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION.

The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.
 Joe Miller



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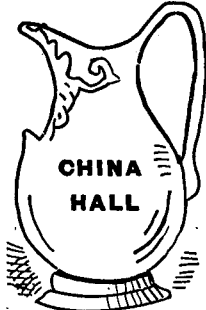
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Yours truly,
GEO. B. MORRIS, Sec'y.



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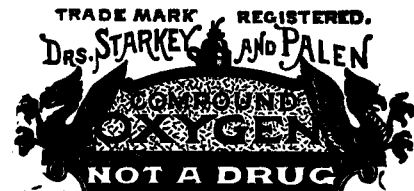
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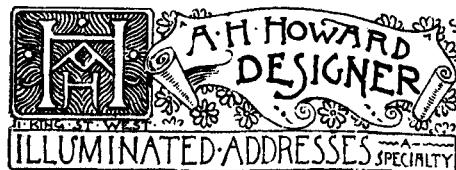
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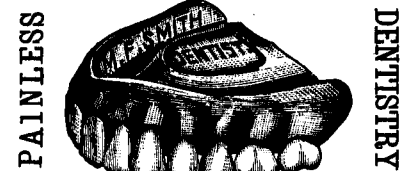
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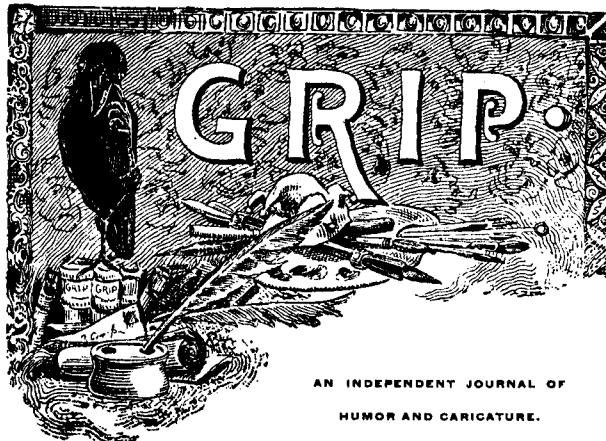
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Published every Saturday. \$3 per year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. All business correspondence to be addressed to J. V. WRIGHT, General Manager; literary matter, sketches, etc., to the Editor.

J. W. BENGOUGH EDITOR.

VOL. XXVII. TORONTO, JULY 31ST, 1886. No. 4.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date on the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR friends are reminded that the magnificent lithographed plate, "Prominent Conservatives," issued as a supplement to Midsummer GRIP, will be sent to every subscriber applying for same and enclosing five cents for postage.

Comments on the Cartoons.



FORWARD TO THE FLAG.—We take the liberty of dedicating Gerald Massie's lines to Mr. Blake. They were written in honor of Gladstone, and the poet intended that valiant leader to see his prototype in the gallant ensign; in inscribing them to the Canadian Liberal leader, we need hardly say that the attitude of the colonel is that in which Mr. Blake's position on the Prohibition question is accurately represented. The flag, borne in the determined hands of Public Sentiment, is now far in advance of the so-called Reform Party, and it will not move back to accommodate the laggards. If Mr. Blake wants to have an honorable share in the decisive battle soon to be waged in Canada between the Home and the Saloon, let him ring out the order to his followers, "Forward to the flag!" He will gain nothing by delay, for, we repeat, the flag will not go back

one step. It has become manifest that a Party, organized and determined, is needed to back up the Scott Act, and ultimately to give us National Prohibition, as well as the other reforms we need. We have no further use for parties that tremble at the whip of the liquor bosses, and through craven fear allow the law of the country to be outraged and its faithful officers persecuted. A new Party, such as our American friends have organized, a Party of "Clean men and clean methods," is what we need, and what the pottering leaders of the existing factions will shortly see.

THE GALLANT MASHER.—Sir R. Cartwright has been displaying his elegant figure (politically) before the admiring gaze of West Northumberland, Centre Wellington, East Hastings, and West Hastings, but at last accounts he had not made a conquest. It may be, of course, that he is merely travelling about for his health, or because it is fashionable to travel in summer, and the idea of a nomination may be quite absent from his thoughts. This is not the prevailing opinion, however, and we therefore think the above news-item may be of general interest.

A STATE OF AFFAIRS.—The *Presbyterian Review* is a paper that is usually reliable, and as it has no political fish to fry that we know of, any statement that it makes bearing upon public affairs challenges

attention. Of late the *Review* has made some very plain statements anent the Massey case, and no authoritative denial of their truth has been forthcoming. The charge in brief is that Mr. Massey is shortly to be dismissed from the Wardenship of the Central Prison to please Archbishop Lynch, and this notwithstanding that the charges made against the Warden were, upon investigation, disproved. When these charges were preferred, GRIP joined heartily with the Archbishop in demanding an enquiry. When the result was made known—and Mr. Massey triumphantly vindicated—GRIP let the matter drop, and he supposed the Archbishop had done likewise. But it appears not, according to the *Review*. His Grace has been at it ever since, and is now on the eve of success! Well, we shall see. If the dismissal is accomplished Mr. Mowat will have the largest job of "explaining" on hand that he has ever had.

A DISTURBING RUMOR.—The rumor that Sir John is about to resign and retire is the first fruit of the silly season. Sir John is a man of some feeling, and he would never do such an unkindness to GRIP as to withdraw the light of his "countenance."

CANADA'S ANSWER.—Some silliness has found its way into print on the subject of the new Cardinal. Miss Canada asks us to say, on her behalf, that she does not feel that the conferring of a Cardinalate has anything to do with her one way or the other. She does not pretend to know a Cardinal from a class-leader, nor a Basilica from a Quaker meeting-house. She is totally ignorant of all church law, ceremony and procedure. The only person she recognizes is the good citizen in his capacity as such.



DISINTERESTED ADVICE.

Inspector Jinks.—So you can't answer that question, eh?
Pupil.—No sir, please sir, I can't understand it.
Inspector J.—Well, I'll tell you what to do: go and buy a copy of "Jinks' Grammar," and then you will understand it perfectly.

TAKE ANOTHER LOOK, THOMAS.

"If you will look at GRIP you will find a statement of the policies of the two political leaders, where Sir John Macdonald's policy is called a 'Jingo' policy, and Mr. Blake's a 'business-like' policy; and Mr. Blake to-day is going through Ontario trying to convince the people that his policy would have been infinitely better. (Laughter.)"

This is a passage from Hon. Mr. White's speech at Victoria, B. C. It is slightly inaccurate. If the hon. gentleman will himself take another look at the cartoon referred to, he will find that Sir John Macdonald's Pacific Railway policy is described not as "Jingo," but as "political." And this is a strictly true description of it. Politics has been the chief consideration from first to last.

SALVATION Army captain, laying his hand heavily on the shoulder of a tipsy Scotchman: "Are you aware, Sir that the devil has got a hold of you?"

Tipsy Scot—grimly.—"Aye! so I see!"

(All rights reserved.)

Morning.

Now morn is awaking,
Her dark couch forsaking,
Her herald's alighting afar on the hill ;
And hark ! there's a humming
Announcing her coming
To greenwood and valley, to river and rill.
And yonder lies ocean
The type of commotion ;
But to her lone caverns her storms have withdrawn ;
With softest surrender
She welcomes the tender,
The trembling approaches and blushes of dawn.

The firmament bendeth,
The glory ascendeth,
'Mid shadows receding in mantles of dun,
'Mid phantom orbs reeling,
Still upwards she's wheeling,
Till earth, air and ocean, are mingled in one :
With azure eyes beaming,
And golden locks streaming,
She kindles the breast of the dark heaving brine :
Ben Lomond the hoary
Has caught up the glory,
And round his scared temples the purples entwine.

The glory's extending
To this torrent, blending
The foam of its fury with gold and with green,
While out of the splendor
Eyes saint-like and tender
Look down on the tumult all still and serene.
Alas ! we but mutter,
Attempting to utter
The grandeur, the glory, these shadows put on—
These types of our being,
Sent by the All-seeing,
These symbols of glories that circle His throne.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS,

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. VII.



R. GRUMSHAW, having handed down tumblers from the rack, and Mr. Tremaine having filled them with the steaming and fragrant compound in the bowl (for as none know better than temperance advocates, punch, made of genuine rum, properly compounded by one who understands what he is about, and who for the nonce, throws his heart into the occupation, has a most seductive and sense-thrilling odor), the host suggested a rubber of whist.

"Well Grumshaw," said Mr. Tremaine, "You see here are five of us ; I don't want to see any one of our number 'left out in the cold' as our trans-Atlantic friends say, though I wouldn't care if that one was you, except for the reason that whilst we were playing you would go to sleep —"

"Not whilst there is any punch, Tremaine," laughed Grumshaw. "Come, give a man credit when he deserves it."

"I don't know about that" rejoined the other, "but I do know that if you went to sleep your snoring (for you'll allow, Grumshaw, that you are a most gifted performer in that line), would drive our friends here and myself to the verge of distraction : No, I say, let us talk, or spin yarns ; we can all take a hand at that ; and—" "I am sure, Mr. Tremaine" interrupted Yubbits, who

appeared to have quite recovered from the effects of the salad, under the genial influence of the brandy and water he had taken before entering Mr. Grumshaw's cabin, and of the punch which he was now disposing of, "that you must have an immense fund of 'yarns,' as you call them, stowed away somewhere. You must have seen a great many strange things in your frequent passages across the ocean, and in America ; I don't know whether you are fond of sport, but if you are, you cannot have failed to have met with some queer adventures whilst hunting the bison and the buffalo, on the prairies of Canada and America, or in the dense forests which I understand lie close to the Canadian towns and which abound in bears, panthers and so forth ; have you not ?"

"I'm sorry to say I have done but little in the hunting line," replied the other, "though I have seen some rather queer things in my time, but perhaps the strangest event that ever came under my personal notice happened in England, and in my native county, Cornwall : I was deeply impressed by it, and in my humble way, turned it into a poem, which, by the way is half prose, as Paddy might say."

"Fetch it, Tremaine" said Grumshaw, who had thrown himself into his bunk, and who looked the picture of happiness and contentment as he stretched himself out and puffed furiously at a huge, beautifully colored meerschaum : "Fetch it, old fellow, if you have it with you ; I think I recollect you told me something about the affair and promised to read your yarn, but you never did. Have you got it on board ?"

"I have," answered Tremaine, "though I feel rather unwilling to parade my poor efforts before judges such as these gentlemen must be"—bowing to the Pickwickians, "but if it would add to the pleasure of the evening, I shall be very happy to bring it and read it ; it is in my cabin."

"I'm sure nothing could be better, said Mr. Bramley, patronizingly, rising and waving his hand with the air of his great model when addressing his troops after victory, "and you need not fear, Mr. Tremaine, that you will find us very exacting critics. And I am much mistaken if I shall not be able to glean something from your tale, that will be of use to me in my forthcoming Great Work."

There was a peculiar dry expression of humor about the corners of Mr. Tremaine's mouth as Mr. Bramley concluded his speech ; he evidently felt more inclined to laugh, than to be annoyed at the rather pompous sentence of the Napoleonic Bramley.

The rest of the company urging him to bring the poem and stating the pleasure that they felt they could not fail to derive from hearing it, Mr. Tremaine slipped out to his own cabin, and in a few minutes returned with a manuscript which he opened and laid before him on the table.

"You must not accuse me, gentlemen, of intentionally copying the style of any of our great poets, though I fear that this little poem does smack slightly of the 'Ancient Mariner' or 'Eugene Aram.' I greatly admire those poems, and if I have somewhat dropped into the style in which they are written, I have done so unconsciously."

"Oh ! never mind," said Grumshaw, "let's have the yarn ; fill up your glasses all round, and then, you Tremaine, fire away."

The three Pickwickians produced their note books, and Mr. Tremaine disposed himself comfortably in the cane chair underneath the swinging lamp, and though Mr. Coddleby's cigar persisted in going out every few minutes, necessitating frequent interruptions during the

recital of the story, and though that illustrious scientist was once brought to the very brink of suffocation by putting the lighted end, on which a long feathery ash was clinging, into his mouth, during one of the most interesting passages of the poem, Mr. Tremaine read it through to them in tones so deep and sonorous, that its effect was greatly enhanced thereby.

"I have called it," he said, as he was about to begin, 'The Haunted Man,' and it is a record of something, as I before said, that came under my own notice; so without further prelude I will begin."

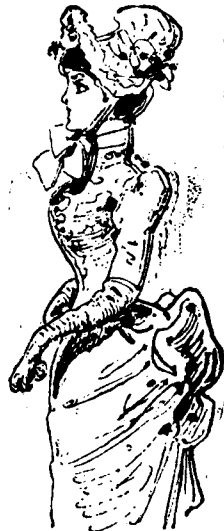
The story was then duly read, was listened to with intense interest, and afforded to the auditors more satisfaction than is customarily accorded, to similiar relations.

(To be continued.)

TWO LETTERS PICKED UP OFF THE STREET.

FLIRTINGON CRESCENT,
July 25th, 1886.

John Coke Blackstone, Esq., Barrister.



DEAR JACK,—Please consider our engagement as terminated, *finally and for ever*. I might forgive you for seeking to wed me to a life of poverty, but I cannot forgive or condone the offence of representing your income to be \$4,000 per annum (average) when in reality it is only \$900 as given under oath, as I understand. It is bad enough to obtain *money* under false pretences, in fact the law can punish any one for *that*, but how shall I characterize the man who tries to obtain a wife *under false pretences*—please return my letters *at once*. I herewith return yours, together with your presents. Yours truly,

VIRGINIA DRAPERVILLE.

P.S.—Of course as papa says your visits to our house must cease. V.D.

P.P.S.—Of course I feel sorry, *awfully sorry*, for I really *did* love you, but its *all over!*—good-by for ever! I cannot possibly marry *under* \$4,000. Tra-la-la. V. D.

(Answer to above).

LAW CHAMBERS, TORONTO STREET,
July 26th, 1886.

DEAR MISS DRAPERVILLE:—

Since you desire it I will consider our engagement at an end, and that "finally and for ever," as you so decidedly put it. I admit having misstated my average amount of income in my interview with your father some months ago. I said about \$4,000; well, \$5,000 would be much nearer the mark; but, being no braggart I thought it more becoming to say a few hundreds less rather than to overrate the amount.

With regard to the \$900 published as my income in the *Globe* assessment list—that, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, has "nothing to do with the case," that is simply all I can afford to pay tax on. I return packet of letters—and also return you the courtesy of the formality "awfully sorry." My visits "of course" will cease *instantly* be sure of that. Yours respectfully,

JOHN COKE BLACKSTONE.

AN ALARMING DISEASE.

ITS SYMPTOMS AND TREATMENT.

A GOOD many people in this country and some others are afflicted with a peculiar disease; strange to say it has not been studied, or even named by any faculty of medicine known to us. It is not propagated by germs, is not chargeable to wall-paper, does not come up the stealthy drain-pipe, is entirely unconnected with tight-lacing and has no fraternity with strong drink. Its symptoms are silence, moodiness, a decided increase of nervous irritability; the eyes are commonly affected, usually with myopia; memory and will are enfeebled, fog seems to settle on the mind, interest is gradually lost in business and domestic affairs. This dire disease fastens upon its victims during their hours of leisure when labour might be best exchanged for recreation. Sometimes attacks occur at the dining-table, and quite often may be noticed on railroad trains and steamers. No city, town, or village, however salubrious in site, or however thorough in its drainage, seems exempt from its ravages. Its chief centres of attraction are where people congregate together in patronage of news-stalls and circulating libraries.

The victims of the epidemic described are subject to strange fascinations and delusions. They are powerfully attracted by large sheets of paper once white, but spoiled for useful purposes by rows of many small black marks. To run their eyes along the marks for hours together becomes a habit which they think does them good and not harm incalculable. Their favorite scent is an odor nearly as strong as tobacco, and which proceeds from a mixture of the fragrant materials known to commerce as glue, molasses, and lamplblack.

The perversion of an appetite once healthy seems to be the cause of this curious disease. As in the case of whiskey, the best cure, in fact the only one, is neither pill, potion, nor plaster, but simply abstinence. Anything that might excite and increase the malady must be sedulously kept from the patient: all daily newspapers, novels, books of gossip and cackle. Bacon or equally substantial diet may be taken in small portions, but even of wholesome food there must be no excess. Too much fuel can put out a fire.

The malady, if we must name it, is print-greed, the passion in a reading age for mere paper and type, irrespective of thought, judgment, or even pleasure. G.

A FALSE ALARM.

(SCENE—Country road; a stalwart Irishman, unemployed, meets a lawyer.)

Irishman (hoarsely)—Sor, a shillin', or ilse—

Lawyer (alarmed)—Else what?

Irishman (still more hoarsely)—Or ilse—a six-pence.

The lawyer "forks out."—*The Bailie.*

He—And now, Sarah, what kind of an engagement ring shall I get you? *She*—Solid gold, I guess, Henry; I'm so tired of wearing imitation gold for engagements.—*Ex.*

THE performances at Doty's Island Theatre have been remarkably well patronized during the past week. The theatre is under the management of Mr. W. J. Dill, and its success is due in large measure to his experience and energy.



A FARMER'S WIFE.

He.—"Then if you are willing, we will be married at once. And as I have a little money saved we will no doubt get along very well. But we will not live in the close, crowded city. I will purchase a little farm, and we will live on it, and be as happy as turtle doves."

She.—"Live on a farm? And I will be a farmer's wife?"

He.—"Yes, darling."

She.—"How delightful! And what do you think, John, you won't have to buy a milking stool for me, for I've got one all ready!"

He, (in surprise).—"You have?"

She, (all animation).—"Oh, yes! The prettiest thing you ever saw—decorated with hand-painted plush and cherry ribbons."—*Ex.*

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

THE WAREHOUSE,
TORONTO, July, 86.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP.—The langer I live the mair I'm impressed wi' the anteequity o' the Scotch. Hoo tae *prove* this, hooever, is the question that has keepit me scartin' ma head for the past three months an' mair; but noo, praise gudeness I've gotten licht on the subject by attendin' the leckters o' that auld-farrant bletherin' cretur wi the lang hair kaimed doon intill his back-neck, that preaches in that bit kirkie on Bond street. The ae' sawbbath he'll reddy up the pedigree o' Queen Victoria—the next he'll haud forth the comfortin' doctrine that the lost tribes hae cassen up at last, bein' nae less than oor worthy sells, tae wut; then he'll tak anither fit an' kick up the most terrible stour about Maister Gladstone (douce man) declarin' that he's gein' up choppin' trees an' has taen tae hammerin' awa at the Irish question—till naething 'ill dae but he maun ding the hale Breetish Empire a tae spunks! An' then like the Prophet Jeremiah he dance an' roar an' rage an' greet, an' wuss his head was only a fountain o' tears that he micht greet day an' nicht for the stubbornness o' that man Gladstone—wha winna listen tae the voice that cryeth frae Bond street—winna hearken tae the redder up o' ancient pedigrees—but will persist in rushin' headlang tae destruction, draggin' the pair onfortunate British Empire after him, like a mad dog we' a tin pan tied till its tail.

An' noo after the mainner o' this popular profitable preacher I'll just proceed tae demonstrate the anteequity o' the Scotch. An' tae begin at the fountain head—I say—and will manteen that *Adam was a Scotchman!* Adam—was—a—Scotchman! Of course he was!—whaur div I get that? I get it sir, in that infallible record which says that Adam wore a kilt! A kilt sir—a fig leaf—the fig leaf—the very fig leaf that the gaucie faither o' us a' wore as he gaed proodly struttin roon the gairden o' Eden wi' a bonnie sprig o' heather in his bannet! The kilt my hearers, is the sole survivin' relic o' Eden, and is as auld as original sin. If further proof is needed' that Adam was o' Scotch decent—I challenge ye tae deny the hereditary taste for aipples in the Scotch. Did ye ever ken a Scotch laddie that wadna risk his neck an' speel up a tree a'for the sake o' a rosy-cheekit aipple? To tak a loup doon an age or twa—there was Abraham!—weel, if he wasna a Scotchman, a' I'll say is, he *ocht* tae hae been ane. That settles it. But there noo, tak Jawcob—wasna he a Scotchman an' a canny ane at that—whan his hairy brither lichtet on him sittin very comfortably suppin his parritch—an' eh man! didna he get a braw price for that same mess o' parritch. Gin he hadna been a Scotchman wad he hae been suppin parritch? for I've nae doubt the word pottage—means parritch in the original. Then again there was Dauvit the braw sheperd laddie that was sae weel creeshed for the kingdom—an' whase sweet psawms we sing in a' Scotch Kirk's tae this gude day. Whaur d'ye get the origin o' the Heilin fling? Whaur but awa' back whaur Dauvit danced in his bare brans afore the ark, tae the great scawndal o' his prudish wife (her decendants are tae the fore yet) wha nae doot was ane o' thee ootlandish Phoenicians, oor prophet speaks o' as bein' thorns in decent folks sides for ever. Or gin ye want tae get at the origin o' the bagpipes—just take a stap doon arang the auld Greeks, an' there ye'll find the first piper sittin' aneath a tree skirlin' up in grand style—wi' a' the lions an' teegers sittin' roon him as harmless as collie dowgs—an' twa-ree hunder

pawrots an' puggies hinging doon by the tails fairly enchanted wi' the sweet strains o' the pibroch.

The name o' that piper was Orpheus, an' wha can doot but he was drest in a kilt or tunic as thae Greeks wad ca't, aye! an' a blue bannet wi' a craws feather in't!

Noo, Maister Grip, tho' I neither wear my hair in ma haffits, nor wag my pow in a poopit—still I think I've proved the anteequity o' the Scotch as conclusively as the preacher o' the free and glorious gospel reddes up far less important maitters. Its stupendeous, perfectly glorious!—crack aboot possessin' the earth! wha, I wad like tae ken, possesses the earth like the Scotch? their ubeequity only equals their anteequity! Mention a spot whaur ye winna fin' them. Od! I'm inclined tae think the Scotch are the concentrated dooble distilled essence o' the ten tribes themselfe, in fack their anteequity beats the ——— deil, I was gawn tae say—but haith! he d'ites farrer back still. Yours profitically,

HUGH AIRLIE.

UNDERGROUND UNDERSTANDING.

(Scene—Charing-Cross Station, south platform, train steaming out westwards.)

Partick Passenger (breathless and left behind)—I say, porter, when is the next train for Partick?

Intelligent Official—Did ye'll miss the last train?

P. P. (testily)—Of course I did or I wouldn't be here.

I. O.—Yaas; and of course too, and the next train will be here in two minutes, for that will be the train that cam afore the last train and she's too much due and more.

[Delayed train arrives. Passenger takes seat and rummates.]—*The Bailie.*

SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

POLITICS IN A PUB.

Crofter (*irately*).—Yiss, yiss, supply ant demand wass aal fery coot to if ta wan wass ass muckle as ta tither! and miroffer whin I'll mak my demand whare wass your supply? Shust told me that noo!—*The Bailie.*

LITERARY NOTE.

It is stated that the editor of *Harper's Magazine* has offered one of our income assessors a lucrative engagement to contribute fiction to that periodical.

Usurer—My clean income is very small, and I shall have to charge you a higher rate of interest. Why, my clean income is next to nothing.

Proud Borrower—Very well, but the rest of your income is all the larger. Come, now, isn't it?—*Ex.*

"My boy," the grandam slowly said,
"Your words do oft provoke me;
By gosh, by golly, and by Ned
Are swearing, and should choke thee.
Of words that have the prefix 'by'
You should be ever sparing.
Such words—on this you may rely—
Invariably are swearing."

The boy replied in thoughtful way,
"Indeed, then I'm in error,
I thought what I'd heard others say
For me could have no terror.
'By' cannot be so had by half,
You must be magnifying;
The papers say 'by telegraph.'"
"Well that, my child, is lying."

—*Chicago Rambler.*



REFLECTING ON HIS LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

COALED BLACK.

A STORY WITH AN AGREEABLE BLENDING OF DEMOCRACY AND ARISTOCRACY, SEVEN TO ONE RESPECTIVELY.

CHAPTER I.

"Britons, hold your own,"
The unworthy son.

THE scene was the London residence of Mr. Jacob Spriggs, M.P. The honourable gentleman, by profession a shoemaker, had just been returned as Radical member for the borough of Scuttleboro'. His soul had long yearned to be with his supporters in life, and his desires were at last to be consummated. Light-heartedly he made his way to his work-room, and took a last, long look at his bench and tools—his awl; and calmly kicking them in various directions, betook him to his study to reflect upon matters political. Although he had attained the dizzy eminence of being "the hon. member for Scuttleboro," yet his reflections were doomed to be broken in upon. Crash! Bang!!

Mr. Spriggs bounded into the air and fell upon a favorite poodle.

Dynamited for his Radical principles! Horror!! All was again still.

The hon. gent. picked himself up, straightened out the poodle, and looked around. He was all there, and the flies buzzed around as happy as ever. As an English M.P., Mr. Spriggs felt bound to investigate.

There was coal dust in the air. To the coal cellar he hied. As he neared the door a gentle fragile form barred the way. 'Twas his daughter Miranda!

"Lem me pass, child," said Mr. Spriggs, "there is something wrong within there.

"Do not go in, pa," replied the lovely Miranda, her hair floating wildly in the breeze, "it is not safe for you to do so."

"What care I for danger, child," responded her pa, looking her square in the eye, "I who have faced one hundred and fifty defiant 'ome Rulers. Lem me pass."

"Never," replied Miranda, dauntlessly, "never, except over my dead body," and she stamped her little foot until the crockery jangled in the cupboard upstairs.

"Treason in the house," murmured Mr. Spriggs, "come," and taking his lovely but defiant daughter by the left ear, he led her to a place of safety. Opening the

cellar door, Mr. Spriggs peered cautiously in. All peered well. The coal had subsided, that was all. A second look. Ha! what was that which covered in the nor-east corner? A human figger! It was but the work of an instant to drag it forth. The figger was too dark and miserable to be made light of. It trembled.

Miranda rushed up screaming:—"Oh, spare him, spare him!"

"What is it, what must I spare?" anxiously enquired her parent.

"'Tis Harry, my own Harry. He—came to see me."

"'Arry, 'Arry who? See here, my dusty feller," said Mr. Spriggs, severely, "who and what are you?"

"Lord Harry Jingleton, son of the Duke of Crosskeys," replied the dusty one in quaverous accents.

"The dooce you are; the son of a blarsted haristocrat. Hout you go from my 'ouse. I am pledged to the distinction of the 'ouse of Lords, and I may as well begin with the small fry."

"Oh, don't murder me, gentle sir; let me go, and I trouble you no more."

"I am going to make an hexample of you, my fine feller," grimly responded the M.P.; and neither the pleadings of Lord Harry or the tears and entreaties of the lovely Miranda had any effect upon Mr. Spriggs' adamant heart. A four wheeler was procured, Lord Harry trundled in, and they rolled away in the direction of the Duke's mansion.

They were soon in his presence. It was an exciting and never-to-be-forgotten moment.

"Dook," said Mr. Spriggs, without even a wink. "I 'ave brought Lord 'Arry for your fatherly correction; 'e 'as dared to make love to my daughter in anything but a honorable way, in fact 'e 'as been going it on the coal-tition plan."

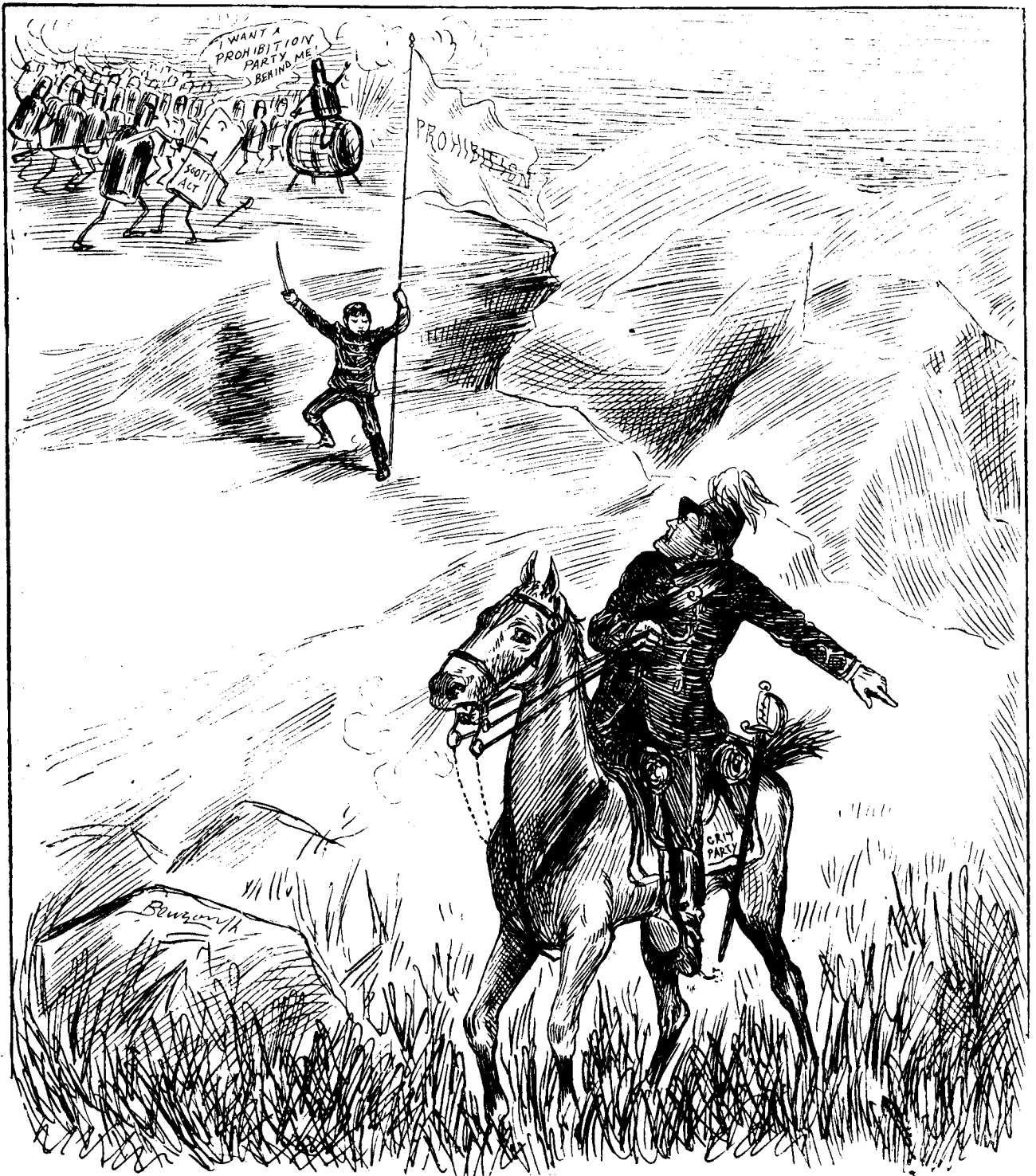
(To be continued.)

GRIP HAS TO HOLD UP HIS UMBRELLA TO HIDE HIS BLUSHES.

GRIP'S Summer Number, issued last week, is a very creditable one. It consists of 28 pages, including the cover, and contains many striking caricatures. It must be seen to be appreciated. Secure a copy.—*Carlton Place Herald*.

GRIP makes a fine display this week, issuing a 28-page "summer number" teeming with rich and tasty drawings. The main cartoon is "The Political Cowboys," representing Sir John and Blake, with a host of followers, trying to whip a rebellious bull into their respective corrals. The unruly animal is strong, powerfully horned, and labelled "Prohibition Bolters." It seems likely to upset Sir John and then choose its own corral.—*Prescott Independent*.

THE summer number of GRIP is to hand. It is a credit to its enterprising publisher. It is replete with pointed humor, cutting sarcasm, and apposite hits on the live questions of the day. GRIP appeals to the judgment, as well as to the imagination in his cartoons, constitute it a powerful factor in allaying party animosities, and in directing attention to the dangers to individual and national liberty in Canadian proneness to hero-worship. The presentation plate, "Prominent Conservatives," is a gem of art worth having. Not only does GRIP wield a powerful pencil, but when occasion demands, he can also use the pen with telling effect.—*Parkhill Review*.



FORWARD TO THE FLAG!

Up Alma's hill the Ensign went,
 A boy! but terribly intent;
 His should be foremost of the flags,
 Though he and it were shot to rags.
 He looked round only once to find
 The men a moment lagged behind.
 "Bring back the colors to them!" cried
 The Colonel. But the lad replied:

"No! lead you up the men who lag
 And bring them forward to the flag!"
 "Bring back the colors to the rear.
 For those who fight the battle there!"
 No! no! forward he stands fast,
 First with the colors to the last,
 No cry of laggards will he heed:
 A LEADER'S DUTY IS TO LEAD.

—Gerald Massey.



EXPLAINED.

Dr. Trueman (d. jected).—I don't understand it. I can hardly make ends meet, whereas you have liveried servants and every luxury, and yet your income as published is no greater than mine! How do you do it?

Dr. Slipprelm.—Do it? Easy enough. Lie to the assessor.

THE LATEST.

DENNIS MULDOON has been on a tear.

Result.—A Dinny-might explosion.—Stove, pipes, and furniture in a disorganized state. Judy and the young Muldoon's fugitives.

HOUSE SOLD RECIPES.

NEVER cook a potato with its kin.

Never boil your ice, although if you don't boil your rice it will not be fit to eat.

Never put out the eyes of potatoes, cut off the ears of corn, or amputate the toes of tomatoes.

Never keep your milk in paper bags, for paper is sold by the ream, and milk ream is not as good as other kinds of cream.—*Whitehall Times.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

THE railroad companies want to lay their tracks with hardened sleepers. One of the New Haven ministers says that his congregation has material enough to set up a whole parallel road.—*Ex.*

A SMALL boy in Maine listened demurely to the story of Samson's tying the firebrands to the tails of foxes and then sending them through the Philistine's corn, and at the conclusion of the narrative asked innocently, "Auntie, did it pop?"—*Ex.*

A PERSONAL item says that Miss Jenks, daughter of the ex-Assistant Secretary of the Treasurer is "going to marry eight millions." She will have to hustle around pretty lively. Few single ladies ever look forward to such record as this.—*Ex.*

It is said that there are 10,000 families in Chicago without a copy of the Bible. The number without a copy of a paper containing the latest base-ball news is much less, so the suffering is not so great as might be supposed.—*Norristown Herald.*

"MA, has aunty got bees in her mouth?" "No; why do you ask such a question?" "'Cause that little man, with a heap of hair on his face, caught hold of her, and said he was going to take the honey out of her lips; and she said: 'Well, make haste.'"—*Ex.*

MADAM was recounting that her husband was ill the night before and it was necessary to send for a doctor at three o'clock in the morning. "But I thought you had a doctor in the house, your eldest son," said a neighbor. "True, but we only let him doctor the servants."—*Ex.*

Mrs. Montague—Why, Mary Ann, what is your reason for leaving us so suddenly? Don't you like the place? *Mary Ann*—Yes, ma'am, the place is very well and you do your best; but your dresses are a miserable fit for me and so I just made up my mind to leave this day.—*Ex.*

"No," said the henpecked husband, as he scratched his bald head, "I am not a believer in Mormonism, not by a long chalk," "Why not?" asked the Mormon sympathizer with whom he was conversing. "Because," replied the henpecked man, "I don't believe in a man having two wives. No man can serve two masters."—*Ex.*

It was Freddy's first experience with soda water. Drinking his glass with perhaps undue eagerness, he was aware of a tingling sensation in his nostrils. "How do you like it?" inquired his mother, who had stood treat. Freddy thought a moment, wrinkling his nose as he did so, and then observed: "It tastes like your foot was asleep."—*Ex.*

A WESTERN paper announced that "Mr. Maguire will wash himself before he assumes the office of sheriff." This made Maguire mad, and he demanded a retraction, which the paper made as follows: "Mr. Maguire requests us to deny that he will wash himself before he assumes the office of sheriff." And yet Maguire was not satisfied.—*Boston Beacon.*

"WHAT a very pretty girl your friend is, Miss Constantine," said Dumley. "Such bright eyes and clear complexion one seldom sees. Hasn't she Irish blood in her veins?" "Oh, yes," Miss Constantine replied; "she is a true daughter of Erin Go Bragh." "Well, all I have to say is," added Dumley, who greatly admires a pretty girl, "Mr. and Mrs. Go Bragh ought to be fond of her."—*Harper's Bazar.*

It is narrated that a not over-highly intellectual literary Western girl met Mr. William Dean Howells for the first time lately, and becoming quite interested in his talk asked him for his autograph. Mr. Howells assented willingly, and wrote a very pretty verse to a very pretty girl. "Oh, Mr. Howells," she exclaimed, "How sweet! Is it original?" "Oh, yes," he replied smiling benignantly. "You don't say! Well, I should think you would write something for the newspapers, or the magazines. I've seen lots worse things than this in print."—*Ex.*

OUR VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

TOLD IN TWO EFFORTS—I.



ONE joyous day in May I decided that it would be very pleasant to go down to the old home in the country and pass the summer there. What could be so delightful as a picket hen-house, a vagabond sheep dog, an honest cordwood stove, and a roomy frame house, built by an architect who had never studied architecture or trigonometry? Three miles from the post office, five miles from the Grand Trunk railway, and eighty-seven miles from the Union station—what more could

a mortal ask who simply wished to forget, for a few months, that the world moves, and that Ireland longs to join in the procession.

Such were the arguments I used to persuade my wife, Fanny, much against her will, to pack up and go down into the country. I had my way, and we went.

The house had been vacant nearly a year, and consequently needed airing. The doors would all open easily enough, but, as Fanny said, they wouldn't shut again without putting forth great effort. I tried hard to persuade her that such a state of affairs would result in a net gain to us of seven full golden hours in the course of every five years.

A spavined horse and a mild-mannered cow were procured and installed in the cowstable, and a most substantial buggy was borrowed from a man who had owed my father ten dollars. I felt that nothing more could be desired to make home happy, but my wife insisted on having a cat. Scarcely a day passed but an adult cat, touring the country incognito, would wander into our premises, partake of liquid refreshment from the milk pans, and then good-humoredly resume its Knight-errantry. I tried to persuade Fanny to take up with some one of these Bohemian cats, but the adventurous spirit was too strongly developed in them, and besides, she preferred a feline of domestic, and not of cosmopolitan tastes.

At the end of two brief weeks our cow, infused with the spirit of the age, boycotted us, refused absolutely to give any more milk; and I engaged a watery-fingered boy (not necessarily because he was afflicted with watery fingers, but because it was difficult to find a well-developed boy not so afflicted) to bring us milk daily. He always came before we were up, and generally hung about till dinner time—not because he sympathised with us in our loneliness, but because such was his idea of etiquette. From him Fanny got a kitten, and our household was now complete.

We were three miles from the post office, as was mentioned above, and the mail-carrier, on his route past our place once a day to an inlying village, left our letters, etc. It was odd how eagerly I would watch for him, considering that I had come to this place to get away from the world. The carrier had an easy, graceful way, acquired from dextrous practice, of tossing mail matter into the ditch, and of cracking our sheep dog's ears with his whip. But as he drew a salary of \$200 a year from the Government, and carried Her Majesty's mails, he was the autocrat of the road and every one meekly yielded to his imperious ways.

Our house stood almost on the road—or rather, on a cross road, and we were hailed night and day by stalwart

tramps. At night I bade them follow the telegraph poles, and during the day mechanically directed them to Toronto, Montreal, Vermont, Ireland, and Vancouver Island. Right over the way from our house stood a large open shed, appertaining to a disused chapel near by, thus making our corner quite conspicuous. I always had my suspicions that a tramp occasionally put up over night in this shed, but never hinted it to Fanny knowing it would dispel all the charm of country life for her.

BRUCE W. MUNRO.

(To be continued.)

THEY NEEDED IT.

KNIGHT of Pythias to freckled youngster in Queen Street car:

Knight.—"What building is that?"

F. youngster.—"That? Oh, that's our loo-natic asylum."

Knight (contemptuously).—"Why, ours over to hum is twice as big as that."

F. youngster (innocently).—"Guess you need a bigger one over there."

(Knight gazes long and silently at the youngster's countenance.)

DEFINITION.

Mr. Birch.—"First class in geometry stand up." William Jones, what is a straight line?"

"Shortest distance between two points."

"Give an example."

"Line of railroad from A to B on its own map."

"Give an example of crooked line."

"Same railroad on map of opposition line." G.

Mr. Hopeful (to young Hopeful, home from Harvard).—"Thomas, may I ask you how much your cigars cost you?"

Tom.—"Twelve dollars a hundred, governor. I usually get a thousand at a time and get them somewhat cheaper."

Mr. H.—"Wha—what? Twelve dollars? Why, I've got to be satisfied with tobies myself."

Tom.—"That's business, governor. If I had as many children to educate as you have, I wouldn't smoke at all."
—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

LAST week GRIP had a good cartoon on the Fishery Question, and about represented the situation pretty nrcely.—*Port Dover Maple Leaf.*



98 GAMES IN THE SERIES.

July 28, '86.

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Club.	Won.	Lost.
Utica	33	17	Syracuse	30	25
Rochester	33	19	Buffalo	26	30
Toronto	35	22	Binghamton	18	38
Hamilton	29	26	Oswego	13	41



CANADA'S ANSWER.

The Pope.—MISS CANADA, I HOPE YOU APPRECIATE THE HONOR I HAVEDONE YOU BY MAKING A CANADIAN CARDINAL.

Miss Canada.—PRECISELY THE SAME HONOR, IN CHARACTER AND EXTENT, THAT THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY DID ME IN MAKING MR. SMITH THEIR MODERATOR.



A DISTURBING RUMOR.

Grip.—SIR JOHN,—TELL ME THIS REPORT IS FALSE! DON'T THINK OF RESIGNING! MY OCCUPATION WOULD BE GONE!

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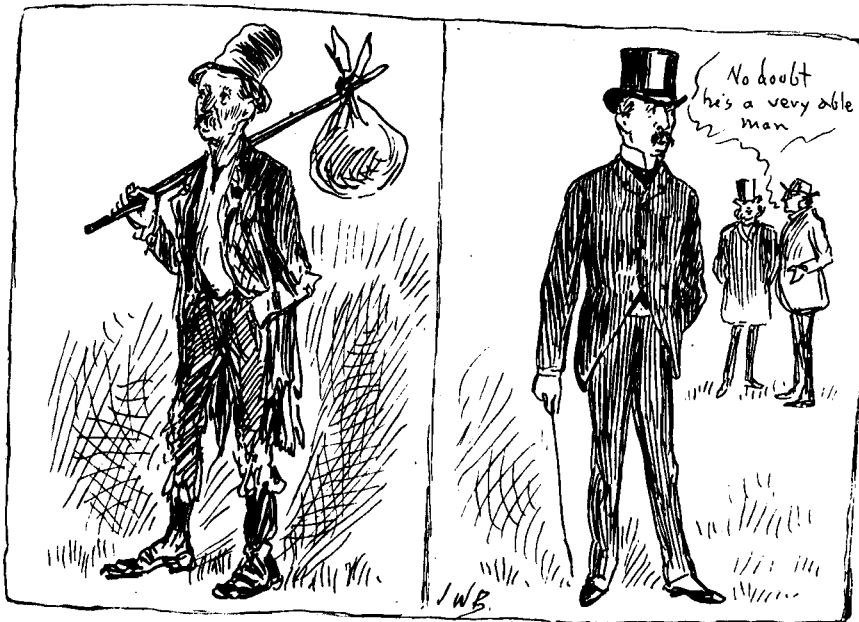
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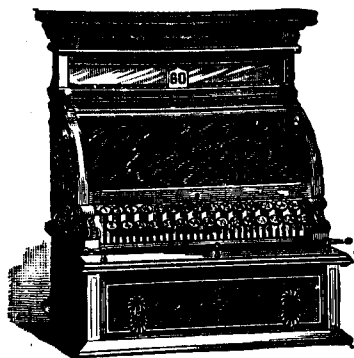
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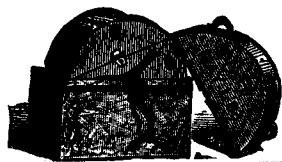
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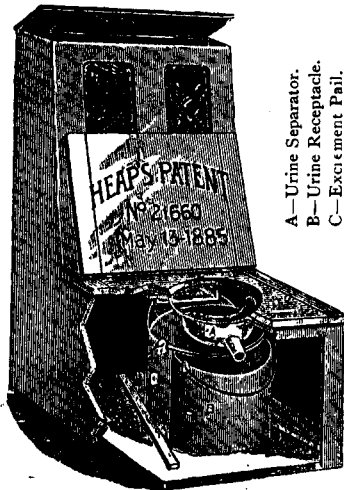
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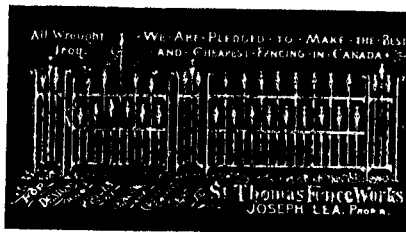
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