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XVIII }

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1882.

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J. W. BRINGOUGH,
Editor & Artist.S. J. MOORE,
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The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the Fool.**Please Observe.**

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To Correspondents.

J. E. Yates, Montreal.—Too local. Try again.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—In the recent debate on the Budget at Ottawa, certain prominent members on the Government side alluded to Mr. Mackenzie's deposal from power in terms which were far less truthful than we ought to expect from good little members of Parliament. These gentlemen declared that Mackenzie and his colleagues were turned out with the brand of ignominy upon them—or words to that effect. Of course it all depends on what you call ignominy. The Grit Government lost office plainly because it would not listen to the public demand for a protective policy. If Mackenzie was disgraced by such a defeat, noble John Maynard also went down in dishonor when he died at the helm of his burning vessel. There is no man in Canada more sincerely honored by Conservatives for his pluck and principle than this same Mackenzie, whatever they may say when "talking" in Parliament.

FRONT PAGE.—The Dominion Government have been graciously pleased, after a vast expense of breath on the part of Premier Norquay (who, by the way, can badly spare any breath) to increase the amount of the subsidy granted to Manitoba. If our pathetic picture of Norquay, endeavouring in vain to make ends meet, had anything to do with bringing about this

happy result—and it is well known that the powers at Ottawa keep a sharp eye on GRIP—we are exceedingly glad of it, and would heartily join in the pow-wow if we happened to be a big Injun instead of a little crow.

EIGHTH PAGE.—At the request of Dr. Orton, M. P. for Wellington, a committee has been appointed to inquire into the effects of the N. P. upon the agricultural classes.

Who Calls?

Ah, who! GRIP would like to know. If he had a list of the multitude who called at Messrs. Pellatt and Osler's office on Tuesday, 28th March, 1882, to take stock in the Qu'Appelle Land Company, GRIP would never cease laughing to the end of the week. For on the list he would have names he would expect to see there, and names he wouldn't. Names he would like to see there, and names he would not like to see. It would be a long catalogue of land grabbers, and yet it would be but a few of them; for how many are there at the North-West?

And all these "callers" were men of muscle. They showed it by breaking the glass in the partitions of the offices, straining the woodwork, undermining the counters, and overmastering the clerks, strangling each other, and tearing the clothes of every registrar to ribbons. And they were earnest men, too! Earnest in being first. Every man was determined to have his name down first, and so they tore the subscription papers into strips that each man might have a fair opportunity. Now when the claims of a great scheme are made manifest to GRIP, and he wants to do his little best to help, say to build an Industrial Home for our street waifs, an Institution of Domestic Economy, to teach our daughters how to keep house, or a hospital for the care of the victims of man's sin and selfishness, he will advertise for those gentlemen who made such a spurt for Qu'Appelle land stock on the 28th March, 1882, and they will come rushing in ready for every good word and work. And Hey! Presto! we shall have all we ask for in no time. But first, GRIP will line his office with cast-iron, take all his doors off the hinges; put mica in his windows instead of plate-glass, and insure the lives of all his clerks to their highest figure.

"Who calls?"—first.



At the Grand Opera House, Miss Genevieve Ward was greeted with large audiences at each performance during her brief engagement. The play "Forget-me-not" has really very little in it, though its title would lead us to expect a great deal. However, Miss Ward is a star whose brilliancy casts a glare over less attractive figures, and though we might sometimes wish she had a little more tenderness of conception and manner, she pleased everybody.

Herne's "Hearts of Oak" ought to draw well. The Bicycle Races at the Horticultural Gardens are a novelty, and if well conducted may prove attractive and entertaining.

He That May Not When He Will.

A STORY OF TORONTO LIFE.

CHAP. I.

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour."

—Dr. Watts-his-name.

"Rebecca."

"Yes, dearest."

"To resume our conversation, for we must not allow the day to pass idly by without improving our respective minds (and furthermore conversation fills up the column beautifully). By the way, what do you think of the anti-polygamy bill recently enacted by the U. S. Congress?"

"There was probably never a time in the history of the nation when legislation of the kind was more imperatively demanded by the public exigencies. The Mormon question has assumed an importance which fully warrants the contemplated action of the government. Do you not think, dear Wellington, that there are crises in the affairs of nations, when the wisdom of the true statesman must supersede the arts of the wirepuller and the demagogue?"

"I quite agree with you, and, as a case in point, would refer to the magnificent Pacific Railway undertaking, which will ere long span our continent with an iron girdle, and link the Atlantic with the Pacific coast, pouring the wealth of the distant Indies into the lap of our growing nationality."

Thus in sweet love converse did Wellington Wharndcliffe and his betrothed, Rebecca Maltravers, pass the fleeting hours. How different to the sentimental and twaddlesome commonplaces which too often occupy the minds of young lovers during their interviews. Want of space precludes our publishing the remainder of the report, which principally relates to the Scott Act and the Boundary question.

CHAP. II.

"Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made."

—Bill Shakespeare.

"She is a glorious girl," said Wellington to himself as he quitted the Jarvis-street mansion in which Rebecca resided, "and the pinkness of her locks is more than compensated by the brilliancy of her intellect, though I hardly agree with her estimate of Sir Charles Tapper. Ah! could I only succeed in overcoming the objections of her father, who has all the prejudice against his daughter's choice incidental to a first-class novel, I should indeed be happy. However, I have conciliated the bulldog and that is a point gained, as the man said when he sat down on a bent pin. I fear Gladstone's position is daily becoming more insecure. I am aware that I have a rival, but the reader is not, and therefore I may mention that his name is Hamlet Bulstrode—a man without a single redeeming quality—he does not even redeem his notes at maturity."

He paused an instant, and drew forth a vellum-covered note book in which he carefully entered the jest for future use. Jokes are a cash article these days.

Little did he reck of the stealthy figure which, enveloped in the folds of a long cloak, dogged his footsteps and noted his every motion.

Wellington resumed his progress, closely followed by the muffled figure, whose threatening gestures seemed to betoken a deep-seated malignity and a vengeful purpose.

"Aha, Wellington Wharndcliffe!" he hissed between his clenched teeth, "the hour of my vengeance approaches, you have made me the object of your a-c-c-corn because I am middle-aged and comparatively bald-headed, but I will be terribly revenged—I swear it—or rather I make a solemn declaration to that effect according to the Act for the Suppression of Extra Judicial Oaths."

And his black eye flashed as he raised his right hand to heaven to register the vow. It is always better to register a vow in this style than to take it to the registry office, because there are no fees to pay.

As Wellington paused for a minute to look at a meerschaum pipe in a tobacconist's window, Hamlet Bulstrode, for it was he, of course, saw his opportunity. Hastily drawing from beneath the copious folds of his cloak a large-sized document, he approached close behind his victim and rapidly attached to his overcoat the paper which being unfolded bore the super-
scription:—

"APRIL FOOL."

"Aha! at last I have my revenge," he muttered, in gleeful undertones, as the unsuspecting Wharncliffe, with this legend displayed to the public gaze, disappeared amid the throng.

It was a much better way of getting square than to go shedding gore, and besides, supposing Bulstrode had killed Wellington and got hanged for it, the story would have ended up too suddenly.

CHAP. III.

"A sad yet melancholy thought
Comes o'er me day by day,
Oh, who will feed the brindle mule,
When I am far away?"

—J. Burr Plumb.

'Twas indeed a bewitching spectacle to see Rebecca Maltravers early on a bright spring morning feeding her favorite ten-year-old goat, Pessimist, in her father's garden, upon oyster cans and old newspapers. Even the most unsophisticated stranger from the back townships, stopping to gaze through the cracks in the back fence at the scene, would notice that the very obvious differences between Rebecca and the goat were all in favor of the former. There was a feminine softness and reserve about Rebecca, a *je ne sais quoi*, so to speak, that was quite wanting in the goat. Wellington Wharncliffe, with that insight into character which a pure affection always gives, had early perceived this fact.

"Do not you think," he had said one day, along in the fall of 1876, to Hamlet Bulstrode, "that both in respect of maidenly grace and the charm of a cultivated intelligence, Miss Maltravers is on the whole superior to her goat?"

"Why, of course!" replied Bulstrode.

This little incident illustrates the difference of temperament of the two rivals—the one reflective, penetrating and appreciative; the other commonplace and matter of fact.

Yet let us not be unjust to Bulstrode. Pessimist had bunted him on more than one occasion and lacerated his feelings.

Why was man made to mourn?

(Concluded next week.)

The Tale of a Thomas Cat.

A Thomas cat went forth one night
To serenade his love;
The winds were sighin' to and fro,
The moon shone bright above:

And as he neared his loved ones' haunts,
He softly sang me—ow,
The sound was exquisite; I wish
That you could hear the row.

There were three gentle boarders who
Were rooming each with each,
They heard the song, then each one grasped
For anything in reach.

They threw the window high and saw
The Thomas cat below,
And listened while he sang in Scotch
"John Anderson my Joe."

Then one bad boarder got a lump
Of delicate raw meat,
Attached it to a hook and line,
And threw it in the street.

The Thomas cat he smelled it once,
Then quickly took it in.

But when the hook did operate
He meowed and swore like sin.

When Thomas he was lured safe
Upon the bedroom floor,
The three joined hands and then performed
The Indian dance of war.

A desperate resolve they formed
To murder Thomas cat,
While Thomas smiled, as if to say,
"I wonder what you're at!"

Two boarders held poor Thomas while
The third a pistol took,
And neither one regarded aught
Of Tom's appealing look.

They placed the pistol to his ear
And fired, but lack a day,
The ball glanced off his hardened cheek
And went the other way.

It struck one boarder on the arm,
Reflected back from he,
And came as near as possible
To "fixin'" No. 3.

Then No. 3 and No. 2,
Did swear at No. 1,
And vowed that they would have his gore,
Before another sun.

Tom grasped the situation grave,
And bolted for the door,
And thought, "I guess those fellows there,
Don't want me any more."

But ere he left he turned around
And made a cat-like bow,
And said, "good night, kind gentlemen,
Meow, meow, meow."

J. A. KASSE.

Grounds for Complaint.

Mr. GRIP.—Dear Sir,—I am poor, and have to live cheaply. I am, moreover, a lover of coffee. Very naturally, I go to a "coffee-house" to procure the same, and in one and all I find that instead of making coffee their "best hold," it is of slops, sloppy, and he who seeketh a good cup of coffee will fain go to where the "rosy" is dispensed by the bejewelled mixators of tipulars, for the same. The "Coffee-house" Coffee is a mere *Mocha-ry*, so to speak, and has a tendency to make the waverer remark, Oh, for a bowl of Ryc-O! This should not be. If these places don't make coffee their leading feature, I predict an untimely end to each and every one of them. A word to the wise, &c.

Yours very truly,

JAVA BEAN.



A SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

TEACHER—Now, boys, I wish you to pay particular attention to the second part of this history of Jonah. He was thrown overboard, but that was by no means the end of him. Bear in mind that he got ashore, and went and performed his great mission of announcing the speedy destruction of the government!



WELFECTIONS OF THE HON. C. BUFFER.

D'ye know, I cawnt but think the Americans are a most extraordinary people, incomprehensible in fact, when I heah that the funeral guests attendant on theah late Pwesident Gawfield, tel'nd the affaiah into a cawcusal, it is actually howifyin'g not to say disgustin'g. If these people weah the—aw—tag, wag, and bobtail of the countwy, who void of the—aw—wheahwith to pwocuah pwovendah or dwinks, one would fancy that even they would have some respect faw the occasion, and contwol theah appetites in some degvee. But heah are a gwent many of the Notables of the land, membahs of congress alone have pwesented bills to the countwy amounting in the agwegate to some \$7000. It stwikes me fawcibly that the—aw—"tempwance wawe," so often talked about, has as yet, not weached the legislative halls at Washington, and that theah is woom faw any amount of—aw—whe'kes in the teetotal interest in that—aw—capital. Just fancy, \$1700 for "champagne, whiskey, brandy, cigars and lunch," and \$300 worth of that American abomination "cocktail" devoted at a funeral pawty of theah chief magistwate! Shu'ly theah must be something wadically wong with the participants of this Ghouliah feast! With the "Nation" still "in teah's," or affectin'g to be so—these "fwends of the deceased" gwawging themselves with "bwandy, champagne, whiskey and lunch," and luxuriously smokin'g theah cigaws! It fel'theah appeahs that all wepawtelis, and newspapah fellows, weah excludid frowm the funeral twain, pewaps theah gwisly junketin'g may explain the weason of theah exclusion. Howevah, for my pawt I considh it a gweat pity that such a disgwace should fall upon the American people, I in fact weget it vewy much. I think on the whole that it would be betteh for the sake of the countwys wepation if these gwawman-dizehs bills weah paid without comment or publication,—aw—ya'as—I do indeed.

On Choosing a Profession.

MISTAH GRIP:

SAM,—Bein' a genleman of color, like yourself, I feel like habin' a bit ob talk ober dis heah peice ob advice ob students ob Queen's College hab bin gettin' about choosin' a pofession. Dey were tole dat in choosin' a pofession dey should choose one in which dey could best serve de Lawd. Now if dere is one pofession in which you can serve de Lawd better dan in anoder, I want to know what dat ar pofession am, right straight. Tain't fair to tell a feller to choose de pofession where he can best serve de Lawd without tellin' him what am dat pofession. When I was a youngster de ole man wanted me to study for de ministry. "What fo?" says I. "Because," says he, "dat am de pofession where you can best serve de Lawd." "Why, good lands! dad," says I, "can't a feller serve de Lawd in any pofession? Can't a feller serve de Lawd without bein' ohdained to preach his opinions to de people for eight months in the yeah, an' when he begins to get yaller round de gills, to be habin' de neighbors a beggu' all round fur money to make up a puas to pay his expenses

to de seaside. No, sah, you don't oldain me to peside at tea-meetings, an' hab all de young an' ole ladies ob de congregation a'comin' an' tellin' me all deir trials an' troubles jus as if I was de Lawd, an' not a po, weak human critter like theselves. I couldn't come dat, sah, no-how you'd fix it, no mo' than I could have 'em a-criticisin' an' a-bossin' round my wife like as if she b'longed to them as well as to me. 'Scuse me, dad, but I'd rather go into de whitewashin' an' calcsominin' pofeshion, an' see if I can't serve de Lawd in dat pofeshion as well as in de oder." Den I invested de ole man's cash in two fust-class brushes, a patent pail, an' a bit ob hoop-iron, (I dasent tell you about de material, cos it wouldn't do to let de cat out ob de bag). Den I sot out to earn my own livin' an' serve de Lawd in my pofeshion. De yer fust job a man comes along an' says he to me, "Look heah, I just paid a dam niggah five dollahs fur whitewashin' all dese walls, an' you dosen't come nigh six inches ob de wall widout it all rubs off on your best black coat. Now if I hire you to do it all ober again what guarantee can you gib me dat you won't do de same thing?" De only guarantee, sah, dat I hab to offer you is dis: I'm just a-sottin' up in my pofeshion, an' my intention is to serve de Lawd in dat pofeshion." He put his finger to de left side ob his nose, an' winkin' his eye he says, "We hear enough ob dat talk. Do you see any green beah?" "No, sah." "Well then my impression is dat you oughter stick to yo' business an' leave de Lawd alone." "Can't do it, sah! ef I leave de Lawd out ob my business de calcsominin' would stick. Ye see dat ar wall? ye see how de whitnin' comes off ebry time you shadow lites on it? Dat's what comes ob leavin' de Lawd out ob de business. No sah, I can't afford to leave out de Lawd." "How much will you charge?" "Two dollahs, sah." "Well, go ahead." So I toted along my pail an' brush, an' afore sunset he comes along again. "Well?" "Well sah?" "Got through?" "Yes, sah." Den he puts his fo'finger softly on the wall like he was touchin' wet paint. Den he looks at it—no go! Den he rubs it soft wid the palm ob his hand an' looks—no sah! Den he rubs it hard all ober an' looks—no siree! Den he puts his shoulder to de wall an' rubs it up an' down like he'd get de small-pox, an' turns an' squints all down his back to see where de whitewash had cum off. "By Jove," says he, "if dat's de way servin' de Lawd works, I wish to goodness they'd try it on in some of de oder pofeshions, a fellah would be apt to get the worth of his money then." An den he gib me fo' dollahs 'steau o' two, an' said he bleived dar might besuthin' in it after all. Next mornin' a first-class swell comes to de do'. "You do whitewashing?" "Yes, sah." "I'm told your whitewash won't rub off." "No sah, I'll warrant it not to rub off." "Den," he says, "come to 137 Quality Crescent to-morrow at 7 a.m. sharp." "All right, sah." So when I got dere de ole fellow was standin' on de step. "Here you are," says he, "just come down here," an' den he totes me down into de collar. "Where am de job?" says I. "Well, de fact am Mistah White, it's myself, dat is, my character, dat wants a good whitewashing, an' ef you'll go fur to put it on thick, so no investigatin' committee can rub it off no how, I'll make it as good as your coals and potatoes fur de winter." "Doan' know 'bout that, Mistah, what dirty work you bin' an' done to need dis zere whitewash?" "Oh, nothing much, only a few crooked transactions dat de application ob a little whitewash would make look like square." "Sah!" says I, grabbin' hold ob my pail an' brush, "I can't do it." "Why," says he, "I thought I was puttin' a good job in your way. Any editor in the city would do the job for me, ef I like to give him a payin' price for it." "Dat ars noan ob my business," says I, "I sot out to serve de Lawd in dis yer pofeshion, an' I ain't goin' to disgrace dat ar pofeshion by makin' b'leive black is white when it

ain't, an' coborin' up crooked tracks so's to make b'leive day am all square. Ef editors think dey serve the Lawd by makin' white look black, an' black white when dey well knows it ain't so, all right, dat's dere look out when de pay-day comes. An' of clergymen think dey can best serve de Lawd, an' resene de perishin' frow de jaws ob de debil ob drink, by tellin' de sober to set de example ob takin' a drink whenever dey feel like it, an' nebber to mind about what Paul says about self-denial; ef, I say, dey think dey can serve de Lawd in dere pofeshion in dis way, den, clearly, its dere own funeral, an' dis cullud pusson don't put on no craps. But, fo' my own part, I can't see how anybody can serve de Lawd in any pofeshion except by allus jest doin' what's right an' refusin' pint black to do or countenance what's wrong. An' ef dere is any oder pofeshion ob de top ob dia round earth where I kin serve the Lawd in any oder way, an' ef dere is any oder way in which de Lawd ob be better served, or any oder way by which you can convince people dat dere is really such a thing as serving de Lawd, den I want somebody to step up an' state what am dat way right off.

I am, deah sab, yo's professionally,

JAY KAYLEE WASHINGTON WHITE.

Auld Granny Scott,

AN' HER TORMENTORS.

A' ye who venerate the truth,
Endowed wi' honest hearts, forsooth,
If there's a tongue within your mouth,
Now let it wag,
And send the tidings north and south,
O'er hill an' hag.

Auld Granny, keeper o' the fauld
In summer's heat and winter's cauld,
Who was by thieves sae sarily cauld,
And nearly slain;
Wi' joy and reverence be it tauld,
She's weel again.

Frae cleric bluster and ill-will,
Endorsed wi' legislative skill,
Her humble shelling on the hill
Is now secure;
A proof that the Almighty's mill
Grinds slow but sure.

The vile, mislead'd, unchristian pack
Who ruthlessly did her attack,
Her rough o' stores for wame an' back
They thought to share;
But, abins, now their lips they'll smack
On humbler fare.

They stole the cushion o' her chair,
Her Bible and Communion ware;
To steal her bell they did prepare,
With cunning hand;
But which, though hidden 'neath the stair,
They never fand.

They turned her out o' house an' ha',
Where she had lived sae bien an' bra';
They stole her bedding, tick and straw,
Her stools and chairs,
And swore before a court o' law
The things were theirs.

Till some guid friends within the laud
Took Granny kindly by the hand;
Before a bench o' judges grand,
Dit guide and lead her,
Who righteously the upper hand
Soon did concede her.

The rascals they did sairly blame,
And to her glory and their shame,
Established firm her wonted claim
To goods an' gear,
An' a' pertaining to her name,
Baith fur an' near.

Sae, God be praised, she'll get her ain,
And be douce Granny Scott again;
Meanwhile the loons shall pay the kaine:
O' their misdeeds;
And wear a mark like that o' Cain,
On their forehead.

A lesson right severe, indeed,
But just such as law-breakers need,
Especially those o' cleric breed
Moved by the De'il,
Or influenced by holy greed
To lie or steal.

And weel may other Bodies sing
Until their pulpit echoes ring,
And offerings to the altars bring,
For being freed
Frae the half-cloven footed thing,
Now snugly tread.

Fur wha in prophesy can tell
What abins might befa' themsel'?
When Church and Court 'eague to rebel
'Gainst vested rights,
None in security may dwell
On Zion's heights.

Then let your grateful peans rise
In unison towards the skies;
And to Earth's utmost bounds likewise
Proclaim the news,
Those wha did Granny's scath devise
Are in the blues.

CLUTHA.

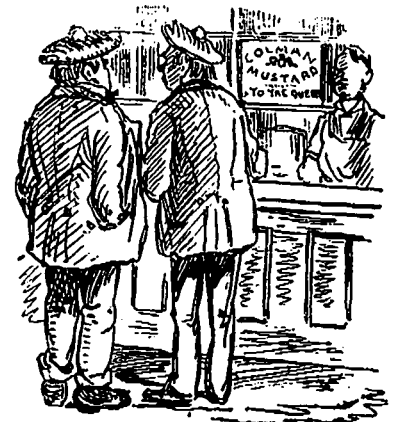
Quack! Quack!

TORONTO, March 23.

DEAR GRIP,—What on earth are the "Students" coming to, if everything said about them is true? Their soul-harrowing midnight songs are a nuisance, their encounters with the "Bobbys" amounts to a misdemeanor, and at last we see in our evening paper an account of a "student" who, while his *conferees* were regaling themselves in a "colored" restaurant, actually purloined a roast duck and incontinently bolted therewith, but was captured at the corner of an adjoining street, where the affair was compromised by a syndicate of his pals who "whacked up" the price of the bird to the colored *restauranteur*, and the "student" was allowed to depart. The paper does not state what description of student the chicken-lifter was. Surely not of medicine, for it is well known the "regular practitioner," even in embryo, has a holy horror of "quacks;" nor a law student who must surely know the penalty consequent upon abduction. Even the divinity fellows certainly ought to have a respect for *duc*. In my opinion the parties were not students at all, but pup-lifters and keg-drainers who passed themselves off on the unsophisticated African as such. However, the whole affair has a decidedly foul look about it.

Yours,

CANARD CHAUD.



A HIGHLAND EXPLANATION.

(SCENE—A provision store.)

TONGAL (observing a box marked "J. & J. Colman, Mustard Manufacturers to the Queen.") Look here, Tonalt, surely the Queen must pe ta poy for ta mustard when she'll haf kot manufactures for hersel'.

TONALT (looks, and after a moment's consideration.) Ooh you pig Tougal plookheads, tid you'll not know that she'll haf to musterd her foarcos for ta wahrs whatefemore!



BRAVE JOHN MAYNARD,
WHO, LIKE ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, WAS "DRIVEN FROM HIS POSITION WITH
IGNOMINY."

The Joker Club.

"The Bun is mightier than the Sword."

An "old-time" fiddler—Vieuxtemps.—*Richmond Baton.*

Patti is fortissimo. At least she is above forte.—*The Score.*

Joseph Cook was mad because the Hindoos didn't understand him. The Hindoos were his last hope.—*Philadelphia News.*

Patients do more for doctors than doctors can do for patients. The patients enable the doctors to live.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

There are two reasons why we don't trust a man. One is because we don't know him, and the other because we do.

"I'm the light of this menagerie!" cried the tapir. Then the other beasts wanted to put him out.—*Louisville Courier.*

Eric-a-brac is defined "as anything in the crockery line that is absolutely useless, set upon the mantel, where it may be in the way."

Always look on the bright side; a mighty ugly looking hired girl can ring the bell for a mighty good dinner.—*Stuebenville Herald.*

"A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck," says Dr. Woods. A ton of luck (full weight) has, however, its charms.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

The grocers are advertising "Moning Congou." It cannot be pleasant to have moaning proceed from your teapot! Perhaps it only means that it is a sound tea.—*Sir Tristram.*

In Rev. Mr. Miln's "Church of the Future" there will be no God, no immortality of the soul, no prayer. That is what ailed the Jardin Mabille, recently suppressed in Paris.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Chinaman would rather fly a kite than go on a drunk, tear down doors and thump a bartender. And yet some people regard the Chinese as the intellectual equal of the white man.—*Boston Post.*

Is a chorus where all the parts are well-balanced an equi-vocal performance?—*Musical Herald.* Certainly; and if the bass-drum beats in time with the kettle-drum it is a case of equinox.—*Detroit Every Saturday.*

"I say, my boy," said a gentleman to a youth, whom he observed fishing away at a favorite stream, "that must be a fine stream for trout." Faith and sure it must be that same; for I have been standing here this three hours, and not one of 'em will stir out of it."

A Texas newspaper says: "Previous good character count for something in this State. A man who was on trial for arson brought forward witnesses to prove that he had neglected two good chances to steal horses, and the jury decided that 'no such man as that could be guilty of burning a barn.'"

In a little town in the south of England a lady teacher was exercising a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question, "If you buy a cow for two pounds—" when up came a little hand. "What is it, Johnny?" "Why you can't buy no kind of a cow for two pounds; father sold one for ten pounds the other day, and she was a regular old scrub at that."

"Ah, so you are the young man from Bethany who wishes to learn the business, are you?" said a New Haven merchant, recently.

"Yes, sir," was the respectful reply.

"Let's see. Are you quick at figures?"

"Tolerably."

"If a man should buy 150 yards of calico at thirteen cents a yard how much would it come to?"

"A man that would pay thirteen cents a yard for calico when he could get it in market for four cents—fifteen off for immediate cash would come to mighty sudden."

The young man was engaged.—*New Haven Register.*

How PROOF-READING SOUNDS.—Some writer has produced a poem entitled, "Sounds from the Sanctum." It reads just too pretty, and gives rise to the thought that the author never visited the sanctum when business was in full blast. If he had called about midnight, for instance, he would have seen two saints, one pouring over a proof slip, the other holding the copy, and the sounds would have been something like this:

Proof-reader.—"As flowers without the sunshine fair—comma—so—comma—do I—full stop—breathe dark and dismal mare—"

Copy-holder.—"Thunder! not mare—air."

Proof-Reader.—"I breathe a dark and dismal air—comma—of flowers—comma—"

Copy-holder.—"Shoot the comma."

Proof-reader.—"This done. As flowers without the sunshine fair—semi-colon—confound slug seven, he never justifies his lines—No joy in life—comma—no worms—"

Copy-holder.—"Warmth."

Proof-reader.—"No warmth I share—comma—and health and vigorous flies—"

Copy-holder.—"Blazes! Health and vigor fly—"

Proof-reader.—"Health and vigor fly—full stop."

That's about the sound of it when poetry is on deck.—*Et.*

The Lady Aesthete and the Cup of Tea

"Will you have a cup of tea?" she asked with that far-away look in her eyes expressive of anything rather than the administration of creature comforts. The robust barbarian assented. Poetry led the way to the table.

Looking back over her shoulder as she went, and speaking to the youth in the corner, she said: "The divine ethos!" As she spoke a radiant smile came over her face—a smile that had been hired to express spiritual illumination and the consciousness of priestesshood.

"Do you take sugar?" she asked, sweetly, in preparation for her hospitality. The robust barbarian answered: "No; no sugar, thank you." Poetry held the teapot in her hand, poised in mid-air—the tea unpoured.

"The grand sublimity of Dante matched with the lovely tenderness of Petrarca," she said again over her shoulder to the youth in the corner. "Do you take sugar?" she then asked the robust barbarian kindly. "No; no sugar, thank you," this latter answered. Poetry poured out the tea.

During the process she said with great sweetness and touching hospitality: "I may give you sugar?" "No; no sugar, thank you," was the reply. The tea poured out, Poetry took up the milk jug.

"The many sidedness of Shakespeare and the perfect form of Goethe," she said again over her shoulder to the youth in the corner. To the robust barbarian, "Sugar?" "No," said the robust barbarian quickly. Poetry poured out the milk.

Still holding the cup, she looked back to the youth in the corner. "And add to this transcendent whole the stately march of Spenser," she said. "This is what the true poet should be—and this is what you will some day be."

On which she hastily shovelled in two spoonfuls of sugar and handed the cup to the robust barbarian, with a charming smile.

"You take sugar, I think?" she said, very sweetly: "I hope I have made it sweet enough."

A Husband's Petition.

Come hither, my heart's darling, come sit upon my knee, And listen while I whisper a boon I ask of thee. I feel a bitter craving—a deep and dark desire, That glows beneath my bosom like coals of kindled fire.

Nay, dearest, do not doubt me, though madly thus I speak—

I feel thy arms about me, thy tresses on my cheek: I know the sweet devotion that links thy heart with mine, I know my soul's emotion is doubly felt by thine.

And deem not that a shadow hath fallen across my love; No, sweet, my love is shadowless as yonder heaven above. Oh! then do not deny me my first and fond request— I pray thee by the memory of all we cherish best—

By that great vow which bound thee forever to my side, And by the ring that made thee my darling and my bride! Thou wilt not fail nor falter, but bend thee to the task: Put buttons on my shirt, love—that's all the boon I ask.

The Auctioneer's Invitation.

(Air—"Comin' thro' the Rye.")

If you want to make some money,
Come to me and buy.
Descriptions gratis—sweet as honey—
Just you come and try.
Every lot's almost a city—
(*Aside.*—Until you go and see!)—
They're going, going, GOING fast,
Then come and buy of me.

If you take to farming better,
I've farm lots can't be beat.
"There's millions"—to the very letter—
Raising fields of wheat.
Each farm lot is near a railway—
(*Aside.*—Until you go to see!)—
They're going, going, GOING fast,
Then come and buy of me.

There's lots—of jealous people ready
With their gibes and sneers,
To say that roots keep work so steady
For us Auctioneers.
That half our lots have water ceilings!—
Mine are high and dry,
They're quite the best in Manitoba.
Going fast—Come—Buy.

(Chorus of Lookers-on who prefer to see before buying.)

'Gin a body meet a body
Comin' for to buy,
'Gin a body cheat a body,
We can tell you why.
Auction many has his planny,
(*Drawn on the spots!*)
But 'gin you go yourself to see,
You'll see your sells—in Lots.

F. I. M.

IN MAIDEN MEDITATION. "FANCY FAIR."

—Shakespeare.

"None but the Brave deserves the Fair!"
The "Fancy Fair," I fancy,
Where ladies fair with faces bare,
And arms, and neck-romancy
Attack the purse, overcome the heart,
"Come o'er," with arts beguiling,
Your nicely buttered better part,
You "grinning" while they're smiling—
You smiling while they press and bore
With will and wile incessant,
They coaxing, wheedling, all the more
You wish the "fitful fever" o'er,
From "patient" convalescent.

Tremendous Sales.

The druggists of this city are doing a big business now in the sale of St. Jacobs Oil. One druggist on whom we called on Saturday afternoon, stated that although his sales were large at first, they have doubled lately.

Another said that so popular has the Oil become that he could hardly keep the supply up. Not one to whom we have spoken but gave it a high recommendation and said that it must be effecting scores of cures, or there would not be such a demand for it.

The people have got the St. Jacobs Oil fever bad and no mistake, and confidence in its curative qualities is still growing stronger. Of course, this would not be so, unless the remedy was fully meeting its every promise.



QUESTIONS IN MENTAL ARITHMETIC FOR MANITOBA.

A party of six strangers left Toronto for Winnipeg in a Pullman Cattle Car, with \$100 in cash each. *En route* each man spent \$99.50 for drinks, cigars and refreshments, and when arriving at Chicago each owed the other \$49.50, lost at poker, seven-up, and other mental relaxations. Find how they managed for drinks for the balance of the journey, and, how many town lots they bought in Winnipeg.

At a Winnipeg hotel, board is \$92 a month, and at a private boarding-house \$70. Find the reason why beefsteaks are only cooked on one side at both places.

A temperance man drove six miles through a blizzard to get a barrel of pure drinking water. Upon arriving at his destination he was informed there was a better quality four miles further on: he drove this distance and was told that he had been misinformed. Find the state of his feelings.

Upon the window of a hotel room in Winnipeg the frost congeals to the thickness of one inch. Required the thickness of glass necessary to produce two inches of frost. Will the glass crack? And give your views as to the amount of moisture suspended in the atmosphere of that room when the frost melts.

If the Winnipeg Street Railway stock is at 192, and carters are making large fortunes; how long does it take to pull a horse's hoof out of the mud in May?

If property is worth \$15.00 a foot in Winnipeg and only 25 cts. a foot in the thriving city of Coboconk, find the reason why the Americans are not investing largely in latter place, at these figures.

A farmer sold his farm at ten in the morning for \$1600. By noon the purchaser had sold it to another party at an advance of \$400, who sold it at nightfall to another at a further advance of \$600. By this time the original owner repented having sold at all, and was obliged to give the last purchaser \$500 on his bargain. Find the original owner's profit on the transaction; who will likely own the farm next winter, and will the owner be able to stand the climate?

A mounted policeman made a raid into Amorlean territory, shot a valuable steer belonging to a farmer, robbed his hen roosts, set fire to the farmer's barns, and eloped with his daughter. Find the policeman's chances of receiving the next republican nomination for the presidency.

Question for Land Surveyors—If the days are hot in summer in Manitoba and the nights cool, how many weeks does it take for a mosquito bite to heal? And do you consider the black flies sharp speculators?

Potatoes get up to \$2.50 a bushel in Winnipeg, the farmers giving as a reason that "the potato-bug is coming next year, sure!" Give,

under these distressing circumstances, the probable price when the bug does arrive.

If the frost at Winnipeg penetrates to the depth of six and a half feet, and at Edmonton to seven, find at Turtle Mountain—if you can *climate*—(the mountain, not the turtles, we mean,) how long it takes the snow there to melt in the spring, or whether it melts at all.

A farmer freezes, in November, seventy bushels of onions for sale in the spring. Give the weight of the onions after they are thawed out, and the amount of water lost in evaporation.

If there has been a valuable find of diamonds at Crystal City? And, if the proprietors of Kingsley deserve great credit for their foresight and ingenuity in locating a town where there was none before? Also, what will be the probable price of corner lots at the Rocky Mountains next July?

Is he not almost too too?

"Our London letter" in last Saturday's *Mail* is quite a study. It is a very nicely written epistle indeed, and there is an underlying current of poesy throughout its length that indicates the fact that the writer longs to free himself from the prosaic and proscribed domain of a "newspaper correspondent," and soar into the higher, though perhaps less profitable business of which "the Muse" is supposed to be a very necessary patron, and without whose assistance (and sometimes alas! with) the aspiring youth fails ignobly. Yes, the letter is a "daisy," but there are a few observations "Our correspondent" makes in his "Art Criticism" of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise's pictures of Quebec scenery that are rather hard to "catch on" to. They are obscure, that's the word, *obscure*. He commences very properly with the frontispiece, "Wolfe's Cove," looking up a sunny prospectus of river, and closed in by hills purpled with the shadowy distance. "Purpled with the shadowy distance" is good! In describing "View Three, a glance from the Governor-General's windows" at the Citadel, he says the Princess shows "the same discriminating love for the crumbling bastion on the one hand, and the fair, fresh, sweet scene of sky and river observable in the rest of the Princess' work." This "View Three" description, if not the veritable article, is certainly of the consistency of "taffy;" but No. 1, "Old Poplars on the Citadel," in which "ramparts are the subject of her work," must indubitably takes the pastry. "The two great, green grenadiers with their lofty and leafy bearskins, are beautifully touched to life." What branch of the service the green grenadiers with leafy bearskins belong to is to Garr a profound mystery. The newly enlisted men in the 10th might perhaps come under the head of green grenadiers, but the leafy bearskins! that's where we got it. Then again he says, "No. 5 is a fort ditch, with moss-eaten (?) ramparts on either side." Can he mean *moss-eaten*, well, hardly. Moths might haunt the leafy bearskins, but the Quebec ramparts would be uncomfortable lodgings, especially in winter. "Wolfe's Cove" is fine, but it can't beat the cove who wrote up the works of "Er Royal 'Ighness, ye know."

A fashionable paper tells us that silken hosiery is now all the rage in Paris, "with insertions of portraits and medallions of point lace." Fancy glancing at your ladylove's stockings and finding there the portrait of some other fellow! —*Burlington Hawkeye*. Any young man who would—any young who—any young man—any young man who would so far forget himself as to—any young—well, he would deserve to.—*Rockland Courier*.



AN EVERY DAY AFFAIR.

Why should citizens of Toronto go rushing off to Winnipeg when here they have a regular boom right at their own doors.

The Blizzard.

A TENNESSEAN INVILL.

BY A "SETTLER."

Winnipeg March 24th. Another blizzard is raging * * * A train is snowed in with 150 passengers who have had only one meal to-day * * * A corner on wool has raised the price to ten dollars per cord.

"The mercy falls around St. Paul's, And in the northern prairie regions, There'll be a gale with snow and hail" Are old "Probs." words wired out to legions, The wild geese fly with screeching cry Southward—It don't require a wizard For us to tell what we know well— There's going to be a booming Blizzard.

Blow, Blizzard, blow,
Send the land agents flying;
Blow, Blizzard, blow the agents
Lying, lying, lying!

If I'd known how (as I know now)
These piercing blasts sweep o'er the prairie,
I'd not have bought this cussed lot,
Of dollars I'd have squandered "nary";
But here I'm stuck, confound the luck!
The cold strikes through me to the gizzard;
I can't go way—I'll have to stay,
And face the hyperboreal blizzard.

Blow, Blizzard, blow!
Send the wild scalpers flying,
Blow, blizzard, blow the scalpers,
Lying, lying, lying!

I think I hear that auctioneer,
The beauties of these plains describing,
I sadly fear if he were here
I'd give that flippant fraud a "hiding."
For through his wiles I'm in the toils,
And you can't help but think it is hard;
Through frauds like these I'm left to freeze,
And face the blooming, blasting Blizzard!

Blow, blizzard, blow!
Send all the land sharks flying;
Blow blizzard, blow the land sharks—
Lying, lying, lying!

What classical figure would surprise you most to see realized?—"Patience on a monument scrawling at grief."

"Now, John," said a father to his gawky son, "it is about time you got married, and settled down in a home of your own." "But I don't know any girls to get married to," whined John. "Fly around and get acquainted with some; that was the way I did when I was young. How do you ever suppose I got married?" inquired the old gentleman. "Well," said John pitifully, "you married mother, and I've got to marry a strange gal."

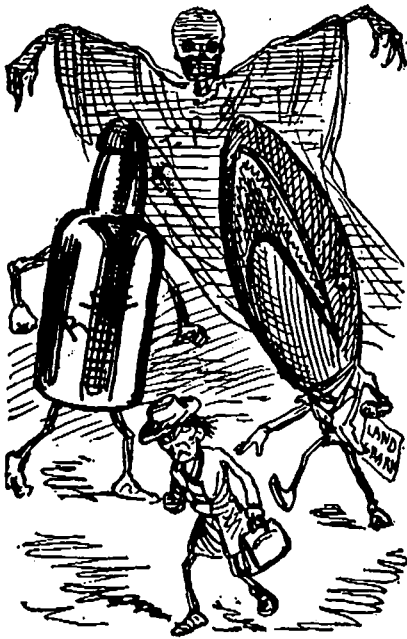
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THE NOR'-WEST TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

When you go to the Prairie Province, my son,
These three dreadful monsters most carefully shun:
They're working in partnership, fools are their prey,
And many a poor, simple fellow they slay.
The shark meets you first, when you land fresh and green,
And sells you a lot that you haven't yet seen;
Then he asks you to visit the bar-room hard by,
Where he brings on his pal—fatal Winnipeg rye.
When he's been introduced to your stomach and brain,
You start out and wander around on the plain;
Jack Frost, the third partner, here makes you a call,
And next morning the coroner finds you—that's all.

A Parisian lady called on her milliner the other day to "take up" the character of a servant. The respectable appearance of the latter was beyond questioning. "But is she honest?" asked the lady. "I am not so certain about that," replied the milliner; "I have sent her to you with my bill at least a dozen times, and she has never yet given me the money."

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JOSEPH HICKSON,
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