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Editor.

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

### Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Were it not that the bribery revelations continue to monopolize public attention, we would probably hear more of the move now on the carpet at Ottawa—the anticipated union of the Langevin wing of the Quebec Bleus with the Blake party of Ontario. The fact that such an alliance is being talked about, and that sundry circumstances in the House have of late given an air of probability to the talk, is about all that can as yet be said on the subject. The action of Sir Hector Langevin and his followers in this move may be taken as a protest against the Federal Union proclivities of Sir John Macdonald, and, so far as we can see, the new union would be a good thing for them. Whether it would be equally a blessing for the Blake party is questionable, as it would certainly go against the Hon. Edward's grain to be confronted every now and then with unreasonable demands, backed up by powerful threats. We do not think Edward Blake is an office-seeker, and we believe he would remain in the cold shades all his life, rather than attain power without honour—so that we cannot agree with those who believe that the present move is a mere trick to upset Sir John. Time will probably make all plain.

FIRST PAGE.—We wish to convey in a mild but emphatic manner the contempt we feel for the style of journalism which has been developed in connection with this bribery controversy. If our picture gives some idea of what the Canadian people think of editorial "strong" language, and impresses upon those who are slinging it the fact that they are making themselves a nuisance, and bringing disgrace on the press of the Dominion, the cartoon will accomplish its end.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance have resolved to clear the track for Prohibition by putting the Scott Act in force, if possible, in every county of this Province. This is a highly commendable policy and one that is likely to achieve its object in due time. Prof. Foster's resolution, in favour of a Prohibitory law right away, was no doubt premature, as he very well knew.

We give that hon. gentleman credit for accepting the amendment to his motion, which was in the line of Alliance policy, and as he no doubt heartily approves of that policy, we have given him a broom along with his worthy co-laborers, Samuel Blake and W. H. Howland.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. T.—Your esteemed favor arrived Tuesday; too late for use this week.

TITUS A. DRUM.—Glad to hear from you. Oblige by sending real name and address.

JOE.—Will carefully examine your MSS., and use if found suitable.

W. S. T.—More suitable for the *Globe*. They pay high for good, strong poetry.

J. A. S.—Thanks for suggestion.

J. P. asks.—Did Gen. Wolseley Tel El Keber to Sou Dan for the whole of the Egyptian debt? Don't know; ask Gladstone.

SPRING POET.—We do not aid and abet criminals of your class.

### "WIT."

In an article on the conspiracy, the *Globe* pictures Wilkinson as singing with "enthusiastic devotion":

Pardee paid it all,  
All that I was due,  
And I've his note as sure as a gun,  
For everything I do!

If the above were funny instead of being stupid, the readers of the *Globe* might perhaps excuse the editor for travestying one of the most cherished of Christian hymns. But surely the resources of slang are not so exhausted as to justify what verges on blasphemy?

### HE COULD NOT FIND IT.

At the opening of the Manitoba House last week, the following colloquy was overheard by one of our reporters:—

Mr. B. to Mr. W.—What made the Governor pause and look bewildered during the reading of the Speech?

Mr. W.—Don't you know? He was looking for the Government policy, and could not find it.

Mr. B.—That's it, is it—I thought he looked reproachfully at Norquay, when he could not find something he appeared to be stuck for.

Mr. W.—Norquay shook his head as much as to say "it ain't there," and one of the 'boys in buttons' overheard him whispering to the Governor—"It's all right, finish it up. There are no farmers around. We're all right anyhow, for the present, as our fellows in the House are afraid to kick, and daren't face the music outside."

Mr. B.—Your head's level, old fellow, and so is John Norquay's.

### HE OUGHT TO "APOLOGIZE."

"Some of our Reform friends have been going about with unbounded delight on their faces, exhibiting to some innocent souls a cartoon in the last GRIP which purports to illustrate the situation in Toronto. It was issued by Bengough in the midst of the revelations, when it was impossible to tell on whose brow *guilt* should be nailed. That is generally the way of GRIP to so warp and twist, and adulterate as to present an unfair situation. But he could not resist temptation for filthy lucre, and knew exactly how to manipulate his pencil and where to place his sketch."

So says the *Central Canadian* of Carlton Place. Sorry the editor thinks so badly of us,

as we value his opinion highly. That he is a pure-souled patriot is plain from his familiar and natural reference to filthy lucre. So far as the cartoon was concerned, it was founded on facts duly sworn to, and was heartily approved of by decent Conservatives as well as Grits. Nothing has yet transpired to modify the view we took of the situation. There are some partizans who are so ignorant that they think it their duty to shoulder the crimes of those who happen to belong to the same party, even when such self sacrifice is not asked of them. Amongst these pitiable beings we are afraid we must number our hitherto respected *confreere* of the *Canadian*.



"Exercise moral courage!" solemnly advises a funeral obsequies reformer, "and if you can't afford a horse carry the coffin in a wheel-barrow!" But, oh, great Reformer! Supposing you do not even own a wheel-barrow and your neighbor is not of the lending kind! Now, just one alternative at a time, please, and don't begin with a hand-sleigh, because it might not be winter time.

The *Mail* has lost faith in Major-General Luard, and regretfully expresses itself to that effect. Major-General Luard is the military person who came over to Canada to lecture on what he knows about the position of your horse's tail when you are a militia officer reviewing your legions—with an appendix on the all-absorbing question of how to maintain the ascendancy over an insubordinate regimental camp towel. When the *Mail* loses confidence in a person set it down as an "indubitable fact that that person is either inconceivably good or irredeemably bad." In either case the safest course for the person to adopt is to hastily quit the country—for the country's good if he is so bad, and for his own sake if he is so good. So the Major-General had better pack up and take to the nearest steamboat wharf. Indeed, if part of the way back were not so wet I would advise him to walk home.

I noticed a little paragraph in one of the papers the other day about a man named Rose, I think it was, beating another man named Bugbear—peculiar patronymic that?—in a boat race on the Thames, England. I did not pay much attention to the item at the time, because I was in a hurry to get to the sporting department of the paper and enjoy full reports of all the slugging contests going on. But the idea occurred to me subsequently that I had heard of this rowing fellow, Rose,—Walter was his first name, by the way—at some time or other. Didn't he beat another rower named Hamlin once? or was it Hamlin who defeated him? For the life of me I cannot recall the circumstance just at the present moment! Dear! Dear! Only a few years it seems to me, people used to make a great fuss over champion oarsmen. How the times change, to be sure! I believe many persons would start to read up these old forgotten affairs if they only kept a *Mail* file.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS are the source of much trouble and pain to truly good newspaper owners and writers, as well as the persons written about. The *Globe* seems to be positively afflicted with them. Not long ago, for instance, a *Globe* reporter stated that a certain city firm had done the plumbing at the New Public Library. The next day the typographical error had to be corrected by saying, that it was another firm altogether who did this job. Shortly afterwards the same paper described a speaker on the Esplanade question as referring to the possibility of drunken and uncivil persons being employed as guardians at the entrances to the wharves. Next issue explained this typographical error by the announcement that the speaker had not employed the term "drunken." Again the *Globe* report of Mr. Anglin's St. Patrick's Day oration made that gentleman declare that "we didn't want Anglo-Saxons" in Canada. Of course the editor cheerfully gave place to a paragraph correcting this typographical error—"Anglo-Saxons" being a misprint for "distinctively Anglo-Saxon polity." I can understand how typographical errors such as this creep up in the newspapers now and then. But it is queer that "the largest circulation" Journal should enjoy such a monopoly of them.

THE proposition before the House of Commons to provide better banking facilities for the farmers has not been made one moment too soon. Everybody who has given the condition of the Canadian farmer anything like a fair study must have been struck with his lamentable position in respect of banking facilities. Who that has wasted his substance in riotous Thanksgiving Day turkey or suicidal spring produce, but has felt inclined to weep in confession on the neck of the wretched farmer man, set nearly crazy through anxiety about an over-strained pocket-book? What man that has contracted for cordwood at top-notch figures with a guileless son of the soil, who confidently but erroneously predicted an open winter, and has not experienced a pang at the exhausting effort it cost the farmer to comfortably conceal his money about his person on settling-up day? And yet this anxiety and this effort were but the forerunners of untold grief and perplexity ahead. The banks were closed to him when his jaded team drove into town with a load of coin, and when he persisted in an attempt to shove his bags of treasure in through the window, a big man armed with a club climbed out and chased him far into the suburbs. He had no recourse but the already over-taxed old stocking, with crowded samples of which his cellar was even then completely full. And so it goes on, with no bill balm from the Legislative Gilead! Yes, let none give the farmer man relief. Too long has the cry gone up from him all unheeded—"Banks! banks!"—with a big B.—The lucre truly is plenty but the Savings Banks are few!"

At Barrie the other day Mr. Justice Armour explained that one good purpose at least which the Grand Jury served was that of a popular educator. The Grand Jurors, ho pointed out, were representative men from all parts of a country who met together on stated occasions at the county town and had an opportunity to interchange ideas on the country's affairs besides gaining an acquaintance with judicial procedure and acquiring a knowledge generally of men and things in the outside world which they never could hope to obtain while confining themselves strictly to the peaceful pursuits of the farm. All the valuable information thus secured the Grand Jurors went home and disseminated amongst their neighbors at favorable intervals of leisure, not devoted to the entertainment of sewing machine agents and tree peddlars. I was talking to one of these very Grand Jurors the

other day after his Lordship's feeling remarks, and this Able Disseminator of Useful Knowledge suddenly dropped the subject of conversation and said to me:—"Oh, look ahere! I meant to ast you afore—what's the name of the Judge up at the Court. Not a dang one of us Jury fellars in the room to-day knowed who he was, d'ye believe it?" I didn't say right to him that I cheerfully and unhesitatingly believed it. But I have a shrewd idea that a dim suspicion to that effect was haunting him as I conveyed the desired information. Mr. Justice Armour may be right in his "popular educator" idea; but he seems to need a few plainly printed business cards to nicely back it up, as it were.

#### MOWAT'S WICKEDNESS.

DEAR GRIP,—I saw in the papers last night that Mowat and Frasier excused themselves for acting as pawnbrokers and second-hand furniture dealers with regard to young Mercer's affairs, by insinuating that he was a man of loose habits and general bad character.

Now if any further proof were wanting as to the worthlessness and imbecility of the Mowat Government, surely this will suffice. Year after year we see that large grants of money have been made to the Mercer Reformatory; and now we see these shameless and abandoned men come boldly out and say that his character is still so bad that they have to keep his chairs and tables locked up in the attic of the Parliament Buildings, and that they can't trust him with his gold watch. How much longer will the people of Ontario submit to be ruled by such a worthless and shameless set of traitors; men who take the people's money on such false pretences as I have mentioned, and then came boldly forward and state that they have done no good with it.

After all what could be expected of men who would have the face to oppose Sir John?

I was telling Bill Smith about this down at Sligsby's wood-bee yesterday, and Bill got mad and said I was a fool; but that's always the way with these "Grits,"—whenever one gets 'em cornered up they get mad, and go to work and shute a fellow.

I remain, &c.,  
SOLOMON SLOCUM.

\* The intelligent compositor or the gifted proof-reader will know whether there should have been a ; after Grits or not, and whether whenever should have had a W or a w; for my part I pass, and leave it between the compositor, the proof-reader, and the waste paper basket.

#### A SWEET REVENGE.

Smack! A sound like the slapping of a slice of beefsteak against a brick wall. But it was not. It was the result of the conjunction of the lips of Helen Courcenay and those of Lionel Polkinhorne. They stood under the gas-lamp at the corner of King and Bloor Streets, where, rising above its surroundings, in all its architectural splendor, stood the ranch of the De Courcenay's. Lionel Polkinhorne was a perfect specimen of the perfect man. Tall and graceful, the figure of an Apollo, or a tailor's dummy, curling flaxen hair that clung closely to his well shaped head, shining blue eyes—a delicate *cicli* blue rather than navy blue, indigo or ultramarine—a voice like that of a god, fair curling moustache and teeth so perfect that they could not have cost less than sixteen dollars. Helen De Courcenay's beauty was such as passeth all description. Figure, form, face, features, and feet like those of Venus or Mrs. Langtry. No other maiden in the city had such a complexion, for she alone knew the drug store where it was made up.

They stood there looking into each other's eyes, and hearing no sound save the beating of

their loving hearts, and the tramp of the policeman walking his beat on the other side of the street. Lionel's left arm was clasped about the waist of Helen, while his right encircled the lamp-post. One of the fair girl's hands was placed above her heart to stay, if possible, the wild throbbing that threatened destruction to whalebone and corset laces, while the other firmly held her bangs, lest they'd be blown off by the wind.

"Helen," said Lionel Polkinhorne, heaving a deep sigh, that tore off a button on the neck of his shirt, and sent it rolling along the sidewalk, "Helen, I fear that thou dost not love me as fully as I would wish. There is that within me which prompts me to say that I have not thy entire love, affection, regard, and respect. Why should I not possess thy entire love? Thou hast mine even unto adoration. It is pure as the crystallized ice that binds our own dear bay in frosty thongs, or the glaciers that hang like nature's mirrors upon the Alpine hills that reach unto the heavens; as burning as the fires of ten million billion Vesuvias, Atnas, and Popocatepetls, or the never-ceasing flames of ten thousand suns; as high as St. James' spire, or Mounts Everett and Kinchin Junga, which rise over 23,000 feet above the level of the sea; as deep as the fathomless blue sea that kisses the cheeks of three continents, or the ruts on King and Yonge streets; as extensive and far-stretching as the rolling prairies that lie between New Orleans and the North pole, San Francisco and Halifax; as illimitable as the sands of the sea, or the rain drops of heaven! That is my love for thee and yet I have not *all* thy love!"

"Oh, Lionel, my heart is breaking!" sobbed Helen.

"Tell me, fair and deceptive one, is there aught else but one that thou lovest?"

"Yes, oh yes!" cried the distressed maiden with a kind of don't-ask-me-to-say-more-or-I'll-faint look.

"Helen, if thou answer'st me not fully and truthfully I die. Yea, I collapse, I wither, I tumble before the breath of Death, who now hovers about me waiting to hear thee speak my fate. If thou lovest another, I die; 'found drowned in a bath tub full of his own tears,' will be the jury's verdict, but it will be suicide on account of love, in love's sweetest way. If thou sayest I alone am the object of thy love I live without a care," spake Lionel Polkinhorne, as he put a cigarette in his mouth and lighted it with a let-your-tears-kiss-the-flowers-on-my-grave air and a match.

"Lionel, you ask too much."

"I ask too much? Ah, thou false one! Thou gay, giddy, gushing, giggling, girly, girl! Think'st thou that I can sleep or eat a hearty meal while I feel that another has a spot in thy heart which should be occupied by me alone? I must have thy answer."

"But Lionel, thou art cruel, oh, stars, oh, moon, look pityingly down—"

"Stars and moon, say'st thou? Hidden and unperceivable are they, for 'tis cloudy" interrupted Lionel, with a now-I-have-the-on-the-hip chuckle. "I ask thee, girl, once for all and going-going-third-and-last-time: Is there in this world aught else but me that thou love'st?"

"Yes, oh yes, oh yes!"

"Name it, I command thee!"

"Caramels and gum drops!"

C. M. R.

#### TEMPERANCE ACTS AND ACTIONS.

AN ESSAY.

BY G. WILLIAMS, JR.

It is a fact generally understood that there are more ways of choking a dog than sticking your finger down its throat; luckily so, as the dog might object, and place an injunction on our proceeding any further in your action by simply closing his jaws. Yet this is the mild

way that our worthy friends of the Temperance cause attempt to choke their veritable *bele noir*, known to outsiders by the generic term of whiskey, and to sports by the vulgar and somewhat ambiguous name of "budge." The "corner grocery" man has no doubt a great deal to answer from an anti-liquor point of view, though why a "corner" grocery should be worse than any other I fail to understand, except indeed that a corner has a tendency to make people "corned" (joke for temperance lecturer to relieve effect of previous heartrending anecdote of starving household), yet as the state of society is to-day there is a class of people who will buy wine, whiskey, beer or other spirituous liquors, and drink them too as long as they can be got by fair means or foul. No example, no argument, no shame will prevent them from obtaining "the curse," nothing except the total and absolute dearth of the wherewithal to procure it. This class will change their base of operations when the corner grocery is debarred to him, to that of the corner groggery, whether anything will be gained for the cause or not is rather problematical, though the chances are the grog will be more watered and less injurious. The rich man under the new conditions will keep on as usual and get his grog at a "respectable" grog grocery through his grocery grocer of course. These facts call up some peculiar liar features of the case. Your "thin edge of the wedge" will get sadly blunted before you effectually split the whiskey interest. A wedge is a good thing in its way but in this case you want to use some thing in the nature of dynamite, and bust things all to pieces. Not until the chimneys of the brewery and distilleries are smokeless, and the buildings are sacred to the cats and the badgers, will that dog expire. Now if you could only do this you would soon see the doubtful diamonds fall from the snowy shirt front of the flash "barkeep" (figuratively, my dear friends, for of course you never enter saloons on any pretence). You will likewise see the speedy trottin' hoss of the proprietor disband and his phaeton, barouche or buggy for sale "by public auction or otherwise." I don't wish any class of our fellow citizens any ill luck, nor harm to any individual, yet I feel that I would not weep bitterly, if what in nautical parlance is termed a "reef" should be taken in the sails of these gentlemen, because—because,—well that is neither here nor there. Why don't you blue ribbon men, teetotalers, fanatics, or whatever you may be called, why don't you lay siege at once to the chief redoubt (or dog kennel) where your enemy has head quarters? Demolish his main line of works, and raze his inner fortifications, and you gain the day. Your attempts at the outposts only put the enemy on the alert. The victory will cost our glorious country some hundreds of thousands of dollars,—but it will be made up *ten times over in one year*. If you don't believe it, figure up what money goes over Toronto's tavern bars in twenty-four hours. You needn't tell anybody. Don't say I told you, but that's the way to choke your dog.

## WHISKEY v. BUDGE.

Oh! sad is the fate of the man at the corner,  
His mouth is drawn down, there's a tear in his eye;  
He'll soon be prevented from selling a horn or  
Even a pitcher of beer or old rye.

The raggedy maiden, the boozey old matron,  
The bummer who erst used to call in the morn,  
The immature crook, and the frouzy old slattern  
Will go to the lush drum in quest of their horn.

He thinks "Can it be that the envious Saloonist,  
To gain his own ends has betrayed our good cause?  
If so, we'll just hoist him as high as baloonist,  
And give him a taste of the temperance laws."

Like rogues that fall out, you'll find men that sell  
"licker,"

And whose interests clash, to each other don't show  
Much consideration, and grocers may "snicker,"  
When helping their friends the Saloonists to "go."



## WOMAN'S BUGBEAR;

OR,

HOW CAN WE KEEP OURSELVES ETHERIAL.

One mystic, miserable night,  
I felt myself expanding;  
My corset, gloves and boots grew tight,  
And I was left demanding  
What can it mean?

I slowly swelled like leavened dough,  
"Was surely barely human  
In one brief night that I should grow  
Into a side-show woman,  
So very stout.

My gloves flew from each swelling hand,  
My ripped boots left their places,  
My corset vainly made a stand,  
But, pop! hang! went the laces,  
And it was gone.

And still I grew with fearful haste:  
My gloves were twenty seven,  
The tape around my swollen waist  
Proclaimed me Five-eleven  
Feet and inches!

I shuddering woke; it was a dream!  
My waist still graceful tapers;  
In "twos" my feet still glance and gleam,  
And carry on their capers,  
My gloves are fives.



I warning take; my tiny waist  
Shall smaller grow in smaller corset;  
Here, Mary Jane, I must be laced  
Until it meets—there, force it  
Tighter and tighter!

There, fifteen inches, that will do.  
I scarce can breathe without a doubt, or  
Brag, the pain is here, but whow!  
Far better pain than growing stouter  
Any day!

## EMIGRATION.

A DRAMA.

ACT I.

SCENE—A workman's cottage in England.  
Workman and wife seated at dinner.

WORKMAN:—Look here, wife, I'm tired of this, I've lost two days this week, and the master talks of putting us on three-quarter-time and reducing our wages.

WIFE:—It's hard, but what will you do?

HUSBAND:—What with hard times and oppressive laws, I am tired of England. I will go somewhere where I can have regular work and good pay. I'll try Canada. (Exit workman.)

ACT II.

SCENE.—An emigrant agent's office. Agent discovered writing behind a huge table loaded with emigration bills and pamphlets. Enter workman.

WORKMAN:—I have called to see you about emigrating to Canada. Do you think I can get on better there than here?

AGENT. *Never out of England*:—My good man, there is no doubt you can. In Canada there is abundance of work for all at high wages. Canada is a paradise for the working-man.

WORKINGMAN:—Will work and wages always be good?

AGENT:—You can depend upon that. The present government guarantees certain work for all who go.

(The workman is convinced, engages his passage and is loaded with a bundle of sensational emigration literature to further hoist him to paradise.)

ACT III.

SCENE. The Toronto police court. Workman, with a pale, hungry-looking face enters and makes his way to the magistrate.

WORKMAN:—Will you please send me to jail? I cannot get work and am starving.

MAGISTRATE:—What made you come to Canada to risk this, my good man?

WORKMAN:—The emigration agent in the old country assured me that I should have regular work at high wages. When I was in work, I sent the money I could spare to my wife, never expecting this. And now I am without a cent.

(He thinks of his wife and little ones far away, and bursts into tears.)

MAGISTRATE:—Yours is the lot of many who come here, I am sorry to say. The agents in England should be stopped from pursuing such unwise conduct. You are committed to jail for two months.

(Exit workman in charge of policeman.)

CURTAIN.

## THE PASSING SHOW,

GRAND.—Sol Smith Russell and his company amused large audiences in "Edgewood Folks" on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Mr. Thos. W. Keene, tragedian, is at present giving a round of Shakspearian characters, in a highly acceptable manner.

"Hans and Gretel," the new operatta, had a full dress rehearsal at Government House on Wednesday evening. The public performance is set for May 1st.

The Royal Museum has an extra good programme this week, and well deserves a visit.



CONDUCTOR TOM.  
(Dedicated to the G. T. R. Company.)



### THE NEW "CLAUDE MELNOTTE."

CLAUDE—WOULD'ST THOU SEE THE HOUSE TO WHICH, COULD POLICY FULFIL ITS MISSION, I WOULD LEAD THEE? A MARBLE PALACE OF PROVINCIAL CONTENTMENT, IN A BOWER OF CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY, ON THE MARGIN OF A SHINING LAKE OF PROSPERITY. DOST THOU LIKE THE PICTURE?—*Lady of Lyons (adapted).*



## LETTERS TO EMINENT MEN.

TO THE HONORABLE JEHIAL J. DOOLITTLE,  
SENATOR OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

SIR,—I would feel that I had not done my duty towards the innumerable readers of GRIP, as well as towards the remaining few of my Canadian countrymen, if I neglected to hold you up to the public gaze as an eminent man. Sir, I honor you as an example of that never-to-be-too-much-belauded being, the "self-made man," for a man who starts from small beginnings, and by his strict attention to business affairs, not only to those of his own but those of his neighbors, and by looking after the pennies, knows that the "pounds will take care of themselves," accumulates wealth, must come within that respectable category. I say again, I honor you.

Jehial, to show cause why I should honor you as a self-made man I will have to go back some years. In 1838, Jehial J. Doolittle, you were quite a youth, and I am bound to say as smart a youth as ever first saw the light of day in the State of Massachusetts, in which commonwealth you were born, and crossed the New Hampshire line into Canada in that eventful year of the "Patriot war." Why you left your native State, or how you crossed the lines with your load of wooden clocks and hickory hams without an interview with the customs authorities, I know not, nor would I speak of such matters if I did, for I believe in the principle of letting by-gones be by-gones. I fancy, however, that your last sale of basswood nutmegs to a lately imported Irishman who started a little "dalings" in the City of Boston, was the immediate cause of your honoring the colony with your presence. Your sad song on leaving your native land might be interpreted into muskrat French thusly: "*Toward Je Quitte le Nille D'Hartford Le sayre vilie qui me donnez le monte. Il rit encore at les Bostonnais. And I pack mon bag straight for Canaday.*" When you crossed the lines, Jehial, you started into the eastern townshi pswith your wares; you sold your clocks and your ligneous hams, and made some money. Unfortunately a good purchaser who bought most of your wares paid you in "British gold," which you subsequently found to be, like your hams, of doubtful merit and value, and which were ultimately confiscated by the authorities, and you were very nearly going to *quod* for having base coin in your possession. How after this little episode you were compelled to pack the N. A. Land Company's pork on your back through the woods for a small pittance; how you got to Montreal, and eventually up to the banks of blue Ontario, I will not describe, altho, Jehial, I might do so if I chose. Now it was in these days of shin-plasters, poverty, sedition, and family compacts that an El Dorado presented itself to your view. You had some money. You went into beef contracts for the militia; you bought up notes. You in a short time held mortgages on lands, farm and otherwise, and when the rebellion was over, the 'patriots' hanged or exiled, you Jehial came to the front even as the historic Muldoon, a solid man!

Since that time you have been into every-thing in the commercial line, you kept 'store,' you owned tanneries, you ran grist and saw mills, you have been a school trustee, a county councillor, a reeve, and now, Jehial, you are nothing less than a Canadian lord, a Senator! Your good wife has actually shaken hands with royalty. You, Jehial, have drank wine, (if not hob-nobbed) with Earls, Markessas, pompous colonists, and flash *aides de camp*, and I am told that you now can, and do put on all the airs of an old country aristocrat, who has country seats and baronial acres all over England, Ireland, and Scotland, and perhaps £20,000 a year! I am further assured that it is the great object of your honored lady, Mrs. D., to outshine all the rest of the fashionables "jest

to show 'em she's as good as they be." Now see here, Jehial, if Clarrisy Jane Pratt that was, and is now the wife of you, Senator Doolittle, were clad in purple, with a pock of diamonds distributed about her person, she would never be able to fill the bill as a great lady, so don't let her try it anymore. Her talk gives her away, and so does yours, Senator Doolittle, so don't you get too high strung on account of your Senatorship, for your knowledge of law or its application to legislation is limited to Division Court suits, and that of the amenities of high society *nil*. Therefore, altho' I rejoice in your eminence, I would merely suggest, Jehial I., Doolittle Senator, that you keep yourself quietly in the back ground, rejoice in your good luck, but don't presume upon it or your Senatorship to intrude yourself or your missus into 'genteel' society, for your ways are not their ways and you will only get despised and snubbed for your pains. Think of this little suggestion my Honorable Jehial; if you don't, look out for another letter from your friend and monitor,

DANGER.

## GRIP'S CLIPS.

## HE PLUGGED IT UP.

One of our business men has learned something. Near the end of his first year's renting of a telephone he concluded that it was too expensive and intended to have it taken out. He neglected to do so for a month or two after his year expired, and then he called at the office to pay up and have the instrument removed. When the manager told him he would have to pay for the overtime he kicked like a mule.

"Why—why," he spluttered, "I shouldn't be charged with what I didn't get or use."

"But the instrument was there, and you could have used it if you wished to."

"No—no—no, I couldn't, for just the very day the year was out I plugged it up and hain't touched it since."

Sure enough, investigation showed that he *had* plugged the receiver chock-full of paper, his idea being that this would prevent further expense to the company. He paid up.

## LEAP YEAR IN SPAIN.

I noticed that a Spanish girl of my acquaintance held her fan half-open. I asked the philosophy of the thing.

"Why you wouldn't have me hold it any other way, would you?" she said with mild surprise.

"What difference does it make?"

"All the difference. If I keep it closed it means I hate you."

"Heaven forbid!"

"And if I opened it wide, it means I love you."

As she began to open it, I fled.

## COULD GET HIM AGAIN.

"I haven't seen your dog for several days," said a Somerville husband to his wife.

"No," she replied, "the fact is I have given him away."

"Why, you needn't have done that. I had no particular objection to him."

"Oh, I know that; but I thought it was not right for me to have a pet dog about the house, when I have such a good, kind husband to lavish my affections upon."

The husband sank into the chair with a deep sigh.

"How much do you want, Mary?" he asked as he drew his wallet from his pocket: "it can't be a sealskin saque, for the winter is nearly over."

"No," she said, "it is not a sealskin saque; but I really would like a new silk for the spring, and you know it's got to be bought and made and all that."

"Now," he said as he handed her the money, "what proof of your affection will you give me when you want another dress, since you have given away your dog?"

"Oh," she said, "I have given the dog to my sister, and I can get him back again."—*Somerville Journal*.

## TRUE INDEPENDENCE.

Our clever New York *contem*. *Puck* has just completed his seventh year, and signalizes the occasion by a few appropriate remarks, in the course of which he says:—

For this coming year of the Presidential campaign, we have only one pledge to make—that as we have been, we shall be, independent, after that true fashion of independence that does not fear to enter into loyal alliance with what is right. Whatever may come of the campaign, whatever enemies we may make, we are sure that if we keep to this rule we shall come out of that period of bitter contention only more firmly established in the confidence of the people—even among those with whom we have differed. Passion cool, justice comes, and justice values honest opposition more highly than thoughtless or interested partisanship.

GRIP quotes this as a neat and precise definition of his own attitude in politics, and hopes it may be clear enough even for the narrow understanding of those who are in the habit of misjudging his utterances.

## A SAFE DEPOSIT.

"Mamma, what is that building?"

"A bank building, dearie."

"Is that where papa keeps his money?"

"Yes, dearie."

"Mr. Faro keeps it, don't he mamma?"

"Why, no; dearie!—What a question!"

"Well, I heard papa say he'd left a thousand dollars at Faro's Bank Saturday night, anyway?"

"He did, did he?" (aside) "Well, that's one safe deposit he's made, anyway! I know now why he refused me a new dress, new gloves and hat yesterday. Oh! but I'll make him regret the day he was born!"

"What's the matter, mamma?"

"Nothing, dearie, only I'm going to have a few words to say to your papa concerning Mr. Faro's bank!"—*Ashmore Toothpick*.

"Yes," said she proudly to the sister who was taking Sunday lunch with her, "I believe I noticed minutely every dress in church this morning." "My dear," remarked her scapegrace of a husband who had remained home as usual, "did you notice the address?" And she was greatly ruffled and seemed to loose the thread of her conversation, especially as the wretch continued, in a tone which nearly killed her, "I trust at least you observed its texture."—*Ovid (Mich) Union*.

The great fire at the cigar factory of S. Davis & Son, Montreal, would be regarded as a disaster by most people, but this happy firm, having rebuilt their premises and got to work again, now smile contentedly and declare that they rather like the idea of cigars being burned up. They are sending out millions of *Cables* and *El Padres* for the express purpose of cremation, and smokers who like a good weed are doing all they can to aid in the combustion of these goods.

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

## SUMMER DAWN.

AN IDYL.

The clouds grow red athwart the eastern sky,  
The stars wax faint in their far realm of grey;  
The nightingale, from his light wing on high,  
Seems to rejoice at approaching day.

A lonely man with staff, and bent with years,  
Looks to the East, as in the days of old  
The wise men looked; oh grave mysterious seers,  
Following the stars with frankincense and gold.

He met a stranger on his weary path,  
Well clad, with pleasant face and kindly eye,  
Who'd crossed the fields amid the aftermath,  
And spoke the poor man as he plodded by.

Quoth he "Oh aged man why on the road?  
Why look you thus upon the rising sun?  
Is your soul freighted with some heavy load?  
Perhaps, indeed, some evil deed you've done?"

The old man paused—said he, "In on the brink  
Of this life's boundary. The promised land  
Is not far off. Had I a drop to drink  
I would not care, I'm faint—I scarce can stand

The stranger said, "Come with me." They did his  
To the fine house of the good gentleman,  
Who gave the tramp a segment of stale pie,  
And clear cold water in an ancient can.

The old man rose, glared at him in disgust,  
And heaved a deep and melancholy sigh,  
Then said, "Old snoozer, tho' I'm almost bust,  
Hang me, if I want water and old pie!"

No! Keep your pumpkin pie, it's somewhat stale,  
The water, too, I don't to you begrudge,  
I've lived much better in the county jail—  
Old Pard, this morning I require my budge!"

And the wanderer picked up his staff  
And went his way, and e'er the sun was high  
He sought a hostelry, where he did quaff  
A pint imperial of good old rye.



## A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

## CHAPTER I.

There was an air of discomfort around the room in which Desmond Dabbles sat. There was no fire in the stove or meat in the cupboard, yet Desmond sat in his chair deep in the throes of poetic composition, regardless of his numbed toes or empty stomach. The work he was employed upon was too mighty to give one thought to mundane matters. The soul-absorbing task was "An ode to woman." As he threw off sheet after sheet his blood coursed through his veins, warmed his toes and gave an imaginary beefsteak to his erewhile craving stomach. He had reached the couplet:

"With beautiful voice can she express,  
The moments of her deep distress,"

when a wild despairing cry rang out on the midnight air. Dabble's every nerve quivered at the sound. Dropping his pen, he bounded from his chair, stepped on a roll of manuscript which threw him against the stove, skimming his nose. Recovering himself with an effort he threw up the window and peered into the darkness. The same sad cry rang out again. It was indeed a woman in distress, and he, of all men, should rescue her. Seizing a bowie knife and a revolver he dashed madly into the darkness in quest of the owner of that voice.



## CHAPTER II.

Dabbles, now in the darkness, knew not which way to turn. As he looked around for some clue to guide him, the cry trembled on the air once more. Rushing in the direction of the sound, he found himself impeded by a tall fence. By a superhuman effort he succeeded in clearing a way and dashed on. As the cry arose again it was intermingled with the hoarse murmur of a human voice. His poetic mind at once pictured the situation:—some fair creature with her long black hair floating in the wind, with clasped hands and throbbing breast, bending low beneath the glare of some brutal villain, black-bearded and evil-eyed. Just at this moment the black clouds which overhung the heavens like a pall separated, and the silver moon shone forth its refulgent rays, disclosing a scene which made Dabbles' heart stand still.

What was the scene? See next chapter.



## CHAPTER III.

In the previous chapter Dabbles was left in an heart-rending situation. As he gazed upon the scene which he had bounded miles to witness, his soul was moved to desperate action.

The owner of the cry which rang so wild and mournfully on the midnight air was before him—a tiger-marked female cat fast by the leg in a man-trap, whilst the possessor of the hoarse murmur was her husband Mr. Thomas Cat, sitting upon a barrel a short distance away, gazing upon the agonies which his wife was enduring, powerless to help her.

The revolution was too much for Desmond Dabbles, whose poetic nature and empty stomach could not stand it, so he quietly stabbed himself in seven places, and shot himself in four others, only to recover and be placed in a lunatic asylum, where he raves about women in distress.

TITUS A. DRUM.

THE END.

A Columbus grocer received this order from a customer: "Please send in by barer two pounds of shughar, a blackin brush, five pounds of coffee, and some little nails, my wife had a baby last night, also two padlocks and a monkey wrench."—Scissors.

## THE POLITICAL TINKERS.

A DRAMATIC ABSURDITY.

## ACT I.

SCENE.—A meeting of Conservative electors. As the curtain ascends, a number of meek and mild men are discovered twaddling their thumbs and turning up the whites of their eyes.

CHAIRMAN:—Brother electors, we are met to support the policy of the present great and glorious Dominion Government. The first resolution will be submitted.

FIRST SPEAKER:—The resolution I have the honor to propose reads: "Resolved that this meeting of—electors approves of the entire course of policy pursued by the present government, believing it to be soul-elevating in its gloriousness and immensity." Brother electors, my heart is with the motion. Down with the grinding Grits.

SECOND SPEAKER:—I second the motion. Three cheers for the N. P., and destruction to the Reform humbugs. (The proposition is put and carried amidst wild cheers.)

CHAIRMAN:—Thanks for your enthusiastic support.

The company file out to the time of the dead march.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—A meeting of Grits. The rising of the curtain presents a scene of great excitement; cries of "humbugs, snides, order, N. P. bosh," and catcalls are heard on all sides. Quiet is at length obtained by the aid of several powerful policemen.

CHAIRMAN:—Now that you have had your fun, let us proceed to business. F. S. will submit the first resolution.

FIRST SPEAKER:—Brother electors, the resolution I have had placed in my hands reads: "Resolved that this meeting of Reformers is of opinion that the so-called N. P. of the Dominion government is disastrous in all its workings and calls for the severest condemnation of the entire community."

(Tumult renewed, cries of "weak," "rot," "no point," and hisses.)

SECOND SPEAKER (excitedly):—I move as an amendment—

CHAIRMAN:—The original motion has not been seconded.

(It is seconded by an elector with pale face and long hair.)

SECOND SPEAKER (resuming):—I move as an amendment the following: "Resolved that this meeting is of opinion that the N. P. of the present government is diabolically wicked, is insanely and infernally worked, and if persisted in will convert the country into one teeming mad-house; it therefore calls for the severest condemnation and the most righteous indignation of every sane man in the Dominion."

(The amendment is seconded by twenty ferocious electors, and when put, carried with an overwhelming majority. More inflammatory speeches, and the electors stay until kicked out by the landlord.)

## ACT III.

SCENE.—A Tory wire-pullers office. Wire-puller seated behind desk. He picks up a letter and reads.

TORY W.P.:—Ah! that is good. "Approves of entire course of policy" eh! I'll wire Sir John that the people have the greatest confidence in him. Personally, I should like to see another election.

(A knock is heard. Enter Grit wire-puller cautiously, who winks knowingly at the T. W. P., and hands him the Grit resolution.)

GRIT W.P.:—How does that act on your nerves, brother?

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(T.W.P. reads carefully to end, his face wreathed in smiles, then gleefully rubs his hands.)

TORY W.P. :- Good, good, my friend, work up the ferment and we'll soon line our pockets with Dominion dollar-bills.

(They discuss earnestly together for some time, then separate, with great display of friendship.)

CURTAIN.

THE NEW SHAKESPEARE.

"Andromeda! did'st note the alti yester-e'en within the organ loft when thine own Henrico did'st attune him for the invocation in the vesper chant?"

"Not I, Henrico! Me e'en were fastened on the misfit redingote Beatrice Marcia wore—a very Caliban of garbs—a vile distortion of a sottish mantau-maker—that would have ta'en old Momus so with laughter that e'en like gelantine would his paunch have quivered!"

"Nay, an' thine e'en were better given to more fitting things."

"A jest, Henrico?"

"An' if it be, Andromeda, thou need'st not jest-ure so! Attend unto this tale of choir-like amenity: As erst I gave thee hint, just as me lips were trem'ulous with me portion of the vesper chant, the alti took from that crude knave Vingardo—he that doth bail his notes

from deep intestinal—a goodly number of those fibrous nuts which snap and crackle almost as loudly as they do smell, and with a porcine gusto did masticate the same e'en until it came to pass that, as a horse doth champ his bit, so did her jaws rude calisthenics make the while Henrico grappled with the score tenori."

"The jade! The wizen-featured wench? But she shall rue the day she chastened thee with this affront! Knowest thou her special weakness, Henrico?"

"I do, sweet syren of my melting moods!"

"Give it me, delicious conqueror of me irony!"

"It is a deep, a lasting detestation of the onion!"

"Praised be the gods for this sweet morsel, good my lord! for by that token comes there dear revenge. When next the Sabbath brings its invocation to the minstrel band that laves the weekly worshippers with sacred melody, it shall be mine to batten on the morning stew, wherein a copious onion hath been interject, and when I greet the alti f' the organ loft, e'en tho' it be a nostrum to me taste, her will I kiss with fervor so intense that she will sentiment be with garlic taint for many a gruesome day, e'en so that when the grim Vingardo doth her lips ensample 'twill seem to him as 'twere a leek he'd ta'en into his confidence."

"Heaven's benisons on thee for that thought, fair maid!"

"Vast thee, knight! It needs no keener goad than that some rivalry which every choir brews 'twixt alti and soprani to nerve me to this deed, an' if it bane me breath for weeks, I'll do't, so help me Borgia."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Miss Simmers and Miss Littlebud were discussing a handsome and popular physician lately.

"I like him ever so much," said Miss Simmers.

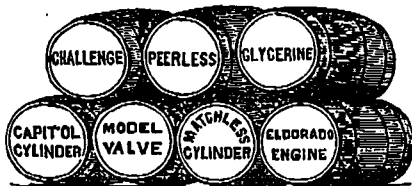
"Oh, so do I," replied Miss Littlebud; "but he gives one such awful medicine."

"Oh, I don't mean his physic," tittered Miss Simmers, "I mean his physique."

Then they giggled in chorus.

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