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EDITOR'S NOTE

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.



PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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BENCOUCH BROS.

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

VOLUME XVI. No. 23.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1881.

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Literature and Art.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or compositions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care of GRIP Office.

Mrs. Edwin Booth's recovery is despaired of. Her illness is described as consumption of the throat.

Mr. O'Brien, who has attained fame on the stage as John T. Raymond, has obtained the assent of the New York courts to his retaining the name.

The Grand is to have a genuine attraction next week, in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, who appear in their famous drama of "The Danites."

The Rival Concert Company gave three performances at the Grand this week, and proved themselves highly capable musicians. They have entered on a brief tour of the Provinces.

Rice's Evangeline Company at the Grand are giving one of the cleverest and most diverting performances of the season. The piece has been remodelled since its previous presentation here, and is now more funny and sprightly than ever. Remember the Saturday Matinee.

The humorist of the Brooklyn Eagle appears at present to be having his innings of popularity. His fun is original and spontaneous, but it would be more generally appreciated if the writer could manage to be a trifle less vulgar and blasphemous than he is in many of his efforts.

Lord Beconsfield probably figured oftener in cartoons than any other public man who ever lived—with perhaps the exception of his great rival, Gladstone. The latter heartily enjoys a good political caricature, and carries a volume of *Punch* as a means of relaxation on his occasional holidays.

Peck's *Ston*, whose lively humor has given it a national reputation, has been published in Milwaukee for three years now. It was started in Lacrosse about seven years ago. Geo. W. Peck, the editor, turns out more live fun every week than any half dozen of the humorous writers of the press.

And now our citizens are to have the first opportunity yet offered them of witnessing the much-talked-of drama, "Hazel Kirke," which has had a phenomenal run of two years at the Madison Square Theatre, New York. A first class company are engaged to produce this play at the Royal for one week, commencing next Monday evening.

Mr. David K. Brown's drama, to which we referred last week, is entitled "Anna, or Life in Death." We understand the author has undertaken to write the libretto of an operetta in which the new departure of uniting sound sense (instead of mere fun) with sparkling music will be made. We wish our dramatist every success in his literary labors.

According to the London correspondent of a New York paper, they are going to produce "Romeo and Juliet" at the London Court theatre in the way it used to be done at the old Globe—without scenery of any kind, and before a baize curtain on which will be hung a placard to tell what is going on. Modje ka is said to be the originator of the idea. She will play "Juliet."

Grip, the great comic paper of Canada, is becoming vastly popular, and its circulation is rapidly increasing in the Maritime Provinces as well as the West. To meet the demands for it in this place, Mr. Geo. E. Ford will hereafter act as agent. No Canadian publication has been so brilliantly sustained as this. The cartoons are equal to many of Nast's.—*Chignecto (N. S.) Post.*

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No. 2. Address of the Earl of Derby, on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, &c., rep. style	20
No. 3. Max Muller on National Education, &c.	20

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Literature and Art.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

All the tragedians of the McCulloch order must be doubtless shivering in their shoes on account of the news from Kentucky. Another genius has arisen, who plays "Hamlet," "Romeo," "Claude Melnotte," and the rest of the heavy star parts. He is a 25-year-old of the name of George Garretson, and was raised in Bowling Green. Of his figure, antecedents, and the rest of the qualifications with which he will drive Salvini out of the field, no news has yet been received.—*Nym Crinkle.*

Miss Zoe Gayton finished her engagement in *Mazepa* at the Royal on Thursday night, and andsucceeded by Barlow, Wilson, Primrose, and West's Minstrels. The lovers of minstrelsy in its finest modern form have now an opportunity of enjoying a delectable evening. The four stars whose names head this troupe are well known in Toronto, and each in his own speciality is a recognized leader in the burnt cork profession. A fresh and original programme, devoid of vulgarity and stale wit, is promised. Matinee this afternoon.

The April number of the *Illustrated Scientific News* contains an engraving of the late Emperor of Russia's steam yacht *Livadia*; a series of views illustrating wood-working attachments for foot lathes; Prof. Secchi's solar photographic apparatus, with six distinct views of the sun taken by this instrument; engravings of the boats and apparatus used on Lake Geneva for determining the velocity of sound in water; a new machine for decorating enamelled surfaces; engravings of several curious animals and objects in natural history; and an elaborately illustrated article on Bee Culture.

American novel-writers seem to be unusually busy just now. Mrs. Burnett is said to be writing two new serial stories; Dr. Holland also has one in contemplation; Mr. Howells has two serials on the stocks; Mr. Boyesen is writing one or two; Mr. Cable has just finished one and is starting on another; the author of "An Earnest Trifler" has recently completed a short watering-place serial; Mrs. Schayer, the author of "Tiger Lily," is writing her first novel; and the author of "Roxy" is at work on a new serial—though not a fictitious one. All the above-named serials have been engaged for *Scribner's Monthly*.

Some time last summer, while the health of New York was being discussed in the newspapers, the proprietors of *Scribner* raised the question: Whether Science knows how to build a perfectly drained and healthful city? The answers seemed to make it appear that science does not yet know, or, if it does, its votaries certainly differ widely in the methods to be adopted. As the result of that inquiry, Col. Geo. E. Waring, Jr., has undertaken to set forth the Diseases of Cities in the *May Scribner*, and in the *June Scribner* the remedies, taking New York City as the chief example. A lively discussion may be looked for among the sanitarian scientists when Col. Waring's very radical views are exploited.

The concert given by the Choir of Bond St. Church on Good Friday evening, under the direction of Mr. John Lawson, organist, was most successful from an artistic point of view. The sacred choruses usual on such occasions were rendered in a capital manner, special excellence being exhibited in the time and expression. Considering the limited training the choir has enjoyed, the performance was surprising. The principal soprano soloist was Miss Agnes Corlett, whose efforts were much appreciated; a duet by this young lady and her sister, Miss Helen Corlett, was given very effectively. Mrs. J. Greenfield, Mr. John Hall, Mr. E. Potts, and Mr. G. Taylor also contributed solos. Dr. Wild presided on the occasion, and a fairly numerous audience was present.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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

Answers to Correspondents.

Th-m-s Wh-te.—Fight your own battles, Thomas; we have no quarrel with the *Witness*. No, we do not think the *Montreal Gazette* the most influential newspaper in the Dominion, nor you the most forcible and polished speaker in the House.

R-ch-rd C-rtwr-ght.—Well, and what then? It does not follow because a poet is born and not made that therefore a great embryo financier was rocked in the cradle when you were a tiny little pet-y-wetay. Yes, write again, if it amuses you, but do try and be more logical.

J. B-r Pl-mb.—Unceremoniously declined. Halting measures and false rhymes may pass muster in the House of Commons, but the readers of *GRIP* are accustomed to something better. We beg that you will not trouble us again.

W-ll m McD-g-ll.—Your fitful spasms of independence do not entitle you to be considered the purest and ablest of living statesmen. We are sorry for you, Mr. Looking-both-ways William,—you have spoiled what might have been a prominent and honourable career.

G-ldw-n Sm-th.—Never mind Webster,—continue to spell honour with the 'u'—and no doubt u will be correct—as usual.



Taking the Census.

Intelligent Census-taker to Gentleman of the House.—Where was your wife born?
Gentleman.—In India.

I. C. T.—Inda! Inda! Why, I never heard of such a place, Oh! of course there's the Indians, but I didn't know there was a place of that name. A village in Ontario, I suppose. Where was your eldest child born?

Much amused Gent.—Off the coast of Morocco.

Much puzzled I. C. T.—Morocco! Where's that? Is it in this province?

Gent., winking internally.—Well, aw, you can say it's in France.

SAM LEE'S NOTICE.

"You come my house you no ketch 'um washee,
'Less you blingee me allee time cashee,
Me no give cledit, no usey me try,
Me no likee 'um sweet by 'um by."—Argo.

Rizzio: a Drama.

Being a sequel to "Chateaud." Written expressly for *GRIP* by All-churn-a Pigburn, Esq.

ACT I.—*Holyrood. The Queen Marie Stuart, Lady Alice. Sound of an Italian organ man playing in the street.*

The Queen:
It likes me well, this pilgrim organist,
Whose deft hand grindeth thus my favourite tunes.
No rude Scotch reels, for bag-pipes only fit,
But minuets and measures fresh from France.
What is his name, sweet Alice?

Alice: Rizzio.

The Queen:
Bid him approach our presence.

Alice: Oh my Queen,
Be careful, for good Master Knox, you know,
Is very strict about such things. He hath
'Gainst "kists o' whistles" conscientious qualms;
And if of bagpipes thus you speak in scorn,
The lieges will revolt.

The Queen: Tartan-wearing loons!
Too scanty clad to 'scape my hand that smites

Alice:
Flout not the tartan, madam!

The Queen: GOLDWIN SMITH
In last *Bystander* hath distinctly proved
The Tartan is not Scotch, but Cockney, made
At first by London tailors! Call him in.

Alice calls. Enter Rizzio, dressed as Italian organ-man of the period, with hurdy-gurdy, which he plays. Alice sings.

BALLADE.

Extremely like is **CÆSAR**, so they say,
But yet more like is **POMPEY**, any day!
Till loved, in love young ladies must not fall.
Good Master Knox is far more good than gay,
And smart young men so seldom come this way!
Oh dear! the Queen or I would like a ball.
This handsome troubadour so well doth play,
At Holyrood if he again should call
I fear, 'tis clear, I'd give myself away.

Enter Lord Darnly with attendants and pipers. Rizzio sings to the Queen, stealthily.

O ma Reine,
Ma Marie!
Soir prochaine,
Rends ici
Pour l'amour, j'en suis sur, un tout pour
Paradis!

The Queen smiles on Rizzio and bestows dime of period. Darnly frowns and lays hand on sword. Bagpipes play. Rizzio withdraws, shuddering.

ACT II.—*Chamber at Holyrood. Rizzio and Alice.*

Alice:
You come from England; pray, fair sir, what news?

Rizzio:
Mere scandal about Queen Elizabeth:
Wilt list my song?

Alice: Do not sing to me—
Sing to the Queen!

Rizzio: A queenlier queen art thou!
A queen of hearts as sweet as tarts!

He kisses her hand. The Queen enters unperceived and listens from behind Japanese screen.

I don't think much of Mrs. Mary Stuart!
She's old, she paints, she wears a flaxen wig!
She scolds poor Mr. Darnly all to fits!
She flirts, she swears, she drinks! while you, sweet
Are really quite too nice for anything! (girl)

The Queen comes forward.

Alice: Gracious sakes!

Rizzio, mustering courage:
Dost like it not, fair monarch?

The Queen: Dreadful well!
Of my applause I'll give you striking proof.

Rizzio: Your Majesty I fail to understand.

The Queen:
At Government House to-night then come to tea,
And you the meaning of my words shall see.

ACT III.—*Banquet Room at Government House. Rizzio at the Queen's feet, drinking coffee, and playing hurdy-gurdy.*

Rizzio:
What shall I sing, great Queen?

The Queen: I pray thee sing
A song of sixpence.

Rizzio:
Chantez un chanson de six sous,
Un valise plein de rye!

Voices of rebel army without:
We want na organ-mon wi kist o' whistles,
Na Goldwin Smith to scorn auld Scotland's thoughts!

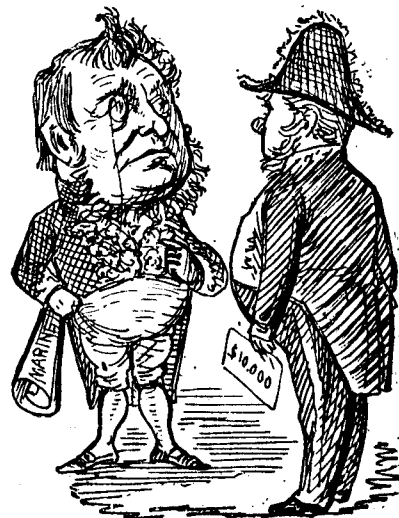
Enter Darnly, who kills Rizzio.

The Queen:
This last *Bystander's* killed.

Tableau: Exeunt Omnes.

Rev. W. Morley Punshon.

In common with thousands of his fellow-citizens, *GRIP* desires to pay a respectful tribute to the memory of the lamented Wm. Morley Punshon. The fact that the deceased orator was the subject of the first cartoon which appeared in the pages of *GRIP* gives his name an association with this journal which would justify this notice, aside from our sense of his talents and virtues. Our cartoon represented a "Farewell to Punshon"; and now with far sadder feelings we lay aside the pencil for the pen, and write again, Farewell to Punshon.



Our Canadian Naves.

Rather more Ridiculous than Pinafore, though by no means Fictitious.

Sir Joseph Porter Pope.—Well, aw, Captain Scott, have you performed the mission I indicated to you?

Capt. Scott.—Yes, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph Porter Pope.—And, aw, have you brought Her Majesty's gracious present, the training ship *Charybdis* safely to Canada?

Capt. Scott.—No, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph Porter Pope. My amazement—my surprise you may learn from—aw, by the way, did you use up all the \$5,000 I gave you?

Capt. Scott.—Yes, Sir Joseph, and I require \$5,000 more to complete the service.

Sir Joseph Porter Pope.—Indeed? And, aw, what is your opinion of the *Charybdis*, Captain Scott?

Capt. Scott.—She's a rotten old hulk, Sir Joseph, and it would cost at least \$15,000 to put her in seaworthy condition, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph Porter Pope.—Aw. You positively astonish me. Then I am to understand that she will not serve the purpose of a training-ship?

Capt. Scott.—O yes, Sir Joseph. Training-ships are used sometimes for drowning boys in, Sir Joseph.

Sir Joseph Porter Pope.—Aw, you display more intelligence than I had given you credit for, Capt. Scott. A Minister of Marine must have a navy to rule, and the loss of a few juvenile lives musn't be allowed to stand in the way of Canada's naval glory. Bring the *Charybdis* over, Capt. Scott, and draw on my Department for the charge!

The Conservative organ of Hamilton informs us that at the anti-Scott Act demonstration in celebration of the victory "the verandah and portico of the Royal Hotel were lined with Spectators." We presume the Anti-Scotts paid three cents apiece for these *Spectators* and suppose that when they used them in this strange fashion they put them where they would do the most good. The *Mail*, however, is the most suitable journal for purposes of Bunting.



Spring Fashions in Lindsay.

As an encouragement to editors on the road to wealth and glory, we have pleasure in presenting the above carefully executed and accurate portrait of Bro. Barr, of the Lindsay Post, coming out in a beautiful \$5,000 spring (libel) suit. The material is of good jurylike quality, and the pattern is what is known amongst tailors as Court dress. We congratulate our happy confrere and hope he may long be spared to grace the streets of the capital town of Victoria.

After the Montreal Blake Dinner.
From our Specially Impertinent Reporter.

WINDSOR HOTEL.

OLD BOY,—Such excessive indignation is most unbecoming in a man of your position and pretensions. I blush for you. What if I did hint that that twenty dollar bill had a "dimsy" look about it—am I not at liberty to say precisely what I please, and are you to presume to lecture me on the propriety of any subject I choose to broach? Perish the thought. I too can be indignant. On reflection, your apology will no doubt be ample, and in anticipation of it I will inform you that the bill was genuine. I submitted it to an expert at the bar of the Windsor, and he pronounced it as good as the bank from which you say you received it. This being the case, I extend the olive branch—send me a few more from the same mint and I will endeavour to forget the warmth and intemperance of your language.

The entente cordial being restored, I proceed with my report. The return of mild, spring-like weather is slowly restoring me to my wonted health. The air of Montreal is no doubt salubrious and the city very attractive. I hope soon to be able to see more of it—have already taken one drive in a close carriage. Its prominent inhabitants, of every shade of political opinions, are still thronging to my rooms at the Windsor (am compelled to engage one of the reception rooms permanently), and thanks to my pleasing address and fascinating manners I am immensely popular, apart from the eminently attractive periodical I represent so ably.

Yesterday His Worship the Mayor waited upon me. Mr. Beaudry can be exceedingly polite. Approaching with a most graceful bow he exclaimed, "Have I ze honaire of addressing ze great Monsiour GREER." "You bet," I replied, with a bow as low if not as graceful as his own. "Ma foi! mon cher Monsieur, I speak ze Engleesh quite as better as un Anglais, but I not know what is ze 'youbet.'" His Worship certainly appeared bewildered, but an idea seemed to strike him suddenly, and he continued, "Ha! ha! n'ais ou, je comprend bien, it is a—what you call it? A—ait—a quelque chose which makes ze laugh—certainment you have ze great honaire Monsiour GREER." "Hit the right nail," said Mr. Mayor, "I replied with an engaging smile. "Hit ze right nail, ha! ha! But you have ze droll way to speak. Hit ze

right nail, what is that?" "Why, spotted the bull's-eye, of course, you old hippopotamus," I answered as sober as a judge. "Spotted ze right nail,—hit ze old hippopotame,—youbet ze bull's-eye. Peste! je ne comprend pas, but n'importe I have something to you say." "Proceed, Mr. Mayor," I intimated graciously, "proceed, I am all ear." "Ciel! but you are droll. Do I not see you are all here—ha! ha! Mais écoutez moi, you have speak of me in ze GREER, you have make ze leetle joke at me—bien—now you shall say in ze GREER that I have ze great injury." "Est il possible?" I exclaimed in His Worship's native language and with uplifted hands. "Est il possible? Who has dared to injure so great a personage as the Mayor of Montreal?" "Ze Aldermen, ze Glackmeyer, ze—what you call it?—ze City Clerk," he almost shrieked. "I have asked for a room for my coat and my steek and my chapeau, and they have given me a passage—mille tonnerres! I will not have a passage—sacre polissons! non! I will not." "Gently, gently, Mr. Mayor," I interrupted, "don't get excited, I beg. If you have a grievance it shall be righted, I will see to that, and trust me, my interference will be successful." Oh! but the gleam of delight which shot athwart His Worship's face as he listened to this assurance. The scene was quite touching, and I felt this was one of the moments for which we great men live. Mem.—When I speak of 'we great men' I have no reference to the Mayor, but am merely assuming the editorial 'we' for the nonce. So profuse were His Worship's thanks that they really became wearisome. One does not do a good action merely to be thanked. That is not the sort of high moral principle I have infused into all connected with GRIP, from the editor down to the most juvenile of its inky devils. (This insufferable vanity would be amusing were it not so truly pitiful.—Ed.)

I succeeded at length in bowing His Worship out and was about ringing for a B. and S. to restore my somewhat shaken nerves when—confusion!—he returned. There was a simper and a blush, actually a blush, upon his august cheeks as he advanced and said, "Mon cher Monsieur GREER, I have here a leetle, a-very-leetle-poem I have write on ze great injury I have suffer. Ze Engleesh it is very good, and perhaps you will present it in ze GREER." Anything to terminate the interview, I glanced at it hastily and promised. Here it is:

*Je suis le Maire de Montreal,
I'll have ze best room or none at all.
Out, I ze great boss,
Will old Glackmeyer toss
From ze room that I want for moi-même,
Or I shall feel shame,
And then for revenge meec enfant will shout,
And whenever comes out,
I'll be ze Maire, ma foi! be sure,
I'll be ze Maire for three years more.*

An elegant bit, isn't it? Nothing so execrable ever before appeared in GRIP, but it will be effective. When the Aldermen of Montreal, each one of whom is a diligent student of GRIP, read the threat in the concluding line, His Worship will have carte blanche to select any room he pleases for his own use, even if it be the council chamber itself. Behold the advantages of extreme popularity, and so au revoir to His Worship.

Another queer sort of person was with me today. None other than the great George Washington Stevens. I had met him before in one of my numerous saunters in St. J—ahem! ahem!—doar me! I am forgetting that beastly "brief but brilliant," and must reserve the great G. W. for my next.

Yours,
S. I. R.

P.S.—Don't forget that the Windsor is an expensive caravansary, and that they charge full prices at the bar.

S. I. R.

"Our readers outside of Montreal will please understand that His Worship is at war with the City Council because he is not permitted to have the City Clerk's room for his own use.



The Wild Bear.

It is not often that we have, in these latitudes, a "show" like that depicted above, and perhaps it may have escaped the knowledge of a good many of our citizens that some remarkable exhibitions of bear-dancing have lately been given in Toronto. The entertainer in question took his stand in the vicinity of Bond street, having as his attraction a genuine royal Russian bear. No sooner was the announcement of the performance given than the gentleman was surrounded by a densely packed and eagerly attentive audience, who were greatly interested, and no doubt also edified by the exhibition. The performer first delivered a brief lecture on political natural history in general, and then proceeded to show that he knew all about Russian bears in particular. The animal was then put through a variety of evolutions, some of which evoked laughter—which, however, whenever it occurred, was promptly checked by a frown from the more sedate part of the audience.) The performance was brought to a close with a critical address by the bear's master, in which he pointed out the peculiarities of Bruin's claws, teeth, and general disposition. From these he deduced in an interesting manner the prophetic destiny of the critter—which, we regret to say, is decidedly dismal.



Principle and Interest.
The Bank Clerk's Joke.

She.—This is Charley. He was very clever, but a great scamp.

He.—Then you think a fellow without principle can be interesting?



WHOLL BE SIR JOHN'S SUCCESSOR ?

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A YANKEE MARKET REPORT.

Eggs are meaty and a favorite dish of brainy men. They will be counted out to you, three at a time, for from 15 to 17 cents per dozen.

Butter, *a la cow*, is unblushingly put on the market in two colors. The white indicative of purity—heaven pardon the lie in this instance—made up as it is often of unadulterated lard, and the yellow butter covering all the little defects with its golden hue, are offered to the innocent public at 30 cents per pound.

Lard, equal in strength to an ox, is taken in small doses of one pound at 10 cents. Lard a little fresh, but all the better for that, retails at 12½ cents, with invitation to call again.

Some people like cabbage and cabbage likes some people, and you can get nice plump heads for 10 cents.

Potatoes are to many now what the heavenly food, manna, was to the starving Israelites in their wanderings. The only difference seems to be that while manna was free to be gathered at will, potatoes drain your purse to the extent of \$1 per bushel for early rose and 80 at 85 cents per bushel for peachblows.

Turnips are on deck and stare you in the face in every grocery store you enter. Although Dr. Tanner has called turnips, along with cabbage, vulgar food, still they are in good demand at 75 cents and \$1 per bushel.

The popularity of "sweets" is seen in the yearly increasing demand for sweet potatoes. Take a sound, hot sweet potato, baked to a nicety, a porter house steak broiled, hot biscuits and Java coffee, and you have just as nice a breakfast as can be got up. Sweet potatoes, per barrel \$2.75 to \$3; per bushel \$1.

Perhaps you like Hubbard squash—the festive little chap that housewives so nicely serve. Twenty-five cents will buy one.

Chickens come high but the people must have them. Don't let the desire for chicken meat get away with your better judgment. Remember they might have died of cholera. They will bleed your pocketbook to the extent of \$4 per dozen or from 30 to 40 cents a-piece.

Many persons like radishes, and they are a fine relish at the rate of three bunches for a small twenty-five cent piece.

Cranberries are red berries, very beautiful when sound, which, unfortunately, they seldom are. They make nice sauce to go with chicken and turkey. Cranberries that won't stand examination sell for seven cents a quart. Those that blush when looked upon retail at ten cents.

Here you have your nice green onions at ten cents a bunch, warranted to stay with and perfume your breath in the most approved manner. Onion sets shed their sweet fragrance for all at the rate of 30 cents per quart.

The expression "cheese it" has died out, and it is well for the cheese market that it has. The odium cast upon this great American staple from such an expression has never been discovered, and it is to be hoped no one will lose any sleep in trying to find out. Cheese is palatable as well as beautiful, and by its golden color adds to the beauty of the evening meal. Northwestern 15 cents per pound. New York State, 15 cents, Limburger, 15 to 17 cents per pound.

Beets—we mean the vegetables, not the large class who sail through the world on that name—are selling at 60 cents per bushel.

Beans are in danger of becoming as popular here as they are in Boston; heaven forbid, however, for there it is almost an insult

to a ostonian to refuse this delightful dish. They are manufactured and put on the market at the low rate of 10 cents per quart.

Currants, dried, only 7 cents per pound, which leaves you three cents for a postage stamp.

French Prunes, excellent for dessert, 15 cents per pound. If you want to economize get two pounds and thereby save five cents.

Peaches unpeeled and dried look very inviting at 18 cents per pound.

Apple butter, just too nice for any use, at 8 cents per pound. Talk about your fruit, what will compare with apples in any shape or form? Peach butter 12 and 13 cents per pound.

Quince butter 13 and 14 cents per pound.

Honey, in comb, at 22 cents per pound. The public are not so sweet on this as the sweetness of the article might indicate.

Mince meat, please pray to be delivered from, especially the stuff sold by grocers under that name at 8 and 9 cents per pound.

Corn dried, considered coarse food by some, yet palatable all the same, retails at 9 cents per pound. It is a good dish on which to test the abilities of your cook.

Rice, one of the finest dishes in the world, if not moldy and also excepting boarding house rice, is sold at 6½ cents per pound.

Pickles, for the lovers, who are always in a pickle, can be had for the small sum of 12 cents per dozen, or those put up in jars all the way from 25 to 75 cents.

The demand for herbs has been changed to Suburbs.

You won't believe it, but "pon honor" those delicious stalks of celery are retailing at 50 cents the dozen bunches.

"Just think of it," Uncle Ephraim said "thar was no use talking, this wasn't the time o' year for de lettuce to come no how." But don't mention it, you can luxuriate on this delightful article of garden sass at 40 cents per pound, or a dish for a small family for 10 cents.

Carrots, of which vegetable soup is made, with other things thrown in, may be purchased at 60 cents per half bushel.

Often "he who runs may read," but oftener he is not able to read while running. Put your advertisement in a newspaper rather than on a fence.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

A Troy lawyer asked a woman on the witness stand her age, and she promptly replied: "I sold milk for you to drink when a baby, and I haven't got my pay yet."—*Detroit Free Press*.

There is one nuisance that the new Czar will be free from, at any rate. Life insurance agents won't be jostling each other to get into the Winter Palace to present the advantages offered by their respective companies.—*Virginia Enterprise*.

Gilhooly bought a cigar the other day, and as he lit it the tobacconist said with pride. "That's a fine imported cigar," "Is it?" responded Gilhooly. "It has always been a mystery to me why Galveston does not rise her own cabbages."—*Galveston News*.

"Rather a nice city," said Bret Harte to a friend in Scotland, as they rode through a Scotch town in the cars. "What place is this, anyhow?" The friend replied, "This is Glasgow, where you have been Consul for the last two or three years."—*Detroit Free Press*.

She raised a paper rule to strike her husband, and as it happened that the end of it grazed her chin and drew blood, whereupon she tumbled all into heap in the middle of the floor and howled piteously. But he only remarked with the utmost composure: "My love, it's a poor rule that won't work both ways."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

LEASE EXPIRING.

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NO. 3 CIRCUULAR SAW MILL.
Made by Stearns, Erie, right-hand, in use only 5 seasons. Cost \$1,150, will be sold for \$400, cash.

LOG CANTER.
Made by Stearns. Cost \$350, will be sold for \$150.

SHINGLE MACHINE.
38 inch saw, wooden frame, made by J. Meakins, Lindsay. Will sell for \$75.

Horizontal Engine and Boiler.
Cylinder 4 x 6. May be seen in running order on the premises. Price \$250.

BOILER.
h. p. Price \$85.

PONEY PLANER.
24 in. knife, made by Rogers & Co Norwich, Conn. Cost \$175, will sell for \$75.

BE-SAW.
4 ft. saw, rollers 18 in. long, 6 in. diameter, saws straight or bevel. Frame 5 ft. wide, 6 ft. long, pulley on mandril 8 x 14 in. Made by Goldie & McCullough. In use only 2 months. Cost \$550, sell for \$200.

STICKER.
Three moulding heads, one head for surface planing. Planes 6 in. Made by Daniels, Newcastle, Mass. Cost \$175, sell for \$75.

SHAKE WILLOW.
DRILL.
Centres 8 inches. Price \$15.

IRON LATHE,
15 feet bed, swings 24 inches, turns 10 feet. Price \$150.

PRINTING MACHINES.
Imperial Printing Press.
12½ x 17½ inches. In use only 2 years. Cost \$300. Will sell for \$200.

Forsyth Paper Outter.
Cuts 30 inches. Costs \$150. Sell for \$90.

Miller & Richard Paper Outter.
Cuts 16 inches. Cost \$150. Sell for \$90.

Water Motor.
1½ horse power, just the thing for a person wanting light power. Requires no attendance, always ready, and there is no fear of explosion. Price \$90.

The whole of the above is in good working order.

WM. DINGMAN & CO.,
MACHINERY BROKERS,
55 FRONT STREET EAST,
TORONTO.



Sue Sox.

According to our voracious contemporary the *World*, the latest addition to the *Globe* editorial wardrobe.

Nihilism! Beware!

A COMMUNISTIC MEETING IN TORONTO.

Among things not generally known is the presence of a Nihilist or Communistic Society in our very midst. Who would believe it? Not your reporter, certainly, had he not ocular and oral demonstration of the fact. Last night as the narrator was taking a stroll in pensive meditation along one of the quietest streets of the noble and aromatic ward of St. John he described a quartette of individuals standing at a corner of a certain street—to name which would be to "give the thing away"—who on being approached proved to be a few of the reportorial staff of the city papers. There was the ubiquitous Charlie, the marine man of the *Mail* (who appeared to be a wakening to life at the approach of navigation), the police reporter of the *Globe*, and the poetical Khan, who stood gazing silently at the moon as if seeking inspiration from that orb to help him with a "Ballad."

"What cheer, brothers?" sang out your reporter as he came up.

"Whisht, ye divote," said the Khan, "we're piping another chicken main. About a dozen disguised sports have gone into that house opposite, and another cockfight's on sure. I'll get all their right names this time, or by the Holy Grave I'll know the rasin why."

"Cheese it," said Charlie, "there's another bloke going in."

"I'd advise them to top their booms and sail large," said the *Mail* man, hitching up his trousers a *la matelot*.

"20 and costs for them sure," said the *Globe* man.

"If we only had Johnny Hodgins or Reburn now," said Charlie, "we could demand admittance."

"Aye, or Sheehan or Burroughs" said the Khan.

"Or Brown or———" said the *Globe*.

"By yon palid moon!" said the Khan, folding his voluminous ulster around him, "let's try it. Sure they would take us for sports. Forward!"

We advanced to the door and knocked. The door was partly opened and a decidedly North of Ireland voice asked "Who d'ye want till see, young mon? This is a respectable house I'd have ye all till know."

"Good men and true," whispered the Khan. "Anter," said the voice. The Khan had accidentally struck on the password.

Following the man from the "Black North" we were ushered into a long room, where, to our astonishment, seated at a long table, were about a dozen strange and foreign looking men, each with a large revolver before him. "Who are you?" shouted a fierce looking individual at the head of the table; "Aristocrats?" and he and the others at once "covered" us with their pistols.

"Don't shoot!" said the Khan, "we're not Aristocrats. Do we look like Aristocrats?"

"Not much," said the fierce man, "but who are you, and what in thunder do you want here?"

"Well, sir," said the Khan, trembling, "we're—we're reporters."

"Reporters! Have you any money?" thundered the chief.

"Not a rod in the gang," replied the Khan.

"Are you willing to pool your salaries with the effects of the bosses and divide the sum equally for the public weal?"

Reporters (all)—"Bet your life!"

"But gentlemen, who are you?" asked the *Globe* man with some trepidation, "bus. is bus, and I must get my copy in pretty soon or I'll get the bounce."

"Now see here, my youthful kid," said the fierce man, turning savagely toward him, "you're from the *Globe* I know, you're so exceeding fresh. We are Nihilists! that's the sort of hairpins we are; and if you don't swear not to betray us we'll blow—"

Chorus of Reporters—"We swear!"

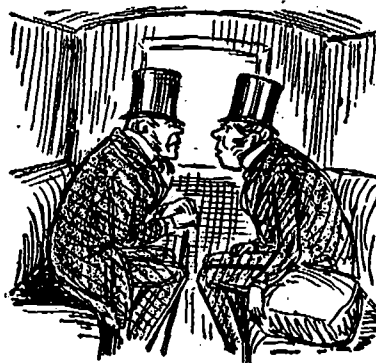
"All right. Now that one and all of you are of us, I will, after we drink confusion to all tyrants, introduce you to the brethren. Brother McGowan (to sentinel), bring wine." "Feth I will thot," said the servitor, as he placed a jorum of "rye" upon the festuro board that would gladden the heart of a *Globe* commissioner.

"Now, gentlemen of the Press, I will introduce you. This is Brother Nicolavitch Sonofswitch of Moscow; this, Michel Millocoteaux, of Paris; this, Herman Broedschoffer, of Berlin; this, Beppo Bumbohell, of Rome; and this, O'Mulligan Spuddo, of Dublin. Who I am, you may inquire of Brother Shwaub, of New York. Now fill your glasses: Confusion to all tyrants. Hurrah! hullool! rah!"

"Would you know our programme, 'tis this. All members of all Canadian Governments are to die; so are all the leading members of the Opposition, to show that we are not partisans of any political side. All Bank Managers, Boss Railway Officials, and Newspaper Proprietors are to be sent to the galleys which will be ready for their reception on Lake Sengog. All public and private property will be divided among the citizens, including ourselves (especially ourselves). The first names on the Black List are John A. Ned Blake, Tilley, Tupper, Cartwright, Mowat, and Fraser."

Enter McGowan. "Disparse gents, disparse! There's Inspector Ward and a squad from No. 2 comin' to pull ye; take the back dure and retreat!"

We all rushed for the rear and escaped by the door and windows, and after scaling divers fences soon found ourselves free in the College Avenue. "By yon lustrous star!" said the Khan as he gazed sadly at a portion of his ulster fluttering on the top of the nearest fence, "but this bates cock-fighting!"



Unanswerable.

Scene.—Any Public Conveyance.

Forward Stranger.—And pray, sir, why do you not answer me when I speak to you?

Backward Stranger.—And pray, sir, why do you speak to me when I don't answer you?



Feeding the Lion.

The second great banquet to the Hon. Edward Blake, the young lion of the Reform Party, (whose prophetic destiny the Rev. Dr. Grip feels assured is to cat up all the Conservative menagerie) came off on Thursday night at the Queen's Hotel—at least it went on on Thursday night and came off early next morning. Of course it was a splendid triumph, both for the *chef* of the Queen's Hotel and the chief of the Queen's Loyal Opposition. High spirits pervaded the company—though nothing much stronger than coffee was on the table. Wit and humor ran riot, and *repartee* ruled the hour. The speech of the evening was, taken all in all, as fine almost as Mr. Grip himself could have made—or even Mr. Phipps. It admirably foreshadowed the policy of the Opposition, namely, to get into office—which, to say the least of it, is statesmanlike.

In Memoriam

WM. MORLEY PUNSHON.

Born 1824, Died 1881.

Another light gone out, another sob
To echo through the world of living hearts;
Another tomb where lingering Grief may bend
And plant immortals bedewed with tears.
The Minister is dead.

'Tis well to drape the church in solemn black,
For she has lost a great and faithful son,
Whose feet were swift in all her paths of service;

Whose consecrated gifts were humbly laid
Upon her altar for the Master's sake.
Yet hang not black alone, let flowers of faith,
White flowers of hope be mingled in the pall,—
He is not dead, but sleepeth.

The Preacher's gone.
The silver tongue that held our hearts in thrall
With witchery of eloquence, is dumb,
And the keen eye whose flashing winged the words,

Is lustreless and dull.
No more on earth shall Sabbath multitudes
Sit at the banquet of his lofty thoughts;
But those white lips shall move again with life
And have at length sublimer utterance.

The Orator is dead.
The busy world no more shall cease its strife,
And sit aside to gaze, a raptur'd hour,
As the deft artist with a Raphael-touch
Brings back to life great heroes of the past,
Or paints the sacred scenes of holy writ:
Yet men will not forget those splendid themes
So splendidly depicted by his hand,
And in this hour, when sinks that hand in death,

And Punshon's spirit joins the august throng
Whose tale he told so well.
We think of him as *Christian*, travel worn,
Christian the Pilgrim, safely home at last,—
From all the labours and renown of earth.
"The Jordan's passed, the blissful haven reached,
And now those waters once so boisterous,
Ripple in peace on the eternal strand."

J. W. B.

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