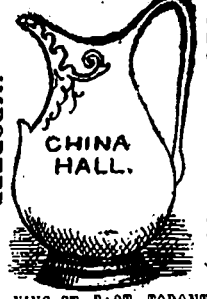


EL PADRE, EL PADRE, EL PADRE,


IMPORTER.



CHINA HALL.

GLOVER HARRISON,

49 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.



The Gravest Beast is the Ass.

The Gravest Bird is the Owl.

The Gravest Man is the Fool.

The Gravest Fish is the Oyster.

GLOVER HARRISON,



CHINA HALL.

IMPORTER.

49 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

VOLUME XIX.
No. 2.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1882.

\$2 PER ANNUM
5 CENTS EACH.



E. B.—"I BELIEVE IT'S A TOAD-STOOL, BUT I THINK I CAN MAKE A MUSHROOM OF IT!"

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THE YORK ENVELOPE

AND
MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

Manufacture an extensive line of Envelopes, and are now prepared to promptly execute orders for all sizes and styles. Odd sizes made to order. Samples and Prices upon application.

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The popular Railway and Steamboat Guide. Only one Dollar a year. Single Copies 10 cents. For sale at all Bookstores. Published monthly by

J. THEO. ROBINSON,

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BRUCE THE PHOTO.

1ST GENT—What fidd I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god Hath come so near creation?

2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can so beautifully counterfeit nature.

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PITTSTON COAL. SHIPPED DIRECT FROM MINES TO THE TRADE -AT LOWEST RATES.- A. & S. NAIRN Toronto.

SINGLES PAIR RESURER! ALL THE LADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT.

BUREAU. SIORTHAND 11 KING ST. WEST. BENGOUGH (Official In-Printer York Co. Courts), Manager.

EMPLOYMENT INSTRUCTION LITERATURE REPAIRING TYPE-SETTING

THE GRIP

PRINTING & PUBLISHING Co.
OF TORONTO,
55 & 57 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

Directors:
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We are now having a large run on the following

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This is a most popular cartoon hand-bill, printed in three colors, with space in the margin for announcement of advertiser. Just the thing for a cheap and effective advertisement.

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A neatly illustrated and irresistibly comic little circular of eight pages, five engravings, equally suitable for all kinds of business.

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Similar in size and style to "I'm a Daddy." Six engravings. Just out. Suitable for all kinds of business.

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A small and taking design for small hand-bills.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK MEDIUM.

A small 16-page circular, with 21 illustrations, and plenty of room for Advertiser's announcements.

Samples and prices of all specialties SENT FREE on application.

Estimates cheerfully furnished.

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"THE GRIP-SACK."

A New Midsummer Annual, to be issued by GRIP Printing & Publishing Company, under the editorship of J. W. Bengough.

The GRIP-SACK will be uniform in size with "GRIP'S Almanac," and will be filled with original humor, profusely illustrated with engravings, embracing several full-page pictures in colors.

The first number will be ready in July.

Price, - - - - 25 Cents.

ADVERTISING.

Our Mr. Crammond will shortly wait upon the business men of the city with reference to advertisements in the above Annual.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH,
Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORE,
Manager.

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

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

Please Observe.

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

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—There are numerous indications in recent events that the old tyrannical spirit of French Quebec is again being put forth in the direction of Ontario. Under the old regime it is notorious that this Province was looked upon and treated as a source of revenue by its less thrifty sister, and it is natural perhaps that there should be a disposition to revive that convenient arrangement, now that the lower Province finds herself in the hands of incompetent spendthrifts. Many of the Ontario Members in the Parliament just dissolved made no effort to thwart the game they could see going on, but, on the contrary, gave it the support of their countenance and—what is more important—their votes. GRIP'S mission is a national one, and he would be sorry to say a word to encourage strife between the Provinces of the Confederation; nor is there any need for strife if mutual respect is maintained. The electors of Ontario will shortly express at the polls their ideas of fair play as between

the Provinces, and if this spirit of encroachment is not significantly rebuked it will be surprising:

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Blake has announced that the National Policy (with a few amendments respecting its "unjust and oppressive" features) will be sustained by the Liberal party if returned to power.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Albert Jackson (colored) was recently appointed a letter-carrier in the Toronto Post-office, but his assumption of the duties was protested against by the white carriers and the matter was compromised by giving Jackson an indoor position. This action has incensed the colored citizens on the one hand, and the Irish friends of the majority of the white carriers on the other. We shall be sorry if the Government loses any votes through the narrow prejudices involved.

CARLYLE'S posthumous "Reminiscences of My Irish Journey"—the second part of which appears in the June CENTURY, and which will be completed in the July number—show that the general poverty of the people and their dissatisfaction with things in general were almost as marked in 1849 as they are to-day. Carlyle's point of view is revealed in the following passage: An Irishman having exclaimed in his hearing, "All admit we're very ill-governed—" "Yes, indeed," reflected Carlyle, "you govern yourself. He who would govern you well, would probably surprise you, my friend—laying a hearty horse-whip over that back of yours."



A LEADING QUESTION.

DAVIN—Does it occur to you, Sir John, that in the event of your retirement, the Conservative party has no representative of Brains from Ontario to succeed you? and does it occur to you that I am at the disposal of—ahem?

A boy who was kept after school for bad orthography excused himself to his parents by saying he was spell-bound.

The aesthetics of Winnipeg have unearthed some classical remains, which seem to identify the exclamations "n-yum, n-yum!" with "too-too!" the missing link being "nimum, nimum!"



THE BISHOP "IN A HAT."

'Twas surely an unhappy day, I trow,
That placed the mitre on my harass'd brow;
For never since, on this, my lofty throne,
Have I one hour of peaceful leisure known:
And what annoys me most, 'tis my own fault
In flinging that erratic somersault,
When I deserted, in an evil hour,
The very men who placed myself in power.
They say I even broke my pledged word
(Implicit faith in Bishop's really too absurd)
When I, so foolishly, essayed to rule
Blake—Howland's P. E. D. (confound it!) school,
I burnt my hands,

And now I've made a slip
With this exasperating Rectorship;
Carmichael's, so they say, too high in tone,
Pearson would quite imperil Sweatman's throne.

And, sounding loud, I hear St. Peter's voice,
"Nobody here will cross the People's choice."
E'en Sullivan, it seems, prefers to stand
Head bottle-washer in Algoma's Land.

But two are left, Kainsford, the people's man,
And Baldwin pining (?) 'neath his Bishop's ban,
Which of the latter couple shall it be?
(Though neither course commends itself to me)
Of those two evils I, (or I'm undone)
Shall certainly accept the lesser one.
Which is the lesser? That's what bothers me,
There's not a pin to choose 'twixt R. & B.
I give it up. 'Tis too abstruse a theme,
And INDECISION reigns once more supreme;
Yes wavering indecision, friends! and that
Is what has placed me in this wretched hat.

PORCUPINE.

Our Irishman Heard From.

(Concluded from last week)

ERINGOBRAUGH TERRACE,
May 15th, 1882.

"A splendid idea," says I, "it's bright an' early I'll be up in the mornin', an' nobody 'll be the wiser." Wid that she fowlds up a quilt, an' we goes down shtairs, an' she shpreads it on top av the pianny, an' throwin' me a blanket, she says, "good night, an' take care av the lamp." Sure I laughed to meself whin I luk't at me musical couch, but I stript, an' wid the aid av a chair I blew out the light an' got on top av the pianny. The bed was hard, but musha! what beautiful dhramas! I was in grate shpirits over the purchase av me beautiful lots, an' to-morrow mornin' I was to pay the money cash down, an' thinkin' av all this I fell ashlaps. I thought it was 1889, in the month av June, an' I had sowld all me town lots for twenty-sivin times more than I paid for them, an' Misthress O'Hea an' me son Timothy an' meself were livin' in grate shtyle in the city av Gladstone, an' lived on turtle soup, made in a pot on top av Turtle mountain. I had been lord-mayor av Gladstone for three years successively, an' at the present time had just been elected to represent the city in the House av Commons at Ottawa. I was a fther bein' carried shoulder high in a palinquin, with brooms stuck at the four corners thereof, an' Grip floppin' his wings an' deliverin' a spread-eagle oration to the electors, from the top. Sure I heard the population av the grate city av Gladstone, shoutin' an' hoorayin' all night through, an' the distant music came floatin' up the shreet' "Soft an' sweet as in the days of yore." Thin

the uproar an' the noise got worse, an' I thought they were havin' a row wid the defeated party, an' I was meditat'in' on quietin' them down wid a calm, moderate speech, whin there cum a bangin' an' thudin' agin the wall, a smashin' av glass, the splashin av oars, an' loud laughter that woke me up intirely. Mother av Moses! there is no pen in the mortal univarse can depict me emotions as I sat up feelin' a kind of saysick, an' found five feet av wather all round me, the pianny softly sailin' round the room with meself on top av it, an' a dozen or so av gossons on a raft, grinnin' from ear to ear, an' biddin' me "good mornin', Paddy!" "Say Noah, that's a swell ark you've got there," an' a grate many remarks av the same character. "For the love av the saints," says I to meself, "where on earth is me pants?" but nary a pant could I see, only a black, waterlogged mass floatin' half under wather, an' me hat swirlin' softly beyant. Me condition, Misther Grip, was pitiable in the esthrame. Well, they tuk out the big window frame, an' lassoin' the pianny wid a clothes line they towed me out into the shtrate, amid the vocayferous cheers av the crowd, an' the roarin' an' laffin' av ivry kind av people luckin' down from the top windows on the flood below. They towed me, sur, for about two blocks, till I could shtand it no longer, an' throwin' resignation to the winds, I bowldly slid overboard an' swam back to me boardin' house. It was me money I was a fther, me money in the stockin' in me pant's pocket, but wisha, bad luck to the thavin' vagabonds, the sorra a pants was there, only a darkie in a canoe, an' he paddled away as fast as he could. It's desherpate I was thin, Misther Grip, an' knockin' down the shtove pipes, I shouts up

through the hole "Misthress O'Mega!" "For the love o' God, Misther O'Hea, what is it?" says she down. "Will yez go to me thrunk," sez I, "an' get me me best bombazine summer pants an' vest, yez'll find them rowled up in me linen dushter in the bottom av the thrunk." So away she goes, an' comin' back she says down the hole, "there's nary a pants an' vest there," she says, "only yer wife's gown pinned up in the ulster." "Thradgedy on thradgedy," sez I, "sure it's Nora's Sunday gown I've packed in me thrunk by mistake. No matter," sez I, "hand it down, an' as soon as I got howld av it I mounts on on top av the bos stove, an' on this shmall Ararat I began to array meself in faymale attire. Its shiverin' I was whin I began, but it's at fay-ver late meself arrived before I got inside av that gown. First I shpread it out, an' had got me head half way up the tail av it, whin about two feet av the shkin av me back was ripped up intirely wid wan ov thim pins that wimmin always have around them somewhere, an' whin I began luckin' round to see what ivor was tarin' me shkin like that, sure me unfortunat head got entangled in a labyrinth av strings an' pull backs. The more I shtuggled the worse I got, till I raley thought I had escaped dhrownin' to suffer death be strangulation. Me mind was made up howiver, not to commit suicide agin' me will, so wid wan wrench I set myself free wid a great tear. Thin I cum to the sleeves— an' sure I pushed an' pulled, an' sweated an' swore, till ivry stitch in the gown went crick-crack, an' me bare showlder blades weresthickin' out at the seams, but it's kivered up someway, I was determined to be, so I stowed meself into it, wan way or other, an' a fther me linen dushter was buttoned on top, raley meself didn't luck so bad a fther all. Howsomediver, on the top av me Ararat I had to shtand, till, behowid ye, who should come along but yer own agent in Winnipeg. How he tuk me aboard, an' tuk me home to his own house, an' restored me to me original sox, how he put me into his own bed, how I dhamed av singin' sheeps' heads all night, how I wakened up wid de cry of fire, an' got ivry hair av me head singed off escapin' through the fire, how I arrived home in Toranty a sadder an' a wiser man, would take me a week to write it all out in detail. Howivir, a fther me hair an' whiskers growa bit, I'll maybe a fther tellin' yez the reception I got from Nora, an' how myself explained about her gown bein' all ripped up. Till thin farewell.

From yours ivirmore,

BARNBY O'HEA.

Sympathy.

Whene'er I see a boy in tears—
Some little erring elf,
I always think of former years,
And what I was myself.

And such reflections grieve me much
At these recurrent times;
In fact I'm quite appalled at such
A list of early crimes.

I mourn each juvenile excess,
And think I must have had
The "bump" they call "destructiveness,"
Developed very bad:

I caught a fly one autumn day,
I think my age was nine;
I put him in a spider's way,
And watched that spider dine.

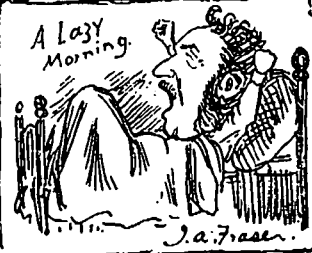
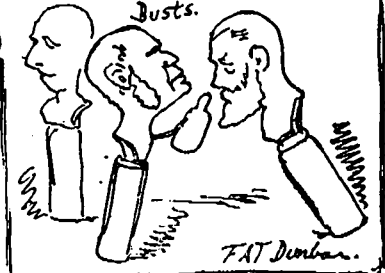
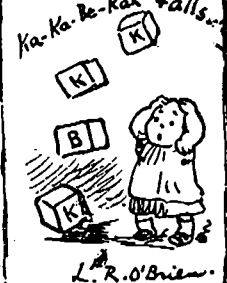
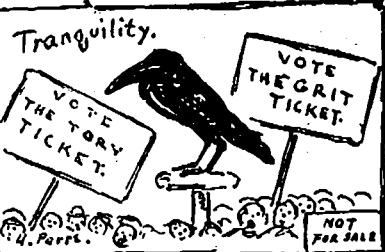
I think I robbed a neighbor's trees,
And pelted homeless dogs;
I know I hunted bumble-bees,
And swallowed minute frogs.

I'm sure our dear old patient nurse,
The kindest of dames,
I did not absolutely curse,
But called her awful names.

And I was seldom well-behaved,
But mostly acted thus,
And must have been, if not depraved,
A wicked little "cuss."

So I can always sympathize
When some young acamp annoys,
Because I was, for age and size,
The very worst of boys.

R. C.



SOME PICTURES AT THE ONTARIO SOCIETY'S TENTH EXHIBITION.



AN ATTACK OF THE BLEUS!

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A Competent Costumer.

"Is the gentleman who knows everything in?" stammered a vision of golden hair and sea blue eyes, as she stood timidly beside the managing editor's desk yesterday afternoon.

"Everything about what?" asked the editor clawing around under his desk for his shoes and trying to hide his stocking feet under him.

"Upon what particular branch do you seek information?"

"I don't exactly know what to do," pouted the strawberry lips. "Pa says I can only have one dress this spring, and I don't know how to make it up. I thought the gentleman who answers the questions could tell me."

"H'm!" muttered the managing editor. "He's gone up in Maine to find out why geese always walk in single file. An 'Anxious Inquirer' wants to know. What kind of a dress had you thought of getting?"

"That's what I want to know. I want something that will look well with terra cotta gloves."

"Yes, yes," murmured the editor. "Then you should get one of these green things with bands that turn all kinds of colors, and some fringe and fixings of that kind."

"Would you have it cut princess or wear it with a polonaise?" she inquired, looking at him searchingly.

"You—you might have it princess around the neck and a row of polonaises at the bottom," suggested the editor. "That's going to very fashionable, and a couple of hip pockets would set it off royally."

"I don't know," murmured the beauty. "I haven't seen any of that style. Do you know whether panniers are worn bouffant this season or whether the skirt is tight?"

"Oh, certainly!" replied the editor. "They are made with all the bouffants you can get on 'em. Some have even sixteen button bouffants, and there was a lady in here yesterday who had a pannier that came clean up to her neck. I should have it pretty bouffant if it was my dress."

"Well," stammered the blushing blossom, "would you box plait the skirt or shirr it?"

"Shirr it, by all means!" exclaimed the editor. "Shirr it straight up and down, and fasten it with these long loops of black tape."

"You mean frogs?" asked the beauty. "No, no. These big loops that slip over two buttons. That sets off the shirrs and gives a sort of tout to the ensemble," and the editor leaned back and smiled superior."

"Don't you think revers of a lighter shade would look pretty?" she inquired.

"They'll do to fix up the back, but I wouldn't put 'em on the front," answered the editor sagely. "Revers are very well to trim a hat with, but they don't set off a dress front."

"How would you have the corsage?"

"I wouldn't have any at all. You would look much better without one."

"Sir!" she exclaimed rising.

"Oh, if you insist, you might have a small one, certainly not over three inches long, for short dresses are the style now."

"You—you don't seem to understand—" she commenced.

"Oh, don't!" he retorted. "That's what I'm here for. I think there is nothing so lamentable as to see a young lady dragging her corsage through the mud and dust. Still, if you want one, you should have it, so you can take it off when you go on the street and only

wear it at home. They are hard to handle and not one woman in a hundred can kick her corsage gracefully."

"I—I am very much obliged to you," she murmured. "You are very good, I'm sure."

"Don't mention it," replied the editor politely. "I think when you get it shirred and revered and polonaised and princessed, you'll like it very much. You might get a sash and some big buttons to put on behind, or if you'd like another style better, you might trim the whole front with bouffants and wear the pannier for a hat."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" exclaimed the blushing bud, as she scuttled down stairs.

"Swipes!" roared the managing editor, with a complacent smile and a glance of approval at himself in the glass. "Swipes, you may tell the foreman to send me a proof of the Fashion Notes as soon as they come in. I have observed that a great many errors have crept in lately."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

How not to talk to Children

One day I sat in a car seat on the Saugus branch of the Eastern Road, behind a pale, careworn lady who was taking a little boy from Boston to Malden. As the little boy was of a very inquiring mind, and everything seemed to attract his attention, I could not help listening to some of his questions.

"What is that, auntie?" the little boy commenced, pointing to a stack of hay on the marsh.

"Oh, that's hay, dear," answered the careworn lady.

"What is hay, auntie?"

"Why, hay is hay, dear."

"But what is hay made of?"

"Why, hay is made of dirt and water and air."

"Who makes it?"

"God makes it, dear."

"Does he make it in the daytime or in the night?"

"In both, dear."

"And Sundays?"

"Yes, all the time."

"Ain't it wicked to make hay on Sundays, auntie?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'd keep still, Willie that's a dear. Auntie is tired."

After remaining quiet a moment little Willie broke out:

"Where do stars come from, Auntie?"

"I don't know; nobody knows."

"Did the moon lay 'em?"

"Yes, I guess so," replied the wicked lady.

"Can the moon lay eggs, too?"

"I suppose so. Don't bother me!"

Another short silence, when Willie broke out again:

"Benny says oxins is an owl, auntie; is they?"

"Oh, perhaps so!"

"I think a whale could lay eggs—don't you, auntie?"

"Oh, yes—I guess so," said the shameless woman.

"Did you ever see a whale on his nest?"

"Oh, I guess so!"

"Where?"

"I mean no. Willie, you must be quiet; I'm getting crazy."

"What makes you crazy, auntie?"

"Oh dear! you ask so many questions."

"Did you ever see a little fly eat sugar?"

"Yes, dear."

"Where?"

"Willie, sit down on the seat and be still or I'll shake you. Now, not another word!"

And the lady pointed her finger sharply to the little boy, as if she were going to stick it through him. If she had been a wicked woman she would have sworn.

There are eight million little boys like Willie in the United States, and half as many in England.—*Brocton Gazette.*

A New Catechism in Drayton.

Q.—What is rheumatism?

A.—Rheumatism is a humorous sensation that causes men to rub their joints with St. Jacobs Oil, play practical jokes, throw things around, wear crutches and stay indoors, swathed in red flannel.—*Drayton (C.) New Era.*

Q.—What is St. Jacobs Oil?

A.—A peculiar substance of a very penetrating nature, which causes rheumatism to leave the system astonishingly quick,—insuring evenness of temper thereby, and ability to do one's work satisfactorily. It banishes crutches, retires flannels, produces happiness, and brings us down to a serene old age without the martyrdom of pain.—*Exchange.*

"People at the mint are working overtime." And yet we see very little of their work.—*Norristown Herald.*

A. W. SPAULDING, L.D.S.,

(Demonstrator of Practical Dentistry in the Toronto Dental School.)

HAS OPENED AN

OFFICE AT 51 KING STREET EAST,

(Nearly opposite Toronto Street.)

Having had over nine years experience in the practice of Dentistry, six of which have been spent in Toronto, he is prepared to do FIRST-CLASS WORK, and at reasonable rates.

By adopting the Latest Improvements in appliances, he is able to make tedious operations as short and painless as possible.

As he does not entrust his work to students or assistants, but does it himself, the public may rely on it always being done as represented.

Office Hours, 8-30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

Evening Office at Residence, Jameson Avenue, North Parkdale.

Great Western Railway.

SLEEPING CAR ARRANGEMENTS BETWEEN TORONTO AND CHICAGO.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 1, 1882. AN elegant Wagner sleeping car will be attached daily (except Sundays) to train leaving Toronto at 11.45 p. m., arriving at Detroit at 9.25 a. m., and Chicago at 7.40 p. m. the following day. Returning will leave Chicago daily (except Saturdays) at 9.10 p. m., arriving at Toronto at 6.40 p. m.

Passengers leaving Toronto will be able to take sleeper after 9 p. m., at Yonge-street depot.

For railway passage, tickets and sleeping car accommodation, apply to T. W. JONES, 23 York-street; CHAS. E. MORGAN, 64 Yonge-street, and at Ticket offices at the Union and Yonge-street depots.

WM. EDGAR,

General Passenger Agent,

F. BROUGHTON,

General Manager.



BOLIVER JUNIOR.

Who says the N. P. isn't a live issue in the contest?

Lady Shoddy's Secret.

A ROMANCE OF TORONTO.

BY MISS BAIN'UN.

Sir Silas Shoddy's letter lay open before her, as Florence Crump sat alone in the top front garret of her two-dollar-a-week boarding house. Two weeks before, she sat, late at night, wearily working at a rich wedding dress of white satin, draped with Brussels lace, which she was finishing for her employer. It was intended for the rich and hideous Miss Shoddy, whose extensive estates on the Island and at the mouth of the Don had procured her a prospective husband. Florence sighed as she thought of the better days, when she too had worn pretty ball dresses, before her pa's bank busted, and she was reduced to genteel poverty. A sudden impulse moved her to try on the dress. It fitted her as gloves seldom do fit. From some receptacle she took a pair of silk stockings, delicate as gauze, and worked with blue flowers in gossamer silk and gold. These, and white kid dancing shoes, a pair of six button white gloves, and an ivory fan, were relics of happy times gone by. She threw a lace veil over her head, and why, she could not tell herself, walked from her lodging to the gorgeous mansion of the owner of the dress. The windows blazed with light. Florence easily entered unperceived. In the spacious suite of drawing-rooms, and all through the gardens, the costliest lamps and flowers bloomed and blazed. The drawing-rooms were like a garden, the garden like a palace. As she stood beneath a pillar, a gentleman came up, put his arm round her waist and kissed her brow. Florence hastily turned to confront the stranger. He explained that some similarity in dress and figure had led him to mistake her for his daughter, at present in Winnipeg, but who might return to Toronto at any time, for the purpose of preparing for her approaching marriage. Florence graciously accepted his apologies. Sir Silas Shoddy was charmed with his beautiful guest, although sorely puzzled to think who she was. She was the loveliest among many typical representatives of the city which takes the cake in Canada for feminine beauty. A great many people asked who she was, and several rich demoiselles, far too well bred to give a kind glance to the poor milliner's apprentice who had aided them in trying on their costly robes, stared with all their eyes at her, who, it began to be whispered in the room, was the daughter of a duke now visiting the city. Sir Silas had guessed nearer the truth. He had danced once with Florence, who hardly knew how to refuse, and once had persuaded her to eat an ice and drink a glass of cool claret in the supper room. He was too polite to press any direct questions. He saw that there was some mystery about her. He saw that she was a lady. Some other duty called him away, and Florence took the oppor-

tunity to escape and return. That night Sir Silas could not sleep. With the early dawn he arose and walked up and down before the *Telegram* office, till the shutters were removed, and the talented young man who writes the editorials came along from his palatial hash-house. That day a "personal" appeared, calling on his unknown guest to grant him an interview. Florence replied; an interview took place. Although Sir Silas was older, by a score of years, than herself, she was not indifferent either to his affections or his social position. The letter before her was a proposal of immediate marriage.

VOLUME II.

Florence accepted. In three days she became Lady Shoddy. Only one condition did she exact from her husband: that he should ask no questions about her past history. She assured him that it contained nothing dishonorable. Florence was as happy as boundless wealth could make her. Every Saturday a gorgeous menial bought her *Grip*, in a gold cover on which the similitude of the bird of wit and wisdom was inlaid in black diamonds. But she was not happy. Miss Shoddy would soon be home. She was said to be a very sharp old maid, in love with rank and social position. If she found out that her pa had married a mere dress-maker's apprentice, her tongue would persecute poor Florence out of all the brilliant society which her husband loved to see her ornament. And then there was something else. She had been engaged to a young man, a journalist, in Winnipeg. But he had not written for so long that Florence ceased to think of him, except as one who had perished in a blizzard, or booby, or some other product of that favorable climate.

VOLUME III.

Miss Shoddy came back, and was evidently resolved to do battle to the uttermost with Florence, at whom she stared all that evening during dinner. "I feel sure," she thought to herself, "I have seen that girl's face before." Her ill-temper was increased when she found her wedding dress, which Florence had packed up and sent to the *modiste* the day after she had herself worn it, had a minute, but perceptible stain of wine on the . . . Miss Shoddy at once drove to the *modiste*, who referred her to Miss Crump, the young lady employed in finishing the dress. At Florence's former boarding house nothing could be learned, but a message that Miss Crump had sent, that she had gone to Winnipeg. That name flashed on Miss Shoddy's memory the recollection of having seen a photograph exactly resembling her stepmother in an album belonging to the fascinating editor of the *Winnipeg Comet*. She telegraphed to him to lend it to her for a day or two. Somewhat surprised, he consented. She recognised in Florence the imposter who had worn her dress, and taken her place. The chain of evidence was complete, and she entered the house determined to denounce Lady Shoddy.

But Florence was a match for her. She did not set fire to her bed curtains, or throw her into a well, which, in the present state of Toronto water, would have been cruel indeed. She did what all sensible women ought to do in a difficulty, she told her husband all about it. And the old man thought it first-rate fun, and when his daughter came along with her complaints, answered calmly "Shucks!"

Miss Shoddy was so cross about her dress being spoiled that she broke off her engagement, and went to Winnipeg in a huff, and married the *Winnipeg Comet* man. He never got back the photograph he had lent her.

Mr. Oscar Wilde delivered his promised lecture to a good audience at the Grand Opera House on Thursday evening. He proved himself to be as sane and sensible as any man of the same name that ever appeared before our citizens.

High Church Persecution Again.

The following poem is founded on facts which a late issue of the *Globe* relates to have occurred recently at a churchyard in an English parish, where the funeral of a dissenting minister, whose friends wished to bury him beside his wife's grave, was interrupted by the vicar, who said that it was not right for dissenters to make use of "consecrated ground." The opposition of the entire High Church party to the laws for allowing dissenters to bury in churchyards, shows that this is no isolated case. In this country a separate portion of each cemetery has to be "consecrated" for Episcopalians:—

In through the churchyard gate his people bore him,
A humble funeral train, as you might see,
As to the grave they pass in sad procession;
Plain workmen they, their chapel pastor he.

No pomp of priestly pride, with pealing anthems,
Thrills sweet and solemn on the incensed air;
No courtly Rector, with bland voice, addresses
"To 'cars polite" his benediction there!

For his was no Episcopal "commission";
In no fenced gardens was his good seed sown.
Nor with a hireling's heart the long day's burden
He bore, though called to it by Heaven alone.

And now, where rests his wife they fain would bear him,
That these, who loved, death should not all divide;
For ye 'rs they labored, serving God together,
So sleep they in "God's acre," side by side.

But, lo! our High Church Priest forbids their progress:
"Some other grave, good people, must be found.
No mere unhallowed funerals of 'dissenters'
We tolerate in 'consecrated ground.'"

So Persecution from the dead dark ages
Makes her foul nest in England's church anew!
With other vampires of old superstition,
Once strong to curse the Many, crown the Few!

Fit offspring of the "Catholic Revival,"
Whose sword we deemed with rust, not blood, was red,
Yet, if she can no longer crush the living,
She still has license to insult the dead.

C. P. M.

Literary Notes.

The publishers of *Rutledge's Monthly* offer ten valuable rewards in their *Monthly* for June, among which is the following:—

We will give \$20 00 in gold to the person telling us which is the middle verse in the Bible by June 10th, 1882. Should two or more correct answers be received, the reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner, June 15th, 1882. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the *July Monthly*, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published. This may be worth \$20 to you; cut it out. Address—RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Easton, Penna.



A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

JACK—Say, Ethel, wouldn't you like to be the Queen, and have everybody take a holiday and set off fireworks on your birthday?

ETHEL—No, indeed, I wouldn't, 'cause then they'd all know my age.

See OAK HALL'S Stock of Children's Suits. OAK HALL sells Clothing at Rock-bottom Prices.

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Leadin^g Exhibitions in 1881.

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THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL IN A HOBBLE.

P. M. G. (TO JACKSON).—YOU OBSERVE, IF I LET YOU CARRY LETTERS WE'LL LOSE THE IRISH VOTE, AN' IF I PREVINT YOU WE'LL HAVE THE BLACK VOTE AGAINST US!

A Tragedy.

BY DICK DUMPLING.

SCENE.—A parlor. Young Baldash de Tracy, scion of a once noble house, and the charming Miss Evaldina Montaguirk seated on a sofa. Both look unutterably foolish. Baldash is mentally making a map of Manitoba out of the legs of his trousers, every check being a section of prairie mud. A sudden inspiration seizes him, he falls on his knees (and Evaldina's feet), and exclaims:

"Oh, object of my deepest admiration!
Resplendant star of all the constellation!
More precious than the gems owned by a nation?
Thine eyes more black than anthracite formation.
Thy soul filled up with liveliest animation!
My head turns round and round in wild gyration,
My mind is filled with horrid consternation,
Lest thou should'st drive me unto desperation.
I'm poor, yet nobly born of rank and station;
My ancestors were held in veneration,
But father lost his all in speculation.
I've written a great book called 'The Formation
Of Cephalaginous Mental in Kotation.'
Oh, damsel, spurn me not in degradation!
(My heart goes pit-a-pat in agitation)—
Oh show this bounteous, full commiseration!
My love for thee has no abbreviation,
Say but a word and fill me with elation.
Too long I've lived in mere anticipation,
And thought you mine—'twas but imagination.
My tears flow forth in flooding inundation—
Oh, spare the pain that's caused by hesitation,
Thou fairest flower that's bloomed since the creation!"

EVALDINA.—"Ah, Mr. Tracy, though my affection
Of your love would be the elevation
Of your low spirits, yet the separation
From this rich home would bring humiliation
To my proud soul. I have no inclination
For love in cottages with stunted ration,
Therefore, I must decline the nomination,
Although I love you from the—"

*Evaldina's fan rushes in, and catching Baldash by the
nape of the neck, exclaims:*
"Young man, explain why in this situation
I find you placed, and why in all tarnation
You chance to hover round this habitation.
Your quaking limbs show strange signification
That fires my quickening blood to inflammation.
List while I speak my deep denunciation:
Young man, your brain requires renovation,
And I'll assist you by the elevation
Of this my dexter foot, my sound foundation."

And down the steps in great precipitation
The erring youth commenced his exploration!

The proudest day in a woman's life is her
first son day.

Maybe they did "have giants in those days,"
but they couldn't have looked any bigger than
a free-born American citizen feels when he's in
a procession.

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*Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
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Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,
General Bodily Pains,
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and Ears, and all other Pains
and Aches.*

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a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy.
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of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain
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MEDICINE.

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A Dutchman was about to make a journey to
his fatherland, and wishing to say "good-by" to
a friend, extended his hand and said: "Well,
off I don't come back, hello."

It seems to be the ambition of all young
wives to look well when any one calls. Yester-
day a South Side bride heard a ring at the front
door. The maid was out and she rushed up
stairs to "fix up" a little before admitting the
caller. There was a moment of lightning work
before the dressing case. Quicker than it takes
us to tell it, a ribbon was fastened at her throat,
a flower stabbed into her hair, a flush of powder
on her face, and she was at the door all smiles
and blushes. The gentleman said he had walk-
ed from Memphis and couldn't remember that
he had tasted food since he left Cincinnati.

The Spirometer.

THE INTERNATIONAL THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE,
75 Yonge street, corner King and Toronto. A body of
French and English physicians are in charge. Great ré-
formation in medical science. The Spirometer, the won-
derful invention of Dr. M. Souvielle, of Montreal, an
ex-aidé surgeon of the French army, which conveys medi-
cinal properties direct to the seat of the disease, has
proved in the leading hospitals of Europe to be indispen-
sable for the cure of catarrh, catarrhal deafness, bronchitis,
asthma, and lung disease. Dr. Souvielle and a body of
English and French surgeons and physicians are in charge
of this, the most scientific institution on this continent.
We wish country practitioners who have not sufficient
practice to distinguish the different forms of lung disease
to bring their patients to our institute, and we will give
them free advice. This institute has been organized by
this body of scientific men to place Canada in a position
to compete on scientific views with any part of Europe,
and to protect the people from the hands of insignificant
men. Dr. Souvielle's Spirometer and its preparations
were invented after long and careful experiments in chemi-
cal analysis and use in hundreds of cases to prove its
effects. He has the sole right in France, England, the
United States and Canada. Last year over 1,000 letters
of thanks were received from all parts of Europe, Canada
and America for the wonderful cures performed by the
Spirometer. Hundreds of the leading people of this
country given as references. Write or call at the Inter-
national Throat and Lung Institute, 75 Yonge street,
corner of King, Toronto, and you will be received by
either of the surgeons. Consultations free to physicians
and sufferers. Call or write, inclosing stamp for pamphlet
giving full particulars free.

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