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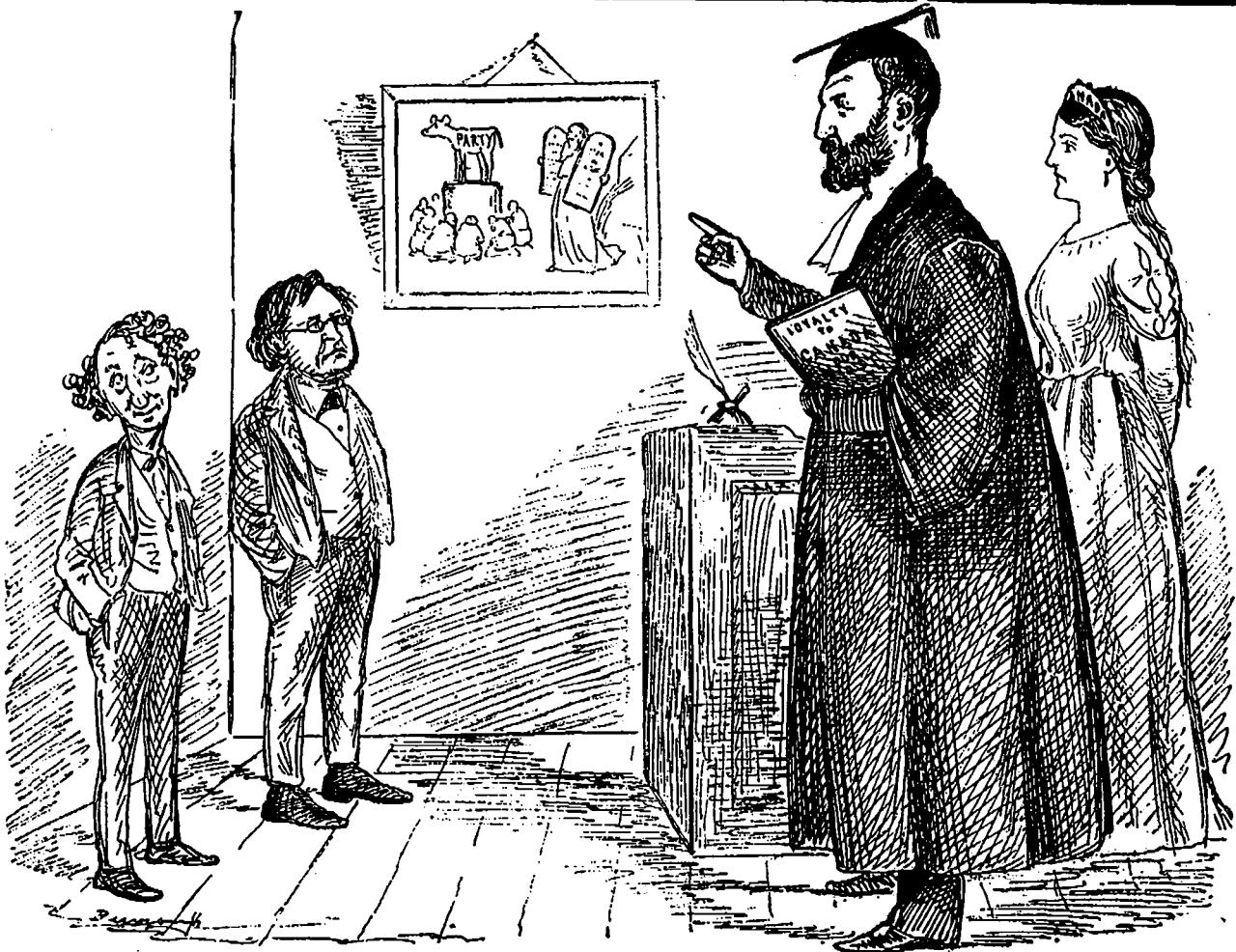


49 King St. East, Toronto.

VOLUME XVIII.
No. 26.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1882.

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PRINCIPAL GRANT TO THE POLITICAL STUDENTS.

THE PRINCIPAL.—"NOW, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT IS OUR FIRST DUTY TO THE STATE?
JOHN A.—"TO HIVE THE GRITS! ED. B.—"TO BEAT THE TORIES!
THE PRINCIPAL.—"WRONG, BOTH OF YOU! OUR FIRST DUTY IS LOYALTY TO CANADA, OUR SECOND IS *LOYALTY*, AND OUR THIRD
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J. W. BENGOUGH,
Editor & Artist.

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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.—The voice of the numerically weak opposition in Parliament is lifted against the Redistribution Bill, and in this case we think it echoes the feeling of a majority of the electors outside, but notwithstanding that, it is a hopeless protest, and perhaps before this reaches the eye of the reader, the Bill will have become law. Nobody for a moment supposes that the ministers or their followers will listen to any arguments advanced against their determined programme. Sir John is in a position to ask with Shakspeare's hero "on what compulsion must I?"—or his attitude is perhaps better represented as a counterpart of that of the recent distinguished municipal Statesman of New York, who propounded the unanswerable conundrum, "What are you going to do about it?"

FIRST PAGE.—The incidents connected with this Redistribution Bill and some other measures which have been carried through Parliament during the present session, give peculiar point and force to the utterances of Rev. Princi-

pal Grant, made recently in an address to the students of Queen's College. That address has been widely published and we hope more widely read and pondered. The Principal, who is one of Canada's intellectual ornaments, inveighs against the stupidity and wickedness of partyism when it goes the length of dethroning men's moral sensibilities and paralyzing their consciences. He utterly fails to see any reason why Canada, in ordinary times, cannot be governed without the "machine." It is proper and inevitable that parties should be formed for the discussion and settlement of specific questions, but there is neither reason nor prudence in sustaining these distinctions—but, as experience has shown, a great deal of positive evil. Principal Grant's watchword is "Loyalty to Canada," and if that sentiment were sincerely adopted by our political leaders to-morrow, present party lines would inevitably melt away. But selfishness and not loyalty is the ruling force at present.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A despatch informs us that Mr. John O'Donohoe, Patrick Boyle, and other patriotic Irishmen, are at present in Ottawa, arranging to barter the Irish vote of East Toronto to one of the parties (which one it may be this time is immaterial) for a consideration. to wit, a seat in the Cabinet for the patriotic John. The Irish blood we happen to have in our veins feels inclined to Boyle at this announcement, but if our fellow countrymen of the East Division are content to have their franchise taken to market like a fat pig, there is no reason why we should do anything more than utter this printed protest.

The city of Winnipeg certainly deserves the sympathy of all its neighbors. No sooner is the immediate danger of ruin by water overpassed than another and more terrible prospect arises—that of ruin by fire. There are some miscreants lurking within its borders who seem determined to burn the place down. A vigilance committee has been organized, and GRIP sincerely hopes the human monsters may be caught and fitly punished.

Mr. Plumb deserves the thanks of weekly newspaperdom for his successful efforts to have the prepaid postage nuisance done away with. There are more rapid roads to fortune than by the publication of weekly papers, and every atom of weight lifted from the devoted shoulders of the editor is gratefully acknowledged.

Some of our contemporaries have remarked that no one has been found to approve in the slightest degree the revolting assassinations in Dublin. This is not precisely true. That sneaking cur, O'Dynamite Rossa, has given it his endorsement in public print, and considering the ruffian's antecedents, it would not be surprising to learn that the murders were committed at his instigation more or less directly.

At Ottawa, on the 10th instant, Mrs. Canada of four new Provinces.

These Provinces are made up from a division of the North-West Territories, and are named respectively, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, and—we forget the other infant's name. It is to be presumed that the Government in fitting out these new members of the Confederation family, have arranged to have them give a solid Conservative vote. If not, it is a serious oversight, as it will put John A. to the trouble of bringing in another Redistribution Bill some time.

In reply to inquiries we think it well to say that the gentleman who reported to the license commissioners the cases of two proprietors of hotels who refuse to accommodate travellers with meals, is *not* an attache of this paper. We know nothing of the merits of the cases, and do not wish to be annoyed any further by mediators on behalf of the unfortunate publicans. No doubt the commissioners will do what is right, as they always do.

Speaking of hotels, reminds us of the cleverness of some would-be saloon proprietors. We know of a case in which an applicant for a license proposes to cut a temporary door into an adjoining house in order to bamboozle the Inspector by appearing to have the required accommodation, intending to close the said door and rent the tenement as soon as that official's visit is over. Surely Mr. Dexter is not green enough to be taken in by such a trap door as that!

A Canadian Monte-Christo—Historical Political Romance.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE THREE BOMBARDIERS."

VOLUME I.

Jack Mount-Christie was familiarly known among his brother medical students as "the Count de Monte-Christo." Like that celebrated character, he resided in one of the strongest and most securely guarded of prisons, in the capacity of assistant-surgeon. While there he earned the gratitude of a former member of his own profession, who had been condemned to the gallows for the crime of secret poisoning, but who had been relieved by the English Home Government at the demand of the United States Consul of his native town. This man was a chemist, of profound and mysterious skill. By the kindness of Jack Mount-Christie he was enabled to continue his experiments for several years, and when about to be confided to Jack several of his most valuable discoveries, among others a cheaper and more facile process for the use of the electric light, and a method of making artificial diamonds, rubies and emeralds, by applying electric currents to crystallized carbon. Jack went to travel in Europe, where he realised enormous profits by contracts to light up the European capitals. He also sold jewels manufactured by this secret process, and rapidly accumulated wealth that baffles our imagination to estimate it! In a few years it was rumored that he intended to return to Canada, and fix his residence in the intellectual centre, having built a huge brown stone palace in the neighborhood of Grip's office. Some said that he had bought out the entire Syndicate of the Pacific Railway. Others reported that he cherished enormous, but most chimerical, plans of political reform, while it was regarded as certain that the Pope, in gratitude for the gift of a diamond as large as a duck's egg, had conferred on the eminent capitalist the actual title of Count de Monte-Christo.

He had succeeded to the rank as well as to the wealth of his European prototype!

VOL. II.

The year of his return was a memorable one in Canada. Sir John had mysteriously disappeared; according to the *Mail*, he had been carried off by fiery chariots to a height considerably above the Parliament Buildings; according to the *Globe* he had gone off by spontaneous combustion in the House of Commons' refreshment room: all was confusion and anarchy, the land groaned under the sway of monopolists, the Liberals had no policy, and the Tories no leader. Then it was that the Count set to work influencing public opinion, by sending a copy of *Grip* to every man, woman, and child in Canada. Vast changes took place within two years. A passionate desire for national independence manifested itself, a vast extension of the voting power was made to include the women of Canada, a consequence of which was the speedy enactment of a stringent act of prohibition of intoxicating drinks, a measure which was aided by the Count buying up and destroying all intoxicants and machinery for making and selling these foes to human happiness. This took place in one day in every part of the Dominion, town and village alike. As a further benefit to public morals, the Count gave munificent pensions to the talented young men who wrote leading articles in the *Telegram*, on condition that they should write no more in that demoralizing print, with its nauseous advertisements of vile French novels. As the proprietor of the *Telegram* couldn't write worth a cent, the sheet ceased to exist. The Count bribed the Toronto Aldermen to be honest, and to spend the city funds on the city. A great and beneficial change was thus carried out. The island was made secure and beautiful by a magnificent park, the gift of Count Montecristo. By buying out the existing Syndicate, and assigning the land as a free gift to bona fide settlers, he made it easy for the legislative to prevent by law the perpetration of any such iniquitous bargains for the future. Measures were also carried abolishing the office of Lieut.-Governor, whose house was made into a public library and free club called "the People's Palace." The civil service was greatly reduced, and was thrown open to competitive examination. All exemptions were abolished, and the rich persons had to pay tax as well as the poor laymen. Taxation was thus much lessened, and the cost of living became far cheaper. A loyal address to the Queen and the English Parliament was presented by the Count. It was signed by every Canadian, male and female, and was speedily followed, with all good feeling and kindness on the part of England, by the memorable declaration of Canadian independence. Mr. Phipps was not chosen President.

Hands All Round!

A DREAM, BY JAMES PRESERVES.

"I had a dream. It was not all a dream."—BYRON.

Last night I read thee, Tennyson!
Poet sweet, so full of gush!
To thee I give my benison—
Thou art quite too, as soft as mush.
Thy last poem closed my sleepy eye.
Bereft I was of sight or sound;
In dreams to Ottawa I hie,
And fancy turns to "Hands all round."

Hands all round! I see a party—
A merrier party ne'er was found.
Jolly M.P.'s with voices hearty,
Dancing and singing "Hands all round."

Strike up fiddler! blow up cornet!
Toot ye flute, sound the wild bassoon;
Buzz big basso, buzz like a hornet,
But don't, I beg, play a "party time."
Here we are, both Grit and Tory,
English, Irish, sons of France,
Scott and Canuck, we're "hunky dory,"
Let's all join a national dance!



SPRING PLOUGHING IN MANITOBA.

Hands all round! mind your paces,
Forward all to the music's sound,
Do-a-dos, and back to your places,
Al-ma-in left, and Hands all round!

Come John A., advance to Cartwright,
Change your partner, Gordon Brown!
Back to your places, you didn't start right.
Now then, Rymal, no "live down,"
Recollect in this swell party
By rules of etiquette you're bound:
Now stop that, Joe! and don't play "smarty,"
Balance to your partner, Hands all round!

Hands all round! mind your paces,
Forward all to the music's sound,
Do-a-dos, and back to your places,
Al-ma-in left, and Hands all round!

Now then, Wallace! lead up to Tupper;
Huntington, chassé to Barr Plumb!
Shortly we'll go down to supper,—
Come, McKenzie, don't look glum!
We'll have you up in the very next set,
"I'll cheer your heart, I'll bet a pound!
Come, take some wine and don't look *zèzet*—
Swing your partners, Hands all round.

Hands all round! mind your paces!
Forward all to the music's sound!
Stop it at, Joe! mind, no grimaces—
Swing your partners, Hands all round!

What care we for tolls or "duties"?
What care we for the C.P.R.?
"Bills," or "measures" don't now suit it —
Away with thoughts of Emory Bar!
While we trip the "light fantastic,"
The ship of state won't run aground:
Away with jeers and sneers sarcastic!
Lady's chain, and Hands all round!

Hands all round, *then fugaves!*
Forward all to the music's sound!
There now, Joe, you've lost your braces!
Forward and back and Hands all round!

Bring your partners down to supper,
Hash on toast and quail on a sipe,
Pickled eels for Sir C. Tupper,
Mister Blake desires some tripe;
J. Barr Plumb is quite aesthetic,
Lilies round his plate are bound;
Joe Rymal says in voice pathetic,
"Let's have once more old Hands all round!"

Hands all round, around the table,
Away they skip with lively bound,
And just as long as they were able
They danced and shouted, Hands all round!

A Spring Idyll.

Mrs. Joggins went to town
In a cosy street-car;
And she pulled the stopping-bell
Where the pretty things are.

With a wallet in her hand,
"Full of bills and quarters,"
Dry goods charmed her roving eye,
And also Meg, her daughter's.

Jifkins showed them to a seat—
Bade the clerk attend them;
"Let us see your newest print,"
"Ma'am, Noo York can't mend them."

Roses, lilies, sprigs, and leaves,
Sunflowers in a garden,
Lay in heaps before their eyes,
Sweet as Dolly Varden.

"Oh! mamma," cried pretty Meg,
"Don't you love those pansies?"
"Child, they're all too common got—
Mine's a cultured fancy."

"Not aesthetic, did you say?
Pray, mamma, what may be?
Oscar Wilde adores the style,
And he is not a gaby."

Says the clerk, "Here's something else,
Tubs, and pails, and daisies;
Simplest taste is purest taste,
And contemplation raises.

"All the pensive infinite,
In our souls that's latent,
Starts to life on seeing tubs,
And the pail that's patent.

"Blue tubs on a pea-nut ground,
Red pails and a larrow,—
So suggestive all of bliss,
To a soul not narrow."

"Oh, mamma, not," "yes my love,
"This is just the fashion;
Now papa has got his raise,
We must put a dash on."

"Twenty yards and that one, too,
Where that chair reposes
"Mad brown sticky. Why, dear, it's like
Love among the roses.

Then I want some tapestry,
Queen Anne patterns, certain,
Highly realistic, mind,
For a parlor curtain.

Ah, the very thing, I see,
Genus of peacock-feathers
Falling on a hanging ground,
And a goat in tethers.

How Arcadian; How they lived
In those filmy ages,
When such things were thought "bad form,"
My discernment cages.

Send them home to Oscar Place."
"Now, my dear, the dudo! —
We must have the drawing-room
In something nice arrayed-o."

"Drawing-room, ma'am? Yes, we have
Lots of charming notions;
Circles squared, and angles curved,
Ballons and oars and oceans,

"All combined with grubs and stones—
A very pretty pattern,
And all cut up like corner lots,
The airy style is 'sat on.'

"Effects is out, and lines is in;
Now here's a lovely subject—
A crane a-screaming as he flies
At all these pretty objects.

"The bull-frogs in a blue-rush pond,
With dragon flies above them,
Outlined to their finger nails, —
You cannot help but love them."

"Oh, don't, mamma! you know I hate —
"Now pray, Meg, don't be silly,
A spider on a garden gate,
Combined with gnat and fly—

"The very thing! pray send the man
To work to-morrow morning,
I want to let my husband see
My culchaw in adorning."

Mrs. Joggins trotted home
Full of pride artistic;
Gloating on her tubs and loads,
And culchaw realistic.

SLASH.

A Spring Medley.



HE front gate swings in the misty light,
And swears at the burden it's got to bear;
From the old woodshed come the sounds of fight,
The cats are pulling each other's hair.

The rats are piping loud at the pond,
And the bull-frog's squeak in the barn is heard;
While the festive skeeter is growing fond,
And sips the claret his trunk has stir'd.

The awful ye of the "fresh fish" fiend
Cracks the surrounding atmosphere;
The loafer who 'gainst the lamp-post leaned
Is swilling a schooner of lager beer.

The fierce war-cry of the shanty-man
Rings wildly out on the calm night-air,
As he "whoops 'er up" in the wild can-can,
Or gently mashes things with a chair.

'Way down the lane where the taters grow,
The beetles are rooting upon the fence;
Waiting with moistened jaws in a row,
For th' expected blow-out a few weeks hence.

A Verbatim Report.

"Doubt that the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move."

Shakespeare.

SUNFLOWER VERBAH, May 3rd, 1882.

DEAR MISTAH GRIP:—



HAB jus ben to heah Mistah Johnson delibe his celibated lecture provin' dat de sun do move, and I herewith proceed to gib you a synopsis of de hole in de native bernacler. He said: "I hab giben dis heah lecture in almost ebery big city in New York, and when I pre-destinated to delibe it in Kanady I made up my mind to gib de people ob Hamilton de bery fust chauce, and dey will now be able to hab a crow ober de po' neglected village ob Toronto. Toronto hab Dr. Wild, Hamilton hab Mistah Johnson. Dis is what I call a fair distribution, without any ob dis heah jerry man-

dering we heah so much about in de Grip papers. At de close ob dis lecture I will heah any objections, and I want dose who are not quite sure ob de pints I will touch on, to relieve dere minds about dem afore dey go away. I am sot in my pinions dat de earth stands still and dat de sun moves round it. (Cheers.) And I will continue to tiuk so till my friends, de scientists can 'vince me otherwise. Now, I propose to prove dat de sun do. I leab it to Brud-der Gardiner ob de Limekin Club if it ain't so. I know dat mos' people tink dis is not so, but it is. I leab it to my friend de mos' original poet, flospher and friend dat Hamilton kin boast of, de renowned Anos Pitt, if it ain't so. I hab jus' made a diskivery (cheers), I hab found dat dere hab been more suns dan dis heah loominary which now lights up de world. Dere hab bin obder suns which shone jus' as brightly. But I prefer now to de sun which rises and sets as de great central sun. Somewhar in space dere are invisible suns, but we can only see one of dese invisible ones. In a few years, some of dese will come out again and light up de earth, and de result will be a complete disorganization of de planetary system, which will knock

Edison eudwise. (Cheers.) Dis sun which is now moving, will probly collude wid de earth, and, de result ob de collusion will be disastrous to de earth or de sun, can't say which, but de man who libs longest wi.l see most. Scientists say dat de sun stands still, but I never could tell how dey find dat out. Dey are on de hote a reliable class ob men, but like de doctors, dey disagree so much among demselves dat I hab not a bory good 'pinion ob dere reliability. De one minute dey say de sun stands still, and de next dey say dat it turns on its axle! Again, one says dat de sun is 95,000,000 miles away, anoder, dat it is only 90,000,000! I doan believe it's all a fiery mass. I've as good a right to guess at things as dey hab. I doan believe dey eber measured de distance with a tape-line, an I neber heard ob de man who went to de sun for information. Nosah! de man who de moon hab to stay dere, an' de man who breaks his kindin' wood on Sunday, an' gets sent to de sun for dat same offence will hab to stay dere too. I hab more reliable information dan de scientists. A man will say de risin' and de settin' of de sun is only an apparition caused by de evolution ob de earth, but I doan believe in any evolutionary movement. Dey had enuff of dat in France. I believe what I see, and I see de sun move, it goes down one side, and hurries around to come up on de oder side. It is recorded in de Bible dat de sun rises and sets. Doesn't dat prove dat it has motion? When Joshua got into trouble with his enemies, he managed to get divine influence on his side and he commanded de sun and moon to stand still. What was de good ob calling on it to stop if it wasn't moving? (Cheers.) It did stand still, and I believe de Scriptures before de scientists. I claim dat de earth stands still ana some day it will come into collusion with some moving heavenly body. Day say dat de interior ob dis heah earth is filled with fire, but dese men are mistaken. I met a man in Washington, a state official, and he says to me "what do you think about dis matter?" I told him, and he said "Dese are my 'pinions exactly. Send me de *British Lion* for a year." (Loud and prolonged cheering, during which de reverend speaker drank a dipper of water, wiped off his chin, pulled up his collar, and proceeded.) It is a grand mistake, dis alleged evolution ob de earth. God created de darkness and de light separate, and de evolution ob de earth hab nothing to do with it. It is far more reasonable to suppose de earth am flat, dan to suppose it am evolving in space, supported by nothing. (Cheers.) If de earth turns upside down de people on de oder side must be in an embarrassing position. (Laughter and Cheers.) I doan remember ever standing on my head. Dat theory is all wrong.

John de Revelator saw angels at de fo' corners ob de earth, which could not be if de earth am round. Den dere was a man named David, who got into a scrape once, though we won't say any-thing about dat. He found out somehow dat dere were "ends ob de earth." What am de ends if de earth am round? I think dat I have "monstered it for you, dat de earth am flat, and dat de sun do move." Heah de rev. and learned gent. came to a 'clusion. Several questions were asked him, which, however, he did not lower himself to pay any attention to. And I heahby solemnly testify and 'clare dat de above is a free and full translation of de lecture as delivered in de Market St. B. Church, on de eben in ob de 2nd May. And I hope de rev. gent. afore-said will not kick up any fuss about de copyright laws—kase de Toronto folks will hab de lecture before he gets time to delibe it thero.

I am, deah sah,
Your faithful reporter,
JAY KAYELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.



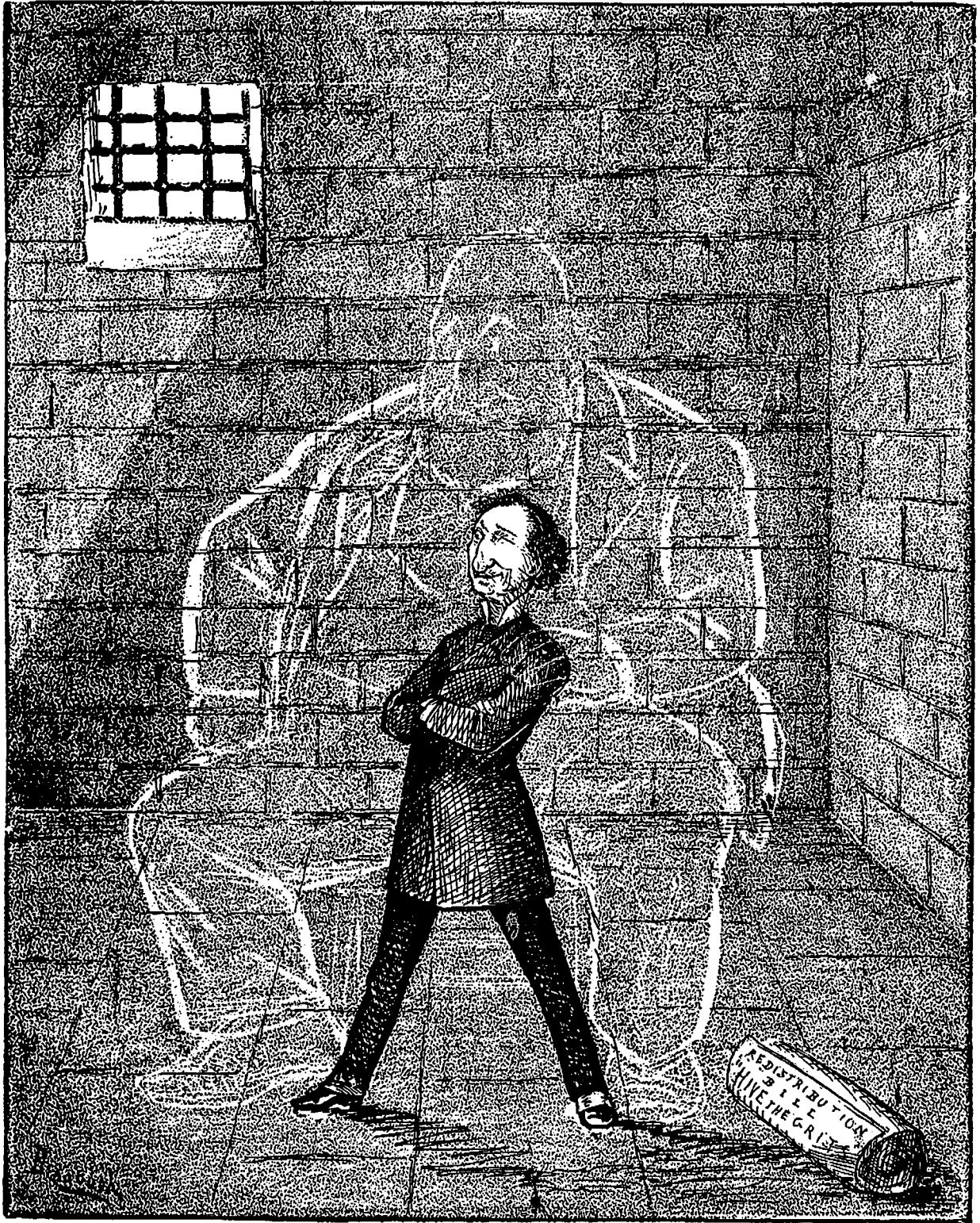
ASSASSINATION.

HO is this that by the wayside,
With snamed face and head bowed low,
To the trampled grass looks e'er?
Where the stains of murder show?
Eris' genius! Wildly cried she:
"Death and malediction be
On their name and cause whose baseness
Brings this shame on mine and me!
Curse the murderers! curse, my children!
They no patriots in despair,
Who, by yoke of despots maddened;
Smite the tyrant in his lair.
Curse them, shades of those who fearless
Risked their own and country's fate
In the red front of the battle
Of sad, glorious, Ninety-eight!
Curse them, Curran, Flood, and Grattan!
Let O'Connell's voice of flame
Scathe with scorn the Fenian Hydra,
And redeem their country's shame!
Ireland's sons beyond the ocean,
Give no grace of heart or hand—
As your home's good name ye honor—
To the miscreant Fenian band.
Curse on their New York abettors,
Who, for bribe of votes or pay
Screen the miscreants plotting murder.
Theirs the deed we mourn to-day;
Theirs the midnight felon creeping
Where the death-shot flashed on thee,
Whom thy stricken country mourned for—
Noblest of her sons, McGee!
Yet for shame, Columbia! trample
In thy wrath the dens where lurk
They who, to fill Fenian coffers,
Speculate in murder's work!
Ireland! God help Ireland's manhood
To speed Vengeance on her way!
Hunt the slaves! let ce.l and gibbet
Wipe this horror from the day!"

C. P. M.

The young man who said he liked plain food, turned his nose up at Pemican the other day while out at Qu'Appelle.

It appears at the late sculling match on the Tyne that Boyd was entirely blown, while the only part of Hanlan that was blown was his nose.



“WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?”

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Advice to a Young Man.

Oh, yes, I understand all that, my son. I have heard much of that before. You mourn and grieve over the lack of true womanhood among the girls of your acquaintance. Mere butterflies of fashion, you say, who can rattle the keys of a grand piano, dance like fairies, chatter nonsense and society nothings by the hour, but for their lives cannot bake a loaf of bread, roast a turkey, do a day's washing, or make a shirt. You say you demand the noblest type of useful womanhood in your wife, and you want to know where you can find the wife you want? Well, I will tell you, my dear boy. If that is the sort of a woman you want, marry Nora Mulligan, your laundress's daughter. She wears cowhide shoes, is guiltless of corsets, never had a sick day in all her life, takes in washing, goes out house-cleaning and cooks for a family of seven children, her mother and three section men, who board with her. I don't think she would marry you, because Con Regan, the track-walker, is her style of a man. She is the useful sort of a woman you appear to want; but I don't think she'd look at you twice. Let us just examine into your qualifications as a model husband after your own matrimonial ideas, my boy. Can you shoulder a barrel of flour and carry it down the cellar? My dear boy, a quarter of a sack of meal would get away with those chalky fingers and slender arms of yours. Can you saw and split ten cords of hickory wood in the fall, so as to have ready fuel all winter? Telamachus, those twenty-three inches of coat padded out over sixteen inches of shoulders wouldn't help you a cent's worth. Do you know, my son—look me in the eye—do you know how to measure ten cords of wood after the man has piled it in five irregular heaps and tells you it is all there? Do you know how to buy potatoes, and how to put them away for winter? Do you know how to pick over the apples after Christmas? Do you know how to watch the shoeing of your own horse—if you drive one—and can you tell timothy from prairie hay when you are buying it? Can you spade up half an acre of ground for a kitchen garden? Do you know what will take the limy taste out of the new cistern, and can you patch the little leak in the kitchen roof?

What would you do if a hoop fell off the flour barrel? Suppose the chimney gets choked up? If the front door binds at the top? What if a mortise lock gets out of order? If an extra shelf is wanted in the pantry? Or two or three little houses for the hens with broods of chicks? Can you bring home a pane of glass and a wad of putty and repair damages in the sitting-room window? Can you hang some cheap paper on the kitchen? Can you fix the front gate so that it will not sag? Can you help the man carry the big kitchen stove out to the summer kitchen? Do you know how to fix a pump when it chokes? Can you make two or three tree-boxes for the trees you planted on the sidewalk, if you know how to plant them? Can you do anything about the house that Con Regan can? My dear boy, you see why Nora Mulligan will have none of you: she wants a higher type of true manhood. You expect to hire men to do all the man's work about the house, but you want your wife to do everything that any woman can do. Believe me, my dear son, nine-tenths of the girls who play the piano and sing so charmingly, who you in your limited knowledge set down as "mere butterflies of fashion," are better fitted for wives than you are for a husband. The girls know more about these things than you do. If you want to marry a first-class cook and experienced housekeeper, do your courting in the intelligent office. But if you want a wife, marry the girl you love, with dimpled hands and

a face like the sunlight, and her love will reach her all these things, my boy, long before you have learned one half of your own lesson.—*Robert J. Burdette, in Burlington Hawkeye.*

It Always Works Just this Result.

Mr. John Bonner, proprietor of the celebrated Yonge-street Dry Goods and Gents' Furnishing Store, Toronto, tells a most remarkable story of the Great German Remedy, "St. Jacobs Oil cured me of a bad case of neuralgia, of five years' standing, when I had given up hopes of being cured, and had tried fifty different so-called remedies. I now keep it all the time not only at home, but here in my place of business; it is an excellent thing, and something nobody should be without."

TURTLES!!

ANOTHER LIVE TURTLE, the
Largest yet imported, was seen alive in

CLEGHORN'S WINDOW,

To be converted into SOUP for

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JEWELL & CLOW,

The well-known Restaurateurs,

56, 58 & 60 COLBORNE STREET.

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As he does not entrust his work to students or assistants, but does it himself, the public may rely on it always being done as represented.

Office Hours, 8.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

Evening Office at Residence, Jameson Avenue, North Parkdale.

Great Western Railway.

SLEEPING CAR ARRANGEMENTS BETWEEN
TORONTO AND CHICAGO.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 1, 1882, AN elegant Wagner sleeping car will be attached daily (except Sundays) to train leaving Toronto at 11.45 p. m., arriving at Detroit at 9.25 a. m., and Chicago at 7.40 p. m. the following day. Returning will leave Chicago daily (except Saturdays) at 9.10 p. m., arriving at Toronto at 6.40 p. m.

Passengers leaving Toronto will be able to take sleeper after 9 p. m., at Yonge-street depot.

For railway passage, tickets and sleeping car accommodation, apply to T. W. JONES, 23 York-street; CHAS. E. MORGAN, 64 Yonge-street, and at Ticket offices at the Union and Yonge-street depots.

WM. EDGAR,

General Passenger Agent.

F. BROUGHTON,

General Manager.



TENDERS FOR COAL

FOR THE

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF ONTARIO, 1882.

The Treasurer of the Province of Ontario will receive tenders addressed to him, at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and endorsed "Tenders for Coal," up to noon of

WEDNESDAY, 17th MAY, 1882,

for the delivery of the following quantities of coal in the sheds of the institutions named, on or before the 1st of July, 1882, (except at the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, where delivery is not to be commenced until 1st August), viz:—

Asylum for the Insane, Toronto.

Hard coal, 600 tons large egg size, and 175 tons stove size. Soft coal, 400 tons.

Central Prison, Toronto.

Hard coal, 400 tons small egg size, 25 tons chestnut size, and 25 tons stove size.

Reformatory for Females, Toronto.

Hard coal, 100 tons stove size. Soft coal, 500 tons.

Asylum for the Insane, London.

Hard coal, 200 tons large egg size, and 60 tons chestnut size. Soft coal, 1,250 tons, for steam purposes, and 150 tons for grates.

Asylum for the Insane, Kingston.

Hard coal, 300 tons large egg size, and 10 tons chestnut size. Soft coal, 300 tons.

Asylum for the Insane, Hamilton.

Hard coal, 85 tons stove size and 25 tons chestnut size. Soft coal, 1,100 tons for steam purposes, and 100 tons for grates. N.B.—200 tons of the steam coal to be delivered at the pumping house.

Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

Hard coal, 60 tons large egg size, and 20 tons stove size. Soft coal, 600 tons.

Institution for the Blind, Belleville.

Hard coal, 400 tons large egg size and 200 tons stove size.

Agricultural College, Guelph.

Hard coal, 275 tons large egg size, and 50 tons stove size. Soft coal, 80 tons, for steam purposes, and 20 tons for grates.

The hard coal to be Pittston, Scranton, or Lehigh. Tenders are to name the mine or mines from which it is proposed to take the soft coal, and to designate the quality of the same, and, if required, to produce satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name. All coal to be delivered in a manner satisfactory to the authorities of the respective institutions.

Tenders will be received for the whole supply specified or for the quantities required in each institution. An accepted cheque for \$500, payable to the order of the Treasurer of Ontario, must accompany each tender as a guarantee of its bona fides, and two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of the contract. Specifications and forms and conditions of tender are to be obtained from the Bursars of the Institutions.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

S. C. WOOD,

Treasurer of Ontario.

Parliament Buildings, Toronto, May 1st, 1882.

Quite Too all "Butt."

(ADDRESSED TO A GOAT OF THE MALE PERSUASION.)



Tell me, ye bearded quadruped
That answereth to the name of "Billy,"
Why is thy character so much maligned?
Wherefore thy front name so exceeding silly?

Why dost thou shun the pasture green?
Content to graze on vacant lot,
And masticate the oyster-can,
Hoopskirt, door-mat, and all such rot.

Sad is thine eye, O goat!
Hast ever felt the darts of Cupid?
Thy look is pensive, also, Goat!
Say, is it love, or something else more stupid?

Hast ever wandered out at night,
When earth was quiet and the moon so pallid,
To sing, "Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang w' me,"
Or some such sentimental ballad?

Perhaps thou hast loved in vain,
Or perhaps been jilted by thy fair;
And that accounts for thy dejected head,
And thy most vacant stare.



I'm leaving thee in sorrow, goat!
With feelings better not expressed.
Oh, Goat! thou'rt too all butt(!) for me,
I've such a pain behind my vest.

H. H. W.

Conversations for the Times.

A LITTLE ALLEGORY.

MR. BRITTY SHILES. What a confounded noise there is in my garden! Why, there's a cur got through the fence, and he's routing out my fowls, and chasing my cat about, and destroying my flowers. Here! Hi! be off, will yer? Shish!

MASTER COE LUMBIA (looking over the fence). Here, Mr. Britty Shiles, it's rather cool of you to shish my father's dog off your premises. Perhaps you're not aware that he's my father's property, and under his protection. I'm not going to have him frightened by anybody.

MR. B. S. Why, the cur used to belong to me at one time, but he ran away because I wouldn't allow him the privilege of eating off my plate and flying at my throat at the same time. Your father's welcome to him if you want him, but perhaps, as he is under your control, you'll be good enough to keep him out of my garden?

MASTER C. L. Oh, he isn't under our control he's only under our protection. We can't undertake to keep him out. It's no business of

ours to prevent his damaging your property, and it's very cool of you to make it your business!

MR. B. S. Why, confound it! if that cur hasn't got in again. There he is inciting my fowls to claw each other to death, and setting all my dogs against me, and turning everything upside down! I'll be hanged if I don't shut him up in the tool-house! (Does so, reluctantly.)

MASTER C. L. Here, I say, I will not have our dog locked up! He shall fill your garden with blood and feathers if he chooses. I shall demand that my father shall extend to him the full protection his allegiance guarantees.

Explanation of the Allegory:—"The Mayor and other citizens of New York issued a call for a mass meeting in the Cooper Institute, on April 3rd, to protest against the arbitrary action of the British Government in imprisoning Irish Americans, and to demand that the United States Government shall extend to them the full protection their allegiance guarantees."—Globe, &c.

Sequel (as we venture to hope) to this little Allegory:—

MR. BRITTY SHILES (with his ear to the wall). Dear me! How our neighbor Mr. Coe Lumbia is reprimanding his offspring, to be sure! Hark at him—"Meddlesome young monkey!"—"Getting me into hot water with my neighbors!"—"There now"—(dear me, what a thick cane that must be!—whack! whack! whack!)—"perhaps you'll behave your dirty little self in the future!" H'm—well, I'm glad to find our neighbor is not quite such an idiot as his son. What's this? A note from Mr. Coe Lumbia, expressing regret at his son's insolence, and requesting me to do as I think fit with that cur.

I will; I'll just go out and hang him.—London Fun.

Spots on the son—the measles.

Printers invariably prefer pudding to pi.

There seems to be quite a difference between a variable and a very able man.

The Prince of Wales' wedding present to Leopold is a \$25,000 piano. The report that he earned the money to purchase the gift by writing spring poetry lacks confirmation. It is more likely that he told the dealer to "charge it."—Norristown Herald.

The press of this morning contains an account of how a man lost a gold watch on a Market-street car, and states that the case is in hands of a detective. If the case is in the hands of a detective, we venture to inquire what has become of the works?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A preacher recently said in a sermon that nine-tenths of the redeemed in Heaven will be women. Bless their little hearts, how they will crowd the men off the golden sidewalks!—Hartford Journal. (Guess not, no crowding off the golden sidewalk when there is only one man to nine women.)

Shakespeare's Irish characters: "Which of Shakespeare's plays do you like, Mr. O'Flannigan?" "Well, I like the Irish ones the best." "And which may those be, O'Flannigan?" "Are you so ignorant as that, me son? sure your eddication's been sadly neglected. Why, G'Thello, Corry, O'Lann's, Mike Beth and Katharine and Pat Ruechio."—Springfield Republican.

A New York girl published an article in which she asserted that lemonade, ice cream and cake were very unhealthy, and should never be allowed to enter the stomach. Since then her parlor has contained as many as nine suitors at a time, with half a dozen hopeful youths hanging to the fence outside, waiting for a chance to declare their love and poverty.—Evansville Argu.



An oyster breathes bi-valves.
A soldier eats his meals rationally.
A heavy suit—A submarine diver's.
Plain speaking—Prairie conversations.
What kind of a foller is Jerry Mander?
"Everything by turns"—A kalidoscope.
Is John A. any relation to Jerry Mander?
Noah was the Arkitekt of his own fortune.
What kind of a fellow is redistribution, Bill?
A rifle is a presentable gift for a sportsman.
A religious crank—A hurdy-gurdy in church.
"The merchant service"—Shop-boys and clerks.

If you have senio crows you will have s-arce crows.

Awl soles day should be observed by all shreemakers.

If a brewer has a cat around at all, it should be a *mult-ese* cat.

The old counties' slang expression, "We are all broken up."

When a man falls down a collar stairs he gets accelerated motion.

Hint to politicians—Society gents generally make good party men.

If you ask a horse if it is gentle it will frequently answer neigh.

When you tell a fireman to "go to blazes," is the expression necessarily offensive?

"Betty and the baby are getting rich.—Andrew's Bazar.—You bet they are!

A signet ring—Wringing a young swan's neck. Some men think a deal of the kind of board they get.

If you place a newspaper between your ear and a telephone receiver, it's an attempt to go to Parry Sound.

If you burn your finger in a lamp are you light fingered? Bliss—the highest happiness: Webster's Dictionary. Example, Dr. Bliss gets \$25,000 for attending President Garfield.

One biggest elephant, one suit of Guiteau's old clothes and a baby camol is a complete outfit for a circus this season.—New Haven Register.

"What kind of board can I get here?" queried a seedy-looking chap of a hotel clerk. "Well!" whispered he of the Koh-i-noor, with a ghastly smile, handing out a tooth-pick, "there is a sample of the board we can afford, but if that is not satisfactory, you can go round to the planing-mill in the next block and get some sawdust, or you—!" At this point the inquirer fled with a yell of horror.—Lockport Union.

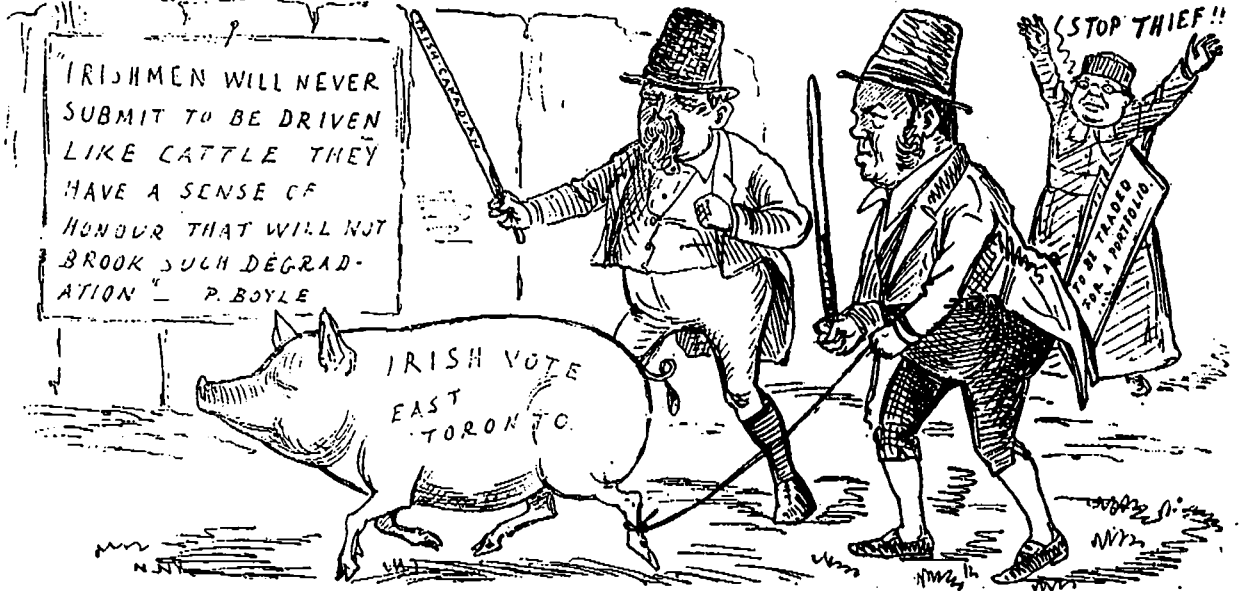
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TAKING THE PIG TO MARKET.



Mr. Torrington's first orchestral concert, given at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, was a most gratifying success. The large audience present testified very warmly their appreciation of every number given, and demanded *encores* in the case of several of the solo efforts. Mr. Delahunt's baritone songs were fairly given, though our own Warrington has done them more to our liking. Miss McManus acquitted herself admirably under the circumstances. Had her selection been a tuneful English ballad, however, the effect upon the audience would have been more marked. Mrs. Petley rendered a selection from "Ernani" in a manner that secured a hearty recall. Mr. W. W. Lauder's performance of Beethoven's Emperor Concerto was brilliant, and established that gentleman's claim to a first place amongst the pianists of the day. Herr Otto Dosenbach proved himself to be one of the best violinists our city has heard.

The Choral Society's second concert, under the leadership of Mr. Edward Fisher, will take place on Tuesday evening next, when Mendelssohn's "Athalie" will be given.

Prof. Cromwell's Art Entertainments are amusing and edifying large audiences at the Grand this week. If you cannot afford a journey to the art centres of the world, the next best thing is to go and see this exhibition.

Prince Daschkoff says that the Czar will get his roof shingled in August next. — kof is one of the Czar's private and pulmonary ministers. — N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Men who write alleged splendid hands, acquired by some new process of self-instruction, all sign their name alike. There is as much character in their hand-writing as there is in a lot of old newly-cut pine shingles. — N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

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FOR
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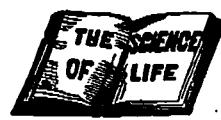
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

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THE INTERNATIONAL THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE, 75 Yonge street, corner King and Toronto. A body of French and English physicians are in charge. Great reformation in medical science. The Spirometer, the wonderful invention of Dr. M. Souvielle, of Montreal, an ex-aidé surgeon of the French army, which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease, has proved in the leading hospitals of Europe to be indispensable for the cure of catarrh, catarrhal deafness, bronchitis, asthma, and lung disease. Dr. Souvielle and a body of English and French surgeons and physicians are in charge of this, the most scientific institution on this continent. We wish country practitioners who have not sufficient practice to distinguish the different forms of lung disease to bring their patients to our institute, and we will give them free advice. This institute has been organized by this body of scientific men to place Canada in a position to compete on scientific views with any part of Europe, and to protect the people from the hands of insignificant men. Dr. Souvielle's Spirometer and its preparations were invented after long and careful experiments in chemical analysis and use in hundreds of cases to prove its effects. He has the sole right in France, England, the United States and Canada. Last year over 1,000 letters of thanks were received from all parts of Europe, Canada and America for the wonderful cures performed by the Spirometer. Hundreds of the leading people of this country given as references. Write or call at the International Throat and Lung Institute, 75 Yonge street, corner of King, Toronto, and you will be received by either of the surgeons. Consultations free to physicians and sufferers. Call or write, inclosing stamp for pamphlet giving full particulars free.



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