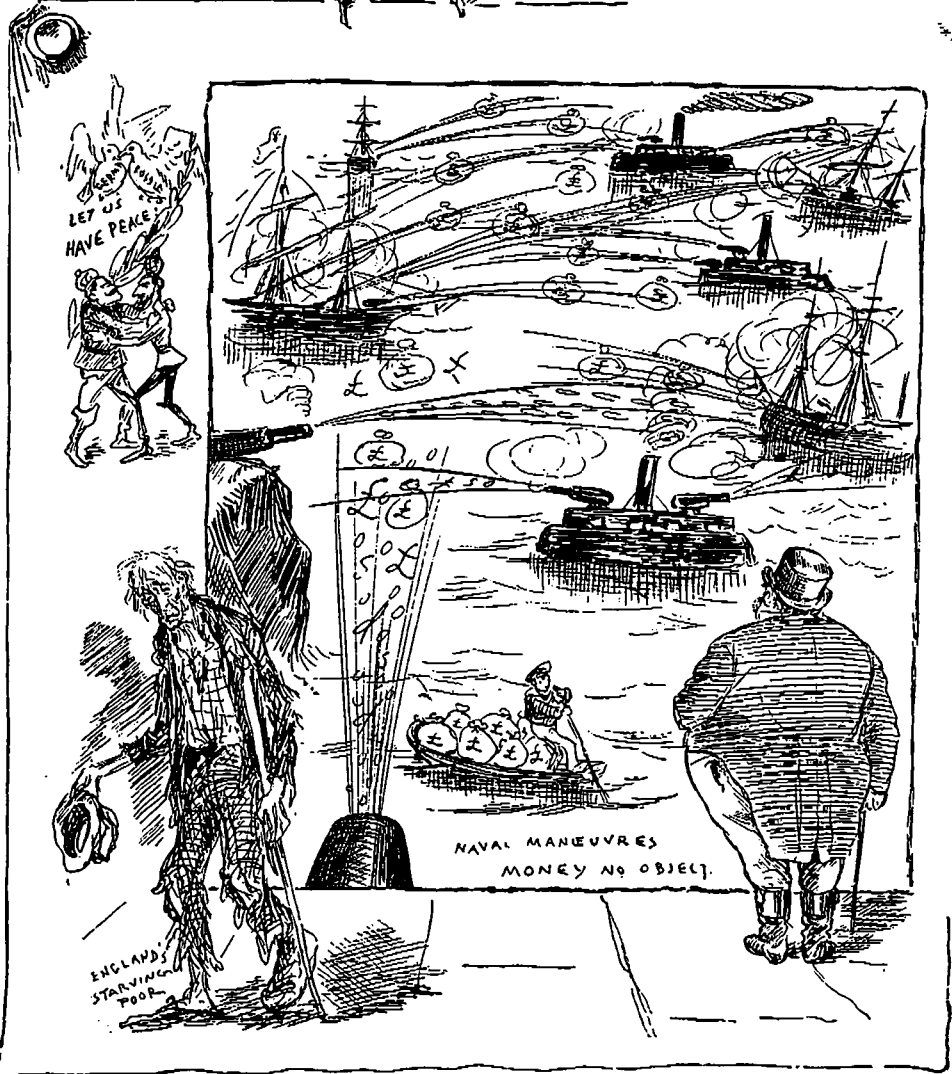


GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BURGESS

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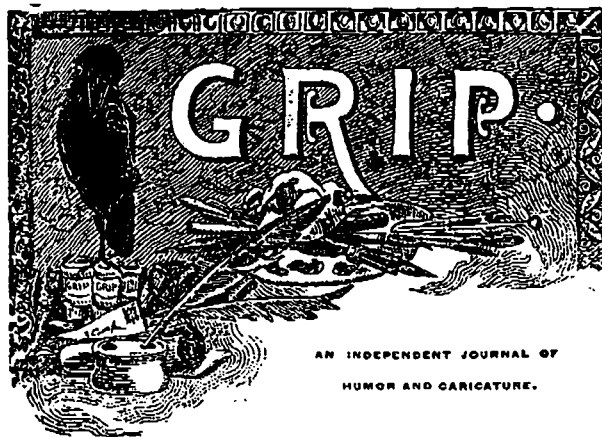


EXPENSIVE SHAMMING!

WHILE barbarous Russia and warlike Germany are discussing the reduction of their armies, Christian Britain is blowing away millions of money in "naval manoeuvres," although thousands of her people are starving in the slums!

PRICE 5 CENTS PER COPY. \$2 PER YEAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
By the GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING Co. 26 and 28 Front St. West, Toronto.



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BY THE

Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President JAMES L. MORRISON.
 General Manager J. V. WRIGHT.
 Artist and Editor J. W. BENGOUGH.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

PAVABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and Canada.

One year, \$2.00; six months \$1.00.

To Great Britain and Ireland.

One year \$2.50.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label.

In remitting stamps, please send one-cent stamps only.

Comments on the Goose.



"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE," ETC.—The Orangemen of Ontario—or at least those of them who regard the principles of the Order as having some meaning—are engaged in a determined effort to have Mr. Mercier's Jesuit Incorporation Bill disallowed by the Dominion Government. It is perhaps unfortunate that this action originated with the Orange society, as they can hardly hope to enlist the help of Roman Catholics in the matter, and there is no reason why Catholics should not be just as anxious as Protestants to prevent the growth in Canada of this infernal Jesuit institution, which has long been recognized as the worst enemy of the Church of Rome, as well as of Christian civilization. The Orangemen, however, have a special reason for their action, aside from their desire to save Canada from the impending disgrace of being the only country on earth in which the Jesuits are incorporated and endowed. They have an

opportunity of impressing upon Sir John Macdonald the profound and imperishable truth that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. If it is contrary to sound public policy that the Orange society should be incorporated—and by his action in allowing the Orange Bill to be ignominiously kicked out of Parliament, Sir John practically affirmed this—then it is surely impolitic to permit the Jesuit society to obtain incorporation. This is sound reasoning, aside altogether from the fact that the former society is in

accord with the constitution of the country, while the other is something worse than a dynamite association. Never was the Federal veto so justly invoked. But will Sir John heed the sound logic of the Orangemen, backed as it is by the whole body of loyal citizens? He can't disallow Mercier's bill without offending the French vote in the House. He made short work of the Orange goose; but the Jesuit gander appears to be a bird of another color.

EXPENSIVE SHAMMING.—Mr. John Bull, having got it into his head that his tight little island is about to be invaded by the Zulus or somebody, has gone into active training for the impending struggle. He has taken all his big war-ships to the coast of Ireland, and there he is engaged in a sham battle which is to last up to August 20th. Thus does he justify his position as the world's exemplar of Christianity and civilization. Every boom of the big guns means hundreds if not thousands of pounds, shillings and pence turned into smoke, and by the time the "naval manœuvres" are over, the taxpayers of the kingdom will have a nice little bill of a good many millions to pay for the tomfoolery. But of course they're rich, aren't they, those taxpayers? Oh, yes. Most of them can manage to scrape together enough to pay their rent if they work real hard. Only a few thousands starve annually. But this isn't John Bull's fault. It is owing to the unfortunate fact that the tight little island is owned by a handful of peers, who charge the people very high prices for living on it. So many want to live there (because it is what they call their "native land," their "beloved country," and so forth), that rental values of land are very high. They always are, you know, when a great many people want to live on a small piece of land. Well, these rental values go into the pockets of the aforesaid peers, and then, don't you see, the expenses of this sham naval engagement and all the other costs and charges of the Government have to be paid out of the proceeds of labor. This makes it very tough for the workingman, and latterly it has set him a-thinking. And a very queer idea has occurred to him. It is this: that the rental value of land, which arises from the mere fact of population, could be used to defray all Government expenses, and leave industry of every kind untaxed. Instead of going into the pockets of the peers, it ought to go into the public till. But of course this would mean that the peers would have to support themselves, just as commoners have to do. This, we fear, is a fatal objection, for John Bull still believes that a peer has a divine right to live by the sweat of the commoner's brow.

WHO is this person Balfour, who is at present ruling the British Empire?

* * *

A YOUNG lady of Chatham Ont., has just distinguished herself by refusing the hand and heart of a Russian count, who fell in love with her in Europe and came all the way across the ocean to secure her. This shows that the heads of young Canadian ladies are level. They count the cost, and, generally speaking, a count is of no 'count when a good husband is wanted.

* * *

SPEAKING of titles, we observe that after all Dr. Daniel Wilson is to be a knight. A despatch in Wednesday's Mail states that Her Majesty has been pleased to confer the dignity upon him. Are we to understand that this is a case of *volens volens*? If not, what becomes of the Dr.'s alleged deliverance that he considered the title of President of Toronto University a higher honor than any knighthood? Must we take our scissors and cut out of the files of GRIP all the poems our laureates have written extolling that noble saying?

* * *

THE Republican organs in the United States have been working overtime for several weeks, and yet they have not succeeded in explaining how free trade in labor and high taxes on living helps the workingman. When the question is put point blank to the average Harrison boomer, his reply is, "Yah! whoop! Tippecanoe and Tyler, too!" But the stupid horny-handed sons of toil say they don't see the connection.

COL. INGERSOLL made a speech at the grave of Courtland Palmer the other day. *Inter alia*, he said:—

“In the monotony of subservience, and the multitude of blind followers, nothing is more inspiring than a free and independent man. One who gives and asks reasons; one who demands freedom and gives what he demands; one who refuses to be slave or master; one who preserves the intellectual side of life from brute force.”

The gallant Col. seems to believe in Free Trade so far as the mental realm is concerned, though he is one of the wildest of all the shouters for Restriction in the present political campaign. Robert's logic never was very good, however.

TERRY FINNEGAN'S LETTERS.

I.

MURRAY HILL, N. Y., July 26th, 1888.

To Mистер M. O'Grady, Toronto, Kinnada, or elsewhere,

DEAR MIKE,—How is your mother? As I have'n't harde from aither of yeez for the last few years, I was beginning to get a little ankshus about that coff of hers. And how is “John A.”?—as we used to call him long ago, afore he was nited, whin poor James O'Reilly—rest his soul—! watched him as a cat would a mouse, in and out of Cicalariuses in Kingston twinty times a day. He med James a jidge atherwards; and God knows he well deserved it, for minny's the pair of brogues he wore out keepin thrack of him—sich a boy—O! was he.

I'm afeered yeez are altogether too loyal and patriotic over there, to do much for yourself or for anyether one. I hear a grate dale in relashun to speeches that have the ring of the thru metal about thim; but I have not harde of a workin man havin ever mede a male of one of them yet; or, long as they ginnerally are, never knew of his takin a couple of yards off any of them to make a frock for one of the cheldher. The thru ring of the metal for the min that airn their bread by the sweat of their brow, Mike, must come from their britches pockets.

Funny as it may appear, Kinnada mutton and malt ale have given a good name in this country to almost everythin' yeez prouce. Of course, as long as yeez make ale yeez want to sell it; and let me tell you that here's where there's lashins of it dhrank. As for myself, I'm determined to join the Prohibishunists; but I must be a little cawshus, and see the way afore me first. Into line I'll fall, howsomdever, the moment I am satisfied that every brewery and distillery are swept from the face of the land, and that there is not a glass of anythin' tossicatin to be got for love or money from Maine to California.

Tawk about wimmins' rights, Mike!—Who, I'd like to know, is President of the United States? Frances Cleveland, avourneen; and the divil a lie in it. Ax Chancy De Pew, if you ever meet him over there. I'm not as young as I was fifty years ago; but this much I'll say, if Cleveland was the greatest scoundrel that ever bruck bred—and that's not sayin he isn't—I'd vote for him for her sake. And further, me bouchal! if there's not Irish in her, I'm no botanist. Why, man alive! those eyes of hers were niver picked up in any ether part of the born world, no matter how minny ginnerashuns they took to get to her. Well, of course, I must admit that Mистер Cleveland himself, considherin he's from Buffalo, is a purty dacent gentleman. Anyway, whin he thinks he is in the right he's as stubbort as a mule; and that's one of

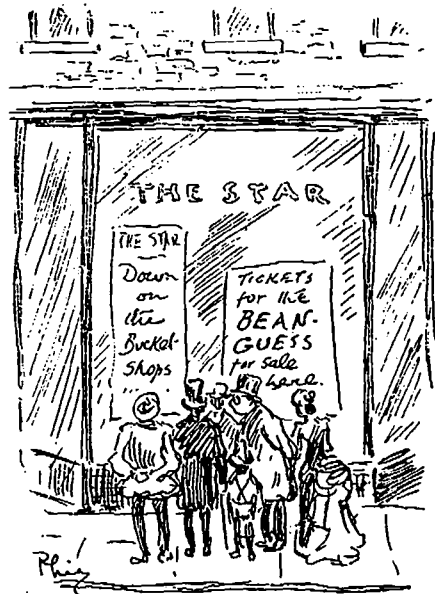
the raisens why they'll sind him back to Washington next November.

This is a fine counthry, Mike, it takes so little to make a grate man in it. If all fails, any poor fella that can read or rite can go editin or reportin. I'd thry it miself only for the number of fresh words that's been coined all the time, as an evidence of the profound “etymological larnin” of the “slangists” as Matthew Arnold, God be good to him, called the ginneral newspaper contributors here. Some of these new words ought I think miself, to get the cart-tail—“the news enthused him,” “he's locked up, and can't burgle any more.” We are becomin, far too original, Mike; but I fear its on the wrong side of the fince. One writer, a club man, has jest told us that, sarch the world over, we could not find in one place, so many different types of faymale bewty as in the sthreets of this city. He gave the news on the light of a most startling discovery; seein that every single sowl you meet from mornin till night is English, Italian, Garmin, Scotch, Irish or Frinch, aither directly or indirectly. Mike that was a clever fella, and, I'll go bail, could tell you what kind of a calf a cow would have in two guessees.

But I have got to the ind o' my tether widout sayin much. I'm glad that your brether Patsy knows Sir John A's body sevint, as you can get me all the news I want in that direckshun. I'll writ soon again. Give my love to your mother and all inquirin friends. Write on rsait of this if it does'nt rache you; and believe me your tindher hearted, blood relashun,
TERRY FINNEGAN.

HISTORICAL LANDMARKS AT OTTAWA.

- FIRST BOY (*out for a holiday*)—“What mount is that?”
- SECOND BOY (*do. do.*)—“That's Hogsback.”
- FIRST B.—And whose house is that near by?”
- SECOND B.—That's where the Hog lives, I suppose.”



A STREET SKETCH IN MONTREAL.

(CONTRIBUTED BY OUR STROLLING ARTIST, AND INCIDENTALLY ILLUSTRATING THE CONSISTENCY OF A CERTAIN LEADING JOURNAL.)



UNNEIGHBORLY CONDUCT.

COUSIN JOSH (on his first trip; occupying a berth next to the paddle wheels)—Say Capt'n!
 WATCHMAN—“Yes, Sah!”
 COUSIN JOSH—“Thar's a feller in the next room dancin' a clog; I wish you'd stop him.”

JIGGERSNOOT, OF HOGG'S HOLLOW.

(Continued.)

“AND now, the ice being broked,” said our hero, “allow me to present you my card,” and he handed her a bit of pasteboard, on which was embossed in gold letters, powdered with diamond dust the words:

.....
 · HEWGAG P. JIGGERSNOOT, ·
 · OF HOGG'S HOLLOW. ·

Anne slightly relaxed her previous hauteur, and condescended to converse with him respecting the state of the crops and Home Rule for Ireland.

“Say, Anne,” said Aspasia de Courcey, coming in an hour afterwards in a state of mind, “I'm in an awful fix, lend me \$500.”

“Five hundred dollars! What do you want with such a sum?”

“Boo-hoo! You told me to play and I went and played three-card monte with some sports in the smoking-car and they scooped me. I put up your gold watch and ma's diamond ring, and I can't git 'em back until I plank the boodle.”

Anne turned pale at the announcement.

“Do not, I beseech you, allow a mere trifle like that to annoy you,” said Jiggersnoot. “Here, take this,” and he dived into his hip-pocket in his easy, nonchalant manner and handed Aspasia a big wad of ten dollar bills.

“Saved,” cried Anne, “dear Hewgag, how shall I ever thank you,” and she subsided gracefully into his outstretched arms.

CHAPTER III.

FOR seventeen long and weary months Bideline Ghallagheri had sought to track her brother's assassin. It was to no purpose that she engaged as bar-maid in one of the most frequented beer saloons, hoping that the conversation of the customers might give her the clue she sought. The most talented detective scoured the Continent in vain. In the meantime the manly form and lively conversation of Capt. Jim Struther, of the stone hooker *Mudlark*, had made an impression on her susceptible corsican bosom, and she was almost disposed at times to forget her Oath of Vengeance and become his bride. While thus undecided she overheard one day a remark

from a *habitué* of the saloon to the effect that “Jim Struther was a perfect brick.”

“Yes, said another, “and I seen him yesterday with a brick in his hat.”

The words seemed to freeze her blood. “I've a clue at last,” she said to herself. “*It was a brick which killed my poor brother!*!”

And she fell senseless to the floor.

“Yes,” she hissed between her clenched teeth when she recovered, “I will fulfill the Oath of Vengeance; a Corsican never forgets, except when he owes money. I'll marry him first—and—kill—him—afterwards!”

The audience manifested their approval of these heroic sentiments by a round of enthusiastic applause.

CHAPTER IV.

JIGGERSNOOT, of Hogg's Hollow, was amusing himself fishing for whales in James Bay, when he received a telegram from his affianced bride summoning him to Hogg's Hollow at once, to attend her brother's wedding. Like a flash he divined the horrors of the situation and realized

Bidelina's fell purpose. But how was he to reach Hogg's Hollow in time?

"It's a cold day when Jiggersnoot, of Hogg's Hollow gets left," he said. Hastening to the only blacksmith shop within five hundred miles he ordered a bicycle of the most modern construction to be built for him inside of two hours. The blacksmith said it was impossible, but Jiggersnoot handed him a package of U.S. bonds, some shares in the Georgian Bay Island Resort Company and a deed of a lot on St. George St., and the vehicle was ready at the appointed time. Meanwhile he had hired several camps of lumbermen and a tribe of Indians to go ahead and clear him a path through several hundred miles of forest. By speeding day and night in spite of every obstacle he arrived at his destination on the afternoon of the wedding day. The assembled company were expecting the tragedy to come off. The newly-made husband had just stepped around the corner to see a man, and Paoli, an aged servitor, had approached the bride and was handing her a carving knife; "Remember your vendatta," he hoarsely hissed. "Bear in mind your proud, ancestral motto 'Lettergo Ghallagheri,' and act accordingly."

"Hold!" said Jiggersnoot, "there's some mistake. Jim ain't the man, besides your Oath of Vengeance don't count."

"Why not?" asked Bidelina, her heart wrung with conflicting emotions.

"It wasn't regular, not having been duly administered by a commissioner for taking affidavits or a J. P."

"It's just as well," said Bidelina, resignedly. "Come to think of it I'm rather fond of Jim, and would hate like everything to mess up the new carpets with his gore."

"This won't do," muttered Paoli. "The thing can't be allowed to fizzle out this way. The public demand Blood. Just hand me that carving-knife, please, and I'll see what I can do to keep up the interest."

So saying he deeply perforated the diaphragm of one of the bystanders, and went out to take a walk round the block. The detectives at last accounts were working up the case, but the ordinary police force have kept the assassin moving on so continuously that it is doubtful whether he will ever be captured.

(THE END.)

A SUMMER MEETING.

The laurel-bordered river runs
To ripples at her feet;
The wary trout discreetly shuns
The angler's snug retreat,
With anxious heart he throws and heaves
His unsuccessful hook;
And idly turns the fly-filled leaves
That mark his trouting book.

Hid deep among the golden wheat
That bows to breezes cool,
She comes with eager, trustful feet
To seek the placid pool.
Her shining eyes demurely glow
As his they meet—then seek,
Nor match the fairest flowers that blow
The blushes on her cheek.

The brooding leaves their whispers cease,
The birds are hushed and still,
The setting sun, the sense of peace,
The distant purpled hill;
The man; the maid, she passing fair,
With pouting lips and frank;
The angler's fish-pole lying there
Neglected on the bank.

W. C. N.



KICKING A MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN!

THE above outrage on our fellow-citizen, Edward Hanlan, appears week after week in a lager beer advertisement in the *Australia Bulletin*.

THE FEMALE RECITER.

MODERN civilization has a good many things to answer for. It has produced, for example, the Lady Elocutionist—the young person of dreamy eyes and fluffy frizzes, who sometimes holds us in more or less of a spell at platform entertainments. The responsibility of the age in connection with *this* characteristic product is terrible, for the feminine elocutionist is numerous, and is regarded in the less cultured communities in the light of an affliction. Why she should be so regarded is not clear, but no doubt the absence of culture in these communities accounts for it. Elocution is one of the finest of the fine arts, and it is not, perhaps, strange that as yet the general public of the new world has not risen to a full appreciation of it as represented in the person of its female Professor. In the older civilization of Europe, where the art instincts of the people have been brought to a fine point by long ages of familiarity with literature, the young lady elocutionist is a success. In Europe they can see the artistic fitness of poses, gestures and inflections of the voice which are either meaningless or wearisome to us. They can understand the hidden beauties of a system which concerns itself with emphasis and phrases and attitudes, and regards the meaning of the author as a secondary consideration. The cultivated Europeans find a strange delight in listening to reciters whose object is to pronounce the words with awful correctness and to wave their arms at the places where, according to the elocutionary authorities, the arms ought to be waved. Poetry or prose that is infused with the sentiments of real life, and delivered as if it had some connection with human nature, of course, palls upon the æsthetic tastes of Europe, whereas, sad to say, this is the very sort of thing that "goes down" in America. Hence, the young lady elocutionist is a popular favorite across the seas, while here she is unkindly placed in the same category as blizzards, cyclones, and other calamities. The moral would seem to be that the young lady elocutionist ought to migrate, and if she did so unanimously and for good, we fear the raw, rough and democratic inhabitants of this continent would secretly rejoice.



THE PENALTY OF GREATNESS.

WE understand that W. R. W. Phipps, who is now in England, has been greatly annoyed during his stay in that country, by Gladstone, Salisbury and other persons who have persistently followed him around trying to get political ideas on the Irish question, Protection, etc., from him.

A HAMILTONIAN IS IMPRESSED BY OUR CHRISTIAN SPIRIT OF SWEET SUBMISSIVENESS.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM TORONTO, FOUND IN THE STREETS OF HAMILTON.

* * * But what most impressed me, dear John, was the sweet spirit of resignation and submission to the municipal powers that be. At breakfast, hearing Miss Doolittle complain of the impurity of the water, I said: "Why do you not agitate and insist on having pure water to drink?" Whereupon she replied with great calmness of demeanour: "My dear visitor, when you have sojourned in Toronto as long as I have you will be glad to take what you can get."

After breakfast my hostess enquired where I should like to go to first.

"To the bay," I cried, unhesitatingly. "I would so love to go down to the wharves and gaze on the blue limpid waters of the bay. I should so love to see for myself which is the bluer, your bay or ours." Happening to look round after uttering this remark I was much surprised to find Mrs. Doolittle vigorously making the sign of the cross in the atmosphere in front of her nasal organ. Much horrified, I said to her calmly that I trusted she had not gone over to Rome. "No, my friend," said she, with an enigmatical smile. "It is only that you are going to the wharves." Alas! when I did go there, I also was fain to cross myself and flee; and I longed to be again gazing on the limpid and sparkling blue of our own beautiful bay. I have had nausea ever since. To my pertinent enquiry why things were not better managed I received the same answer as before. Let us go to yonder beautiful isle of the sea, which like an outstretched arm invites away from the heat and dust of the city. Yonder it seemeth we shall find the rest and calm we seek, we shall lie upon the sands and the breezes shall fan our brows and toy with our heated hair. "Ah—

um! very well. What day is this? Saturday? Well, we'll try it any way," said Miss Doolittle, with a touch of desperation in her voice, that I did not then understand. Ah me, before the day was over how well I understood her hesitation! That lovely spot, what with drink and rowdiness and all not-to-be-spoken-in-polite-society horrors was a perfect Inferno. "Why, oh why," I cried, indignantly, "do you permit such unhallowed orgies to disgrace the fair face of this, your city's natural breathing spot and health resort?"

"Rings, my dear, whisky rings. We get used to such things, they discipline us to the gospel of resignation!"

In stepping over a crossing, using my closed parasol as a staff, I was surprised to find it sink into a soft spongy kind of material in the block paving. Much astonished, I withdrew it, and planting it down a few paces forward, the same result followed. "Are your streets paved with sponge?" I enquired.

"No, my dear, nothing near as good, only rotten cedar," was Miss Doolittle's reply.

"But why do you not punish the dishonest contractors who rob the public treasury in such a fashion?" I cried, getting more and more astounded at the extreme docility of the people who submitted to such impositions on their good nature. "Well, we tried to, and were on the high road to success, too, when an old Hamilton man stepped in with an injunction and stopped the investigation."

"A Hamilton man!" I cried. "Who is he? his name?"

"Justice Robertson," she replied solemnly.

"Oh, him!" That was all I said, dear John, but I remember I laughed a short laugh which Miss Doolittle of course could not be expected to understand as you would.

We had requested Mr. Samuel Doolittle to meet us on the corner of King and Yonge streets in order that we might together proceed to the house of our mutual friend Mrs. Auld, there to drink tea and spend the evening. But when we arrived at our place of tryst there was no Mr. Samuel Doolittle to be seen. After waiting for some fifteen minutes, I asked a tall policeman, who had been looking at us suspiciously, whether he had observed a short fat gentleman, with a white felt helmet and gold watch chain, standing around here. "O! did, m-a'-am," said he. "Yonder he is, puffin an blowin', we've kept him moving on for the last half hour. If he'd stood here for another minute I'd had him run in."

"Run in! Mr. Samuel Doolittle! A respectable gentleman. What do you mean, sir!" I cried. "I mane," said he, "that I owns thim streets as long as the boss' name is Dennis- (on) and I won't let no man, gintle or simple, stand around, 'less I feel like it." By this time Mr. Samuel Doolittle had come, and in speechless amazement I enquired of him whether we had not by some geographical mistake got shunted into Russia." "By no means, my dear visitor," said Mr. Samuel as he

came up exhausted, "by no means. In Russia, my dear madam, it is necessary to break the laws before being arrested, here no such preliminary act is necessary. In Russia the police are the servants of the people, here they are the masters."

"But why —?" I began, when Miss Doolittle gently put her hand over my mouth, and whispered, "Be calm, my dear, this is not the Ambitious City remember, this is the Submissive City." Whereupon I grieved aloud, and Mr. Samuel Doolittle smiled and closed his eyes for the space of two seconds.

As he did so a McCaul car came up, and Miss Doolittle held up her closed parasol, as also did I. Mr. Samuel likewise used his cane violently, but the driver appeared to be in dreamland, for he did not take the least notice of us, but drove past. "Never mind," said I, "the conductor will see us from behind and stop."

"There is no conductor," growled Mr. Samuel, proceeding to run in the middle of the road after the car, shouting and waving his cane and trying to whistle as best he could with his short breath. We also followed, shrieking, and waving our parasols frantically at the retreating car, which, however, was deaf and blind to our distressing efforts to reach it. At last, a newsboy, with the precocity of his class, took in the situation, and inserting two fingers into his mouth whistled so shrilly that the car stopped instantly. Too late, however! Poor Mr. Samuel Doolittle in his head-long race to catch the car did not observe that it had stopped, and on rushing forward, head downward, came into collision with the rear end, knocking himself senseless at one fell blow. In another two seconds he was bundled into the patrol wagon, rolled off to the police station and registered as drunk and disorderly!!! "Oh! oh! oh!" I cried, stamping my foot "how can such things be?"

"When you live in Toronto as long as I have," said Miss Doolittle, "you will learn to be resigned."

But I replied, emphatically, "Never! Why do you not make the Street Car Co's stick to their contract to have conductors on the cars?" "Impossible, we are a people who have been taught submission."

After Mr. Doolittle had paid his fine at the police court we had him conveyed home in a cab and I myself sent for the doctor to dress the wound in his head. There had been a slight concussion, he said—the consequences might or might not be fatal, but the one thing needful, and what he insisted on was, *perfect and absolute quiet* for two days at least. Miss Doolittle and myself assured the doctor that not a fly would be allowed to buzz in his hearing. We gave the poor gentleman a little light refreshment and in the early evening as he was lying in a nice light sleep—his forehead being swathed in cold water cloths, and we softly fanning him, and making signs to each other, not daring to speak lest we should disturb him:—suddenly—loud as the crack of doom, a large drum began to beat immediately under the open window. With a frightful cry the poor gentleman sprang up in bed, trembling and shaking—the drumming kept on, and when I went to the window to see the cause of this demoniac noise, I saw a crowd of men and women singing and waving tambourines. It was the Army. Of course nothing could be done—I myself had vainly protested against this awful drum in Hamilton—I felt I could not expect to gain in Toronto the protection we had been denied in Hamilton. I, too, have become infected with the spirit of submission so characteristic of the people of Toronto—but, dear John, I cannot stay in this city one minute longer, than to see my poor dear friend, Mr.

Doolittle conveyed to the cemetery. My floral tribute which lies now upon the dear man's coffin, is a cushion with the one word *Resignation* in purple immortelles in the centre. After the funeral I shall have it embalmed and kept as a souvenir of Toronto.

SUNG TO A POPULAR AIR.



W HERE are you going my pretty maid?
 To Mrs. Dewdney's reception, sir, she said,
 To meet Mr. Royal, sir, she said.
 May I go with you, my pretty maid?
 If you have a "permit," sir, she said.
 Who will be there, my pretty maid?
 All our first families, sir, she said.
 First in what sense, my pretty maid?
 In a whiskey "scents" kind sir, she said.
 Are the ladies cultured, my pretty maid?
 What do you mean, kind sir; she said.
 What men will be there, my pretty maid?
 Men who labor, kind sir, she said.
 What kind of labor, my pretty maid?
 Storing whiskey, kind sir, she said.
 I cannot go with you, my pretty maid—
 Nobody asked you, sir, she said, sir, she said,
 Nobody asked you, sir, she said.

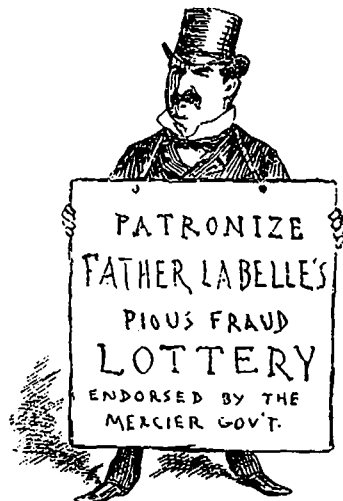
THE WOBBLING "WORLD."

Look here upon this editorial, which reads as if it might have been from the pen of Erastus Wiman:

The people of the West are as anxious to be served by the Canadian roads as the Canadian roads are to serve them. Ask the business men of St. Paul and Chicago if they are willing to drive out the Canadian roads and wear again the shackles of the New York controlled roads! Not by a great deal.

And then upon this, which appears in next column:

The country still lives and prospers; and the necessity for Canada's commercial annexation to the States does not appear so very pressing after all.



NICE BUSINESS FOR A RESPECTABLE GOVERNMENT.

TO JOHN BAXTER, CHAMPION AND DEFENDER OF THE SEX.

"ALDERMAN BAXTER fined the Lindsay masher, McGee, \$30 and costs, or sixty days."—*City papers.*

Now blessings down on you, dear Alderman Baxter !
May that circular shadow of yours ne'er grow less !
We'll choke the first man that dares call you huckster,
How grateful we are to you now you may guess.

Who says all the good days are over and gone,
Or that chivalry's knights are no more ?
While for champion still we have *you* sturdy John,
While Baxter is still to the fore.

Never mind though snide Cooper your good name may slander ;
Sure he has but one vote, while ours—you'll have all !
For you'll better believe we'll not fail to remember,
How you sat on that drummer and made him sing small.

So as we said before here, good luck to you, Baxter !
May your ample rotundity never grow less !
May you long grace our streets with your cane in your oster !
A smile on your face, in your pocket a pass !

MISS SUSAN SMARTWALK,
And fifty other unprotected spinsters of the Ward.

HINTS ON CAMPING.

A CORRESPONDENT who has made up his mind to go camping, writes us for particulars as to the outfit he needs, as he has never done anything at the business before. We are, of course, happy to oblige. It will not be necessary for us to supply any list of the ordinary furniture and fittings required, as the intending campist can learn all this from the enterprising merchant from whom he purchases his tent, etc. It is not likely that the merchant will overlook anything that he happens to have in stock. There are a few articles, however, without which camp life is not complete, and which, strangely enough, are omitted from the ordinary text books published for the guidance of holiday makers. We may enumerate a few of these :

1. *Insects.* Be sure to take an assortment of mosquitoes, sand-flies, ants and spiders with you. Some places of summer resort are entirely destitute of these things, and it is just possible that you may strike such a place. If you should happen to do so, you would miss one of the characteristic adjuncts of camp life. Therefore go supplied.

2. *Shower bath.* The camper who would enjoy the full delights of his outing must guard against too much dry weather. An occasional shower, which soaks through the canvas and refreshes the floor and beds, and all the other contents of the tent, is one of the special charms of the holiday. As, however, it very rarely rains during the camping season, we recommend our correspondent to take a shower bath with him, and fit it over the "roof" of the tent, where it can be worked with a string from inside. It is not so good, of course, as a regular thunder storm, but is better than nothing.

3. *Dogs.* Don't fail to take some dogs with you ; they are invaluable for hunting purposes if they happen to be of the Spitz or pug species, and when not in use by the sportsmen of the party, they will be found a great convenience in the camp kitchen, where they can be employed to sample the cooking in advance. If the cooking is done by young ladies who have gleaned their knowledge of the art from books, the services of the dog will be fully appreciated, as they may be the means of saving valuable lives. Dogs are also useful to have round at night, as their barking keeps away chipmunks and other nocturnal annoyances.

4. *Cosmetic.* Many campers forget to take with them the admirable preparation for the complexion which is known as Safe Tan, by the use of which they can acquire a beautifully swarthy complexion, while at the same time enjoying all the delights of sitting under the shade. This omission is a serious one, as without the specific referred to, the camper is obliged to get his tan in the natural way, which, we need not remark, is inconvenient. Our correspondent, of course, understands that unless he comes home well tanned his trouble and expense in going a-camping, will be lost upon society.

These few hints we respectfully submit with the hope that he may have a real good time.

HE, SHE AND THE CALF.

SHE was but a simple country girl ; and he—ah, well !—he was a person called a dude, who had gone into the country for the benefit of his health—to tone up his brain tissues, he said, but—well, never mind.

He met the simple country girl in a lane, and entered into a conversation with her, to air his town wit.

"Miss," he said, "how is vegetation ?"

"Nicely," she replied, with a blush.

"And how is the cabbage crop ?"

"The heads are large, but somewhat hollow," she answered, looking hard at him.

"And the dear cattle ?"

"All is in splendid condition, sir," she said.

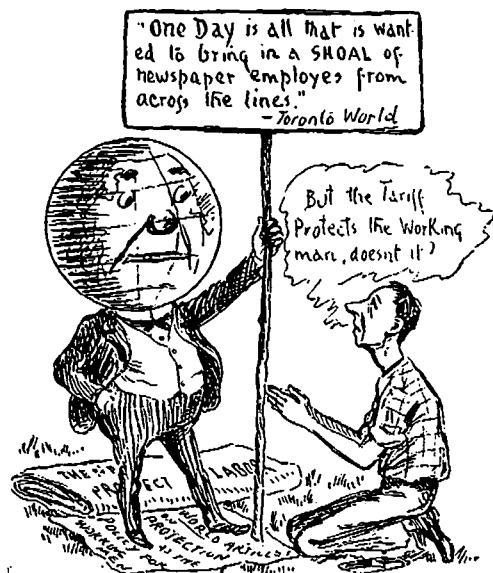
"Have you many ?"

"Quite a few cows, sir, but only one calf around, just now."

"That so ? And that is being tenderly cared for, so as to become the fatted calf of the family, I suppose, gentle maiden ?"

"No, sir," replied the gentle maiden, "he is quite near, wearing an eye-glass and a stand-up collar, and I'm afraid he won't fatten," and the simple country girl tripped through a gate on her homeward way, leaving the ruralizing swell to ponder by the aid of his wasted brain tissues.

TITUS A. DRUM.



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BY ONE OF ITS CHIEF ADVOCATES IN CANADA.



“WHAT IS SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE
IS SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.”

SIR JOHN permitted the Bill incorporating the Orange Society to be strangled in the House; will he now disallow the Bill incorporating the Jesuits? It doesn't seem likely!

"ARE you the editor?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Can you give me employment?"
 "I am afraid not. I have a large force of writers. What were you doing last?"
 "I was writing advertisements for a baking powder company, but the war in that line is over."
 "Well, you might try your hand at a circulation affidavit, and I will see what I can do for you."—*Lincoln Journal*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing, by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John Street, Montreal.

"Go with me, Miss Laura," said the Professor, glowingly, "to the vineclad hills of France—"

"Do you mean it, Professor?" exclaimed the delighted girl, preparing to throw herself into his arms.

"In imagination. Walk, as I have walked, among the simple-hearted peasantry of Normandy. Converse with them in their native tongue, and then argue, if you can, that poverty is in itself a curse!"

"It is all quite charming, no doubt," asserted Miss Laura, relapsing into dreary apathy.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"WHICH is the aching tooth?" inquired the dentist.

"This one," said the sufferer, as he pointed out the offender.

"Ah, yes, I see. Bicuspid."

"What?"

"Bicuspid."

"I'll buy anything, doctor, if you'll only jerk the tooth out; though it looks a little mean to take advantage of a man in this fix. What are your cuspid's worth?"

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.

TRAMP—"Can you give me a place to sleep, ma'am?"

WOMAN—"You can sleep in the barn if you like."

TRAMP—"Couldn't you give me a bed in the house? I'm a heavy sleeper myself, ma'am, and I wouldn't feel right if I should keep you waiting for breakfast."—*The Epoch*.

ENRAGED HUSBAND—"Maria, I can endure this existence no longer. I am going to blow my brains out!"

WIFE (calmly)—"Don't attempt it, John. You have never had any success in firing at small targets."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"WELL, Janet," asked a facetious husband, whose wife had just discharged the hired girl, "are you going to bravely breast the waves of the domestic sea of troubles?"

"No," she answered demurely, "I'm only going to stem the currants."

"HUSH!" he whispered, with a warning gesture. "Isn't that the nightwatchman's rattle?"

"No, Mr. Simpson," replied the girl, suppressing a yawn, "that is the cook grinding the coffee for breakfast."

THE hammock is a dangerous place for a young man, particularly if it doesn't break down.—*Somerville Journal*.

A TELEGRAPH cable has been laid to the Fiji Islands. The inhabitants will use it for a clothes line.—*Philadelphia Call*.

MY son, this life is the chrysalis state of man. Be sure there are no butterflies on you then go ahead.—*Duluth Paraphraser*.

EVERY one who would like to know something about *Montreal*, should secure a copy of *Murray's New Guide*. Price, 15 cents. For sale by the booksellers, also by the author, N. Murray, 498 St. James Street, *Montreal*, agent for Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

NO man signs his name with more boldness and flourish than the individual who steps into a fashionable seaside hotel and registers—for a dinner.—*Puck*.

TEMPERANCE—No. We have never heard the superintendent of the Washingtonian Home called a "corn" doctor before.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

IT has been estimated that the moon gives as much light as 134,000,000,000,000,000 candles. This is probably why the baby finds it so difficult to blow it out.—*Somerville Journal*.

CANADA'S GREAT FAIR.

THE Toronto Industrial Exhibition for the present year, to be held from the 10th to the 22nd of September, promises to surpass in every respect those that have preceded it. Already applications for space in all departments are more numerous than ever before. The special attractions already contracted for are the best that money can secure, and there will be plenty to see, both to instruct and amuse every day of the Fair. The people of Ontario seem to have set down the time of the Toronto Fair as the occasion of their annual holiday outing, and the railway companies recognizing this fact have decided on giving cheaper rates than ever before for this great exhibition, which is so popular with all. It will be opened on the 11th Sept. by Lord Stanley, the new Governor-General.

MEASURELESS ENMITY.

FRIEND—"Say, vot you goin' oud so soon for, Spritzenheimer? Dot vater vas just elegant!"

SPRITZENHEIMER—"I see dot feller Isaacstein coming dis vay, mit his bathing suit on, und mit dot mean cuss I vill not bathe in der same ocean."—*Puck*.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

MR. F. H. TORRINGTON has organized a college of music and orchestral and organ school which will be located at 12 and 14 Pembroke Street, where new and commodious premises are being erected for its use. It will open in September and will embrace every department of music, vocal, instrumental and theoretical, and will be conducted on the most practical principles. There will be a large music room containing a fine three-manual organ for lessons and practice, and in the orchestral department students may have the advantage of a connection with Mr. Torrington's orchestra for practical experience. We welcome this latest addition to Toronto's academic institutions, and venture to prophecy its complete success.

ROBERT BROWNING's poems are being translated into Russian. American readers who have been unable to grasp his meaning, will hail this attempt at elucidation with joy.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

SHE (well up in yachting terms)—"Do you think it is safe to jibe?"

HE (who doesn't know a jibboom from a tiller)—"Depends on whom you jibe at."—*Burlington Free Press*.

A MAN in Indiana has just buried his eighth wife. He says his ventures have been equally divided between good and bad, realizing his acceptance of the marriage sentence, "four better and four worse."—*Yonker's Gazette*.

THE Toronto Conservatory of Music has provided generously for the teachers of the country who devote their vacation to musical studies, a special summer course having been arranged. GRIP is glad to note that the Conservatory continues to flourish, fully over six hundred pupils having been in attendance during the first session. It has already taken its place as one of Toronto's "attractions," and is by no means the least noteworthy of our educational institutions. We hope ere long to see it snugly established in the fine building which is to be the future centre of musical culture in this province. Mr. Edward Fisher continues to act as Director, and he has shown himself to be the right man for this responsible position.

A WOMAN escaped from prison in Illinois a few days ago. It is supposed she quarried a hole in the stone wall with a hair-pin. A woman uses a hair-pin for nearly every other purpose under the sun.—*Norristown Herald*.

A MAN in Carson, N.C., has taught his cat to play on the piano. He is still living, but his neighbors are holding indignation meetings. Should the cat attempt to play and sing "Rock-a-Bye" at the same time, blood will flow.—*Norristown Herald*.

IN Germany a man recently secured a divorce from his wife on the ground that she didn't know how to cook. If we required all our citizens for soldiers in this country we have no doubt but that similar divorces could be obtained here.—*New Haven News*.

"I HAVE nothing for you to eat, my good man," said the young wife, "but if you need any clothes here is a garment of my husband's that you may have. He has several others like it and doesn't need this."

The tramp looked at the elaborate yellow and green dressing gown, embroidered with blue roses and red humming-birds, and walked off slowly, scratching his head in a dazed manner.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I WONDER why they arrested those horses this morning?" remarked Mr. Snaggs.

"Arrested horses!" replied his wife.

"You must be mistaken."

"Oh, no. I saw them going down street in a patrol wagon."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

NAOMI—"George, I believe that love brings us anguish as well as bliss."

"So do I."

"Did you ever experience that restless-ness, that anxiety, that positive pain, that—"

"Certainly, love."

"And what, think you, caused it all?"

"Chiggers."—*Lincoln Journal*.

TOM, at the club (wearily)—“Another conquest, Arthur. I do wish the girls wouldn't fall in love with me so much.”

ARTHUR—“Why the deuce don't you keep away from them?”

TOM—“Good gracious, old fel, the wemedy is worse than the disease, don't you know.”—*Washington Critic.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P.O. address.

Respectfully,

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

THE Cyclone has the whooping-cough and is fly enough to know that every time he coughs it gives his mother a pain around the heart. The other day she was playing the hose in front of the house, and, of course, the Cyclone wanted his innings at it.

“But I want to, mamma,” he said, after being refused.

“Well, you can't. I don't want you to get wet.”

“If you don't let me, I'll cough,” was his final shot, but even that didn't go.—*Philadelphia Call.*

CATARRH.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER—A NEW TREATMENT.

SUFFERERS are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it is now made easy to cure this curse of our country in one or two simple applications made once in two weeks by the patient at home. Send stamp for circulars describing this new treatment to A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

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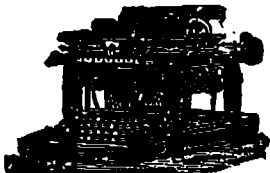
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 "Yaas, I weally wondaw how we stand it."

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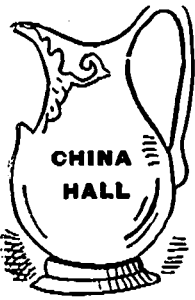
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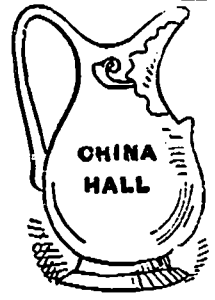
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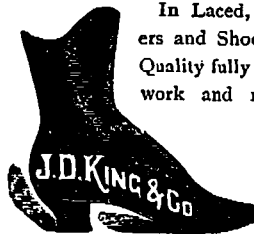
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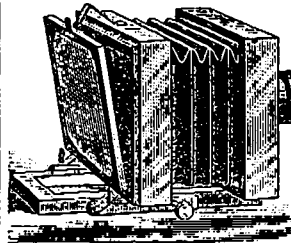


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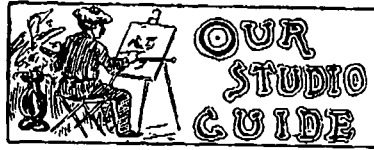
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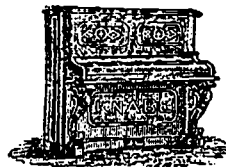
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