

IMPORTER,
GLOVER HARRISON,
CHINA HALL
49 KING ST. E., Toronto



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• GRIP •

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

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

*(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with
Grip once a month.)*

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

No. 1, Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.....	Aug. 2.
No. 2, Hon. Oliver Mowat.....	Sep. 20.
No. 3, Hon. Edward Blake.....	Oct. 13.
No. 4, Mr. W. F. Meredith.....	Nov. 22.
No. 5, Hon. H. Mercer.....	Dec. 20.
No. 6, Hon. Sir Hector Langovin.....	Jan. 17.
No. 7, Hon. John Norquay.....	Feb. 14.
No. 8, Hon. T. B. Pardee.....	Mar. 23.
No. 9, Mr. A. C. BELL, M.P.P.:	
Will be issued with the number for..... April 26.	

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

NUMBER THREE.

The Illustrated War News, published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company, grows in popularity with every issue. The demand for Nos. 1 and 2 is still brisk, although very large editions have been issued. No. 3, which is now ready for delivery, is decidedly superior in every way to either of the former issues. The pictures, which occupy four pages, are executed with a high degree of artistic skill, and represent the latest incidents connected with the Rebellion—the views given being authentic and drawn from sketches made by Mr. F. W. Curzon, special artist of the War News with the Royal Grenadiers. The subjects of illustration are: "B" Battery crossing a gap on the C. P. R.; the Grenadiers' terrible march to Nepigon; the Mounted Police at Battleford; Col. Miller (Q. O. R.) and the mutinous drivers at Jack Fish Bay; Portraits of Col. Crozier and Lord Melgund; the Grenadiers at Desolation Camp; the trip on flat cars, C. P. R.; the upset; sleeping in the hold of a schooner at Port Munroe.

In addition to the above a double-page supplement, entitled

WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TROUBLE?

by J. W. Bengough, is given. This caricature is considered one of the funniest things that

has ever come from Mr. Bengough's pencil, and will be enjoyed by both political parties. It contains capital hits at Sir John, Blake, Mackenzie, Dewdney, Mills, Piapot, the C. P. R., etc., etc., and suggests every possible theory as to the origin of the trouble. The paper is, as usual, elegantly printed in tints. Copies will be sent post free on receipt of the price, 15 cts., or may be obtained from local stationers.

The publishers of the War News have been so fortunate as to secure the services of Capt. Allan, an accomplished journalist, as editor. Capt. Allan's military training and special knowledge of the North-West Territories peculiarly fit him for the duties which he has undertaken.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—Messrs. Bunting, Meek, Wilkinson and Kirkland were duly tried before Chief Justice Wilson and a special jury last week, and pronounced not guilty of the charge laid against them of conspiring to upset the Mowat Government by bribing a number of its supporters. In the opinion of the jurors there was not evidence to show that they had actually plotted together, and consequently there could have been no conspiracy in the legal meaning of the word. The Chief Justice also pointed out that as there was no resolution of want of confidence committed to writing, there could have been no actual bribery of anybody to support such resolutions, and this was the essence of the alleged crime. No words can express the "aghastitude" of the Local Ministry and the Grit party generally at the result of the long delayed trial.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Beaudry, for many years Mayor of Montreal by virtue of the vote of the rough element, has been at last replaced by a better man—Mr. Beaugrand, the popular young journalist. But Mr. Beaudry is determined that Montreal shall not vindicate her name as an intelligent city if he can prevent it, and he has therefore set himself the task of unseating Mr. Beaugrand. For this purpose he has trumped up some trivial charges, such as that the mayor elect is an American citizen, etc., etc., and is pushing them with the energy of despair. Mr. Beaugrand can afford to smile at the frenzy of the vanquished dignitary, and he does so. Meantime Montreal revels in the possession of a mayor who adorns the position—quite a novelty for the commercial metropolis.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Our esteemed brethren of the News, World and Telegram are well known to be the most obliging of men, ready to make sacrifices of all sorts for the good of the public. This they proved a fortnight ago by getting out their papers on Sunday, foregoing their usual Sabbath rest and the customary services of the sanctuary in order to do so. It is

sad to record that the people of Toronto were very far from appreciating this goodness; on the contrary they took immediate action to see that the offence—for such they actually considered it—should not be repeated, and so our Sundays will continue for some time to be unenlivened by the musical notes of the newsboys. This will save the enterprising editors a great deal of trouble, and, on the other hand, will not do the day of rest any injury.



The editor of the Sheffield (Eng.) Blade getting up an unusually good number.

CALLING OUT THE HALIFAX TROOPS.

Sergeant on his way to warn officers and men. Knocks at door.

Lieutenant (looks out of window).—What d'ye want, sergeant?

Sergt.—Orders for the front at once, sir. Came to warn you.

Lieut.—Oh, b'Jove, no, I say. I cawn't go, y'know. My ma wouldn't let me go, y'know. I say, sergeant, y'know, I shall resign, b'Jove.

Sergt.—All right, sir. (Knocks up a captain.)

Capt.—Well, sergeant, what brings you round? Looks quite warlike, you know! By George, I wish we could get a chance to do a bit of fighting. I fe—

Sergt.—Well, sir, you've got it. Orders come to go to the front at once, sir.

Capt.—Oh! come, I say, sergeant, you're joking, ain't you, now?

Sergt.—No, sir; regiment's ordered out.

Capt.—Well, I shawn't go. I've got a cold; I'm sick—sprained my ankle. Say, sergeant, my wife wouldn't hear of my going. I might be shot, y'know; positively, I might. Here, take these things. I'm a civilian; can't call out civilians. (Hands out uniform, sword, belt, etc., and goes down cellar.)

CANADIANS IN NEW YORK.

The Canadians in New York City—there are hundreds, if not thousands of them—propose forming an association for mutual fellowship and the accomplishment of some common object. This happy idea owes its origin to Messrs. W. A. Shortt, R. B. Cummings and W. B. Allison, who have taken the first step by issuing a circular to Canadian residents. GRIP will be glad to hear of the establishment of this society, as it cannot fail to do good. If we are in order we move that Erastus Wiman be the first president.

Our Own at Ottawa.

Return to Winter—Peculiarities of C.P.R.—Muggins' Diary—Fabre's Geography—Scott Act Tinkering—Reciprocity Rubbish.

Saturday, April 11th.—I returned on Tuesday evening from my Easter holidays in Toronto by the C.P.R. Don't know what's the matter with that road—I had a headache from the moment I got on board at 3.25 a.m.—must be something unwholesome about the parlor car. Several members tried to tone me up with some temperance cordial they had in their grip sacks—only made me slightly giddy. Made good time though—went so fast that telegraph poles seemed to go by in pairs—not more than a rod or so apart! Found different climate here, about four feet of snow on the level, and five on the sidewalks. There's always good sleighing on Ottawa sidewalks when the middle of the street's bare. It's an admirable system—no labor wasted in shovelling snow during the winter—national sports prolonged into balmy spring! This economy of labor and prolongation of fun accounts for the wealth and cheerfulness of Ottawa people.

Huggins is at work again to-day—Charlton's Sunday Observance speech I think it is this time. His constituents will have plenty of kindling for a year if they keep all he sends them. Muggins is therefore laid under contribution.

Tuesday, 7th.—Rather dreary day—members that stayed over here all sulky—those that went home all seedy from travelling. Finished up Ways and Means. Paterson, of Brant, bothered poor Bowell about cab hire—only \$4.00 down in departmental accounts—gave Bowell lots of taffy about economy—begged him to own up a little more—just to spare feelings of Ministers who had spent so much! Bowell uncomfortable, but took the taffy—then Paterson showed large cab bill for Bowell somewhere else in accounts—pretended he'd just found it—mean trick—how could Bowell know he'd been looking all through blue book for his cab hire?

Wednesday, 8th.—Bergeron wanted to give Fabre more pay as agent at Paris—said F. was patriotic to take job for only \$4,000 a year. Casey up as usual—said Fabre was a turncoat because Mackenzie wouldn't make him agent—quoted from Fabre's paper at Paris that snow was eight to ten feet deep here in winter—that we had a Province of St. Paul in North-West—that British Columbia included all North America outside of U. S.—lots of such rot—said no wonder he'd sent out only one immigrant. Chapeau after Casey of course—said he didn't understand French. Casgrain said he did. Wretched jargon anyway. Wonder if it pays to keep Fabre in Frenchman's paradise after all! All night over that confounded Scott Act again—everyone off his base when that comes up. Jamieson carried his point to have Amendment Bill considered—then a rush to amend amendments. Ives wanted absolute majority clause—got badly left. Hickey thought doctors should be allowed to keep grog for their patients—no go—druggists are to have monopoly. Funny voting all through—no one likes Act much but all afraid to go against it.

Thursday, 9th.—Blake questioning again about N. W. No news is good news. Estimates on hand—bestly row about salaries to civil service examiners, etc.—only some \$6,000 after all—wasted hours on it. Chapeau and Grits all mixed up—didn't know what each other were driving at.

Friday, 10th.—Davies bothering about reciprocity and fishery treaties. Those Maritimes are never pleased. Washington treaty didn't suit 'em—now its expiring, and they howl again! What do we want with reciprocity? Why, it would let all our fish and grain and lumber go out of the country—no N.P. in that—ought to keep everything within ourselves.

Where would our woollen mills be if our wool was allowed to escape? Where would Bluesnoses be if we could get Yankee coal cheap? Where would—well, I don't know, but I believe like Popo, "there ain't nuthin' to it!" Nasty subject though—most people fools enough to want it—went out for a smoke while they took vote. Then had estimates again—Grits badgered Pope till 3 a.m.—Pope stronger than ever on "know-nothing" tactics—Sir John Casgrain, Sproule, Hickey and others explained things for him—good plan—no responsibility for what they say—no bother getting up any facts. Had some India-rubber oysters and sour beer at 2.30 a.m.—think I'll go home and have colic there!

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

(Scene—*Soiree musicale* at Mrs. Gushington's.)

Mrs. Gushington (to distinguished amateur, who has just sung).—O, thanks, ever so much, my dear, dear Mr. Dyaway.

Dis. Am.—I fear I scarcely deserve your thanks, Mrs. Gushington. My voice is not at all good this evening.

Mrs. Gushington (effusively).—I hope I'll never hear worse!

PEOPLE are too ready to declare that the Conservative Chieftain is a man who never fails to avail himself of opportunities. Now, I am prepared to contend that this is not the case, by any means. Sir John has, to my certain knowledge, missed many and many a great chance. The precise number is a secret between the two of us. But there is one instance which I propose to take this means of pointing out to my friend the Premier. At a Scott Act meeting in Guelph the other day I notice that "Mr. Burgess said that the present wave of temperance action was the natural result of the seed sown in past years by the Good Templars, Sons of Temperance, Blue Ribbon, and other temperance societies." Here then is my point. Recalling that historical glass of water waved aloft by Sir John at the big banquet, I say, suppose that when they asked him at Yorkville, "Whatabout the Crooks Act," Sir John had simply waved a glass of water aloft, references by the speakers above quoted to the temperance societies would not have been made, for "John A.'s glass of water!" would have been all that was required. The big banquet was altogether too late!

IMMEDIATE REDRESS DEMANDED.

TORONTO, April 9, 1885.

MR. GRIP,—I leave it to your judgment whether you think it right that when a fellow gets into a scrape, such as being caught in the act of disposing of a few articles of jewellery which he had found lying about loose in some house after midnight; or being found fault with for accidentally writing another name than his own to a cheque; or slitting a weasand; or any other frolicsome peccadillo which he may happen to get into; I leave it to you, I say, as an impartial judge, to say whether, in addition to being deprived of liberty for any of the above so-called offences, we ought also to be debarred from all the little luxuries of life to which we have been accustomed. In the interests of morality and of the public at large, who either have friends in the Central Prison, or who may in the future spend some time in that mismanaged retreat, I submit the following programme as the square thing in the way of treatment of prisoners in that institution, of which I myself am a six months' graduate.

1. No prisoner should be allowed to work unless he volunteers to do so. Just fancy! I, who never in my life before was subjected to such an indignity, was actually compelled to work with a pick and shovel, just as if I had been an ordinary day laborer or one of these hum-drum beings called honest workmen. This is an outrage calling for immediate redress—and for which the warden should be called to sharp account.

2. Society rules ought to be observed—I had actually to associate with and wash dishes for men who spat in their plates! Prisoners accustomed to refinement shrink from such society, it is degrading and demoralizing, and the warden is a brute not to consider the feelings of a genteelly brought up prisoner.

3. Prisoners are expected to help the guards to handcuff the lunatics. Now, prisoners are not there for that purpose—let this be distinctly understood.

4. When a man refuses to work he is kept on bread and water and no bed. The authority for this barbarity is, I am told by the chaplain, derived from an old obsolete book called the Bible—which says "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat"—such maxims are unworthy of an enlightened age, no matter how much they may be valued by the warden of the Central Prison.

5. No Scotchman should be allowed in any office of this institution. I hate the Scotch—the clerk of the Central Prison is Scotch—and he dines with the barber and the guards—an honor which was not once extended to me. If this is not *gall* I would like to know what the words cheek and gall mean. The Scotch are a hateful set, they are always on their good behavior—and of course on that account are preferred to Americans or other nationalities. Shouldn't wonder if the warden himself invited them to dinner some day.

6. Prisoners should be supplied with full complement of tobacco, cigars and pipes, with full liberty to smoke whenever and wherever they darn choose. And in this there should be no favor shown such as I have seen while there. Tobacco I consider one of the necessities of life—especially when a man is in retirement. Then when the taxpayers are paying for other things they may as well foot the tobacco bill at the same time. And yet this cruel and barbarous warden remorselessly discharged a foreman for smuggling in tobacco to the prisoners. That's all I want to know about him.

7. The place ought to be thoroughly heated and no expense should be spared in the way of gas. I would suggest that a few gasaliers with crystal prisms, such as are in some of the

churches, be placed in the cells and corridors—surely this is not an extravagant demand.

8. The bathing conveniences are too limited. I think the best remedy would be to let the men bathe all day, going in by twos and threes at a time; this would give a fellow time to bathe and titivate himself properly, instead of hurrying up as he has to do now—and would obviate the necessity of bathing in company with navvies—Ugh! We also require a dining-hall, table napkins, finger glasses and trained waiters.

9. I demand that the night guards appointed be men of high honor and totally incapable of eaves-dropping, listening Cæsar-like to what the prisoners have to say of him. As things are at present it is impossible to make a remark derogatory to the institution without its being reported. Such is the morality of the guards—could anything be meaner? Hoping that, in the interests of humanity, these reforms will be adopted.

I am, sir,
Yours respectfully,
AN EX-CONVICT.

A GREAT MISTAKE.—It is a great mistake to suppose that dyspepsia can't be cured, but must be endured, and life made gloomy and miserable thereby. Alexander Burns, of Cobourg, was cured after suffering fifteen years. Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

IN THE QUEEN'S PARK.

A VIGNETTE FROM TORONTO, 1873.

I.
How the city, spreading wide,
Thrusts its fringe of fields aside,
Far away;
And our pleasantest of parks
Getting smaller, one remark,
Day by day!

II.
For that vulgar, staring-red
"School of Science," rears its head
Where the creek
Once flowed through a cedar glade,
Where the dryads might have played
Hide and seek!

III.
Where, for many a truant hour,
When the lilacs were in flower,
Long ago;
And the apple-blossoms broad-cast,
As beneath their boughs we passed,
Fell like snow!

IV.
We were happy. Idle word!
Yet the summer joy which stirred
Flower and tree,
We, too, shared in, Josephine!
Ah, but th it was in eighteen
Seventy-three!

V.
Fashions change in hearts and gloves!
The unrobed and wanton Loves
Become mutes!
But I know none fairer now
From the bangs upon your brow
To your boots!

VI.
You are married, and forget;
A fat baby is your pet,
And its squall
Seems to you an angel's psalm
From your church of Notre Dame,
Montreal!

VII.
But the "Science School" stands there,
Where our summer saunterings wore,
Stern and frate;
It is red, as was your face
When you bent with willing grace
To be kissed!

—C. P. M.

The satisfaction of feeling that he is a well-dressed man is enjoyed to the fullest extent by all wearers of R. WALKER & SONS' clothing, whether it be their \$9.00 or \$18.00 suit, or their \$3.50 or \$5.00 trousers.



AN AVERAGE CUSTOMER.

Clerk.—Necktie? Yes, sir; there's one at half a dollar.

Old Gent (hard of hearing).—Eh! A dollar? I'll give you fifty cents.

Clerk.—I said half a dollar.

Old Gent.—Oh! half a dollar? I'll give you a quarter.

—The Chief.

HOW THE PARLOR WAS PAPERED.

When John Brown, bookkeeper and accountant, of 17 Acacia Villas, laid down his paper at breakfast time on Wednesday last, and, for the first time during the meal, looked at his wife, he noticed she wore upon her face the expression experience had taught him meant a demand—either upon his time or upon his money.

"John," said Mrs. Brown, "the paper in the parlor is getting quite shabby." This tentatively.

"Is it, my dear?" queried John, innocently, ("though he must have known, you know, because"—said his wife to her mother in describing the scene).

"Why, yes, John. And oh! John, dear, mamma and I saw such a nice paper at Levi's so subdued, you know, and that, and only 50c. a roll, and that man, you know, with the funny name, will put it up, and it's chocolate with little gold dots, and ten rolls will do, Levi said, and we can borrow Perkins' step ladder for him—"

"For whom, dear," asked John, "Levi?"
"No, you stupid darling, for the man. And I dare say he can come to-morrow, and he said he would send it up at once. Don't you think it should be done at once, dear?"

Well, John didn't, but his wife succeeded in convincing him of the absolute necessity of immediate action in the matter, so he meekly submitted, and went away to the office overwhelmed with the delighted gratitude of the partner of his joys and sorrows.

John having been packed off, and household affairs hurriedly regulated, Arabella hurried away to her mother's.

Mrs. Jones was a woman of spare frame and severe countenance. On her face time and worldly troubles had left their usual traces. Her smile was wintry, her nose pronounced, her eyes a washed-out blue, her hair rigidly confined. ("Arabella," said Mr. Brown often to himself, in confidence, "isn't a bit like her, thank goodness.")

Yet Mrs. Jones was not unkindly, and thought a good deal of Brown. She was a standing rebuke to the popular opinion as to mothers-in-law, and if she did occasionally aid and abet Arabella in her raids on the purse of Brown, she did it all for the best. Men are very stupid sometimes, and a mother-in-law who understands men and their ways should rather be regarded as a blessing than otherwise.

"Well, Arabella," said her mother, (they having peered at each other as the manner of women is when they don't want to gush), "did he—"

"Oh, yes, mamma, and what-d'ye-call-him can do it, and he will lend him his ladder, and you know he said he could send him up at once, and he says I may have it done immediately, if not sooner. Isn't he nice? Though I could not have it done sooner, you know. And now get ready, ma, and we will go down right away."

How do women always know intuitively what person is meant by any "he," whenever "he," may crop up in conversation? They always do. Mrs. Jones understood her daughter's last speech perfectly, and having expressed her delight they talked for half an hour about "he," and "she," and "it," and "they," and settled nearly all the affairs of the town before they got down to Levi's and stood before his stand of papers.

This was at half past ten. At half past one (Mr. Brown took his lunch down town) they emerged from the shop, tired and jaded, but victorious. They had chosen the paper!

(What were they doing all that time? Why, silly, they were choosing the paper. But you said they had selected the chocolate and gold. Did they change their minds? Oh! heavens, man, don't you understand what shopping means? Next time your wife goes shopping of an afternoon, go with her, if she will be bothered with you. When you get home at tea time, you will understand what Mrs. Jones and Bella were doing between half past ten and half past one that day. And as to the chocolate and gold—well, they saw a nicer one).

That afternoon the paper came home. It was a flushed and eager and very pretty face John kissed when he got home that night.

"Oh! John, do look—there, dear, never mind kissing me so much—I want to show you the paper. Oh! you must like it, dear, it is so sweet, and Mr. Levi said Mrs. Williamson had some last week for her drawing-room, and it was not nearly as stylish as this, and mamma is so pleased, and says she—there, now, isn't that nice?"

"Well," said John, "but that isn't chocolate and gold. I thought—"

"Oh! but John, don't you think this is much nicer. Chocolate would be so gloomy, you know, and then the gold—gold isn't exactly the thing for a quiet parlor like ours. Oh! John, dear, don't say you don't like it! I'm sure mamma thought it beautiful! Now, dearest, you must like it, don't you?"

Of course John liked it and said so, and despised chocolate and detested gold, and said so, and thought this—

"Oh! but, John," broke in his wife, "I don't despise chocolate, but I think this is nicer. And I can't see why you should detest gold. Gold is very pretty, and Mr. Levi said gold was in great demand among fashionable people. So there, now."

"Well, Bella, dear, I would like some myself."

"Oh! but not better than this, John, now do you?"

"No, dear. And I will send up old Behnek in the morning and borrow Perkins' step ladder, and when I come home to-morrow night I shall find you as happy as a queen."

And it was done. And when that to-morrow night Brown came home, he found the house upset, and the parlor papered, and Arabella in tears.

"Why, dearest," he exclaimed, "what over is the matter?"

"Oh! John," she sobbed, "I don't like it now it's up. It ought to have been the chocolate and gold, but mamma would have this, and oh—!"

And that was how the parlor was papered.



ESCAPED!



“LET JOY BE UNCONFINED!”

Chorus of the Acquitted.—We're innocent! We're innocent! We'd never have believed it if the jury hadn't said so!!

WAR RUMORS.

Two military men meet
In the street;
Says one to the other
“Say, my military brother,
Ah! you scared about this war?”
“I should think not. Lor!
What, for goodnessgracious sake, should I be frightened
for?”

“You may not fear the foe;
You are valiant we all know;
There are terrors worse than battle-fields; the stoutest
heart may quail.
For we know not at what hour
We shall come within the power
Of that fiend who makes the woodcuts for the *Globe* and
for the *Mail*.”

FROM HALIFAX.

PEACE.—*Tempora mutantur.*
We're soldiers of the Queen,
We've wealth and manly beauty
In war we've never been,
But we'll always do our duty
We'll drive the foe before us
Whoever he may here us;
The ladies all adore us,
Brave Halifax Millish.

WAR.—*Et nos mutamur in illis.*

We do not feel very well,
They say Riel's inciting
The half-breeds to rebel,
And that there may be fighting.
We're sick, bad colds beset us;
Our manumies will not let us
Go fighting; pray, forget us,
We do not care to go.

(Halifax volunteers go to bed.)

THE WAR.

HOW A WOMAN LOOKS AT A MAP.

Mrs. Thumblejump (anxiously scanning war-map of the Nor'-West).—What d'ye say the name of that place is where the fighting was, John?

Mr. T.—Duck Lake, dear.

Mrs. T.—Duck Lake—Duck Lake—there's no Duck Lake marked, John: here's Red Deer Lake; would that be it?

Mr. T.—It's Duck Lake, I told you, not Red Deer Lake: let me read my paper and be quiet.

Mrs. T.—Well, there isn't any Duck Lake on the map. I dec—oh! here it is, Waterhen Lake; that must be it; a duck's a water-ben, you know, John.

Mr. T.—Oh! have it so: let me read my paper.

Mrs. T.—*What* did you say the name was? oh! yes, Duck Lake: well, here's Goose Lake: now that *must* be it, because a goose is nearly the same as a duck, anyhow, and they've got it printed wrong. Yes, that's it, (triumphantly).

Mr. T.—Well, my dear, you *are* a goose.

Mrs. T. (warningly).—John!

Mr. T.—Well, a duck, I mean; it's nearly the same.

Mrs. T.—But why didn't the men mark it on the map? Would it be this, Paddling Lake, John? a duck paddles, you know. No? Well, it isn't on the map.

Mr. T. (rising and looking over his wife's shoulder).—There: what's that? D-u-c-k, Duck: now, d'ye see it (pointing it out)?

Mrs. T.—Well, that's what I said all the time: Duck Lake; only I was looking a little way off (only about 1,235 miles!).

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

TORONTO, April 11th, '85.

DEAR WULLIE,—Of course ye cauna but be awaur that I was weel shuckon up wi' the terrible matrimonial misshanter that was brocht on me wi' that deevil o' a clerk, an' hooever I was gaun tae face up in the warehooose. The vera thoct o't cowed me, an' gin it wasna for dissappointin' Tam an' deprivin' him o' my valuable services, I wad never hae set fit in the warehooose again. But the next mornin' I just sat doon an' considered. What's dunc canna be ondunc; as the auld sang says, "It'll no improve yer pooer tae bite, man, gnashin' at an airn wa'." Sao wi' this bit o' philosophy riugin' i' ma lug, I put on a face o' braas, an' gaed doon an' began soopin' up the warehooose just as gin naething had ever happened. The only thing that bauthered me was, hoo oud I get upsides wi' that mischievous deevil o' a

clerk. Ye see he was sic a daft, aff-handed kind o' a callant, an' sic a favorite i' the warehooose that it was hard to get a grip on him, like. But I determined tae play the pairt o' a speedir an' keep a calm sough till I got an opportunity tae nab ma flee. Ilka time the door opened I thoct it was him, an' I luekt up tae say "gude morning," but nine o'clock, ten o'clock, an' eleeven o'clock cam, but ma birkie never put in an appearance. Hooever, just as I was concludin' that he maun be a coward o' the first water, I got a message that Maister Tamson (that's Tam) wanted tae see me i' the office.

Tam (he's a fine fellow, Tam, just his granie's vera image) was sittin' i' the offic wi' a muckle pen stuck ahint his lug, on ano o' the whirlygig chairs, an' the meenit he heard my fit he turned riect about wheel, an' says he tae me: "Do you think, Airlic, that you could take Jack's place?" Noo, "Jack" was the name o' the clerk that had played the trick on me, an' I at ance cam tae the conclusion that he had dismissed him on that account. "Weel, Tam," says I, "oh! I mean Maister Tamson, since ye've thoct riect tae dismiss him for his impidince i' makin' a fule o' an auld freen' like masel, I—"

"Look here, Airlic! If you like to make an ass of yourself it's none of my business. Jack is not dismissed by any means, but he belongs to the Queen's Own and they're ordered off to the North-West, and if you can supply his place till he comes back I'll be very glad, and of course you will get an advance of salary."

Noo, ye see hoo, in the coorse o' Providence, I was revenged already. At the thoct o' ma promotion a' animosity vanished an' ma only thoct was hoo I cud dae bin a gude turn. The only thing I cud think o' was tae buy him a Bible—for I kent he was a vera thoctless fellow, an' noo when he was aboot tae face the enemy an' maybe the King o' Terrors himsel', he wad be mair like tae pay attention to the passages I wad mark out till him. Sao I gaed doon tae a shop an' laid out fifty cents on an unrevised edition copy o' the Scriptures, an' I sat up till twal o'clock at nicht markin' oot passages applicabale tae his pseection. "Seest thou a man wise in his ain conceit? there is mair houpp o' a fule than o' him," "Cast out the Ammonites," "Thou fool, etc.," an' others calculated to set him a-thinkin'. I was terribly scandaleezed at the way folk were carcerin' about the hale Sawbath day, instead o' gaun tae the kirk an' bidin' i' the hoose till Monday, an' the sight o' thae puir laddies sellin' noos-papers a' day vera naur brak ma heart. Hooever, I gaed doon till the station tae see them aff, an' sic a steer ye never saw in a' the days o' yer life. I was lifted bodily aff ma feet wi' the crood, some lauchin', some greetin', an' the thoct maist forcibly suggested tae me was that this wad be a tough kintra tae conquer. The vera lunaticks were oot in a body tae see them aff. The puir fellows! ma vera heart was sair to see siccaan a decent body o' young men deprived o' reason just at the outset o' life. But I've nae doot but it maun be hereditary. I was staunin' among the rest waitin' for the troops when I hears somebody ahint me sayin', "Here come the lunatics," an' wi' that I hears a maist terrible roar, for a' the world like the yellis o' the lions an' teegers in a menagerie; an' turnin' roon I beheld tae ma horror a hale army o' the puir creatures, led on by their keeper, a fallow wi' a pair o' muckle fearsome black een that blazed like coals o' fire. They were singing "Auld Grimes, Auld Grimes, Auld Grimes" at the tip-tap o' their voices tae the tune o' "Auld Lang Syne," an' I could nae help thinkin' "tae what base uses dae we come at last." It was enuech tae gar ma national poet turn over in his grave. But "wha can administer till a mind diseased?" Then they mairshalled up along the platform,

an' whether the reality o' the situation had dawned on their benighted visions for a meenit, I dinna ken, but they began a-singing "We'll hang Louis Riel on a soor apple tree," an' faith, I began tae get feared they might in their patriotic rage mistak me for him an' string me up there an' then; sae I clamb up on tap o' the verandah place, an' sat watchin' the performances o' the puir creatures. They sang the drollest and maist laughable things wi' sic an onnatural gravity o' countenance, that I prayed tae Providence that whatever might be in store for me I micht at least be spared ma reason. I saw twa ree policemen ee'in' the lunatics wi' an expression o' countenance that wad be hard tae deceepher—an' waur tae describe—but evidently they thocht "least said suuest mended," an' there I agreed wi' them.

I shuk hands wi' puir Jack. Losh! he luckit grand in his regimentals; the band struck up "Auld Lang Syne," an' ma heart cam up an' stuck i' ma throat, clean chokin' me, at the soon' o' the choerin' that swelled, for a' the warl', like the roar o' Niagara. I cudna speak; I just grippit Jack's hand hard, an' stickin' the Bible in his belt, I made aff an' was lost in the crood, whaur onnoticed I cud gie ma een a bit dicht on the sly. But what was ma horror, on comin' hame, to find that in ma hurry an' confusion, I had stuffed a pocket edition o' Don Quixote into Jack's hand on pairtin', instead o' the Bible that was in anither pooch. Lord-sake! I wadna sic a thing had happened—no for ten-pound.

Yer brither,
HUGH AIRLIE.

OLLA PODRIDA.

SEE-SAW, KANGAROO'D OAR.

"I always said that Hanlan was no good against a really good man," remarked Mr. Charles E. Courtney, when the news of Ned's defeat reached him, "I could have beaten him myself if I hadn't been so unfortunate. Why, I could do it yet, and I'm going to challenge him. I can row faster than any man living, and I'll make the dust fly, you bet."

"Yes," acquiesced a by-stander (not G. Sm—th), "yes—saw-dust."

"Oh! sneer as much as you please," went on the valiant Charles, "he's out of luck now, and it's my turn to be fortunate; one fellow can't always win."

"Oh! no; what's saws for the goose is saws for the gander," said the by-stander.

Then C. E. went away, for it was a saw subject.

SO "NEAR" AND YET SO FAR.

"How funny old Skinfint walks!

Why does he stride so far?"

"Because he is a close old hunk,"

Replied the boy's papa.

"But cannot stingy people walk

With feet more close together?"

"Oh! no, my son. Long strides, you know,

Are saving of shoe leather."

HOPE SO.

"The girl I left behind me" feels very much left indeed just now, but she'll be all right when "Johnny comes marching home again."

The London 'Tiser makes the following rather peculiar statement: "Princess Beatrice will have for bridesmaids the daughters of her two oldest brothers and her late sister." It isn't considered correct form in this country to have defunct sisters for bridesmaids, but doubtless the 'Tiser man knows all about the capers of royalty.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

No wonder that Rebellion's roar
Is heard the Nor'-West country o'er,
And Indians take the battle-path;
The bold Nor'-Wester editor,

A co-tem. calls, and thirsts for gore,
A "Jilliputi," a pscyopath."
Then can we wonder that there's war,
When thus a cultured editor
Exhibits such unscenly wrath?

What is the difference between an iron canine on a door-step and a pound of head-cheese? One is a dog of peace, the other is a piece of d——. (Rumpety-tump-thump-lump—bang! Dead as a door-nail.)

One missed the kisses and the other kissed the misses. (Make the question to suit yourself.)

What's the difference, George, between Mrs. Langtry's optic and kissing one's mother-in-law in mistake for the pretty hired girl? One's a belle's eye, George, and the other's a sell, by George! (Bring us a fau, quick.)



HAMFAT, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Infant.—Papa, why do people call you a ham?

Great Actor.—That, my son, is because I have made a national reputation in the character of Hamlet.

LATEST CONDENSED TELEGRAMS FROM THE VARIOUS SEATS OF WAR.

(A digest of the week's dailies and extras by an intelligent foreigner.)

Osman Digma and his half-breeds have fallen back on Rawul Pindie where they are to hold a Durbar with Lord Dewdney.

Gen. Muddleton reports that he can't wade the Murghab at Batoche's crossing, and that the Moosomin winds are so full of grit that his men dare not face them.

It is expected that the Ameer of Saskatchewan will be so impressed by the *Globe's* portraits of the Q. O. R. fellows that he will flee in diamay to his Shooter Garden in Neil Gorrie's hills near Calgary.

The French under Gen. Riel have been defeated by the Chinook Indians at Auld Langson, and destroyed, in their retreat, the Ferry on the Seine.

The great Crowfoot medicine man, El Wiggins ("Blow-hard"), has raised the standard of the prophet as a rival of L. Mahdi. The half-witted population are flocking after him.

The braves of the civil-ized Utawa tribes on the Chaudiere reserve, have sent a detachment of sharpshooters to join Gen. Williams O'Brien at Kew Apple.

Black Otter and his band of To-ron-tos are at Abu Niscotasing, near the Great Gap of the Seepear, on their way to join in the Sudden campaign.

The Canadian contingent in Afghanistan will be armed with improved repeating Saskatoons, and will include a battery of French Caronades, invented by the Canadian Minister of War.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

We spoke of Sir D. L. Macpherson last week as an "inefficient" Minister. The adjective was perhaps unfortunate as a description of Sir David, excepting in so far as his management of half-breed affairs in the North-West is concerned—and that is all we intended it to refer to. It is only justice to the gallant knight in question to say that the general work of his Department has been kept well in hand, and that personally he has closely applied himself to business, often working late into the night. GRIP has no object to serve in being in the slightest degree unjust to any public man, and is always most willing to make the *amende* when, as in the present case, perfect fairness requires it.

ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO.

Mr. Alderman H. Piper having advertised a wonderful armless Indian as an attraction at the Zoo, Arry Belville and Johnny Bullpup go to take it in.

Arry (looking at the noble red man).—Is that there chap the same as them fellers wot's kickin' up the bleedin' raow in Manitobier, Jack?

Johnny.—'Course 'e is: why?

Arry.—Well, we needn't be funky of such chaps as them, theu.

Johnny.—Vy' not, Arry?

Arry. Cas they must be a bloomin' 'armless lot, yer know.

NEW WAY TO END AN OLD CASE.

A certain County Court judge in Ontario was once holding Division Court not far from Ottawa. The list of cases was rather a long one, and the judge was tired. Clerk and counsel and litigants had a hard and anxious time, as the judge not only sat on the bench, but sat upon the cases and the parties and everybody most impartially. At last a case of Smith v. Jones was called.

"Your honor," said the defendant's counsel, "before anything is said by my learned friend, before any evidence is given, I must protest against this suit as an abuse of the process of the Court."

"Tut, tut, tut," judicially remarked his honor, "what's the matter?"

"Your honor, this plaintiff has been non-suited five times, and now has the colossal impudence to bring his trumpety action once more before the notice of this honorable Court."

"Is this correct," said the judge to the plaintiff's counsel, "that you have been non-suited five times?"

"Yes, your honor," said counsel for the non-suited one, "but—"

"But this thing has been going on long enough," said his honor, impatiently. "I will not allow it to continue any longer. *Verdict for plaintiff with costs.*"

"But, your honor,—" commenced counsel for defendant.

"Silence, sir!" finished the judge. "Next case!"



PUBLIC OPINION PUTS ITS FOOT ON 'EM.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Miss Cynica Simpson.—I believe, Mr. Bullhead, you belong to a very old English family; do you not?

Calfsby Bullhead, Esq.—Oh! deah, yes, extremely old. We old countwy families are tewwible proud of our lengthy pedigvees and our wemote ancestahs. Now, you Americans, you know, are, so to speak—ah—a modern people. You have no ancestahs to be pwoud of, y'knaw.

Miss C. Simpson.—Indeed, Mr. Bullhead, that is perfectly true, for our ancestors, you know, were mostly English.

C. Bullhead, Esq.—Yaas; just so. Good mo'n'ing.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

1st Dude (reading newspaper).—By Jawge! I say, it's f'wightful the way they adultwate ewewything, Clawence. Y'know, my doctor orders me puah milk and heah I see that all snwts of abom'nations are used to adultwate it. Chalk and calves' bwains, y'knaw, by Jawge!

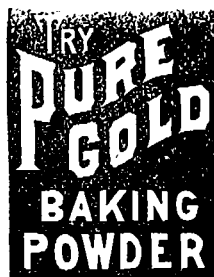
2nd Dude (aghast).—By Jowve! why, a fellah isn't safe for a moment, eh?

1st Dude.—No, b'Jawge!

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There is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, Petley's is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

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