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Mr. George Crammond, our sole Advertising Agent, is also authorized to transact subscription and collecting business. Mr. C. is about to visit Montreal in the interests of the paper, and we bespeak for him a kind reception by our many friends there.

BENGOUGH, MOORE & BENGOUGH.

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

#### Notice to the Public.

No person is on any occasion authorized to represent GRIP in any capacity unless under special credentials signed by the Editor. Managers of theatres and entertainments, please make a note of this.

All authorized business attaches of Bengough, Moore & Bengough are duly certified by card signed by the Business Manager, S. J. Moore. Cavassers purporting to represent this firm, should be asked in all cases to produce such certificate.

#### To Correspondents.

A. B., Chatham.—"Duck Shooting" sketch arrived too late for this issue.

C. M. R., Brantford.—Will attend to your case next week.

A. L.—Very welcome. Come regularly.

"Porcupine."—Contributions welcome. Always dealt with on their merits.

#### Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The disallowance by the Ottawa Government of the South Eastern Railway Charter, which had been granted by the Manitoba legislature, is regarded by all excepting the members of the Syndicate and a few blind partizans of the ministry as a dangerous exercise of the prerogative of interference with Provincial autonomy. The feeling throughout the Dominion and especially in Manitoba is very bitter on the subject, and it is not at all unlikely that grave trouble may follow the bold and needless action of the Dominion Cabinet. But just at this juncture the comedian comes on the stage, and for the nonce the growlings of dissatisfaction are turned into laughter. This mirth provoking gentleman is Mr. Premier Norquay, in the character of "Toots," assuring the audience that although

the feelings of the Manitobans have been lacerated and his own ardent desires unceremoniously squelched, "it is of no consequence it is not of the slightest consequence in the world!" Mr. Norquay is afraid that the affair may end in a clash between him and the Ottawa magnates, and the result may be his disposal from office—in comparison with which in his opinion "nothing is of any consequence anywhere." In other words, Mr. Norquay (who is now at Ottawa on Provincial business), says in an interview that the disallowance of the charter has not offended the people of Manitoba much, and he thinks they'll soon get over it.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Mowat's government throws out hints about resorting to physical force in order to obtain the territory awarded by the Dominion Boundary Arbitrators. This would be a great mistake, besides being highly unjust to Sir John, who is really not in a position to hand over the document. A glance at the sketch will enable the reader to see just why he is not in a position—all on account of Chapleau.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Great minds run in the same channel. Not long ago Mr. J. Burr Plumb, M.P., got himself into an unparliamentary fury because he was pictured in GRIP, and now Prince Bismarck has got his autocratic back up about a cartoon in *Punch*. Our English contemporary has been forbidden to enter the Fatherland until further notice. Bismarck thus demonstrates that he is an ass, notwithstanding his political abilities.

The Bishop of Montreal is a good Christian man, and therefore he doesn't burn Mr. Houde at the stake, for writing his honest opinions in his paper, *Le Monde*. He simply orders the editor to take it all back. Mr. Houde is also an excellent Christian, and therefore he doesn't tell the Bishop to mind his own business, but takes off his hat and says he is sorry he cannot take it back, but is ready to give up the paper if that will satisfy the reverend father. And this is the nineteenth century!

Our Loyalty cartoons continue to call forth correspondence, and the letters received evince a deep interest on the subject in all parts of Dominion. The time has evidently come when Canadians must take the position of men in the world, and complete their charter of self-government by securing the right to conduct their commercial affairs with foreign nations for themselves, which authority they can have simply for the asking.

The anomaly of the present copyright law is one of the things that needs fixing. "Mark Twain" was refused a copyright for his latest book in Canada, quite properly, because his people will not grant a similar favour to any Canadian. But Mark knows a thing or two. He understands, for instance, the present relation of Canada to the Empire, so he goes to England and copyright a book there. An

English copyright, of course, extends to Canada, and so Mr. "Twain" has secured his purpose via London instead of Ottawa, and all other American authors are at liberty to do the same.

Apocryphal of Mark's unsuccessful visit to Ottawa, Nast has a cartoon in a late number of *Harper's Weekly*. The fact that copyright business is in this country entrusted to the Minister of Agriculture seems to amuse the artist immensely, and that is the chief idea brought out in the drawing. It does appear to be a rather ludicrous arrangement, and if Nast's laughter will cause a change to something more seemly, he will deserve our thanks.

One placard in the cartoon bears the words, "We (Canadians) cabbage all we can from the Americans." This is well fitted to provoke a retort, and the material is abundant. We have only this week received a letter from a correspondent, who tells how he entrusted funds to an institution in New York (the American Book Exchange), and has failed to hear anything of his money, though he has written to the Receiver in Bankruptcy, a Government official in charge of the concern. Harpers themselves are scarcely in a position to throw stones when "cabbageing" is before the house.

In a handsome volume just published in the States under the title of "The Household Library of Catholic Poets," we are proud to observe that a young Canadian author finds a place of honour. We allude to Mr. Thos. O'Hagan, at present Head Master of the Chatham Separate Schools. The editor of the volume points out that Mr. O'Hagan's special characteristics, as a writer of both prose and poetry, are beauty of diction, energy and pathos. Two of his poems are given, which quite sustain this estimate.

It ought to be pleasant for the St. George's Society blackballers to read that Mr. Goldwin Smith has been the honoured guest of Lord O'Hagan (Lord Chancellor of Ireland), Rt. Hon. Mr. Gladstone, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, during his present visit to the Old Country.

We hope and trust that the Government will respond to the appeal of the newspaper publishers to repeal the law which at present obliges the latter to pre-pay the postage on all papers sent out. The publishers only ask that newspapers be carried free in the counties in which they are published, and considering the prosperous state of our revenue, and the difficulty publishers of country papers have in collecting their subscriptions in advance, the request is a very modest and reasonable one. The petitioners should have added a clause advising the abolition of the present unnecessary and burdensome duty on type and printers' supplies.

The Ohio farmers are barbarians; some of them shook a cornfield by their actions.—*Hornet*.



Heavenly's great Mastodon Minstrels are consulting the town as usual. They are at the Grand.

Remenyi and his company appear again this (Friday) evening. The great violinist met a hearty reception on Tuesday evening, and renewed his old triumphs. Mr. Beale, the pianist of last season, is again to the fore, while the singers, Miss E. C. Nason and Mr. Chas. J. Ross, are a decided improvement in those of the former company.

Mr. J. C. Conner, manager of the Royal Opera House, was, the other day, made the recipient of a neat present at the hands of the employees of the theatre. It was a collection of photographs of the donors, handsomely mounted and framed, embracing a very fine picture of the recipient placed in the centre. Mr. Conner has given the present a place of honour in his private room, where it will serve to remind him of the mutual good-will reigning in the establishment.

Mr. Charles Roberts, Jr., gave his first entertainment in Shaftesbury Hall, on Thursday evening, J. K. Cameron, Esq., *Monetary Times*, presiding. The programme was one which required considerable compass on the part of the reader for its proper rendition, ranging, as it did, from the humorous to the pathetic. Mr. Roberts' interpretation of the various selections was most successful. He is possessed of remarkable facial powers of expression, and an extremely flexible and well-cultivated voice. While all was excellent, we must particularize the "Irish Philosopher" and "Buck Fanshawe's Funeral," in both of which he convulsed his audience. "Shipwrecked" and Edgar A. Poe's poem of "The Bells" were rendered magnificently. The latter, under Mr. Roberts' original and graceful manner of delivery, was scarcely to be identified with the same poem so often and so ruthlessly murdered by amateurs, and even by the majority of professionals.

#### He got a "Soft Thing."

"I wouldn't mind going to Manitoba myself if I thought I could drop into a soft thing," said Spifkins to young Scraggravelle, who had just returned from that region.

"How did you make out there?"

"Well," replied young S., after some hesitation, "I fell into a soft thing myself, but I didn't make much out of it."

"How's that," enquired the curious Spifkins.

"Well, ye see," continued young Scraggravelle, "I bought a nice-lookin' lot on spec, and after a long search I found its exact location; I rode out on hoss-back to the land, and found it was partly under water, and the most solid portion was made up of mush-rats' lodging houses. Well, just about the time I arrived the darned varmint came out of their houses in droves, and made such a dog-gon splashin' around in the water that my hoss got skeered, reared up, and chucked me into the mud. So I was nearly drowned on my own lot!"

"Well," exclaimed Spifkins, "it couldn't be worth much. I apprehend you won't make much out of that speculation."

"Well, no," sighed the disappointed Scraggravelle, "but thar's no disputin' the fact—I fell into a soft thing."

"Just so," said Spifkins, "Good day."

#### "It was the Pie."

A "POE"-ETICAL NIGHTMARE, BY "MAX."

*With sincere apologies to Edgar Allan's dead body's ghost.*

In the night—solemn night,  
I awoke in fearful fright,  
And my chest  
Seemed oppressed,  
As if lead, heavy lead,  
A ton or more of dead  
Weight, was pressing, cruelly pressing  
On my chest!

And a demon with a pie—hot mince pie  
Perched upon my bedpost high;  
And blue devils  
Held their revels  
O'er my brain, aching brain,  
Racked with pain  
And kept dancing, madly prancing  
On my brain

Then I cry, wildly cry  
Give me rest or let me die;  
Let me sleep  
Sweetly sleep.  
But the demon perched on high,  
Yes! the demon with the pie  
Hoarsely shouted, Never—never!!  
Quoth the devils—"Hardly ever!"

Then the joke, heartless joke,  
Startled me and I awoke,  
Awoke in pain,  
Half insane,  
And I said, simply said,  
Do I dream? or am I dead?  
Have I fallen out of bed?  
From the gloom there came reply  
Silent be.

"It was the pie!"

#### Innocent Bigamy.

A DRAMA OF THE PERIOD, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PLANTER'S WIFE."

#### ACT I.

A room in Mr. Bradway's house. Enter Laura *Ries*.

Laura.—I am a person of an innocent, refined and staid nature. I believed Miles Rifles to be a polished, high-cultured gentleman. But when I married him, I immediately discovered him to be a thief, a low-minded cad and a professional burglar, which it may be said does little credit to my good sense and powers of observation! Because I would not become a professional burglar, he persecuted me. By his mysterious influence with the Toronto police he had me sent to the Mercer Reformatory. But he is now dead. I read the fact stated in one of *Grip's* numerous exchanges. It is, of course, true. So I am free to marry the handsome, the wealthy, the high-toned Mr. Bradway.

Enter Spriggles, a friend of Mr. Bradway.

Spriggles.—But I am an old acquaintance of yours, and I will tell you whole history to Mr. Bradway.

Laura, wildly.—Ha! Strikes attitude and lets down her back hair

Spriggles.—I have the strongest evidence that you are guilty.

Laura.—But I assure you on my word and honour that I am innocent. Great sensation. Orchestra plays soft music.

Spriggles.—Then I am bound to believe you. He believes her.

Enter Mr. Bradway, with clergyman, marriage license, champagne, &c.

He and Laura are married.

#### ACT

Drawing-room in Mr. Bradway's house.

Mr. Bradway, to Laura.—My dear, here are some securities worth thousands of dollars, which I confide to your care. Laura locks them up in her workbox.

Enter Rifles.—Chorus from orchestra.

Laura. Ha! Horror! But, you can surely be only your ghost.

Rifles.—Ghosts are played out, except at

spiritualistic seances, which are generally admitted to be a fraud.

Laura.—Then you are? Will minor notes from orchestra.

Rifles.—Your husband, Rifles the burglar! At once give me the contents of that workbox, or—

Laura.—It is locked, and I haven't the key. Rifles.—That, I think, is a fib. If you don't unlock it I will break it open with this crowbar.

Laura.—Here then, monster! Gives him the securities. Exit Rifles. Laura faints. Enter Spriggles. He supports her in his arms. Enter Mr. Bradway unseen.

Bradway.—Ha! so the villain makes love to my Laura in my absence. Confusion! But I will have his bel lud. For the present let me retire unseen. Exit.

Spriggles.—You have had a sort of spell, madam.

Laura. Oh, I am ill all over. Spriggles gives her bottle of St. Patrick's Oil. She at once recovers.

#### ACT III.

Same room. Enter Mr. Bradway's sister Polly.

Polly.—I am just sixteen, but I feel quite grown up, and I wear a train, and despise a mere school girls of the short-skirt brigade. Besides, I am in here with Simon Slimcoe.

Enter Simon Slimcoe.—I am the *Globe's* special correspondent to the Cannibal Islands. I have just seen a burglar burglarizing a lady's workbox in this house and I feel like fainting. Will no one support me? Polly runs to support him with her back to his. They stand knocking their heads together. This is a specimen of the most exquisite humour of the modern drama, and excites loud laughter and applause.

#### ACT V.

Same room. Laura. Enter Mr. Bradway. Mr. Bradway.—I'll just trouble you for the money securities I left in your charge a while ago.

Laura.—They were removed thence by a professional burglar.

Enter Rifles, disguised as an aristocratic friend of Bradway's.

Rifles.—Don't believe a word she says. I beheld her giving them to that fellow of hers you saw hugging her yesterday.

Enter Simon Slimcoe and Polly.—Just so! They were stolen by that ruffian who threatened her with his crowbar till she unlocked her workbox.

Rifles.—I must retire. 'Tis true, the Toronto police do not often molest an able-bodied burglar, still one must be on the safe side. Withdraws.

Bradway.—'Tis well. But that man in whose arms—

Laura.—I had fainted? he is the Toronto agent for St. Patrick's Oil, whose incomparable restorative powers he was successfully applying to my unconscious brow.

Bradway.—'Tis passing well. Bless you all.

To Polly and Simon Slimcoe:

Approach, my children! kneel! They kneel. To Simon Slimcoe.

Come to my arms, my noble, talented boy! Accept this purse, which the lofty needs and precocious income of a journalist may render not undesirable! Gives purse to Slimcoe. Pay, as it so please you, those debts which a too generous disposition have led you to contract, provide thee with a new Ulster, and it may be a change of linen. Buy a pretty engagement ring for Polly; be virtuous and you will be happy.

Tableau. Orchestra plays wedding march.

C. P. N.



MR. M—RT—N J. GR—FF—N,

ABLY FILLING THE CLOTHES OF MR. EDWARD FARRAR, AND THE EDITORIAL CHAIR OF THE "MAIL."

**Canadian Wayside Sketches.**

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER (Continued).

If I were about to take a long trip to any part of the habitable world, I would immediately obtain the services of some Commercial Traveller as courier, and I am convinced by so doing would rid myself of much expense, annoyance, and loss of time; he understands the art of travel thoroughly, and I should have absolutely nothing to do but to hand him my purse, put my hands in my empty pockets, and enjoy his various squabbles and occasional fights; and should have besides the calm and satisfied assurance, if death happened to overtake one in some gigantic smash-up, that the samples of my remains would be neatly packed up, addressed and forwarded, per quickest route and lowest rates (C.O.D.) to my family's burying ground; and added to this, the additional consolation that he had got even with the railroad company by taking an accident ticket, and on the proceeds thereof he would live long and happy ever after.

In the railroad car, the C. T. is unmistakable, he has a certain knack of spread-eagling himself into the wholesale monopoly of seats, and but few will venture the mild enquiry as to whether he has engaged the whole section—he has no fear of intrusion from the ubiquitous woman with her numerous market-baskets; he withers the young bridal couple with a look of ineffable scorn, and should that fail, resorts to the most expressive wink at the bride as a final and decisive settler; no timid mother with string of noisy children dare approach him; no deaf old gentleman with a propensity to talk will hazard an intrusion; none, in fact, dare invade the sanctity of his presence but those whose company he wishes or for whom he has a predilection, and I have observed, by the way, that his predilections often run towards a pretty widow or a "femme sole." I find no fault with him for all this, on the contrary, I envy him the art, which he has acquired by long practice, of securing himself from all unwelcome intrusion. Englishmen, as a rule, can

do this pretty well, but in this country the C.T. can discount him every time.

He is sometimes observed to spread his rug and lay himself out as if asleep, he has no fear of disturbance from the peanut-boy fiend, or of the inquisitive conductor, and yet, strange to say, he never sleeps whilst on the cars, one eye at all events is always open, and he keeps it on the advent or departure of rival men in his line, and sharp indeed must that one be, who gets on or off without his knowledge.

It is part of his business, I suppose, to withhold the knowledge of his destination from his conferees, for I myself have counted twenty different replies in answer to as many enquiries, till I at last began to wonder if he would not really forget himself just where he was going. He has a habit of getting off at stations and pretending his journey is finished, but in nine cases out of ten this is only a blind, and you will find him presently in the last car, looking supremely unconscious and happy; This has become so fixed a habit with him, that I fear when he shall finally come to the Stygian Lake he will try the same game with our old friend, the ferryman.

As to what his religious views may be, I am on the whole unprepared to state, but I am inclined to think he is given at times to adapt them to those of his prospective customers, for on one single Sunday I have seen him attending the somewhat varied services of a Methodist, Catholic, and Baptist Church, and from this I opine that his views are inclined to be somewhat broad and undogmatical, and that he carries out the apostolic injunction, "to be all things to all men."

The great aim, however, of the C. T.'s life is to become a partner at some future day in "his House," or failing that, to start a "House" of his own. If he succeeds in the former he usually does well and prospers, but in resorting to the latter, generally makes a sad smash sooner or later, and then returns again to the road.

He is sent sometimes to Europe, and performs the duties entrusted to him with fidelity

and despatch. I have met him there, but could hardly recognize in him the same being, for there he is simply as any other ordinary mortal, and his glory seems to have departed, and even the very bell-boy does not quake before him. A sad, far-away look is observable in his eyes, and he is never really happy or himself again till he arrives home.

There is no gainsaying the fact, that taken altogether, our C. T. lives better, travels better, dresses better, and enjoys better, than you or I or any other uncommercial traveller of life's highway, and that though he is not the man you would exactly choose for an argument on the subject of psychology, or any other "ology," still he is, as times go, fairly informed on general subjects, and is a very useful and agreeable member of society.

Outside of his own business he is by no means bigoted in his views, and is generally prepared to admit two sides to every question (saving, of course, politics, for in that proposition no one admits the axiom except Mr GRIP), and for this worthy characteristic he is indebted chiefly to travel. The worst case of bigotry ever extant could be cured by a few years' travel, and I would willingly subscribe to a monster excursion round the world, for a certain class of our population whose views are now, alas! confined to the narrowest possible limits by a species of continued moral tight-lacing, sad alike for themselves and their posterity.

I don't know where Commercial Travellers go to when they die, but think they are somehow deserving of a better fate than that frequently assigned to them. I know, however, that they do die sometimes, and I have no doubt that when future paleontologists ponder over their fossilized remains, they will find a certain prominence in their cheek bones, which will render understandable some of their present characteristics, and lend weight to the theory on which I ventured on starting, that the C. T. is a specific creation; but be that as it may, he is altogether a jolly good fellow, and I hope to have the pleasure of meeting him somewhere in the happy hunting-grounds of the Future.

VIATOR.



NEELON

Before the shrine of the great N. P.

"What's the difference, Pa, between the Upper House and the Lower House?"  
 "The difference, my dear, is this: The Lower House moans a-bility, the Upper House no-bility."—Judy.



# MR. TOOTS NORQUAY AT OTTAWA.

(Vide "Dombey & Son.")

"MISS DOMBEY," SAID TOOTS, TAKING OUT HIS POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF, "IF I SHED A TEAR, IT IS A TEAR OF JOY. IT IS OF NO CONSEQUENCE, AND I AM VERY MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU. \* \* \* IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE, THANK YOU. IT'S NOT OF THE LEAST CONSEQUENCE IN THE WORLD!"

(Toronto (Canada) Globe.)

## Even the Gods Commend it.



IT very often happens that it is not always upon the stage of a theatre that the most fun takes place. There are little episodes which occur occasionally, and are not down on the bills that create as much, if not more laughter, than the regular "biz." For instance: a short time ago, while a well-known Opera Co. were playing "Patience" at "The Royal Opera House," a scene, not down on the bills occurred which is well worth relating. It appears that in the narrative of the play it is made known that one of the characters suffered rheumatism. This fact is made known by the basso-profundo, who in very thrilling tones asks: "What will I do for this rheumatism?" The other evening while the play was progressing very smoothly, an urchin up in the gallery, one of the "gods" cried out, "Jes you rub it wit' St. Jacobs Oil." The thrilling melo-dramatic tones of the Basso followed by the piping, though matter-of-fact squeaking of the "god" was too much for the audience, and as a result, they were convulsed with laughter. Now apart from any foolishness in the matter, for we are averse to advertising either Dramatic Companies or St. Jacobs Oil, we have to say, that a representative of this paper lately met with Mr. Geo. R. Edeson, American War Correspondent, Michael Strogoff Combination, and that gentleman, among other things volunteered the following information, which we cheerfully give our readers, hoping they may heed it:



"I suffered," said Mr. Edeson, "for a long time with the rheumatism, and I tell you that I felt it hotter than I guess I would even on the banks of the 'Volga,' as a War Correspondent. It'clung to me for a long time quite tenaciously. I tried several remedies, scores of them, but at last had to give them up entirely, for they did me no good. I made up my mind though from advice given me by a friend, to try St. Jacobs Oil, reluctantly though, as I had no faith in it at first. But I soon changed my mind, and found that St. Jacobs Oil was just what I wanted. It cured me of my rheumatism in a little while and I have felt no return of pain since. I recommend it now on all occasions and travel with a bottle of it in my trunk."

## Why?

Why doth the gentle rustic when he drives in with his "hosses,"  
Pull up his team just at the place where everybody crosses?

Why doth the merry street car man not care for anybody,  
And land you at the likeliest place to get your boots all muddy?

Why doth the friendly bar-keepaire become at once less merry,  
When half a dime is offered for a mug of "Tom and Jerry"?

Why doth the lovely maiden use the hairy bangs, oft borrowed,  
And hide the lovely outline of her alabaster forehead?

When the careful, high-toned maiden meets the man she used to date on,  
Why doth she try and cut him if he's got a shabby coat on?

And lastly, why should people be a prey to melancholy,  
When a five cent piece will buy for them a GRIP, to make them jolly?

## The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain!  
Is it more blessed to give than to "receive"  
on New Year's Day?—*Lowell Courier.*

Died by suicide in Newport, a clarinet-player.  
Cornet-players please copy.—*Puck.*

Boiling hair in a solution of tea will darken it, says an exchange: but some folks don't like to have their tea darkened in that way.

Yes, my son, make all the friends you can in this world. It will amuse you to see them desert you in your time of necessity.

A Sunday school teacher in Albion, N. Y., asked her class the question, "What did Simon say?" "Thumbs up," said a little girl.

The man who thinks to please the world  
Is dullest of his kind—  
For let him face which way he will,  
One half is yet behind.

—*Laramie Boomerang.*

"America," says an Englishman, "is a country where a man's statement is not worth two cents unless backed up with an offer to bet you \$10."

Where one woman scans the horizon for signs of the dawn of a bright era, ten are scouting among their neighbours trying to borrow salaratus.

He said: "May I have the pleasure of seeing you home?" She said: "Yes, next week; come through the alley and peep through the cracks in the fence."

"It is not right to spoil a golden wedding," was the ground on which a Missouri judge recently refused a divorce in a case where the parties had lived together forty-nine years.

A while ago a party of lynchers, down south, postponed the hanging five minutes to allow the victim time to finish smoking his cigar. This proves that the use of tobacco prolongs life.

Mother seeking a situation as footman for her rawboned son. Lady—"Does he know how to wait at table?" Mother—"Yes, ma'am." Lady—"Does he know his way to announce?" Mother—"Well, ma'am, I don't know that he knows his weight to an ounce, but he does to a pound or two."

"You did wrong to shoot that man's dog. You might have pushed him off with the butt of your gun," said the *Galveston Recorder* to a man who was charged with shooting a neighbour's dog. "I would have done that," replied the prisoner, "if the dog had come at me tail first, but he came at me with his biting end."—*Galveston News.*

"Have you ever been whipped by your teacher before?" he was asked by his Pa. And then the little boy who never told a lie said: "No sir," and as he went out he finished the sentence by remarking, "But I've been whipped behind."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

A Lowell firm recently sent a lot of bills west for collection. The list came back with the result noted against each name, one being marked dead. Three months after the same bill got into a new lot that was forwarded, and when the list came back the name was marked, "still dead."

The latest marvel of science is instantaneous photography. By the aid of this process it is possible to obtain a picture of yourself and girl in the act of being thrown over a stone wall by

a runaway horse. This picture can be placed on the mantelpiece in a maroon velvet frame as a warning to young men to never let go the reins with both hands.

A party of vegetarians who were boarding at a water-cure establishment, while taking a walk in the fields, were attacked by a bull which chased them furiously out of his pasture. "That's your gratitude, is it, you great hateful thing?" exclaimed one of the ladies, panting with fright and fatigue. "After this, I'll eat beef three times a day!"

Darwin in his new book estimates that there are in gardens 53,767 worms to the acre. This tallies with our count when we were digging gardens and didn't care a nickel about finding worms; but when we waited bait for fishing the garden didn't pan out a dozen worms to the acre. They had all emigrated to the garden of some other fellow who never goes a-fishing.—*Norristown Herald.*

Oakland girls ought to be warned of the frightful danger incurred in marrying railroad men, especially brakemen. It is related that down at the Point, the other night, a member of that hard-working fraternity, on being aroused from a dream of an impending crash, was found by the neighbours sitting up in bed holding his wife by the ears, having nearly twisted the terrified woman's head off in his ineffectual exertions to "down brakes."—*Oakland Times.*

"Why, Mr. DeSmith, what occasioned that large swelling on the side of your face?" asked Mrs. McSpilkins. Before Gus could reply little Johnny, pointing to the cotton in Gus's ear, spoke up and said: "I know what's in that lump on Mr. DeSmith's face. It's cotton. I see some of it sticking out of his ear. He stuffs cotton in his ear just as you, Mamma, stuff cotton—" Gus DeSmith don't know to this day why Mrs. McSpilkins nearly jerked Johnny's arm off, and passed on down the street without giving him a chance to say what was the matter with his protruding jaw.—*Texas Siftings.*

The commercial traveller of a Philadelphia house, while in Tennessee, approached a stranger as the train was about to start, and said: "Are you going on this train?" "I am." "Have you any baggage?" "No." "Well, my friend, you can do me a favour, and it won't cost you anything. You see I have two rousing big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one checked on your ticket, and we'll enclose them. See?" "Yes, I see; but I haven't any ticket." "But I thought you said you were going on this train?" "So I am, but I'm the conductor." "Oh!" He paid extra as usual.

Remember, young man, dat de man what han'les de most books ain't de best ed lyceated. I knowed a bookbinder once dat c-ouldn't read. I may differ frum de religious folk when I say dat I see got more respect fur de woodpecker dan I has fur de dove. De dove is 'eetful. He'll coo around an' conx yer inter sympathy, but soon as yer back is turned he goes ober inter der field and pulls up de young wient. All dis time de woodpecker has been diggin' a worm outen a tree.

Ebery provision ob nature may be wise, but I doan see why a body should suffer so much in cuttin' teeth. A dog doan hab no trouble, neder does a coon, but natur gives fits to de baby. And dis, de preachers tell me, is on account ob de political trickery ob Adam. I see glnd dat he was counted out ob de garden ob Eden. Eberybody what walks de blo' wid a teethin' chile is a natural enemy ter dat man. I hab noticed dat all great men remains in arter life de early impressions of childhood. Dis soar beeh is where my fodder hit me wid a sassalras spout.—*Little Rock Gazette.*



**A Lesson in Zoo-cology.**

A "speculator" in "North-west" lands called at the Zoo the other day to interview Mr. Harry Piper. He had a roll of gorgeously-coloured "maps or plans" of Manitoban "cities" under his arm, and his object in calling was to impress upon the mind of the great Canadian Showman the desirability of embarking in a town or city lot venture. The ever popular exhibitor was at his post in the box office as the man of maps entered, when the following colloquy occurred:

**SPECULATOR.**—"You air the man I've bin wanting to see for some time, Mr. Piper. You air a live man—you air a speckilatin' man, and you air jest the man we want to settle in our great "Nor-west." Now if you'll jest look over these maps—"

**MR. P.**—"Thanks; I've concluded all my wild-cat purchases for this season. I've got the finest specimens in the country—don't want any more."

**SPEC.**—"What do you mean by that, sir? Do you believe the false stories now in—"

**MR. P.**—"Well, they may be lion for all I know."

**SPEC.**—"They are lying, every one of them, who speak ill of us; now if you will look at these certificates—"

**MR. P.**—"Are they under seal?"

**SPEC.**—"No, of course they're not under seal—not required, but it's hard, hard to—"

**MR. P.**—"Hard to bear?"

**SPEC.**—"Yes, sir, hard to bear. Now if you will just take a look at the situation of this city (pointing to map), you will see it that it will be a connecting point for all routes from the East to the West."

**MR. P.**—"Just so, one of the lynx."

**SPEC.**—"Yes, sir, one of the links, as you say and its position makes it equal in value to the best."

**MR. P.**—"Of course, quite eagle."

The speculator here tumbling to Harry's last and worst pun, arose and said, with truthfulness depicted in his countenance, "I reckon you're trying to kid me a little, ain't you?—you don't look like a man that is prepared to buy anything, anyhow."

"You're wrong there," replied the urbane Harry, playfully poking the stranger in the ribs with his exhibition staff for stirring up the animals, "I'd like to buy you for a 'where is it' from Manitoba, and put you in a cage to represent the expressions coming from your customers when they go out there hunting in the swamps for their city lots; or I could put you into the aquarium as a land shark. Now git, or I'll set the Gnasticututtoo at you." The "Agent" gathered up his maps and fled for his life.



THE MECHANIC "LIEN" ACT.

**Ye Evening Costume.**

(Vide a description of Oscar Wilde's dress at some late New York receptions.)

Oh! ye æsthetic youth  
In his search after truth  
Becometh so utterly Wilde,  
That his evening dress  
Is a cause of distress  
To the soul of this High Art child.

To his tailor he strides,  
With willowy glides,  
And his order sounds mild as milk—  
"Aw—they weally must be—  
Aw—weduced to the knee—  
Aw—the west will be thockinged in thilk."

This change he effects,  
And forthwith directs  
That shoes, with big buckles all bright,  
Be made for his feet,  
(Which to see is a treat,  
For the tens are a trifle too tight.)

Then with necktie sky-blue,  
Of Too—Too—Too hue,  
And a handkerchief brilliant blood-red,  
Which is thrust in the breast  
Of his quite utter west,  
And his hair worn long on his head.

Behold him attired,  
Adored and admired,  
Ever soaring for unattained height—  
A disciple of Art,  
He stands far apart,  
An Æsthetic and Wilde-looking sight!  
F. J. M.

**The Roses of England.**

COPY OF A LETTER FROM ONE OF THE MANITOBAN BRIDES PROSPECTIVE.

MY DEER SARAH ANN:—

This comes hopping you are all well as it finds hus ere at present thank god i am quite well in hopes you are the same, also your bo. i am going to tell you somethink, you no the princesses usband him as they call the markis forlorn hese come back to Henglaud to get a lot of young Women to go to the north west terrortory wich he says wants wives for all the unmarried usbands as Ain't got no sweetarts nor nothink. he says they are all rich farmers Whats got farms of their hown and are making fortuns only its all men there, and theres no women in canada that wants to be married. it Must be a Drole country. The Markis says they are in grate need of the roses of hengland, meaning hus. so i gave missis notice last night. She ast me what was my reasons, i up and told her none of your bisness man, but since she wanted to no partikler the markis forlorn wanted me to go out with a lot more to marry a rich young farmer in the northwest terrortory you Oughter seen her stare spiteful thing when i get married ill write and tell her i can put on style as much as she can ill have my silk dresses and ladysmade as well as her. She thinks i didnt see hor giggling like every-thing when she was telling the company all about me leaving. but i forgive her because i have got religion dear Sarah i hope you are sober minded and serious. dear sarah i raly dont no wich is best to go to canada or utah. the moarmon missionaries go round tryin to get wives for their men too, and if you marry one of them you get sealed to the lord. i ast the missis t'other day if they would seal us in canada. She said no we would only be sold. wich i suppose means body and soul, dear sarah i do hope you think about your old friends, and their souls, its of grate importans. deer sarah ann i think ill come out in the first ship load so i can have the first pick of the usbands i am getting may wedding dress made this weak ashes of roses—seeing we are the ro es of hongland trimmed with mauve lace and satin two and sixpence im giving for the making and a bokaye in my hand i'm going to put it on when i come ou deck to select a usband with a reeth of bor-range blossoms and a looshin long veil. deer sarah i do hop my usband wont be red headed.

John tomas is awful upset about me going away and i feel awful about him to. manys the good hot supper ive given him evenings when missis was out but he never did come up to the popping pint. he neednt think i'm going to be a hold maid for him. o how that bloomin butcher boy will miss me, he kissed me hover and hover in the airy he said i was his rale troo love and he would give hold suet notis at onst and foller me to ameriky but the dog ran away with the leg of nutton while we sade farewels so i'm afrade his master will keep the price of the leg out of his wages so he wont be able to go. but dear sarah ann i leave my hart in that meat-basket the rose is read the violets blue—fare-wels my troo love farewele. we'll meet above. deer sarah ann i hop these men will bring their carridge and pair from the north west rite up to the ship side and drive us strate from the key to baltar. dear sarah you will be my bridesmaid. its a pity you are pockmarked, if you had a rose complekcion like me you might stand a good chance along with hus coming out in the next ship. i think the markis forlorn is a very nicc man he nose what it is, and he has a feeling hart for his fello men. deer sarah if your house is near the north west terrortory try and find out all about the nicest and richest of the farmers so i can pick out a good one. i want to keep a cook and osemaid and play on the pianny. no moar at present but remain's your loving cousin

LUCY TOMRINS  
E. I. terrace  
London, hingland.



**HARD**

This is our contemporary, *The World*, searching for the "independent" lines of railway built on subsidies and bonuses granted by the Government and Municipalities of Ontario, which have not been swallowed up by amalgamations. A Committee of the Local House is wanted to assist in the search.

**Lines**

BY A LUNATIC.

A base manufacturer thought to invest  
His means in a big iron foundry,  
So he built up a place in the far distant West,  
Away on the disputed boundary.

And the wild Winnepiggers in legions came down,  
For they felt awul gad and hilarious  
When they found by the laws of the country and crown,  
That the foundry was theirs—not Ontario's.

The Cariboo screamed from his nest in the pines.  
It's a subject to howl and to howl over,  
Where do I belong to? It's very hard lines:  
I'll write to Toronto to Oliver.

**CHORUS.**

High diddle diddle, oh, what shall I do?  
The state of the country is very precarious:  
I'm afraid I'll be taken and caged in the Zoo,  
Because I'm a Cariboo now of Ontario's.

**MACHINE OILS.**

Four Medals and Three Diplomas awarded at  
Leading Exhibitions in 1881.

**McCOLL BROS. & CO.**  
TORONTO.



"A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN," &c.,  
OR, BISMARCK EIZING PUNCH.

**Something Very Funny.**

DEAR GRIP,—Like the Hon. C. Buffer, I also am unable to make out the practical value of the military college at Kingston.

For what purpose are we preparing ourselves with a supply of sucking Wellingtons and Bonapartes? Does Canada contemplate of engaging in war with the nations of Europe? or are we preparing a force to resist the ever onward march of the yellow-skinned, almond-eyed, irrepressible rat-eating heathen Chinese? Or do our rulers seriously think of engaging in combat with our friends and neighbours south of the line? Can it be that we have had in view the organization of a force that would protect a frontier three thousand miles in length against the armies of a nation more than ten times as numerous, and far more than ten times as wealthy as we are?

The ideas above suggested may not at first sight seem exactly the thing for a comic paper; it is perhaps hard to see where the fun comes in. And yet, Mr. GRIP, is there not something sadly but exquisitely ludicrous in the idea of a people being so besotted with loyalty to an empire, the press and people of which seem for the most part scornfully oblivious of our existence, as to complete the fabric of ruin that we have been laboriously building up by refusing to trade with our nearest neighbours and natural customers, on the only terms which they could be expected to grant. By taxing ourselves to create an army whose only possible employment would be to attempt the conquest of the strongest nation on earth.

And perhaps the most comical part of it is, that the utter and transparent absurdity of the whole affair seems to have never yet been noticed by any one in Canada.

I remain, &c.,  
F.

They are discussing a new play.

"It is a fine thing—a tremendous success," exclaims one of them, a Bohemian. "I had complimentaries for the first performance."

"Ah, so you know the author?"

"I should think so. Why, he owes me fifty francs."

"The deuce you say!"

"Yes; I asked him to lend me a hundred francs, the other day; and he had only half the money about him."

**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
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FOR  
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*Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,  
Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,  
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and  
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,  
General Bodily Pains,  
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and Ears, and all other Pains  
and Aches.*

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**A. VOGELER & CO.,**  
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

**New York Post Office.**

Wm. H. Wareing, Esq., Asst. General Supt. Third Division Mailing and Distributing Dept., New York Post Office, in writing concerning St. Jacobs Oil, says: The reports from the several superintendents and clerks who have used the Oil agree in praising it highly. It has been found efficacious in cuts, burns, soreness and stiffness of the joints and muscles, and affords a ready relief for rheumatic complaints. Hon. T. L. James, now Postmaster-General of the U. S., concurred in the foregoing.

If Bennett seeks in Arctic zones,  
No advertising self,  
Then let him risk no brave men's bones;  
But find the Pole himself! —N. Y. Star.



**TENDERS.**

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**

Bridge over the Fraser River, B. Columbia.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned will be received on or before the 10th day of FEBRUARY, 1882, for furnishing and erecting a Bridge of Steel or Iron over the Fraser River, on Contract 61, C. P. R. Specifications and particulars, together with plan of site, may be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer, at Ottawa, on or after the 10th of January, inst.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms. An accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$300.00 must accompany the tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into contract for the work, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. For the due fulfillment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required by the deposit of money to the amount of five per cent. on the bulk sum of the contract, of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
(Signed,) F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, January 5, 1882.

**W. H. STONE** { Yonge Telephone 219 Street. Connection. } **FUNERAL DIRECTOR**