



Photographer, 134 Yonge Street, Toronto. *Stanton* Cabinets, \$3.00 per dozen. Old Pictures Copied, Enlarged and Finished in Colors, Ink or Crayon. Orders filled from any Negatives made by the firm of Stanton & Vicars.

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



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


VOLUME XXII.  
 No. 22.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1884.

\$2 PER ANNUM.  
 5 CENTS EACH.



"I AM NOT THE ONLY STATESMAN WHO HAS CHANGED HIS VIEWS—MR. GLADSTONE HAS ALSO DONE SO."  
 [Vide Cartwright's Speech.]

WHAT IS IT?  
 WHY IS THE  
  
 STANDARD TYPE-WRITER.  
 No Barrister, Banker, Broker or Business man can afford to be without one.  
 Send for descriptive catalogue to  
**THOMAS BENGOUGH,**  
 THE SHORTHAND ATHENEUM,  
 29 King Street West, Toronto.

**STAINED & DWELLINGS**  
**FOR CHURCHES GLASS**  
**MEMORIAL WINDOWS**  
**WHEEL & SAND CUT GLASS**  
**MCCAUSLAND & SON**  
**JOHNSTON'S**  
**FLUID BEEF**

**CHARLES STARK,**  
 Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
 Watches, Jewelry, Silver Ware and Fire-arms,  
 Full lines of Remington, Ballard, Colts, Kennedy and Marlin Rifles.  
 Agent for Winchester Repeating Arms Co., J. Stevens & Co.'s Rifles, Baker Pat. Three-Barrel Guns, and Smith & Wesson Revolvers.  
  
 52 CHURCH STREET, Near King St, Toronto,  
 Send for our 200 page Catalogue containing over 800 illustrations.

TORONTO WINDOW SHADE CO. 417 1/2 QUEEN ST EET WES  
 Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated OIL-FINISH CLOTH SHADES.

**ELIAS ROGERS AND CO. - COAL AND WOOD. - TORONTO.**



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

J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest Boat 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.**—Sir Richard Cartwright, without intending the least unkindness, has succeeded in putting Mr. Blake in an embarrassing position, by bringing the question of Canadian Independence up for discussion. The trouble with the Opposition leader is, that so far as he has expressed himself in the region of "speculative politics," he has identified himself with "Imperial Federation," as opposed to Independence or Annexation. To be sure, Sir Richard's references to the subject were not particularly definite, but they were decided enough to draw forth hearty applause, and show that the Independence idea touches a responsive chord in the Canadian heart. It is also well known that many other Reformers as prominent in the party as Sir Richard Cartwright, have a leaning in this direction, and the question may be brought into the domain of the "practical" sooner than most people anticipate. The Reform Party is on the hunt for a strong policy, and it may be found that Independence would prove a safe plank in the platform. In that case what is Mr. Blake to do?

**FIRST PAGE.**—Perhaps the general effect of Sir Richard Cartwright's speech was to improve that gentleman's position in the minds of Reformers. It is an open secret that he has never been really popular with his adopted party, a misfortune which is usually attributed to his aristocratic bearing, which again is said to arise from his conceit. It is not always just to judge a man by his clothes or his manner, and it is quite possible that beneath Sir Richard Cartwright's natty garments and dudesque demeanour there beats a heart of genuine liberality. But it will be hard to convince the world of this while he continues to make such mistakes as to name himself in brackets along with Mr. Gladstone, as he did on the occasion of his speech here. In the words of a stalwart Grit of the city, "he might have let two or three names come between."

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Norquay and Miller have gone home with their Bill of Rights in their pocket and their fingers in their mouths. Their mission to Ottawa failed as dismally as usual, and now the country may prepare for a Nor-West blizzard. The next act on the programme is an appeal to the Imperial Government for secession.

## HELLO, MATHEW!

The mosquito is upon us.  
Picnics and familiar ants and sour custard pies, and light pants and other concomitant abominations loam up in the adjacent future.  
The taxes Juggernaut is grumbling louder and louder right in our tracks.  
Our semi-centennial and country cousins come on apace.  
Cartwright is firing off political orations, designed to save the country even if they do kill off the people.  
Eggs keep dear.  
This year's crop of comets won't be an average one.

The *Globe* has lost Tupper.  
No reliable antidote for young onion malaria is yet in the market.  
House-cleaning is over and everything is bewilderingly new about the place, including the hired girl.  
Say, Arnold! where's all that sweetness and light of yours, anyway?

## PASSING SHOW.

Herr Joseffy, the great pianist, will give a recital at the Pavilion during the first week in June.

Miss Fanny Kellogg and Liberati, the famous cornet player, have been secured as attractions for the musical entertainments in connection with the Semi-Centennial.

"In the Ranks," a fine specimen of melodramatic composition, abounding in brilliant scenery and startling situations is being played at the Grand this week. It affords a capital evening's enjoyment to all who have a taste for stage realism.

Claxton's Orchestra is to start on a Canadian tour early in June. We can assure our friends in the provincial towns that they will find the Orchestra well worthy of patronage. Our favorite soprano, Miss Aggie Corlett, will accompany them as soloist.

The Zoo is open for the season, and boasts several additions to its already large collection. It is to be hoped that the effort now being made to provide better accommodation for this popular institution of our city will meet with the success it deserves.

Mr. Warren, who is to give an organ recital at Bond St. Church on July 4th, is ranked as the greatest master of the instrument in America. It will interest Torontonians to learn that he is the eldest son of Mr. Warren, the well-known organ-builder of this city. Don't fail to hear him.



## INJURED INNOCENCE.

**Policeman.**—Now, then, I've got my eye on you!  
**Small Boy.**—Who's goin' to set off a fire-cracker?



Welland canal tug-men have formed a union. And why not? Is union less with them than with other branches of labour, a question of tow be or not tow be?

And so Ruskin is not coming to America. I rather fancied it would be so. After this, perhaps the *Globe* will be more careful as to whom it dubs "a mere helpless scold."

When a friend of mine read the other day that it had been satisfactorily established that the lark was not an early riser, he exclaimed: "Alas and alark-a-day!" But perhaps I should not have disclosed the fact that a person of his propensities was actually a friend of mine!

A Texan county is enjoying a visit from "a swarm of hungry locusts, nine miles long," with all that the news implies. I can only account for this measurement not having been made the even ten by the supposition that the item is sent by a truthful reporter who cannot lie even to the extent of one mile—or, at least, who cannot lie even.

Apart from the three columns of signatures to Messrs. Gooderham and Worts counter petition; aside from the wealth and influence of this great firm; altogether unincorporated in the cogent arguments of "your petitioners;" to the great, the grand, the unique circumstance that first in the list of seven hundred names stands that of—John Smith! Is it any wonder the appeal to the city council proved irresistible.

British Associated Press correspondents often make queer mistakes, intentional and unintentional. I wonder which of them, and for what reason, made the funny mistake of transmitting a despatch in which Chinese Gordon's Parliamentary champion, is called plain *Mister Hicks-Bench*? That is the way in which it appeared in the *Globe*, at any rate; and of course no one is prepared to make the able news editor responsible for the "mister."

It is the fashion among bicyclists to boast a duly appointed surgeon. The feelings, not to mention the profits, of the gentle doctor who has been unanimously appointed surgeon to an able-bodied bicycle club, can better be imagined than described—that is, of course, when he assumes the duties at so much the whole job. If I was a distinguished medical man and had my choice between acting as contract-surgeon to a bicycle club or a baseball team, I would unhesitatingly say, "send me out as an army doctor to a regiment on active service!"

Sometimes it is the case that a man can boast riches and friends together without finding that they both travel in company, coming and going. General Grant in his present misfortune, will cheerfully certify to the possibility of this. The nation has retired him on full pay, for one thing. For another thing Van-

derbill has handed him back the securities he gave for a loan of a trifle of \$135,000. And there are other polling divisions to hear from. Little incidents like this revive the belief that the sham article has not entirely superseded the genuine in the sympathy market.

It makes all the difference in the world whose family is disgraced. A late despatch which chronicled the fate of a dishonest bank clerk ran:—

"A teller and accountant of a bank here was to-day sentenced to five years' imprisonment for embezzlement."

Name suppressed out of regard, etc., etc. Thank the law there is no distinction of persons down in Kingston penitentiary. It makes no difference in the matter of board and working time whether a new arrival is a common thief or only an erring cashier.

You will sometimes hear the opinion expressed that foreign decorations are too common—too lavishly and inconsiderately bestowed. That may be true in a general way, and will account for the number of princes and dukes and counts and so on you have the pleasure of meeting with at the free lunch counters. But there is one order that is certainly not liberally distributed, and it ought to be—among the class of whom St. Leonards and Hesse-Darmstadt are triple-plated samples. I refer to the Noble and Ancient Order of the Bath—in a noble and ancient horse-pond.

The man who decided that he ought to go into exile, a pauper and self-constituted deaf mute, because one time he got mad at his girl and gave her a setting out that made her sick, didn't live out his self-imposed term—twenty-years. This is a fortunate circumstance for young lovers, who may still go on breaking trusting maidens' hearts and healing them with an ice-cream treat or a social ticket. Before concluding this essay I am impelled in justice to my sex to say this—either the girl for whom this poor man suffered so much was an extraordinary fine young thing, or else this poor man was the worst kind of an idiot.

The cuts which the grossly ignorant *Globe* editor gets from the truly literate *Mail* editor, on the score of outraged orthography, ought to be sufficient to hurry him into an untimely grave—always assuming, of course, that one could imagine such a thing as an "untimely" grave for the editor of the *Globe*. But when the reader of the *Mail* comes across such samples of orthodox spelling as "wrapt attention," "copy wright act," and "honorary secretaries," all of which stood out in bold relief in an issue of that scholarly publication a day or two ago, instructively he recalls the old reliable fable of the Ethiopian Pot calling the African Kettle "Nigger."

A *Globe* reporter has written a beautiful biography in miniature of an oldest inhabitant—by name Mr. Jordan Post. The conclusion of the sweet sketch ends thus touchingly:—

"Mr. Post has eight sons and two daughters, all living, all respected, and Reformers in their politics."

This is of a truth getting on the other side of Jordan—the soft side of him, as it were. But I fancy the reporter put his foot in it when he allowed his political embrace to take in the ladies, who are, unquestionably, "reformers" only in a social sense. Every well-informed person ought to know that Sir John possesses the heart of every lady who has ever caught a glimpse of his winsome visage—and killing love-lock.

Carrying the war into Africa is most graphically illustrated in the conduct of the Hamilton thieves who had laid out plans to rob the houses of several members of the police force.

The boys had of course come to the natural conclusion that, with police now-a-days, the more glaring the crime the greater the chance of the criminal's security. If it goes on in this way I guess it will soon come to pass that desperadoes will be assaulting and robbing our constables on their beats. This will never do. We must protect not only our glorious liberties but also our inoffensive cops! Citizens, let us rise in our might and shake off the shackles of the robber and the rough! Or else let us keep our policemen in nights.

They are raking up the old story of how Tupper proposed to D. A. Smith, at the time of Sir John's Pacific Scandal little unpleasantness, to play Jonah on the Tory chieftain, and see if the Conservative craft couldn't ride the storm. If there should be any doubt in the mind of a single person in Canada that what Mr. Smith stated about the matter in the House on the last day of the session of 1878 was not an actual occurrence, there is one proof that ought to satisfy him. *Hansard* is said by the Grits to correctly report that closing debate! The question as to the truth of the story is, of course, another thing altogether and must be settled between the parties. On debates and things *Hansard* is an infallible guide—read contrariwise.

Of course you cannot expect to go on in this world enjoying anything without having someone or something break in upon your pleasure. Take a meal of young onions followed by a totally unexpected, but positively imperative summons to a concert practice, as somewhat of a case in point. But what really suggests my opening truism is a statement in one of the papers that strawberries have been discovered to contain worms, which are concealed in the very heart of the fruit. Now, this miserable attempt to spoil my appetite for the luscious berries just coming into season is going a trifle too far. I shall rise superior to the base plot. I am going to eat the strawberries with the worms inside them, and be mighty thankful it isn't the strawberries that are inside the worms.

Mr. Michael Davitt hopes his lecture tour will yield him "a thousand per annum," so that he will be enabled to continue to fight the Battle of Ireland. There was once a man named Robin Ruff who blowed to another man named Gaffer Green about what he would do "if he had but a thousand a year." Finally, Gaffer Green turned around and passed remarks that were rather rough on Robin Ruff. If Mr. Green were alive to-day, and had to talk to Mr. Davitt, he might be compelled to be as rough on Michael as he was on Robin. This naturally suggests the idea that condemning Michael would imply the condemning of Robin'—the poor Irish of more of their hard earnings. And now, gentle borrower, if the pun is a tough one, remember that the object is beneficent.

The children of Iarel could not make bricks without straw. But I venture to say that that was because they had no men among them whose fertility of resource was at all equal to that of the man who writes up the "Round Town" items in the *Saturday News*. Not only would this young man have made the bricks without straw, but he would cheerfully have paid a bonus for permission to make the straw, and in addition would have agreed to supply all stables within a reasonable radius with unlimited bedding. I am also persuaded that his enterprise would have known no respite until he had established a well-regulated brickyard for the sale of his bricks in every organized township in the land. Yeg, this energetic person would have made the bricks and the straw all right enough. But I

am obliged in the interests of truth and justice to admit that it would likely have been pretty poor straw, and mighty mean brick.

It has remained for the governors of the Ambitious City to take the lead in pronouncing against the so-called sparring matches which are being held in almost every city and large towns in the province. In nearly every case these exhibitions are either shameless hoaxes with neither honesty nor art to recommend the tame affairs, or else they are downright slugging contests, unlawful and brutal. It seems to me that it is about time unprofitable public discussion of the injury of sparrers gave place to profitable discussion of the injury of sparrers. By the way, it occurs to me that one way in which these tenth-rate broken down knockers could be nicely utilized would be as body-guards for Cabinet Ministers, and influential members of Parliament. How many a partisan editor, political tuft-hunter, and office beggar could be turned over to a professional pounder, armed with instructions to pound till tired and charge accordingly!



THE GIFT OF THE GAB.

When man was made—so runs the legend mystic—  
The gift of speech he lacked, and speaking, had  
Discussion none, gave of the order fiat,  
With woman when her tantrums made him mad.

He'd growl, and might also fume and splutter  
At absent buttons, missing boot-jacks, socks  
Undarned—and she, her dumb lips all a flutter,  
Would answer him with stove-lids, poker, crocks.

Thus lived the twain, no word between them passing;  
No high profanity would grieve her sore—  
And he—blest man!—knew naught of angry sassing  
For squirting black-strap juices on the floor.

At last a guardian spirit—profoundest pity taking  
On him as on a tack one morn he stopped,  
And oke on her when once she spollt a baking—  
Declared,—“These mortals shan't from talk be kept.”

And thus it came to pass—so goes the story—  
The spirit fitted where the talk was stored,  
And, grabbing up ten baskets *sua more*,  
Delivered them while man and woman snored.

The first to rise—of course—the hour was seven,  
Was woman; to the baskets quick came she,  
Tasting, she learned to talk, then cried, “From Heaven  
They've come—and nine of 'em's for me!”

Thus is it writ on Pagan page of history,  
How woman gobbled up nine-tenths the stock  
Of gab-grub given mankind—hence the mystery  
Of feminine tongue-tendency, of woman's talk.

But, ah! this is but half the wondrous story.  
I had a dream last night, and learned the sequel well;  
Methought there came a pilgrim bent and hoary,  
And read from musty record what I'll tell:

Long years the woman kept her proclous treasure,  
While earth grew peopled like a busy hive;  
She ate the talk-food by a stated measure,  
At last remained of the nine baskets five.

One she had op'd—to inspire fresh inventive—  
When some thief boldly stole the other four;  
She tracked him in ten years with a detective,  
Without, she'd found him next day and next door.

This man kept all the “grub” from his relations,  
And ate it a' while noisily calling “next!”  
His gifts descended through the generations—  
Now, never more at barbor-buzz be vexed.





“WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?”

A NICE SITUATION FOR AN IMPERIAL FEDERATIONIST TO BE LEFT IN!

## THE AUCTIONEER.

Let students of Greek and Latin rave over their Cicero, their Demosthenes, and their other antiquated orators; let them write panegyrics on them with all the fervor of imagined inspiration; let them shout their praises in eloquent outbursts, stolen from the very men whom they rank first for volubility of speech and the possession of oratorical talents that were exhibited in soul-stirring screeches and sentences of scathing scorn; let them do all these before classical audiences, whose hearts are responsive to what their ears hear, but let them not come to me and say that their idols' tongues wagged faster, more eloquently or with more effect than that of my subject—the auctioneer. I could not bear that, I would be riled, for I cannot stand by and hear the auctioneer underrated. My bosom heaves with indignation when I think of it. I respect an auctioneer, and my heart tells me that I must protect him.

No city, village, town or hamlet should be without an auctioneer, who is as necessary for the enjoyment of life as babies are necessary for the consumption of paragoric. One need not be down-hearted if one lives near an auctioneer. He is an animated cornucopia of joviality. If, when he is selling a \$500 piano, he sees a man who is not worth 500 cents, he makes that man momentarily happy by asking him for a bid. And he does it as though he meant it.

He always makes the best of everything. In fact this is about his only fault. He must be near sighted, for if he is selling a cracked teapot he invariably speaks of it as being in first class condition; if he is selling ten teacups he imagines and says he's selling a dozen; what common people call a chromo is a genuine oil painting to him. All this is caused by his eyes. They are weak. Very. Then again he says things he doesn't mean. (This may and may not mean that he's a liar. If he sees a man with a will-I-bid-more-or-not-look on his face, he yells at him, "going, going, go—positively the lost chance, Mr. What! A great bargain! A terrible sacrifice! Better take it! No more in stock!" And Mr. What, in his ignorance, bids a dollar more, only to see the auctioneer repeat the same thing with Mrs. Which. Mr. What gets left, and that is not right.

In the beginning of my remarks I insinuated that the auctioneer was hasty in his speech. The quality of his utterances is in proportion to the quantity. There are some people whose tongues go like buzz-saws, but who produce no result save that of weariness. Now, the nineteenth century Demosthenes is different from these. When he talks he has an object in view. That object may be to divert people's attention from the fact that a chair he is selling has a game leg or a fractured back. He ingeniously conceals this by getting the mob interested in few remarks on Oscar Wilde, Jumbo, or some other curiosity; and when some impertinent bidder asks about the back of the chair he turns the conversation and the bidder's attention by giving his opinion of affairs in the Soudan.

No need of a directory if there is an auctioneer in town. He knows the name, age, and address of every inhabitant. It's his business. It flatters the vanity of a common-place woman to have an auctioneer call her by name when he knocks down a wooden bread-plate to her. If we were curious enough to ask him he could give us the genealogy of that woman for six generations; tells us how many of her relatives wear false teeth, say which of her granduncles was acquainted with a justice of the peace, and enlighten us as to whether or not the baby has had the measles. Oh, a truly wonderful man is the auctioneer. He is a peripatetic encyclopaedia.

An auctioneer's place of business is a queer place. It contains as queer a collection of odds and ends, bric-a-brac, articles of vertu,

historical antiquities and natural curiosities as did the Rossin House at the time of the Anglin Banquet. In his studio you can find anything wooden from a toothpick to a packing case; anything metallic from a hairpin to a No. 9 cooking stove, anything wearable from a liver pad to a linen duster, anything musical from a jewsharp to a sewing machine, and anything eatable from a bottle of castor oil to a case of stuffed squirrels. Such is the den of an auctioneer. If he inveigles you into it he will surely sell you something. You cannot withstand the sweet way in which he will convince you that you need something. But he makes the best of everything and does everything for the best. C.M.R.

## 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 tem is not known.

## A MOTHER'S HINT.

LILLIAN.—What a queer title for a book, ma!

MA.—What title!

LILLIAN.—"Not Like Other Girls."

MA.—It is rather odd. Is it a novel?

LILLIAN.—Yes. I wonder what the heroine can be if she is "not like other girls?"

MA.—I don't know, unless she goes into the kitchen and helps her mother instead of staying in the parlour to read novels.—*Bohemian*.

## THE EFFECT OF WEALTH.

"Here, boy, come hold this horse," said a fashionable equestrian, alighting from his steed in front of a New York hotel.

The boy to whom he spoke was puffing the stump of a cigar, and, having a few cents in his pocket, felt that he was an incipient Jay Goid, so, instead of responding with alacrity, he drawled out languidly, with some hauteur: "Is that such a rip-roarin' hoss that it takes two men to hold him?"

"What do you mean?" retorted the swell young man.

"What do I mean? I mean, if one man can hold him, why don't you hold him yourself?" and he resumed his labors on the stump of his cigar.—*Texas Siftings*.

## GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES.

"Let's see!" he remarked to a dealer on Chatham Street, "haven't you a brother in the clothing business in Cincinnati?"

"Oxactly. My burdder Moses vhas dere."

"And how is he doing?"

"Bad—werry bad. Moses vhas not der man to see opportunities."

"How?"

"Vhell, when dot flood came Moses should haf been in der rubber coat and poot peesness, but he vhas left. Den when der riot took place Moses should haf been stocked up mit guns und pistols, but he hadn't so much as a trigger. Moses vhas on his vhay to der poor-house, he vhas."—*Wall Street News*.

## EXTRAVAGANT LIVING.

"Young man," said an employer to a clerk, "the cashier informs me that every week you draw your salary a day or so before it is due."

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk, "my pay is so small that I cannot make it meet my expenses."

"How much salary do you get?"

"Three dollars a week, sir."

"Well, you should practice economy—it is the road to wealth. The great trouble with you young men nowadays is, you want to lead a four-dollar life on a three-dollar salary."—*Philadelphia Call*.

## HARD TO BELIEVE.

"Sister," said a little boy, rushing into the parlour, where she was entertaining young Mr. Smith, "will you come into the hall a minute? I want to speak to you."

"I cannot now, dear. Don't you see that I am engaged with Mr. Smith? What is it that you want?"

"Jimmy White is out in the hall and he says he won't believe it unless you tell him so yourself."

"What is it that Jimmy White won't believe, dear?" asked the sister, sweetly.

"That you ate thirty-five pancakes for breakfast."—*Philadelphia Call*.

The Bavarian peasants are in many respects similar to the lower order of Irish. They drink a great deal, are quite witty, and are never so happy as when they are fighting with each other, and like the Irish, are strict Catholics. A story is told of two Bavarian peasants meeting on the road, and holding the following conversation:

"Were you at the wedding last night?"

"Indeed I was. It was the nicest wedding we have had this season. Why, even the bride took a band in the fight."—*Texas Siftings*.

Mr. William Astor has a floating palace. So have we. Only his floats on the water, and ours floats in the air.—*Chattanooga People's Paper*.

Napoleon used to say that three hours sleep a day was enough for any man, but of course the Little Corporal had never served on the police force.—*Providence Transcript*.

"Pete," said a friend to a third-ward boy, "your father has just been drowned." "Great Scott!" exclaimed the boy, "and he's got my knife in his pocket."—*Williamsport Grip*.

"I don't know much about the style in gentlemen's apparel," said a lady, "but the latest thing in spring overcoats is my husband; he never gets in until 1 A. M."—*Merchant-Traveller*.

An Illinois girl thinks she is an angel. Glad she does. Few girls realize they are angels, or else they would in a good many instances conduct themselves more becoming to their high station.—*Peck's Sun*.

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.

"Mother," remarked the Prince of Wales, "I addressed the House of Lords the other day in regard to the condition of the poor. Something ought to be done." "Yes," replied the Queen. "I am taking steps in that direction myself." "What do you expect to do for the poor?" interrogated the Prince, with a look of surprise. "I am going to give them 500 of my new books for nothing!" replied the Queen.

The New York *Critic* invites persons to send it the names of forty living American men-of-letters whom they consider most worthy of membership in an American academy of "Forty Immortals." Well, there's Eli Perkins, and the Sweet Singer of Michigan, and Buffalo Bill, and Private Dalzell, and Peck's Bad Boy, and—and—we're stuck, "stuck." We don't believe there are forty of 'em unless "Veritas," "Pro Bono Publico," "Constant Reader," "Many Citizens," and such men-of-letters are counted.—*Norristown Herald*.

## THE SCALPEL.

## POOR PUNCTUATION.

"The Government's offer of \$1,000 for information, it is to be hoped, will lead to the detection of the villain or villains who placed dynamite in the Parliament Buildings.—*Globe Leader*.

Is it to be hoped that "the Government's offer" is "for information?" Or is it "the information" that "is to be hoped"? Or—but maybe some able-bodied logician will take this in hand and arrive at the least comma multiple of it.

## RANK!

"Fifty workmen were buried by falling walls yesterday at the ruins of Whitely's establishment in London England."—*Mail News Summary*.

Slap, bang! Here we r again! "I will cut this out," softly murmured the *Globe* man, who spells Macaulay with a "He," "and I will hold it over the captious orthograph critic of the organ, like Damocles' sword."

## CUT IT SHORT PLEASE.

"No one who entertains a patriotic regard for the interests of the province can view, with feelings other than those of alarm, the growth among us of political evils which are as damaging to the public morals as they are discreditable to a civilized country."—*Mail*.

This is very candid, but is it not a rather roundabout way of regretting that Bunting, Wilkinson, Shield *et al* didn't die young?

## A DISAPPOINTING OMISSION.

"A mathematician computes that a compositor's hand makes in a year of 300 days, each of ten hours' work, 3,600,000 movements in the setting of 12,000 letters each day, and the distance his hand travels at the same time is 1,304 miles a year, or over 4½ miles a day.

Pretty nearly correct, may be. But why stop there? Set up how far the printer himself would have to travel every day of his life if he started off when and to where the prying proof-reader and the crushed contributor consign him!

## HOIST WITH ITS OWN PET—OR RATHER PASTE-POT.

"*Norfolk Reformer* :—Two prominent newspapers are just at present engaged in a most bitter and unprofitable quarrel as to the extent of their respective circulations. In our opinion both journals might better please their readers by filling their columns with matter other than abuse of each other. The claim of each to having the largest circulation of any paper in Canada is, we imagine, founded on very flimsy grounds. Neither knows positively what the circulation of the other is, nor for that matter of any rival publication."—*Gleaner in Globe Oct. 8, 1881*.

Go to thy back-fyles, thou wrangler!

## CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"William S. Williams, candidate for Commissioner for Mahoning County, Ohio, has become insane because he was defeated at a recent election."—*News Items*.

It's quite different over here in Canada. Many a man is hopping mad because has been made a Commissioner—under the McCarthy Act.

"Especially do we desire to condemn the course of such who, not content with refusing us a just measure, saw fit to hurl calumnies at the members, and misrepresent the order, its object, and its actions, upon the floor of the House, in language not becoming the dignity of such members, and in many instances as untruthful as unbecoming."—*McLeod, L.O.L., No. 331*.

Don't think because the plural number is employed that you are considered just one of a gang. It's a bad crack right straight at you, Mr. Blake, delivered in a dignified sort of style.

"No sir," said a Sixth avenue slim. "I'll never speak to that nawsty fellah again, yer know. Why, he asked to look at my cane and actually put the knob in his mouth."—*New York Journal*.

## COMPENSATION AND PROHIBITION.

A Scotch Presbytery has on record in their reports that "Ingratitude is the sin of the present age." GRIP cannot reconcile this statement with the evidences of heartfelt gratitude which has poured into this office from every quarter, since the publication in the *Week* of certain articles and letters on "Compensation and Prohibition." Knowing that the refined modesty of the publisher and editor of the immortal *Triolets*, would prevent the appearance of these flattering demonstrations of gratitude in his own paper, GRIP has kindly consented to publish the following—with the distinct understanding that for the future all communications on this matter will be sent to the *Week* office, as GRIP does not feel equal to grappling with such a profound and far-reaching subject as the future of our brewers and bar-tenders. (Ed. GRIP.)

## Goodee Weekee:

"Bleweel" belly muchee 'flaid he no get makee 'toxe dlinkee any mole. Templiance man makee Govlment prohibit. What he do?—he must go woltee allee samee evelybody do. Weekee man say—no—you getee compensation. You not go woltee allee samee common man. Govlment taxee latepayels to compensatee. Ah! Clebab Weekee. Goodee Weekee. Weekee light.

Bleweel lay outee monee to makee dlinkee. Dlinkee makee jollee, makee dlunk, makee head swim, killee bodec soulee—makee mad, makee steal, makee murder; nebel mind, allee samee. "Bleweel" makee monee. Govlment say you no makee monee by dlunk any mole. Allee lightee. "Bleweel" getee compensation.

Good! belly good! Me want compensation too. Me lay out muchee monee too. Me sell opium smokee, no keepee opium. saloon. Opium makee sleepee, makee dreamee, makee head swim, makee brain dull, killee bodec, soulee, like dlinkee; nebel mind! allee samee! Chinaman makee monee. Monee takee him backee Flowey land. Govlment say—"Hele, you dam pigtail, shutee up opium den! you no makee money by smokee. You killee Canadian man, likee dlunk do." All lightee. Me shutee up opium den. "Bleweel" shutee up dlunk den. "Bleweel" getee compensation. Chinaman getee compensation. Allee samee. Prohibition and compensation. Belly good. Allee samee.

AH SIN.

## To the Editor of THE WEEK.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,—Give us your paw. By Gosh! you're what I call genniwine, a rail upright, downright common sense man, and no mistake. If I knowed where you live, I'd give you an oyster supper with eye-openers and cocktails, and never charge a blamed cent. Whew! that there article of yours and Brewer's letter next week about "Prohibition and Compensation," just did me good—it was flannel to my heart. Sir, I'm proud to think that at least one decent periodical ain't afraid to shew his colours, and to come out in defence of a business which, I'm bold to say, can boast of some of the very best dressed men in the country engaged in it, and have some of the very toniest of our young men for customers. To expect men who have for years stood afore the public in the finest of pants, white vests, and gold watch chains, to turn to and haul on a pair of overalls and go to work with a diner-can again, is just like the cheek of them fanatical prohibitionists. These are the folks as call theirselves Christians forsooth. Live and let live is my motto. I tell you what, when a fellow struggles up into a good position (they nominated me for Alderman last year) like I've done, it's blamed hard to have the bite taken out of your mouth. All I had when I began was a graybeard of old rye, a jar of

malt, a couple bottles of brandy, and a small keg of lager, and that I got on tick. First night two men from the foundry dropt in—that was all, and I tell you my heart was down in my boots. Next morning, however, old Finlay's wife came in; she was well on, and had a bottle under her shawl, which she got filled. Of course, knowing her character, my conscience wouldn't let me give her the full measure, nor yet the whiskey straight, so you see I made all of a hundred per cent. Next day was Dominion Day, and by gosh! I was sold out clean as a whistle before twelve o'clock, and had to run over to a friend in the business to fill my jars, and afore night I was sold out again. I throve from that day—got the old place papered and painted, a swell sign up, and a magnificent shelf of decanters, and a white vest! And here now, when I'm after building my new brick hotel, and bought a nice little phaeton for my wife, here comes this infernal Scott Act or Prohibition. I say as you say—if we can't make money by drink, then let's have compensation. I was talkin' to an old bummer, a college-bred man (he generally comes here for free lunch and a schooner), he says the present situation reminds him of the statue of the Lagoon. The big man in the middle represents the Licensed Victuallers' Ass., and the two little fellows King Dodds and the Editor of *The Week*—all of them writting in the tightening coils of the serpent. "Who's the serpent?" says I. "The name of this critter," said he, "is *vox populi*." But when I asked him who beat, he fell asleep in his chair. I believe the old fellow was havin' a raise out of me, but he's a good customer, so I don't say nothing. If your agent will call, he'll get three dollars for a year's subscription, and I think it's little enough that everybody engaged in the liquor traffic should subscribe in common gratitude for your noble defence of our drinking institution.

Your humble and grateful servant,  
JAKE SWIPES,  
The Universal House, Toronto, Ont.

Mr. Tilden's voice may not be very loud and clear, but the faintest whisper from him is heard from one end of the country to the other.—*Toledo America*.

DISTRACTED PARENT.—My daughter has no taste for music, and yet by her constant practise she persists in making herself a nuisance to the family. What would you advise?

FAMILY COUNSELLOR.—Marry her into some other family.



NOT AN AD.!

"The Morse Soap Co. write to say that they are not responsible for the boys who carried 'mottled' placards in the Salvation Army parade."—*Globe*.

97 to 107 Duke St., Toronto.  
**Barchard & Co.,**  
 Manufacturers of WOOD PACKING BOXES of every description. All Work Guaranteed.  
**Pioneer Packing Case Factory**



THE MANITOBA DELEGATES ON THEIR WAY HOME.

**ENQUIRERS ENLIGHTENED.**

**"BROODING CARE."**—Our rules for the best way to avoid trouble with a clucking hen are short:—(1) Don't go to any trouble with her; (2) Don't have a clucking hen; (3) Don't have any kind of hen.

**"GREAT SCHEME."**—You are young yet—evidently. And so you may be able to live to enjoy all the honors attaching to your invention. Trot out your "Did you semi-Centennial?" exactly fifty years hence. Never be impatient with paragraphs. The world can wait for them, if the authors can.

**"ICONOCLAST."**—If you persevere in your praiseworthy efforts you may eventually succeed in securing the desired change. It is quite clear to us that the substitution of "Drifting with the Tied" for "the Wedding March" at marriage ceremonies, is demanded in the interest of science and progress, as well as punsters.

**"AMBITION BLIGHTED."**—"I sent a communication to the *Globe* on the exorbitant charges of milliners and dressmakers. I headed it 'Letters to Hement Persons.' It appeared with a commonplace heading. And thus lost much vim. And point. What satisfaction have I?" The satisfaction of knowing that the editor of the *Globe* has no Poetic Soul, while you have a large one.

**"MISOGYNIST."**—The circumstance that so much has been written in the *Globe* in favor of the higher education of women is certainly suggestive of the idea that one of the *Globe* editors is a woman. But yet this is not the case. The only feminine editorial adjunct of the office is the Ottawa correspondent. Your remark that this enquiry of yours may contribute to the ire education of the fair sex has been set aside to cool.

**"CONSTANT BORROWER."**—Yes, the letter carrier is culpably careless. The idea of his delivering your neighbor's copy of *GRIP* after you having warned him that you required a look at the cartoons first, positively renders him a fit subject for report to the P. M. General. We would send you a copy of *GRIP* gratis as compensation for cruel disappointment, only we know your sensitive nature would recoil at the very thoughts of being rated a dead-head subscriber.

**"APT ALLITERATION."**—We really do wonder why Hon. D. L. Macpherson has not acknowledged your letter. The advice that "surely senators should not show such singular sensitiveness" was a happy confirmation of reason and rythm. Whether the hon. gentleman profit by it or not, we shall see if we cannot have it adopted as an articulation test of the condition of a man on reaching home

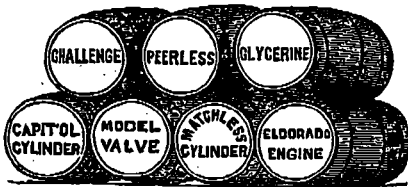
Lodge nights. "Truly rural" has outlived its usefulness—which, by the way, was what you ventured to express to the Hon. D.L. in the matter of the Senate.

"What are pauses?" asked the teacher of the primary class. "Things that grow on cats," piped the small boy at the foot.

"Pa," said the little boy gazing up in his fond parent's face and limping along in evident pain, "Pa, how I wish you'd been born a policeman." "Why, my dear, why." "Cos then you'd have learnt how to walk slow, and stop every now and again to rest." [His father pulled up short and took that boy home.]

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

**QUEEN CITY OIL CO.**



Manufacturers and Dealers in  
**"PEERLESS"**  
 and other MACHINE OILS. American and Canadian Burning Oils a speciality. Get our quotations.  
 SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager.  
 30 FRONT STREET EAST.

**PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.**



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

**N. P. CHANEY & CO.,**  
 230 King St. East, - - Toronto.



**CHEESEWORTH, "THE" TAILOR,**  
 106 | KING : STREET : WEST. | 106  
**TORONTO.**

**A. W. SPAULDING,**  
**DENTIST,**

51 King Street East, (Nearly opposite Toronto St.) ..... TORONTO  
 Uses the utmost care to avoid all unnecessary pain, and to render tedious operations as brief and pleasant as possible. All work registered and warranted.

**P. BURNS**  
 Great Reduction in Price, Direct from Cars, FOR ONE WEEK.  
**WOOD**  
 Best BEECH and MAPLE, Dry, Delivered to any part of the City.  
 Orders left at Offices: Cor. Balmoret and Front St. King St. E., Yonge St. Wharf, and 592 Queen St. West.  
**P. BURN**