

# GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

GRIP ENGS

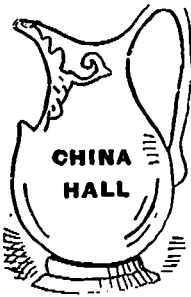


THE IRRESISTIBLE MARCH OF THE RURAL VOTER.

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

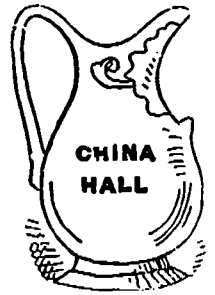
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Police Station, Toronto, Aug. 2nd.

DUNCAN McRAE.

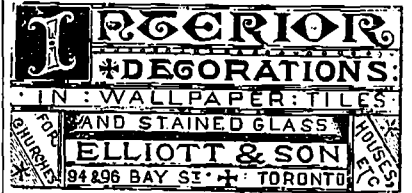
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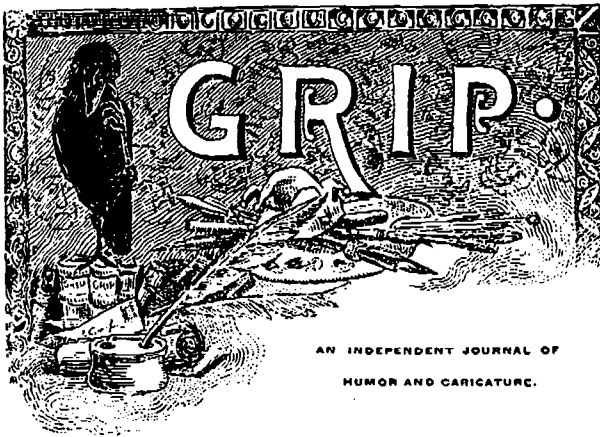
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Comments on the Customs.



“WE CANNOT CHECK MANITOBA.”—The application for an injunction to restrain the Red River Valley Railway, made by the C.P.R. through Mr. Browning, having failed, the Dominion Government have now come plainly forward as the opponents of Mr. Norquay and his colleagues. It has all along been manifest that the Syndicate was acting upon an understanding with the Federal authorities, and this move puts the matter beyond question. The Dominion Government have asked for an injunction prohibiting the line from crossing certain lots which are claimed as Crown property, and it is not unlikely that the instrument will be granted. But if so, what then? Will the provincial powers bow to the mandate of the court and leave their road half completed? They say they will not, and if they don't what will the Dominion Government do about it? Without the assistance of those “British regulars,” it is very hard to see what they can do. Certainly no Canadian volunteer regiments would go to the front to sustain such a rotten cause as that of the C.P.R. in the present case—for the clear public opinion is that Manitoba has just as much right to build the Red River Valley Railway as any province ever had to build a line within its borders. Once more public attention is called to the remarkable alacrity displayed by Sir John and his colleagues when serving the Syndicate. This potent corporation has only to give the word of command, and the Cabinet of Masterly Inactives fly to do its bidding. It matters not how dirty or difficult may be the task, or how dangerous to the interests of the Conservative party, let the Syndicate point its finger, and the Government instantly obeys.

Isn't it about time that the public should begin to enquire for the secret of this potency on the one hand, and this abject, slavish fear on the other?

THE IRRESISTIBLE MARCH OF THE RURAL VOTER.— Since our last issue several meetings have been held upon the Commercial Union issue, and each has been a magnificent demonstration in favor of this statesmanlike project. The farmers of this Province (and no doubt of other provinces also) are, without regard to their political leanings, all but unanimous in the opinion that unrestricted reciprocity with the United States would be a vast boon to Canada. At a meeting in Peterboro', we are informed, a contrary opinion was expressed by resolution, but unfortunately no particulars as to this gathering have been given in the daily papers, and we are left in the dark as to its composition. Some of the names connected with it are suggestive of ward-politics, however, and others are well known in connection with the “Imperial Federation” scheme, which is very far from practicable. The salient point of the discussion just now is the significant attitude of Sir John Macdonald. With the wily old gentleman, who has always had a keen sense of public opinion, “mum's the word” at present. It is said that he put a kindly quietus on some of his ardent followers in this city who were on the point of giving their views against Commercial Union, and we may confidently look for a concluding gurgle of opposition shortly in those obedient organs, the *World*, *Hamilton Spectator*, and *Belleville Intelligencer*, which have been for some time laboring under the impression that the “old man” wanted them to talk against it. Of course, they can talk just as well the other way if he says so.

THE FISHERY COMMISSION.—Since our cut on page twelve was engraved, the selection of Canadian representative on the Fishery Commission has been made. Sir John himself is to act. We trust he will prove equal to the occasion, notwithstanding his advanced years, and the cleverness of his opponents.



THE opera houses are in full swing for the season, which promises to be prosperous. Miss Maddern is the present attraction at the Grand; while the Toronto is treating its patrons to a rollicking Hibernian play, entitled “True Irish Hearts.”

THE cyclorama of the battle of Sedan is certain to be one of the leading permanent attractions of the city. It is being liberally patronized, and every one who sees it becomes perforce an advertiser of its merits. Art critics will be particularly interested in the masterly treatment of perspective and figure drawing in the extensive painting.

A SUGGESTION.

THE dress reformers do not see why ladies should mould themselves into unnatural wasp-waisted forms, and they accordingly object to the corset as being unhealthy. Our agricultural editor thinks that the dress reformers would confer a far greater boon on humanity by endeavoring to persuade the wasps to wear bustles.

OUTSIDE THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

MR. AUGUSTUS SLABLEY—“And so you like novels of the old school, Miss Edith?”  
Miss Dewey—“Oh, I just dote on dear old Hawthorne! I was so sorry that I wasn't able to get his ‘Moses from an Old Manse’ out this afternoon!”

### The Heart of the Boy.

How simple and pure is the heart of the boy,  
A well-spring of truth and a fountain of joy,  
His holy ideal,  
So awfully real,  
All after temptations can hardly destroy.

Oh how he revolts at the deeds that are done  
Unblushingly ev'ry day under the sun ;  
This worship of gold,  
With its crimes manifold,  
Makes boys revolutionists every one.

What scorners are they of injustice and pride,  
And how boldly they take aye the weaker ones' side,  
And how they despise  
All our time-honored lies,  
And how our vain glories they can not abide.

But the temples the wee laddie builds in the heart  
Must all be profaned in the ev'ry day mart,—  
The beauty and truth,  
That glorified youth,  
How sadly the man must behold them depart !

And, O ! with what sorrow he has to unlearn  
The goodness God puts in the heart o' a bairn—  
Yea, crush down the heart,  
While he sees it depart,  
As he goes through the world a' sad and forfairn.

Despite of the worship of Mammon and Might—  
Our faith's in the ultimate triumph of Right,  
Men are anxious to know  
The right way they should go,  
They're weary of darkness and long for the light.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

### AFTER THE FAIR.

WELL, it's all over, and if anybody has the hardihood to say that it wasn't the biggest and best fair Canada has ever seen, that man has no sense of responsibility and couldn't even be trusted to make out his own income tax return. Look at it from any gate you please, it was a grand exhibition, and reflects much credit on its managers—as well as a good deal of cash. The glory of it ought also to be spread fairly over the two or three hundred thousand people, who by their presence, their plaudits and their quarters, assisted to make the success. While the "legitimate" departments of the fair were this year more extensive and complete than ever before, the side show element was correspondingly magnified. The business in the horse ring on the fine afternoons of the second week was equal to anything provided by the best circus companies, and in the matter of horse races as good as anything out of doors. The bombardment of Pekin and the fireworks generally were managed with consummate skill, and, in short, everything about the show was as good as the friends of our progressive, wide-awake city and province could have wished. The prospects are that the adjoining forty acres of ground will have to be added to the Exhibition Park very soon, and it would be an excellent thing if the field now occupied by the rifle-butts nuisance could also be secured. An embankment and terrace along the water edge of this lot with seats and shady summer houses, would be a fine additional attraction. People throughout the country are always interested in the statistics of the exhibition. The commonplace details of receipts, etc., we leave to the daily press, giving instead some extracts from Mr. Secretary Hill's private memoranda book :

Average number of questions answered daily, 743-428¾; average number of questions that I couldn't answer, 623,438; number of times in office when called upon, 98,764; times not in when called upon, 63,200; times went without lunch, 14; miles travelled on business around the grounds, 4,673¾; scratched head in perplexity, 3,870; times felt like swearing, 894,398½; times actually swore, 1; times nodded to acquaintances, 38,967,432; shook hands, 46,483,290; telephone messages sent, 64,987; number received, 190,480; said "You bet," in reply to observation "This is the biggest show yet," 432,974½; thought of asking for increased salary, 983,427,302 times.

### FISH-CHOWDER.

DISHED UP FOR THE ANGLO-CANADIAN-AMERICAN COMMISSION.

MOTTO for Uncle Sam—"Deal gently with the herring."

It is to be hoped John A. will really attend to business at Washington, and not waste his time in mere coddling.

The High Seize—That portion of the Atlantic within the three mile limit.

We look to our representatives to exhibit great fin-esse.

Only one Gloucester fisherman made a good catch this season. He went ashore and married a Nova Scotia girl. For a wedding present he gave her a smack.

When the decision is reached we hope it will be seine that the net result is justice to all parties.

The British Minister at Washington says the relations between England and America are growing closer all the time. He is himself a warm admirer of the Republic, which is natural, seeing that he is permeated with the spirit of the *West*.

If Sir John takes the right line he can't be bait.

### "LORD, 'GRANT' US A GUID CONCEIT O' OORSEL'S."

WE have all heard of the consequential Glasgow baillie to whom a flesher's boy in trouble shouted, "Man, I say, man! come here and gie's a han' wi' the coo," and who gravely replied to the laddie, "Boy, I'm no' a man; I'm a magistrate."

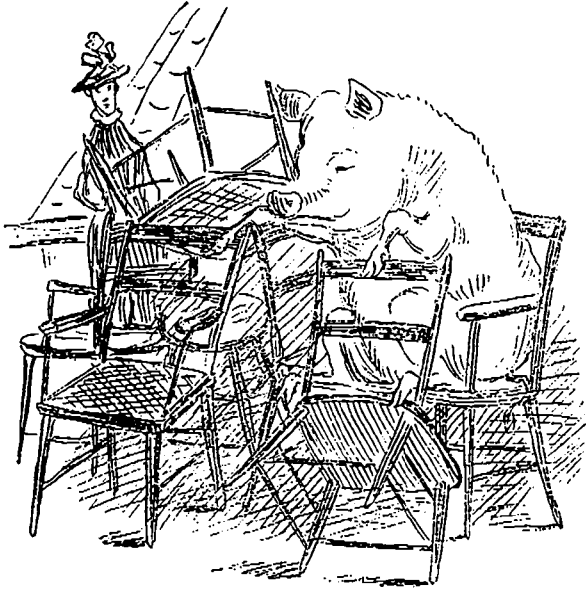
So, too, have we been told about the "gallant colonel" in court, to whom the opposing barrister frequently referred as "the soldier," and who informed the man of law that he was "an officer—not a soldier," a declaration that Buzfuz used to advantage by afterwards speaking of "the defendant who is an officer, but *not* a soldier."

GRIP has heretofore regarded these as mythical stories—the products of British witlings, but he is now able to parallel both yarns by a genuine home-made article.

A certain professional person, recently knighted, on his way to Washington the other day, was addressed from time to time by his casual travelling companion and old acquaintance as "Dr. So-an-so." This was borne impatiently for a while by the bran-new-handled personage; but ennobled flesh, and freshly infused blue blood could stand it no longer than the fifth or sixth repetition, when they with one voice exclaimed, "How long is this thing going to last? There is my card, sir!" And upon said oblong, gilt-edged piece of pasteboard did the astounded interlocutor discover this legend:—"Sir Jacobus Donation, M.D.," or words to that effect.

**A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.**

MR. S. VANPOODLE—So you are reading my "Gryffyth ap Gryffiths, or Scenes of High Life," Miss Maud?  
 Miss Maud (enthusiastically)—Oh, yes!  
 Mr. S. VanP.—If I am not indiscreet might I ask your opinion?  
 Miss Maud—I think it a perfect love of a novel; it is so *infatuating*.



**A SKETCH FROM LIFE.**

POLITELY DEDICATED TO THE EARLY PASSENGER ON THE CROWDED "CHICORA," WHO IS "EXPECTING A FEW FRIENDS."

**ALLAN DOLLARMAIN.**

BY A HAGGARD WRITER, AUTHOR OF "HE, SHE, IT," ETC.

**CHAPTER I.**

**TIRED OF CIVILIZATION.**

I HAD been living in England about six days, and had become dreadfully tired of civilized life. I made a stern resolve to return to the heart of Africa and pick up some more diamonds and adventure. That evening, who should drop in but Sir 'Arry Curty and Bullyboy! They said nothing, but sat down. We all looked, but said nothing. Being of a genial disposition I could not stand this much longer, so went to the cupboard and took down a bottle of Gooderham & Worts' five hundred years old whiskey. I always like to have a little about, in case the roast beef, or climate, or anything under the sun should disagree with me. Poured out three glasses. Added a drop of water to each, and passed them to my dear friends. We sat and looked at the fire, and sighed and sipped. Presently the potent fluid did its work. We all smiled. The glasses were empty. "Don't mind repeating," said Sir 'Arry, becoming more genial. We repeated, and then, seeing the time had come, I spoke. "I have an idea," "What?" said Sir 'Arry, "What?" said Bullyboy. "Tired of civilization, I'm going back to Africa." "Just what we were saying as we came up here; we'll go with you. How are you going and when?" "I'll take the Richelieu and Ontario Co.'s

steamer Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and we'll be at Zamee, 300 miles north of Zanzibar, next evening, taking all the scenery of the Thousand Islands by daylight." "That's the card for us," they shouted, striking their glasses together and executing a Zulu war dance round the table. "What are you going for?" they demanded. "Aha," said I, "that's a secret, but I don't mind telling you. The race of aboriginal Yankees is said to exist in the centre of Africa, and I want to see if I can't negotiate a Commercial Union treaty with them." "Well, its a big order, but that's our 'lay.' now. We'll go." We executed another war dance and fell peacefully asleep.

**CHAPTER II.**

**THE DARK HAND AND THE MISSION HOUSE.**

The second day from the event recorded in the last chapter we reached the island of Zamee. Next morning we bought a big canoe and started down the river for Mount Kenia. That night we lay at anchor, through fear of the Mos-ki-tos, whom we knew to be prowling round. I suddenly awakened, and all my hair stood on end. I'm not superstitious, but I distinctly saw a black hand getting into the canoe. It turned out to be a deck-hand of the Algerian, who had determined to join us, and had followed up from the coast.

Next day we reached McFlimsey's Mission House. It was a large stone house, built in the Queen Ann style, and was surrounded by a high wall to keep out the Mos-ki-tos. He had a pretty daughter and a French cook. The French cook gave us a good dinner, and I got up a flirtation, as soon as possible, with the pretty daughter. To please me she went off on a botanical expedition, to get a specimen of the Da-si, a plant almost unknown in England.

While we were sitting over supper something came through the window with a crash and landed in my teacup. It turned out to be the gory head of the servant who went with the pretty daughter. McFlimsey said, "How rude to throw things on our supper table." Mrs. McFlimsey said, "Yes, and it will stain my new table cloth." Then we knew the Mos-ki-tos were about and proceeded to storm the mission. We got a note from Sarah Jane, the pretty daughter, saying she was a prisoner, and that the Mos-ki-tos were in a kraal near the mission house, and that we had better attack them that night. She said they had stolen a cask of Pelee Island wine, and would soon be as drunk as lords.

About three o'clock in the morning, we made ourselves into balls, like the cork-screw man in Barnum's circus, and rolled ourselves right up under the walls of the kraal. We were 200 strong; they were about 1,000.

We surrounded the kraal and peppered away with our rifles. Slew about 500. The rest made a rush for a narrow passage guarded by the Phat boy. He was armed with a lacrosse club which he affectionately called Bul-boy, head smasher. As the Mos-ki-tos rushed up he laid them out, one after another, until there were only three left, who escaped. We had killed 997. It was a good morning's work. When we got back to the mission house McFlimsey said he didn't like war, not that he objected to killing Mos-ki-tos, but that he thought they would some day kill him. Besides he had made £50,000 out of the mission, chiefly by trading with the coast, and as that was enough for one missionary he would return to Glasgow.

(To be continued.)



### NO CHANCE.

*Maud*—YES ; I AM IN LOVE—WITH MYSELF.

*Mr. DeVinton*—AH ; I'M SORRY FOR THAT, FOR I RECOGNIZE IN YOU A FORMIDABLE RIVAL.

### A SONG FROM HORACE.

(*Freely Translated.*)

BOOK I. SONG 23.

CHLOE ! you scoot like some young deer  
That seeks its startled mother,  
O'er lonely hills with idle fear,  
If through the woods the winds it hear  
Pursue and kiss each other.

Or if the early breath of Spring  
Make leaves like some string band trill,  
Or through the thicket, horrid thing,  
A lizard crawls ; the noise will bring  
Its limbs and heart to a stand still.

I am not Piper's lion, Chloe,  
That you should seek to hustle,  
Nor hungry tiger of the Zoo,  
That you should hide your face from view  
Behind your mother's bustle. P. QUILL.

### THE WOMAN-GOVERNED TOWN.

(*By Our Own Veracious Special.*)

STOCKTON, KANSAS, *Sep. 8th, '87.*

As instructed by you, I took advantage of my proximity to Stockton, Kan., to run over and see for myself how the affairs of this city are being conducted under the management of its now far-famed female town council.

I was introduced to the floor of the council chamber by the city editor of the *Cyclone*, who had previously presented me to the lady mayoress, a fine-looking woman

upon the right side of forty, and who rules her council with admirable discretion.

The first thing I noticed on entering the chamber was the mayoress, arrayed in full regalia, gold-edged mantle of purple velvet, and gold chain with gold keys crossed attached, around her neck. This is the only town in the United States the chief magistrate of which wears any insignia of office, but the ladies insisted upon it—at least the mayoress did, and like most things the ladies want—she got it.

I first thought this dazzling appearance was in honor of GRIP's representative, but the *Cyclone* man informed me that she wears it at each meeting, and there is more jealousy on the part of the other ladies on account of the clothes, than on account of the position as mayoress, and a very lively debate took place, a short time ago, on a motion suggesting that all the alderwomen should wear gold-edged mantles and chains ; the idea was unanimous on the part of the council, the debating being between them and the mayoress ; she finally closed down on them as being entirely out of order, ruling that they will have to get a special act of the legislature before they can pass such a measure.

The council opened with prayer read by the city clerk—this is an innovation on the late council's proceedings, which usually opened with drinks all round and closed in the same manner.

After prayer, the mayoress said she had received a letter from Chief of Police Paradise, saying that he must protest against Alderwoman Jennette making him hold her baby during the council meetings ; he did not mind so much a few months back, but now the baby was teeth-

ing, and at the last council meeting, was in process of cutting no less than four teeth at the same time, and he was unable to smoke or even sit down, the child kicked and screamed so hard, and Dame Jennette positively refused to allow him to hand the youngster over to one of his subordinates. He felt sure that this was the cause of his being called in the *Cyclone* "an old woman," and he positively refused in future to nurse any more babies or other non-combatants for the ladies.

Mrs. Jennette was on her feet in a moment, and requested that the council should at once dismiss this fiend who found her darling a nuisance. The mayoress, however, promptly sat upon her, and told her she must get her husband to stay at home or else hire a nurse. Mrs. Jennette at once had a severe attack of hysterics and was removed from the council-room by her friends, shrieking she would resign or else fix Paradise. "Will she resign?" I asked my friend. "Resign! not much; they all swear they will resign when they can't get their own way, but they never do; but, between you and me, nursing babies is about all Paradise is good for."

COAL COMBINATION.

Miss Alderwoman Brownholland next rose as chairwoman of the general supply committee and requested that the tender of Mr. Geo. Cameo for 300 tons of coal be accepted.

Mayoress—"Is his tender the lowest?"

Brownholland—"There is a 'combine' among the coal men, and their tenders are all the same, but Mr. Cameo gave such good reasons in his tender, that the committee thought he ought to get it."

"Where is the tender? Place it on the table," said the mayoress.

"Is that necessary?" asked Brownholland.

"Certainly," said the mayoress.

Then Miss Brownholland, a rather rawboned, flatfooted single lady, with spectacles, drew forth from the bosom of her dress Mr. Cameo's tender, to the great amusement of the reporters and married ladies of the council; the single females sighing sympathetically.

"You thought it was so 'tender' you'd give it a soft place to repose upon," said the mayoress.

This caused a general laugh, and Miss Brownholland blushed rosy red.

The city clerk then read the tender of Geo. Cameo. It was in the usual form, but as he was addressing ladies, he knew the value of a postscript, and reminded the committee that last year he was the lowest tenderer and made nothing, and this year he ought to get a chance.

He also remarked that he was a young single man, and doing a fair business, and enclosed his photograph, and hoped he would some day soon be better acquainted with the ladies of the committee.

"Where's the photograph?" said the mayoress.

Again Miss Brownholland dived into her bosom, and produced from the left side a cabinet portrait of Mr. Cameo.

The mayoress scanned the picture. "Well, Brownholland, he is nice looking; have you met him since his tender?"

"Yes," simpered Brownholland.

The mayoress smiled, and said, "Well, I, for one, don't blame you for voting for him, and he is enterprising and knows the value of a postscript, which so few men do. What do you say, ladies? Who is in favor of Brownholland's mash?"

The vote was unanimous, and Miss Brownholland said they were real sweet, and she'd never forget them.

MR. GLADSTONE'S VISIT.

Mrs. Stormville wished to know if any action would be taken by the council to persuade the Right Honorable Mr. Gladstone to visit their city, if he came to America this winter; it would be pleasant indeed to hear the voice which had been likened to that of the silver-toned lyre.

Here Bridget Mahone, from Dragontown Ward, jumped to her feet: "What's that ye say? Do you call him a liar?"

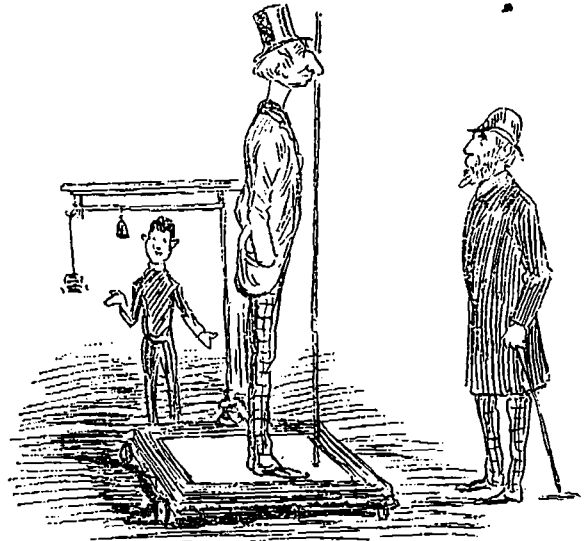
Here Mrs. Stormville explained that it was the musical instrument, "l-y-r-e," she referred to, and this word she would now in case of mistake change to "clarion."

This appeased Bridget.

The mayoress said they had better wait until they were sure he was coming before taking action.

PRIVILEGE.

Miss Bellelune rose to a personal complaint against the *Cyclone*, which in its last week's number stated she presented a "false front" on a certain occasion, and she desired to inform that "rag" that all the hair on her head was her own. The mayoress here quietly remarked, "Of



SUSPICIOUS.

Sir John Macdonald was weighed and measured in the Gurney building on the anthropometer, and the figures are, height 5 feet 9½ inches; weight, 180 lbs.—a surprisingly good weight, say all who know him.—*Albid, Monday.*

Mac—Aye, I'm amazed. Did he no hac some o' the weights in his pockets, I wuaner? It wad be vera like him!

course it is, dear, when you paid for it," and then added, "but this is another unfortunate figure of speech, and I feel sure the *Cyclone* never meant to hint that you were bald, Miss Bellelune."

Miss Bellelune said she was glad to hear it, but those newspaper men had better not make any more figures of speech about her. The matter then dropped.

NOTICE OF MOTION.

Alderwoman Stephenson gave notice that she would move at the next meeting of council that a by-law be passed making a married man liable to arrest on complaint of his wife if he is absent from his domicile after 10 p.m. unaccompanied by his consort. Unmarried men



for purposes of courting to be allowed out until midnight. This created quite a flutter of excitement, and the debate is expected to be very lively.

It being six o'clock the mayoress left the chair and the council adjourned.

I intend staying here a few weeks in order to more fully examine the working of this female council, and perhaps give some useful information to the Aldermen of Toronto, in whom I take great interest, and will forward you weekly reports if desired.

FELIX O'HARA.

#### "A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN."

IN travelling round this earth of ours,  
I found an unknown land,  
Where woman wore no hand-made flowers,  
Or rings upon her hand.

The birds were singing in each tree,  
Fearless of prowling cats  
Or wanton mankind, for, you see,  
The ladies wore no hats.

They spread no rouge upon the cheek  
That bright with health did glow ;  
To strangers all they kindly spake,  
But as for flirting—no !

Demure and sensible they were,  
Simple in dress and taste ;  
For sealskin cloaks they did not care,  
Nor corsets tightly laced.

Yet they were fair—how could it be ?  
Cosmetics ne'er were seen ;  
No doctor's bill, no lawyer's fee,  
No jealous monster green.

I vowed that here I'd pitch my tent  
And take a second wife,  
Who would not spend my final cent  
In fashionable life.

But, ah ! it was a futile dream,  
For with a noise most dire,  
My wife in trumpet voice did scream :  
"Get up and light the fire !"

W. H. T.

#### JUST THE TROUBLE.

THE *North German Gazette* says, "The starting-point of an endeavor in this direction (the preservation of peace) is found only on ground covered by treaties." Yes, but that is just the trouble with those European governments. They cover the ground with treaties, and as a natural consequence they trample the agreements under foot.

#### PECKS.

YOUR day of reckoning is at hand, as the schoolmaster said to a new pupil.

I one time saw a burglar whose conscience was made of such fine material that always, when he had a little job to do on a Sunday, he would turn the hands of the clock back twenty-four hours. And yet Providence carried him off on a leaden stretcher.

No man is consistent at all times. A gentleman walked into a drug store the other day and asked for a bottle of colic cordial. He said his family was "all doubled up." He then walked out and ordered six cucumbers, a water-melon, and a basket of sour grapes to be sent home.

Beauty without riches, says Mr. Boodle Hunter, is like a baby's photograph. It looks sweet, but it's mighty hard to take.

Is life worth living? It all depends. If you hold a mortgage on your neighbor's property, it is well worth it. If you are a poet, the other world is the best place for you, my son, judging from the angelic appearance of some individuals who periodically infest this sanctum.

#### MORE PULPIT FLASHES.

"AH, my friends," said the prominent city divine, "what will we not do to save even our worthless lives in *this* world. As Shakespeare makes King John say in the midst of battle, 'A horse! a horse! *A thousand pounds for a horse!*'"

He was on his wedding trip, and, finding that the pastor of the city where they stayed over Sunday was an old college friend, called, and was invited to assist in the services, but didn't correct his friend's impression that he was travelling for his health. So, in the closing prayer friend pastor says:—"And we pray for our young friend who has ministered to us this morning, that Thou wilt look upon him in mercy, and *speedily relieve him of the affliction which has lately come upon him.*" The "affliction" nearly swallowed her handkerchief.

#### TWO ISLAND CAMPERS.

THEY lay in beauty side by side  
Upon their sandy bed,  
And listened to the flowing tide,  
And night-hawks overhead ;  
While all is hushed on every side,  
And silent as the dead.

They're courting sleep, but find it not,  
For where they dozing lie  
A clinch-bug drops upon the spot  
And crawls across each eye ;  
The night is warm, their words are hot,  
The sand and gravel fly.

They rest once more, but do not sleep ;  
Sand-flees for mutton pine,  
And fast and furious they creep  
Along each prostrate spine ;  
They skip and hop, and jump and leap,  
As if o'ercome with wine.

A lone mosquito flies along  
And enters that tent door ;  
He sings his little soothing song  
And seeks a spot to bore ;  
Into a neck he sinks a prong  
Some half an inch or more.

A spider, too, is out to-night,  
And tickles each one's face :  
He watches with a grim delight  
His victim's scared grimace.  
But thinks to spin a web he might  
Secure a safer place.

Then overhead the lightnings glare,  
The thunder rolls around,  
Their tent flies up into the air,  
And nevermore is found ;  
The campers wildly rip and tear,  
And all the stars astound.

W. H. T.

#### TRUTH.

A YONGE STREET baker advertises "beautiful *light* bread." He is a very pious and truthful man. On weighing his large loaf we invariably find it from one-half to three-quarters of a pound short in weight.



PITILESS LOGIC.

A PARAGRAPH is going the rounds about a bucolic genius, who happened to swallow a potato-bug. He knew that Paris green is used to discourage the festive bug, so concluded to evict the intruder by an internal application. He did. That man has mistaken his avocation. His pitiless logic eminently qualifies him to run a hide-bound daily. The *Hamilton Spectator* at once occurs to the reflective reader.



THE ALARM.

'Twas a very pleasant day  
When we left Toronto Bay  
In the steamer for Niagara-on-the-Lake,  
We'd a lot of folks aboard—  
Some who sandwiches adored,  
And others who indulged in ginger cake.

Portly matrons full of cares,  
(Those who hadn't easy chairs,)  
Sat around and fed their youngsters plums and grapes ;  
Dudes walked round with maidens fair,  
Wearing golden (colored) hair,  
All of them a-travelling on their shapes.

As for me, I sat apart,  
Soothed by the Italian's art,  
For the orchestra was playing dreamy things ;  
And besides, I had a book,  
Which my full attention took,  
And I revelled in the joy which culture brings.

All at once there was a shock,  
Everybody ceased to talk,  
And on every face there spread a look of awe,  
For a voice which drowned the scream  
Of the whistle worked by steam,  
Said—"Get your baggage for Ni-ag-a-ra !"

SARCASTIC—RATHER.

HOUSEKEEPER to letter-carrier (whom she has been watching coming up the street)—"Late this morning, ain't you?"

"Rather."

"Too bad, ain't it? I declare some people have no consideration for public servants—I must tell John to write out the message on the post cards quite as legibly as the address—so you can get along faster."

(Letter-carrier walks off, thinking some women are too sweet to be wholesome.)

PROMINENT MEN AT THE FAIR.

THERE were a large number of notable people in Toronto during our late fair—perhaps a larger consignment than was ever before brought in by the firm of Withrow, Hill & Co. Heading the list was Professor Lansdowne (the strong man), who, with one magic touch of his finger started our ponderous exhibition on its annual picnic of raking in silver and raking out experience. This is the same gentleman who knocked out a Mr. O'Brien in the first round last summer, without even so much effort as it took to start our show. We consider him worthy of first place in our gallery of notables.

Next in order came ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes. This gentleman is an authority on prisons. He was at one time President of the United States, and was incarcerated for some time in the White House Prison at Washington. He was here to give his testimony before the Prison Commission, and is considered an authority. We interviewed the gentleman. Previous to our interview we always had a vague longing for the presidential chair of some great republic ourselves, but after a short conversation on the matter we decided to relinquish the longing and hang on to our seven-dollar-a-week salary. He advised us strongly, and with tears in his eyes, to think deeply before accepting such a position ; he pointed to his grey hairs and flowing white beard as evidences of what might befall us. He also instanced Lincoln, Garfield and Cleveland as sad examples. The latter has not yet been assassinated, but he got married not long ago. This ended the interview. We informed Mr. Hayes that he might rely on us to decline the honor when it is pressed upon us, and backed out the door. By a strange coincidence we also backed down the stairway.

Sir John A. also arrived by an evening train—two or three times. It was said he came to look after some insurance policies, but we are in a position to state that his business was simply to purchase a "thermostat," which he had heard was on exhibition here. This is a little instrument designed to keep the atmosphere at any desired temperature, and he thought it might also operate that way on the political atmosphere. It is understood that his mission was a failure.

Prof. Paine was not, strictly speaking, a visitor to the fair ; that is, he did not take it in for the sake of our exhibits. His sole object in coming here was to illuminate the streets of Toronto with his new luminant (wax "dips"), and draw a couple of thousand for the honor. The art of illumination as understood by Prof. Paine was practised in Toronto when Toronto was Fort Rouille and contained only one resident, therefore the natives declined to allow him to proceed. He was circumvented in his designs. But the vilyan will not pursue him further. It is a *Painful* sub—but no ! we refrain from lacerating any more the feelings of the public.

Abiather Joblots, from Midgetown, enjoyed the hospitality of some sandwich men during two days of the fair. When we ran across him he was gazing at the cattle in a sheep pen. We don't pretend to know much about farming and live stock, and felt somewhat diffident about interviewing the gentleman. Perhaps he noted our diffidence. However, as he took the last bite of his biscuit and cheese he remarked : "Mighty fine show, mister." That little speech at once set us at our ease, and we asked him about the crops up his way. "Be you a reporter?" he asked. "Well, you kin say they er jist tolerable. Thistles was a good crop. Potatoes was troubled some with *tuberculosis*, but the potato bugs *outstripped*

anything ever seen in them parts. The cold weather last winter froze their stummicks so that they can eat anything now from "rough on rats" to a dynamite bomb, and grow fat on Paris green. What! don't you want any more information? I thought I'd tell you the hull thing without you askin' me questions. You see I knew what you was goin' to ask. There was a *Globe* reporter along here ten minutes ago."

Several other prominent personages visited the fair, such as Admiral Vignes, of the French navy; George W. Cable, who showed up the Creoles of Louisiana; and the Hon. Mr. McGarigle, late of Chicago. But these more world-renowned personages were unapproachable when we sent up our card.

SAM. STUBBS.

### SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

A FLY 'lighted on the speaker's head,  
So white and round and fair,  
And his joyous face grew rosy red,  
But never a wicked word he said  
As the fly stalked round with a stately tread,  
On that cranium broad and bare.

He told us that he was just going to smash  
The whole of old Darwin's plan,  
That Huxley, and Tyndall, and all that trash,  
With their horrid jargon and theories rash,  
He would knock into crumbs with a mighty crash,  
For most of their talk was the veriest hash  
That was heard since the world began.

Still the fly waltzed round on that snowy sphere,  
It rubbed its hands with glee;  
From its confident way it was very clear,  
As it smoothed its wings, 'twas free from fear;  
Then it smiled and looked into the speaker's ear,  
But no bad words did the audience hear,  
Though he swore internally.

Then the lady-fly lit gracefully down  
By the side of her bumming lord;  
They chased each other all over that crown,  
Now to and fro, now up and down,  
Shook hands and kiss'd, then tried to drown  
Life's cares in the capers that all flies own,  
And then they looked dreadfully bored.

So one ran into the speaker's eye,  
The other buzzed up his nose.  
He exploded in wrath, then up sky-high  
The pieces all flew, 'twas an awful reply  
To his eloquent speech, whether truth or a lie;  
Whether prompted by love, or by hate, or by rye.  
But, strangest of all, when they tried their best try,  
They could find nothing left but his clothes.

### THE NEW WRINKLE.

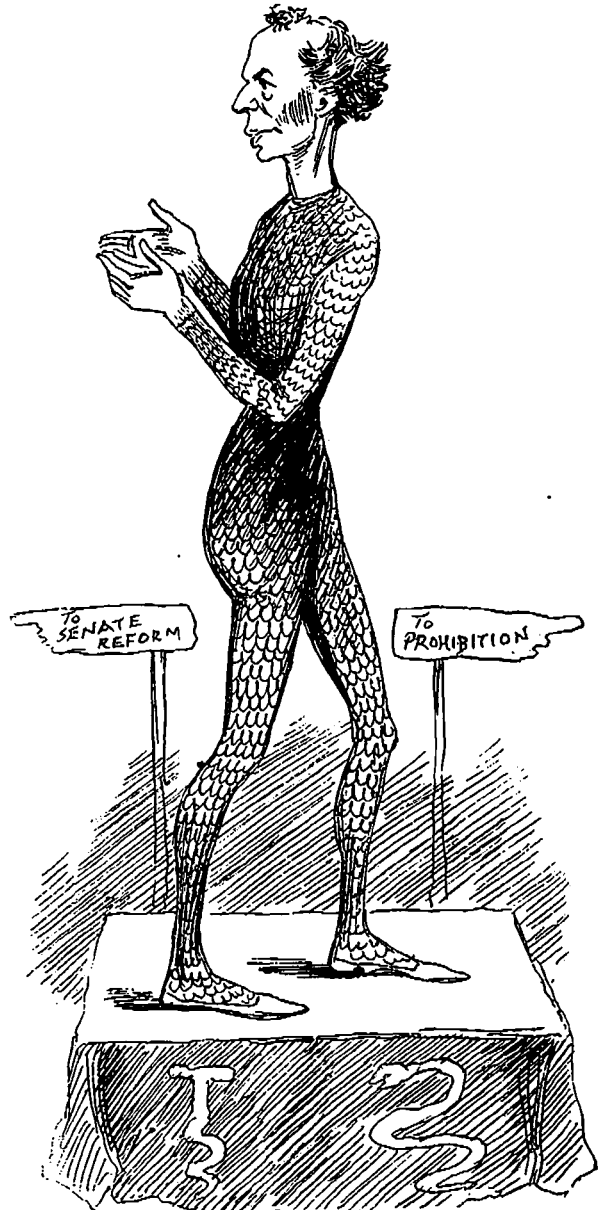
Gus—Hello, Charley! you are looking pretty seedy; and what are you doing with that note-book sticking out of your pocket? Going to pose as the prodigal son?

Charley—No; I propose to have a little flare, do you see? and this is a disguise; peelers will take me for a newspaper fellow investigating; you bet, they will be mighty polite. Ta, ta!

THE editor of the *London Post* wears lilac kid gloves through every dinner to which he is invited. He is rather tony; but for a genuine three-ply, 18-carat style, the English people are referred to the Dakota editor who wears a six-shooter, a bowie knife and no necktie through every dinner to which he is invited—as well as to some to which he is not invited.—*Norristown Herald*.

### THE USE OF A DOCTOR.

"YE'RE very sick I see, Mistress Broon?"  
"Deed aye! I'm sufferin' sair."  
"Ye'll better let me send for a doctor."  
"Eh na! no unless I thocht I was deein'."  
"But he could dae ye nae gude if ye were deein'."  
"I ken that—but it wad just keep aff reflections; a doctor, when ane's deein', keeps aff reflections, ye ken."

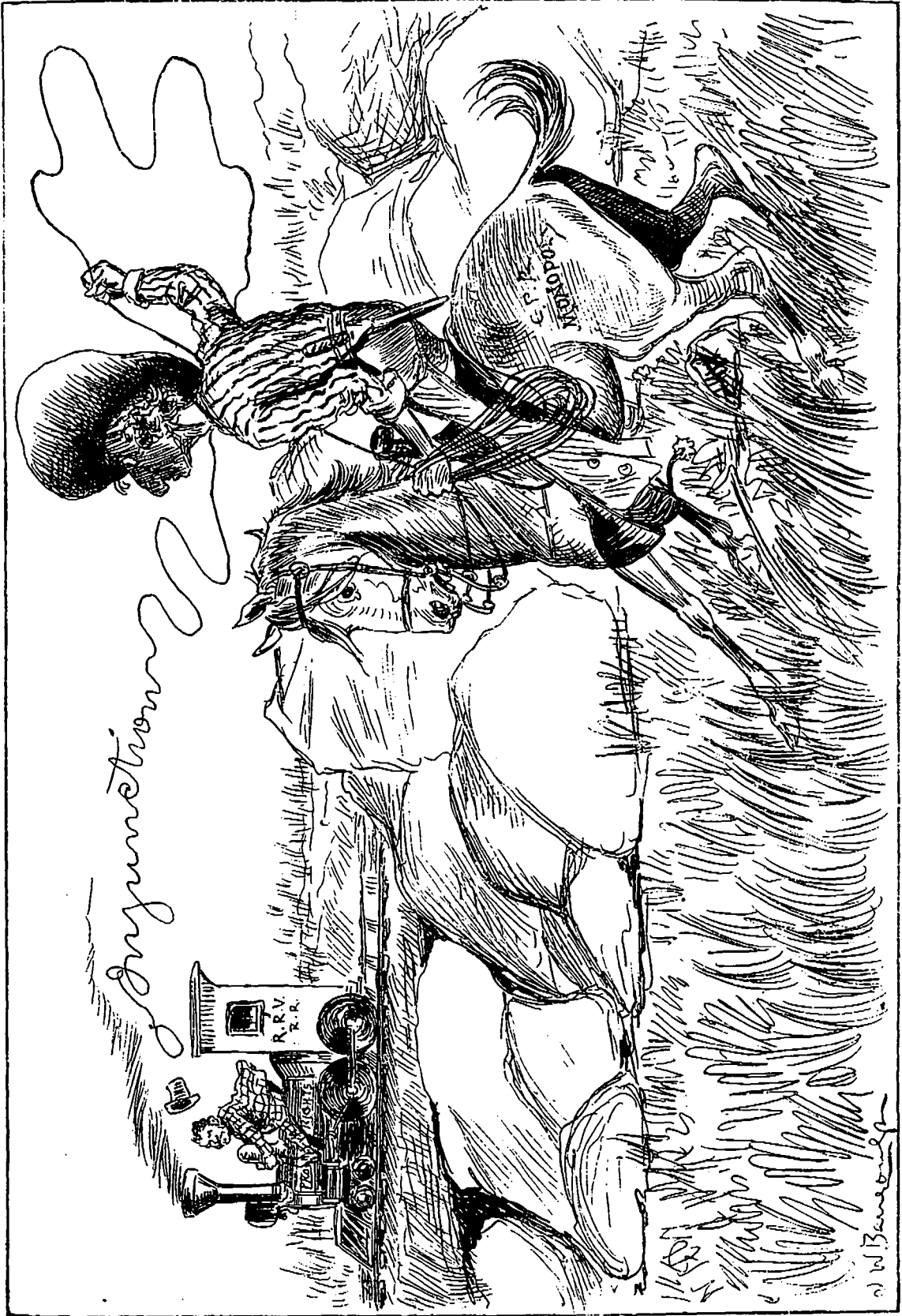


### THE POLITICAL BAGASSEN.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE GENTLEMAN IN BARNUM'S CIRCUS.)

### DICTIONARY TALK.

MY friend, that sleek young man in the ulster and varnished moustache, is a chiropodist—he operates on tender feet. You keep away, his little racket is cashing a cheque.



“WE CANNOT CHECK MANITOBA,”

(BUT WE CAN TRY MIGHTY HARD TO.)

W. B. ...

**LITTLE GIRL**—Please mum, Pa's got a chill an' he wants to know if he can come over and shake your carpets.

**JULIAN HAWTHORNE** has just written a story about a New York "tough," but it has no reference to the boarding-house chicken. —*Boston Gazette.*

**SHE**—"I like this place immensely since they have the new French chef." He (weak in his French, but generous to a fault)—"Waitah, bring chef for two."

A MAN has invented a mechanical doll that cries like a baby, says an exchange. But can it crawl like a baby? Can it kick up its heels and smile at you like a blue sky on an April day? Can it possess itself with those admirable qualities that causes its mother to ask: "Ain't it like its father? Hain't it got his very eyes, his mouth, his expression, his very way about him?" If it can't, the mechanical doll is a miserable failure as far as it is intended to be a substitute for a baby. —*Boston Courier.*

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

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#### Notes from the Dominion and Industrial Exhibition.

MESSRS. JOLLIFFE & Co., of 467 to 471 Queen street west, Toronto, had a very large and elegant display of furniture on exhibition. The thousands who viewed the exhibit were in raptures at the beauty and lovely finish of the articles, and while many sighed because they were unable to indulge their taste for such nice goods, the more fortunate ones left their orders for what they required, and they learned that this firm not only carries an immense stock but supplies everything at very moderate prices.

Messrs. P. W. Graham & Co., the Toronto agents, exhibited a magnificent line of the famous Steck pianos.

W. Stahlshmidt & Co., of Preston, had a very large line of office, school, church and lodge furniture on exhibition. Mr. Geo. F. Bostwick is the popular Toronto agent of this firm.

The Waterous Engine Works Co., of Brantford, attracted a great deal of attention with their display of engines, boiler and saw-mill machinery.

Buck, the Stove King, of Brantford, showed a grand line of "Happy Thought" ranges and "Radiant Home" base burners.

The Herr Piano Co., of Toronto, had a fine exhibit, and booked a large number of orders as the result thereof.

W. Bell & Co., of Guelph, showed the Bell organs, which are unequalled for purity of tone and general excellence in design.

Chas. Cluete, 108 King street west, Toronto, makes a speciality of giving relief to people suffering from Rupture. Sufferers from this distressing complaint should write to him.

The Dr. Jug Medicine Co., of Toronto, had a pyramid of bottles of their favorite medicine on view, and it attracted a great deal of attention.

R. Walker & Sons, the old established dry goods and clothing house at Nos. 33-37 King street east, Toronto, exhibited a large show case, filled with beautiful fur mantles, hats, etc., and with many other articles selected from their immense stock.

The proprietors of the now famous Burdock Blood Bitters made a very large show of this excellent specific.

The Toronto Picket Wire Fence Co's exhibit was much admired and many orders were taken. All who have to fence land and want to save time and money should write to this firm at 151 River St., Toronto.

Retail Merchants in every line of business, restaurant keepers, saloon keepers, and all who make cash sales, should write to J. A. Banfield & Co., 4 King Street, East, Toronto, for particulars of the National Cash Register. It will pay you to act on this advice.

#### THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS company was incorporated in the year 1851, its charter granting it permission to carry on the business of fire, marine, and life assurance. Up to the present time it has not engaged in life business, but has confined its operations to the other two branches. A large number of the names of the leading business men of Toronto of thirty years ago appear in the petition for incorporation, and one of the objects of organizing the company is set forth in the preamble to the act of incorporation as follows: "That it hath been considered that the establishment of such an association would be greatly beneficial to the interests of this Province, and tend to retain therein a large portion of the moneys annually sent away as premiums for such assurance."

The first annual report of the Company shows a total premium income of £3,725 2s. 6d., while, from the report of the business for 1886, it appears that the Western now transacts the largest fire and marine insurance business of any of the companies operating in the Dominion. Its total income last year was nearly \$1,500,000, and the cash assets of the Company amount to \$1,359,054, thus rivaling both in extent of business and financial strength many of the foreign companies represented in this country, and showing that the expectations of the founders have been fully realized.

The present directors of the company are Mr. A. M. Smith, president; the Hon. S. C. Wood, Messrs. Robert Beaty, William Gooderham, A. T. Fulton, Geo. A. Cox, Geo. McMurrich, H. N. Baird, and J. J. Kenny, managing director.

The Western now has agencies established in all the principal cities and towns in the Dominion and in the United States.

The stately structure wherein the business of the company is carried on in Toronto is one of the finest in the Dominion. A fair idea of it may be obtained from the illustration on our last page. It is situated on the north-west corner of Wellington and Scott streets, facing the former. In design the building is free English classic, treated in *neo Grec* detail. The material of the structure is Connecticut brown stone, and the interior is in *neo Jacobean* style. The company now occupies the entire building as offices, which have been recently refitted in elegant style with due regard to comfort and convenience,

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Female diseases, hopeless cases by other means, displacements and other weaknesses—nervous debility (abnormal evacuations in either sex) permanently cured after years of suffering with other kinds of treatment. Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Catarrh, head, lung, heart, liver, kidney and other organic troubles and derangements of the system changed to a healthy state as readily as the hard frozen earth is mellowed by the genial rays of the sun by Nature's means, in harmony with her fixed laws. Bad cases thus cured will inform you how marvellous the cure is. Address given if you wish it. See the *Electric Age* with testimonials and references like the following:—

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Very gratefully and truly yours,

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Work on nervous diseases, their cause and cure, price 25 cents in stamps. Consultation free.

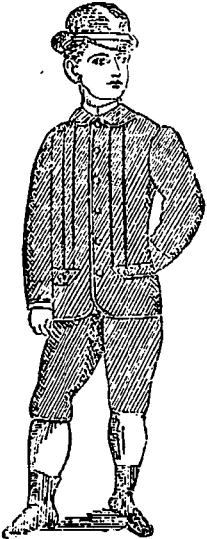
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*Mr. Fetherly (to Miss Frizzletop, his partner, who has failed to play a trump)*—I SEE YOU HAVE A VERY POOR HAND, MISS FRIZZLETOP.  
*Miss F. (a novice at the game)*—I WISH YOU WOULD CONFINE YOUR ATTENTION TO THE CARDS, MR. FETHERLY. YOU ARE POSITIVELY RUDE!

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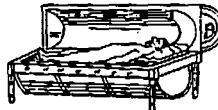
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**haler for head, throat and lungs.** It stands on castors; can be shifted from one room to another. We can apply the heat direct to the pain or disease without any inconvenience to the rest of the body. No sanitarium can afford to do without this Bath. It can be heated from any common cook-stove or small oil stove. Town, County and Home Rights for sale. Compound Oxygen to heal the sick; never fails to cure all chronic diseases. Consumption, Catarrh, Asthma, Paralysis, Rheumatism, and all chronic diseases find speedy relief and permanent cure. We will send two months' treatment with Inhaler and full directions for \$10.00. Also office treatment, corner Yonge and Richmond streets.

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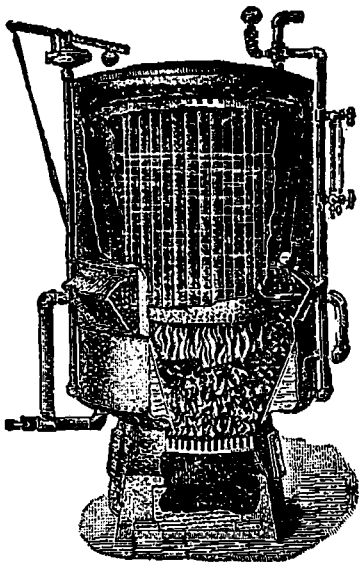
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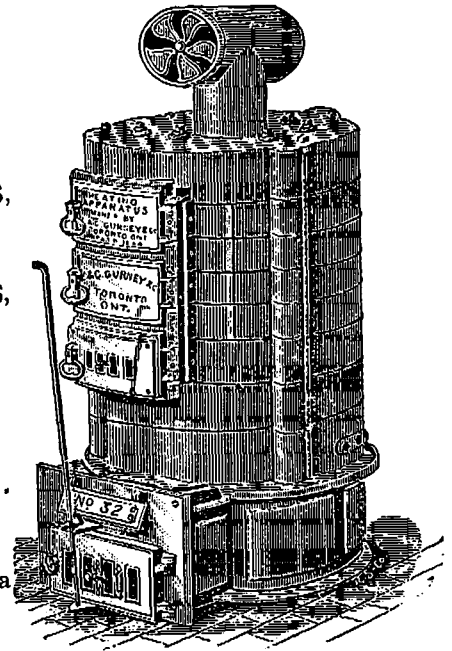
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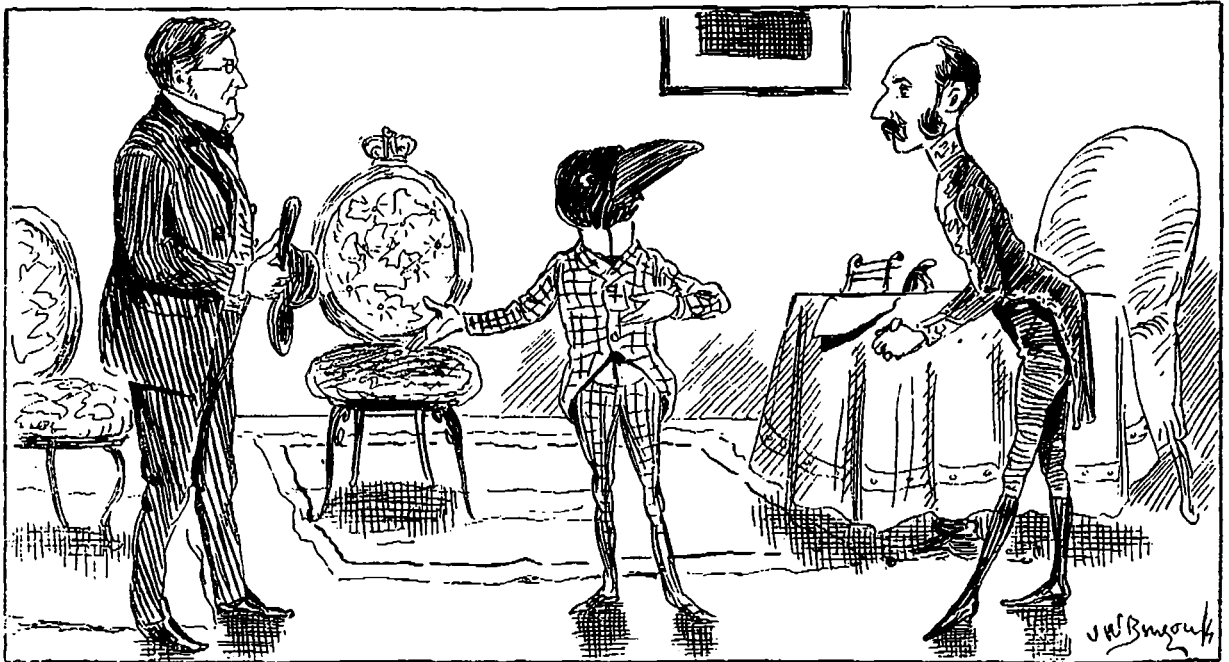
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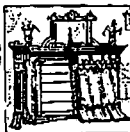
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Reserve Fund.....	47,000
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The picturesque drama of

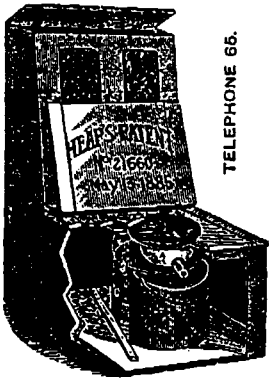
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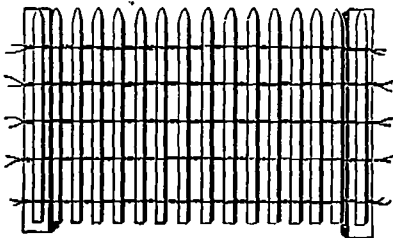
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Fence and save valuable time, land and money.

We carry in stock, or make to order, all kinds of  
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in Council.

G. POWELL,  
Under Secretary of State.

OTTAWA, 19th Feb., 1886

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broken down from the effects of abuse or over-  
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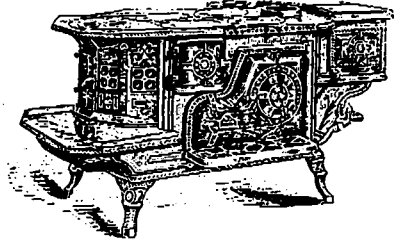
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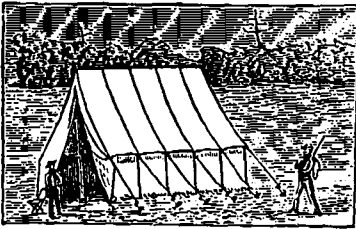
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For many years I was troubled with Liver and Kidney complaint. Hearing Ayer's Sarsaparilla very highly recommended, I decided to try it and have done so with the most satisfactory results. I am convinced that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is

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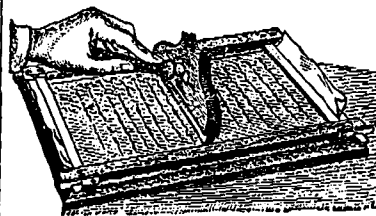
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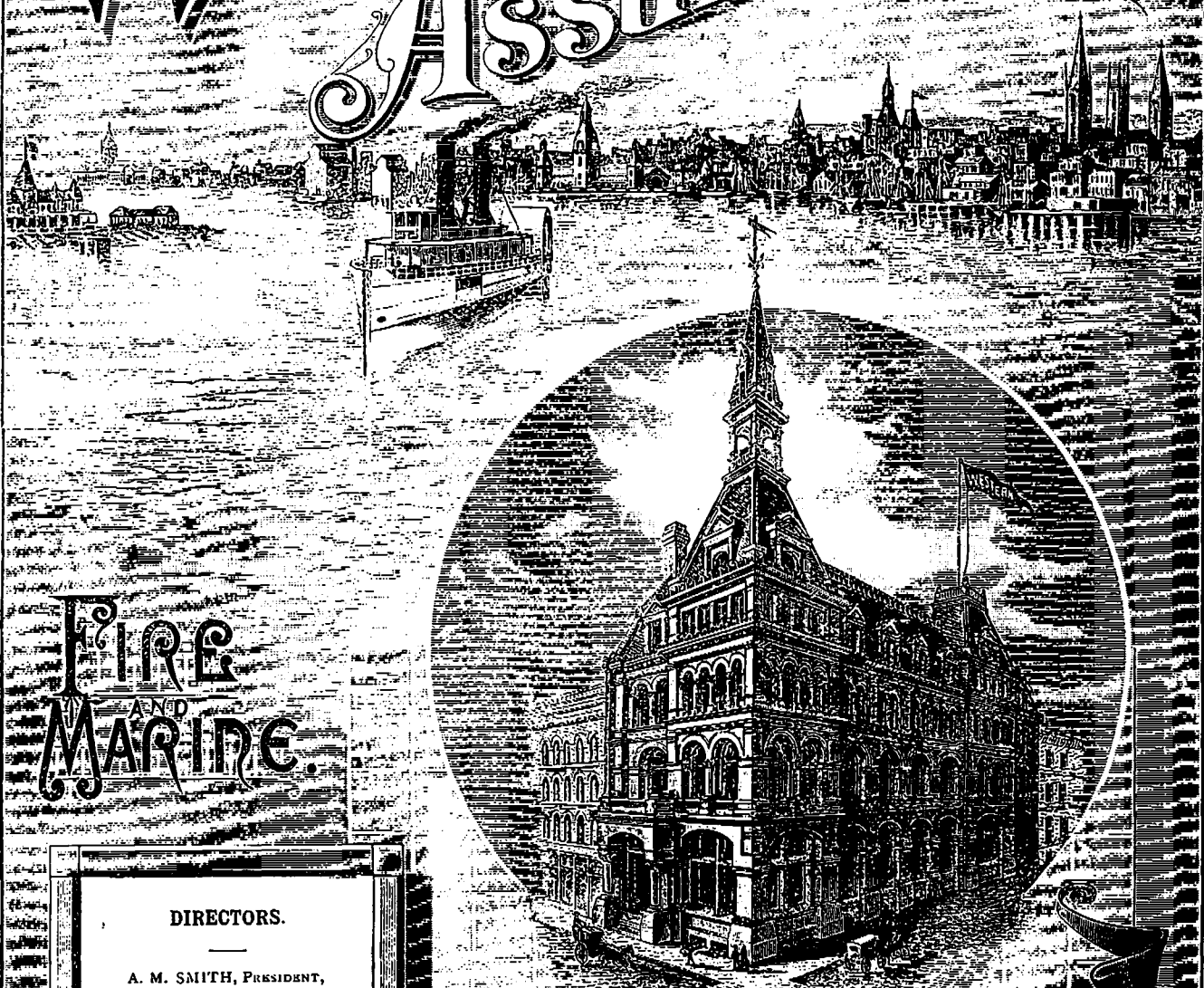
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ANNUAL INCOME over	1,500,000 00
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