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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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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.

PROPOSED NEW READING. "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye will find some errors of the revisers."

A Yorkville druggist proposes to give a lecture on "Hell-a-bore." Rev. Mr. Brookman is expected to occupy the chair.

The farmer's favorite author Fielding, *Philadelphia Sun*. That of the barrel maker Cooper. *Boston Times*. That of the jeweler Goldenmith. *Ec*. The young lady's—*Lover*.

It is announced that the library of the Hamilton Mechanics' Institute, which has been in process of accumulation for forty-two years is shortly to be sold at auction, owing to financial difficulties.

The Supreme Court of New York has granted the order to change the name of the corporation of "Scribner & Co." to "The Century Co." the order to take effect on the 21st of June. The July issues of *Scribner's Monthly* and *St. Nicholas* will have the new corporate imprint.

Grip of last week announces that it has moved into a new building erected specially for its business. We are pleased to note this evidence of prosperity. Grip is the first successful attempt to publish a cartoon paper in Canada, and well deserves the success it has achieved. *Oregon Sound Times*.

Messrs Suckling & Sons have just published a new and timely setting of the favorite hymn "Abide with Me," by Mr. F. H. Torrington, the popular organist of the Metropolitan. It is arranged in B flat for alto or bass, and in A flat for soprano or tenor. The music is dedicated to the Rev. Dr. Potts.

Sir Francis Hincks' recent lecture on the Boundary Award has been published in pamphlet form, bearing the imprint of the Ontario Government Printer. It is well worthy the careful perusal of all who are interested in maintaining Provincial rights, which in this matter are threatened by the general government.

The Choral Society's Concert.—It appears that Mr. Demison, the solo tenor at the concert of the Choral Society, was suffering from a severe cold, and only carried out his engagement out of consideration for the Society. In view of the remarks made in the *Mail's* notice of the concert this explanation is made in justice to Mr. Demison.—*World*.

A number of the newspaper men of the city met at the Rossin House last Saturday afternoon, and organized a society to be known as the "Quill Club." Mr. Patrick Boyle, of the *Irish Canadian*, was elected President, and Mr. Alex. Pirie, of the *Ptelegram*, Secretary. The object of the Club is to promote the general interests of the profession.

In our notice of the Choral Society's concert last week we inadvertently omitted to mention the solo by Mrs. Cooper—Gounod's *Ave Maria*, and a number in Costa's "Dream"—which were rendered excellently. Although Mrs. Cooper's voice is associated with a charming rendition of the light contralto music of comic opera, it proved to be quite as well adapted to the requirements of sacred song.

The second grand concert of the season by the Philharmonic Society will be given at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, June 7th. The plan of reserved seats will be open at Nordheimer's on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th, and arrangements have been made to avoid inconvenience to those applying for them. Mr. Torrington will conduct as usual, and we have no doubt the concert will prove as attractive as any of its predecessors.

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Montreal, April 30th, 1881. 4-6-81

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Literature and Art.

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

Walt Whitman has reached the age when he admires grey hair on women. He was in Boston recently, and says he saw while there a greater number of "fine looking, grey haired women" than he had ever seen elsewhere. There have always been handsome grey haired women, Walter, but you didn't notice them so much when you were younger. *Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

Tony Pastor is here again, and the Grand Opera House is packed as a consequence. Tony enjoys as high a reputation as any manager in the world, and he has honestly gained it by invariably giving a first-class entertainment. His present company embraces a large number of the best variety performers now on the stage, and an evening of the most extravagant mirth may be assured to all who are lucky enough to get seats.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Liverpool Wasp*, published, on April 22nd, a cartoon on Beaconsfield's death, entitled "Peace with Honor!" A few days afterwards *Punch* appeared with a cartoon bearing the same legend, and necessarily somewhat similar in detail. This coincidence has given rise to a great deal of comment, and the *Wasp* has been charged with plagiarism. It strikes Mr. Galt the other fellow is the culprit, if there has been any pirating, but it is quite possible that the coincidence occurred very naturally.

A new boat has been added to the Toronto-pleasure squadron. This is the *Lady Rupert*, which is to begin the season on Monday under the management of Mr. W. E. Cornell. The *Lady Rupert* is a staunch and shapely side-wheel steamer, built two years ago at Quebec. She is 170 feet in length, 26 feet beam, 14 feet over paddles, with cranks, walking beam, and shafts of wrought iron. The proprietors announce their intention to do all in their power for the pleasure and convenience of their patrons, by strictly limiting the tickets on any given excursion to a reasonable number, and having always in attendance a thoroughly efficient crew. The season tickets are fixed at a moderate price, and no cutting of rates will be indulged in. We understand that a good professional band, string and brass, has been engaged for the season, and we bespeak for the *Lady Rupert* a pleasant and successful career on her various excursions to Canadian and American ports.

The lecture room of the Mechanics' Institute in St. John, N.B., has undergone a complete transformation. The unsightly and uncomfortable old wooden benches have been replaced by comfortable opera chairs, and the seating capacity increased by side galleries. The walls and ceiling of the auditorium are neatly decorated, new scenery added, and other improvements made which makes it now one of the cosiest little opera houses in the Dominion. On Monday evening, 16th ult., the director opened it with the Boston Opera Company under the management of Geo. A. Jones, Esq. The piece selected for the opening night was "Olivette," with the charming little Anna Guenther in the title role. Miss Dora Wiley as the *Comtesse*, Alfred Wilkie, *Valentin*, Jas. A. Gilbert, *Capt. DeMerrimar*, and Richard Golden as the comical *Coquelinot*. The orchestral music, led by Mr. W. E. Taylor, was excellent. "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patinka," and "Pinafore" were also produced in first class style, but an uninterrupted pluvial deposit during the entire week operated very materially against the financial success. The company left on Saturday evening for Halifax, N.S., where they play a two weeks' engagement in the Academy of Music.

TO BUSINESS MEN.

MERCHANTS desiring to advertise their business in an ATTRACTIVE and EFFECTIVE form, should communicate with BENGOUGH BROS., Toronto, and order an edition of their

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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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—On the evening of the 24th of May the pleasure steamer Queen Victoria capsized in the Thames River, near London, Ont., causing the death of nearly three hundred persons. The narrowness and shallowness of the stream, the apparent absence of all danger, taken in connection with the shocking extent of the fatality, gave the disaster a unique prominence in our annals, and the overwhelming grief of the stricken city extended to every corner of the Dominion, and indeed thrilled the whole continent. Our issue of last week being ready for the press before the occurrence of the great catastrophe, we had no opportunity of recording our sympathy by a memorial drawing; but alas! it is not too late now, for the grief of thousands of hearts will remain fresh for many long days yet to come.

ETOURN PAGE.—It may be well to explain that this sketch—unlike most of those which appear in these venacious pages—is not founded on fact. It is not literally true that Mr. Gordon Brown, Mr. Alex. Mackenzie, and Mr. Oliver Mowat are tormenting the unhappy Premier, whom they have met at the English health resort all alone and unprotected, by intimidating, in pugilistic pantomime, what they intend to do with him and his party at the coming general election, but it is true that those distinguished Grits and that illustrious Toxy are at present in the old land, and from what Mr. Grip knows of the spirit of Canadian politics, it is quite possible that such a scene may be taking place.

Answers to Correspondents.

GURDE.—Many thanks for your kindness. We regret that some of your matter is unavoidably left over this week.

John A. McCall.—How well you know how to do a graceful thing. Yes, we will see that Grip is mailed to you regularly, since you assure us you would miss its weekly visits so much. We have thought it our duty to aim an arrow at you occasionally, but malice has never winged the barb. Our sincere wishes for your speedy restoration to health.

Grand Open Air Concert.

A grand open air vocal concert was given by the Phelandemoniac Society of Toronto last evening. Although no complimentary tickets had been issued, the several representatives of the Toronto Press deemed it a duty to be present, even at the risk of getting the G. B. (not of the Globe). About 9.30 p. m. the singers began to put in an appearance. Professor Thom and Signora Poosi (a polish lady attired in white ermine) sang the opening duet, "I know a bank," very sweetly; after which the whole

company adjourned to the roof of the Society's rooms. This was a decided improvement, as the night was bright and clear, and the performers could be seen and heard to great advantage. Signor Whiskerini gave the "White Squall" with great power and feeling. He was followed by Prof. Grimalkino, Mus. Bac., who, assisted by his class, rendered the famous catch of "Three Blind Mice" in a thrilling manner. His daughter Kitty Selina, a shrill soprano, sang the solo "I love Little Pussy" which was cheered by a shower of hot-jacks from a neighboring window. Madame Tabbi, a powerful contralto, who occupied a prominent position on the top of the chimney pot, then gave a vocal rendering of the "Storm," accompanied by sundry variations by the whole company. Immediately after which Monsieur Cato sang a war song, an original composition, interspersed with whoops, cat-calls, and snuffing generally. The Grip Waltz, a new dance for gentlemen, introduced last night for the first time, was then begun by Professors Thom and Grimalkino, it being deemed improper for the different sexes to dance together. This dance is got up after the fashion of the singing quadrilles, the parties screaming furiously as they hug each other in the fierce delight of the dance. The fun was beginning to prove infectious, several of the performers landing a chorus, when some Nihilists, who are well known to be boarding in the adjoining attic, and who are sworn to exterminate all musical talent, threw a bunch of lighted fire-crackers among the performers, which exploding like the rattling of musketry, caused a most terrible catastrophe. Startled by the report Professor Thom and Grimalkino looked in each other's arms rolled off the roof, alighting on the upturned face of the Globe reporter, clawing and disfiguring it in a fearful manner. The representative of the Mail turned to flee, but was startled out of his senses at the vision of Signora Poosi, who bounded on his shoulder, tore down his back, and disappeared down the nearest alley-way. How the other performers escaped your correspondent is unable to state, as at this juncture a shrill whistle was heard from the watchman, the dogs began to bark, the fire-bells to clang, and night became hideous generally. Your feline reporter,

The Irrepressible Interviewer.

LATEST DEVELOPMENTS OF JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE.

"See here, we want some good, live, interesting interviews," said the city editor.

"Well, who shall I tackle this time?" asked the interviewer.

"Anybody you like. Write up something lively and sensational—illustrative of the phases of social or industrial life. We must have special articles dealing with some subject that the other papers have not touched. Any smart newspaper man ought to be able to pick up half a dozen subjects when he is walking along the street by simply keeping his eyes open. Start off now and do your level best."

The interviewer accordingly procured a fresh note book and hied forth—down King street. He had not proceeded far before he met a man

SMOKING A COB PIPE.

The following conversation then ensued:—

Reporter. Good morning. I see you smoke a cob pipe.

Smoker. Yes.

Reporter.—Why do you smoke a cob pipe?

Smoker.—Because I prefer them to any other kind.

Reporter.—Ah! good point that. It throws considerable light on the question which must have sug-



gested itself to every thinking man as to the prevalence of cob-pipe smoking. You may have noticed other people smoking cob pipes?

Smoker.—I have.

Reporter.—So far as your observations extend do you suppose that they are actuated by similar motives to your own?

Smoker.—I should smile.

Reporter.—Suppose we do smile. (And they smiled.)

THE PEANUT BUSINESS.

A peanut stand on the street corner was the next object that attracted the interviewer's attention. He bought a pint of peanuts in order to give him an opportunity of interviewing the proprietor, which he did as follows:—

Reporter.—You are an Italian?

Peanut Merchant.

Yes, signor! I mane si signor!

Reporter.—Do all peanut sellers have to be Italians?

Peanut Merchant.—Non mi ricordo, be jabbers, dolce far niente, and other remarks to the same effect.

Reporter.—You sell a good many peanuts, I presume?

Peanut Merchant.—Si, signor.

Reporter.—Yes, I see. Do you regard peanuts as a valuable adjunct to our natural resources?

Peanut Merchant.—Zo peanut is one of ze vat you call—institution. Si, signor.

Reporter.—Do you find your trade affected beneficially by the S. P.?

Peanut Merchant.—What are you giving us? Carpo di Luccha!

The interview here terminated.

THE GAME OF MARBLES.



Several boys were playing marbles on a vacant lot on a side street. The reporter eagerly seized the opportunity to elicit some information with respect to this ancient and popular pastime.

Reporter.—Good morning, boys. You seem to be playing marbles?

Boy.—That's so! You guessed it first time.

Reporter.—Ah, yes. It is an interesting and healthful pursuit, calculated to, &c. I judge that the game of marbles is popular among the youth of Toronto.

Boy.—It's a big scheme.

Reporter.—Do you play for fun or for keeps?

Boy.—Both. It aint any fun unless it's fur keeps.

Reporter.—Do you regard the practice as in any way demoralizing by inciteing gambling propensities?

Boy.—Which?

Reporter.—There are, as you are doubtless aware, some moralists who are disposed to regard it as reprehensible. What are your views on the subject?

Boys (all together).—Oh, git out! Put your head to soak! Clear off. We aint no time for foolin', and want to go on with the game.

The reporter did not pursue the subject further.



TORONTO'S FAIR.

They do not create for "cosmopolitan."
 And are quite content without college degrees,
 They do not of "photoplasm" and "differentiation"
 Talk pseudo-erudite slang with ease.
 They are far less likely to puzzle their pleases,
 When the theatre, church, or ball they have come to,
 Some excellent specimens one sees,
 Of the pretty girl of fair Toronto.
 Their close fitting jackets keep the fashion's
 Their bosoms are buttoned and numbered "three"
 Their stockings of gorgeous illumination,
 Are lovely, alas! for the little one sees.

Their charms are potent, and have decrees,
 Men follow them, faithful as "rainie" "Pond."
 Their tangled gold-tresses perfume the breeze,
 And crown the queen-girls of fair Toronto.
 They all belong to *this* generation!
 In their blue eyes bits of heaven one sees,
 The charm of their wit and conversation,
 Captures the cake with graceful ease,
 No foreign-bred beauty from over seas,
 Nor those that Montreal's name live "can't be,"
 In body, soul, buttons, are bound to please,
 Like our own pretty girls in fair Toronto!

Our Montreal Commissioner.

WINDSOR HOTEL, Montreal.

The arch-episcopal war has come to a sudden termination. His Grace of Montanopolis has unbuckled his armour and returned to the quiet meditation his soul loves. Not that he has shown the white feather. By no means, my masters. He has simply re-asserted his position and declined all further controversy. The rank and file, however, are carrying on the war merrily, by means of petitions, public meetings, and woody conflicts before the Private Bills Committee. The city recorder, worthy man, has taken to the stump, and many a somnolent Rip Van Winkle has opened his sleepy eyes to the importance of the question. Your Commissioner hails with pleasure these evidences of the increasing interest felt by French Canadians in the freedom of higher education in this Province.

Dr. Dawson a C. M. G., and Hector Langevin honored with an additional letter and a title! Thus it has pleased Her Majesty, by and with the advice of her trusty Privy Councillor, Sir John Macdonald, to mete out her royal favors to these two men. Your Commissioner, and the distinguished circle with whom he associates in this city, have but a poor opinion of the Privy Councillor's taste. Even my humble friend Joseph professes himself disgusted. "To think, sir, as the Queen should a bin advised to put such a man as Langevin afore our Dr. Dawson. I wouldn't a thought Sir John would a made sich a mess on't." "It is no end of a blunder, Joseph, certainly," I replied, "but did you ever read Robbie Burns?" "Not as I knows of, sir. Who wur he?" "A Scotch poet, Joseph, and a wonderfully gifted one. Listen, this is what he says:—

A king can make a beld knight—
 A marquis, duke, and a' that,

But pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher ranks than a' that."

"And, indeed, sir, that's jist the truth, and you don't want no better proof on it than Langevin and our Dr. Dawson." "Exactly so, Joseph: I quite agree with you."

Grip's countless readers throughout the Dominion will probably feel some interest in the sayings and doings of the sixty-five remarkable men who legislate for this Province. I propose to take them to Quebec occasionally. There is very good fun to be met with there at times. I fear there are some naughty boys there, and the Premier, Mr. Chapleau, does not inspire one with much respect. The hero of the celebrated Tanneries Land Swap—a lawyer whose practice was almost entirely confined to the recorder's and police courts: a speaker not without a certain amount of smartness and theatrical eloquence—a moral character certainly not above par—behold the man who, for the time being, wields the destinies of this Province. Paquet, the rattling recipient of fourteen thousand dollars from the Credit Foncier, nets as a worthy lieutenant to a worthy chief. By the way, a special committee has been struck to enquire into this questionable transaction of Mr. Paquet's. On the principle, probably, that misery loves companions, Mr. Paquet, in return, has contrived to throw up a cloud of dust around the member for Megantic—Mr. George Irvine, one of the ablest gentlemen in the House. In his (Mr. Irvine's) absence, and on the eve of an adjournment for a week, a statement, said to have been prepared by Paquet, but which was brought forward by one of his lieutenants, was read to the House, charging Mr. Irvine with improperly buying off a bidder at the sale of the Levis and Kennebec Railway. In spite of the protests of Mr. Irvine's friends, the Government majority insisted that this charge should be entered upon the journals, and entered it was.

On the re-assembling of the House Mr. Irvine read a keenly sarcastic counter statement, fully explaining the transaction as one in which he had not the remotest personal interest, and in which he acted simply as the legal adviser of the actual purchaser. Strange to say, Mr. Robertson, the Treasurer of the Province, was, as president of the railway which purchased the Levis and Kennebec, the person most interested in the affair. This gentleman attempted to throw oil upon the troubled waters by moving the ad-

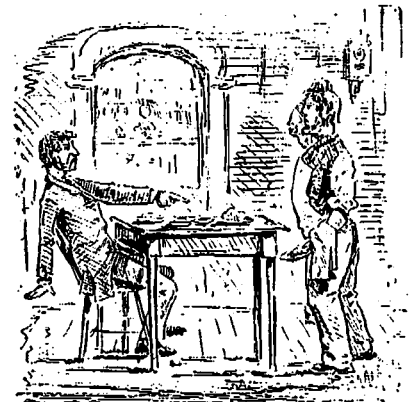
journalment of the debate, but Mr. Chapleau, Mr. Paquet, and others of that kidney insisted that a committee should be struck to enquire into the charge. Mr. Irvine looked placidly on. Mr. Joly—the *beau ideal* of all that is honourable and gentlemanly characterized the "statement" as the outcome of a conspiracy. Mr. "Jimmy" McShane—er twile a knight of the clever, now an extensive cattle shipper—asserted that the manner in which the charge was brought forward was dishonorable. To this Mr. Chapleau delicately retorted that the hon. gentleman was evidently in the habit of weighing other things more carefully than his assertions. Confusion reigned supreme for a time, but at length the immortal Tarte brought the question to an issue by moving that the House, being satisfied with Mr. Irvine's explanations, a committee of enquiry was not necessary. This motion was carried by a majority of three, the English-speaking members of the Government, Messrs. Robertson, Lynch, and Flynn, voting with the majority. Mr. Chapleau, who had made the question a personal one, is highly incensed at the defection of his colleagues, and it is possible that the ill feeling engendered may result in the breaking up of the Government. In the interest of the Province your Commissioner is disposed to say, So mote it be. Enough of Provincial politics for the present.

Your Spectral Correspondent, F. T. P. O. Q.

That Awful Dinner.

The quite too awful newspaper men of the flagrant insubordinate press outside of the *Globe* office persisted in their insurrectionary design of giving a dinner to that arch-traitor, Goldwin Smith. The disloyal festival was shockingly successful, as we understand the editorial rebels of the whole Province eagerly bought up the tickets. We are still further alarmed by the report that the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were tabooed and the following substituted:—

1. "The President of the United States."
2. "The Union Army and Navy (what there is of it)."
3. "Our Esteemed Contemporaries—the Nihilists."
4. "The Guest of the Evening—may he have a prosperous voyage, and meet Gordon Brown in some secluded place and unnamed."
5. "Cornell University—the *alma mater* of our grandchildren."
6. "Sister Societies—the Fenians and Red Republicans."



EVADING THE LAW.

SCENE.—Dining Room Windsor Hotel, County, New Brunswick. Time, Dinner.

Drummer. "Say, landlord, I thought since the adoption of the Scott Act you were not allowed to give us anything strong."

Landlord.—"Neither we are, sir."

Drummer.—"Then what are you doing with that butter on the table? Nothing strong!"



her joy
was turned
into
mourning

LONDON
ONTARIO
24th May
1881

R. HARRIS.

LONDON'S GRIEF AND OURS.

See comments on page 3.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

THE DOVE OF THE BRAGGAGE MAN.
 (From the *Burlington Harbinger*.)
 With many a curve the trunk I pitch,
 With many a shout and sally;
 At station, siding, crossing, switch,
 On mountain grade or valley,
 I heave, I push, I sling, I toss,
 With vigorous endeavor,
 And men may smile, and men may growl,
 But I sling my trunk forever,
 Ever I ever!
 I bust trunk forever.

The paper trunk from country town
 I balances and dandles;
 I turn it once or twice around
 And pull out both the handles,
 And grumble over traveling bags,
 And monstrous sample cases;
 But I can smash the maker's case
 Like plaster paris cases.
 They holler, hollers I go,
 But they can stop me never,
 For they will learn just what I know,
 A trunk won't last forever!
 Ever I never!

And in and out I wind about,
 And here I smash a hie-ter-er,
 I turn a grip sack inside out
 Three times a day at least, oh,
 I tug, I jerk, I swear, I swear,
 I toss the light valise,
 And what's too big to throw, you bet,
 I'll fire it round in pieces,
 They murmur, murmur, everywhere,
 But I will heed them never,
 For women weep and strong men swear
 I'll law their trunk forever!
 Ever I ever!

I'll bust trunk forever
 I've cowed the preacher with my wrath,
 I own the judge's ermine;
 I've spalled both brief and ribbon;
 And books, and socks, and cards, and strings,
 The numerous to mention;
 And ladies' clothes and women's things,
 Beyond my comprehension,
 I've spilled, I've scattered, and I've slung,
 As far as space could sever,
 And scatter, scatter, old or young,
 I'll scatter things forever,
 Ever I ever!
 Scatter things forever.

THE BOSTON GIRL'S WOE.

"The snow has drifted around my heart,"
 sighed a fair young Boston girl, as she and her
 Brooklyn hostess sat on the floor, facing their
 boots, the other morning. "No longer do the
 spring violets bloom in my life."
 "May I enquire what has chagrined you?"
 asked the Brooklyn girl, sympathetically.
 "I will tell you all, from cosmos to Omega.
 You shall know why existence is henceforth a
 burnt prairie to me. Ah! the dream has flown.
 The grasses are bending over the grave of that
 bright hope."
 "Did he leave you?" invoked the Brooklyn
 damsel, in tears.
 "Not voluntarily. We were segregated, but
 through no fault of ours. It was the dispelling
 of a vision."
 "But won't he come back?"
 "I fear me nay. Such a differentiation is not
 to be overcome. I will tell you. We loved.
 The moon couldn't beam but he'd hitch up a
 team and drive into my out-stretched arms.
 "My!" ejaculated the Brooklyn girl.
 "Always. He came, until I looked for him as
 for the stars. Every night until one. Then he
 came no more to our brown stone mansion door,
 no more. And my heart is sad and weary.
 Listen, I have a father. Pitiless, cold, relent-
 less, but still he is my father, though he has
 frozen up my young blood. I assure you it is
 really all icebergs."
 "Did he say the young man mustn't come
 any more?" asked the breathless listener.
 "He did not. He welcomed him, like the
 whirlpool's rings that swallow up all sorts of
 things. Gave him cigars and talked with him.
 Pa was too awfully sweet at first, and that's
 what makes me sit sad and sighing, and feel as
 though I'm surely dying. I'm just perfectly
 terribly out up about it!"

"Then how did he come to go away? I'm
 crazy to know."
 "You shall hear how the disintegration origi-
 nated. All the time pa was treating him so
 nicely he didn't like him. He was making up
 his mind to have him leave. Oh! the saddest
 word of tongue or pen is the terribleness of
 these bad men. Pa separated us. Like the
 pouring of the vengeful sea he separated my own
 and me."
 "How did he do it? What steps did he
 take?"
 "Give me your attention. You shall know
 the facts from the protoplasm to the finish. I
 will tell you of my awful doom, right here in
 your cheerful little bedroom. I wanted an
 Easter hat. I said to pa, Must have it. Was
 coming to see you, you know. Says pa, 'Give
 up the lover or the hat. Can't have both.'
 "And you?"
 "Gave him up, of course. How could I help
 it? The hat is lovely, but my heart is stone.
 I move alone without any comfort. It was
 hard to wreck him, but there was no other al-
 ternative. Pa made me choose. Don't you
 think it pretty?"
 And the two girls went down to breakfast, the
 forlorn girl singing, in a low, sweet voice, "The
 good sword is rusted, the good knight is busted."
 - *Brooklyn Sunday Eagle.*

THE LAY OF THE POKE.
 (From the *Kansas City Times*)

Ethel De Laney reigned as a queen
 Of highest social station;
 She set the fashions, and, I ween,
 She set her jealous sisters green
 With envious perturbation.
 Ethel De Laney had a beau,
 Herbert Fitzherbert Deveraux;
 He! he!
 A beau.
 Early in Lent this belle bespoke
 A dazzling Easter bonnet,
 And, as the season's master stroke,
 She designated the species poke.
 With all the business on it,
 It came, with glee so carefully
 She hastened to the glass to see:
 "He! he!"
 "Quoth she,
 The pains she took that poke to give
 And shape it to her fancy
 No inexperienced man could guess
 She sat upon it more or less,
 "This cunning Miss De Laney,
 And hammered it for many a day,
 And slept in it, her parents say;
 "Hey! hey!"
 They say,
 One man she studied, as well she might,
 Without the least compunction,
 To paralyze the sex on sight,
 And all "our set, you know," to smite
 From Fifth street to the Junction
 The ladies sigh, the horses shy;
 The gamins in the gutter gey:
 "Hi! hi!"
 They cry,
 Under the old ancestral oak
 That evening, calm and pleasant,
 Sat Ethel, on her head the poke.
 A strong, suspicious smell of smoke
 Proclaims Fitzherbert present.
 Around her waist his arm he threw;
 That awful poke shuts out the view:
 "Hue! hue!"
 She too,
 Farewell their little dream of bliss.
 The silken cord is parted.
 The poke forbids the kiss.
 "O, Ethel, has it come to this?
 I perish broken hearted!"
 and Ethel shrieks, "I die, Papa;
 See us interred with great eclat!"
 "Ha! ha!"
 They are.

When trees leave it is a sign they will stay.
Salea Simbetta.
 Noah wasn't drawing to a finish, but only to
 pairs, when he filled the ark.—*Keokuk Constitution.*
 Ravens fed the Prophet Elijah, but they
 never furnished much sustenance for Edgar
 Allan Poe.—*Boston Courier.*

It will soon be fly time—that is to say, the
 people will soon fly to the sea shore.—*Phila-
 delphia Sun.*
 Invention must be an illegitimate word, for
 its father is never spoken of, while Necessity is
 said to be its mother.—*Fulton Times.*
 The early evidences Eve gave that she was
 destitute of good raising was due to the fact
 that she was born an orphan.—*Ky. New Era.*
 Canastota, N. Y., has the measles. Let us
 hope they canastota-ly be abolished as they
 have unanimously appeared.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A Maine man who died left a large quantity
 of fish, beef and bread, and said: "These are
 the provisions of my will."—*Philadelphia Bul-
 letin.*
 It has been ascertained that the reason for
 placing lumber yards near to railroad depots is
 to enable travellers to get a board easy. *Rich-
 mond Independent.*
 As a proof that hens have delicate aesthetic
 sense, it is remarked that they always seem to
 wipe their feet when they enter a flower garden.
Philadelphia Bulletin.
 The saying that beauty is but skin deep
 needs to be modified. Is there anything par-
 ticularly striking about a chime of bells till
 they have pealed? *Pond du Lac Reporter.*

The most fastidious man we know of, is
 the individual who started out in a rain storm
 to drown himself, and carried an umbrella over
 his head so as not to get his clothes wet.
Whitehall Times.
 They say that General Sherman has a great
 weakness for wanting to kiss all the young
 and pretty girls he meets. Great minds must run
 in the same channel; give us your paw, General.
South Kentuckian.
 Jay Gould has at last got to work on a rail-
 road on Mexican soil. As he is a man that
 never says much about his personal affairs, it is
 not known who he intends leaving Mexico to in
 his will.—*Peek's Sun.*

The man said he couldn't hire the applicant.
 Said the young man: "I can prove that I am
 perfectly honest." "Yes, I know," said the
 other. "That's the trouble. You see I'm in
 the coal business."—*Boston Post.*
 The educated, often cultured bore never takes
 a hint. He has no idea that under all the broad
 blue skies there can be anything of more im-
 portance than his opinions and theories, pre-
 sented in fine, well-rounded periods. *Detroit*
Chief.

The girl who makes the acquaintance of every
 young man she sees, without wanting to know
 who or what he is, is held in the same esteem
 by men as the yellow dog that will lick every
 hand that puts its head. *Turner Falls Re-
 porter.*
 A Lowell woman accidentally swallowed a pin
 the other day, and in exactly three minutes
 afterward it came out of the ear of the she was
 holding in her lap at the time. This is a
 lie, but we wanted to get up one of those stories
 that our readers can believe.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Skiggins' partner in business is his wife. She
 entered the firm as a silent partner, and he
 thought it would cure her; but he is left to
 wonder now more than ever "why she talks so
 much." She told him the other day, "no
 woman's tongue could be a silent part'n'er,"—
 and poor Skiggins fainted.—*New York Wit*
and Wisdom.
 They say you can tell by the taste of beer
 what the weather is going to be. How nice.
 When your wife is uncertain about going out
 with her new bonnet on, and says: "Dear, do
 you think it will rain?" you can reply, "I'll
 see, my love," and go out and take a drink of
 beer, and she can't find a word of fault. We
 demand a monument for the discovery of the
 theory.—*Boston Post.*



HE'S A TRUMP!

SCENE. Railway Office in New Brunswick.
Polite Official to General Manager. "Mr. Jones, allow me to introduce you to Mr. K., a joker on the staff of Grip."
Manager Jones (to his secretary). "Mr. Smith, you will please fill in a pass for Mr. K., as I invariably make it a rule to "pass" a "joker." No cards!

A Headless Tale of Halifax.

THE WINTER PORT SUMMARIZED.

All ye who, like the early bird,
 Would some "poor worm" ensnare,
 Come, listen, if you have not heard,
 What chanced a maiden fair.
 Who late, but early, longed to see
 A charming sea-side cove,
 When such mishap befel, that she
 Vows never more to rove!
 On the steam-ferry-boat she sat,
 To read the morning's news—
 The marriage column first got *fat*,
 Then something to amuse!
 Meanwhile the steamer left the shore,
 The wind commenced a raid,
 And down the deck came sweeping o'er
 The decorated maid!
 So winds will rave when they are vex'd,
 And burglar-like may seek
 To rob a fair-one—with pretext
 Of kissing her fair cheek.
 In sudden gust the breeze came fast,
 As still the maiden sat—
 And, all profanely, with a blast:
 Made off with her new hat.
 Her hat! that fitted like a cap
 The sweetest thing in brown!
 And her dear veil, a worse mishap,
 The envy of the town!
 Mas! they left her ill at ease,
 She saw them rise like "stocks"
 To favoring gale, and then the breeze
 Went whistling through her locks!
 A hat, like pride, must have a fall,
 She railed, but o'er the rail
 Went hat and veil and pride and all!
 No outcry could avail!
 A grinning urchin at her side
 In impish mischief roared:
 "Reverse the engine! stem the tide!
 A mad-cap's overboard!"
 The helmsman left his post in fear
 The deck-hand and the mate—
 The stoker and the engineer—
 Came all! but all too late!
 The hat swept like a Nautilus,
 Above its broad blue tomb—
 Sea nymphs smiled audibly and thus,
 But hied it to its doom!
 Sun-fishes rose like "swells" to aid,
 The codfish swam to see
 They hailed it as a tribute paid
 Their aristocracy,
 The holsters moved their saving claws
 And groped along the flats!
 To break the news and seek the cause
 Of this new rise in hats!
 These speculators' heath the waves
 Discussed the great wind-fall
 And watched the current-sea that laves
 Their floating cap-tal!
 The maiden stood mute as a post
 The victim of a breeze,
 Like Niobe or Banquo's ghost—
 Or any myth you please!

Her brain might swim, her heart must sink,
 It now went pit-ty pat!
 The wicked newsboy gave no wink
 Of pity for her hat!
 Down, down it went from human sight
 He of her fate made fun,
 Smiled nastily to see her plight
 Bare-headed to the sun!
 A Mienae there with headed cap
 A dinky son of Ham—
 Just touched her head-gear *verbum sap!*
 Pray who's your better? *man!*
 Roofless she reached the giddy town,
 Her hat had gone to sea!
 'Twere better she had lost her crown
 The hat had cost her three!

Perchance where mermaids congregate
 To gossip, laugh, and chat,
 This maid in vision yet may see
 The band about her hat!
 A merry band of fish to greet
 The mermaids' wondrous tale,
 Weaved round the hat—but bootless feat
 'Tis all without avail!
 Yet let her not bewail her hat
 She may go west, or wed!
 Then, how much worse a plight were that
 If she had lost her head!



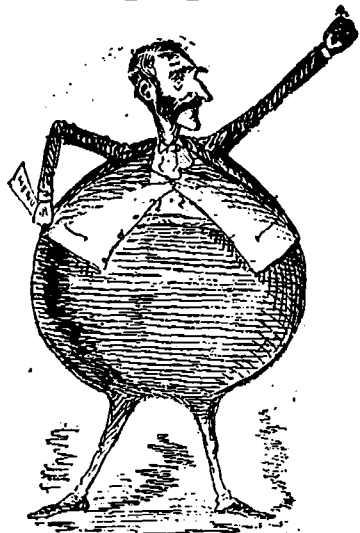
SYMPATHY.

SCENE. The Art Exhibition.

Indulgent Parent.—That, my dear, represents Prometheus. You know he was chained to the rocks, and every day the vultures devoured his liver, which grew again and was again devoured, and so on.
Sympathetic Boy.—Oh, dear! How sick the poor vultures must have been to have nothing but liver every day!

A Toronto Man's Ruminations.

Here we are picking our teeth at the front door of the Windsor, and gazing upon the verdant glory of Mount Royal. Of course Montreal cannot be compared, as a city, with Toronto for wealth, enterprise or population. Its natural attractions, too, are infinitely inferior. For instance, how insignificant Mount Royal becomes when compared with the lofty heights from which the Old Fort frowns defiance near the western entrance to Toronto's harbor. What has Montreal that will compare with our noble bay and the gem like island, whose precipitous shores divide that bay from the lake? Suffer me to do a little gushing over that isle of beauty—home of the renowned Hanlan. How often have I revelled in the depths of its stately forests of poplar and willow? How often plunged from its rocky point into the cool waters of the bay, and sported there with all the grace and agility of a porpoise till the stars shone down. How often, when lauded again, have I listened to the song of the mighty mosquitoes which flourish there, breaking in upon their melody with many a staccato note, and wild, yet graceful movement of my own. Ah! me, how the days of old return as I write! Days when the classic shores of our happy isle were the home of that noble old sailor, Captling Bob Moody, Admiral of the once famous *Firefly*. Stern of eye and stately of port, he guided that noble three-decker to and fro over the swelling waters of the bay. Afloat—every inch a gallant seaman, undaunted by the dangers he encountered in his countless cruises between the mainland and the shores of the distant island. Ashore—the hero, the pet, the autocrat of the noble ward of St. John. Mighty in elections. Now lauded by the *Globe* as the patriotic, the gallant, the noble Captling Moody. —and anon, when the wind had changed, held up to unmeasured ridicule as "Captling Bob." But "whither are we drifting?" Whither indeed? Let us return to our sheep. There are hard-headed, practical men, who seem to think a great deal of the Victoria Bridge here; but who would name it in the same day with the triumph of engineering skill which spans the mighty chasm of the Don? None but an infatuated Montrealer, but unfortunately there are many such in this vicinity.



THE DINNER IS EATEN!

The Dictator of the *Globe* has been signally rebuked, and the malign'd Professor has had a FRIED REVENGE!!

Old Stories Retold.

No. 11.—TERRIBLE SLAVE SURE.

After J. Ruskin and the Dime Novelists.

'Mid clouds of lurid leaden blue, the storm's signal gave,
 The sun's broad orb of sanguine hue was waning in the wave,
 The foreground's green and lamp-like fire, a phosphorescent flood!
 But in mid-distance looming dire, a sea that seethed like blood!
 Where stirr'd around the slave-ship's track, the sullen surging breeze;
 She speeds beneath the ensign black, the demon of the seas!
 With crippled wings and crowded hold, the pest-house of the slave
 Had felt the British fire that told too well 'twixt wind and wave!
 The pirate captain cried aloud, "Our slaves let death set free!"
 And soon the wretches writhe amid a corpse encumbered sea;
 And shark and kraken and sea-snake exult to seize the prey,
 And slinky monsters, myriad-armed, drag down from light of day!
 But now the British boat appears, the youth, their leader cries,
 "Give way, my hearts of oak! three cheers! the pirate is our prize!"
 He cleaves the pirate captain's head, his tars shoot down the crew,
 And as a captive finds, half dead, the toniest girl he knew!
 Soon that sweet maid's consent he gained, his true-love to become,
 Because the pirate's purse contained a very handsome sum.
 C. P. M.

THE FAVORITE ALES, PORTER & LAGER ARE BREWED BY THOS. DAVIES & CO.

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GRIP.

SAURDAY, 4TH JUNE, 1891.



HOW TO CURE A SICK MAN.

CHORUS OF GRIPS ABOARD.—“Get all the health you can, Jack; you'll need it in 1893!”

See comments on page 3.

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