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PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT, REMOVES DANDRUFF, AND PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR. ALL THE LADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT.

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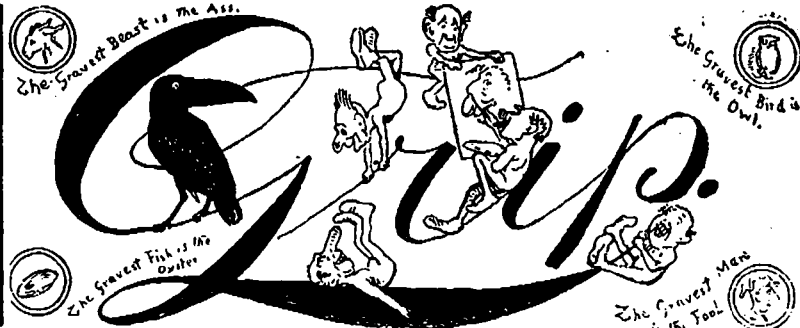
IMPORTER.



CHINA HALL.

GLOVER HARRISON

49 KING ST. E., Toronto.




The Greatest Beast is the Ass.

The Greatest Bird is the Owl.

The Greatest Men is the Fool.

GLOVER HARRISON,

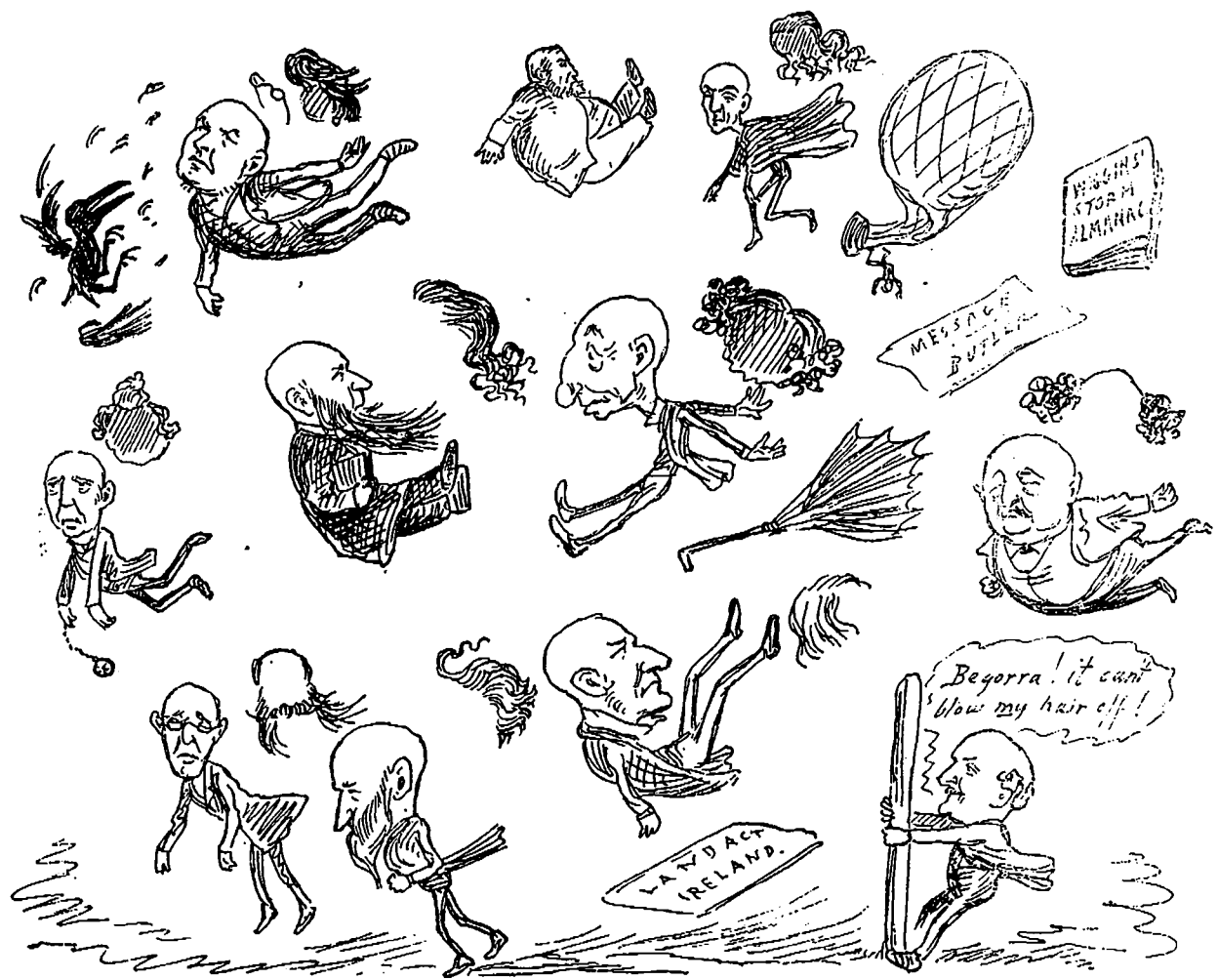


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Fair Portia's counterfeit? What
Bath come so near creation?
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE,
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing
Company of Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH, S. J. MOORE,
Editor & Artist. Manager.
FRED. SWIRE, B.A., Associate Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum,
payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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

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Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our
mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new
address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be
particular to send a memo. of present address.

TO WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTORS.

Please refer to paragraph in italics in last
week's issue, this column.

J. LOES—You have boiled all the juice out
of your subject, if there was ever any in it,
for it is uncommonly dry now—too much so
for us.

MR. JAWVIS, PETROLIA—In reply to your
curt epistle, we would state that if the style
of your contributions is anything like that of
your letter, our prices would be about one-
half cent per pound, and not that much unless
you write only on one side of your paper. We
want to use the other side for jotting down,
roughly, the conceptions of our gigantic in-
tellect.

DICK DUMPLING—To ensure publication,
contributions should contain, at least, a small
levain of humor and originality.

K. K., MONTREAL—Please don't rehash the
ideas and productions of others. If you can't
be original, go to, and saw wood. The Detroit
comic papers might appreciate your efforts,
however, but we want something really funny.

J. H. C., BRANFORD—Your Elegy on the
Death of a Mule reached us safely, but why
you should bother us with your family trou-
bles we cannot tell. The Elegy is, moreover,
a gross plagiarism, many of the lines being
taken holus bolus from Oliver Goldsmith's Mad
Dog and Mrs. Blaze poems, and as such is
unfitted for our columns.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Although a majority
of members of the new Manitoba Legislature
have been ostensibly elected to support Mr.
Norquay, there is good reason to believe many
of them will "bolt" if that gentleman gives
indications of again surrendering Provincial
rights to the federal authorities. Nobody
doubts Mr. Norquay's own willingness to oblige
Sir John; it is another question whether he
can carry Parliament with him.

FIRST PAGE.—Prof. E. Stone Wiggins' pre-
diction of a great storm on a certain day in
March of this year, has caused a wide sensa-

tion, which is likely to be increased by the
publication of an Almanac by that weather-
wise gentleman. March is ordinarily a windy
month, but it has never known such a blow as
the one foretold. If, as we anticipate in the
sketch, the wind on that occasion gets away
with the hair of people in general, the date
will always be remembered as that of the
great Wig-gins storm.

EIGHTH PAGE.—No comment is required in
this case beyond a perusal of any ordinary
number of the *Mail* in which you will be
pretty sure to find the double action machine
at work—dealing out panegyrics to the mem-
bers of the opposition and ditch water to the
"hon. gentlemen opposite." When are our
leading papers going to treat their readers to
something better than this fools' food or par-
tizan twaddle?

A FINE PICTURE.—We have been favored
with a private view of a very fine oil painting
of ex-Mayor McMurrich's two children, by Mr.
Patterson of this city, in whose studio the pic-
ture at present hangs. It is a magnificent piece
of work, perhaps the best specimen of the por-
trait painters' noble art ever seen in Canada,
and reflects infinite credit on Mr. Patterson.

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.—Enter JOHN
BROWN.—"Please, yer Majesty, hae ye seen
this buik o' whilk a' folks are claverin' the
noo?" V. R.—"Nay, good John, how is it
named? and of what treats it?" J. B.—
"They ca' it GREG'S Awmanac for aughteen
honored an' aughty three, an' it's aw about a'
things, ye ken, an' has a bit writin' by Sir
John A. Hanlan, the premier o' Canada, ye
ken, an' yer Majesty's cousin, Mac Swez, has,
aibbins, ane o' the best articles i' the buik."
V. R.—"Now, methinks that I recall to mind
that I have heard of that same work, and I
would fain encourage my young relative to
whom you refer, so, good John, order 3,000
copies at once of GREG'S COMIC ALMANAC FOR
1883; where may it be obtained?" J. B.—
"At a' buik stores, yer Majesty."

ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS.

I was perusing the paper the other day and
somehow or other my eye was arrested by this
paragraph in the prospectus of a Ladies'
Seminary, "*French is the language spoken in
the College.*" Possibly the name of the insti-
tution may have had something to do with
the matter, as I was engaged to attend at that
very college in my professional capacity—I am
an architect—on the following day, to arrange
about some alterations in some of the rooms.
"Ha, ha!" I said to myself, "it is now 13
years since I was on the European Continent,
and it will bring to my mind many reminis-
cences of *la belle France*, to hear nothing but
the language of that country spoken," and
with such fond anticipations I took my way,
next day, to the Ladies College. Upon my
arrival I was shown into the large drawing-
room which was to undergo several changes,
and between which and a back room were
two folding doors, at that moment partially
open, and through which I caught a glimpse
of several girlish figures. "I wonder," I
thought to myself, "whether the *servants* of
this institution converse in that polite lan-
guage which the prospectus mentions." My
doubts were quickly dispelled. "Well, yez
might have wiped yer brogues on the mat for-
ninst the dure, and not be dirrtyin' the flure
wid mud," said the housemaid who had es-
corted me. "No," I murmured, "that's

not French; however, I perceive, that the
prospectus was too modest, as it made no
mention of Russian." I apologized to the fe-
male from the area and she retired. I could
plainly overhear the conversation of the young
ladies in the adjoining room, and as I have a
great passion for hearing French spoken with
that pure accent for which Canadian ladies
are famous, I—I confess it—listened. "Say,
Julia," said No. 1, "didn't Reginald look
stunning? I'm clean mashed on him." "Oh!
ah baw lay garsong!" cried Julia, "I should
twitter to see myself gone on a feller with no
stamps and only eighteen. But, anyhow, I'd
make him anti up for all he's worth in the
way of *shokolau et crame day glass*." "You
bet your sweet boots," ejaculated No. 1,
that's just the kind of a hair-pin, I am."
"Surely," I said to myself, "that prospectus
was not concocted by any modern (i. W.
Why, that isn't French; maybe it is, tho',
for 13 years do make a difference." The con-
versation in the next room was here interrupt-
ed by the entrance of some one whom I took
to be a lady in authority, as the tones drop-
ped suddenly and a silence ensued, which was
broken by the voice of the last arrival saying,
"Vonnay, may fills, vonnay ay pronnay laire:
Le,—le—*l'architect* ah be sworn der wvor car
techomber: vonnay, may fills." "Wee, mer
praungipol," was the reply of the cultured
demoiselles. They then rose and left the
room, which I entered with a view of
seeing what the necessary alterations were to
be. As I was looking round the Rev. Princi-
pal of the College entered,—culture, lan-
guage, wit, form, color, etc., etc., stamped
upon every bump and depression of his mag-
nificent head and countenance. "Now,"
thought I, "for the pure Parisian accent"—
then, bowing to his reverence, I said, in very
choice French, "Pardon me, sir, but these
chambers of alterations a large number re-
quire." "Wee," he replied. "As to this
alcove, for example, you will it, in truth, dis-
establish, is it not so?" "Wee," he replied.
"Pleases it your reverence to make well the
doors folding or to them do away with?"
"Wee," he replied. "Oh! dash it! man," I
yelled, now thoroughly roused, "have some
gumption and tell a fellow what you want
and don't stand there like a bosthoon! You
must be a gay old omadhaun to run a feminine
menagerie, if you can't say anything but—"
"Wee," he replied.

I left the spot, and slammed the door be-
hind me. And I sail for France to-morrow, in
order to see whether the language of that
country has undergone the remarkable change
it *must* have done, if the accent, nowadays, is
the same as that given by those young ladies
at that Female College, in which "French is
the language spoken."

What branch of the Civil Service did the
principal glacial pillar in the Ice Palace at the
Montreal Carnival resemble? The Post of ice.
Gurroo! Put him out.

HIS REASON.—"What do you always wear
that confounded plug for?" asked Bumbleby
of Bluggs, alluding to the latter's stove-pipe
hat. "Oh," was the reply, "some ass is al-
ways boring me with his imbecile questions,
and I take that plug to stop the hole with."
They pass on.

PHENOMENAL.—"I'm suffering from sun-
stroke," said Michael O'Sullivan, as he entered
No. 1 Police Station, and dropped wearily on a
bench. "Impossible, man," replied the In-
spector, "It's frost-bitten ye mane." "I tell
ye it's son-stroke, for didn't my eldest b'y,
Pether, give me a polthogue wid his brogues,
that's nigh kill me, an' I want him arristed
immediatly."

HEAD GEAR TO ORDER.

Last week, by an odd freak of absentmindedness, our artist arrayed the Editor of the *Globe* in a Scotch bonnet. Mr. Cameron is a Canadian, and we understand that it is his desire to appear in no borrowed plumage. We are willing and anxious to rectify the blunder, but it puzzles us to know just what kind of hat or cap is distinctively Canadian. One of the disabilities of a dependency is that it has no head-gear it can call its own. How would this look?



On second consideration, this is hardly becoming to a man in a position of such awful responsibility as Mr. Cameron occupies.



As it is reported that our esteemed contemporary has a little Irish blood in his veins, this style might be appropriate. The omission of the clay pipe from the band would be understood to mark the Canadianization of the hat.



This is a free and easy style, and would give the editor a *Mail*-defying appearance, but perhaps it is a trifle loud.

Let us try on the Edward Blake sort of thing. There! Suits him to a T; but, as the weather editor of the *Globe* is Mr. Blake's acknowledged double, the felt-rowdy must be discarded.



No! this won't do at all—at least while Canada remains free from the jurisdiction of the American Congress. Take it off!



Too suggestive of Germany to be adopted as the typical cap of Canada, though a splendid thing to wear when writing hot-headed editorials.



Here we have something distinctively Canadian—at least the Montreal picture makers



and the English draughtsmen generally consider it typical. But Canada is not a French Colony, and Mr. Cameron is not a *habitant*.

Ah! now we have it! This shall be the typical tile of Canada—the nation of gentlemen; and if the *Globe* man will win a good specimen of it on the general election and give our artist a sitting, we'll promise to do him justice hereafter.



A SPELL-BOUND ODE.

A serpent, both wily and subtle,
Slid out from beneath a coal scuttle,
And glided, unseen,
'Neath a sewing machine
Where a woman was working the shuttle;
She was warbling a beautiful hymn
As it fastened its fangs on her hymn,
And created the dence
With its venomous juice,
Which filled up her veins to the brynn.

Pshe now psings melodi-us psalms,
In the land where pshe fears no adams,
And pshe psstrums on a harp
Braced up to P; pssharp,
In the kingdom of heavenly calms.

But w'at of the serpent? Oh! well,
He retted by a short route to Hades,
(This is not a good rhyme.)
I refer to the chlyme
Which is hot with a sulphury smell.

WHERE MY LOVE LIES DREAMING.

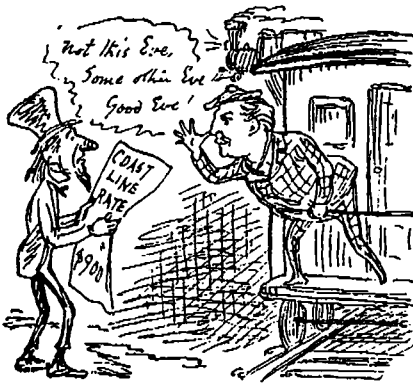
"My worst fears are wealized and I am ruined."

Awful was the consternation amongst the assembled throng in Pat's hostelry as these words fell from the lips of the Hon. Beauclerc Belsize, as he flopped wearily on to an empty beer barrel, and vainly strove to stifle his emotion. "My poor fawther, how will he evah beah the blow?" Anxious sympathizers gathered round and besought an explanation, but for several minutes none was forthcoming. At length a look of stern resolve flitted across those patrician features, inherited from two generations of peers, and Beauclerc spoke. "Twere better to reveal this howwible thing than to cawwy so gweat a load wound with me any longah, by Jove! Aw! how I loved her. I met her on the sweet car and—loved. In thwee days we were made one, and I had nevah even inquired who she was or whence she came. I felt and wesponded to the pwomptings of my soul, and thought that I could not be wong. My nothah, the Countess of Bwusselspwouts, insisted that something should be ascertained wesppecting my adawed one's pahst cawcer, ere she could be wecognized as one of the family, but no! I wesolved that I would ahsk no questions till an explanation was volunteered. It never was, though I sometimes thought I detected a quivewing of Helen's lips which I twusted would be followed by a solution of the mystewy, but it came not. She was fah as fairwast flower, but I felt I had done wong in taking her to my heart as I had: but Love is stwong, and he downed me in thwee wounds.

'Tis now sevewal months since the bells of St. James' wang our mawwiage peal, and only last night did I discovah the howwible twuth."

The honorable here gave way to a perfect paroxysm of emotion, and blubbered like a chimpanzee with its tail caught in the hinge of a closed door. Mastering his weakness with a huge effort and gulping down the choking sobs like a Neapolitan swallowing macaroni, he continued. "Lahst night I found out that Felen talked in her sleep. I was awoused at midnight by low muttewings and disjointed wamblings fvwom her lips. I spwang up into a sitting posture and listened. At first I could make nothing of it, but at lahst the hideous twuth burst upon me in all its appawling defawmity, and my spinal mawwow fwozce. As I sat up and listened the words became clear and distinct, and again and again was the same sentence wewpeated, and I knew all, and I am ruined and disgraced for evah," and the son of an 'aughty hearl at 'ome bowed his head and shuddered.

"Well," said Marmaluke Spencer, the floorwalker at the sky-blue Behemoth, "make a clean breast of it, old fellow. You'll feel better; I only hope 'twas nothing awfully frightful." "It was, it was," howled Beauclerc; "she kept wewpeating at intervals of thwee seconds the words—the words—oh! my bwain, my bwain—" "What, what?" came from all sides as the auditors, wound up to a perfect frenzy of excitement, gasped with impatience. "Woaast beef, Irish stew, lamb chops, boiled pork or beefsteak pudden'," howled the Honorable Beauclerc Belsize, as he fell back in a swoon. Helen had given herself away in her dreams.



SCOTCHMAN vs. AMERICAN.

AN EPISODE IN THE GOVERNMENTAL TRIP.

"We'll make a big haul," said the Coast Line authorities, "The Marquis of Lorne passeth over our road, Let us 'bigger' and see what to charge; what a bore it is That these chaps don't come o'fener, and bring a big load.

Shall we charge them the same as such everyday traveller?

As the owners of a small city grog-shop or grocery? Let us heed not the sicklers for courtesy, cavaliers Who would have us allow such a chance to slip—No, siree."

So they made out a billet for dollars nine hundred, and placed it before that ah! guileless frank face, But lo! when our Lorne, bracing up, spake, they wondered!

And heard his remarks with unconcerned grace.

"On the line that they call Chesapeake and Ohio— They charged me five hundred for towing my kist, hence.

Your reasons I ask, pray tell me oh! why oh! You want twice the amount for but half of the distance.

'Tis true I'm a marquis, but I'll very much thank ee To tell me why I should thus brook imposition, And I won't. I'm a Scotchman and a match for a Yankee

Who tries his skin games on my sweet disposition.

Confound your old 'specials'; here aide-de-camp, porter,

You fellows just give me a hand with my traps, Sling em into this Pullman; and you, oh! Queen's daughter,

Jump in and ride cheaply; we'll eudire these chaps."

Oh! long were the mugs of those rail-siding portersates, As away sped the Marquis so swift as the wind, "Woe'er nameg's" they cried, "are no match for Scotch osten rates."

And the special was left, standing empty, behind.

MY DIARY.

AFTER READING DR. TANNER.

"A diet of carrots produces slowness and cunning; of turnips, great amiability; and of French beans, extraordinary irritability."—Dr. TANNER.

Jan. 3 I am determined to test the truth of Doctor Tanner's statements concerning a vegetable diet. I believe the fellow's a humbug, but I'll give his theory a trial.

Jan. 5. Have done so. Carrots, he avers, make 'people fidgety and sly. I have eaten two pecks. By Jingo! there's something in it, after all.

There goes that confounded tailor's collector. Wonder if he's going to bone me. Wonder if Col. Flintlock knows it was I who wrote that about his wife. Wonder how it feels to get a bullet in the ribs. Wonder if my landlord suspects I am going to move at midnight. Wonder if that "peeler" suspects me of anything. Must have been up to something last night after lodge. Can't stand this any longer. Try turnips. Tanner says they produce extreme amiability.

Jan. 5th. Have devoured a bushel. Yes, I feel that they have the effect claimed for them. Have promised to put up 80 lengths of stovepipes for Jenkins, who kicked me down

stairs two months ago. Wonder if he had been experimenting on French beans, which induce great irritability of temper, according to the doctor. Anyhow, I forgive him. I really love the fellow. Promised my wife a sealskin sacque. From her looks when I made this promise I judge she has been trying the carrot diet.

Jan. 10. Went out to purchase the sacque on credit. Imagine the dry goods gentleman has been indulging in carrots and French beans. Didn't get the seal skin sacque. Told my wife. Fancy she must have been gorging herself with French beans, too. I'll try French beans, hanged if I won't.

Jan. 15. Have chucked myself full of 'em. Kicked the tailor's collector out of doors clean across sidewalk. Hit the landlord, a la Sullivan, and blackened both his eyes, because the brute insinuated that I was removing my goods and chattels by stealth. He has been reading up Tanner, I think, and started in on carrots. Asked the "peeler" what in thunder he meant by passing my house so often? By Gomin! he has been eating French beans too, and arrested me for interfering with him whilst in the discharge of his duty.

Jan. 20. In jail, charged with five cases of assault and two of wife-beating. Ho! warder, bring me some turnips, turnips, turnips!

THE CRUSHED SPIRIT.

"Oh! I am an accursed thing."

Such were the startling words that gurgled from beneath the drooping, silken moustache of Hildebrand Boggs, as he cast his head on the table in front of him, and sighed and groaned and moaned, emitting low, weird, funereal, æolian harp-like sounds, similar to those produced by the wind as it sports with the boughs of an empty lager keg.

Angels might well weep to see this strong man wrestling with his great grief, his whole stalwart frame convulsed by the awful spasms of his internal agony.

His bride of a week—but one short, blissful, honey-at-thirteen-cents-a-pound week—crept softly to his side, and knelt down by him, toying caressingly with the manly No. 9 hand. What could this great grief be? Had her Hildebrand, the man she placed on a par with the angels, had he, could it be? Cooked his books? No, no; impossible. The accountant of the First Provincial Bank, in whom was reposed the utmost confidence of all, directors, managers, and the whole caboodle, could never betray his trust. Such a case would be without a parallel, and her Hildebrand would never be the organizer of such a movement. Then why his grief?

"What is it, my ownest, own Hildy?" she fondly asked, kissing the knee of his delicate lavender inexpressibles, "Tell your own, your very own Nancy."

"I cawn't, I cawn't p-p-pon honah, I cawn't," cried the grief-stricken accountant, as he sobbed aloud. "There must be no secrets between us, darling," she said. "Shoot it off."

With a strong effort, Hildebrand braced up, and staring wildly in front of him, spoke. "Dost remember that suit of clothes I wore when first we met?—Aye, 'twas three years ago next month—Dost?" (all bank officials speak thus in moments of dire peril and such.)

"I do, I do," replied his bonny bride. "Ha! 'tis well," continued Hildebrand, "till within three days ago those garments were still unpaid for." "Oh!" screamed Nanchuda, "and are you to be arrested at some horrid tailor's suit? Say not so; rather would I pawn my sweet little pup-pup-puppy, and discharge the horrid debt, than see thee in this awesome state." "Perish the thought," howled Hildebrand, "nay, 'tis worse than that. Listen. Fifty-six hours ago I paid

for those duds—"My noble husband—" "Interrupt me not. I paid for those clothes, and now, and now,—oh! I am an accursed thing." "Keep me not in suspense, but lay bare all thy troubles, Hildy." "And now" groaned the wretched man, "and now Trum-peller, the tailor, has bolted—skedaddled—left the country by stealth, and I, fool that I was, had paid him the night before he van-moosed the ranche. Oh! I am accursed."

BACK FROM THE MONTREAL CARNIVAL.



"VE just returned elated from the Montreal festivities. In our friendship with the Yankees this affair another rivet is. For governors of States were there with genial proclivities. To swear eternal friendship with the honored great in Canada. It would have done you good to see the eating and the drinking.

Here a mayor quaffed off a pint of 'dry' without so much as winking; There those governors poured the Moselle down till, owl-like, they were blinking. Then the fearless way they charged the buffets! No man dreamt of shrinking, 'Twas a fearful lot of sack to such a minimum of panada.

Oh! Grip you really should have seen that ice-house shining glassily, The sunbeams glinting, gleaming, and dancing wildly, "sass'y, As Jones, M.A., the dominie, said "Eheu! illud est gracile."

It looked just like an iceberg in a rozen polar ocean. Was it cold? you ask. Well, I should smile,—and did too, pretty often, 'Twas my method of endeavoring John Frost's sharp nips to soften.

With my nips I defeated his, drove nails into my coffin, As those temperance orators all say,—a most sepulchral notion.

Then the bonspiel, and the curlers, and the Hielan' men and 'soopers, They dodged around those skating rinks, as round a barrel, coopers

Go jumping blithely, as they do their noisy work of hoopers, And loud the icy halls are filled with "Soop her up auld Tammy."

"Ay! yon's the stroke." "Guid mon, Mac," and such like heathenish lingo, And then as every game was done 'twas now or some more stingo, I thought that they would "a' be fou," I did, by good St. Jings!

The champagne really was A. I. and if it wasn't damme!

The carnival is over, and these jolly times hysteriky, Are past and gone, the governors have scooted to Ameriky. So pitch this song in doleful clef, E flat would be the very key.

But times like these can't last for aye,—I hear you say, "No, luckily."

But, when another carnival comes off, pray send me, won't you, Grip,

To represent you? You of course to stand the damage of the trip, I'll do my best to honor you, and oft will, "fizz" and "whiskey" sip. Be sure I'll not disgrace you, but will keep my end up pluckily.

As long as I can stand;

Ay! mon, but it was grand.



THE NEW MANITOBA "RETRIEVER."

NORQUAY.—I DON'T KNOW WHETHER HE'LL FOLLOW YOUR GUN AS THE DEAD'UN USED TO, BUT IF HE WILL, YOU'RE WELCOME TO THE LOAN OF HIM.

Touchstone's Talk.

"And so the world wags."

Appropos of the slippery sidewalks, the following musical verses will not be out of place, though the *casus cadendi* as therein described is none of John Frost's work.

But why, let me ask, should orange and banana peels be so often selected by poets and funny men as the objects whereon to hurl their maledictions? I have watched an innocent bit of orange peel on the sidewalk, by the hour, and have never yet seen any one come to grief, either on it or on a plantain skin; but I have seen pedestrians go down, like wheat before the sickle, on some of the atrocious, hole-riddled sidewalks of this city, but respecting those neglected *paves* the aforesaid poets and funny men keep mutely and ingloriously mum. Let them tackle the subject, for there is a splendid chance for them to put in a word where it will do most good.



THE LITTLE BANANA PEEL.

Like a bar of the beaten gold
I gleam in the summer's sun;
I am little, I know, but I think I can throw
A man that will weigh a ton.
I send out no challenge bold,
I blow me no vaunting horn,
But foolish is he who treads on me;
He'll wish he had ne'er been born.

Like the flower of the field, vain man
Goeth forth at the break of day,
But when he shall feel my grip on his heel
Like the stubble he fadeth away;
For I lift him high up in the air
With his heels where his head should be;
With a down coming crash he maketh his mash,
And I know he's clear gone upon me.

I am scorned by the man who buys me;
I am modest and quiet and meek;
Though my talents are few, yet the work that I do
Has oft made the cellar doors creak.
I'm a blood-red republican born,
And a Nihilist fearless I be;
Though the head wear a crown, I would bring its
pride down,
If it sets its proud heel upon me.

—Burdette, in Harper's Magazine.

The dry goods clerk, as a rule, is a very harmless being, and is often the cause of a goodly amount of quiet and unostentatious laughter on my part. I have smiled to hear a strapping great fellow whom nature apparently made to exist on fat pork, beans and slumgullion, and lay low with his brawny arm, the giants of the forest in the grand Canadian backwoods, —I have gently snickered, I say, to see these creatures groan as they wrestled with a box of ribbons on a top shelf, or to hear them exhaust their heaven-hatched eloquence on the quality of the "shirtings," "towelings," and all the other "ings" and "lines" for which their establishment is without a peer. And it does make me feel better and more mildly ecstatic when I see one of these beings quietly snubbed, more especially if the snubber be of the opposite sex, as was

the case the other day with a "dry goods clerk" who had a most affected and ridiculous gait. He had to go to a distant part of the store for some article asked for by a party of feminine customers and he called out, as he swung himself off, "Walk this way, ladies." "But," cried a piquant little blonde,



"We can't walk that way; we never learnt that style, you know, and it would be too absurdly ridiculous for anything." Whereupon the counter-skipper retired to the wash-room and was seen no more that day; but it is understood that he is cultivating a mode of pedestrian locomotion which shall cause him to appear more like a man, and less like a human ourang-outang with a crick in its spinal column.

I am not of patrician lineage, though I revere and respect those who really are, if they are sensible and not puppyish withal, but I have a most awfully awful horror and contempt for those shams who endeavor to impress upon us Canadians, by their thinly veneered manners and snobbish pretences, that they positively were some bodies at 'ome. A true gentleman recognizes another instinctively, and it is only on shoddy that shoddy can be imposed as the genuine article; which moralizing dissertation puts me in mind of a little



story (as old Abe would have said), of a blustering individual who had insulted a quiet and unostentatious person who was getting the best of him in an argument respecting ancient family and so forth. "Sir," said the would-be aristocrat, "I should wish you to understand that my ancestors came over in the 'Mayflower.'" "That was natural enough," quietly replied the other, "there were no extradition laws in those days." Whereupon the stickler for pedigree walked away, remarking that "he was tired of talking to such vulgar cattle."

"There is no evil without its compensation," remarked the young man, "the shorter the summer, the less interest there will be to pay on the ulster." But as this is not summer, and the thermometer is 1° below, and the ulster is still there, what I should like to know is, what is he going to do about it, any way?
TOUCHSTONE.

"MADE NEW AGAIN."

Mrs. Wm. D. RYCKMAN, St Catharines, Ont., says: "R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y., I have used your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' for the last three months, and find myself—(what shall I say?)—'made new again' are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I now live (to the surprise of everybody), and able to do my own work."

"What is the use of chicory?" asks an exchange, "except to spoil coffee?" Well, now, did you ever? Where, in thunder, would a fellow get a whole, solid word to rhyme with "hickory" if it wasn't for that vegetable?

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

R. V. PIERCE, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.:

I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did not help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," and it cured me. Yours respectfully,

JUDITH BURNETT, Hillsdale, Mich.

EARS FOR THE MILLION!

Foo Choo's Balsam of Shark's Oil.

Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the only Absolute Cure for Deafness Known.

This Oil is abstracted from a peculiar species of small White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as *Carcharodon Rondelii*. Every Chinese Fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing were discovered by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1410. Its cures were so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for over 300 years no Deafness has existed among the Chinese people. Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at \$1.50 per bottle.

Hear what the Deaf Say!

It has performed a miracle in my case.

I have no unearthly noises in my head, and hear much better.

I have been greatly benefited.

My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

"Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation. Write at once to HAYLOCK & JENNEY, 7 Dey-street, New York, enclosing \$1.00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing so."—EDITOR OF MERCANTILE REVIEW.

To avoid loss in the Mails, please send money by REGISTERED LETTER.

Only imported by HAYLOCK & JENNEY, Sole Agents for America. Dey-st., N.Y.

HORRIBLE BUTCHERY.

A VERY, VERY DISMAL BALLAD.

IN COW-PLETS.

"Come, live with me, and be my bride,
Sweet Betsy Jane," the butcher side,
"I cannot liver 'nother day
If you from me should keep aweigh.
My heart loves you; for months I knew it:
I want your love, and now I sue.
Before I go, say you'll be mine,
I love you; 'tis no tender lyin'."
And then upon his manly shoulder
He drew her head; becoming bolder
With bonnet rib-bones, fluttering free,
He roved and played as he kissed she.
And soon, 'fore quarter of an hour
She loved him, aye, with all her power.
"And now," he said, "I must be goin',
For I can hear the cattle loin'.
A silver dollar you can steak
That I will many a visit make;
In very truth I am in luck;
Farewell, sweetheart, keep up your pluck."
And as good-bye the maid was biddin', he
Beheld her laugh, and deemed her kiddin' he (!)
Across the mead he slowly went,
On his fine prospects all intent,
When, chancing just to glance around,
Towards him jumped with bovine bound,
A bull, so brisket seemed to him,
That well he knew his chance was slim
To flank him or to shin a tree;
The butcher grieved him monstrous-lee,
For he was bull-dosed, so to speak,
And sorely rumped, cowed and weak.
"Hereafter I will heifer to steer,"
He cried, "from these wild cattle clear,
And I'll beware, in bulls and cows,
That quick contraction of the browse;
I feel a chill congeal my blood,
I can't escape,—I wish I cud."
And then with terror driven mad
He died. Here ends this oxtail sad.

THE CRICKETER ON SKATES.

Oh! in very truth 'twas a festive youth, a lawyer's
clerk, I think,
Who toddled away in the evening gray to the Granite
skating rink;
He was not *au fait* in the very best way to skate, and he
heaved a sigh,
As he watched from his seat the steel-bound feet of the
skaters flashing by.

But he was a cricketer skilled,
And he said to himself, "Pooh! pooh!
On the field, perhaps, I could show these chaps
In cricket a thing or two."

So he took his boot and his gimlet cute, and he bored a
hole in the heel,
And then with a twist of his pliable wrist he affixed the
glittering steel.
Then up he stood and remarked, "I should be more at
home, I think,
Standing up at the wicket in a game of cricket, than here
in this b'awsted rink."

And away he madly dashed
Like a wild, piratical rover,
And into a bevy of ladies crashed,
And—bowled a maiden over.



He picked her up with her terrier pup which, likewise, he
had spilled,
And the yells of the pair, the pup and the fair, the frosty
welkin filled.
Then away he went and his strength he spent in tumbles
"over" a "score."
'Twas plain to see that seldom had he had a skate on his
"leg before."

And he sprawled at a terrible rate,
As he muttered, "Without a doubt,
By the wicket keeper over there at the gate
I soon shall be 'put out.'"

In a quiet spot of the rink there "sot" two lovers "spoon-
ing" mildly;
The nook was dark and our legal spark steered towards
the sweet ones wildly;
He could scarcely stand, he had lost command over leg
and skate, and shoe,
And away he drove to that dark alcove,—he made a
drive for two.

And right on the lovers' twain,
As they sat and lovingly hugged,
He dashed like a Grand Trunk train
When the engineer is "mugged."



Ye gods! the shrieks and the feminine squeaks that rent
the icy air;
And how that lover when he *did* discover what was up
did howl and swear.
And he seized the cause—the student of laws—by the
neck, and he-aid, "You're wus
Than a wild beast brute—there, feel my boot—you or-
ni-tho-rink-cus.

"What's best to do with him now,
Shall I bounce him? I'm in doubt."
"Aye, aye," yelled all, "he caused this row."
And the youth was clean bowled out.



GRIP'S CLIPS, &c.

Rector: "Those pigs of yours are in fine
condition, Jarvis." Jarvis: "Yes, sur, they
be. Ah, sur, if we was all on us on'y as fit to
die as sur are, we'd do!"

The dollar diamond is an emblem of false-
hood. That is the reason the hotel clerk who
wears one on his breast will lie to you about
the best rooms being full.—Puck.

"That parrot of mine's a wonderful bird,"
said Smithers; "he cries 'Stop thief!' so
naturally that every time I hear it I always
stop. What are you all laughing at, any-
way?"

A Michigan father writes to the faculty of
Yale:—"What are your terms for a year?
And does it cost anything extra if my son
wants to learn to read and write as well as to
row a boat?"

An editor was knocked down the other day
by a highwayman, who demanded his valu-
ables. The poor man took out his scissors to
pass them over to the highwayman, but the
latter thought it a revolver and immediately
retreated.

Grace Greenwood, while riding in a Wash-
ington horse-car recently, was thrown by a
sudden jerk into a gentleman's lap, when she
said, "I beg pardon, sir; but you see I am a
Lap-lander."

It doesn't pay to be ill-natured. Laugh
and be jovial! It is just as well to kick a
hook agent down stairs to the music of a
merry, ringing laugh as to utter oaths and
abusive words.

An Alabama editor winds up an editorial on
the corn crop of the past year with the remark:
"We have on exhibition in our sanctum a pair
of magnificent ears." This might apply, very
appropriately, to other offices than that of the
Alabama man.

"Prof. Beal says that celery, if packed in
moss and placed on a cool spot in the cellar,
will retain its flavor and freshness all winter."
Maybe so, maybe; but we should think it
would taste a little celery, eh?

There is nothing so despised by the stupid
journalist as brilliancy—by the hard-bound
journalist as facility—by the weaver-eaten
journalist as prosperity—by the lazy journalist
as energy—or by the brilliant journalist as
stupidity.—*Atlanta Constitution*.—We despise
stupidity.

"Papa, are those ducks geese?"

"My son, those are swans."

"Swans of what, papa?"

"Swans of water, my son."

"Then it is going to rain, papa?"

The reason there is no point to this joke is
that you can't make a pun on *swan* and *sign*
in English, and the French son-of-a-mitrailleuse
could.

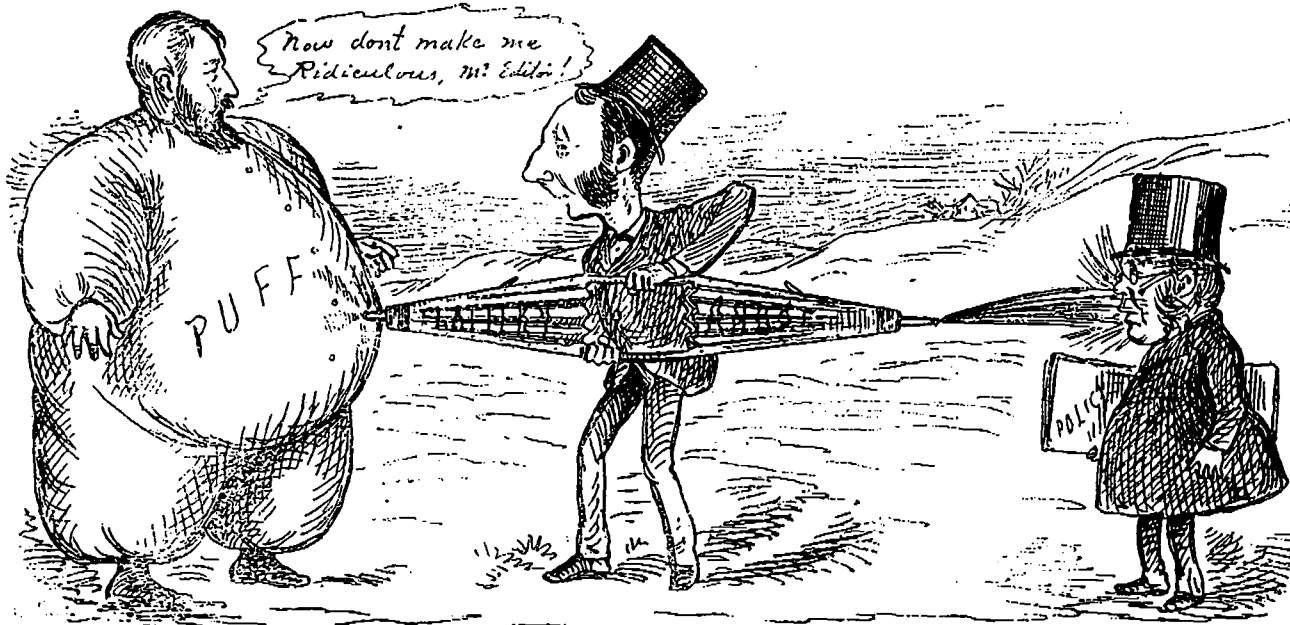
Now, for instance, here are some pictures
from Germany. The horses wear No. 12 eyes,
ladies' size. The clouds are eleven miles
thick, and the edges are fringed with moun-
tains. The babies have lips big enough for a
clamecko, and, wings and all, these babies
weigh 397 pounds apiece. The heroes are
nine feet across the calf and the ends of their
little toes would fit into the top of a chimney.
Art is long and time is fleeting.

Roadside Chat: Old epigrammatic conver-
sation between a clergyman and traveller:
C. I've lost my portmanteau. T. I pity your
grief. C. My sermons are in it. T. I pity
the thief. A more seldom and altogether
more Arkansaw way of holding a similar con-
versation would be: C. I've lost my denijohn.
T. I pity your grief. C. My whisky was in
it. T. Let's look for the thief.—*Arkansaw
Traveller*.

"Talk about memory," said an Arkansaw
man, "I've got the most retentive memory of
any man in the country. I can remember
things that occurred when I was a child."
"I don't think your memory is so very good,"
said an acquaintance. "You borrowed \$10
from me some time ago and you have forgotten
the circumstance." "No sir, you are wrong.
You have doubtless noticed that I kept out of
your way. Well, that is on account of my
memory."—*Traveller*.

The following is told of Saphir, a deformed
Jew, who lived centuries ago in Germany:
He was travelling in a stage coach in company
with two Jesuits, who made allusions to the
personal appearance of Saphir, and were dis-
posed to make fun of him generally. He put
up with this for some time, but finally he
asked: "Who are you two fellows, anyhow?"
"We belong to the Society of Jesus." "Which
Society of Jesus—the first or the last?"
"What do you mean?" "Well, his first
society were donkeys, in the manger, and his
last were thieves, on Mount Calvary. Now, I
want to know to which of these societies you
belong."

Among anecdotes of first nights of new
pieces the following deserves a place. It was
the first night—and morning—of "Monte



THE MAIL'S PATENT DOUBLE-ACTION BELLOWS: OR, WIND AND DIRTY WATER.

Cristo," a drama which, for its length, might have been of Chinese origin. At a quarter before one in the morning the curtain rose upon the last act. Mr. Charles Fechter, in the character of the hero, is discovered seated in a contemplative attitude. Like the ghost in "Alonzo the Brave," "he moved not, he spoke not," but there came from the gallery in a clear, somewhat sad, but gentle voice, these words: "I hope we are not keeping you up, sir." The effect may be imagined.—*London Society.*

A LITTLE SLOW.

"Conductor!" exclaimed an elderly gentleman, looking up from the Bible he had been anxiously poring over for some minutes, "Conductor, I can't find anything about this train in the Scriptures. Where is it? Show it to me!"

"What did you expect to find about it?" growled the conductor.

"Isn't there something about it here somewhere?" asked the old man, looking up innocently. "Isn't your time-table here either?" and he fumbled over the leaves, and appeared puzzled about the thing.

"Of course it isn't," responded the conductor. "That Bible all happened eighteen hundred years ago."

"And we must have started just before it was out?" mused the old gentleman, putting the book back in the rack. "Perhaps there's something about it in the revised edition; got a revised edition?"—*Drake's Travellers' Magazine.*

OUT YESTERDAY.

Lively and gay in the afternoon,
Fresh from her toilet rosy and bright,
Out for a stroll with her odyssey spoon,
Filled with the warmth of young love's light,
Came a maid—
A charming, well dressed, and high-toned maid,
As her feet,
Which were neat,
Touched the street,
They did meet
The hard sleet,
Ah, the cheat—
On the flat of her back she was laid.

As the cold begins to strengthen, thermometer lies begin to lengthen.

ACROSTIC.

Genuine fun with sparkling wit combined,
Reader, in one small volume you may find;
Ingenious rhymings, mirth-provoking tales,
Puns, pithy paragraphs, the well-pleased reader hails:
Surely such virtues should command large sales.

Advance then, ye who long to grow obese:
Laughter will speedily your charms increase,
Making some tempting diables in your fatty tissue,
And causing rosebud lips to long to kiss you.
Nay, be not angry, but pursue your festive way,
And buy this little tome sans more delay.
Cents twenty-five, no more, than needs must pay.

Scan this acrostic and it makes you see
GRIF'S ALMANAC: then add the date--1, 8, 8, 3.

As tight trousers are now going out of style
the young swells can have them stuffed with
sand and sell them to the police for clubs.

"Whistlers are always good-natured," says
a philosopher. Everybody knows that. It's
the folks who have to listen to the whistling
who get ugly.

ETERNAL FITNESS.—It is stated, on good
authority, that a great many of the Winnipeg
"big bugs" are leaving that city for Scratch-
ing river.

Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are
perfect preventives of constipation. Inclosed
in glass bottles, always fresh. By all drug-
gists.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use
thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing
have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy,
that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VAL-
UABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Ex-
press & F. O. address, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostra-
tion caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakeful-
ness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, result-
ing in insanity and leading to misery, decay, and death;
Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either
sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea, caused by
over exertion of the brain, self-abuse, or over-indulgence,
Each box contains one month's treatment. \$ a box,
or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of
price. With each order received by us for six boxes,
accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our
written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment
does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by
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(Office upstairs), Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in
Canada.

"The Only one in America."

The International Throat and Lung Institute, Toronto
and Montreal, is positively the only one in America where
diseases of the air passages alone are treated. Cold in-
halations are used through the Spirometer, an instrument
or inhaler invented by Dr. M. Souville of Paris, ex-
surgeon of the French army, with proper dietetic, hygi-
enic, and constitutional treatment suitable to each case.
Thousands of cases of Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis,
Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness and Consumption have been
cured at this institute during the last few years. Write,
enclosing stamp for pamphlet, giving full particulars and
reliable references to 173 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.;
13 Phillip's Square, Montreal, P.Q.

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