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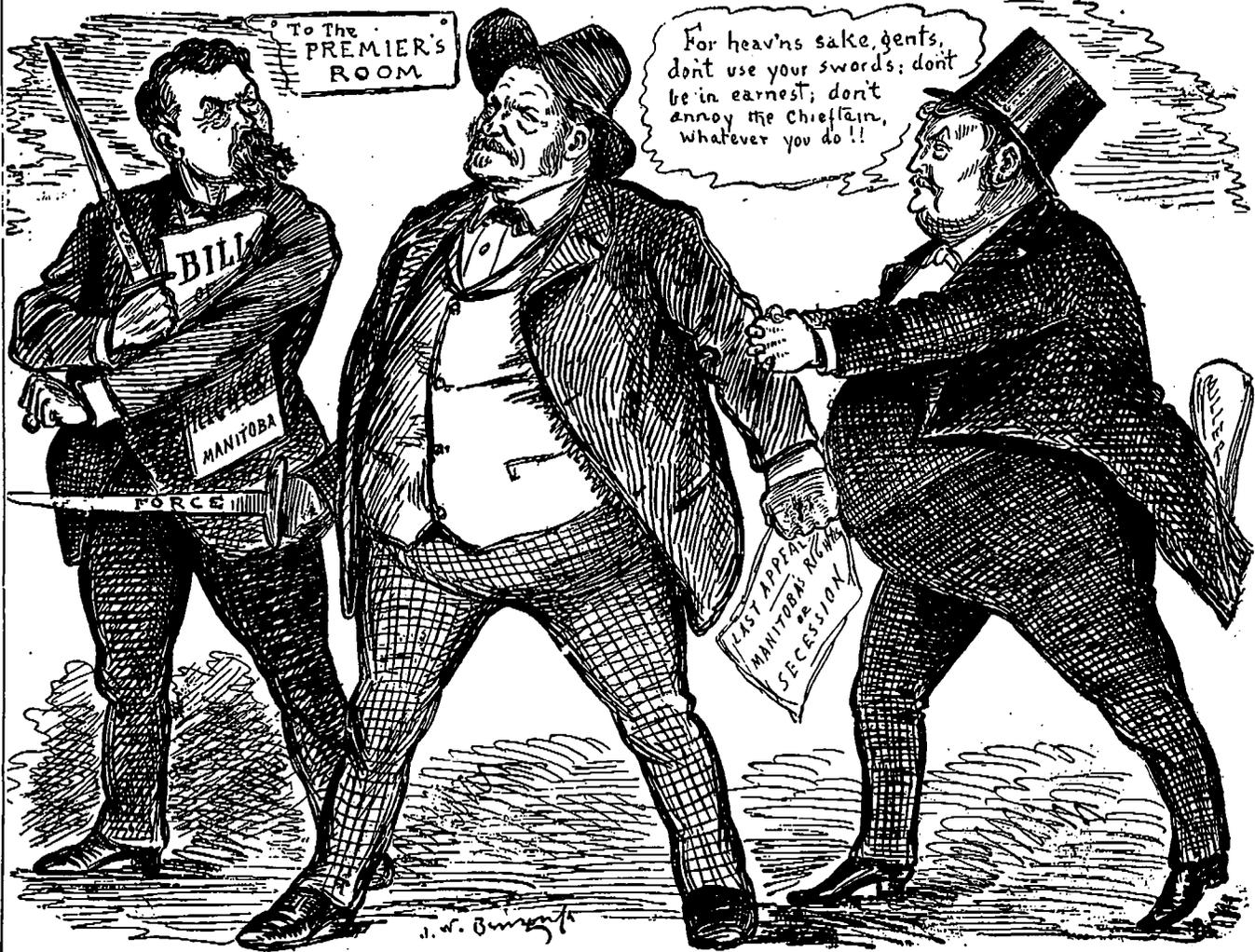
WIRE CLOTH



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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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The utter baseness of Canadian partyism is revealed in the discussion now going on in the leading organs over the dynamite discovery. The *Globe* lost no time in throwing out the insinuation that the attempt to blow up the Parliament House was the work of the Tories; this generous theory being afterwards modified by the suggestion that if not the direct work of Tory plotters it was at all events a crime incited by the *Mail's* articles against Mowat and his colleagues. It need not be said that the *Mail* proved itself equally indecent in reply. After expressing its horror at the depravity of the *Globe's* insinuation, the organ of æsthetic muck proceeds coolly to affirm that a member of the Cabinet hired some ruffian to do the job. If these charges were bandied about in fun it would be bad enough, but it is well known that the blood-thirsty editors in question are never in fun when party capital can be made. These terrible insinuations are made in downright malice, and without the slightest grounds on either side. The whole exhibition is revolting to any man whose sense of decency is not entirely gone. No wonder that good and pure men (as the *Globe* complains) refuse to take any part in public affairs in such a country as this.

FIRST PAGE.—The Manitoba deputation are on their way to Ottawa to lay their Bill of Rights before Sir John, and demand for the last time the removal of their grievances. One of the deputies is Attorney-General Miller, and if the whole mission does not end in a farce, it will certainly not be the fault of this Falstaffian worthy. Miller loudly deprecates any action that will in any way embarrass the Ottawa magnates. Of course he is as anxious as anybody that the Federal Government should lift its iron heel from the neck of the Province, but he insists that this favor should be asked for in a gentle voice; like *Bottom*, he wants to play the lion and roar you like a sucking dove. Norquay and the other deputies think a firm and manly front will be of more service at the present juncture, and in this they express the feeling of the people, we have no doubt. A partizan who is willing to sacrifice his Province rather than "embarrass"

its oppressors is not the sort of man to send on such a mission, but that's the sort of man Mr. James Miller seems to be.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Those who are fond of saying that Mr. Blake has no policy are advised to look at his present attitude toward the Bleus of Quebec. The old plan of walloping the Bleu dog, and denouncing him as a spiritless cur, not fit for anything but to fawn at the feet of the Tory chief, and feed on the titbits of the federal kitchen, has given place to an entirely different policy. The fashion now is to coax and pet the critter, and to hold out tempting bones to him. Well, the change is for the better anyway. Kindness is in any case more lovely than cruelty, though it will take a prodigious amount of kindness to induce the Bleu dog to follow a Rouge leader.



THE FIRST.

If your waking call me early, mighty early Mary dear;
For to-morrow's a red-letter day in sportsmen's glad
new year!

In all the anglers' year, Mary, a day for which they wish—
And I'm to be off for trout, Mary—off with the boys for
a fish!

What a sigh went up from my heart, Mary, on a last
September day,
As I tenderly tied up my tackle and folded the fly-hook
away.

The fly-book was closed, and o'er, Moll, was the whirl
of the silk and the swish—

But, I'm at it again in the morn, Moll, I'm off with a
gang to fish.

I know you will hunt up my clothes, Mary, my bait-box
is over at Durm's—

Let our son, when school is out, Mary, dig the garden
up for worms—

For worms lively and red, Mary, you'll give him, dear,
the dish—

'Cos I lie away at dawn, Mary, I'm in for a whole day's
fish.

If any man calls at the house, Mary, to-morrow when I
am gone,

Take all the cash he will leave, Mary, but do you, love,
pay him none!

Tell my friends I'm out of town, Mary—you needn't re-
veal the mish—

Though I'm one of a trouting gang, Mary, off to the
swamp to fish.

So, if waking, call me early, about daybreak, Mollie
dear!

For to-morrow's the day of all days in this spring-back-
ward year;

The unluckiest, trampiest, tiredest day—thank fate I'm
in good condition!

For I'm to go foraging trout, Moll, I'm down for a daisy
fish!

Invisible blue—a policeman during a row.—
Saturday American.



I went to the Parliament House the afternoon of the day when the dynamite cartridges were found. I found everybody in a great state of agitation over the affair. I looked into Hardy's office, and there saw that Hon. gentleman overhauling his overcoat pockets in search of cartridges; I went over to the west wing and there was Pardee, engaged in a similar search. I went to the centre of the building, and beheld Colonel Gilmor buckling on the Sergeant-at-Arms' sword; he held a revolver in his right hand, and I saw a shot gun in the corner of the room. I'm not at all curious, oh no! but I observe everything, everything. I began to feel a little qualmish myself, I who have dared the—but no matter. All the clerks in the departments were emptying waste-paper baskets, and searching every nook and corner for dynamite; oh, the excitement was terrible! I suggested that the cellars should be searched. Guy Favkes stored his gunpowder in the cellar, and covered the kegs up with faggots. I was told by a fly cop to go to thunder! I questioned Mr. Macdonald. In my agitation, I asked him "are you the scare taker?" "I am the caretaker," said he sternly, "and if you don't make yourself scarce, I'll get somebody to take care of you." I went down and interviewed Kennedy, told him I deeply sympathized with him, would he stand them up? He told me to clear out or he would stand me upon my head. Such insolence from officials! I thought it time to leave, and walked stealthily along the corridor, when I was seized by a burly man, who roared out, "Here he is." I was handcuffed, actually handcuffed! I explained matters—told them I was on the staff of this paper, when he at once let go his GRIP (joke). I went out and sat on the side-walk. Who, I reflected, can the perpetrator of this diabolical and fiendish attempt be. Could it be an O. D. Rossa Fenian?—a suspicious character was seen around. I asked a gentleman with a spade what the suspicious character looked like. "Sor," said he, "he have a black overcoat and a big slouched hat, and a pair of spectacles by way of disguise like." Great Scott! could it be Edward Blake, or stay—Moses Oates? Tut! nonsense!

I don't know indeed, said the man with the spade,
Who was it that gave us the fright,
But there stands Maginnis whose front name is Dinnis
And perhaps, d'ye see, Dinny might.

Giving the expatriated gael an American nickel as a token of my appreciation of the value of his information and the style of his impromptu verse, I sat down again and reflected who could it be. I thought of all the suspicious characters in public life in the land (I won't mention names) and the conclusion I could not help coming to was that it must have been Professor G—d—n S—m—h, and in my excitement I roared out his name. My Irish friend came running towards me, and demanded to know why I thought that "the gentleman" was the guilty party. "Because," said I, "he's always trying to blow up somebody."

While in Germany a few weeks ago where I went for the purpose of witnessing the process

of making Bologna sausages and Limburger cheese, I took a run up as far as Berlin. After taking a stroll *unter der Linien*, I thought it would behoove me to call on the Chancellor, the man of blood and iron, the bald-headed old snipe of the valley, Prince Bismarck. I had some difficulty in gaining access to the great Chancellor's presence, one of the fifty sentries around his office dropping the butt of his rifle on my toes, while another beer-swilling, saurkraut-devouring son of a low Dutch Teuton made a prod at me with his bayonet. However, after telling a chamberlain who appeared on the scene, that I was a Canadian from Toronto, and agreed with the old man in his Yankee hog policy, and moreover that I had come 4,000 miles to see him (I admired and revered the good Prince so much) I was eventually ushered into his presence. I found him seated at table in full uniform, brass helmet, sword, sabretashe, boots and all, and buttoned up so that his naturally goggle eyes seemed to grow gogglers and gogglers, as after motioning me to a chair, he continued eating his lunch. The lunch was his usual one, though rather lighter than usual (so the chamberlain informed me later). Merely a boar's head boiled in vinegar, beer and molasses, swine fleisch stewed in schnapps with garlick and cabbage, potted herrings and cavaire, with a gallon or two of Bock beer was the simple menu. "Vell mine freund, vot schall I do mit you?" said the Prince, as he laid down his knife and fork, and hung up his helmet by sticking its spiked top into a convenient door.

"Biz," said I, "I come to interview you in the first place, and secondly to give you a little advice. I'm from Canada, I am, and I want to let a little light into that chump of yours. You know a Dutchman can't reasonably be expected to know as much as a free Canadian, now can he?"

"So?" was all he said, as he appeared to gaze vacantly at the ceiling.

"See here Biz," said I "I don't like your form of Government; you ought to reform it."

"So?"

"And look here Biz, I'll give you a pointer. You know your richstadt or whatever you call your parliament is a mere farce; you're boss, you old sardine you, and you know it. Now why not have a regular parliament with a senate?—don't forget the senate. You're getting along in years, and you ought to let up on work and give yourself a rest. We, the people of Canada, would like to see it."

"Vere in der Tuifful was Kanata?"

"Why in America, near the States."

"Den you vas a Yangee, don't it?" said the old man, coloring up, while the four hairs on his head stood erect. "I don't haf to haf some doo-legged American hogs around me, I tote you!"

"But your Highness, I'm not a Yankee."

"Vell by Jeminy Gripes, you vas next door to von, so you out of mine house git, you hears me!" and the old pelican reached for his sword. "Here Baron Von Pantztansansuits-drinken!" he roared to the trembling chamberlain, "put dis tem looniac mine house out, and dond let him here some more come, or py Jiminy I vill his ears cut off."

I lit out for Bremen on the next train. My first impressions formed of Prince Bismarck were not favorable.

I called up at the Observatory last week, and interviewed Licut. Gordon, R.N., who controls the weather and things up there. Mr. Gordon being a sailor, I thought it would be as well to get up a sort of Johnny Warsman style, and modelled myself as nearly as possible, consistent with a rational being, after the make up of a "Pinafore" topman. I entered the officer's room with a bob and scrape of my right foot, at the same time hitching up my trousers and depositing a quid of tobacco in

my hat, in the most approved stago sailor fashion.

"Come on board, sir," said I, drawing my right forefinger up to my intellectual brow.

"Who are you, and what in thunder do you want with me?" was the somewhat abrupt question of the man of science, who appeared somewhat annoyed and astonished at my call.

"I came, your honor," said I, "for a little information, as to what sort of weather we are going to have during the semi-centennial festival. I have to go around a good deal taking notes for that great paper GRIP, and am in doubts whether to buy a waterproof overcoat or not. If it's going to be fine, why then I won't want it—see? Now couldn't you find out by the parallax of Jupiter's satellites or a moon culminating star or something, whether it will be light winds and variable, or heavy gales and durable?"

"Sir," was the reply of the executive officer, "I am not here exactly for the purpose of determining whether people should buy overcoats or not. The moon, I perceive, is at the full now, and I would adjudge you either a lunatic or drunk, probably both, and I think that a straight jacket would be a more suitable garment for you than an overcoat. However, for your satisfaction I can tell you that from the number of blatant orators who are expected here, and the character they have for blowing, I am of opinion that even if it don't rain we will have a very windy time of it."

"Thank'ee sir," said I, "I'll top my boom and sail large."

"Git!" said he, and I got.

LYRICS OF THE OPERA HOUSE.

IN THE AUDITORIUM.

The play is almost over and the curtain soon will fall,
What's the matter with that stupid flat—the one so slim
and tall?

He's wrestling with his overcoat as if he had some
doubt

That if he don't get home in time, he'll likely get locked
out;

Of all the bores in Christendom (this is a solid fact)
Is the duffer who can't wait until the close of the last
act.

THE GIGGLER.

Giggle, giggle, giggle,
In the most affecting scenes;
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle,
As she back and forward leans.
Why don't her missus keep her home
And make her do some stitchin'?

She never should be left alone,
Except down in the kitchen.



"Peck's Bad Boy," a disgusting farrago of juvenile impudence, dramatized from the vulgarities of the alleged humorist of Milwaukee, was played at the Grand the first three days of the week. Callender's minstrels, an infinitely more intellectual show, now holds the boards.

Of Madam Trebelli, who is to sing in this city on Monday evening, 19th inst., the *New York Mail* and *Express* speak as follows:—"Mme. Trebelli fully confirmed her splendid European reputation, and demonstrated to her new public that she is eminently worthy of the praise which has been lavished on her abroad. Mme. Trebelli's voice possesses that freshness which fascinated every audience before, which she appeared, her admirable school, her superb art, her powerful dramatic action, still entitle her to a place among the greatest artists of the world."



Lord Lorne has written a magazine solution of the Irish Question. There now, Parnell, will that satisfy you?

What trivial things press agents do telegraph! A day or two ago all the papers contained the extraordinary intelligence that "the Picton Police Magistrate was struck by a fender." Why, every day of his life, I warrant, our Toronto Police Magistrate is struck by offenders'—appearances.

Mr. J. C. Robinson writes in the *London Times* his conclusion that "America is a pauper in art." But I think it ought to relieve Mr. Robinson's grief to reflect that America is not also a pauper in means; and that so long as Europe produces the art, America can furnish the money to buy it.

Some one has been noting the increased cordiality of the relations between the Grand Trunk and the Canada Pacific. Is it not an augury of the time coming when the friendliness of the Syndicate for the Trunk will have waxed so intense that nothing short of eating the other up will satisfy the love of the monopoly?

When I notice that a Madrid comic editor has been sent to prison for lampooning the King, it occurs to me what a number of American comic editors could take his place and never see the inside of the Bastille—for more than a week or so at a stretch, anyway. That is, of course, if the imprisonment were proportionate to the comicality. I believe they say this Madrid fellow was a frightfully flat humorist.

The latest charge against Senator Macpherson which the *Globe* has fastened on him in the most satisfactory fashion is that he travels, when on the public service, with a valet! A very serious offence, no doubt, or the *Globe* would not be so much concerned about establishing it by unimpeachable testimony, after it came from the Ottawa correspondent. Yes, travelling with a valet is really pretty rough on Senator Macpherson. But is there not another side to the picture? Must not having to travel with Senator Macpherson be pretty rough on the valet?

If the editor of the *Mail* has any sense—I mean sense of humor, if you will only allow me to complete the sentence—or a grain of pity for the thousands of poor but deserving persons who are eaten up with feverish curiosity to know what all the asterisks in Mr. Higgins' letter as it appeared in the *Globe* stand for, he will hasten to print the production in its only and original state. Not only would it afford the people of Canada heaps of fun, but it would also, I verily believe, be gall to the *Globe* and make the O'Higgins hopping mad.

"No, Sir!" exclaimed the young man, his eyes flashing, his cheeks coloring and his

whole department evidencing the firmness of his resolution, "I will not take a glass of wine, thank you all the same. But—if you happen to have some old rye handy, fetch us a snifter!" "No, Mr. Speaker!" earnestly declares the Hope of His Country, "I will not be persuaded that the Government scheme for the subsidizing of local railways is anything short of downright robbery. But—what I want you to thoroughly understand is that Ontario is not getting enough of the spoil, by a very long chalk!" I am open to conviction as to the incongruence of these two historical incidents; but I would like to see the man who can convince me.

What a funny heading that was in the *Mail's* School Board report the other day—"A charge of jobbery against a member without foundation!" The able city editor no doubt fancied there was something really sensational in it; but if he will just ponder the thing for a moment it will be clear to him that a member without foundation actually stood in need of jobbery, or at least jobbing. But perhaps the idea was haunting the city editor that the member was having the job charged to the School Board instead of paying for it out of his own pocket. In such event the young man would of course be excusable.

Keen mental discernment is a grand gift to possess, if you know how to employ it judiciously. The orator who has just had the world learn that "Mr. Gladstone's highest ambition is to be the first President of a British Republic" has keen mental vision, for obvious reasons; so has the member of the *Globe* staff who points out so powerfully that Sir John Macdonald is wildly anxious to break up the Canadian confederation, for the reason that that is precisely the kind of a man Sir John is. Yes, and they both know how to use their gift judiciously. I would just like to gaze on this pair of human telescopes. And some time, maybe, when they have been recaptured I will to take a day and visit the asylum so as to gratify my wish.

While two Governments are wrangling over jurisdiction in the premises; while rival factions are shouting themselves hoarse in declamatory testimony that *theirs* is the right view of the case; while dealers are at their wits' end how to act to secure themselves and their business, and while the courts are meekly waiting to pronounce on the question—while all this, I say, is going on over the Liquor License affair, the truly good newspaper proprietor in the back townships puts in big Government advertisements about this arrangement and that arrangement *re* the traffic, and as he charges them up early and often he sighs and sadly says to himself "This unseemly squabble is bad for the country—but I guess the country newspaper can stand it while the ads. keep up!"

Another genius has invented a flying machine. If it were not for persons inventing flying machines and discovering the North Pole and crossing the ocean in an open boat and finding perpetual motion and decocting never-failing patent medicines and editing party papers, this world would be a desert waste. I am not in a position to disclose the name of the flying-machine inventor, for the reason that the newspaper paragraph does not give it. But I may say he is a Frenchman and has perfect faith in the complete success of his aerial motor—neither of which facts will, I fancy, produce an intense feeling of surprise anywhere. I would not care to make a friend of the man who invents a guaranteed flying-machine. It never was a pleasure to me to hear of my friends meeting with a violent end.

It is a pity—the icemen and the butchers have fallen out. It would have been better had the quarrel taken in the ice-cream dealers for the ice-cream dealers are more than suspected of, taking in the public—their victims happily being spooney young men, chiefly, and their spooney young ladies. It would not be too much to expect that ice-cream makers, when so successful in dispensing with cream, could also counterfeit the ice—say by a liberal use of approved arctic scenery including a better style of polar bear, by employing a more pronounced type of frigid-looking waitresses, and by rigidly adhering to high prices. But as to the dealers in meat, even the most cold-blooded among them needs ice. It would be as unreasonable to expect every alderman to be honest as to expect every butcher to be his own refrigerator. In the vernacular current among bank clerks, this whole ice business "knocks me cold."

Once more the Champion Walker is becoming an object of great interest. The sense of long distance pedestrianism is not apparent to me, nor would I like to be a parent to any of the young fellows who go to work at it—that is to say, for the young fellow's sake, for I really believe the exercise on him would be of benefit to me both mentally and physically. Now, if long-distance pedestrians would only distribute tracts on their tramps, or carry the *Mail*, or collect crop statistics, or even canvass for the *Weekly Globe*, I could have a little sympathy for them in their weary wandering. But what is the object of their plodding? Simply to cover so many miles in so many days, as if the very acme of human physical perfection consisted in the success of an effort to keep one foot going before the other for an indefinite period of time. Why, an old

blind, superannuated, canal horse, turned loose can undertake that—and what is more, knows enough to stop when it feels tired and likely to collapse. Go to the superannuated canal-horse, thou pedestrian!

Everybody, I venture to say,—including the artist himself—is laughing at the big pictorial advertisement in the dailies of prominent Toronto places of business. There they are, looming up in all their massive grandeur, storey upon storey, and almost every brick faithfully delineated! But the surroundings! Oh, the surroundings! How bald and bare and desert-like! Instead of the traditional crowds of excited buyers climbing over each other's heads in the consuming desire to gain access to the store and help themselves to crackers and cheese until the clerks were ready for them, the sidewalks in front of the imposing structures are pretty nearly deserted, unless you count some human figures which it takes you quite a long while to distinguish from hitching posts. Really, for the reputation of the city something ought to be done to these cuts, if it were nothing more than to stick in a policeman, a dog or two, a baby carriage with nurse accompaniment, and a portrait of Alderman Baxter!

A HAPPY THOUGHT INDEED.

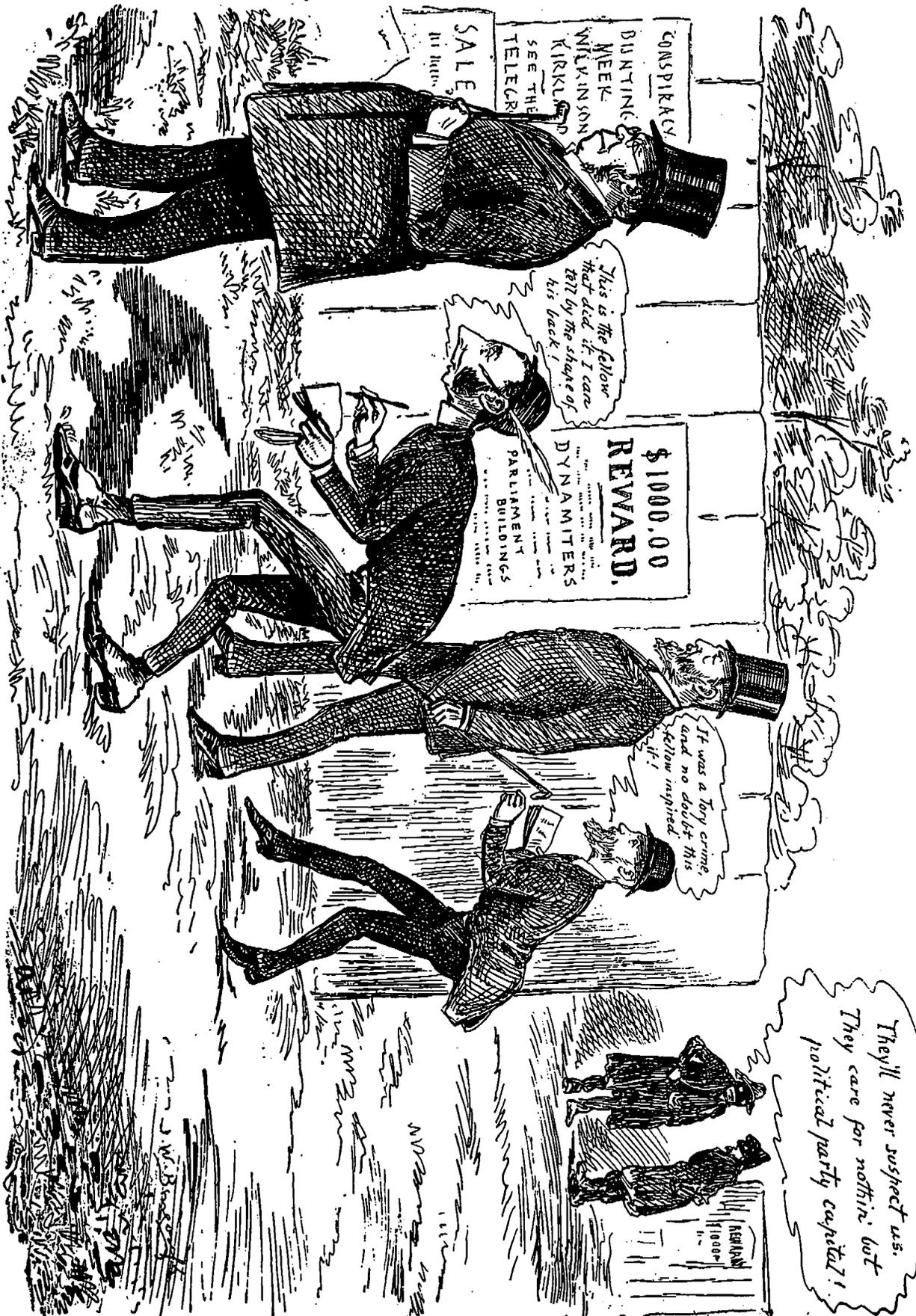
At a temperance meeting held at Claremont lately, the chairman told the people if they could not succeed in adopting the Scott Act in Ontario County, to *smoke their children*, and the government protection granted to Indians would be extended to them. From the hearty manner in which the suggestion was received, we are looking for great results in that part of the country.



BOSWELL'S NEW SYSTEM.

"PROMOTED" BOBBY.—TRUE: YOU HAVE BEEN LONGER IN THE SERVICE THAN I HAVE, AND YOUR RECORD IS BETTER THAN MINE, BUT YOU NEEDN'T EXPECT TO BE PROMOTED UNTIL YOU VOTE WID BOSWELL'S PARTY, AS I DO!

"SHADOWING" THE DYNAMITERS.



Grip's Clips.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

THE MISSES WE MEET WITH IN LIFE.

The dear little misses we meet with in life,
What hopes and what fears they awaken,
For when a man chooses a miss for a wife
He may be Miss-led or Miss-taken.
When I courted Miss Flomig and secured the kiss,
I thought in the warmth of my passion,
That I'd made a great hit in thus gaining a miss,
But 'twas only a Miss-calculation.

There was a one Miss Dayton, once a friend of Miss F.,
With me and my love interfering,
A jealous Miss-trust put it into her head
That she ought to give all a fair hearing.
Then a certain Miss-chance that I met with one day
Almost sent my hopes to destruction.
For she felt a suspicion of what I would say,
All owing to one Miss-construction.

Deceived by one Miss-information I wrote,
The cause of her anger demanding,
Miss-direction prevented her getting the note,
And introduced Miss-understanding.
When to make her my wife I exultingly swore,
Miss-belief made her doubt my intention,
And I nearly got wed to Miss-fortune before
I could wean her from Miss-apprehension.

But when she no longer would yield to Miss-doubt,
Nor be led by Miss-representation.
She had with Miss-like a most serious fall out,
And to wed felt no more hesitation.
But when to Washington to be married we went,
Miss-take made the parson to linger;
And I got so annoyed by an awkward Miss-fit,
That I failed to put a ring on her finger.

Having been so Miss-used I keep a strict watch,
For I still felt a fear of Miss-leading.
And I found when too late an unlucky Miss-match
Interfered with the joys of our wedding.
Miss-rule in our quarters put everything wrong,
Miss-management there took her station;
Till my cash, like the time taken reading this song,
Was all wasted by Miss-application.

—A.C.M.

WANTED, A NEW TEMPERANCE DRINK.

A wail has gone up from the Temperance mongers. They want a new drink which shall possess all the cheering attributes of "bitters" without its inebriating qualities. They view with alarm the fact that the Exchequer returns indicate a substantial increase in the Excise. What is to be done? The inventor of a really genuine teetotal drink of the kind indicated would make a speedy fortune, and we may naturally expect that half the chemists in the kingdom will be inventing at once.

RECORD OF GREAT TEMPERANCE FACTS IN 1884.

The Committee for the inspection of teetotal drinks sat three times during the year just closed. At the first meeting a sample of ambrosial nectar was submitted by Professor Sparkings. The committee, after testing it in various ways, quaffed three quart-mugs each. The liquor itself was pronounced excellent, but the result was remarkable. The chairman got on the table and insisted on singing "We won't go home till morning." A free fight ensued and the majority were taken home on shutters. They passed the next day a unanimous vote of confidence in the new beverage. It was, however, afterwards discovered that a designing publican had surreptitiously filled the professor's bottles with whiskey punch. The real ambrosial nectar was in the end pronounced vile stuff, and the committee having resigned, immediately went in quest of the approved nectar. They are now confirmed toppers.

A fresh committee having been appointed the "Oxygenated Superlative" of Mr. Jerkins was tested. It was a warm summer evening, and as the temperature of the committee room was about 90 fahr. it proved too much for the oxygen, which burst the bottles,

with the result that nine out of the twelve members present were taken to the hospital, the remaining three disappearing for fear of being indicted for manslaughter.

No further experiments were tried for some time, as few members were courageous enough to form a third committee. Eventually, however, a quorum was brought together, and a sparkling drink submitted called Trupotos Rarerum. Mr. Swankey, the inventor, proceeded with great deliberation to open the bottles, and after making an eloquent speech, prepared to decant the liquid. He did not drink it himself, but it was duly handed round, and he then left the room while the committee deliberated. What followed is matter of public history. Mr. Swankey left the house ostensibly to procure a fresh supply of the beverage, and did not return. Suspicion being aroused, the door was broken up, and the committee were found with empty glasses, each man sitting bolt upright, dead as a stone.

After this, the Temperance League as a body, desisted from further experiments.—*Moonshine.*

LECTURE IN THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Pickles Smith was requested to walk up the hall, and when he had come to a halt before the platform Brother Gardner said:

"Brudder Smith, I has been informed dat you has been sued by a grocer for a bill of fo' dollars."

"Yes, sah."

"De bill was fur oysters, dried peaches an' jellies."

"Yes, sah."

"And why didn't you pay it?"

"Kase ize hard up, sah."

"Now, Brudder Smith, de member of dis club who kin afford oysters on a salary of \$7 per week kin afford to pay fur 'em. If dat debt ain't squar'd up befor' de nex' meetin' you will h'ar sunthin' drap?"

"Yes, sah."

"In bringin' dis performance to a close," said the president, as he nodded to Samuel Shin to strike the triangle, "let me say to one and all of you dat de present ailment of dis kentry am de want of common sense. De man who aims \$7 per week wants to lib and dress as well as de man who aims \$12 an' dis piles up debts an' brings about trickery, fraud an' communism. Nobody am satisfied to be what he am. Eben the poorest of de poor will go hungry sooner dan let anybody know dey can't buy fried oysters. De member of dis club who hankers fur luxuries kin make up his mind to pay fur 'em or be known in dis hall no moa'. Let us perambulate homewards."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE KIND OF A RAISE HE GOT.

"Hello, Henderson!" said Mr. Greatheart to his old friend the other day; "I hear your salary has been raised."

"Yes," replied Henderson.

"How much are you getting now, old fellow?" queried the philosopher.

"Seventy-five dollars a month," was the answer.

"Seventy-five dollars a month," ejaculated Mr. Greatheart. "Why you were getting a hundred before!"

"Yes, I know. The raise I got is spelt with a z."

"Eloquent!" said the St. Louis lawyer of his partner. "Why, he's a second Demosthenes! Why only yesterday he stated in court that the besotted carcass of the opposing counsel had wallowed in every gutter in St. Louis, and then he made a jump for the man and kicked him in the stomach. How's that for eloquence?"—*Ec.*

A FACT.

"Unless your son has some decided bent," observed the Rev. Timothy Larkspur the other day to a parishioner, "he will always be a burden to his friends."

"And why?" asked Mr. Muggs.

"Because," quoth the parson, "unless he has some decided bent, he will always be in straitened circumstances."

"True?" assented Mr. Muggs, with a sigh. Nor was he ever seen to smile again.—*Moonshine.*

"Where would we be without women?" asked a writer. We would probably be at our clubs all night.—*Providence Transcript.*

That was a mean dealer in printer's supplies who, when he found he could not get his pay for material furnished, attached the composing-room towel to get some of his ink back.—*Somerville Journal.*

"Do you know," asked a gentleman at the bird show this week, "why robins are more intelligent than hens?" "No," was the reply. "Because they are better posted in the higher branches."—*Boston Times.*

"The best remedy I know for this foot and mouth disease," remarked old Mrs. Blinker, as she looked up from the paper, "is for folks to stay at home more and talk less." And then she resumed her reading.—*Peck's Sun.*

When a house owner put his hand to his hip pocket on meeting a burglar in the dining-room the thief coolly remarked: "Don't draw on me, sir; I'm not a capitalist, and I don't honor that kind of a draft."—*Boston Times.*

"Sneer not at old clothes. If many an old coat could speak, what tales it would tell of the noble heart beating underneath!" writes a sentimentalist. This seems to be more an argument for the noble heart than the old coat.—*New York Graphic.*

A young lady who is learning music says she has heard that fish is a good dish for people who write stories, etc., and wants to know what would be a proper dish for a person studying music. We should say a note meal diet would be excellent.—*Somerville Journal.*

When Joseph Cook lectured in Philadelphia last week, he spoke of "the rubbish in the newspapers," and then added, "Beg pardon: I thought I was in New York." When he lectures in New York he says, "Beg pardon, I thought I was in Philadelphia."—*Hawkeye.*

At the annual dinner of Sorosis in New York, on Monday, Mrs. Croly, the president, in offering the toast "The Women Martyrs," said that "the martyrdom of woman was an unspoken agony." Anything "unspeakable" must be a great agony to a woman, that's a fact.—*Norristown Herald.*

"They call a horse a shovel (cheval), they teach it so in school;
They call a hat a chapel; they call a crowd a fool;
Chaises pass for chairs; for letters they say billies;
They call their mothers mares, and all their daughters fillics."

—Unknown French Scholar.

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



STILL ANOTHER ENOCH ARDEN.

PART I.

In a fair village on the English coast
There dwelt a lad; they called him Hunkie Sam.
He was but young—three years or may be four,
But manly for his age; his appetite
For bulls'-eyes, knocky-knocks, and such light fare
Was something awful, even for a boy.
But better far than even knocky-knocks,
He loved a maiden of surpassing grace—
Of humble parentage, but very fair,
Whose name euphonious was Susanann.
The parents of these twain were fisher-folk,
Of low degree, but honest to a fault.
They would not steal the veriest pin unless
They were quite certain they would not be caught.
Now Hunkie's love for peerless Susanann
Was felt by her, and given back to Hunk.
And as the twain upon the yellow sands
Would play, young Sam would say, "Now let us be
As grown up folks, and we'll pretend we are
A wedded pair, and I will be a man
And you, dear Susanann, my little wife;
And you go sit within yon gloomy cave
Which we will make believe to be our house,
And I'll come staggering in like daddy does,
And you can belt me on my flaxen head
With this small stick, which we will call a broom.
For that's the way my pap and mammy do."
And so they played upon the sea-shore sand
Till Susanann had got the thing down fine.
And time sped on, and Sam and Susanann
Were married, and the twain became one flesh.

PART II.

Sam went to sea, and whilst upon a voyage
He read of Enoch Arden and his woes.
And so he soon resolved to do the same
As in the book he read that Enoch did.
To carry out his plan he sent word home,
By trusty shipmate, to his Susanann,
That he was drowned; he really did not care
A great deal for his once loved Susanann.
Who, when the knot had but been tied a year,
Had clearly showed that she could be the boss.
So time sped on, and artful Hunkie Sam
In foreign climates had a jolly time
For several years. "I think I'll homeward sail,"
One day he said, "and see how Susanann
Gets on; like Enoch, I will softly glide
Towards the cottage there upon the cliff,
And see how she makes out with her new man,
For she is doubtless wedded once again,



Just like that Mrs. Arden in the book."
Away he sailed across the sounding surge—
(A good expression that, but not my own)—
And soon he reached his village on the coast.

'Twas night. He crept toward the little cot
Where once he'd dwelt. A light was burning clear.
He peeped in through the window. Susanann
Was there, but 't'other fellow was away.
His wife glanced up. She saw the faithless Sam.
She sprang towards him; grabbed him by the hair
And held him there, whilst with her other arm
She dealt him myriad thwacks with broomstick stout.
"You would—" she cried, "You would say you were dead
And with your foreign gals go outtin' up;
And leave me here to take in washing—ah?
You wretch—take that, and that, and that, and that."
Each "that" being followed by a sickening thud.
The curtain falls on this delightful scene.
As space is precious and will not permit
Of further details, but this goes to show
That things don't always turn out just the same
As those we read about in poets' yarns.
Another thing it shows,—that Susanann
Had learned a trick when playing at being wed,
Upon the sea-shore in her youthful days,
That stood her in good stead in after years.—
The widdling of the broom-stick here is meant.
—SWIZ.

VEILED TREASON.

A NEMESIS ON THE TRACK OF A DANGEROUS
DOCTRINAIRE.

To GRIP:—As the only Proud Bird of Freedom
in this country I tender you the subjoined
powerful letter intended for the *Globe*. That
journal would have now been the envied
possessor of the MS. had not the editor seen
fit to refuse it and to fling me down the stairs
when I undertook to explain to him that I did
not expect pay for it on the spot. But this is
not the first instance of a man's missing the
greatest opportunity of his life while under
excitement and misapprehension. Please see
that all the italics and punctuation marks are
properly inserted, and excuse this hasty note
in view of the emotion under which I am
laboring.
Yours,
JOHN JINKS.

AN EXPLANATION DEMANDED.

To the Editor of the *Globe*:—

MY MISGUIDED FRIEND,—What the mischief
has been getting into you lately?

As a staunch Reformer, with a picture of
Blake hung up in my parlor, I feel I am just-
ified in thus boldly putting such a question to
you.

If I can read the small type you use in your
paper, you lay great claim to being a "truly
loyal" subject. Then how in thunder do you
dare to preach veiled treason to the Empire in
the shape of Goldwin Smith's annexation
sentiments?

As a life-long reader and recent subscriber
to your evening edition I fancy I can insist on
an answer to this query.

Now don't think you can put me off by say-
ing you only let your English correspondent
"review" Goldwin Smith's magazine mush,
and are not responsible for his treatment of
the subject, any more than you would be for
the treatment of a subject by Doctors Kroak
and Krank, who advertise in your paper. Only
a few days ago you said you "agreed with
Goldwin Smith" on some topic or another!
Why, man, for years the *Globe* taught us that
it was disloyal to even speak of this designing
person! Fact, sir; and yet here you go giving
him columns of space under the thin guise of
"discussing" him, while all the time, you
well know, your base heart is with him in his
diabolical projects, and you no doubt have had
his name recently placed on your list of com-
plimentary subscribers! Sir, I dare you to
deny the truth of my allegation that you are
a villain and a traitor to your Queen, while all
the while you are drawing your shilling a day
pension for ostensible services as an army
piper!

What means the admission to your paper of
the wild and wicked talk of the party signing
himself "Anglo-Saxon," if you are not also a
traitor to Canada as well as to Old England?
And you endorse his views and admit that it is
probable the confederation must go if Sir John

doesn't—and that the States will gobble us up?
Friend, I never thought to see the day you
would come to this, or rather that the *Globe*
would get so far off the old track!

Then again, I see you are whacking away at
the Senate. What in Sam Hill is the meaning
of this fool business? I demand an answer in
the name of the people of our entire school
section of which I am a trustee!

Is the Tory party always to be in power?
Will you and I never get a chance at Senatorial
honors and emoluments, and divorce case evi-
dence? Stop it, you bald-headed pelican from
Peru! *Not another world!*

As additional proof of your lapse from loyal
conduct I notice you reprint a piece poking fun
at two English noblemen—one of them being
no other than Lord Colin Campbell. This is
mean, and dangerous as well, for there is no
telling what action the Privy Council will take
when they learn of it. I'd hate to see you sent
to gaol; but I am really beginning to fear
that something must be done towards giving
you a salutary warning.

Now, my dear man, don't fancy I am to be
scared off or written down. I mean this letter
to go into the *Globe*—or I'll know the reason
why. D'ye hear? Of course, if you desire to
send me a private reply, as well as referring
to it editorially, I shall not be angry.

Yours in pained surprise,

JOHN JINKS.

MAY.

Sweet May!

I mean the month, of course.

Who can faithfully enumerate the joyous
associations you call up? Not even an experi-
enced census-taker, I venture to bet!

Where is the artist who can transfer to his
canvas a tithe of the glories of nature which
attend your but too brief reign? Even a
Globe agent would hesitate before trying it on
his canvass!

You remind us of glorious golden summer
and moving.

You talk to us of budding trees and fish-
worms.

You conjure up thoughts of emerald lawns
and hunting for garden tools.

You speak potently to us of sweet field
flowers and nice young onions.

You signalize re-awakened nature with
balmy breezes and clucking hens.

You suggest reflections on the brightness of
life's early morning and the best sort of spring
medicine to get.

At your coming solemn reveries wrap us
and we hasten to ascertain if our neighbor will
lend us a whitewash brush.

While you draw near the robins return and
gaily greet us, and the grocery man washes up
his seven-year old maple sugar slabs and puts
them in his window labelled "Fresh!"

The sound of your musical laughter drives
away dull care from human kind and makes
men love you and your attendant watering
cart.

Vigorous youth hails you through affinity
and because swimming time is at your heels.

Married manhood welcomes you because you
portend family walks abroad and no more con-
sumption of coal at \$7.50 a ton.

Poor old age embraces you because you
sweetly revivify and make it easier to worry
along, without double blankets.

Ceal Mille Failthe, May!

Darling!

Sweet girl graduate!

ADDENDA—BY OUR POET.

May is come, but well a day?

Where are all the flowers of May?

May be it's too cold as yet

For the fragile floweret.

Maidens yet wear furry capes,

Maybes still keep winter shapes,

Matrons now get up and git,

Making now their annual fit,

May this cold spell pass away,

May we get more Mayy May.

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A CHANGE OF POLICY.

HE SAW SIR JOHN.

They were both farmers,—as the poet singeth, “horny-handed sons of toil,”—one from the county Bruce and the other from “down East.” They were standing at the corner of King and Yonge streets talking about the spring crops and the Conspiracy case. Having exhausted these subjects they commenced on the Dominion License Act, and both being Conservatives they were naturally eulogistic of the great qualities and wonderful ability of Sir John Macdonald.

“I’ve had a perty good time since I’ve been in the city,” said the Down-Easter, “but of thar ever wuz a riled man he wuz whar I wuz this mornin’.”

“Why, how was that?” asked his Brother-Granger from Bruce.

“Well, ye see, ‘Liza an’ me an’ the children wuz passin’ that place they call the Zoo, an’ I heard a man ask the ticket man of Sir John wuz inside to-day. The ticket-man said he wuz. Great taters! but my heart gev a jump! I walked right up an’ asked the tikeeter of it wuz really true that Sir John wuz inside the fence. He said it wuz. That settled it. I didn’t ask him no more questions, but went down into my boot an’ pulled out my purse. I bought tickets fur the hull lot of us, fur I was bound that ‘Liza an’ the youngsters

’ud see the greatest man that ever riz in Canada. I jest ached to pint him out to the boys an’ say ‘Thar’s the man thet made this great country what it is!’ Well, we went inside an’ the hull place wuz lined with big bird cages filled with lions an’ raccoons an’ tigers an’ three-legged dogs an’ monkeys, jest like in a circus tent. Thar wuz a dead whale thet could swaller ten like Jonah knew or chaw up a barn-yard full of pigs and then feel hungry. Well, you can jest bet I didn’t give a cuss fur the cattle thar wuz to be seen. It wuz Sir John I wuz after an’ I started to look fur him. Great cats! but I felt tickled, an’ I wondered ef he’d know me fur I heerd him speak once down in our county. ‘Why,’ said I to ‘Liza,’ ‘its worth the hull trip to get a look at thet man.’ Well, thar wuz a kind of place rigged up like a theayter an’ says I to ‘Liza,’ ‘He’ll be right in thar talking to the folks.’ But he wasn’t. So I went up to a feller who was a pokin’ at a lion with an old hoe handle, an’ I asked him ef he would be so kind as to pint out Sir John to me. ‘Why cert’nly,’ he says, an’ he took me an’ ‘Liza an’ the youngsters round to the front of the place. I couldn’t see any man that looked like the picture of Sir John we have hangin’ up in the spare bedroom at home, so I wuz jest agoin’ to ask the Zoo man wher he wuz when he stopped all of a sudden an’ said ‘This is Sir John an’—”

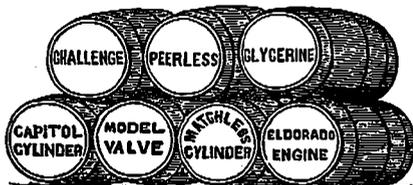
“And did he know you?” enquired the man from Bruce.

“Did he know me? Why it wuzn’t a man at all—it wuz a durned old frizzly-skinned elephant. No, it wuzn’t the greatest man thet ever riz in Canada—durnedest-looking old ramshackly beast I ever sot eyes on, an’ the words ‘Sir John’ wuz painted on a sheet slung across his back. Well, you bet I didn’t let the folks around see how bad I felt, but I jest took a youngster in each arm an’ told ‘Liza to bring the carpet bag an’ we got out o’ that concern faster ‘n a goat can skip. I call it a durned shame an’ a fraud, an’ as soon as I get back to hum I’m agoin’ to write to Sir John an’ ask him to pass a bill forbididin’ any Kangaroo show to take his name in vain.”

C. M. R.

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