



"So the world ways."

Is it possible that things are coming to such a pass as is hinted at in the little story below? From recent developments in various parts of this continent, I am rather inclined to think that it is. Morally speaking, I suppose such a state of affairs is bad, but for a man with a termagant, Betsy Hngue sort of a wife, it might be very convenient. This is just

HOW IT WAS.

The other night a merchant in a village in Ohio was discovered in his store at an unusually late hour, and in reply to inquiries he said:

"My confidential clerk is missing."  
 "And what of it?"  
 "Why, I'm looking over the books, but they seem to be all square."  
 "Have you counted your cash?"  
 "Yes, and it is correct to a dollar."  
 "Looked over your bank book?"  
 "I have, and it is satisfactory. That's the puzzle, you see. He's skipped and I can't make out what for."  
 "Been home since noon?"  
 "No."  
 "Perhaps he has eloped with your wife."  
 "Lands alive! but it may be so! If it is, then the puzzle will be solved."

He hurried home, and it was so, and he felt a great anxiety off his mind.—*Wall Street News.*

I have a great respect for those men who can bear surprise and pain and so forth with a stolidity of demeanor that would do credit to a noble, or ignoble for the matter of that, child of the far west, I attribute this to the fact that I myself can no more conceal a "yowl" of pain for the slightest cause than I can fly, and I fancy we always respect, in others, those qualities in which we ourselves are deficient. Apropos of this ability to conceal feelings of bodily anguish, give ear unto this tale of

WHO WAS SOLD?

The Fort Atkinson Union tells this pretty good one on two men who are now dead, but who, when they were in middle life, were two of the greatest jokers on earth:

We heard the other day a good story of the late J. G. Bowen of this city. He had been about frantic with the tooth ache and called on Dr. Winslow to have it extracted. Before operations began he asked if it would hurt. "Well," says the doctor in his dry way, "if it don't hurt I won't charge you a cent." Bowen seated himself and the doctor clapped on his cant-hook and the offending molar was brought out with a crack that made the doctor grunt. Bowen never moved a muscle nor said a word, but got up and started home. As he was going out of the door the doctor said "did it hurt?" "Not a darn bit" said Bowen, and the doctor said "Hm."—*Pack's Sun.*

If members of the upper ten don't want to be snubbed they should not go poking about

divested of the only thing that distinguishes a goodly number of them from the rest of humanity, that is, the externals that denote their rank. If they will rammage round in 'multi' as it were, they must expect just such rebuffs as the noble Lord treated of in the following received from the Duke's valet, who, certainly was pretty sharp, even if

HE DIDN'T CONTRADICT HIM.

Lord Stratford's feeling of loyalty was as profound as that of a sincere believer in divine right must always be. Every member of the Royal Family was to him an object of unbounded deference. When the Duke of Cambridge was about to become his guest for a few days at the Turkish Embassy, he went, it is related, in his dressing-gown and slippers, at an early hour in the morning, to see that the rooms prepared for his Royal Highness were in perfect order. Finding the Duke's valet arranging the trunks and portmanteaux which had arrived, the Ambassador began to give him directions how they should be placed. The man left off working and stared at Lord Stratford. "I will tell you what it is," he said; "I know how His Royal Highness likes his things arranged better than you do. So you just shut up and be off, will you, old feller?" Lord Stratford left the room in a towering passion, and, calling one of the attaches, ordered him to go and tell the man who it was that he had ventured to address such language to. The attache soon returned with sparkling eyes. "Well, what did you say to him?" asked the Ambassador. "I said to him, my lord, that the person to whom he had ventured to address such language was Her Majesty's representative in Turkey." "Ah, quite right! And what was his answer?" "He answered, my lord, that he had never said you wasn't." It was a singular feature in Lord Stratford's somewhat hasty disposition that his anger would suddenly be appeased by anything which seemed to him ludicrous. It was so in this case, and he enjoyed a hearty laugh with the attache.

The editor of the *Labor Union*, Hamilt'on, discourseth wisely as thus:

The visit to our city of Mr. J. W. Benough, of GRIP, suggests, along with our compliments to that gentleman's genius, a comment on "the power of the press" through the medium of pictures. The close observer will have to confess that the reading of that which edifies and liberalizes the mind bears a small proportion to the whole quantity of printed matter put upon the market in these days. The great efforts of one portion of the world to impress the other portion with ideas on political and social reform go a long way in supporting Locke's argument against innate ideas. There are people who would never have an idea if it were not formulated for them, and the short cut to that end is a picture. The idea is taken in at a glance, (particularly if presented on the pages of GRIP), without mental effort or waste of time, and that is what a majority of people want. The cartoon papers of the United States and Canada catch the eye and impress the mind of a large class who never read editorial leaders, and their ridicule of the absurdities and inconsistencies of mankind is a leaven of good we seldom give them credit for. They do not often deal with matters in serious mood, and so we count them with the froth and effervescence of literature, forgetting that for the class that most need educating there is no argument so powerful as ridicule.

It is either one of three things must be done. Ladies must stay at home, go to church without their new bustles, or else a hole must be cut in the backs of the seats to let the arrangement hang through the next pew.—*Ec.*

"I suppose you have heard of our dudes, Miss Clarwa?" observed a New York swell to a Jacksonville girl. "Oh, yes," she answered, "they are becoming very popular in Florida. We use them for alligator bait."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Young and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should inclose three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo N. Y.

The Zoo had a good year in 1882. In fact, you never see the Zoo-lose in this part of the world.

#### SICK-HEADACHE

MRS. J. C. HENDERSON, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "The use of two of Pierce's 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' a day, for a few weeks, has entirely cured me of sick-headache, from which I formerly suffered terribly, as often, on an average, as once in ten days." Of all druggists.

### TENDERS FOR COAL

FOR THE

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF ONTARIO, 1883

The Treasurer of the Province of Ontario will receive tenders, addressed to him at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and endorsed "Tenders for Coal," up to noon of

**Tuesday, 15th May, 1883,**

for the delivery of the following quantities of coal in the sheds of the institutions named (except as regards the Asylum for Idiots, Orillia, where delivery is to be effected at the Midland Railway Station), on or before 1st July, 1883, viz.:

#### Asylum for the Insane, Toronto.

Hard coal—900 tons large egg size, 175 tons stove size. Soft coal—400 tons.

#### Central Prison, Toronto.

Hard coal—26 tons chestnut size, 74 tons stove size. Soft coal—300 tons.

#### Reformatory for Females, Toronto.

Hard coal—100 tons stove size. Soft coal—500 tons

#### Asylum for the Insane, London.

Hard coal—220 tons egg size, 70 tons chestnut size. Soft coal—1,650 tons.

#### Asylum for the Insane, Kingston.

Hard coal—250 tons small egg. Soft coal—1,400 tons.

#### Asylum for the Insane, Hamilton.

Hard coal—88 tons stove size, 26 tons chestnut size. Soft coal—1,125 tons for steam purposes, and 75 tons for grates. N.B.—200 tons of the steam coal to be delivered at the pumping house.

#### Asylum for Idiots, Orillia.

Hard coal—85 tons stove size.

#### Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

Hard coal—65 tons large egg size, 25 tons stove size. Soft coal—650 tons.

#### Institution for the Blind, Brantford.

Hard coal—450 tons egg size, 150 tons stove size, 10 tons chestnut size. Soft coal—10 tons for grates.

#### Agricultural College, Guelph.

Hard coal—300 tons large egg size, 25 tons stove size. Soft coal—125 tons for steam, 20 tons for grates.

The hard coal to be Pittston, Scranton, or Lehigh. Tenderers are to name the mine or mines from which it is proposed to take the soft coal, and to designate the quality of the same, and, if required, to produce satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name. All coal to be delivered in a manner satisfactory to the authorities of the respective institutions.

Tenders will be received for the whole supply specified, or for the quantities required in each institution. An accepted cheque for \$500, payable to the order of the Treasurer of Ontario, must accompany each tender as a guarantee of its bona fides, and two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract.

Specifications and forms and conditions of tender are to be obtained from the Bursars of the institutions. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

S. C. WOOD,

Treasurer of Ontario

Parliament Buildings,

Toronto, 24th April, 1883.