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

The Gravel Boat is the Ace.
The Gravel Fish is the Quiver.
The Gravel Men is the Foot.
The Gravel Bird is the Owl.

IMPORTER.
GLOVER HARRISON
CHINA HALL.
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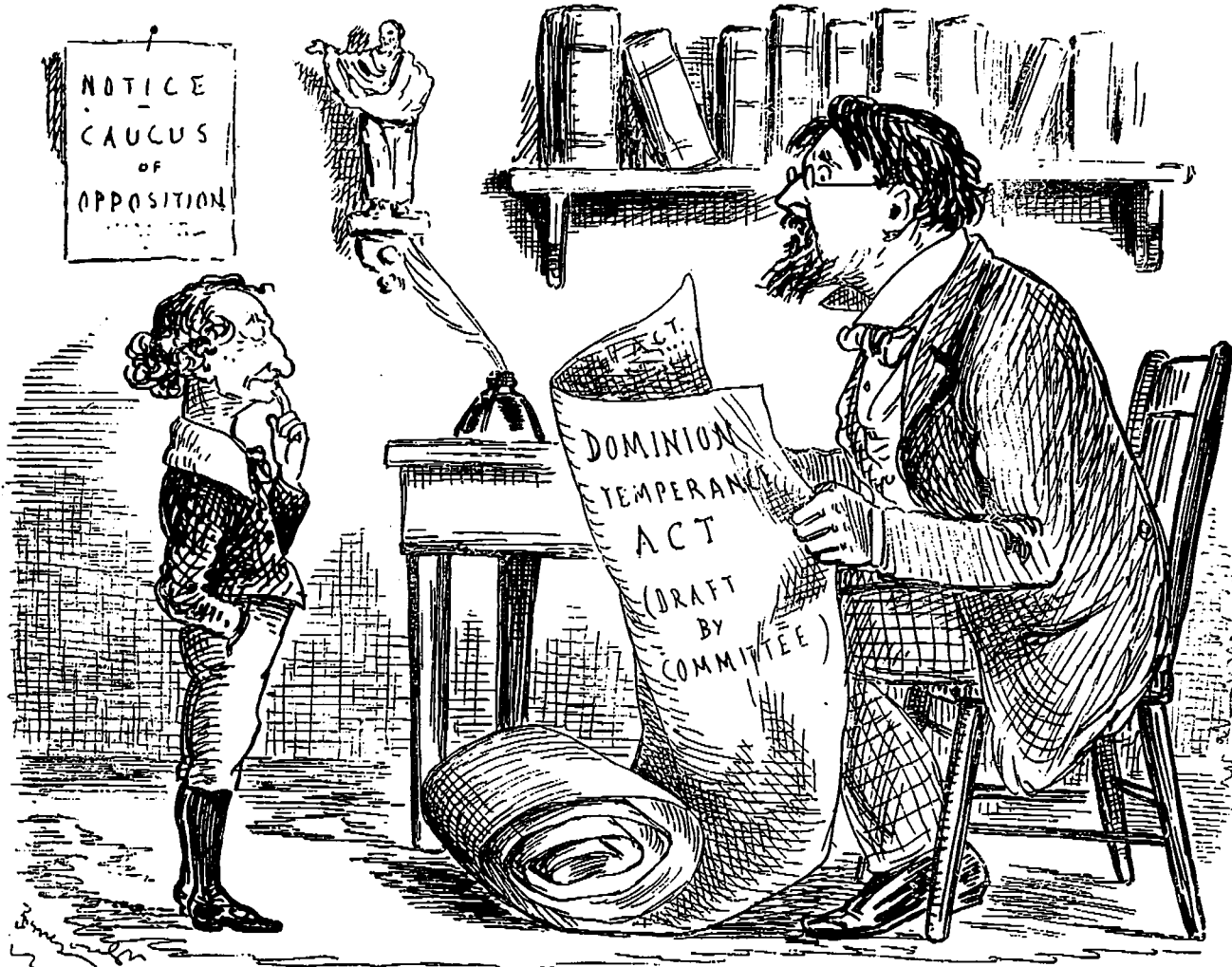
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1ST GRNT—What find I here
Fair Portia's count (stet) Wha. Demi-God Hath come so near creation?
2ND GRNT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can so beautifully counterfeit nature.
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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL
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FRED. SWIRE, B.A. - Associate 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.

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.

NOTICE.

Our attention is called to the figures given in
Rowell's Newspaper Directory representing the
circulation of GRIP at 2,000 weekly. We beg to
state that this estimate was furnished to Rowell
two years ago, since which time our weekly
circulation has increased to between 7,000 and
10,000, with an average weekly increase of about
100, and the paper is perused by fully 50,000
readers every week. Intending advertisers will
do well to take notice of these facts.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The great International
Fisheries Exhibition has been opened with
royal pomp at London. Canada is well repre-
sented with specimens of our piscaculture.
Had the list of available entries been extended
to queer political fish, Sir Charles Tupper's
visit to England might have been better
timed. He is undoubtedly the best specimen
in our national collection.

FIRST PAGE.—Sir John's Committee of the
House have concluded their labors on the
Temperance question, and the result is a draft
bill which appears to be excellent. If passed
in its present form the measure will give
satisfaction to the country, and especially to
the temperance section of the people. The
Opposition leader may well regret that he had
no share in the honor of producing this Bill.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Some members of the House
have signed a "round robin" to be presented
to the Government asking for an increase of
indemnity to the extent of \$500. This is a
peculiarly cheeky move at the tail end of a
session in which next to nothing has been
done. The members are already over-paid, if
the indemnity is to be regarded as wages.
The Tory papers allege that this "round
robin" originated with the Opposition, and
the Grit papers declare there is not an Opposi-
tion name on it. To settle this dispute and
show who the salary grabbers are, let the
document be published.



A TRIBUTE TO CANADIAN ART.

(A Studio. Mr. Harris about to begin his
great Painting of Confederation Enter the
Premier.)

SIR JOHN.—My dear Harris, you needn't
trouble me for sittings for that "Confedera-
tion" picture—accept these volumes—they
will give you an idea of my style from every
point of view!

THE BEST MEDICINE.

If your health you feel declining,
If you have, when after dining,
A kind of heavy feeling in your epigastric region;
Or if you feel dyspeptical
In your organ or receptacle
For food, then don't be sceptical,
But learn how all your ills will fly away tho' they be
legion.

The cure we recommend you
For a quarter we will send you,
As soon as it is ready, as ere long it will be;
It will add to your profundity,
And corporeal rotundity,
It contains far more than one ditty.
And the name of it's the GRIP-SACK for eighteen
eighty-three.

NOW BRING PACKED.

A LONG FELT WANT.

It has always been our principle, in conduct-
ing our paper, to leave nothing untried that
we, or our numerous correspondents, could
suggest as likely to render it more suitable for
the Home, the Hotel Bar, the Sunday School,
the Asylum for Idiots, the City Council and
the Penitentiary. Acting upon this system,
we have resolved to establish, for one week at
least, a department of puzzles, under the care
of a competent special editor. On examining
the files of the majority of papers which con-
tain a similar department, we find it is cus-
tomary to offer prizes—usually chromos—for
the first correct solution. We shall adopt the
principle, but instead of a chromo, we offer a
prize of \$100,000 for the first correct solution
of the annexed problem.

PROBLEM No. I.

Given—Nothing. Taken—Long odds about
anything. To find—The money for the prize

Solution, which must be accompanied by an
accepted bank cheque for one-tenth of the
prize, not necessarily for publication; but
merely as a guarantee of good faith, should
reach our office not later than 2.30, as the
banks close at 3, and the train for the States
leaves at 3.15.

In case any solutions are received, no more
problems will be given, owing to the unavoid-
able absence of the puzzle editor.

THE FLAG OF BRITAIN.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF DAYS GONE BY.

CHAP. I.

Reader, didst ever hear the origin of the
Red, White and Blue? Ah! you have; but
the true one? Nay, methinks not, for but
lately has the old, old MS. been discovered
wherein is told in quaint and antique language
how it all came about. The style of the writer
of the MS. is early English, very early English;
long, long before the fourteenth-century Flor-
entine-days. Bunthorne never dreamt in his
wildest and most ecstatic dreams of anything
so old and very early English as the MS.,
which is here spoken of. It was an exceedingly
hard task to decipher its characters and lick
them into some kind of shape, and the vastest
intellects of this day were hired to translate
it into sense at so much per yard, and the
writer of this tale was one of those gigantic
intellects. Never mind, keep your hats on;
he is not proud.

Following is a condensed epitome or resume
or synopsis or anything, in fact, that presents
a great deal in a very little, as a quart of
strawberries in a quart box, which is said to
be the acme-est illustration of *mullum in
parvo* in the world. Have at ye, for the
story.



King Athelstane is seated at the festal board
surrounded by his nobles. Queer-looking fish
some of them, and deficient in the matter of
grammar, yet stout withal, and each with his
halidome in his breeches pocket, (so says the
MS.) under the heavy armor in which the
nobility slept and bathed in those days. The
king himself was very drunk, and so, for the
matter of that, were most of his doughty fol-
lowers, for the Scotch Act was in force in the
county of Wessex, in which all the things to
be related occurred, and it had become a ne-
cessity to keep hogsheads upon hogsheads: of
the nut brown ale and metheglin of those times
in the dwelling of everyone who took his tot—
and they all did.

A fierce dispute was in progress at the time
this story opens, as might be gleaned from the
fierce language of those who sat round the
table. "I say," quoth Sir Egnog Toman-
jerie, "that I can knock the Yankee churl out
in three rounds, and I challenge him to mortal
combat on the morrow." "Aye," roared
Athelstane, hiccupping furiously, "to-morrow
be it: the prosecuting attorney is away after
yonder miscreants who got up the Druidical
Lottery scheme, and the set-to can come off
uninterrupted. Ton to one on Sir Egnog."
"Tis but hill becoming my noble berud to
fight with one of low degree," said Sir Egnog,

"but I will whale the heverlasting invisibles, out of yonder varlet, mushroom knight as he is, for the honner of hold Hengland if nothink helse, 'tarnation 'cute as he calls isself." The speaker was wrath, moreover boozey, and heeded not the niceties of his mother-tongue.

Sir Egnog was the scion of a noble race; he could trace his lineage away back beyond his grandfather, whilst the Yankee churl alluded to was but a varlet of low degree who entertained doubts as to the identity of his own father; he had, however, received knighthood at Athelstane's hands as a reward for the introduction amongst the peasantry of some marvellous bass-wood hams, which the king compelled them to eat or die, and derived an immense revenue from the exportation of the real porkers to Chicago. It was moreover rumored that he had hit upon a plan by which the vessels of the U. S. navy could be made to float, and Athelstane was doubly anxious to conciliate him or exterminate him; he was not particular which. Thus much in explanation.

CHAP. II.

"And as she satte
In her Geynesburrow hutte,
She was faire and comely withalle."

The above is a quotation from one of the bards of that time, one Can-Can, an humble journalist yet a mighty minstrel, who received an annual stipend from the royal exchequer for his services as an emetic, it being the practice of physicians of that date when mustard, ipacacuanha, tartar emetic and so forth were scarce, to take Can-Can round with them on their visits to their patients, and when an emetic was considered desirable to order him to recite specimens of his own poetry to the sufferer, the result being as satisfactory as it invariably was instantaneous.

The verses at the head of the chapter refer to Rowena, a young woman on whom Athelstane was dead gone, who in her turn was mashed on Sir Egnog. She was very beautiful, and had a good healthy appetite: a professional beauty, in fact, with strong predilections for the stage. So much for her.

CHAP. III.

"England expects that hev-ery man
This da-hay will doo-hoo 'is doo-hooty."
—Chaucer.

'Twas the morning of the combat, for Sir Egnog and Sir Ichabod Doolittle meant business and were about to engage in a deathly struggle. Athelstane and Rowena occupied parquette chairs at the northern end of the lists, whilst around them were grouped numbers of the nobility, blockheads of the witenagemote from whom the aldermen of the present day are descended, newspaper reporters, and deadbeats generally. Clad in a mantle and armor of purest white, Sir Egnog rode into the lists on a pale milk-colored steed, a delicate cerulean-tinted beast of lengthy tail and pedigree. Sir Ichabod appeared at the same moment at the other end of the lists, gallantly bestriding a mule of haughty demeanor, who pranced and caracoled as though conscious that the humorous reporters were even then scribbling down some choice jests and bon-mots concerning him and his race, as they actually were, and which jokes have descended to us in a long, unbroken line, even to the present day.

Would space permit, a lengthy and detailed account might be given concerning the conflict which took place, but it will not. a quotation from the noon edition of the *Mistletoe Bough*, the society organ of that day, must suffice. "Round 1. Roth combatants rushed upon one another and met with a dull thud." (Observe how history repeats itself in these two last words.) "Sir Ichabod's mule was nearly

placed *hors de combat* by a kick from the horse de combat of Sir Egnog, but quickly recovered himself and smiled peacefully. Sir Ichabod got in a rattler upon the dice box of his opponent with his spear, who counterexed neatly and landed a ceaser on the former's potato trap; ding-dong returns all over the ring: anybody's battle so far.

Round 2. Both came up smiling. Sir Egnog, discarding his spear, drew his trusty sword, and each knight rushed upon the other and met in mid career with a dull sickening thud. In a few minutes the Yankee's head was seen whirling away some yards from its owner's body. Blood spouted from the headless corse, and deluged the snowy mantle of the English champion, from whose nose the vital fluid was flowing copiously and mingling with that of his opponent. It was a gay sight. Four physicians were immediately in attendance on the fallen warrior, and after probing for the bullet for some hours declared that life was extinct. Sir Egnog was proclaimed the victor, and rode up to the throne whereon the monarch was seated, to do his devoirs, whatever that is. But behold! his once snowy mantle now presented the appearance of a tricolor banner; the white ground, streaked with the plebeian red gore of Sir Ichabod and crossed by the deep blue patrician life-blood of Sir Egnog looked, as Rowena observed, too sweet for anything, and she immediately demanded from Athelstane a dress of that pattern or at least a polka dot resembling it. "Bosh!" roared the king, swigging off a gallon or so of nut brown ale, "Bosh! The president of the United States has a flag and England has not. Them there shall be her colors: ooray! for the red, white and blue," and all present gave tongue to the words and air which are now so familiar to all. And thus were those colors first adopted as the ensign of old England. In conclusion it may be stated that Rowena, justly incensed at Athelstane's refusal to grant her simple request for a polka dot, and judging that, if he could deny her anything before matrimony he would make no bones about refusing her every thing after, immediately went back on him, sprang on the back of Sir Egnog's steed, and the lovers sped away to a distant city where they established a flourishing business by manufacturing that beverage which has ever since borne the gentleman's name. Such is the plain, unvarnished story of the origin of the much loved and glorious flag of Old England. Long may it wave!

HERE AND THERE.

A SIMPLE DRAMA IN FOUR SCENES.

SCENE I.

Luxuriant "boudoir" in the "palatial residence" of James Snooks, Esq., dry goods merchant. Persons—Miss Mollie Snooks and her bosom friend and companion, Miss Julia Bangles, daughter of Alderman Bangles, soap grease collector.

JULIA BANGLES—Here's that nasty thing, Katie Brown, got her name in the "Society Column." Nice society her people belonged to at home.

MOLLIE SNOOKS—That's so. I wouldn't have my name put in that way for anything. It's disgusting; so vulgar too! My word, wouldn't my grandma in her castle at home be angry if she saw it?

SCENE II.

Same persons; time, a week later.

JULIA—Oh my. Look here, Mollie, (reads from *Evening Bosh*)—"Miss Julia Bangles entertained her friend, Miss Mollie Snooks, to a select haul-over of her wardrobe on Wednesday last. The costumes are said to be particularly *recherche*." There now. Oh! my,

isn't it nice? Do look—Miss Julia Bangles; it's too sweet.

MOLLIE—Let's buy a dozen copies and send 'em home to England.

JULIA—All right; let's. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Three weeks later. A humble dwelling in Hold Hengland, (the "castle" referred to by Miss Snooks in a former scene).

OLD MRS. SNOOKS—(Laboriously turning mangle. To her enters letter carrier.) Lawks, mussy sakes alive wot's this? Toronto *Evening Bosh*: wy, it must be from my granddarter Mollie. Ay, ay, 'eres a bit marked wi' red pencil. (Spells out item in Society Column before referred to.) My! So my gals is society people in Canada! Well, I never! and to think as I ave to wash and mangle for a livin'. It's too bad. Sukey, run over and get us a quarteren of gin; my narves is diswolloped.

SCENE IV.

Back slum in St. Giles, London. E. C. Three costermongers boozing with several pots o' four arf. To them enters Postman.

POSTMAN—John Bangles, Esquire, 'ere? (To which a gentleman decidedly the worse for sundry pots, and attired in a greasy moleskin and a fur cap responds by stating that "'e's the bloke and wot's vornted?") Receives copy of *Evening Bosh* which he hands to one of his companions, as his own education has been neglected and he is unable to read, even if he were sober enough to do so. Companion opens it and reads.) "Vell, h'ime blowed, 'ere's a rummy start." (Reads item mentioned in Scene 2.) "Vy thatt must be young John's gal, eh, hold man?"

JOHN BANGLES, ESQUIRE—In course. That there's my grandgal, and er's me a bloomin' corster; go and get another pot o' bloomin' four arf, Bill; I must dround my feelin's.

[CURTAIN.]

A WELCOME TO THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

Come, brothers, come, to the land of the setting sun,
Why do you linger in want and despair;
A welcome we gladly extend unto every one
Having the courage our fortunes to share.
The land where at present the bison is roaming—
The prairies and wilds of our boundless domain—
Invite you with smiles, while you are benoaning
Because a fair living you cannot obtain.

Then come, brothers, come, when for you there's rest
To be won by just means in the beautiful west!

Come, brothers, come, for the wildland and valley
Await but your onslaught to yield due reward
To those who will freely their energies rally,
In clearing the bushland and turning the sward.
Where once frowned the forest now orchards are blooming,
The old beaver meadows are marshes no more,
Whilst the freeholder sits here contentedly crooning
The songs of his youth at his own cottage door.

Then come, brothers, come, if you choose to invest
Your labor in making a home in the west,

Be not afraid, we have plenty of land yet,
Millions of acres are lying in waste;
If willing to labor, you all can command yet
A home of your own and its sweet comforts taste.

If you are poor, we will lend you assistance,
Till from the soil a return you receive,
All that is needed is steady persistence
In well-doing, brothers, then why do ye grieve?

Then come, brothers, come, our country's the best,
And carve out a home in our beautiful west.

Then crouch not beneath the frown of the master,
Who oft treats your just claims with hauteur and scorn,
Who think that the demon of hunger will faster
Teach you to know that his yoke must be borne.
Sons of the Emerald Isle, be not down-hearted,
Though heavy's the cross you unwillingly bear,
And grievous the wrongs beneath which you've smarted,
Till the soul is nigh crushed by the dark fiend, Despair,
But come, brothers, come, a ye who're oppressed,
And hew out a home in our beautiful west,

Here there's no law of injustice to hamper
The man who will honestly strive to do right;
No petty, tyrannical agents to tramp o'er
The rights for which free men will ne'er cease to fight.
Then come whilst the door of our mansion is open,
Your souls of all bitter reflections divest;
Come with clean hearts to the land we have hope in,
And success is assured to the poor and distressed.
Then come, kinsmen, come, where no man is oppressed,
And a new Erin found in our beautiful west.



THE OLD RASCAL.

"WINTER STILL LINGERS IN THE LAP OF SPRING."

INFORMATION FOR THE INQUISITIVE.

DUGALD McHEATHER asks, "In what part of Scotland was St. Patrick born?" That's just like you Scotchmen, wanting to claim every one of renown as a native of your country, though we imagine you are not far astray in this instance, but when such Scotchmen as the following are paraded before us we think it is about time to draw the line somewhere. Just fancy anyone expecting us to believe that the founder of the Celestial Empire was one McLeod of the Isle of Skye, and that Muehtar Pasha was a certain McTurk from Kilbogie, and that it had been discovered King Cete-wayo told John Dunn that his grandfather was one of the Blacks of Ecclefechan. We should like to know, if the Highlanders are Irish and the Lowlanders are Anglo-Normans, who are the Scotch, anyhow?

"Mr. GRIP, do tell me, if you know, who invented the ulster?"—D'UDEY-DAH.

The garment was invented in the 12th century by Prince Robert Courthose, known to his familiars as Bandy-legged Bob for obvious reasons. The article in question is known in Germany as the *Shabbedudshider*, and is very popular.

"Since the recent diabolical outrage at Petrolia," writes a friend, "I have been reading up about Freemasonry and find that the goat holds a very prominent position in the mysteries of the order: can you tell me why?"

We can and will, though Morgau's fate should be ours.

Ram-oses, the Egyptian monarch, in honor of his marriage with the beautiful daughter of Ap Kydd Bearli, ordained a new degree in the A. F. and A. M. order—the Phi Beta Gamma. From an ancient Coptic MS. in our possession

we translate as follows, in reference to this degree. "And the candidate for acceptance shall be supported by acacia ropes, suspended between the pillars J & B, symbolizing his departure from mother earth. Six P. M.s. (three on each side) shall then move on a slant as far as possible from the perpendicular, the candidate.

"The goat, wearing a cast-iron head-piece, shall stand at a proper distance, and as the brethren release their hold, a contact shall take place between the body of the candidate and the head of the goat, the animal having been trained to stand on its hind legs and deliver with all its force, the blow. This is to be repeated until the brother cries lustily seven times three for release. The burden of the neophyte's cry shall be thus wise:—

Hasten, hasten, let the deed be done,
Is there no help for the widow's son?
Is there no help, is there no help, is there no help for the widow's son?

"The candidate shall then be stamped with the hieroglyphic of Solyma and shall be carried in triumph seventy times round the room, seated in a frying pan heated to redness, which, however, from his previous exercise with the goat, will inflict no pain on him. He shall then be ridden on the goat and his mouth filled with myrrh and honey. A brother taking this degree shall be called ever so many times illustrious, and he shall be a Sir Knight and wear an ostrich feather a yard long in his cocked hat, if he can pay for it, or his credit is good." We dare not divulge more, and trust the above is sufficient.

A luminous paint has been invented which can be seen in the darkest night. This differs materially from the non-luminous kind with which the honest painter primes your new house, and which can't be seen at noonday, without a great deal of trouble and very close searching.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

HIGH ART.

OR, PUMBLETHWAITE'S GREEK SLAVE.

Old Pumblethwaite and his wife got on very well together as a general thing, but there was one matter upon which they invariably disagreed, and that one thing was Art: and yet not altogether art itself, but what is known as the *nude* in art. The old gentleman approved and stuck up bravely for statues of heathen divinities and so forth, without any drapery whatever, whilst the old lady gave it as her opinion that such statues were highly improper, if not immoral, and many and warm were the disputes that occurred between the worthy old couple on this subject.

Now old Pumblethwaite was the proud possessor of a very beautiful statue of the Greek slave, and, exceedingly short-sighted as he was,—though no one could ever convince him that his eyesight was not perfect,—he discovered innumerable beauties in it which his wife invariably declared she was unable to see. Mrs. Pumblethwaite said the statue was disgusting and scandalous, and a thing that no pure-minded gentleman would have in his house, and that she would give a great deal to have the abominable thing removed, for its presence was excessively distasteful to her, but the old fellow stuck it up in one of two alcoves in his hall, and stated his intention of procuring another piece of similar sculpture to grace the other one, which remained vacant, and many were the visits he made to auction sales and such affairs in his endeavors to obtain the desired mate for his beloved Greek slave.

One day Mr. Pumblethwaite returned home one evening, and, hurrying into the room where the good old lady was sitting, exclaimed in a triumphant tone,

"I've got her at last."

"Got her!" said Mrs. Pumblethwaite, "got who?"

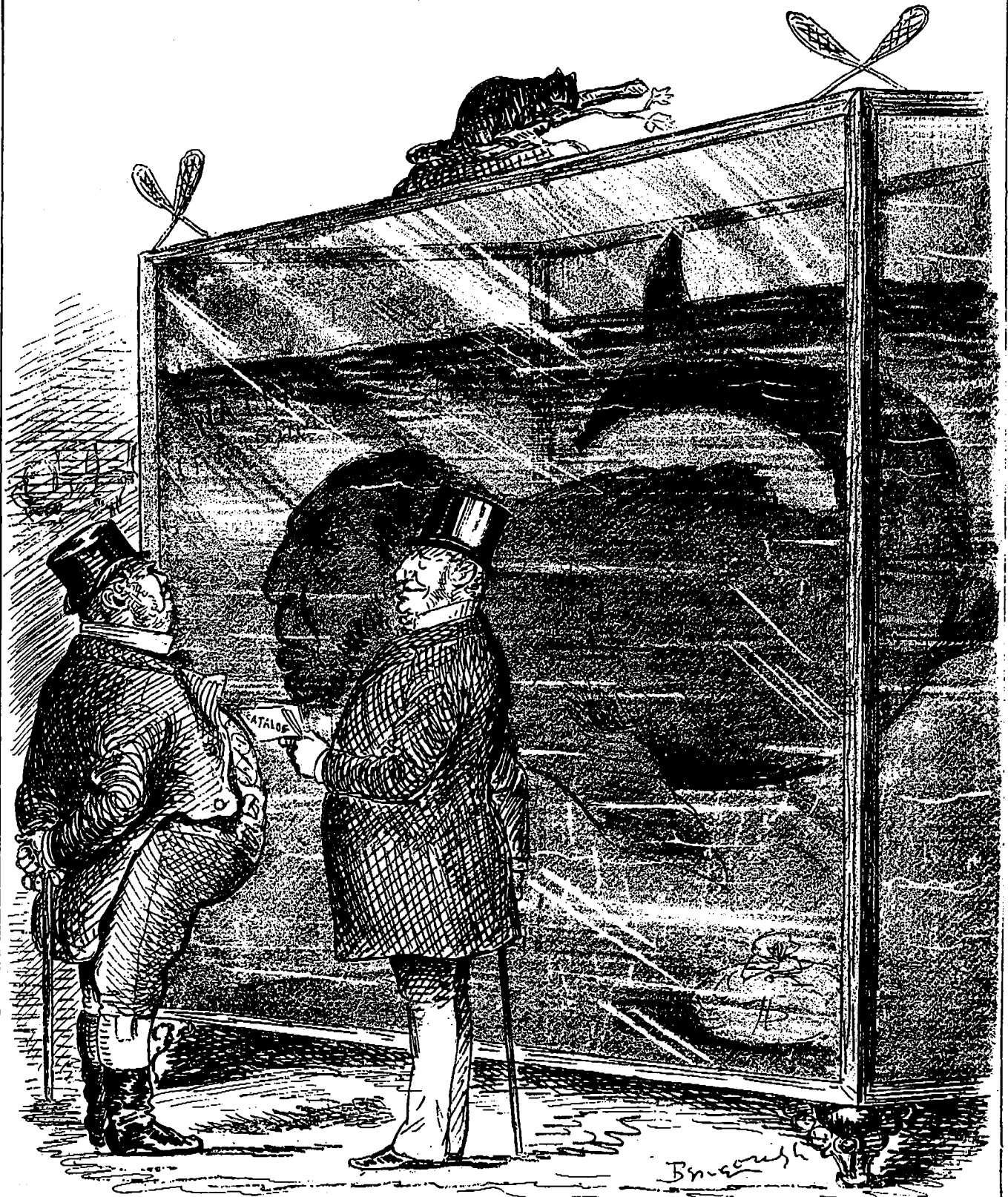
"Why, I've got a companion for my darling little Greek," answered the old boy; "picked her up at an auction to-day: pure Parian marble; dead cheap, only a hundred and thirty-five dollars; 'Venus rising from the sea,' is the subject, as the auctioneer informed us, and a choice thing it is: I'm sure you'll like it, my dear, in spite of your prejudice: it ought to be here now. The carter started soon after I did."

"It's too bad," answered his wife, "for I—but here's the man now with your precious statue," and as she spoke, two men were seen carrying the article, carefully wrapped in straw, up the front walk to the door. The statue was brought into the house, the hearers departed, and old Pumblethwaite proceeded to unpack his treasure, his wife regarding the operation with a very peculiar, and, for her, sinister smile. At length the 'Venus' lay revealed in all her marble beauty. Mrs. Pumblethwaite uttered a shriek and then, speaking as well as she could in her emotion, exclaimed, "Why, you stupid, silly, blind, yes, *blind* old man; that's your Greek Slave that I sent away this morning to the auction room after you went out, to be sold, for I *will not* have these atrocious hussies round my house."

It was too, too true; Pumblethwaite had purchased his own statue, and his grief and chagrin were terrible to witness.

The Greek Slave still stands in one of the alcoves, securely chained and padlocked to the wall; and old Pumblethwaite, with the key in his pocket, spends his days in hunting round for an occupant for the empty niche;—but he wears spectacles now.

A deadly blow has been struck at the Lorilards by a physician, who announces that a person who chews tobacco does not make a nice-smelling corpse.—*Ex.*



A QUEER FISH.

(NOT IN TIME FOR THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES' EXHIBITION.)



"So the world wags."

"HIGH DIDDLE DIDDLE" IN MILTON-IC VERSE.

Heard ye that mirthful melody? Remote
It rose; and straight the strain, approaching near,
Caught of the careful cat the critic ear—
Proud dame in tortoise decked or tabby coat,
The villain vermin's vixen-vanquisher,
Her frolic paw the festive fiddle smote,
Which, as high Hesper poured his glittering glance,
Inspired the not unawkward cow to dance
Above the balmy moon: all this beheld
The dog diminutive, while its strange romance
With laughter loud his simple bosom swelled:
The dish, nigh heaped with load of savory store,
Kissed the bright spoon, by kindred love impelled,—
Such is the nursery tale of infant lore.

* *

"The course of true love never did run smooth." If the young man doesn't find an obstacle in the shape of her father's boot, he needn't congratulate himself that all is clear sailing. From the conduct of the gentleman who is mentioned in the following lines I should say he was a "true" lover, but yet he came to grief even in the act of expressing his rapture under the most advantageous circumstances.

SHE MADE A MASH.

Full tender beamed the light of love down from his
usually face
As he pressed her to his bosom in a fervent, fond embrace:
No cost of others' happiness found place within his
thought;
The weakness of life's brittle thread no dim forebodings
brought.
But tenderer than the light of love, more brittle than
life's thread,
The shrouds that wrapped two other hearts gave up their
withered dead:
For crumbling in his waistcoat, their glowing future
dashed,
Two excellent Havanas were very badly mashed.
—Harper's Bazar.

* *

I have seen a good deal in the papers about Vanderbilt's great ball,—some of the remarks sensible, but most of them impertinent and ill-bred. If Mr. Vanderbilt was an intimate friend of mine—my son, for instance, it might be proper for me to tell him that he could easily find a better way of spending his money than by such a vulgar display, and I probably would tell him so—but what right have strangers, who happen to own newspapers, to expostulate in this cheeky style? However, Mr. T. R. Sullivan deals with one phase of the affair in a manner at once true and in good taste, as follows:

AFTER THE BALL.

"You're an angel!" she said, as she nibbled the pheasant,
(How her ravishing voice thro' my memory rings!)
And I lifted my glass, and I tried to look pleasant,
As I said: "Mia cara, I haven't the wings!"
"But you're rich!" she replied, my red Romanesque scolding.
And I answered her back in the soberest tones,
"Yes, to-night, cara mia, but think of the morning,—
Who shall tell of the future of Bell Telephones?"

"You're an angel!" she cried, as the bill they presented
For a thousand and one of the choicest of things;
And, remorseless, she smiled at the score I resented—
"You're an angel, I tell you, for riches have wings!"
—Life.

* *

Women are proverbially quick witted as this one was. And, speaking of feminine fertility of resource, I have a little story to relate which I will call

BIDDY'S STRATEGY.

Bridget was the cook of the Rev. Dr. Savemall, a parson, living on the northern suburb of this city. "Bridget," said the parson one fine Sunday morning, "I wish you to cook two ducks for dinner, and to cook them with great care, as I will have a young parson just newly licensed, home to dine with me." Bridget cooked the ducks, when she received a visit from two Irish cousins, who persuaded her to let them eat the ducks, telling her she would have time to cook two others for the parson's dinner. The Irish cousins had scarcely left, when the parson, accompanied by his young friend, having returned earlier than usual, rang the bell. "Oh, gracious goodness!" said Bridget, in alarm, "the parson's returned, and no dinner! I will certainly be discharged, and in dull times like these I may be long without a situation." The parson having left his young friend in the parlor, walked into the kitchen and asked if all was ready. "All is quite ready," replied Bridget with suddenly assumed composure, "except that knife that is to be sharpened."

"Let me have it," said the parson, who was not proud, "I can sharpen it more quickly than you." Leaving the parson sharpening the knife Bridget stole into the parlor to the young parson and with excited face and agitated voice exclaimed, "Oh, you poor, unfortunate man, what brought you here. Mr. Savemall is a monomaniac on physiognomy, and thinking he can judge of character by the shape of the ears, when the fit comes on him he cuts off the ears of any one who happens to be convenient. He has a particular fancy for the ears of young parsons like yourself, and as the fit is on him at present, he is determined to have yours now."

The young parson looked up with surprise and incredulity. "If you don't believe me," said Bridget promptly, "peep through the keyhole and you will see him sharpening the knife." The young parson peeped, and now thoroughly alarmed, exclaimed: "What is to be done? Are there no means of escape?" "Certainly there are," said Bridget. "I will lift the window; fly with all speed, and let no inducements bring you back."

Then returning to the kitchen to Mr. Savemall, she inquired with well-feigned indignation, "What sort of a confounded fool was that you brought home to dinner? Why, he has gone off through the window and has taken the two ducks with him." Mr. Savemall ran out with the knife gleaming in his hand, and seeing the young parson retreating over the fields, waved his hand aloft with the knife, and shouted, "Come back, come back, I'll ask only one of them!" The young parson saw the knife, and drawing his hands tenderly over his ears, while he increased the length of his strides, yelled in return: "No, you blood-thirsty lunatic, you won't get even one of them!"

Bridget saved her place.

* *

Of course I have been "moving"—that is, carrying out cooking stoves and sideboards and lamp chimneys and things and dumping them into a wagon, to be carried to the other house. It's an awful job, but the old dismantled home is a palace compared to the new house on your "first night." The forlorn

individual that the *Drummer* man thus tells about, knew how it was.

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

"You seem in a bad fix," said a philanthropist to a man sitting on the curbstone looking much depressed in spirits.

"Have you no home?"

"Oh, yes, I've got one."

"Why don't you go there, then?"

"Because I don't want to."

"But you should, for the poet says, 'be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.'"

"And right the poet was, too. I was at home not an hour ago, and the house was turned upside down, all the beds out of the window, and the furniture in the corners, and my wife with a dish rag around her head, and the children so dusty you couldn't clean 'em with a feather brush, and the hired girls raising Sam Hill, and four niggers beating carpets, and the paper hangers at work, and a window cleaner with a hose turned on, and no dinner and no prospect of any, and the deuce to pay generally—oh, you and the poet are shoutin', and you're mighty right too, there's no place like home."

* *

I wonder if Mr. Fenton ever dreamed that there may be a good deal of domestic drama as well as wickedness about this lottery business. There is something in the following little story which touches a cord of sympathy somewhere in my anatomy:

There is a man in Illinois who is industriously engaged in hating himself to death. His wife invested two dollars in a lottery ticket, and her husband got mad and boxed her ears, and drove her away from home with no baggage except a change of clothes and the ticket. The ticket drew \$5,000, and when he found it out he went to her to tell her how he loved her, and how he had always said she had a great head on her, but she wouldn't have it, and told him to go and soak his head. He says you can't depend on women.—*Exchange.*

ONE TUMBLED,

BUT THE OTHER DID NOT CATCH ON.

A very worthy individual, an alderman, had the misfortune to step on an orange peel a few days ago, and, sitting down on the sidewalk without the amount of deliberation which his weight requires, he sustained such injuries as confined him to the house for some days.

On his reappearance out of doors he was met by a friend who said, "Glad to see you out again. Heard you had met with an accident: were you much hurt?"

"Well, yes," was the reply, "I sustained serious injury, in the lumbar region."

"Ah! that's bad," rejoined the other, "but the skull wasn't fractured, was it?"

"Skull! what d'ye mean?" asked the alderman angrily, "I said lumbar region."

"Yes, yes, just so," said the other, "and when you told me lumbar region I, of course, thought you referred to your head."

"They don't speak now; but it was pretty rough on the injured party, now wasn't it, and him an alderman, too?"

A gentleman who had been thinking of buying a hack, having visited a menagerie, comes home radiant with joy. "I'm going to buy one of them zebras," he says: "one of them riled horses. They must carry much further than the ordinary sort."—*Ec.*

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—For many months I was a great sufferer. Physicians could afford me no relief. In my despair I commenced the use of your "Favorite Prescription." It speedily effected my entire and permanent cure. Yours thankfully, Mrs. PAUL R. BAXTER, Iowa City, Ia.



CANADA'S STANDING ARMY.

AND THE HERO OF THE TUBBERBUGOLEY CAVALRY.

"The top av the mornin' till yez," said old Sergeant-Major O'Shaughnessy, as he dropped into our sanctum the other day—he often does—to get our ideas on the subject of a standing army for Canada. The old warrior does not appear to like the notion, and fancies that a standing army is not required in Canada, in which we heartily agreed with him. His opinion is that when Canadians are required for fighting purposes they will be on hand on time, but that, if they are formed into regular standing regiments, they will turn up missing in several cases when wanted for he thinks when there is no war on hand, they will be very apt to betake themselves to other pursuits without waiting for the leave of their commanding officers, the Canadian being, constitutionally, an energetic, active animal to whom anything like the sameness and monotony of regular army life would soon become unbearable. We agreed with the old gentleman in some things, though not in all, at which his very easily ruffled temper was somewhat disturbed, and he broke in with, "Bathershins! It would soon be like the doin's at the Curragh onct, and some of the rig'mints wud turn up like little Sandy Moore's of Tubberbugooley."

"Who was he, major?" we enquired, "his name is not familiar to us. Tell us about him."

"Wid pleasure," responded the gay old fellow, "an' it's that I will. It's feelin' like splittin' my sides wid laffin' whiniver I'm afther thinkin' about it I am. Ye must know that the gover'mint onc time sent a grate duke wid a big staff to make a tour of inspection in Ireland. At the Curragh there was a lot of reg'lars and all the milishy assimbled, at last most of 'em, but the duke was one of them fellows that never makes allowances. The Connemara Light Infantry wasn't there whin they was called, because the b'ys had fired off all their powder and shot killin' curlews an' hares an' spiled the locks of their muskets experimintin' wid pebbles instid of flints, and then went over to England to help wid the harvest."

"The North Cork had got intil a ruction wid the Kildare Fincibles, an' somehow or another the Wexford Lancers got mixed up wid it. I think they was debating about Protestant ascidancy, an' thruo as I'm tellin' ye, there wasn't a man of the whole of 'em to be seen—but the surgeons and doctors was as busy as could be. A good many other corps was defisht in numbers. But wasn't the duke mad! He swore more nor a throoper' At last, says he, readin' from a

paper, 'Where's the—the—the—Colonel O'Brien, for mercy's sake tell me what this haythenish name is,' an' he was purple as an ould turkey gobbler about the gills wid rage. The Colonel told him, an' says he, roarin' like, 'Where's the Tubberbugooley Cavalry?' sez he, an' wid that, out stips little Sandy Moore, the brogue maker, an' touchin' his hat, sez he.

"Here I am, yer honner, but the baste's dead."

"Av ye could only have seen the duke thin, an' the shaft an' the sojers it wud a' done ye good. The duke got black in the face of him, an' the rest of 'em roared wid lafter till ye couldn't howld 'em. 'Sandy, my boy,' sez Colonel O'Brien,—he was a gentleman ivery inch of him—'ye've saved the reputation of the Irish Milishy, an' there's a guinea for yez,' an' the other offishers wasn't behindhand, an' the goold an' silver Sandy got that day was the makins' of him ever since."

"An' that's the way it will be wid Canady if there's a shandlin' army, at laste to my way of thinkin'," and the gallant old veteran filled his short pipe and limped out of our office, for the old fellow's a trifle lame from a wound he got in some of his numerous campaigns.



THISTLETOP TAKES A JAUNT.

HIS DIARY OF EVENTS.

Thursday.—Left Bullock's Corners by the excursion due at Toronto 3.30 p.m. Promised the wife to divide my time equally between the Zoo., Queen's Park, Normal School, Y.M.C.A., and Dr. Wild on Sunday. Thoroughly mean to keep my promise. [Memo.—To send home by first post a cheap advertised marvel in American clocks, warranted correct time, 75 cents.] Arrived too late to go to the Zoo. Address of clock importer at bottom of port-manteau. I wonder what's on at the Grand Opera House. Got the clock address, went and bought it. By jove! it's nearly seven. I'll have fifty cent's worth at the Grand. Wish I hadn't got this confounded clock with me. Hooray, worked it into my great coat pocket. Capital dancing. I wonder what my old woman would say if she kn—goodness, gracious, what's that dreadful whirring noise? Am arrested for being in possession of an explosive machine. Quite useless my assuring them it is only an alarm clock. It appears I was watched outside the theatre cramming the suspicious parcel into my pocket, and to my surprise, find I am seated between two detectives. Taken to Police station and locked up ponding enquiries. I beg of them to open the parcel, but they are all afraid. Twenty explosive experts have been sent for, and it will be in all the papers. I shall, of course, be cleared from suspicion, but what will my wife say about the Grand?

Friday.—Was let out at three this morning. Made straight for my hotel, carrying the clock under my arm. As I passed Mail office, took out handkerchief to tie round neck. Night air terribly cold. In doing so, clock fell on pavement with hard metallic sound. Am pounced upon by three policemen concealed in doorway. Protest in broad Yorkshire. Intelligent police distinctly recognize Irish brogue. Am charged at police station, while six detectives and a file of the 10th Royals take the "infernal machine" (and I heartily endorse the description) to the County Crown Attorney's Office. Morning dawns a sober grey through the grated window of my cell, and I fall asleep. [Later.] I am let out at five in the afternoon, and my clock is returned, with a warning to be more careful another time.

Saturday.—Good night's rest, but rheumatism caught in cell worries me somewhat. Where is the clock? Oh, I remember. Gave it to the hall porter with instructions to be careful with it. Get up. Pleasant view from window. Hallo, what's that policeman doing over there? Seems as though he were watching me. Very strange. I'll look out at the side one, perhaps there's a better view there. Another policeman posted. This is evidently a suspected neighborhood. I wonder if they've put my boots outside the door. Bless my soul! if there isn't a constable there, and the proprietor asks me to give myself up quietly. That cursed clock again.

Sunday.—Only liberated this morning. Too late to go to Bond street Church. I'm sick of this. Toronto's in a state of siege. The people down at Bullock's Corners wouldn't believe it if I were to tell them. The only way to avoid arrest appears to me to be the adoption of a military swagger. I shall be taken for an ex-officer of the British army and left alone. I think I will stroll as far as the Horticultural Gardens and hear the band. Am accosted by plain clothes police officer, who arrests me for No. 1. Has watched me since my arrival in town, and hitherto I have concealed my military air, but now!

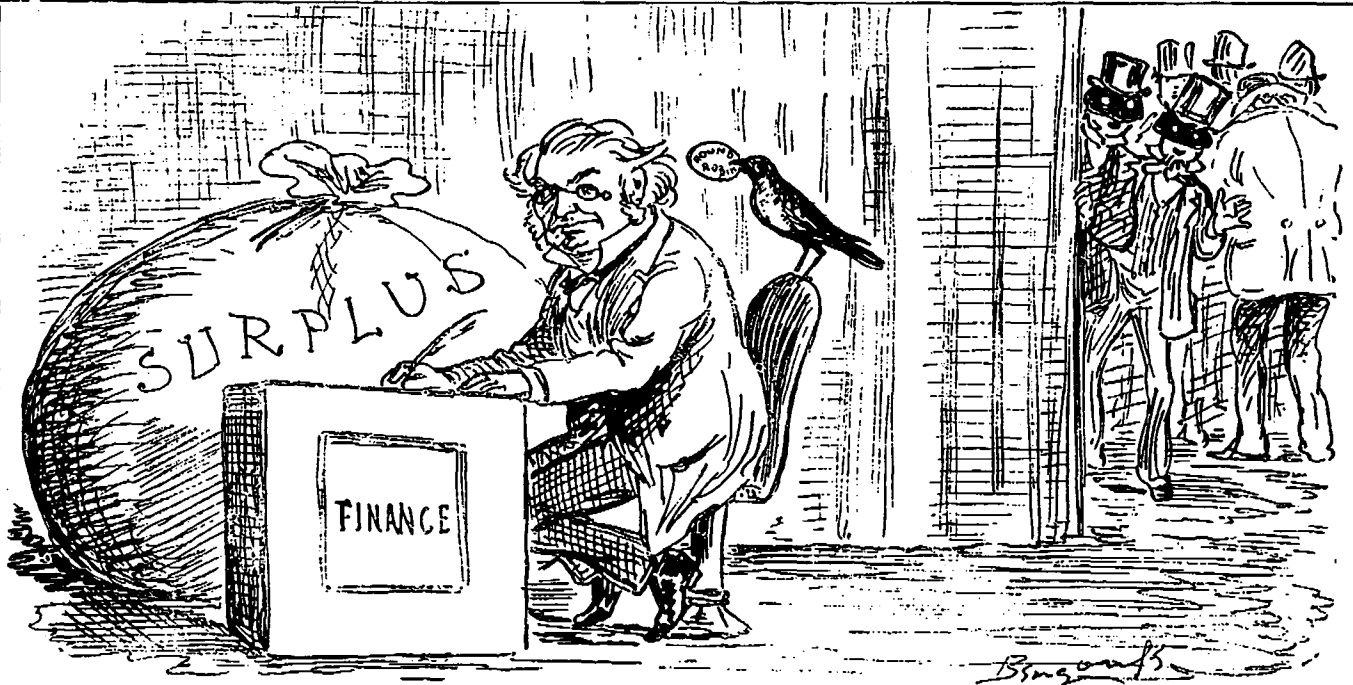
Monday.—Shall I go over to the Island? No, thank you—Bullocks Corners. I'll come up next year when things have toned down a bit.



The Damrosch concerts at the Pavilion proved a great treat, as was anticipated. Madame Scuderi fairly captivated the audience, and Madame Carreno quite sustained her high reputation as a pianist. Mr. Thompson announces as his next attraction a concert by Mlle Minnie Hauk, assisted by several operatic stars, amongst whom are Montegriffo, tenor, and Gottschalk, baritone. Following this company we are to have an opportunity of hearing the Spanish Students.

Baker and Farron, established favorites with Toronto theatre-goers, are soon to appear at the Grand in a new play, to be produced here for the first time on any stage. It is entitled the "Government House." Of course Mr. John Beverly and suite will be present as patrons.

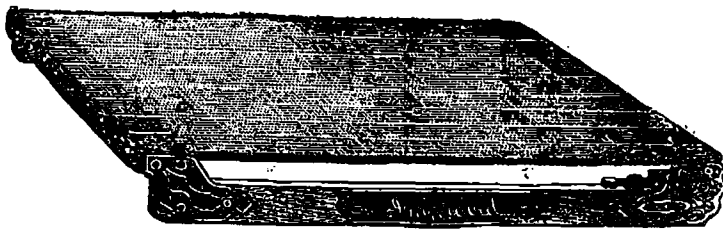
The Grand is a fine theatre, and all it needs to complete it is a manager with some idea of courtesy. It has never had such a manager since Mr. Pitou left.



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A LITTLE BIRD SENT TO ASK A SALARY GRAB ON BEHALF OF MEMBERS WHO ARE TOO BASHFUL TO SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

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A man went home the other night and found his house locked up. After infinite trouble he managed to gain entrance through a back window, and then discovered on the parlor table a note from his very thoughtful wife, reading, "I have gone out. You will find the key on the side of the step."—*Ex.*

If you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

A night-gown is nothing but a knapsack.—*Ex.*

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J. BAILEY, Burdett, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" purify the blood and cure constipation.

The absorbing question of the day.—"What will you drink?"—*Puck.*

At this season of the year the submissive spouse is simply a tacks gatherer.—*Ex.*

It has become a household maxim in Canada that Dr. Malcolm's system of treating pulmonary diseases by inhaling vaporized medicines, has deprived those diseases of much of the terror with which they were formerly contemplated. Book mailed free.

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"I'm saddest when I sing," lamented the poet, but if he could have sung for 5,000 dollars a night, he would probably have been saddest when he couldn't sing.—*Ex.*



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