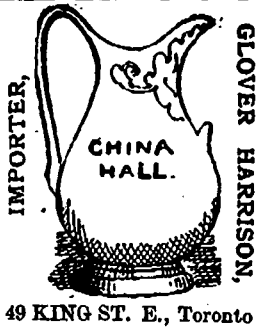


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VOLUME XXII.  
No. 16.

TORONTO, SATURDAY APRIL 19, 1884.

\$2 PER ANNUM.  
5 CENTS EACH.



ROBBERY OF A DEFENCELESS WOMAN.

BLAKE.—I DENOUNCE THIS WHOLE THING AS WRONG IN PRINCIPLE, AND MOVE IN AMENDMENT THAT ONTARIO'S SHARE OF THE LOOT BE BIGGER!

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

J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

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

### Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—The Conservative representatives of Ontario in the Dominion House have fairly earned the contempt of their Province, by persistent plodding in the path of meanness since the last general elections. Sent to Ottawa to represent the banner province of Confederation, not one of them has ever lifted his voice to protest against the numberless insults that have been offered her. They have been Ontario's worst enemies, and we hope they will be plainly made to feel the truth of this when they present their treacherous faces on the hustings again. These are strong words, but they are true, and GRIP has no axes to grind, that he should cry peace where there is no peace. We deliberately charge the Ministerialist majority with conspiring to injure this Province. The records of the session just ended abundantly prove this, for they record vote after vote given solidly in support of measures which are now admitted to have been unconstitutional and aimed at the rights of Ontario; and they record other votes in favor of unfair advantages to other Provinces, and therefore indirect stabs at this. We do not mean to assert that the course of the Quebec *Bleus* has been, morally speaking, any better than that of the Ontario Tories, but the *Bleus* are, at all events, men of spirit, and their devotion to their Province goes far to palliate their questionable methods. We doubt if anybody has quite so much contempt for the Ontario members as these same *Bleus*; we would really like to know what Chapleau thinks in his heart of men who have power to save their Province from outrage and refuse to do so. The leader of the *Bleus* at Ottawa would as soon think of suicide as of asking his followers to be untrue to Quebec in even the smallest matter. He knows the horse would kick. As for the Ontario plug, Sir John can spear his heels with a pitch-fork without the slightest danger.

**FIRST PAGE.**—The session of parliament closes as usual with a scene of bare-faced plundering. This time the scramble is introduced under the guise of Railway Subsidies. Its real intention is to give the C.P.R. the ad-

ditional advance asked for, and to pay the Quebec members for their votes on the original advance to that modest corporation. In order to do this, a legal fiction is of course resorted to, and a pretence made of subsidizing various railroads, each of the Provinces getting a share of the plunder. Mr. Blake, after a virtuous speech in which he declared that stealing the public money was "wrong in principle," moved an amendment to the effect that Ontario ought to get more, as she had spent proportionally more than Quebec. He should have simply declined to have anything to do with the dirty business. If this Province is to be robbed, she should be ready to suffer the wrong rather than endorse what is wrong in principle.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—When Senator Macpherson was making a—Senator—of himself the other day in our house of peers; when he was frothing at the mouth, swinging his arms and rolling out mouthfuls of foul language, somebody should have carried in that magnificent painting of him (done at the public expense by a foreign artist) and held it up before him. The effect would probably have been magical. Perhaps he would have subsided into decent composure, and reflected upon the vast difference between the artist's idea of Macpherson and the Senate's; or perhaps in the hurricane of his quite uncalculated-for passion he might have dashed his fist through the canvass. If so, small loss to the country; the picture is now useless, anyway, as a correct representation of the great man.

The London *Advertiser* comes to our table in a new dress—the natural result of having a philosophical editor. As a further mark of prosperity the *Tiger* now boasts a Bullock perfecting press, the first of this make ever set up in Canada. Clean white paper is fed into one end of this wonderful machine, and comes out of the other end transformed into profound moralizings on Free Trade, cruel stabs at Meredith, awfully funny Bremnerisms and all the *et ceteras* that go to make up the "leading paper of the west"—barring the F.P.



On Saturday afternoon a matinee is to be given at the Grand Opera House by Claxton's Orchestra. This new organization, which has been heard on two public occasions, promises "to fill a long-felt want." Its performances are already marked by high excellence, and there is no doubt that, under the able baton of Mr. Moore, the Orchestra will soon be the pride of musical Toronto. It contains thirty members, all of whom are professionals, while the reputation of the conductor is deservedly high. GRIP congratulates Mr. Claxton on his enterprise, and hopes the music lovers of this city will let him see that his efforts are appreciated.

A grand concert under the management of Mr. Thos. Hurst takes place in Shaftsbury Hall this (Friday) evening. The programme is very attractive, and embraces many of our most popular singers and instrumentalists, including Miss Hillary, Mrs. Adamson, Messrs. Hurst, Schuch, Pearson, Boeckh, Cable, Gibson, Daniels, Fox, Fraser and Martens.



While down in Ottawa last week, I dropped in to see Senator MacPherson. I sent up my card and was speedily ushered in the Hon. Gentleman's presence. The Senator looked anything but pleased when I drew up a chair and sat down in front of him. His expression was stern, not to say hostile, and his whiskers bristled out as bristly the whiskers of the Nubian lion. "Well sir," said he, regarding me with a skene dhu look in his eye, "what do you want with me? If your business is urgent kindly state it at once, as I am very busy." "Phairson," said I, "I've come to interview you." "What!" "To interview you, Phairson," said I smilingly. "In the first place I want to know if you have any Registrarships to bestow on the deserving talent of the land. If so, I'd like one myself. Secondly, I want to know if your hielan forefathers ever corralled the Lowlanders' cattle, as Cartwright alleged. In the third place, I want to know if you think the Senate ought not to be abolished. In the fourth—"I just got as far as fourth when I was hurled forth, thrown forth, slung forth through the office door, then I was passed forth through the main entrance, and thence led forth to the Queen's highway, where I sat down and reflected. What could be the reason of this outrage on a distinguished Journalist? Perhaps Mac was in a bad humor, perhaps I didn't approach with sufficient delicacy,—I cannot tell. However, the Senate must go!

When I was in England a few weeks ago, I went out to Hawarden to see old Billy Gladstone, the people's William, the grand old man. I found him with his coat off, whacking away at an old bass wood tree. How goes it old sport?" said I, as the old man struck his axe into a convenient stump. "I'm from Canada I am; and a red hot liberal. The boys would like to know when you are coming out to see us. We'll give you a good time, you bet!" "Nothing would please me better, my dear Sir," said the great Statesman, than to visit your colony, and axe in hand help to fell the monarchs of the forest in the vicinity of your clearings, especially Toronto, of which I have heard so much; but I fear the weather would prove too cold."

"Oh I don't mean now," I replied, "say next summer?"

"But is it not always cold there?"

"Oh, by no means," said I. "It is often quite warm in July and August."

"Then why do Canadians always wear furs and snow shoes? I never see them depicted otherwise."

"They don't. It's all a conspiracy got up between the Yankers and the photographers to disparage the country. Canada is a great place for conspiracies anyway. So keep your weather eye lifting after this, that you don't get deceived. See here old man, it's hot enough in Canada sometimes to melt the buttons of the soldiers' coats, but come out anyway next summer and we'll get a private refrigerator for you. The old man sat down on the stump and pondered, and I took the next train for London.



"Where is the Round Robin?" shrieks the editor of the *Mail*. I do not know, my dear man; but if you come out with me any of these fine mornings, I will show you where the robin is round.

I do not want to make Manager Sheppard feel remorse about the thing, but I cannot help saying that if he forgot to send compliments to Bunting, Wilkinson, Meek and Kirkland for the first night of "The Power of Money," he missed one of the biggest opportunities of the age for a grand joke.

I knew that the temptation would prove irresistible to him! I felt confident from the very beginning that the divine afflatus could not fail to arouse him to glorious labor. But I am sorry to observe that he has gone to the *Globe* with his verses; it pains me to see that he can find no more soul-stirring title for them than "The Bribery Brigade," and I find it too hard entirely to control my feelings when I come across a couplet that rhymes thus:

This "Brawling Brood of Bribers,"  
When out they're hatched-beneath the *Mail*.

Apart altogether from the questionable idea of a brood being hatched out under a male, there must be serious exception taken to the insidions attempt to upset the first principles of true poetry by making "bribers" accord in sound with the name of the chief Tory organ—however much they may accord in sentiment with the talented managing editor thereof. Mr. Awde cannot expect to hold the Laureateship if he goes on in this style!

Lord Scarsdale and Lord Vernon are going to start butter factories. How this idea has a curd to them (kindly overlook it just this once) is not quite clear to me. Very probably they argue that trade in connection with the "upper crust" is no disgrace. They regard cream, you know, as the upper crust of the milk. There is one difficulty I foresee in store—not necessarily grocery store—for these enterprising gentlemen. It is in the matter of their respective coats-of-arms, which each of them must of course change. Now, it is simply impossible for both of them to choose a churn-dasher rampant!

A city paper mentions that "one of the most remarkable features of the programme" at a meeting of the Normal School Literary Society, was an essay, written by a young lady, and entitled "Have an aim." It would be interesting if the talented reporter who perceived anything "remarkable" in a young lady having an aim would come forward and explain. To my mind there is nothing startling in the association of an aim with a beau. Again, the remarkable thing would be that a young lady would not want to have a name—that is to say, of course, the name of some eligible young man, with hand and fortune accompaniments!

While Keely, the man of mysterious motor, has been moping about the manufacture of his much-mooted means of moving machinery, a more wide-awake genius has come out with his motor and completely keeled over Prof. Keely—if the term be excusable. At any rate, a reporter had a ride on the opposition machine the other night; so that even if there is no truth in the story about the new power, there is at least something worth noting in the circumstance that this particular reporter has won the heat the present year in the race for the biggest lie about the Keely motor.

An authority on the subject states that Matthew Arnold cleared £1200 by his American tour. In the face of this fact *Vanity Fair* gravely criticises a lecture delivered since his return 'ome, on the score of its being given "in a yawning, lazy, indolent fashion!" As if a gentle lecturer, or any other public afflicter, could not afford, with \$6,000 of good coin jingling in his pants pocket, to act in a yawning, lazy and indolent, or any other self-satisfied fashion! With all that money Matthew is decidedly one of the remnant. If he lose it, he takes his place among the majority—and I shall be there to welcome him sadly.

I beg respectfully but firmly to call the attention of Herr Von Heimrod to a recent paragraph in the *Globe*, in which the German citizens of Toronto are said to have had recollections of the "Faderland" revived in the observance of a national festival. His Consular might advantageously direct the attention of the Home authorities to the fact that one of the most pressing needs of the times is a German reporter as proof reader on the *Globe*. Otherwise, the refreshing originality of the *Globe* staff's use of the German tongue will manifest itself some morning in the employment of the word above quoted in its pure and simple orthography, "Födderland."

When the party paper desires to make the whole country feel the crushing weight of its influence as a public censor, it picks out politicians who have said something or done something, so or voted for this, or failed to vote for that, and prints their names in parallel columns in big black letters with a few lines of introduction coldly specifying their offence. This done, the able editor lies back, and in his mind's eye sees each one of the placarded ruffians fleeing, with a hunted look on his face, to the nearest swamp. Happily this mind's-eye picture is so far from real that up to the present none of the swamps have been overcrowded. It is but fair to state, however, that this is not the fault of the able editor.

Mary Anderson has an estimable business manager who never considers his duty to his fair employer fully done any day he does not have her engaged to, or married to, or giving the mitten to some notable personage not a step lower in the social scale than a Prince, or at all events an Earl. Indeed it is rumored that on one occasion the celebrity proposed to be utilized was a newspaper man—but this rumor has never been fully substantiated. All this serves to keep Miss Anderson's name prominently before the public. The circumstance that it also keeps sundry of the nobility in a stew is of secondary moment—except in a case where the stew induces the nobleman to go to the newspapers and make out Mary's agent to be guilty of overproof mendacity, which occurring, the agent does not feel bound to do more the next day than get me lud's indignant protest telegraphed abroad. Well may this beautiful *artiste* exclaim at appropriate intervals: "What is Fame, without an advertising agent?"

## WHEN?

When will this dreary winter cease  
Will it forever rain or freeze?  
When will the scavenger come again,  
Carting the filth from each dirty lane?  
When will that gentleman convey  
And dump each load in the odorous Bay?  
When will each red-nosed, stuffed-up "ped"  
Cease to complain of a "code id his head?"  
When will the *Globe* reporter see  
The first Robin redbreast in the tree?  
When will the hard-up swell get out  
The family ring that he had to "spout?"  
When will the fast young man swear off?  
This weather's bad for his old-time cough.  
When will he get to be happy and rich?  
When he gives up whiskey, beer and "sich."  
When should we all be of good cheer?  
When you get your GRIP at \$2.00 a year.

## A BRIBERY OPERETTA.

IN ONE ACT AND THREE BRIEF SCENES.

SCENE I.—*Stage of the Lie-see-'em theatre.*

*Enter C. W. B., weeping and wailing (sings huskily.)*

Oh! what shall I do? Oh! what shall I do?  
They've gone and committed me; oh! boohoo!

## HIDDEN CHORUS.

Ah yes, dear Baby, but not before  
You committed yourself, aye, o'er and o'er.

C. W. B.—But *really* you know, I had nothing to do  
With this bribery case: boohoo! boohoo!

HIDDEN CHORUS (*sarcastically*).

Just think of it! *really* he'd nothing to do  
With this bribery case; it's a little too-too.

C. W. B.—If any one did it I out will speak,  
And father the matter on old Neddy Meek.

## HIDDEN CHORUS.

He says now he finds that he's up Salt Creek,  
That he'll throw all the onus on barrister Meek.



[*Enter Big Push Wilkinson.*

C. W. B. *sings (to obvious air)*.—John Wilkinson, my Jo John, when first we were acquainted  
You know I kind of hinted that money must be spent,  
To bring about a state of things to make the Grips let go,  
But now I swear I never did, John Wilkinson, my Jo.

Big PUSH, (*indignantly*).—Oh! bossy baby Bunting, however can you say  
That you did not give hints to me the money out to pay?  
You won't go back upon us? You will? then be it so,  
But don't you dare to call me now John Wilkinson, your Jo.

[*Exit, dancing the elevator clog.*



[Enter Kirkland in fainting condition: to him C. W. B. warbles.

Oh! darling Yankee Kirkland, oh! Kirky, Kirky, Kirk, Now will you help poor Bossy B. the prison bars to shirk?

I think its pretty evident that you the law will burk,

So please get up and say I did not do the dirty work.

F. S. K.—Now, Bunting dear, it's very clear, and nonsense sheer it seems—

C. W. B.—Oh!

F. S. K.—That you, old hoss, they call the boss, your mind should toss with dreams

C. W. B.—Oh!

F. S. K.—So very wild—to draw it mild—but this here child declares—

C. W. B.—Oh!

F. S. K.—That you're the man that laid the plan, and to the same he swears.

C. W. B.—Oh! (droops.)

F. S. K.—It's hard upon a Yankee, when he didn't do a thing,

To say that he endeavored to gather up a ring;

I deny the soft impeachment, I'm a stranger in the land,

And that's why Goldwin Smith so kindly took me by the hand.

And now if I get clear, before to Yankee land I go

I'll tell the people every blessed ternal thing I know.

[Exit.

C. W. B. (advancing to front).—To the folks, in the Mail, I said I'd no intent, (For goodness' sake don't say I told you.)

To make a co-a-li-ti-on Parliament, (For goodness' sake don't say I told you.)

But between you and me, as I can't rule the roast,

And as I'm aware I must give up the ghost, To cause coalition was really my boast, (But for goodness' sake don't say I told you.)

I felt that the Tories were rather too weak, (For goodness' sake don't say I told you.)

So I, in conjunction with Big Push and Meek, (For goodness' sake don't say I told you.)

Determined to do something awfully strong, To make Gritties and Tories one general throng;

We failed: from this country I'll skip before long,

(But for goodness' sake don't say I told you.)

[Exit.

SCENE. II.—Office of C. C. A. FENTON, who sits receiving deputation after deputation of Citizens.

1ST DEPUTATION.—Mr. Fenton, we fain would go bail for our good and trusty friends, Big Push and Kirkland.

C. C. A.—Go away; you're men of straw.

[Deputation goes.

2ND DEPUTATION.—Mr. Fenton, we fain would go bail for our good and—  
C. C. A.—G'way, bad men: it can't be did: a million dollars wouldn't do it.

[Deputation goes.

3RD DEPUTATION.—Mr. Fenton, we fain would—

C. C. A. (rising angrily).—Look here, you fellows, git. I'm not that sort of a County Crown Attorney. No, sirs. I'll tell you what I am. Listen.



SONG.—COUNTY CROWN ATTORNEY.

If you want a receipt for that curious mystery Known to the Courts as a County Crown A., Take a chunk from each notable person in history,

Shake them all up in a vigorous way. Depth of a Lucifer scheming, a sinister Look of a lawyer disguised as a minister; A taste for high art such as Japanese pottery, Keen scent for a case growing out of a lottery.

A talent for badgering, blowing and bluffery; A thirst for good Porter, if not Ballyduffery; A bag full of cases against E.K.D.

The cunning of him, who of Tophet's a resident, Doing his best to persuade a bank president To pocket the funds and a scound-e-rel be. Take as much of these things as you find to be soluble,

Rattle them off in a way that is voluble, You'll find that the method's exactly *au fait*, To make up a song, not a sermon or homily, On that very peculiar legal anomaly, Known to the world as a County Crown A.

(Chorus of deputations)

Yes, yes, yes, yes, He's a very good subject for sermon or homily, This very peculiar legal anomaly, Known to the world as a County Crown A.

(FENTON finally consents to take bail and deputations depart.)

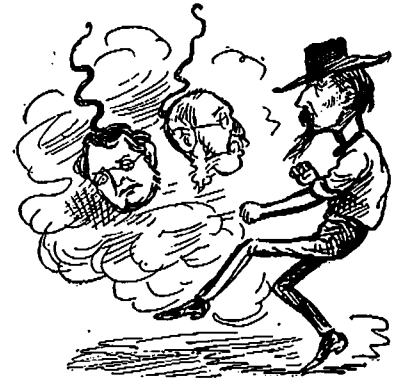
SCENE III.—Midnight train for Texas, or Chili, or Peru, or anywhere, anywhere out of the world: On board, C. W. B., F. S. K., J. A. W., and E. M.

CURTAIN.

### NEW MUSIC.

The advent of the regular annual Gilbert and Sullivan opera is now looked forward to by our musical people with deep interest. This accounts for the rush to Nordheimer's for the scores and arrangements of "Princess Ida," which is pronounced by most admirers of Sullivan to be his best effort in this peculiar line. Though not so catchy as *Pinafore* the music of the *Princess* is exceedingly pretty and occasionally grand.

*Nell Gwynne*, the new comic opera by Farnie and Planquette, threatens to overshadow even Gilbert & Sullivan. The musical critics of England are raving over the beauty of Planquette's music, which is universally declared to be superior to his work in the *Chimes of Normandy*, which is saying a great deal.



GIVE 'EM MORE!

The Grits have displayed their customary stupidity in neglecting to take up the Chinese question.\* \* Yet the pig-headed Grit leaders have been blind to the splendid opportunity afforded them.\* \* But Blake, Cartwright, Mackenzie and the rest of the purblind Grit politicians, whom some people call statesmen, could not see it.\* \* If these pretentious imbeciles, who throw away opportunities in this fashion, ever attain power it will be owing to lucky accident.—*Daily News*.

This was the flavoring in a *News* editorial t'other day. People like this sort of journalism, if they only get enough of it.

### MAXIMS FOR CRICKETERS.

SWIPER seldom runs up a score except at a saloon. Even when it is "over" a game is not finished.

A man should have plenty of baggage if he wants to make a long stop.

When in love should not be allowed to play; "spooning" is to be condemned.

Cricket and politics are the only two things in which any-

thing "underhand" is applauded.

A good cricketer and a good dancer seldom miss a ball.

Your nervous player is oftenest bold.

The easier the catch you miss the more likely you are to catch it—from your captain.

Your comic man is the one to make a good point.

Never growl if you are "run out;" it is better than being "run in."

If you are in the habit of running short, hit hard to square leg; it upsets the umpire.

Never play against policemen; they are apt to collar the bawling, and they never let you steal a run.

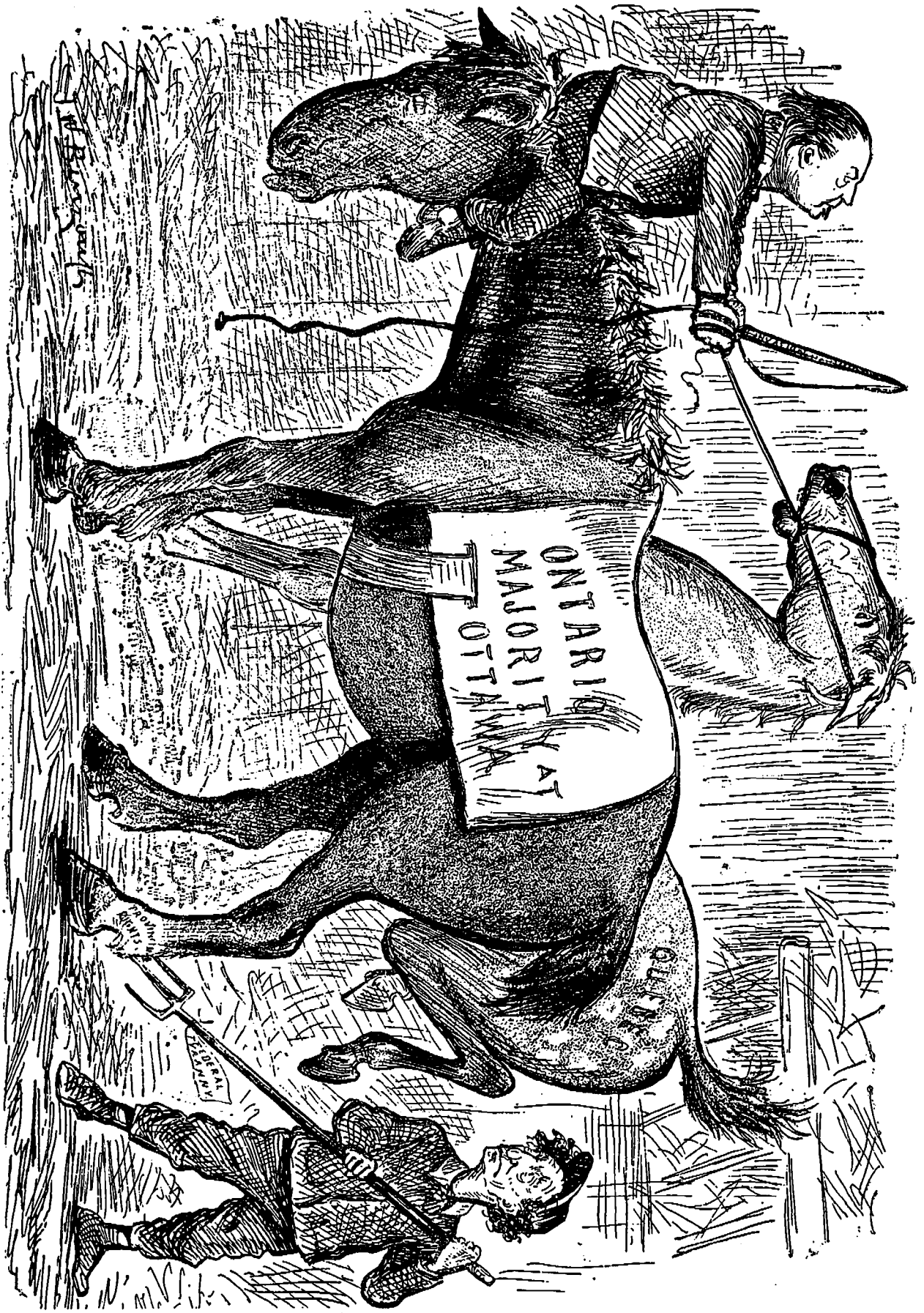
Finally, if you are political corruptionists, and get caught out, select County Crown Attorneys to play against, as they will find it difficult to take your bails.

### THE PRIZE CONUNDRUM.

At the Claxton Orchestra matinee on Saturday afternoon, a new feature is to be introduced in the way of a conundrum competition for a silver cup. It is rumored around town that the following labored effort is sure to take the dish: Why is the Claxton Orchestra like the Bryce Bros. Refrigerator? Because it is the "Climax" of excellence.

A juvenile dandy said to a fair partner at a ball: "Don't you think, miss, my moustaches are becoming?" To which she replied: "They may be coming, but they have not yet arrived."

THE PLUG THAT NEVER KICKS!



## JEAMES' BRIGHT IDEA.

DEAR GRIP,—No true believer in Imperial Jingoism, and loyal admirer of the British Aristocracy, can fail to shudder at the thought that our people are fast losing that feeling of reverence for titles and their bearers, which is so absolutely necessary in any properly organized social system. So far, alas! has this feeling been permitted to spread, that several journalists have even presumed to criticise the movements and actions of our most gracious Governor-Generals, while it is a far too common occurrence to see members of Parliament and even Cabinet Ministers lightly spoken of. Even the honor of Knighthood conferred by her most gracious Majesty, has not in every case sufficed to defend its bearer from the most foul aspersions, on the part of plebeian newspaper writers and public speakers.

Permit me to suggest a plan which would I think have the effect of stopping at once and forever the low and vulgar mouths of these rascally democrats, and of restoring flunkeyism to its proper place in the community.

The plan is simple, cheap, and effectual, and I think I may say original; it is, in short, to create a privileged aristocracy of our own. We have abundant material for the purpose, and the scheme could be made to work well politically, as well as socially, as we could abolish our present Senate, which contains a number of members almost entirely destitute of style and proper aristocratic bearing; and substitute our new House of Lords in its place. Dukes could be selected from among the leading sugar refiners, a few of the wealthiest cotton men and the bigbugs of the Syndicate; Earls and Viscounts would be woollen and foundry people, second-class cotton manufacturers and Nova Scotia coal owners; while Barons, etc., could be selected from the most deserving manufacturers in other lines.

With a Parliament thus constituted there would be no danger of any nonsense being permitted in the line of Customs Unions, Free Trade or Annexation; and as there would be no real use for the popular branch of the Legislature it might be done away with, and the expense and trouble of elections thus saved. Privileges, such as exemption from local taxation, freedom from arrest, and other little distinctions calculated to impress the vulgar herd with a proper respect for their betters, would of course be accorded to them, and would greatly assist them in maintaining their official dignity.

In England the nobility usually take their distinctive titles from their estates; but as our peers would not, at least just yet, have any great amount of landed property, they could derive their titles from their particular branch of business. For instance, we might have His Grace the Duke of Glucose, the Earl of Bleached Cotton, Viscount Shoddy, the Marquis of Brown Derry and Lord Halfsole of Splitleather.

Such a House of Lords could not fail to command all the respect to which it would be entitled, and would cause agriculturists and other low plebeians, such as lumbermen and iron miners, to feel the futility of attempting to better their position. And journals like the *Globe*, and demagogues like Blake and Mackenzie, would be forced to cease their wicked and unpatriotic attempts to make the farmers and laborers believe that they have any rights which their superiors are bound to respect.

I remain, Yours truly,  
JEAMES.

A boaster in a hotel was telling of the many sections of the country that he had visited. A fellow at his elbow asked: "Have you ever been in Algebra?" "Oh, yes, said the boaster, "I passed through there on top of a stage coach about a year ago."

## MODERN ENGLISH.

Persons can be too fastidious in their speech. We knew a young lady (we have no further use for her), who would grasp at an elegant expression like a politician does for a few paltry dollars. It so happened that in an unfortunate hour the word "saliva" dropped from our lips, in conversation with this female exponent of Neo-platonism and culture. "Saliva did you say? What means saliva?" "Saliva is another and better expression for spit," we answered. "Oh, then after this I will tell you to saliva in the cuspidore." Great Caesar! this is elegance with a vengeance.

Scene: Coffee room in Scotch inn. Hungry farmer, who has ordered dinner: "Lassie, bring ma dinna wi' alacrity." Lassie: "Alacrity! It wis a steak ye ordered."

Health journals insist upon reposing on the right side only, and claim that it is injurious to lie on both sides; but we don't know where they will find a healthier set of men than lawyers.

The story comes from Nevada that a marauding band of grasshoppers were turned aside from a certain village by the fact that a new brass band was practising there as they approached it.

A German, complaining of the overshadowing influence of militarism: "See the effect on your children; if we have handsome, well-made boys, they join the military; if girls, the military join them."

When a man without cash or credit attempts to leave a hotel and lowers a carpet-bag out of a back window by means of a rope, it makes charity seem cold to hear the voice of the landlord below yelling up, "All right; I've got the bag; let go the rope."

"A man gets angry on being told that he has a cheek of brass; but a woman smiles sweetly whenever informed that she has a brow of marble, a neck of alabaster and lips of coral. The difference in the disposition of the sexes is, no doubt, owing to the woman's superior fortitude.

A woman having occasion to visit an acquaintance living in a neighboring town, took her seat in a railway carriage. Surprised at the short time in which the journey was accomplished, she remarked that if she had known she could have got there so quickly she would have walked.

A traveller who had just read on the guide-post—"Dublin, two miles," thought to make game of a passing Irishman by asking, "If it's two miles to Dublin, Pat, how long will it take to get there?" "Faith," returned Pat, "and if yer heels be as slow as your wits, ye'll get there about Christmas."

Smith and Brown, running opposite ways round a corner, struck each other. "Oh, dear," says Smith, "how you made my head ring!" "That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown. "Didn't yours ring?" said Smith. "No," said Brown. "That's a sign its cracked," replied his friend.

John Brown, of Haddington, was in the habit of proposing on festive occasions a certain young lady as his toast. Having abandoned the practice, he was asked for a reason. "Because," said he, "I have toasted her for sixteen years without making her Brown, and so I've resolved to toast her no more."

"Well, Tom," said a blacksmith to an apprentice, "you have been with me now three months and have seen all the different points in our trade. I wish to give you your choice of work for a while." "Thank'ee, sir." "Well, now, what part of the business do you like best?" "Shutting up shop and goin' home."

## POLITICS.

GRIP, my pretty bird, politics is just now an undeniably dirty trade, one can't help allowing that for a fact, in face of what has recently transpired in the Ontario Legislature. But, my lovely one, why is it so? The Party of Purity on one side, and the Party of Gentlemen on the other—how is it that the conglomerate result is so very far from clean? Is it because members go into Parliament for their own benefit? Is it because they are self-seeking, making a tool of their place to manufacture ends of their own? Is it because they look upon their constituents as fools who will be gulled; as counters in a game of grab; as noodles, who have neither a sense of what is due to themselves as voters, nor to their country, as its primary rulers? Or, my darling bird, is it because the tone of public morals is low among us, and we don't care how it's done, so long as our pet scheme is made a success of? "Measures not men," may be good politics; I don't know, but it seems to me that, as are your men, so are your measures. To be sure we sometimes have good measures carried in our Legislatures, and therefore there must be good men among our legislators, but cannot we have more of them? You know I am a lady of property, you dear little duck, and being (oh, whisper it low) a lone woman, have now a vote in city affairs, thanks to—I won't say whom, which I regard as only an introductory step in the direction of Parliamentary suffrage. Therefore I am anxious to have our Provincial garden at least well-tended and put in trim before I pay it a visit. Neither you nor I, my glossy bird, want to be always picking and pulling, do we? No; we want to look our best, and sing our prettiest, and that we cannot do if the garden is full of evil weeds, mud puddles and bad boys. It takes one all one's time to keep clean under such circumstances, you know.

And, for a final whisper, my darling; we don't want and *wont* have Wisconsin or any other breed of bribing lumber lobbyists perambulating our well-gravelled walks. Corruptionists are *corruptionists*, whether their object is political or commercial; and every honest man should show them the garden gate quick, or he shan't get my vote, I can tell him, nor anybody else's that I can influence.

A FEMALE VOTER.

A lecturer who had been criticized for "being too long-winded," referred to the fact and said, "I shall speak as long as I please." The critic, who was among the audience, cried out, "All right. If you'll only stop speaking when you stop pleasing, we shall be satisfied."

Sheridan being on a Parliamentary committee one day entered the room when all the members were seated and ready to commence business. Perceiving no empty seat, he bowed, and, looking around the table with a droll expression of countenance, said: "Will any gentleman move that I may take the chair?"

Not long since a Scotch School Board inspector asked the members of a class that was under examination, "What is the cause of the saltiness of the ocean?" Flushed with the discovery which had flashed upon her mind, one little girl raised her hand. "You may tell," said the inspector. "Salt fish!" exclaimed the pupil triumphantly.

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



## HOW I BECAME A DUDE.

One evening as I was sitting ruminatingly smoking my T.D. clay, I was suddenly struck with the idea that I was cut out for a dude. I felt that Nature's sole object in calling me into existence had been to pose me before the world as a dude of purest ray serene.

No sooner was the thought conceived than I proceeded to carry it into execution; I sallied forth to my tailor and startled that nonal fraction of mankind by exclaiming—

"Go to; make a Dude of me."

Mr. Shears turned pale, dropped his scissors and staggered back several paces; he surveyed me from head to foot with an air which said more plainly than words could speak, "The man's as crazy as a loon," but he did not give verbal expression to his thoughts.

"Make a Dude of me," I roared impatiently, "if you can make a Dude of me without ado do it at once and let it be do'd—I mean done."

When the miserable little snip recovered from the swoon into which this sentence threw him, he stammered out,

"It will be a hard job, sir, but I'll do my best," and he at once proceeded to measure me.

(Gentle reader, I have been told that my figure is the exact counterpart of that of one Ap Ollo—a Welshman who existed in the time of King Jones ap Jones ap Shinkin of Caermarthen,—with a dash of the manly proportions of Hercules thrown in. People who have had a favor to ask of me have told me this, but I have heard that others, doubtless inspired by petty jealousy and envy have styled me "a great, big, overgrown lubber." This—*ongpassong*, as the Canadian nobility say when they return from a two months' sojourn on the "Continong de Frawnce," and find their native lingo almost forgotten—this will explain, in some measure, the cause of Mr. Shears' amazement.)

To cut the matter short, I was measured and in due course of time my regalia of dudeship was sent home, none of the minutest details being omitted. I at once proceeded to don my new plumage. I began with the—with the—the—yes, the trows—, you know; ye gods! how shall I ever get these on I thought? tight! well, I should say so; the puzzle was how to get my feet through them, but I struggled manfully and after an hour's severe physical and mental labor, with the assistance of my valet—a boy I employ to run errands, bring in beer, etc., etc.—I at last stood equipped as to my legs; the next thing was the boots—regular toothpicks; here was a puzzle! how was I to get them on? I should have to sit down and sit down I could not with those awful unmentionables on. However, nothing is impossible to the determined, and by bracing myself up against the bureau and lifting up my feet, one at a time, behind me, my assistant, taking a foot between his legs as you may have seen a blacksmith take a horse's hoof to

shoe the animal, I was finally shod. The collar came next. Without exaggeration that article was five inches high and as stiff as a pike-staff. I got it on. I had prior to this, been lost in wonder, if not awe, at the fearful appearance of my legs and feet, but now these sensations were denied me, for I could no more look earthwards than I could fly. I felt as if that collar would assuredly pare off huge masses of jaw and cheek at each turn of my head; but it didn't; my cheek I still retain: all of it. I was at length fully equipped, even to the eye glass, double watchchain attached to a bunch of keys in either pocket and crook handled cane; and there I was. By a severe strain of the facial muscles I at length contrived to assume a hopelessly imbecile and idiotic look, and with the aid of a little mucilage I managed to get my eye glass fixed in my optic. "Verily," I said to myself, said I, "Mr. Shears has followed my instructions well; I am a Dude. I will now sally forth in this awful guise—this inconceivable torment—and promenade and let the world see what a real Dude is: true, I can scarcely walk with these confounded eel-skin things on, but I'll do my best; I am a Dude—"

At this juncture there was a tap at the door and in walked Dr. Bistoury with an immense case of instruments under his arm, and followed by two medical students. "Good day," he said, "I was sent by Mr. Shears, the tailor, to attend to you." "Attend to me!" I cried, "there's nothing the matter with me; is Mr. Shears crazy?"

"No," replied the doctor, "but he says you ordered him to make a Dude of you and as he has done his part he felt that to complete the job, my assistance was necessary; Mr. Shears always carries out his instructions to the letter."

"Yes, but what the mischief have you—a medical man—got to do with making a Dude of me?" I said, amazed. "I am a complete Dude already; look at me." "Yes, I see you," answered Dr. Bistoury, "but you're not a complete Dude yet; sit down." "But I can't sit down," I replied, "look at these trousers—tight; a sedentary position is impossible."

"Well then stand up," answered the other; "Now then, Scalpel to one assistant hold him and give me my trepanning instruments and small saw." "But what are you going to do, doctor?" I cried, an awful fear seizing me.

"Do? make a complete Dude of you," was the reply; "must be done." "What must be done?" "Your brain must come out," replied the medical fiend, and in an agony of terror I swooned away, splitting my unmentionables all to shivers in my fall and nearly decapitating myself with my altitudinous collar. The shock with which I came to the floor awoke me and I found that it was but a dream after all, and that I was lying beside my chair where I had fallen. I had not become a Dude, thank heaven!

SWIZ.

The city newspaper men have had a new and improved joke dedicated to them by the heaven-born humorist of the *Mail*. It is founded on the quiet marriage of a *Globe* journalist the other day. The *Globe* journalist's name is Scott, and the *Mail* humorist's *bon mot* consists in his referring to the marriage as "the Scott Act."

A Yonge-street contemporary certainly owes an apology to the head of the Police Force for speaking of him as "Deputy-Sheriff Macpherson." The veteran police officer thinks that while he can reconcile with his conscience an occupation necessitating his arresting a man, or even gaoling a man (particularly an Irish hack driver), he must draw the line at a job which might call for hanging a man.

## A JAM-UP JOKE.

It was Murdoch McFie who accosted Quisby yesterday and said, "I see there's a conundrum frae England going around about the country through the press. It is this, 'why does Mr. Gladstone advocate me making of Jam?' And the answer is, 'Because there are so many Jars in his Cabinet.'" Noo I fail to see the wut of all this. Why does he keep Jars in his Caubinet, anyway?"

"Well Mac," replied Quisby, "I suppose he keeps the Jars in order that he can preserve his power for any length of time; you know all governments use measures to that end, and a ten gallon Jar, for instance, is certainly a measure. That's the pint ye see, 'Mac."

"Nac doot, Nac doot! but losh! mun whais the Joke?" said Mac, as he moodily walked Eastward on his way, murmuring as he went, "I can no understaun' such English wut as you." No wonder!

## SUPPLEMENTARY ITEMS.

(Overlooked by Mr. J. A. Macdonnell in preparing his little bill of costs against the Government.)

—*Re* Toronto Observatory Land.

Street car to Yonge Street Ave., \$4.50.

Boy to carry eye-glass to Observatory, \$1.50.

Wear of shoe leather along avenue, \$8.00.

Wear and tear on imagination in getting up Arbitration, \$43.25.

Damage to dude pants, sitting on Arbitration, \$17.50.

Examining Observatory instruments, \$7.75.

Calling cab for return trip, \$13.00.

Dinner at club, and thinking over business, \$18.50.

General political services at odd times, \$447.64

Drawing bill of costs, \$15.20.

Attending to cash check for same, \$14.17.

(Taxed by the Boss Taxer, and found O.K.)

Osman Digna informed General Graham that the sword was the only medium of communication between himself and England. After this it would not be amiss to call the warrior Osman Dignity.

The conditions of the proposed Ross-Courtney boat-race are duly published. That is right. Now all the public is waiting for it—the race? No, but to hear that Courtney has funk'd.

The high church tendencies of St. James' Cathedral under the present *regime* are again being talked about. The latest move is said to be one in the direction of a surpliced choir. A surpliced choir may be all right enough in its way; but there is a shrewd suspicion haunting me, that in the case of St. James' it will not mean a surplus congregation.

Too close 'tention ter bus'nness ain't good fur de system. De rooster whate crowns all night. crowes de weakes' in de mornin'.—*Uncle Remus*.

Small feet are considered a thing of beauty, and if small pocketbooks were considered likewise most of us would be really handsome.—*Phil. Chronicle*.

A fish-pole has been invented that will register every fish caught. That inventor will die in the almshouse. No fisherman will use it.—*Philadelphia Call*.

It was in Mardi Gras: A little fellow, dressed as a Piorrot, was trotting along at his father's side, crying and howling. "What's the matter?" "Papa, I want to see some masks!" "Patience, my boy, patience. You shall see some masks. You know we are going to dine with your two aunts just now.—*French Fun*.

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AS REPRESENTED BY THE SENATOR HIMSELF.

"On whom shall we call," exclaimed an orator, "to cure the evil effects of bad legislation?" "On a doctor of laws," cried one of the auditors.

A native of the Fiji Islands offered to show a party of lady visitors how they ate their food, if any lady would lend him a baby. The offer was thankfully refused.

Counsel for prisoner: "Now witness, did you see prisoner at the bar knock down the deceased?" Yorkshireman: "No, sir; he was alive when I saw him knocked down."

In the streets of Leicester, one day, Dean Swift was accosted by a drunken weaver, who, staggering against him, said: "I have been spinning it out." "Yes," said the dean, "and now you are reeling it home."

A lawyer wrote "rascal" on the hat of a brother lawyer, who, on discovering it, entered complaint in open court against the offender, who, he said, had not only taken his hat, but had also written his own name on it.

A Paris Bohemian is telling his mode of life to a friend from the provincial districts: "In the morning I wake," says he, "and ring for my valet de chambre." "How! you keep a valet de chambre?" "Well, no, but I keep a bell."

Always behindhand—The wrist. Always afoot—The twelve-inch rule. Always ahead—The source of a river.

"Now then, my hearties," said a gallant captain, seeing that his men were likely to be outnumbered, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder's done. Then run!—but as I'm a little lame I'll start now."

Old lady to druggist: "I want a box of canino pills." Druggist: "What is the matter with the dog?" Old lady (indignantly): "I want you to know that my husband is a gentleman." Druggist puts up some quinine pills in sound silence.

"What's your business?" asked the judge of a prisoner at the bar. "Well, s'pose you might call me a locksmith, judge." "When did you work last at your trade?" "Last night, Judge; when I heard a call for the police I made a bolt for the door."

A famous surgeon advises one of his patients to undergo an operation. "Is it very severe?" asks the patient. "Not for the patient," says the doctor, "we put him to sleep, but very hard on the operator. We suffer terribly from anxiety. Just think, it only succeeds once in a hundred times."

"Pa, is a mamma-dog a mastiff?" "Occasionally, my son." "Then is a papa-dog a pastiff?" Then silence reigned at the breakfast table.—*Pitta. Chron.-Tel.*

"Mamma," said Harry, "how fat Amelia has grown!" "Yes," replied his mamma; "but don't say 'fat' dear; say 'stout.'" At the dinner-table, the following day, Harry was asked if he would take any fat. "No, thank you," said Harry, "I'll take some stout."

Two young men went fishing the other day, and, on returning were going past a farm house and felt hungry. They yelled to the farmer's daughters: "Girls, have you any buttermilk?" The reply was gently wafted back to their ears, "Yes, but we keep it for our own calves."

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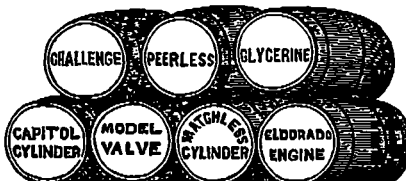


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