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CINGALESE HAIR RESTORER!
 PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT, REMOVES DANDRUFF, AND PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR. ALL THE LADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT.

IMPORTER

CHINA HALL.

GLOVER HARRISON,

49 KING ST. E., Toronto.

The Greatest Beast is the All.

The Greatest Fish is the Oyster.

The Greatest Man is the Fool.

The Greatest Bird is the Owl.

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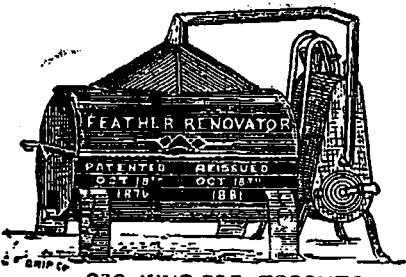
PROPOSED ALTERATION OF THE ORANGE CREST!



Toronto, Nov. 3, 1882.
It has given us every satisfaction
Respecting the copying of letters,
it is everything to be desired.
Taken altogether, it is far ahead
of the pen, especially as regard
legibility and speed.
—GODDARD & WORTS.

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N. P. CHANEY



230 KING-ST. E., TORONTO.



1ST GENT—What find I here
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What
Hath come so near creation?
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE,
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
STUDIO—118 King Street West.

RAIL COAL. LOWEST RATES A. & S. NAIRN Toronto.



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

Please Observe.

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

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Sir Leonard Tilley, emulating his protege, Wiggins, has made a prophecy, and intends to govern himself accordingly. Wiggins foretold a great storm—Tilley predicts a blissful financial calm to last for the next seven years. Having faith in his own powers as a seer, of course the Finance minister will go right on in his extravagance. Whatever Patterson, Blake, or anybody else may say as to the danger of such a course, it will be bad for the country if Tilley's prophecy turns out to be, like Wiggins', a miscalculation.

FIRST PAGE.—In view of the fate of the Orange Incorporation Bill at Ottawa, GRIP suggests a slight alteration in the crest of the loyal order, as the design at present in use does not represent fairly the influence of the Papal Bleu party of Quebec.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Fenton's attention is called to the game of chance now going on between the Mowat and Meridith parties. It is a variation of the old Aunt Sally game, and is exceedingly demoralizing, especially to those of the members elect who may be knocked out of their seats.



And now the day is drawing nigh when the young man, who has posed on the street all winter as the possessor of a Herculean torso, casts aside his overcoat, and behold! his shoulders are skimp and sloping, even as are those of a champagne bottle.

"What is woman's sphere?" asks an exchange, and then proceeds to define what it is in an article three quarters of a column in

length: We can answer the question, in two words, viz: A mouse. How *Punch* would revel in explaining this joke!

Look here, Mr. New York *Sunday Mercury*, where did you get that "Quite a Rover," that appeared in your edition of Sunday last? The architect of that poem is right here, and though very happy to see his productions quoted he likes to get credit for them.

As we write, the mellow note of the robin strikes our ear, on every hand the opening buds proclaim the presence of the sweetest season of the year, and once more arises the question as it has before arisen, in all its gaunt and hideous deformity, Shall we be able to redeem those summer garments?

We see by an exchange that, 200 years ago, the Indians indulged in Turkish baths. A specimen of the noble Lo passes along Adelaide street at this moment, and to judge from his appearance we should guess that 2,000 would be nearer the mark, but we will knock off the odd 1,800 and let it go at two centuries.

The *Westminster Review* has an article entitled, "Common Sense about Women." We are puzzled. We cannot decide whether this article was written a thousand years ago, or is written for a thousand years hence. On one point only are we assured, that it certainly is not meant for the present time, for "Common Sense about Women" is entirely out of fashion.

MOBBING A VICAR.

SCANDALOUS SCENES, FIGHTING AND SHOUTING IN AN ENGLISH CHURCH.

Such is the heading of an article in an exchange. For pure, unadulterated blackguardism, commend us to an old country congregation when it gets its back up with the parson.

The latest arithmetical puzzle is this: "Two girls met three other girls and they all kissed: How many kisses were exchanged?" We have engaged four very pretty girls, and intend to practically demonstrate this thing, though we think and hope that we shall be some time before we get at the right solution. In the mean time we exclaim with the philosophical Oriental, "Kissmet."

Bystander is really nervous lest Canadians become enamored of a monarchy, and goes a long way out of his road to prove that that institution is effete, and coming to a certain death "in its own hemisphere." He says, "A tree so sickly"—as he makes it out to be—"will scarcely bear transplantation to an alien soil." But is it worth while to cry "Wolf! Wolf!" before the wolf appears?

The Church of the Ascension T. A. S. in Hamilton is an admirable organization, but the initials of its title C. A. T. A. S. are suggestive to a punster, who wants to say something about "strophes" at the entertainments, musical and literary, which are frequently held by the society; however it is to be hoped that the association will never meet with a catastrophe. There, we had to do it. Couldn't hold it in.

"Dudey" wants to know which of the four Georges was the Saint George, patron saint of England. We are not quite certain, Dudey, but we rather incline to the belief that it was No IV; the whole caboodle of the Georges were celebrated for their brilliant intellects, (No III especially), sincere piety and exemplary religious and moral conduct, but in our opinion George IV. was the old rooster who was elected patron saint of England.

A sign in a Yonge-street fish, fruit and candy store bears this legend: "Finnan Hades, ten cents a lb." We have looked through both editions, revised and otherwise, and don't see the article mentioned, but it is our opinion that ten cents per pound, is exorbitant for any kind of Hades, as we can and do often get it for nothing. What is it? Is it some new name for brimstone and treacle or what? Imagine it must be what. Hello!

"All fish dressed here," proclaims a fish-monger's sign board on Yonge street—(strange, is it not, that all these things are to be seen on Yonge street?)—and the modesty of the maiden who enters that shop is shocked as she beholds salmon in a state of absolute nudity, codfish with their vests open all the way down and without as much as a necktie on, and other gentlemen of the piscatorial species in the "skanderous costum of the Greek slay," as poor Artemus hath it.

The *Hamilton Evening Tribune*, a new one cent paper, made its first appearance about a fortnight ago, and is a most healthy-looking and promising inf— we were going to say infant, but as, strictly speaking an infant has nothing to say, the term would be inapplicable, for the *Tribune* has plenty to say, and says it in a manly, straightforward way which would do credit to a much bigger boy. The lusty youngster is in able hands and a flourishing future is predicted for it.

The *American Funeral Gazette*, published at Cincinnati, is a journalistic curiosity. It is a monthly paper, devoted to the interests of the fraternity of undertakers. It carries the funeral tone into every department, and its most lugubrious articles cannot fail to strike the reader as being remarkably like those of the English comic papers. We can cordially recommend the *Gazette* to our hypochondriacal friends on the other side of the fish pond, as it cannot fail to enliven them after a course of British humorous literature.

Some of the Yankee papers are talking of "D—ing the Delaware." We hope they won't do it. In the interests of morality we protest. If responsible people begin to use the big, big D. in such a reckless way, what will be the consequences to the crowd? Therefore we say to the intending big-D-ers—don't. Think twice before you set an example that may be followed in quarters where you would least like it, or it is highly probable you will, like us, have a Rivers and Streams' Bill on your hands before you know it, and will have the same difficulty in deciding upon its legality.

Mr. M—n G—n has found a friend in Mr. Mozley, of the "Reminiscences." Mr. Mozley says, "It is too true, however, that very good gentlemen sometimes denude themselves of their Christian livery when they enter the anonymous arena. Strange to say, the more good people abuse the press the worse do they behave when they find themselves taking a part in it." And, says Mr. M—n G—n, "This is true to the letter. We have known men who objected very strongly at times to the 'partizanship,' and 'virulence,' and 'abuse' of the press. But when these very critical persons come to reply to assailants—especially on semi-theological or professional questions—their language has been so outrageous that no editor, however reckless, would use it in an article."

Well, Mr. M—n G—n ought to know, for has he not been there?



CERULEAN.

WHAT IT IS COMING TO.

"Now, Bella dear, I want to blue these clothes: run into the back kitchen and bring me that bowl of blue you will see on the second shelf." Bella goes and returns. "Shall I pour it into the boiler, ma?" "Yes, dear, pour—stay, Bella, Bella, what are you doing? That's this morning's milk." "Well, ma, how was I to know? I didn't taste it."

HE ENTERTAINED THEM.

Perhaps every one who is somewhat advanced in life can remember some incident of his earlier days which he would like to forget: something that resulted from the freshness and vast inexperience of youth. I can; and I have spent a good deal of time trying to forget it. It was shortly after I had left college, and with a couple of capital letters tacked on to the rear of my name, I felt a pity and contempt for ordinary mortals that were only exceeded, I have since been led to reflect, by my own conceit and verdancy. My health had given way under the severe strain of my collegiate studies, and I was advised to take a pedestrian trip through a sparsely settled portion of Canada, as the free air and wholesome exercise were expected to be of great benefit to me.

I had been walking all day, when one evening I arrived at the shanty of some surveyor's assistants, axe and chainmen; rough, uncultivated fellows, who, however, made me welcome, and did all in their power to entertain me in their uncouth way. Their shanty was as rough as themselves, and their dogs and horses had free ingress and egress whenever their fancies prompted them to walk in. There were four of these men, one being a huge bushy-bearded fellow, a perfect giant in strength and stature; another was shorter and powerfully built and one-eyed; the third was tall, lank and hatchet-faced, with a peculiar habit of squirting tobacco juice out of the corners of his mouth, while the fourth was a slab-sided, wiry, red-headed character. In my conceit and self-consciousness of superior wisdom, I pitied these men on account of their toilsome lives, for their work was hard, opening up roads through dense, thickly-grown bush, and, as I was proud of my conversational ability I endeavored to make my discourse instructive. I had gathered some geological specimens during my day's walk, and these I produced, and descanted to the horny-handed toilers of tertiary and carboniferous periods, and of the pterodactyl, duck-billed platypus, and megatherium giganteus. I gave my views on Tennyson, Cicero, Shakespeare and others; touched on ancient heathen mythology, and producing a flower I had plucked in my walk, I descanted on its names and parts, and

remarked that I fancied it must be indigenous to that locality, and spoke of the plant being endogenous in contradistinction to exogenous, and remarked that they could observe that it was not cryptogamous; in fact, I did all I could to make my company pleasant and instructive. I spoke long and, to my own mind, well. The men looked at me, and at each other, but said nothing.

We sat down to supper round the fire and partook of pork, swimming in grease, heavy bread, beans, molasses, and what my entertainers termed "slumgullion."

"Bill," said the big fellow, dipping a piece of damper into the pork fat, and plashing the hot grease over my feet, "Bill, have you borrowed my Deemostheens? Missed it to-day when I wanted to read about Herkewis, but couldn't find it?"

"No," replied Bill, "your Virgil's in my bunk, but no Demostheens."

"Oh! well, 'spose it'll turn up."

The conversation flagged here, and I felt, somehow, warm, though the fire was getting low. Presently the lank, thin man said, with his mouth full of "slumgullion" and bread, "I don't want no ructions round to-night. Want to get on with that poem of mine." "All right, old fel," said the short, red-shirted one, "we won't disturb ye. Me and Zeke's goin' out to get the dramatic combination of Saturn; she's in perigee to-night and we're a-goin' to observe her transit."

I took no part in these remarks. Somehow I did not feel like joining in.

A dog here crept in and began licking the frying-pan.

"Get out thar, ye durned old carboniferous pterodactyl," yelled the hatchet-faced man, throwing a pannikin at the animal. The dog ran out, and the short, stout man resumed the conversation: "I give a good deal of my time to 'stroomony when I was in Yoorope." "Over thar long?" asked another. "Good while; studying art into Rome." "Rome!" ejaculated the lank individual, "I was born thar. Father was a sculper." "Good one?" "Yes." "Well, I'd ha' thought it to look at yer." "I never was in Yoorup," remarked the one-eyed man, "but I was educated in the States. I ockeyped the cheer of ancient languages at Harvard College and—hold up there ye infernal old flea-bitten, duck-billed platypus," he roared, kicking at another cur with its nose in the camp-kettle.

I felt very hot and feverish, and we all shortly retired to rest, the two astronomers having apparently concluded to abandon their observations for that night.

I did not rest very well. I was thinking. As day dawned, the men began to turn over in their blankets and yawn. Then one said:

"Hello! Bill; how yer makin' it?"

"Oh! I'm indigenous."

"An' you, Dave?"

"I'm endogenous."

"An' you, Lanks, you son of a sculper?"

"Exogenous."

"How do you feel, Jake?" asked one who had responded.

"Cryptogamous, sir, cryptogamous."

I got up and went out to a little stream to get a drink. I felt thirsty and queer. Then I heard a voice from the shanty:

"Well, it's 'bout time to turn out. Wonder if them durned old megatherium giganti-cusses of our'n are done grazin'?"

Then a reply:

"I guess you'll find 'em down somewheres by the tertiary period."

I walked on a little piece to get the fresh air.

I kept on.

"Dying in poverty," says a modern moralist, "is nothing; it is living in poverty that comes hard on a fellow."



HE IS DUE.

Cowly the crocus peeps forth from its bed,
Winter is over, cold weather is past;
Shyly the snowdrop lifts up its pure head,
And fears not the breath of the wintry blast.

Afar in the thicket the robin is singing,
As he feels the sun's rays shining genial and bright,
And the lays of the birds from the bushes are ringing,
As away up the road doth the tramp loom in sight.

Tramp, tramp, 'midst the insects' humming,
Tramp, tramp, yes, the tramp is coming

Soon will he come to the doors of your houses
Demanding some food, or the money to get it,
In tattered old coat and remarkable trowis,
And if you've a dog to let loose, why then, let it.

But bad though he is, this perennial bummer,
There are beings much worse, of a different brood,
We have them in winter, in spring time and summer,
They are with us at all times, the masher and dude.

Kick, kick, like a mule legged lasher,
Kick, kick the dude and sock it to the masher.

TO WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTORS.

K. K., Montreal—The poem you send for insertion is excellent, and is one of the best we ever saw in every respect, but as it has already appeared in GRIP, some two years ago, and as, in fact we are the author of it, we hardly like to publish it over again. Try again, but don't endeavor to pass off any more of our own effusions on us as yours; we shall nearly always detect you.

BOWIE KNIFE BILL.—Your story of The Ghoul-haunted Grisly of Gory Gulch is admirable—in its way, and that part where you make the mule kick is original,—in its way, the plot is good—in its way, and we threw the MS. into the waste paper basket which stood—in its way.

WAIL

OF THE BROKEN-VOICED TENOR.

My heart is heavy as heaviest	DO
My voice is cracked and I needs must go.	RE
No gladsome light sheds a single	MI
On my path as I wearily plod my way	FA.
No one appears to feel pity for	SOL
Since my voice is pitched in a quavering key.	LA
The friends who once praised me now stand a	SI
And laugh as I twangle my light guitar,	
All nature seems cold, and no warmth has	
To cheer, and I'm taking to alcohol.	
For that alone can inspire a	
in one who has passed prosperity's day.	
And nothing to live for I now can	
And death would be welcome, indeed, to me.	

And those who worshipped me long ago,
Now will not a DO, RE, MI, FA or near;
So I fain will take to drinking and show,
My only SOL, LA, SI's in my beer.



WHAT HE PERSONATED.

"Now, girls," said young Fitznoodle, as he entered the sitting room attired for the masquerade, "I'll bet you you can't tell me what I represent." Fitz was clad in a tight-fitting, flesh-colored suit which set off his ponderous muscles and magnificent athletic development admirably. "Let me see," said Lucy, "you personate Samson?" "Wrong," replied Fitz, "try again. 'What do you say, Maria?'" "Well, perhaps Hercules, or a Roman gladiator?" "No, dear, mine is an entirely modern character. It is—" "You are Sullivan, or I should say, Mr. Sullivan," burst in Lucy. "Am I right?" "Wrong again," answered the young fellow, doubling his arm and displaying his 17 inch biceps. "You must be Strength, then," said Maria. "Ah! you're getting nearer it now: one more guess." "I give it up." "And so do I," replied both the girls. "Well, then, I am going as Boarding House Butler; how do you think I fill the bill?" asked Fitz hilariously, "The very thing; admirable."

Readers, respect the grey hairs of the joke upon which this story is built. Age should never be scoffed at.



THE WONDROUS POWER OF MUSIC;

OR, POETRY AND REALITY.

Mr. A. Young, F.R.S.E., author of "There is a Happy Land," etc., dedicates a very beautiful poem to Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, Mus. Doc., LL.D., Professor of Music in the Uni-

versity of Edinburgh, on hearing him play on his magnificent organ the touching melody of "The Canadian Boat Song."

Mr. Young describes his sensations on hearing the "Boat Song" played, and tells in melodious rhyme how the "dear and tender strains" recalled the gentle boatmen's songs as they ply the peaceful oar on the rivers of Canada. This is all very poetical and very beautiful, and we wish we could always picture the Canadian boatman, dropping down on the limpid waters of the Ottawa or the St. Lawrence, and, as he keeps time with his oar, musically warbling in his mellow notes the tender strain of "Itow, brothers, row." Once upon a time we were imbued with similar notions to those which Mr. Young seems to hold, and we used to think how peaceful a scene it must be when, as the gentle wind dies on the distant plain, these boatmen ply the oar to the sweet yet sad refrain of the Canadian Boatsong, and when we came to Canada we went one beautiful calm summer evening and sat down on the bank of the St. Lawrence to wait for a Canadian boatman to come along warbling his song. He came presently, several of them, not, however, in a boat, but on a raft, which to our mind, as far as the poetry of the thing was concerned, was the same, for we observed that there were oars at each end of the raft, and consequently the raftsmen would probably row, and rowing, doubtless sing. Now, we thought to ourself, are the bright dreams of our youth about to be fulfilled. Now we shall hear the Canadian boatman sing his song, keeping time with his oar, whilst the breeze sufficeth not the blue wave to curl. Now we shall hear the boatmen's voices clear mingle with the dripping oar, and we waited. True to tradition, just as the raft swung abreast of us, several men took hold of the oars, and one, in a red shirt and top boots, began to sing. The air was not exactly the same as that to which we had been accustomed to hear Moore's poem sung,—nor were the words. Throwing back his head as he tugged at the ponderous oar, the singer gave vent to the following in a voice whose tones were a cross between the roar of a bull of Bashan and the shrieks of a steam calliope:

"Oh! ze catfish he jump on top of ze raft,
Ra, re, ro, said ze catfish:
And Jean Baptiste he dauced and he laughed,
And right by ze tall he gr-r-r-abbet ze cat-fish,
And he boil him up in ze pea-soup pot,
And dey eat ze cat-fish smoking hot,
By gar-r! he was a cat-fish big dat he caught,
R-ra-re-ro, says ze catfish."

Away amongst the woods on the river's bank went the echo of this sweet refrain, the air seeming to be filled with the words:

"Ra, re ro, says ze cat-fish."

as every man on the raft bellowed forth the chorus at the top of his voice. Since that time we have often heard the Canadian boatmen sing, and candor and a strong regard for veracity compel us to confess that we wish we hadn't. It may be that we did not wait on the river bank at the right time, or that the real Canadian boatman with his "Row, brothers, row" watched till we went home before he would come singing along, but he certainly never came while we were there; at least, not that kind of boatman; the catfish-man did, though, often, and the burden of his song was ever the same as that quoted or else something similar, and we almost wish now that we had let our boyhood's belief remain as it used to be, for the dreams of our youthful days are dispelled rudely, and often enough without the dreamer crossing the ocean to find that all was built upon the baseless fabric of a vision. Ah! me.

|| The upper and the lower jaw—The Senate and the Assembly.



THE BLOW WAS TOO GREAT.

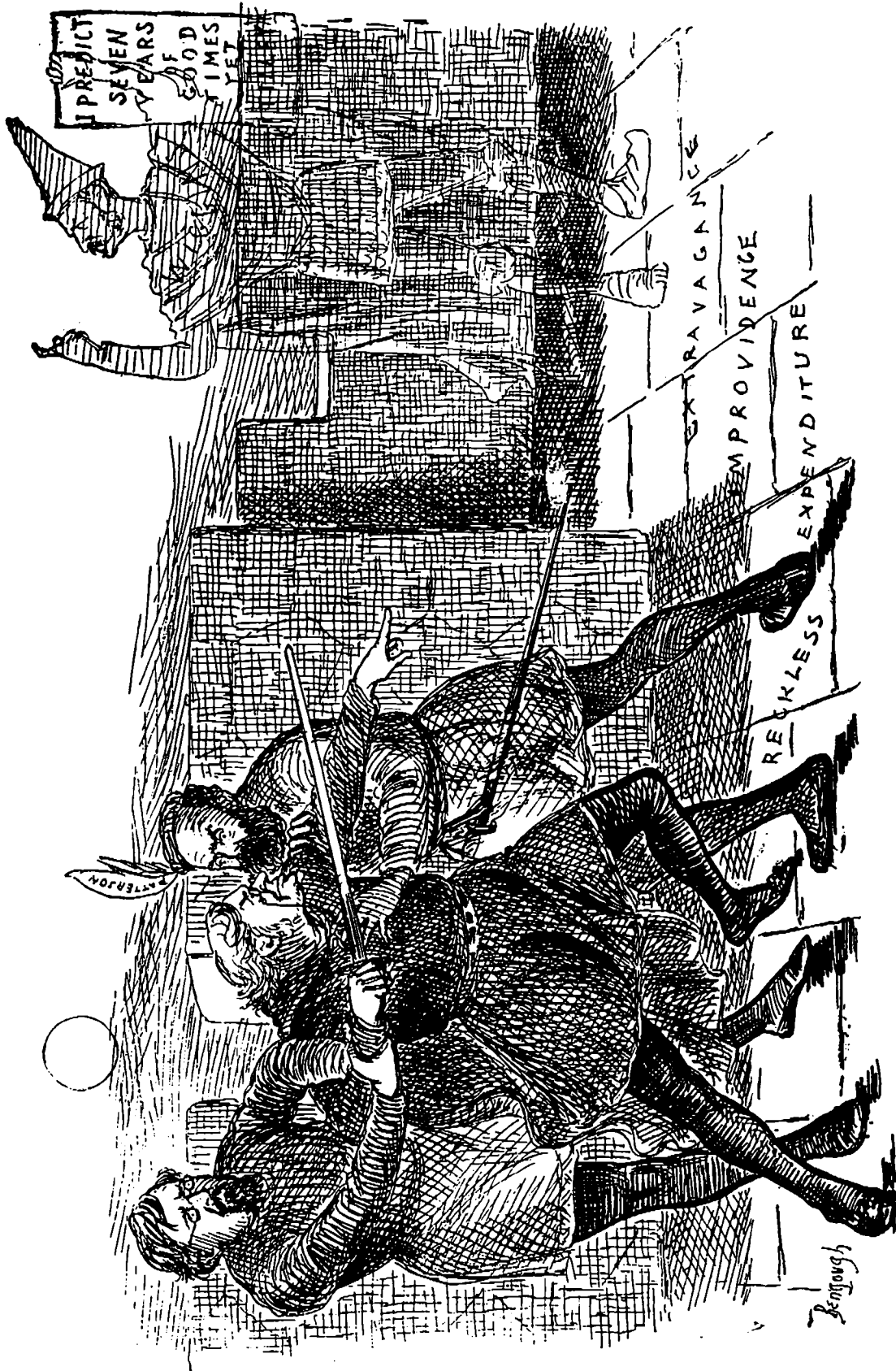
"My daughter, your father is a disgraced and dishonored man," and the coal-dealer cast himself into a chair, and burying as much of his head as would go in in his hands, groaned deeply.

"Oh! dearest paw," exclaimed his only daughter, a fair maiden of eighteen, as she seated herself beside him and stroked the silver threads amongst the bronze on her father's head, "What have you done? Nothing, I am sure, dishonorable. Say, pap, it is but some passing bustness, some ephemeral bankruptcy, which will cause, for a space, your retirement into the chrysalis cocoon of private life, only to burst forth after compromising with those who would grind you beneath their iron heel, at three cents on the dollar, into a new existence of still greater papillonerie, a more glorious butterfly than ever." The young lady was home for her holiday—pardon—vacation, and had won the prize for composition at her college. "Nay, child, I am not bust," replied the unhappy parent, "but dishonor, worse than death, stares me in the face." "What have you done? Father, oh! father, conceal nothing from your daughter." "Child, my scales were tested this day and found wanting: aye, lacking, and in place of showing two thousand pounds when weighing a ton, they marked but nineteen hundred and ninety-nine and a half: thus have I, unwittingly, defrauded my customers of half a pound on every ton of coal they purchased, and I can not bear the thought." "That's nothing, pap," answered his daughter cheerfully, "half a pound on a ton; tut! why, there's Simpson, and Mugby, Jones & Co., never give more than—" "Stay, child; though others may err it does not make my offence the lighter. I shall not hold up my head again," and he bowed him down, and when the physician came he pronounced that the vital spark was extinct.

And the angels bore him away and took him and placed him in that portion of the celestial regions over the portals of which were the words "For coal dealers who gave good weight." And, behold, he was exceeding lonesome.

Mr. Kelly, of Peru, Ind., shot Mr. Derby, of the same place, last Thursday, and a despatch says that "the sympathy of the people was with Mr. Kelly." The same despatch also states that Derby is a member of the Peru brass band. Indiana people seem to be pretty level-headed.

"Please, sir, there's nothing in the house to eat," said Brown's landlady. "How about the fish I sent in?" "Please, sir, the cat 'ave eat them." "Then there's some cold chicken—" "Please, sir, the cat—" "Wasn't there some tart of some sort?" "Please, sir, the cat—" "All right, I must do with cheese and—" "Please, sir, the cat—" "Then cook the cat and let's have it all at once."



THE 'SPIRIT OF WIGGINS HAUNTING THE FINANCE DEPARTMENT.

HAMLET (TILLEY).—UNHAND ME, GENTLEMEN! (To Ghost) GO ON, I'LL FOLLOW THEE!



"So the world wags."

The Rev. Sydney Smith was pleased to make merry at the expense of the Scotchman's inability to see a joke, but from my own observations, I think a good many Englishmen are just as obtuse in the matter of seeing the point of a joke as their "brithren awa' ayant the Tweed." As an instance; I told my friend Ponsonby that old story about the barrister who had a female client named Tickell. Every one knows the anecdote: how the lawyer arose in court and addressing the judge, began, "Tickell, my client, my lord—" when the judge interrupted him with, "Tickle her yourself, Mr. —, you are as well able to do it as I." Well, Ponsonby was dumb for several minutes, without a smile on his typical Saxon face, and then he said, "But, you know, I suppose the lawyer was just as well able to tickle her as the judge. He was probably a younger man, you know, eh?" Certainly there are some Scotchmen who do take an unconscionably long time to get at the pith of a jest, as witness the story told by Bannochcraig o' Auchtermuchtie about his friend, Hector Muoklepenny, laird o' Drumskillie, in these words. "The laird, while rogalin' himsel' wi' the pickin's o' a tup's heed, before retiring for the night, leapt frae his chair, an' droppin' the hane, clappit his hauns an' cried, "The brindle coo! the brindle coo! I hae it a' noo," and wi' a lood laugh fell deid on the floor. A' was consternation till his auld frien' an' crony, McMutckin o' that ilk, cam' in, an' was tauld about the circumstances. "Aye, aye," said he "I see it a'. Twa weeks ago the night, we were haein' a bit feast wi' O'Brien, who keepit us a' laughing wi' his crack, an' tauld a queer story about a brindle coo that ate a piper. I didna see the joke mysel' for twa days, an' it just took twa weeks to fin' its way into the heid o' pur Hector. Ay! but he was a fine henchman, an' fond o' a gude drapple."

It sometimes happens that a barrister gets more than he bargains for when cross-examining a witness. Such was the case when a clothes-line robbery was being investigated in a certain court, and the counsel for the defendant had browbeaten and bullied the prosecutrix almost past endurance. The legal gentleman insisted upon the witness stating what the man alleged to have stolen the clothes looked like, as she had already sworn that she had seen the man who she knew was the thief, looking over the fence as she was hanging out the garments. "Come," said the lawyer, "you must answer. How did he look?" The witness seemed puzzled. "Did he look," asked the counsel, glancing round for a simile, "did he look like—like me, for instance?" "Oh, 'deed, no, sah," replied the witness. "If he looked de least bit like you, sah, dere wouldn't be no robbery at all." "Ah," said the counsellor, "how's that?" "I'd made udder arrangements." "Indeed!" he continued, smiling. "What might they have

been?" "Why, if he looked at all as you does, I wouldn't have dar'd to hang dem clothes out at all!"

* *

A few days ago I saw something that made me wonder. A lady, accompanied by a child and a white Spitz dog, were about to cross the street, which was pretty well crowded with vehicles, and not altogether free from mud. She regarded her two companions with an air of perplexity for a few moments, and then, stooping down, she picked up the little brute of a dog, and carefully carried it over, leaving the child to follow at its own sweet will, and at the imminent peril of being run over by one of the many carts and carriages that thronged the thoroughfare.

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.

"What do you think of women for doctors?" asked a lady of her family physician. "They are invaluable, madam," replied the doctor; "we derive at least two-thirds of our income from them."

In the cure of severe coughs, weak lungs, spitting of blood, and the early stages of Consumption, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has astonished the medical faculty. While it cures the severest coughs, it strengthens the system and purifies the blood. By druggists.

A fourteen-year-old girl in Sandy Hill, N. Y. eloped with a schoolboy, got married, and returned home with him to be forgiven. She was well spanked by her mother, and the husband on his way out of the house was kicked eighteen times by her mother. They had never read anything like that in novels.

Mynheer Snoffengrozen thus tells how he felt "on a time." It verges on the agonizing: "Oonce, ven I vas court mine Catarine, I vas gone on mine field to hoe mine potatoes corn. Vell, den I sec my Caterine coming der road, so I dinks I give her a boo, so I climbs a tree, and shust as I vas going to boo her, I fallis off on der hemlock fence, and stick a pine-knot hole in my pantoloons, and Caterine vas laff, and make me more shame den a sheep mit one tief on his back.

One of the funniest, most aggravating typographical errors on record has just produced a hurricane, accompanied by thunder and lightning, in the office of the Lynchburg *Virginian*. Its editor on glancing over his powerful leader at the breakfast table on Thursday morning last, was astonished to find that he was made to say that the farmers would forget their "pantry and nursery" in the excitement of politics. The manuscript read poverty and misery.

A Brantford editor, while recently traveling, had his wallet abstracted from his pocket by an adroit pickpocket, while indulging in a short nap. The thief was so disgusted with the result of his exploit, that he returned the plunder by express, to the address written in the wallet, with the following note:—"You miserabil skunk, hears your pockit-book. Fur a man dressed as well as you was to go round with a wellit with nuthin in it but a lot of noospapur scraps, a ivory tooth-comb, two noospapur stamps, an' a pass from a ralerode directur, is a contenterble impurition on the public. As I hear your a editor, I return your trash. I never robs any only gentlemen."

The only thing that causes us to think that the editor referred to was not a Brantford man, is the statement about his being well dressed.

EVENING.

A LITTLE THING OF MY OWN.

Slowly the setting sun seeks the salt sea,
(Weirdly the willows will wave in the wind)
Love laden lilies lie low on the lea;
Cow-bells are clanging their cul-cul-luls kind.

Nightingales notify night now is near,
(Weird in the wind the willows will wave)
Pellucid planets peering appear;
Bright burns the beacon blessed by the brave.

Humble bees homeward hie to their hives,
(Weirdly the wind will wave the wet willow)
Lovers long for the ladies loved as their lives,
And, played out, the poet pants on his pillow.
—OSWILDE CARR.

ADDRESS TO A DUDE.

Oh! being, wonderful,
And none the less wonderful from being incomprehensible,
What art thou? and
Whence camest thou, and
Where in thunder art thou going?
Where are thy floating ribs, and by
What art immaculate dost thou
Thy paunch suppress?
And by what means dost thou conceal and make invisible
Thy abdominal viscera.
As though they were not?
Where didst thou steal that umbrella?
And to what circumstance are we indebted
For thy presence, anyhow?
Forgone: we want thee not, thou being who should'st not be,
Yet being, art.
Hast thou such a thing as a quarter of a dollar
About thine immaculate duds? and
If so, may we be under
A temporary obligation to thee
For the loan of that same?
Ha! thou goest: tis well. 'Thou art
But mortal after all.
Farewell,
Dude.

[In publishing this poem, be it distinctly understood that we are not responsible for the title.—Ed.]

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Written after being caught in a Snow Storm in April.

Oh, Beautiful Snow! Oh, Beautiful Snow!
Covering the ground in April so:
'Tis smilingly beckoned by Phobus' bright ray
Still seemest thou loth to hie thee away
To thy summer retreat in the desolate North,
The scene of thy prowess, the land of thy birth;
O, deem me not harsh when I wish thee to go
And leave us a season, oh, Beautiful Snow!

Oh, Frolicsome Snow! oh, Frolicsome Snow!
No more can I welcome thy whirling so;
'Tis all very well in a cold winter night
To enshroud a poor soul in your mantle of white:
When snugly enveloped in great coat of fur,
I never did then at thy frolics demur;
But now in fair April to bother me so,
'Tis what I don't fancy, oh, Frolicsome Snow!

Oh, Pitiless Snow! Oh, Pitiless Snow!
Canst see I am coatless, and gloveless also?
When Phobus shone brightly I threw them away,
Ne'er thinking that thou wouldst seize me as prey.
But, ah, how short-sighted we poor mortals are;
Nor can we, like war horse, scent battle afar.
So, as with quick footsteps to shelter I go,
I cannot forgive thee, O, Pitiless Snow!

Oh, Merciless Snow! Oh, Merciless Snow,
Laughing and sporting and jesting at woe.
Near the laborer's home thou'rt an unwelcome guest,
And unto all those who by want are oppressed;
Who shiver and shrink before thy cold blast,
Praying each onslaught shall e'en be thy last.
To such thou art truly a conquering foe,
Thou dread of the widow, Oh, Merciless Snow!

Oh, Cowardly Snow! Oh, Cowardly Snow!
Skulking round wood piles and fences so;
Why dost thou not leave for thy northern lair
And treat to thy friendship the Polar Bear,
For truly thou'rt very unwelcome here,
Covering the ground with thy mantle so drear:
For a season thy presence we well could forego,
Then come from thy shelter O! Cowardly Snow.

Oh, Treacherous Snow! Oh, Treacherous Snow!
How I laugh when I see thee commencing to go,
Because thou'rt unwillingly passing from sight,
For Boreas, the Frost King, still urges the fight.
But Sol, the all-powerful monarch of day,
Hath determined to meet thee in battle array.
And the brooklets unbound, will soon with thee o'erflow,
And the birds chant thy requiem, O! Treacherous Snow.
—MCTUFF.

P. K. BOOHOO.

FLUTTERINGS IN SOCIETY CIRCLES.



A *recherche* affair came off at No. 311 Lombard-street, last Wednesday, the event being nothing less than the marriage of Miss Kathleen McGuire to Mr. Cornelius O'Bryan. The bride would have been most superbly attired had it been possible to have raised the amount necessary to redeem her trousseau, which an am avuncular relative had received the previous night upon advancing a temporary loan thereon. As it was she tackled the ceremony which made her Mrs. O'Bryan, elegantly attired in a patch-work quilt, a mosquito bar doing duty for the bridal veil. The affair, which has been long talked of, caused quite a flurry of excitement in the circle of society which the contracting parties adorn. The happy couple left, per street car, for the northern part of the city and intend holding a reception on their return from their bridal tour.

It is whispered that Mr. Hunks, the eminent dry goods merchant, is about to cross the Atlantic on a visit to his parents, whom he has not seen for many years. Mr. Hunks, senr. has been for nearly half a century, a well-known coster-monger in St. Giles, London, Eng., and is considered one of the most talented donkey drivers in that vast metropolis. Mr. Hunks has two brothers in Her Majesty's service, one of them being a lance corporal in the 113th foot, whilst the other holds the position of assistant cook in the same regiment.

It is learned with deep regret that Miss Claribel Montague severely sprained the middle finger of her left hand, two days ago, whilst assisting her mother to hang the week's washing out on the line. As this untoward accident will prevent Miss Montague from taking part in her daily piano practice, the air of the neighborhood in which she resides will be purified of much of the profanity which usually pervades it.

Mr. Grosvenor Jallops meditates a trip across the Don in a day or two, a gold watch and chain belonging to Mr. Nambly having forced their company upon him, as he states, much against his will. Society will miss Mr. Jallops' genial face, though we trust that gentleman's visit may not prove to be a protracted one. Miss Nancy Slathers will take charge of his bull-pup during his absence.

Amongst the distinguished guests at a select *dejeuner*, given at the residence of Mr. Florimel Gustave De Brassy, on Jarvis-street, Friday night, was the eminent editor of the evening *News*. The distinguished gentleman with his usual modesty, did not mingle freely with the guests, but observed the proceedings with philosophic interest through the keyhole of the kitchen door.

Mr. DeGrubbe, the wealthy broker, has received from England an heirloom that has been in his family for nearly three years, the article being the identical hat worn by his esteemed father for over twenty-five years in his capacity of coalheaver in Liverpool.

It is rumoured that Mr. Tom Tapeline, the affable salesperson at the Nickel plated Megatherium, is about to lead one of the most talented hash-slingers of the Occidental Hotel to the altar.

Miss Smith, of Hutton Terrace, intends spending the Queen's birthday with her friend Miss Higgins, of Doncaster.

Miss Jones, of Fungus Avenue, gave a select muffin worry to several of her friends on Thursday last.

HARRIERS IN CANADA.

"I say, what do they mean in the old country by the Harriers?" asked Mr. Flabby, looking up from a newspaper he was perusing as he sat at breakfast in Mrs. Headcheese's boarding-house; "I see that W. G. George, the long distance runner, has been beaten in a cross country race by another member of the Moseley Harriers. What does it mean?" "The Harriers," replied Mr. Dado, who knows everything, "are a breed of dogs so-called, and the Club takes its name from them." "What are they for? what do they do?" continued Mr. Flabby, "Are they hounds?" "They are somewhat similar to beagles," responded the omniscient Dodo, "and they are used for pursuing hares; hence their name." "What do they pursue hares for? Do they eat them?" continued Flabby. "Certainly," replied Dodo, "the hare is a very prolific animal, and would soon overrun the country, doing an inconceivable amount of damage to crops and so forth, were their numbers not reduced, and these harriers are very useful for this purpose." "Do the harriers exterminate the hares then?" enquired the inquisitive Flabby. "Certainly," replied Mr. Dodo. "Then," continued Flabby, "I propose that we all subscribe and get a pack over at once; we can call them the Headcheese Harriers. Sounds well, eh? Flabby, of the Headcheese Harriers; what d'ye say?" and he looked round the table. "What the mischief could we do with a pack of harriers in this country; there are only rabbits out here," enquired several at once. "We could turn them loose on the butter," replied Flabby, triumphantly, "turn them loose on Mrs. Headcheese's butter, gentlemen." "What on earth would you do that for?" came in a chorus from all present, "they don't eat butter." "What for?" yelled Flabby; "why to exterminate the hairs of course." And Mrs. Headcheese advanced, bed-slat in hand, and pointed Mr. Flabby to the door, and his place in that boarding-house knew him no more for ever.

AFTER THE WEDDING;

OR, THE SISTER BRIDESMAID'S AGONY.

The guests have departed who stood at the shrine,
All but Vavasour Pelham who's had too much wine,
And has fallen asleep on the table to dream,
Reclining his brow in a dish of ice cream.

The bride from the arms of her mother has flown,
And the bride's only sister sits weeping alone;
The fair orange blossoms are far from her cast
That cost full three dollars the week before last.

Oh! why does she utter that low wailing sound?
And why is her hand thrown away on the ground?
The band of white satin that circled her waist,
Which the arm of her lover has often embraced?

She went to the church with that gay wedding train,
None relaced her sadness, or heeded her pain;
And when she returned she was ready to drop,
Although to the breakfast expected to stop.

But now all is over,—a knife with a dash
She seizes with frenzy and, swift as a flash,
She rips up her staylace—her anguish is o'er,
And the heart of the bridesmaid is joyous once more.



Mr. Wm. McDonnell, of Linl'ay, has completed his new Canadian opera, entitled "The Fisherman's Daughter," the music and libretto being both written by Mr. McDonnell and the former arranged by Prof. Waterford. This new production has been submitted to competent musical critics in New York and Canada, who all pronounce it excellent. Mr. McDonnell is now arranging for its early, and first, production in Toronto.

HARD UP.

I met a man one raw, bleak day,
He rushed along the street,
I bid him for one moment stay,
"Why fiest thou so fleet?"
I asked him, "Why dost hurry so,
As though by fiend pursued?"
"Oh! hold me not," he cried, "I go,
(I mean not to be rude),

Away, away, no matter where,
But onwards I must go.
The piercing winds I cannot bear
Which round me keenly blow.
The well-dressed man may walk at ease,
Close buttoned to the throat;
The seedy wretch must run, or freeze
In threadbare summer coat.

Then onwards, onwards let me rush,
Along the crowded street.
Aside the passers-by I push,
For I *must* warn my feet.
Then do not stop me on my way;
My speed let none control:
I catch my death if I delay,
In shoes without a sole.

The reindeer takes an active bound;
The lamblings lightly skip;
Fleet is the footstep of the hound;
And gay the children skip.
Then who would wish to interfere
My liveliness to quell?
Speed, speed alone can warm and cheer
The light-clad, seedy swell."

A WRINKLE

FOR THOSE WHOM THE AGENT ANNOYETH.

Agents sometimes over-reach themselves. One, who was offering for sale some little sticks of some compound for cementing broken glass and china, called at Dunshunner's the other day. Dunshunner was at home, and, seeing through the window that the man was not a debt collector, attended the door in person. The agent expatiated on the excellence and utility of his wares, and Dunshunner was hesitating, he didn't really want the stuff, and he could see no decent way of bluffing the man whose eloquence was overwhelming. "Well," he said, "I think I'll take half a dozen: that'll be thirty-seven cents: you say a dozen will last a year; well, half'll be enough for me." "Half a dozen!" exclaimed the agent, "I shan't be around this way again till next spring; besides your neighbors on each side of you have taken two dozen apiece, and I should like to sell you the same number. I missed you the other day when I was round and called back on purpose." "D'ye say that both my next door neighbors have taken two dozen?" asked Dunshunner with a look of joy in his eye. "Yes, sir," replied the agent, fancying he'd got him, "two dozen apiece." "You're perfectly certain, are you?" "Yes, sir, they've each got two dozen of 'em." "Oh! then I don't want any at all," said Dunshunner "I can borrow from them. Good day."



THE POLITICAL GAME OF AUNT SALLY.

THE TUG OF WAR.

A LITTLE POEM IN PECULIAR METRE.

"Here is a recent specimen of amenities in the Greek Legislature: M. Dimitrakakis—You lie! (Tumult.) M. Mandalos—I repeat it. M. Dimitrakakis—Then you are a liar! M. Mandalos—And you're another! For this speech M. Mandalos gets his ears boxed, while several Deputies attack him with sticks, upon which the sitting is suspended amid cries and vociferations."—*Exchange.*

We perceive from our readings,
What a very peculiar nature
Are the every-day proceedings
Of the Greek Legislature.
Monsieur Dimitrakakis
Throws back a lie
As a lover would throw back a kiss.
And you and I
Can't help being appalled
By the conduct so scandalous
Of a member that's called
By the name Monsieur Mandalos.
"I'll punch your head," says one;
In Greek, of course, in Greek.
No sooner said than done,
He slaps 't'other on the cheek.
Each parliamentary brother
Arises in his ire:
"You're a liar," "You're another,"
"You're another," "You're a liar,"
Such are the calls
Heard every week
In Legislative halls
When Greek meets Greek.
One touch of Nature
Makes the whole world kin;
A Grecian Bedlam
Or an Ottawa tin.

SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

Somebody's child is dying—dying with the flush of hope on his young face and somebody's mother thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—because there was no cure for consumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's take this comforting word to the mother's heart before it be too late. Tell her that consumption is curable; that men are living to-day whom the physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds; surpasses cod liver oil, hypophosphites, and other medicines in curing this disease. Sold by druggists.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY

When Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., announced that his "Favorite Prescription" would positively cure the many diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, some doubted, and continued to apply the harsh and caustic local treatment. But the mighty truth gradually became acknowledged. Thousands of ladies employed the "Favorite Prescription," and were speedily cured. By druggists.

A girl who had refused a good-looking telegraph repair man three times within six months, gave as a reason that he was too much of a wanderer. That he roamed from pole to pole, from one climb to another, and that if he did come back he'd be insulate that the neighbors would be sure to talk.

All persons afflicted with catarrh, Bronchitis or Consumption, should call on Dr. J. Rolph Malcolm at 357 King street west, Toronto, and avail them selves of that treatment which is applied directly to the disease in the lungs by inhalation, the doctor has made a speciality of this treatment since 1863.

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Don't be too anxious to solve a conundrum. A man got two black eyes in endeavoring to find out the difference between a man and a woman fighting in the street.



DR. E. G. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay, and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea, caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse, or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box, or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 81 and 83 King Street East (Office upstairs), Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in Canada.

The reasons why the surgeons of the International Throat and Lung Institute, 173 Church street, Toronto, are making so many wonderful cures of catarrh, catarrhal deafness, bronchitis, asthma and consumption are: They have none but skilled and qualified medical men connected with the institute. They adhere strictly to their speciality, and they use the spirometer invented by M. Souvielle, ex-aide surgeon of the French army, an instrument which conveys the medicines in the form of cold inhalations to the parts diseased, which is the only way these diseases can be cured. They are treating hundreds of patients every month, having twelve surgeons engaged in their work in Canada alone. Send a three cent stamp for a copy of their International News, published monthly at 173 Church street, Toronto.

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