





AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

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

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### Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—The members of the Opposition at Ottawa are naturally inquisitive just now on the subject of the Syndicate loan. They want to know all about the particulars before the die is cast. The *Mail* calls this impeding legislation. It matters little what it may be called, every citizen of this country will consider it common sense. We trust the government cook, who is supposed to know precisely what the hash is composed of, will afford every information to those who are expected to swallow it. Otherwise there will be ground for suspecting that, like the proverbial boarding-house delicacy, it will not stand examination.

**FIRST PAGE.**—Mr. Meredith's great scandal against Mowat has been brought forth, and, although it implicates some servants of the Government in transactions which have a suspicious look, fails altogether to connect with the Cabinet. Compared with what we were led to suspect, it is a veritable mouse that the laboring mountain has produced.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Mr. Joly has done nobly in coming forth from his retirement and protesting against the threatened action of the people of the Province in connection with the Syndicate loan. It has been suggested that the vote of the Quebec members on this question be sold to the Government on condition that they fill up the depleted Provincial treas-

ury, and Mr. Joly says he never knew the people to be more unanimous on anything than this shameful idea. He has issued an appeal to his compatriots pointing out the dishonourable character of this proposition, though whether his manly and honest words will be heeded remains to be seen.

### BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE.

A great deal of excitement has been occasioned in the Noble Ward of St. John by the unearthly and decidedly unpleasant freaks of ghosts or spirits who haunt a certain house on Centre-street. Stove lids and things have been slung around with great noise, and unexplained gore has been found on the steps of the premises. Now there is hardly any need of making a commotion about the matter, for every one in the city knows that the spirits of "the ward" are generally invisible even to the police, and are as bad as spirits can possibly be. So their unusual conduct in this instance is by no means to be wondered at. But it is to be hoped they will all in good time be exorcised.



### CAPITAL NOTES.

THAT IS TO SAY, CAPITAL PUNISHMENT NOTES.

(From our ubiquitous and unbiased correspondent.)

Sir John and Sir Charles, it is not generally known, are suffering slightly from lumbago. It was no doubt superinduced by their introduction of Mr. Haulbach at the opening of the session.

I saw Mr. Blake reading a letter to-day. I wanted to know what was in the letter, because the hon. gentleman exclaimed loud enough for me to hear, as he placed it in his pocket, "I'll take the job." So I stole the letter. I was just two minutes ahead of the *Mail* correspondent in so doing. The letter was an offer from *Puck* to engage Mr. Blake as a regular contributor! *Puck* knows a born humorist after reading one of his speeches.

I learn on the most indubitable authority that another *expose* of gross extravagance and deception on the part of a hitherto unsuspected member of the Government is soon to be made. It transpires that Hon. Mr. McLellan has been buying his chewing tobacco at the expense of the burdened taxpayers. In private life the hon. gentleman was quite satisfied to use plug tobacco and get it at a corner grocery, too. Now, however, his aesthetic *quid* demands fine-cut, imported direct! And he has actually had the audacity to charge the enormous bill to the Pacific Railway Account—as if the proportions of this questionable account were not already gigantic enough. I trust the *Globe* correspondent will work this thing up. It ought to help to hurl the Government from power.

Several members of a deputation on Customs anomalies and incongruities are under medical care. They took a bad turn, after interviewing the Minister of Customs, of—Bow—that is to say of a complaint which calls for astringent treatment.

[N. B.—The above item was found by me on a page of copy dropped by the Toronto *News* desperado. I never lose a chance to scoop riva's.]

The Government may bring down bushels of so-called "returns," and present whole columns of resolutions and proposals and things about the Canada Pacific, but the fact of the matter is that away behind all these specious representations is a monster mountain of reeking rottenness surrounded by a seething sea of sordid selfishness, dastard duplicity, treacherous trickery, mischievous mendacity, nefarious nepotism and double-dyed-deviltry. Apt alliteration'sartfulaid utterly failsme, the only unpurchased outsider who has a full knowledge of the diabolical plot, in putting on paper the bold outlines even of this deplorable instance of the awful extremes to which party exigencies have driven the rulers of our beloved land. If the telegraph operator will kindly indulge these few tears, I shall have another page ready for him in a moment. Now! Here is the whole frightful job: The \$75,000,000 (it is fully that) which the Railway vultures are to get is ready in hard cash, divided up into equal parts, placed in flour barrels each addressed to a member of the greedy, grasping gang, and this very day is on its way to its several destinations. Once in possession of the funds, the whole hungry horde are to decamp to foreign lands where they will open livery stables, billiard halls, lager-beer saloons, and possibly start newspapers, according as the desire for further increasing his ill-gotten gains may seize each ruffian. The Government, to screen them, will at once set the Toronto detectives on their track, after which a bill, transferring the whole of the railway, together with the entire North-West to the Quebec Tories, is to be introduced by Sir Charles Tupper and rushed through the House. Sir John then intends to impeach Tupper for high treason and robbery with violence, have him up on a judgment summons, and clap him into jail in default of securities for future good behavior. Tilley, it is understood, has already resigned and is preparing quietly plans and specifications for his mammoth brewery, to be erected at Regina. Nicholas Flood Davin will be manager of the business, which is to be the only one permitted in the territory for ninety-nine years. Other members of the Cabinet, who are not wanted, are to be either mysteriously assassinated or given a berth in the Senate. Sir John will then retire to the seclusion of the Ontario Model Farm, which has been bought from Mowat at private sale, that hon. gentleman finding himself short in settling up little accounts incurred during the recent elections. D'Alton McCarthy will succeed the Premier, and form a coalition with Blake and Cartwright. The N. P. is to be revoked, universal franchise adopted, all license laws repealed, and an attempt made to involve England in a war with the States, which country is to immediately annex Canada. My emotion prevents me from further dwelling on this painful subject; so, more anon.

A Cabinet Minister informs me that Mr. Weekes, of Middlesex, is to be made a Judge if they can only get over the difficulty of his not being a lawyer. The Minister begs me not to say anything about it.

Government business goes on slowly—so slowly that its progress is imperceptible. But a Ministry who play poker regularly all night cannot be expected to be fit for business in the day time.

Stories are current to the effect that several Grit Members owe their landladies yet for board last session. This is tough!

A new office—that of Inspector of Suburban Post-holes—has been created in order to find places for unemployed relatives of Tory members. There will be one Inspector for each township, salary \$5,000 a year and the services of a resident Deputy.

Two members failed to get their copy of GRIP on Saturday. A threat to bring the matter before the House resulted in the discovery of where the papers had gone to. A minister whose name will be sent you privately had bribed a page to steal and destroy all the GRIPS he could get in the Post Office. This shows the desperate condition of the Government.

I am glad to learn that one flow, at least, of sessional extravagance, is to be summarily checked. I refer to the practice which so many country members have been indulging in for years back—that of confiscating sessional stationary and selling it to travelling peddlars at home. In this connection I might also state that instructions have been issued to the city bookstores prohibiting the purchase of postage-stamps in large numbers from any person not having a sale permit from the Government. This will catch the Grit members, at any rate.

An ugly scandal is going around to the effect that a well-known representative of a Western constituency, and a bosom friend of Sir John, was detected at a select dinner the other night in the act of pocketing two silver napkin rings. I shall have a talk with the man before giving his name.

It is amusing to hear the stories about the vacant Senatorship which misinformed correspondents are reporting. Mr. J. J. Hawkins gets it, of course.

As the despatcher of this telegram is weak—from deciphering it, I guess—I shall close.

Send me another \$1,000 secret service money.

THE GRIPPER.

### SONG OF THE GLOBE REPORTER.

DEDICATED TO THE HON. MEMBERS FOR RUSSELL.

Poor Robillard's bosom has suffered a wrench  
By reports that appeared in the *Globe*.  
So he "downed" its reporter in excellent French,  
While the House showed the patience of Job;  
For from French into English and English to French,  
Is like breaking a journalist's neck,  
But it don't help Ontario's bills to retrench,  
Whatever it may do in Quebec.  
So now, *prenez garde, mon cher Robillard*,  
For this fact you should certainly know,  
That your course of procedure is rather *trop tard*  
And won't do here in On-tay-ree-o.  
Don't act in your speech like a "pug" on his muscle,  
My Hon'ble member for Russell.



A DIVORCE DEMANDED.

Whom the Devil hath joined together, let every man put asunder.

### STOP IT.

GRIP was very much astonished the other day to receive the subjoined telegram from a prominent news-bearer in Podunk, Mass. It seems by an explanatory letter afterwards received, that the dispenser of intelligence had got hold of a *Mail* of the 7th instant, and was imbued with the idea that in a land where "British tyranny" rules, all telegrams should be sent in cipher. Unfortunately he forgot to send the "key," hence GRIP's amazement in getting the following message:—

PODUNK, Feb. 10th, 1884.

To the Editor of GRIP.

Tom cats reposing in Cathedrals, swine-coops all around. Will you have yours hot, with vanilla? General Andrew Jackson at Thunder Bay. Stole his comrade's soap. How warm it is. Old time rocks. My love is like a beer barrel. Give three cheers and jump overboard.

SNOVENBURG & Co.

The expert of the *Mail* has kindly furnished us with the translation at follows:

PODUNK, Feb. 10th, 1884.

To the Editor of GRIP.

Why this delay with GRIP. People are waiting. Send 1,000 by mail here at once. The town is an uproar and a riot is expected. So don't neglect, or probable bloodshed. Have received letters from all quarters as to paper, and feel much annoyed.

"GOLDENHEIMER & Co.

It is unnecessary to say that GRIP does not sigh for any more messages of the sort, as they are rather too suggestive of Guy Fawks and O'Dynamite Rossa. So GRIP would take it as a kindness if all foreign newsmen unacquainted with the laws and customs of the country would wire their orders in the usual manner.

### THE YOUNG MAN OF GREAT BRAIN POWER.

When a *Globe* reporter starts out to write something he just means to write something, so he does. The other night one of them started out to write something. It was about a temperance lecture. This is a part of what he wrote:—

"The speaker denounced heavily the liquor traffic which has slaughtered and ruined numberless men and women, and urged that as Christian people they should oppose it."

The hidden beauties of this extract are best revealed to one whose intellect has been trained in metaphysics and all other abstruse sciences—the same as the reporter's intellect has.

In the first place, notice the fact that the liquor-traffic was denounced "heavily." This, possibly, is intended to convey the idea that the lecturer was no light-weight champion of the Temperance cause. The occult significance of this method of description could only have emanated from a Person of Great Brain Power. But, on the other hand, a shrewd suspicion may have possessed some readers that another meaning was sought to be conveyed in concise shape, namely, that the lecturer "heaved" his denunciations, as it were. Still a third impression that may have been made on some minds is, that the able lecturer spoke in broken accents, or rather broken-winded accents—that he appeared to have "the heaves,"—if the expression be kindly permitted,—so to speak. But, at all events, in whatever light you regard this adverb, the entire originality and adaptability of the word in the connection in which it is employed must strike you with the purest admiration.

Observe, in the second place, that it was "the liquor traffic which has slaughtered and ruined numberless men and women,"

that was "heavily denounced." No other liquor traffic was meant. No other must be confounded with this one. The precaution taken to secure a perfect understanding on this important point attests at once the forethought and unobtrusive ingenuity of the Young Man of Great Brain Power.

Now, in the third place, reflect for an instant on the careful association and order of the words "slaughtered and ruined." A reporter of less Brain Power would have hastily written "ruined," and never given a thought as to the additional eloquence and force gained by the employment of the other word, "slaughtered." How smoothly and aptly the two verbs flow and fit, when you come to really regard them critically. It is a scientific fact, upon which the casual reader perhaps very rarely meditates, that no person has ever been actually and unmistakably "ruined" before being positively and unquestionably "slaughtered." How powerfully and yet withal delicately is this great truth conveyed by the Young Man of Great Brain Power! The reader's admiration irresistibly intensifies, does it not, as he continues to grasp the sublime ideality of this little excerpt?

Fourthly, and lastly, let us dwell a moment on the fervor, force and finish of the concluding nine words—"urged that as Christian people they should oppose it." It appears to us that "slaughtered and ruined" men and women never had advice more soberly and succinctly tendered them. "As Christian people" both "slaughtered and ruined," they are urged to opposition! Does the mere fact of a rather uncomfortable condition deter them? Will they reject the advice? Can they—in the very face of the moving manner in which the *Globe* reporter expresses, or rather compresses, the lecturer's thoughtful counsel?

In conclusion, there is a Grand Future awaiting the Young Man of Great Brain Power. The *Globe* is to be envied the possession of him. It should never allow him to go—loose.

### A HOWLING EVIL.

FRIEND GRIP,—Why, oh kindly tell me, why is the large gang of ragged, cursing, on-scene and thievish "hoodlums" allowed to hold their nightly orgies on the side walk in front of the Grand Opera House. This aggregation of young ruffians dance, howl and blaspheme like very imps of Satan, and would disgrace the surroundings of a Bowery variety snap. When the policeman on duty makes his appearance, they scud away in all directions, only to reappear at the vanishing of the "Cop." Ladies are horrified and respectable men disgusted whenever they patronise this theatre. Could not the gentle Sheppard who runs the affair devise some scheme to obviate the nuisance?

MARY JANE.

### LOST LOVE.

BY A SNIVELLING CYNIC.

I like to see the snow so lovely falling,  
I love the icy blasts that sweep so rude  
Among the squalid news-boys, loudly bawling  
Ar and the bob-tailed jacket of the du e.

I gaze with rapture on the barren branches  
That stretch their frozen arms from the trees,  
And point to where in noisome wretched rancles,  
The sturdy emigrant sits down to freeze.

I love to see the airy, fairy maiden,  
Facing her homeward way, her eyes in tears,  
While she with parcels has both arms o'erladen,  
Can't use her hands to warm her freezing ears.

Why do I love these scenes, devoid of pity?  
Why do I like these scenes replete with woe?  
Is it because my love has skipped the city,  
With a rich Yankee off to Buffalo?

Yes, so it is, because I've lost my true love,  
That I have turned into a heathen's crank;  
So boys look out and see the girl that y' love  
Don't ski the country with a lanky Yank.



## THE BEGGAR'S PETITION TO CANADA.

Pity the sorrows of a Syndicate,  
Whom scoundrill bankruptcy brings to your door;  
His follies pardon and his faults forget,  
Give ear unto his prayer when he cries *more!*

Nay, ask him not where are the spondulicks  
He bore in sackfuls on his back away;  
The miles of lands, or what the artful freaks  
That make him beggar all so suddenly.

Loudly but yesterday he blew his horn,  
Declaring everything was all O. K.;  
Soon would the lengthy rail the land adorn,  
Cash was abundant—he could pay his way.

Ask him not, posing now as mendicant,  
What you are to believe?—of statements two,  
Which was the true one?—which the lying rant?  
Or was the situation planned for rue?

Ask him not where the boasted guarantee  
Of personal wealth, that would success ensure?  
What of his purse plethoric?—Can it be  
He claims all profit—you all loss endure?

Name not the purchases of rival lines,  
Cash squandered to secure monopoly;  
Enough—'tis gone—enough for you, he whines  
For gold, more gold, to build successfully.

Oh patient Canada! do close ear and eye!  
Heed not the indignant din of people sold,  
The public chest once more wide open pie,  
And give these canny Scotchmen of thy gold.

L'ENVOI.

Stay! have a care my country! this horse-leech,  
Once at thy veins, drops not till he is gorged;  
Let this grim comedy its lesson tea h,  
Lest repetition of the farce be urged.

## AN OLD SALT'S STORY;

OR,

## THE CASTAWAYS OF RAT-TAIL REEF.

"I needn't lay to for to discharge this cargo of truth, only the newspapers have shipped the notion that all us sailors are liars and that every fo'c'sle talk is the inspiration of the Old Boy. I'll show 'em they're on the wrong tack."

The old salt bit off a square inch section from the reporter's plug, and was absently putting the rest into his pocket when the owner of the tobacco gently but firmly replevined the stuff. The meeting was then harmoniously proceeded with.

"'Twas in '64—but say, hadn't you better hail the bar-tender. This 'baccy's musty, and if there's anything that knocks the ton outer me its—yes, shipmate, the same, with a little more sugar. Well, as I was a spinnin' it, 'ark back in '64 I shipped at Liverpool on the bark *Gentle Annie*, for China. We weighed about eight bells on the 4th of May; a big cargo was stowed away snug—a million coats for the Chinese sojers. Mebbe you think a million coats would crowd our hold; but I'm a lubber if there was one less, and we hadn't no deck load neither. We had good winds and fair weather for two months straight along, and the crew were as happy as clams at high tide. 'Long about the sixty-third day the cook came to the captain and told him he had a dream three nights runnin' that there was a dead man on board; if the captain wouldn't overhaul the hold the cook swore he wouldn't get another mess during

the voyage. He was a superstitious chap, was the cook, and an obstinate fellow, too. So the captain, to please him, sent a couple of men down below, and sure enough they found a corpse. It was some fool of a stowaway who had starved to death, seeing he couldn't get nourishment out of sojer's coats. Beside him was a big heap of bones, showin' he had kept life in himself longer'n if he couldn't a stomached rats. But the curiousest thing was a long coil of green rope he had a grip on. It must have been six or seven hundred feet, and looked as if it was made outer short, taperin' raw hides so nicely joined together you'd think it was all of a piece. None of us could make out what it was or how it came there, so we stowed it away aft, and pretty soon it was forgotten. That very night a storm sprung up. Before morning we hadn't a stitch of canvas to set, our rudder was gone, and we were drifting on to a reef under bare poles. Soon the crash came, and we all knew the old craft couldn't hold together two hours. There was an island right ahead of us, but how to reach it was a corker. The boats were washed away, the sea was too high for a swim—but this is dry work, captain. Eh? Yes, just repeat the dose. Well, while we were on our beam-ends about what to do, some one happens to look aft and there, as I'm a terror on dock wollopers, was that raw-hide rope uncoiling itself over the stern, and shootin' out for the island. Pretty soon it reached the shore and disappeared behind some rocks. The end on board coiled itself around the wheel, and when we felt of the rope we found it taut as taut could be. One by one we went hand over fist along that rope to the shore. And then we began to investigate. We followed up the rope to a sort of cave and there the whole thing became plain. Some other craft, you see, had been wrecked here. A big cheese had floated ashore from it and lodged solid in this little cave. Around this cheese the rope was coiled. Don't you see through the mystery, captain?"

"No."

"Well, understand that that rope was made out of rat tails—rats from our ship that must 'a been hungrier than hungry tryin' to feed on sojer's coats. Between rats and cheese there's an affinity—that's the correct word, ain't it? Well, these rat-tails smellin' that there cheese, what could you expect ———?"

[Note.—The rest of the reporter's MS. is not to be found, and the reporter is off on a week's holidays.]

## A LETTER FROM THE MEMBER'S WIFE.

RURAL DELL.

MY DEAR MARIA,—

It seems an age since I wrote to you, but you'll excuse me, for even if you aren't a married woman with eight children, a house, and a husband, above all a political husband to look after, you know me well enough to be sure I'm busy, and that, like every true woman, I crush out all minor considerations when the girls' dresses want looking after. There are parties, etc., "on the tapis" as it were, though we waxed the floor at our last; indeed, when I think of all I've got to do, the wonder isn't that I don't answer letters sooner, but that I answer them at all. But February, to quote slang, is a kind of an "off month" for house-keepers—Xmas joys, fatigues, plum-puddings, presents, and mince pies are disposed of, and spring house-cleaning hardly near enough to give one the night-mare, and I actually find I have time to write letters and read a novel or two. This is particularly "an off month" for us—the boys have gone back to school, and the girls to Ottawa with their Pa, and except for the four younger children the house is

empty. You'll wonder I haven't gone with Lucius as usual to partake of the festivities of the capital; to tell the truth I have tasted the tree of knowledge of fashionable life, and "lo view,"—there, I declare I've forgotten my French, but I daresay English'll do as well, "the show isn't worth the candle," after you've been there for several seasons, and had to spend such a lot on dress, etc., etc., and had to sit up to all hours at places, where, if it was not for the name of the thing, you'd just as soon been at home. Besides, now royalty has gone it seems scarcely worth while, especially when you can send such fine girls as my Molly and Jane to make their bow to vice-royalty; not but what, to be candid, I've made the most of staying at home to Lucius, and got a new carpet instead of the new dresses I should have been obliged to get if I had gone. You'll be surprised, perhaps, I repeat in confidence, but I don't find it as delightful as you'd think to be an M.P.'s wife; it seems to break up domestic life to have your husband in Ottawa and you and half the children in Rural Dell, but I will give Lucius credit for being cheerful even under our separation, I do believe, that, though he isn't much of a speaker, and hardly ever gets in a bill (he hasn't my talent that way), if it was necessary for the sake of his country he'd stay away all year, and travel any distance if his expenses were paid, and you wouldn't believe how much of his own money he spends going to places for the sake of his party. Why, he's going to Montreal just because an ice industry might be started as a profitable investment, and the carnival should be encouraged by prominent people, and an entertainment of that description is sure to give strangers a strong impression of our climate. Molly said she believed in that sentiment, and, for the sake of countenancing the enterprise more fully, he really must take her and Jane along with. I don't think Lucius quite cares for his women friends to mix in politics (except for calling on his supporters' wives, and being agreeable to voters), but my girls, like their mother, thank goodness aren't ones to let opportunities slip, and they are to go with their pa. I can't help thinking, as a foud mother, but is a pity there are not more bachelors and young men among our members, it would make the drawing-rooms so much more interesting. For all Lucius is a staunch supporter of the Government, I believe he is a bit of a Democrat at heart; he says he can't see any good in having drawing-rooms, when bobbing to the Governor and his wife are the occupations of the evening, and for his part he'd just as soon see a Canadian at the head—but then, poor dear, he never was a good hand at a bow. And how I ask, would we ever see of the any British nobility, if it wasn't for governor-generals, and in my heart of hearts I've always a hope that I—'ll be knighted some day,—how heavenly it'd be to have letters addressed to Lady Eliza Pencherman. But I really must stop, I want you to come and stay with me; I always make a practice of asking my maiden friends to visit me when the house is empty, it makes it so—so cheerful for me, and you won't mind things not being quite as nice as usual, and there's our sewing-society, you can take Molly and Jane's place; it really won't do for a prominent family like ours to be backward in charitable works, and unmarried women always enjoy making themselves useful, so do come soon, and believe me, dearest Maria,

Ever your fondly attached friend,

ELIZA PENCHERMAN.

When does a man die without complaining?  
When he dies with a will.

Vendors of the *Telegram* should not be allowed to sell their papers, because they are the ones who keep the *World* back.



It's all right.— the Cook knows, and she told me so, and she says she wants it disposed of in double quick time too!

NOTICE.  
GUESTS  
OF THIS  
"HOUSE"  
ARE EXPECTED  
TO  
ASK NO QUESTIONS  
ABOUT THEIR  
FOOD.

We want more  
light on this before  
we swallow it!

EGG CATE LOAN

**THE CAPTIOUS EPICURES!**  
WHO ACTUALLY WANT TO KNOW WHAT THE HASH IS MADE OF!





## A HEAD ON HIM.

The following anecdote from the columns of an old San Francisco paper is worth preserving:—

A HEAD ON HIM.—At a re-union of "veterans"—Federal survivors of the war between the North and South—in Chicago, was Theodor Davis, the artist of *Harper's Weekly*, who was all through the war. One of the Chicago veterans, who sometimes drank a little too much became very excitable. The visiting, the music, the marching, the cheering had made him quite lively, and he wanted to fight his battles over again; but the boys kept him quiet, and finally got him to bed, and soon he slept like a log. The boys were in the room telling stories when some one called attention to the sleeping comrade, and in a second an idea occurred to Davis, the artist. He got his water-color paints and brushes, and court plaster, and was soon at work with his soft camel's-hair brushes. He first painted two black eyes, then he painted a swelling on one cheek, and on the forehead he painted what looked as though a sledge-hammer had smashed in the skull. Then he took some strips of court-plaster, and stuck one across the painted broken nose, and another across the mouth, sealing both lips. Waiting for the court-plaster to dry, the boys got a strange veteran from Oshkosh to personate a doctor. After a little, the sleeper began to wake up; and one of his friends took a seat by his bedside, felt of his pulse, and, as he opened his eyes, said, "Now don't exert yourself, and don't try to talk. The doctor says you will be all right if you keep quiet." The victim of the joke opened his eyes, and was going to ask what was the matter, when he found his mouth held together with court-plaster, and his voice sounded like that of a man with a hare lip. By this time one of the jokers was having trouble to keep from laughing, so he put a handkerchief to his face, sobbed, and said, "Merciful powers, boys, this is horrible!" At this point the Oshkosh villain said hopefully, "Don't be discouraged my boy; we will pull you through if you don't get excited. I have cured worse cases." Then he took a pair of scissors and cut the court-plaster that held the lips together, and said, "There—how do you feel now? Don't talk much; but don't you feel relieved?" The victim looked at the doctor and at the boys who were picturesquely standing around the bed, and said, "Doc, for Heaven's sake what has happened to me?" The doctor told him to be quiet, and then whispered to him, "You have had the worst fight that man ever had and lived. A man attacked you on Wells street, with a view of robbing you, and you defended yourself; but it was a hard struggle. Mr. Drury, please hand me that hand-glass. There—you can see for yourself. There is a contusion of the brain, the eyes are discolored, and I thought your jaw was broken; but as you can talk, I guess it is only fractured. Don't talk." The victim took a long look at himself, and the first thing he said was, "Is the other fellow alive?" It was all the boys could do to keep

from bursting; but they kept sober faces, and the doctor said the other fellow was alive, but he was the worst used-up man he ever sewed up. He said one arm was broken and one eye out, and his face looked as if a pile-driver had struck it." The victim smiled a satisfied smile as he heard how he had whipped the other fellow; and then the boys asked him if he had any message to send home. He took the mirror and looked at himself again, then said, with a sort of a sob, "Telegraph for my wife!" That was too much, and the boys roared; whereupon the doctor tore off the court-plaster from his nose, another fellow brought a wet towel, and the paint was washed off, and, when the victim was clean, the boys handed him the mirror, and he looked at himself again; and then he saw it was a joke, and he wanted to kill some of them.

## EDITORIAL ENTERPRISE.

One day a year or two ago a Greenville, S. C., editor heard that a man was to be lynched in a locality about fifteen miles away, and he put a new pencil in his pocket, hired the fastest horse in town and started for the scene. When he arrived he found a crowd under a tree, and in the circle was the prisoner—a villainous chap, who had committed a heinous offence. The crowd had started to hang him, but several citizens had advanced such arguments in favor of permitting the law to take its course that it had about been decided to take the rascal back to jail. Williams drove up, jumped down, and in a minute or two learned that the affair was off. He had driven fifteen miles to report a case of lynching, and his disgust was profound. Mounting a stump, he began:

"Gentleman look at that thar' hoss. I've fondered him to get here and see this hanging. It will be \$200 out of my pocket, and the only return will be a three-liner in the *News*, saying that you concluded not to hang. Gentleman, has patriotism died out of this country?"

No! no! no!" yelled the crowd.

"Does it make any particular difference to this man whether he is hung now or three months later?"

"No! no!"

"Gentlemen, I believe in law and order, but I've driven fifteen miles, fondered a hoss, and feel a bit broke up. I don't say that I want to see this man hung, and I don't say that lynching is the best plan, but if he should be swung up and I should be asked to sit on the coroner's jury and bring in a verdict of suicide I don't see how I could refuse. Gentlemen, look at that ar' hoss!"

"Swing him up!" yelled twenty men.

"Look at that wreck of a once noble hoss and tell——"

"Hooray!" shouted the crowd, and up went the man to be left suspended until dead.

A gentleman in a street car, while reading a newspaper, discovered a paragraph that struck him as particularly funny.

"Here is something good," he said to his neighbor, and he read the item to him.

A tired look swept over the gentleman's face, but he never smiled.

Presently the reader came across another paragraph that tickled his fancy.

"I will try him with this one," he said.

He did so, and a tear actually welled out of his neighbor's eye and coursed slowly down his cheek.

"Heavens, man!" was the exclamation, "what's the matter with you? Have you no sense of humor? What do you do to pass away the time, anyway?"

Looking mournfully out of the window the stranger replied:

"I am a proof reader on a comic weekly."  
—*Philadelphia Call*.

## MARY'S LAMB IN A NEW LIGHT.

"Darling" said he, tenderly encircling her slender waist with his larboard arm, "can you tell me in what respect you resemble Mary, of little lamb fame?" "No I can't, dear Henry," she answered, blushing one of those western sunset blushes that betoken colder weather. "Because," said he, as he tenderly stroked the golden hair, "because you have a pet that loves you so." "And now, dear Henry, can you tell me why you are like Mary's lamb?" "No, dear, why am I?" "Because," said she, glancing nervously toward the door, "because you are sure to go. I hear papa coming down the stairs and you know." "Why am I like Mary's teacher?" thundered the old man, poking his head in the door and fondling a seven pound Indian club, "Because," answering himself, "after eleven o'clock its against the rule and I am going to turn you out." As the young man limped painfully away he was heard to mutter to himself. "Well I differ from the lamb in one respect, for I'll never follow Mary any more!"  
—*Peck's Sun*.

## HE HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE.

"Making much money now?" asked a travelling man of a business acquaintance.

"Not much," said he, with great emphasis. "Why, I heard that you wore doing great business."

"So I am."

"And not making money!" said the drummer in surprise.

"Young man, twenty years ago I made money, heaps of money, but I served a eleven years' sentence on the strength of it. In my old age, I have grown more cautious. I am contented now with earning it."—*Scissors*.

## THOUGHT HE WAS IN CHICAGO.

Backus, the minstrel, had an enormous mouth. One summer he and his fellow-minstrel, Birch, parted—Birch to go fishing and Backus to go to Chicago. When Birch one day had fished for a short time there came a tremendous yank at his hook. Using all his might he pulled to the surface a fish of surprising proportions, and with the largest mouth he had ever seen in any member of the finny tribe. "Great goliwhopper, Backus," cried the burnt-cork angler in amazement, dropping his tackle and springing to his feet, "I thought you were in Chicago."

## NOT TO BE CULTIVATED.

"So, you have just come up from Vincennes?" asked a ward worker of an acquaintance he had not seen for years.

"Just got in."

"Do you know Jim Baker—one of your big guns, you know?"

"I usta know him"

"I've got a little business, I'd like you to fix up with him."

"It's impossible, for I'm no longer thrown into his society."

"Couldn't you cultivate his society somewhat again?"

"Hardly; it was only yesterday that we planted him."—*Scissors*.

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

## DON'T QUIT THE FARM.

NEWSPAPER OUTFIT—SMALL—SECOND-HAND—wanted in exchange for farm; too acres; 12 cleared; large frame house; Northern road; McKellar—Globe.

Go to! Go to! child of ambition mighty,  
Hast thou no sober thought of what thou aimest at?  
Or has thy reason grown untamed and lighty?  
Art thou more blind than wildy-winged bat?

Methinks, some time thou wast of village paper  
A correspondent from whose poor, erratic pen  
Dribbled labored contributions, writ while midnight taper  
Burned dim in farm-house attic—dismal den!

Perchance thou wou'd the muse by flickering candle,  
And she—the wanton—listed, oh! mischievous prank!  
Whilst thou turned wearily poetic grind-stone handle,  
She, too, was pretty busy, fooling with a crank.

Mayhap thou wrote—'twas prose—of many a common  
matter;  
"Not prose, but prosy," did some way-back voices say.  
Good recipe for cranips—best scheme for buckwheat batter—  
Revival—social—night-school—fun on holiday!

The district dominie thou art, oh! soul high soaring;  
Or is't a township clerk I had thee, eking out  
Subsistence scant by use of wits, and choring  
With instruments of law and farm-yard, turn about?

There, in yon backwoods, got'st thou the *cas. scrib.* badly?  
Thou feelest thyself a journalist *masculin non fit*;  
And thy demesne thou'd'st barter, oh, so gladly!  
For some old banged, bruised, battered printing kit!

Think'st thou as "we" thou could'st make more com-  
munion  
"Than if thou taught, conveyed, or did plow?  
I tell thee here it is a false, a foolish notion—  
By the wrong ear thou'st clutched the festive snow.

How wou'd'st, did'st thou survive thy first hard winter,  
When subs, if any, came as turnips, bass-wood, straw—  
Be mind, as well as body, broke up all asplinter,  
And well for this if thou hast 'scaped the law.

One little craft, how'er so trim and saucy,  
Is quickly lost amongst the thousand other sails  
Dotting the Printers' Sea, whose shores are green and  
mossy—  
Like some who try to ride out its fierce gales.

One tiny voice amidst the babel of the pressmen  
Is neither here nor there—and if 'twere stilled  
How many, think, would feel the least distress then,  
Or care or wonder who Cock Robin killed?

Art thou, oh vaulting owner of a bush farm big,  
Prepared to have thy harmless self, weak after week,  
The subject of some envious rival's evil "rig"?  
Art saint with spirit, meekest of the meek?

Can'st stand the gulf of captious critics, surly?  
Can'st pay thy clam'rous help from empty purse?  
Can'st mental balance keep 'midst all the hurly-burly?  
Can'st face a poor-house future, goal, or worse?

If not, then keep the farm and seed thee down the clearing;  
Twelve acres tackle with bytine heart and brave—  
As farmer live serene, no other mortal fearing,  
And thank the fates thou'st not become a slave!  
T. T.

LETTERS TO EMINENT PERSONS.  
NO. III.

TO JOHN SMITH, ESQUIRE, ETC., ETC.

SIR,—In venturing to include you among the eminent men to whom I am publicly addressing epistles, I feel that I do myself a great honor and the country at large an incalculable service.

You are, sir, a credit to the illustrious family whose proud name you bear, and to which you, both in public and private life, add a bright lustre—a sort of Imperial Stove-polish gloss, as it were. I wish I could do even a small measure—say wine-standard—of justice to a career that from commencement to end has exemplified every grace of christian character, in the highest style of the art; that has been one unbroken succession of grand efforts and grand triumphs, O. B. Sheppard not necessarily referred to; that has powerfully demonstrated how an individual can proceed along life's devious pathway from green and gosling youth up to bald-headed ballet-loying middle-age, enjoying the fullest esteem of his fellow-men, and the measles and cramps, revered by his washerwoman and worshipped by his tailor, and with never a stain on his proud escutcheon, or the brass door-plate on his front portal. My recollections of you extend back to the period when you played

marbles in front of your father's corner grocery, and would never take "dubs" though you might knock half-a-dozen nibs from the ring. That was evidence of the sterling principle and sense of right and justice which has marked your life up to the present time when, as the proprietor of a corner grocery yourself, you can take your well-earned *otium cum dignitate*, while the clerk and the errand boy do the charging in good shape, and are careful to see that the coal oil and molasses measures are not strained with giving too much to the quart. Yes, sir, you are a model man now as you were a model boy then. This is perhaps in some measure due to the fact that you attended the Model School, where you learned to speak in a modulated voice. Pardon this passing facetiousness, my dear sir, but I was once a paragrapher, and the old Adam will reassert itself on occasions. At school you distinguished yourself as a close student. Perhaps some old-time rival will sneeringly remark that you were close—close to the foot of the class most of the time. But you may well let such an observation pass with the calm scorn which its utter baseness justly merits. You were not necessarily a brilliant scholar—an intellectual meteor flashing across the educational sky. But you inherited the family trait of diligence which may, perhaps, be through some physiological mystery attributed to the fact of one of your ancestors on the paternal side being the respected driver of a well-patronized diligence. That diligence enabled you to successfully undergo a process of cramming under the tuition of a retired graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who filled in his spare moments writing powerful editorials for the daily papers on scriptural doctrine, metaphysics, and other subjects interesting to the toiling masses. You were among forty-two who matriculated at an examination at which the papers were unanimously pronounced by the students to have been the most difficult of the kind ever prepared. You did not enter the University, where you certainly would have made your mark. Fate and your father had another pathway through life's snow-drifts shovelled out for you, so to speak. They determined you should adopt the mercantile profession, and to this end sent you to a Business Academy, where you learned to write with a facility and finish that would have made your fortune as a sign-painter, had you but embraced that aesthetic calling in conjunction with kalsomining and paper-hanging. Before you had completed your course you could execute the picture of a carrier pigeon flying along under a great weight of impossible and elaborate tail. But this was the style of this particular college. Some colleges made a speciality of the pigeon; this one went in strongly on the tail. No sooner had you got through and been presented with a diploma, that was really worth framing, than your father retired from business and gave you full control of the grocery, including a special job lot of boneless codfish, and a delivery horse which the errand boy thoughtfully suggested should be fed oats occasionally to vary the chopped straw diet he had been subsisting on for so long. Your promptitude in discharging that errand boy was an augury of the grand success, as a merchant, which the future had in store for you. It proved you well worthy to discharge likewise the solemn trust reposed in you by your indulgent parent. You signalized your assumption of the wool-sack, metaphorically speaking—though as a matter of fact you took sacks of wool in exchange for store stuff—by engaging another junior clerk and having the delivery van painted blue and yellow, with the family coat-of-arms, a sugar hogs-head rampant, neatly emblazoned on the back-board. From that time forward your steps have been upward and onward—not in the sense of your living over the rear part of the store, but in the

higher and nobler significance of the words. I know I must fail to fittingly tell of your life and works during your business career. That memorable period when you reduced raisins and soap below cost rather than have a business competitor around the block grind you ruthlessly beneath his iron heel, ought to be recorded in better language than I can employ. The complete success of all the bean-counting rackets and Bible puzzle-guessing schemes which your fertile brain devised is the best tribute to your mercantile sagacity. The circumstance that you have on three occasions won the prize cane at the church picnic unquestionably establishes your high and never-dying popularity, even do we not count the contemplated requisition to you to be a candidate for school trustee. Let no one think me over-sanguine or too flattering to you when I prophesy that, before many years are gone into the limbo of the past, you will be an Alderman and Chairman of the Indigent Committee. In all sincerity I say there is no height too great for one of your supreme talents and irreproachable character to aspire to, if true merit is to be recognized and the pork market doesn't tumble every other season. Go on and prosper, say I. You have the heartiest good wishes of your friends and a fair-sized corner grocery to back you up. Trust me—that is, of course, to say, believe me—when the history of patriots and successful produce-dealers has been written, your name will have a prominent place and will likely be followed in the index by "see advt. on page—."

DANGER.

## LABOR AND CAPITAL.

A CONVERSATION OF THE TIMES.

SCENE.—A beer saloon on King St. Enter two laborers.

1ST LABORER, a cockney and a democrat.—Hi tell ye, Mike, workin' men don't git their fair share of what they hearn by their honest toil. They 'ave to stand by and see holl the profits what's hearned a swallered hup by the bosses, hits a bloomink shame.

2ND LABORER (an Irishman and a democrat, but not so far advanced).—I dunno but yer right, me bye, but what I'm down on is sub-contracting—sorra be the day that I ver cid a stroke of wurk for the murderin' thaves.

1ST LABORER.—But hi tell ye, Mike, the bosses is makin' too much hout of the workin' men. Now, suppose you and me hengaged to dig a cellar for a man, Well, heuch of us 'ill make maybe ten dollars, and e'll make, like enough, fifty. That ain't right. Wy should 'e get so much for doin' nothink but bossin' hus?

2ND LABORER.—Right y' are, Harry, give the byes a chance, I say, but av we niver wurked only fur the contractors thimselves and lit the sub-contractors alone, we'd be safe for shure. Whin a man gits min to do a job for him, an' thin laves with the money, what's goin' to be done?

1ST LABORER.—'Tain't no use talkin', Mike, things is never goin' to be as they hought, huntil we gets the governin' of this 'ere bloomink country hinto our own 'ands. There hain't no justice in one man 'avin' a 'undred thousand dollars and us honest 'ard workin' fellers not a bloomin' blarsted cent. Government of the people by the people and for the people is what we want, and we'll 'ave it to. Democracy is comin' ridin' ou, the wind and the hair is full of it.

2ND LABORER.—Yer right enough, yer right enough, Harry, but, be jabers! we can't do everything. Now kin yez tell me how cud we build the Pacific railroad beyant, widout the manes, the money; that's what I'm drivin' at.

1ST LABORER.—Wy, you must be a bloom-

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A REBUKE TO A CONTEMPLATED GAME OF GRAB.

ink idiot. and no mistake. Build it the way the Syndicate does, to be sure.

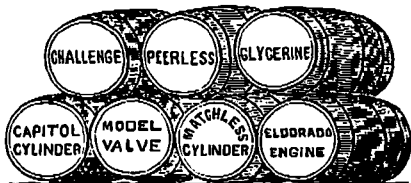
2ND LABORER.—But, me laddy buck, where's the money to come from?

1ST LABORER.—Well, blowed if you ain't a green 'un. We'd get the money from the government, of course, same as they do. It's easy enough to build a railroad when you can get all the rhino you want for the hawskin.

**SHE WOULDN'T TAKE NO SUPPOSES.**

"One evenin' as I was a-sittin' by Hetty, and had worked myself up to the stickin'-pint, sez I, 'Hetty, if a feller was to ask you to marry him, what wud you say?' Then she laughed, and sez she, 'That would depend on who asked me.' Then sez I, 'Suppose it was Ned Willis?' Sez she, 'I'd tell Ned Willis, but not you.' That kinder staggered me; but I was too cute to lose the opportunity, and so sez I agen, 'Suppose it was me?' and then you order see her pont up her lip, and sez she, 'I don't take no supposees.' Well, now, you see there was nothin' for me to do but to touch the gum off. So bang it went. Sez I, 'Lor', Hetty, it's me. Won't you say yes?' And then there was a hullabaloo in my head; I don't know 'xactly what tuk place, but I thought I heerd a 'yes' whisperin' somewhere out of the skirmish."—*Rochester Advertiser.*

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**HE WANTED TO PULL THE CORK OUT.**

An Irishman, born in Cork, was at a dinner with a number of gentlemen, and he talked about his native city until he became a bore. Finally a gentleman near him sung out so everybody could hear him.

"Waiter, bring me a corkscrew."  
"What do you want with it?" asked the host, who thought his guest lacked attention.  
"I beg your pardon, but I want it to pull the cork out of the Irishman down at this end of the table."—*Merchant Traveller.*

**THE VERY LATEST CUT.**

Mrs. D.—"Well, here I am, ready for the party."  
Mr. D.—"Is that your new dress?"  
Mrs. D.—"Yes. It is right in style. How do you like it?"  
Mr. D.—"Seems to me the neck is fearfully low."  
Mrs. D.—"Oh, that is all right. It is the very latest cut. That is called a V neck."  
Mr. D.—"Indeed! I should call it a C neck."

In German a glove is called a "hand shoe." The Germans would probably call a dude's pants, "candle moulds."—*Ex.*

**PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.**



DOCTOR.—This might have been avoided if you had seen that your bedding was properly cleaned. More diseases arise from impure bedding than from anything else. Send it at once to

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**A MEDICAL COURTSHIP.**

He is a young doctor and she a Vassar graduate. Last Thursday evening he said to her:

"Do you know, dear, I have a heart affection for you?"  
"Have you had it lung?" she coyly inquired.  
"O, yes, I feel that I will liver troubled life without you," he fervently responded.  
"Then you had better asthma," she softly murmured.  
Then he hugged her so hard that he had to reset her collar bone.—*Hatchet.*

The reason a German can't keep his mouth shut is because he is always Teuton.—*Ex.*

**CATARH.**—A new treatment, whereby a Permanent cure of the worst case is effected in from one to three applications. Treatise sent free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.



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