

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



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

VOLUME XXIV.
No. 15.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 11TH, 1885.

\$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.



JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE.

\$10.  \$10.
Genuine Diamond, set in solid 16 karat gold.
DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.

50 Per cent. reduction

on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 800 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.

CHAS. STARK,
52 Church Street, Toronto, near King.



**JOHNSTON'S
FLUID BEEF.**

\$20.  \$20.
Genuine Diamond, set in solid 16 karat Gold.
DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.

50 Per cent. reduction

on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 400 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.

CHAS. STARK,
52 CHURCH-ST. TORONTO, Near King,

BRYCE BROS. THE LUMBER MERCHANTS AND BUILDERS. Save money by being your own landlord. Houses built quickly and on easy terms. Call and see us. Corner Berkeley and Front Streets, TORONTO.

GRIP.

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.*

MONTREAL AGENCY - 124 ST. JAMES ST.
F. N. BOXER, Agent.

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

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colours Supplement given gratuitously with
Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald..... Aug. 2.
 - No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
 - No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
 - No. 4. Mr. W. F. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
 - No. 5. Hon. H. Mercier..... Dec. 20.
 - No. 6. Hon. Sir Hector Langevin..... Jan. 17.
 - No. 7. Hon. John Norquay..... Feb. 14.
 - No. 8. Hon. T. B. Pender..... Mar. 23.
 - No. 9. Mr. A. C. BELL, M.P.P.:
- Will be issued with the number for..... April 26.

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

We have issued the first number of the ILLUSTRATED "WAR NEWS," and the demand for the paper has been tremendous. Presses have been running night and day, and yet we were unable to keep up with the demand. We are still printing, and are now able to supply all orders. The paper consists of 12 pages, 12 x 18 inches, and is lithographed in tints. It is our intention to publish the "War News" weekly so long as public interest warrants it.

The second number will be issued on Saturday, April 11th, and all orders for the first or second number will be mailed promptly on or after that date. The price of each number is 15 cts, mailed post paid from GRIP Office on receipt of price, or copies can be obtained from stationers throughout the Dominion. It is an excellent paper to send to friends abroad.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The title, "Old Tomorrow," bestowed upon Sir John Macdonald by Piapot, has been entirely justified by the Premier's action in connection with the North-West troubles. Only after the rebels had taken the war-path did he appoint a commission to investigate their grievances, and it is

just a question if the proceeding may now be of any practical avail. We can only hope that in this case Sir John's good luck may not desert him.

FIRST PAGE.—It is alleged that some of the most interesting of the *Mail's* special despatches from the seat of war are got up in the premises on King-street. It is felt that no absent member of the staff could possibly have invented the Indian chief "O'Soup," whereas a certain member of the home force is known to be capable of such acts of creation. Our sketch is intended to explain the mystery as to where the despatches in question come from.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is reported that Sir D. L. Macpherson is to be made the scapegoat of the Government in the trouble their North-West policy has brought about. Sir D. L. has undoubtedly been an inefficient Minister, but the country will not be induced to hold his colleagues guiltless by any punishment he may be called upon to suffer. If there is to be a cleaning out of dunderheads, Dewdney ought to go first, by all means.



MR. BLAKE'S PRESENT ATTITUDE.

THE CADET.

The prettiest thing I ever met
Was called a "Gentleman Cadet"—
I don't know what that means—
It stalked, a sweet embodied joy,
In likeness of a pretty boy,
Emerging from his teens.

It went to balls whenever let,
Of course it was the ladies' pet,
Ca va, mesdames, sans dire.
The darling little trusting souls,
Poor things, he netted them by shoals
With his enticing leer.

His pretty head was dressed in fleecy,
Torn from the backs of martyred geese,
Or lambs, I mean—and so,
Which ever way the darling took,
Like Mary in the story book,
The lamb was sure to go.

The gossips—those "Opinion's kings"
Declare, by this and that, that things
Have reached a pretty pass,
When thus without a single quail
You sacrifice the harmless lamb
To decorate the ass.

The G-e-n-t-l-e-m-a-n C-a-d-e-t, my eye!
A goodly mouthful—sounding! high!
Small marvel one should do or die
In such a title clad.
As brevity's the soul of wit,
Suppose we cut it down a bit,
And in its stead let's dub the chit,
Say—well, the *gentle cad*.

When e'er his warhorse he bestrode,
His manly bosom fairly glowed
With military ardour.
Not knights alone, but ladies too,
He tilted at and overthrew,
Unhorsed, behended, spitted through,
And hung up in his larder.
No sentiment of knightly shame
Restrained his military flame;
In fact, when ladies were his game
He only smote the harder.

Then he had wondrous store of wit,
And oftentimes the things he writ
Would sore enrage the wights he'd twit—
Bob, Harry, Dick or Tom,
For he had quips and quiddits too;
His jokes appeared both crisp and new,
Until you happened to look through
The book he'd got 'em from.

The hero in the wrestling scene,
With sawdust calves and direful mien,
Why did he snort and blow so?
Well! well! let's cease the point to press,
Here's one who in all kindness,
In language forcible and plain,
Has promptly risen to explain—
Orlando Furioso.

—JOSEPHUS BOUNCER WARMINGPAN.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE SELECTION OF A HUSBAND.

Don't be in a hurry to select. Take time. Pause. Consider. Reconsider. Turn it over in your mind, being careful to keep the right side up. Pause again. Slow up. Put on brakes. Now take a good long breath and then re-pause. It may be hard work, but repausing at leisure is much better than marrying in haste. In the morning of your days don't be in too big a hurry to get up and get around. Turn over and take another nap. It is the peace-fullest part of the day if you only knew it. Let the song of birds break in pleasantly upon your dreams. You will probably have to rise early and light the kitchen fire when you are married. Remember it is the early worm that is sure to be eaten.

When you get to be twelve or thirteen, or from that to thirteen and a half, and feel as though you could not possibly wait another instant, bring all the wisdom of that mature period to bear upon the principle of natural selection. Mankind, my dear girl, may be divided into two classes, animal and vegetable. Some feminine naturalists have claimed the discovery of a third class called the angel, but later researches have proved this to be a slight modification of No. 2 when in bloom.

The animal man in his native state is sometimes difficult to manage, but when sufficiently tamed is generally tractable, and if rightly treated often proves a credit to his fair owner. He may be known by his fondness for a good dinner, politics, his own opinions, his own way, the display of his own powers. He frets at confinement and requires a large range. He is best when caught young.

The vegetable man does not amount to much. There is no danger of his running away with you and breaking your neck or your heart. He thrives best in a mellow soil on a sunny spot where the winds of adversity blow but seldom. He is light and digestible but there is a lack of ginger in his make up. There is no snap to him. He is a great favorite with the ladies, in fact everyone likes him, but he does not amount to much.

Now, my dear young friend of thirteen or thereabouts, you will find a great many modifications of these two grand classes, but the question to which I wish to call the attention of your well matured intellect is this: Do you really wish after all to secure a specimen of either class? There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, but what would you do with one if you had it?

In this connection let me relate a little story—a true fish story. Nearly every day last summer I went out rowing and did my best to catch a fish. When I could get any one else

to row I held the trolling line, but generally I went alone, tied the line to my foot and rowed myself. Then when my foot jerked, an electric message was instantly despatched to my brain saying that either a fish or weeds was at the other end of the line. It always turned out to be weeds. But once when quite a party of us went out on the lake I felt an unmistakable bite, and this time it was a fish but not a very big one. However, it made up in energy what it lacked in size. No sooner was it landed—or rather boated—than it sprang up in the air and came down with a tremendous flop, at which we all screamed. Taking our screams as a sort of encore it kept on repeating the performance until we were tired to death looking at it, and wished from our hearts that it was out of its misery and that we were out of ours. I would have put it back in the water only I didn't like to, after being so anxious to catch it, and besides I knew no one at our house would believe that I had caught a fish if I didn't have it to show them. An anxious group of friends and neighbors were waiting at the dock to receive us, for our screams had attracted attention. They were greatly relieved when they saw the fish, and he went through some special gymnastics for their benefit. I put some salt on him and went to bed, trusting that the grim monarch, Death, might pass that way in the night. But the end was not yet. Next day when I was all alone, and none was by to question or condemn, I went out in the back yard to see if that fish was yet alive. Apparently the vital spark had fled, and the language of my heart was: Would that he had fled also. My neighbors' cats, a great number of them (one to correspond with each child, and their name was legion) came slowly over the way and watched me going through the last sad rites with close attention flavored with expectancy. One of them called "The Dr." viewed the remains with special and significant interest. I separated the fish's head, fins, gills and scales from the main building, and removed from the interior everything that was not good to eat nor to be desired to make men wise. It was a horrible process. Vegetarians say that if every one had to kill the animal he ate the number of exclusive vegetable eaters would be largely increased. I believe them. The next thing I did was to cut off the tail. This was a mistake. Even the cats saw that, and they withdrew in disdain—all except the "Dr." So true is it that even in our worst extremity there is always one humble but faithful friend at our side. Then—I didn't know whether it was my fevered imagination or a literal fact, but it did seem to me that that wretched fish moved. I went into the house and prayed for death—not for myself, but for the fish. I bathed in hot soap suds, finishing off with lemon juice, until I ceased to smell fishy and feel scaly. I returned to the scene of my late sufferings to find that the "Dr.'s" love of science had trampled over the principles of strict integrity in which he had been carefully reared.

A spring of love gushed in my heart,
And I blest him unaware.

Had it been otherwise I would have given
the corpse decent burial, putting over him the
inscription:—

Weep Not For Me: I Still Live.

My child, the moral of this tale is obvious.
Before you become a fisher of men consider
whether you have any use for a man.

—A. E. W.

A GOOD GUARANTEE.—H. B. Cochran, druggist, Lancaster, Pa., writes that he has guaranteed over 300 bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, bilious attacks and liver and kidney troubles. In no case has it disappointed those who used it. In Canada it gives the same general satisfaction.

BOOKS.

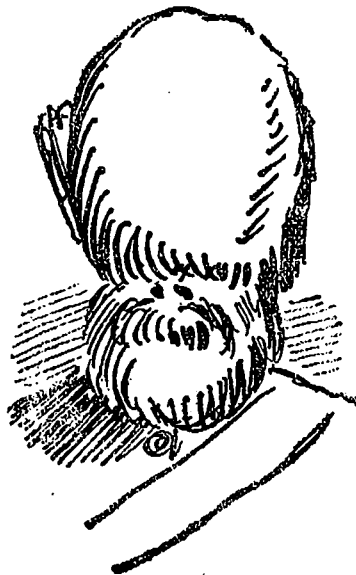
The *Electors' Political Catechism*, by Richard John Wicksteed. This is not a funny book, but it is one which we wish every Canadian would "read, mark, learn," etc. The author's avowed purpose is to elevate the elector and legislator of Canada to the standard of our judges, their duties requiring the same qualities of mind, and this high task he endeavors to accomplish by teaching in plain words the nature and scope of the Canadian constitution, a subject on which there is great popular ignorance. *Citizen Publishing Co., Ottawa.*

PORTRAITS OF OUR VOLUNTEERS.

Not from the G—e.



COLOR SERGT.



CORP.



PRIVATE.



LANCE CORPORAL.



CAPT.

Talk about the Spring Robin, but the *Spring Overcoats* selling at *R. Walker & Son's* at \$7.50, \$9.75 and \$12.00, are just the things to make a man fancy everything is lovely.

A CASK AID PUN.

In London west, Ontario, that darling
Of the Conservatives, the great John Carling
Doth own much property in house and land
And piles on rent too hard for folk to stand.
Jim Smith, a tenant, quotes fair Avon's bard
At all times, be things good or be they hard.
Quoth Jim one day, when told his rent was raised,
As out toward John's brewery he gazed,
"As Shakespeare in his 'Julius Cæsar' said,
'See what a rent the envious Casker made.'
(Then they brained him.)"

SCOTTIE AIRLIE MEETS HIS FATE.

TORONTO, March, 1885.

DEAR WULLIE,—I never thoct sae muckle
shame in a' ma life as I dae at the present
ineent sittin' doon tae tell ye what happened
tae me sin' I wrote tao ye last—an' raily I
dinna think I could thole tae live a day langer
if it wasna that I tak intae consideration that
the best o' us a' aro liable tae fa' intae temp-
tation, an' come oot a sma'er man than he
gaed in. An' then again I'm no the first
great man that has made a mistak' in his life-
time—another thing the decvility in the ris-
ing generation is beyond human comprehen-
sion. Ye see I had gotten geyin weel ac-
quaint wi' ane o' the clerks, an' had just open-
ed ma mind a wee till him, an' tellt him that
noo when I was in a gude situation, I thoct
it was onbecomin' a responsible man like me—

APR 10

a friend o' Tam Tamson's, to be bawthered luckin' after sarks and stockin's, an' a sic like paltry women's work, an' that I was thiukin' o' luckin' oot for a wife tae just a kind o' tak care o' me like.

Weel, ae day in great confidence he says tae me: "Noo, Airlie," says he, "dinna ye be led awa wi' thae frizzed-up limmers o' lassies ye see gigglin' aboot, just ye keep a calm sough, an' wait till ye see an advertizeement in the papers frae some decent woman wantin' to correspond wi' an honest man, an' just answer that, an' ma word for't ye'll get, without ony trouble or expense, some gude woman—ready tae drap intae yer arms like a ripe apple. I thoct that was rather a queer way o' gettin' a wife, an' in fact I tellt him sae, but he solemnly assured me that it was the only reliable way o' securing a rail gude wife in this kintra—besides it was a great savin' o' siller in the way o' treatin' o' ice cream, an' concert tickets, an' a' the rest o' it, wi' the chances o' gettin' the mitten after a' ma out-lay. I couldna help seein' there was a gude deal o' force in what he said—sae I promised to lie low an' keep ma weather e' o' open for matrimonial advertizeements. Lo! an' behold ye! the vera noist day he brings me a *Telegram*, wi' this advertizeement: "A widow lady, without encumbrances, and possessing considerable property in her own right, would like to correspond with an honest man, with a view to matrimony. Scotchman preferred. Strictest confidence preserved.—Box 142, *Telegram*."

Man, Wullie, when I read this, it just luckt tae me like a special dispensation o' Providence for ma particular benefit—for ye see I was baith steady an' respectable, an' then I was a Scotchman. It moved me profoundly, an' I just stud for a meenit wi' the *Telegram* in ae hand an' the browm i' the 'tither, an' fixin' ma een on the clerk I quoted, wi' great solemnity an' feelin', the words o' Shakespeare:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Roughhew them how we will."

The pair fallow couldna control his emotion, an' clappin' his pocket neepkin to his face he gaed awa up i' the elevator, blawin' his nose a' the road up. The meenit I got hame tae ma boardin' hoose an' got ma supper, I slippit awa up tae ma bedroom an' wrote the following letter:—

"Dear a Hunder an' Forty-twa,—Seein' yer advertizeement for a man, I tak upon masel to write an' tell ye that I'm baith steady and respectable, an' come more-over o' a respectable family—to wit:—the Airlies o' Cleekimin toll-gate—an' a direct decendant o' the 'Bonnie Hoose o' Airlie,' sae celebrated in Scottish sang. I'm a vera cautious man, an' dinna believe in buyin' a pig in a poke, sae afore we proceed ony farther wi' this business, I wad like ye tae send me yer photograph—so's I could see the pig, like, afore makin' the bargain. Just address yer letters tae Hugh Airlie, Esq., Tamson an' Tamson's Wholesale, Toronto."

This epistle I carried an' deposited safely wi' the *Telegram* lass at the counter. The vera next afternoon ma fren, the clerk, hands me a letter in a most beautiful handwriting, from which I at wance concluded she maun be a woman o' fair education. The first thing I luckt at was the photograph—Ma certy! she was a strappin' kimmer, as fine luckin' a woman as ye'd meet wi' atween twa pari-hes, an' wi' a pair o' roguish een that could glower ye through an' through. Of course she had a wheen mair ruffles an' falderals an' ribbons roon her neck than I approved o', but then, twa ree plain words after we were marrit, wad settle a' that vanity. The letter was short and tae the point, showin' her to be a woman o' sense—an' nae haveril.

"Dear Mr. Airlie,—Yours received. At your request I enclose photograph. Although

a widow I flatter myself I am as good-lookin' as ever, and am bound to make a good wife. I have considerable money and property of my own—and have determined to marry only a Scotchman. Any questions you may ask I will answer in my next. Please answer at once as there is another candidate in the field.

"Yours truly,
"MARIAN MATHESON."

Ye may be vera shure grass didna grow at ma heels afore I answered this very sensible letter. I quickly sorted up ma parcels, an' after scoopin' up the warehouse, I borrowed a sheet o' paper an' an envelope frae ma fren the clerk, an' slippit awa doon intae the basement, whar in the privacy o' a capacious packin'-box, I poured oot ma hale heart on paper. I tellt her that when I luckt on her photograph I exclaimed wi' the poet Cowper:—"Would that those lips had language."—an' that, afore lang, I houpet tae hae the pleasure o' preein' that bonny moo. Ye see, that "My Daurlin," o' Tam's wife was dirlin' i' ma heart yet, an' I thoct hoo fine it wad be tae hear this bonny picter ca' me the same. Sae after twa ree mair saft words, I proceeded tae the business pairt o' the maitter.

—I tellt her that as a primary condition tae become Mrs. Hugh Airlie, she maun be able to mak baith brose an' parritch properly; no like crowdy or sawdust steered up in boilin' water an' saut, but fine, lithe, mellow parritch, that wi' a wee drap o' milk would slip doon a body's throat like an oyster. I would also like her tae ken hoo tae roast a fine haffit herrin', tae mak a pot o' gude kale, an' a farl o' crumpy shortbread for a New Year's day. Abunc a' thing I tellt her that gin she was a leetery woman I wad hae naething whatever tae dac wi' her, I said I was a bit o' a leetery man masel—an' a poet forbye, an' I wasna gaun tae hae ma ain wife settin' up in opposition tae me, besides, I belived in women keepin' in their ain places, an' no trespassin on the preserves o' the nobler sex. It was a' vera weel tae crack aboot the works o' Mrs. Hemans, an' Mrs. Brownin', an' George Eliot, an' Mrs. Stowe an' a wheen mair—but just think what has been lost tae the world in the way o' washin' an' mendin' sarks, daurnin' stockin's, shooin' on buttons, an' scrubbin' fures, the time they were daidlin' awa wi' their poetry an' sic like. Another thing, a leetery woman is no near sae apt to be meek an' obedient tae her lord an' maister as a woman wha is content tae tak her ideas frae her lawfu' husband, or tae live for him an' him only, and tae be humble an' obedient according tae Scripture. Na! na! nae leetery woman for me; I couldna' pit up wi' ony sic truck. About the bawbees an' the property, seein' I had nane o' the twa masel', I thoct the suner we were marrit the better, so we could become a kind o' joint stock company like, an' I tellt her I could get ma fren the clerk for best man, an' get the hale thing ower wi' as little expense as possible. Tae this letter I received an answer the vera next day, appointin' a meetin' at the fit o' Simcoe-street, just opposite the freight sheds, at aicht o'clock i' the eenin' o' Teusday.

Ye may be vera shure ma heart gaed pit-a-pat tae meet the bein' that was tae be the better half o' masel', an' the life-ling pairner o' ma joys an' sorrows. For the first time i' ma life I spent a hail 'oor, kaimin' oot ma beard, an' fidulin' awa wi' ma neck-tie, so as tae mak a gude impression on ma intended, although, tae tell the truth, I had little fear. Ma grannie used tae say I was the best luckin' o' the family—the vera flooer o' the fluck in fact. I had aye a grand nose, sin' ever I was a laddie in the tippany book, it's sae lang an' substantial, an' soapy; in a conjunction wi' ma lang upper lip, gies me an appearance at wance respectable lookin' an' sawagious.

Ma ain private opinion is that I favour Sir Walter Scott in the expression o' coontenance.

No! as I said afore, a luck i' the gless convinced me that I had naething tae fear on the score o' looks, sae stickin' ma red silk pocket neepkin in ma breast pooch so as the corner could be seen properly, an' takin' up ma stick i' ma hand, I gaed dauderin' awa doon Simcoe-street just at the darkenin'. It sae happened that the assistant bookkeeper, an' a wheen o' the clerks were gaun doon that way at the same time, an' I brak out in a cauld sweat tae think, what if they should stick tae me, an' I wadna get a chance tae meet ma fate after a'. Hoover, they said they were in a hurry tae meet some freens at the train, an' sae they passed on tae ma great relief. I hadna lang tae wait, for as sune as it was aicht o'clock, I saw a black veiled figure come slippin' oot o' the dark shadow o' the station. I thoct o' Isaac gaun tae meet the veiled Rebekah, an' on the wings o' love an' expectation I cut across the street tae meet ma destiny.

"Ma dear Mirren," says I, squeezein' her hand, an' admirin' her fine tall feegur. Sae overpooered was she at ma affection that she burst oot a greetin' an' had tae keep a-blawin' her nose a meenit or so afore she could command her voice. At last she says in a quiverin' voice, "My dear Airlie."

"Diuna ca' me Airlie," says I, "ca' me Hugh—ca' me yer darlin'," says I, whisperin' low an' pittin' ma airm roon her waist. At this supreme moment, tae ma great disgust, wha should come up an' pass by but the book-keeper and twa clerks—but they lookit as gin they had been at a funeral—an' gaed by without takin' ony notice o' me.

"Ma darlin', I love you," whispered the widow in ma lug, an' nearly daft wi' joy an' the thoct o' the siller an' the property—I said, "Ma dear Mirren, we're engaged noo, let's get marrit at wance."

"Next week," quo she, blawin' her nose again.

"Weel, then," says I, "your wull is ma pleasure, sae next week be it—but for the present just let me pree that cheery moo."

The pair creature was shakin' like curds in a spune, an' she turned awa her head, but I insisted, an' liftin' her veil wi' ma stick I printed (Gude forgie me), a stoundin' smack—on a muckle black moustache! Tae say I was horrified, I wadna begin tae describ ma feelin's, the mair sae whan she began flingin' up her heels, an' laughin' fit tae split the sides o' a rhinoceros. I immediately recognized the voice, as weel as the breaks an' cutkins o' that deevil o' a clerk, wha had gotten up the hale sell for the benefit o' the clerks an' salesmen, the hale crood o' whom were at that meenit congregated across the street an' doobled up every wan o' them like as they had been seized wi' the cholera. But wait—the mills o' the gods grind slow—I'll get even wi' that imp o' Sautin yet.

Yer brither,
HUGH AIRLIE.

Right to a T. Hamilton people call it "The Toronto Defective Department."

The eternal fitness of things.—In view of recent differences of opinion the name of the most fashionable place of worship in the Ambitious City has been changed to "The Church of the Disension." It was rechoired.

"Langtry vs. D—l—n," said a late arrival from the far west the other day, "what awful scandal is this I hear of about D—l—n and Mrs. Langtry? By Jove, sir, a fellow don't know whom to trust nowadays."

Professor David Swing, who has now become permanently editorially associated with *The Current*, appears with his first regular contribution, entitled "Squaring the Circle," in its issue of April 4. Professor Swing discusses the position of Emerson and Carlyle in the world of thought, holding it to be as impossible to accurately estimate them as it is to square a circle.



TOO LATE!



THE NEXT ITEM ON THE PROGRAMME.

C. P. R.—Now, Sir John, having carried the volunteers to the front, you won't be so unpatriotic as to refuse us another fifteen million or so.

OLLA PODRIDA.

By the Perpetrator of the Former Batch.

EFFECT OF SMOKING.

"I think" said Jack to Bill one day.
"That smoking's bad and clouds the mind;
My memory it takes away
And leaves a blank, I often find."

"I think so too," said Bill, "you see
I treat you to the best *tabac*,
But though you take cigars from me
You quite forget to treat me back.

"Tis clear your memory's very bad;
I will not aggravate it; hence,
From this time forth—now, don't get mad,
You'll smoke no more at my expense."

ALL STUFF.

"Ah! yes; the service is going to the de—to the dogs," exclaimed old Martinet, colonel on the retired list. "That General Woolsey is no good at all: he's a regular lins-y-woolsey sort of an officer, it seems to me."

"Worse than that, colonel," said the gentleman addressed, "it looks as if he would be *worsted* before long."

VERY TOUCHING.

A new song has been written which contains the following touching lines:

"Rolling home, rolling home, dear land, to thee,
Rolling home across the sea."

These are words which will go straight to the feelings of all women whose inferior moisties "get that way." How expressive! "Rolling home across the sea;" evidently half way across; half-seas over, in fact. One can almost see the man zig-zagging along as those words are sung, so well do they express the thing.

ARMOURY AMMUNITION.

Phil Armour, the Chicago "pork millionaire," has secured a huge contract to supply the warriors in Egypt with the meat of the festive hog. Here is another illustration of the pen being mightier than the sword, for the wielders of the latter can't get along without the product of the former. If Mr. A. has not yet selected a family crest, we would suggest, not a hog in armor, but an Armour in hogs, as appropriate.

HE DIDN'T HAVE TO.

General Grant, the brave old soldier,
As they tell us, never swore;
Never in a single battle
Did he swear throughout the war.

Well, the General ne'er was beaten,
He'd no cause for ripping, tearing;
Why should he give way to cursing?
The other fellows did the swearing.

GRAPES FROM THE BO-VINE.

One of Offenbach's latest productions is entitled "Dr. Ox." Surely it is well adapted for "opera bouf"! It is said to be a "bos" performance, and bully all the way through.

WAR NOTES.

The Anglo-Russian difficulty is a regular circus, Akrobat and all. The Czar's Eastern policy seems to be Amer ruse. Russia and England are acting in a very cat-like and stealthy manner just now, and both are after Herat.

GRIP'S GUIDE TO HAPPINESS.

Pointer the Second.

HOW TO POP THE QUESTION.

A great and noble poet hath truly said:

"Popping the question, 'tis a terrible thing."

He doubtless went right through the throes and got left. Many a man who had previously professed a profound contempt for woman and her apron strings, has felt his resolutions fall way down below zero when bracing up to face his zeroine on the occasion of asking for the degree that will make his hopes freeze or bound to white heat (Fahrenheit) according to the reading of her heart's thermometer. Such is life. Now, popping the question must be done systematically. There is a purpose and there must be a plan for its successful carrying out. The marriageable ladies are divided into four varieties or classes. This I have discovered by the use of a little instrument of my own, I call a Temperameter. By this I have sized up the fair ones eligible for wedded bliss and find them to consist of: The Prosaic, the Romantic, the Ultra-Sentimental, and the

Widow. Therefore, my bachelor friend, having during your long or short courtship with your beloved one discovered the degree of sentiment possessed by her, you must shape your conduct accordingly.

The Prosaic, or matter-of-fact young lady, cares not for asuperabundance of lovespeeches. A little goes a long way. When you have braced up for the important question, talk to her about your dollars (of course, I assume all readers of GRIP to be rich in pocket or in compliment), and your house and lot. If you have not got the house, a little of the Claude Melnotte style thrown in discriminatingly may prove of service. A touch of fiction during popping times quite harmless, especially when there is the prospect of a rich relation leaving this world at no distant date. When the lady is sufficiently interested, pop the question. Do not drop on your knees before a prosaic young lady; do not whisper; matter-of-fact girls do not like whispering when no one is around, nor do they object to kissing under same conditions.

The Romantic lady is the one who delights in reading the stories of the knights of the chivalric age, and who is ever dreaming of the day when a prince or a millionaire will throw his love at her feet and love her distractedly until death do them part. Any young man paying "attentions" to such a lady must observe great caution when, where and how he pops.

Probably the best time is a balmy summer's eve, when the sun is sinking in the west—he usually sinks in the west, but this is the romantic way of putting it—'midst a sky of radiant beauty, when the leaves gently whisper in the cooling zephyrs, and the birds bill and coo in the branches, etc. As an introduction to the main effort, discourse upon the noble deeds of the knights of high degree and sigh to be one of them. During the discourse keep your weather eye open, whether right or left, no matter, for a suitable place on which to "pop"—a mossy green sward or a bed of roses is preferable. When this is found he should then flop and next pop in chivalric accents, and complete his happiness. This is certain if the formula is properly carried out.

The Ultra-Sentimental lady is probably the most difficult to face. This lady is neither matter-of-fact nor romantic; she is possessed of high-souled ideas of love and devotion. Her husband must be the very ideal of affection and reverence for the female sex. In popping the question to a lady of this temperament neither the place nor the time need be taken into consideration. No better time can be chosen than on an evening when pa and ma are at meeting, and you know your loved one has full possession of the front sitting-room.

As you enter the room assume a melancholy expression of countenance and heave a deep sigh. The soul of the loved one will come out to you, and she will ask if you are suffering from dyspepsia; this may somewhat unman you, but do not be discouraged; direct a series of heavily-laden love sentences at her heart, in which unutterable love, deepest devotion, and a distracted mind are the leading features, and end with gently sliding on the carpet and asking her to be yours for life. Sure success if well done. Measure your utterances according to the time passed by pa and ma at meeting, and be ready to meet them with a smile on your face and a quiet joy in your heart that cannot be removed by threats of pa's club or bull dog, both of which, according to accredited yewmorists, are the indispensable adjuncts of a father who owns a marriageable daughter.

The Widow may be romantic or ultra-sentimental, but usually she is prosaic, having gone the marriage lines before. The elder Mr. Weller, of happy memory, said to his son Sammy, "Beware of vidders." This, however, is no business of ours. When about to

pop to a widow be careful, remember she is one point ahead of you. Never pop the question to her in her own house, the consequences might be fearful. Take her to a Woman's Suffrage meeting, she will appreciate the delicate act, and on the way home put the question to her. This is the simplest and the surest way. Bachelors all, the way has been pointed out, go in and win, and the writer's blessing be upon those who successfully pass the ordeal.

TITUS A. DRUM.

Our Own at Ottawa.

I enclose usual extract from Huggins' diary. I also send you some sketches of the Ottawa corps of sharpshooters, and a historical picture of the meeting between Crowfoot and Dewdney. Dewdney does not look as comfortable as might be expected. I have tried to rival the *Globe* pictures of the Q.O.R. men—queer old roughs they look, sure enough—but have failed. I have not the courage of the *Globe* artist either, and do not append the names, as the parties have many friends here in spite of their peculiar appearance.

Monday, 30th.—Blake up with Hamilton *Spec.* in his hand—been saying Grits sympathize with rebellion—awfully indignant—ready to cry with emotion—very infectious too—not much row in House over it—only growls—everybody looking serious—denounced *Spec.* tremendously. Sir John agrees with him and disowns *Spec.*—casts it away and cuts it off with a shilling as it were—stupid old *Spec.* Then Blake questioning again about Kiel—had to squeeze pretty hard—Sir John dribbles out information—squeezed pretty dry. Blake fires up about arms for volunteers—“will hold Government politically and personally responsible” if they don't supply best rifles—everybody cheers—Tories and all—even Tilley. Too much for Sir John—goes right off his head—jumps up and scolds like an apple-woman—says Blake was impudent—cheers don't come. Blake repeats—“don't care whether it's impudent or not”—cheers again! Sir John settles into blind fury—snarls out answers, “No”—“Yes”—“Thursday.” Poor old chappie! Self-control and tact all gone—always getting his foot in it—lost his old feeling of what will “take” entirely.

Tuesday, 31st.—Usual catechism—passed off pretty smoothly. Then Costigan's resolution that a barrel is not to be “measure of capacity,” etc. Blake cross—said will move to add that seat in Cabinet's no measure of capacity either. Costigan at him—gave some good whacks—got off track on O'Donohue business. Gave Blake good opening—got in good deal of punishment—talked of Costigan's resignation for a day last year—C. took it gamely—mighty fine shindy altogether! Ways and Means after that—Tilley not always clear what it means—chaff over admission of paste diamonds free—Bowell ran the show after dinner—vast improvement on Tilley—got along very smoothly.

Wednesday, 1st.—Feature of day was Bergin's speech on his Factory Bill—highly poetical—Bergin's right enough to try to protect operatives and children—but Mills and others say it's *ultra vires*. Langevin told Blake (Government must be allowed to tell just what they liked).

Thursday, 2nd.—Usual catechism—elicited news from day before yesterday's papers. Government very cautious—won't give information till everybody knows it—sure to be correct then! House adjourned at 5 p.m. for Easter. Pages had Parliament of their own with Government and Opposition well organized. Leader of Opposition asked Premier if expedition supplied with tooth-picks, painkiller, rough-on-rats, and smelling bottles! Premier said he would inform House “ere long.”

Question again to Minister of Railways—how many pigs had got through gap in C.P.R. line fence? Minister said he “had no information just then, but would make up some and bring it down!” Pope in his seat and enjoying it—boys seemed to know his ways! Must hurry off to catch train—looks as if we'd be stuck somewhere all night—more than a foot of snow to-day.

CONVERSATION CODES.

To the Editor of GRIP:

SIR,—I am a man of business. My time is fully occupied. I take no papers but the *Monetary Times* and GRIP. The one furnishes me with facts, the other with relaxation. I am therefore constrained to appeal to you to advocate a system which I have invented for saving time. It struck me some time since that an enormous amount of time was spent unproductively in conversation of a purely conventional character. Thus, a person calls on me, and before he comes to the business on hand he alludes to the weather, expresses an opinion as to the atmospheric changes probable, enquires after my wife and family, refers to the probability of cholera next summer, and asks how I like the last cartoon in GRIP. To these I have to make suitable replies, and I find that on an average five or six minutes are lost. Thinking of this I called to mind the system employed on board ships at sea for exchanging communications. A ship hoists flags expressing certain figures, say 21. The ship with whom communication is required sees the signal, and referring to the signal code book finds that signal 21 reads as follows: “We have a general cargo, are bound for Liverpool. What is your cargo; are you free from infection?” The ship in reply hoists 47 signal, which, on reference to the signal code book, is found to read: “Cotton; yes.” This system I propose to apply to general conversation, and I have drawn up a code to meet ordinary requirements. I calculate that its general employment would save each man and woman at least thirty-five minutes each day. Thus the man who calls on me on business would simply say “sixteen, eight, twenty-four, seven.” I should, without referring, know that those numbers read as follows:—

16. The weather is very fine, but chilly for the time of year.

8. I hope your wife and family are quite well, which is the case with my wife and family.

24. There is a general impression that cholera will become epidemic in America about July.

7. Capital cartoon in GRIP, is it not?

As soon as he had pronounced the numbers of the code I should reply “five, fourteen,” and he would remember that those numbers in the code read:

5. I quite agree with you about the weather.

14. I am delighted to hear that your family is well, which is the case with my family.

We could then go to business and the whole conversation would not have occupied more than six seconds—a saving of time most important.

My code is very complete, and can be easily remembered. Here is a sample:—

CODE FOR STREET CONVERSATION.

1. How do you do. I am very glad to meet you.

2. Delighted to see you. Have not met you for a long time.

3. I hope your dear mother-in-law is in sound health.

4. Quite well, thank you.

5. I quite agree with you about the weather.

6. She was at the roller skating rink and has hurt her extremity.

7. Capital cartoon in GRIP, is it not?

8. I hope your wife and family are well, which is the case with my wife and family.

9. How is your daughter?

10. Nice bright weather. The “probs” are right again.

11. She is in great trouble; the hired girl has left and she can't get another.

12. I have a bad headache. I was at the lodge last night.

13. The weather is particularly cold and disagreeable.

14. I am delighted to hear that your family are well, which is the case with my family.

15. Why are you so pale?

From the above samples an ordinary street conversation could be carried on in eleven seconds. Two persons, A and B, meet. The following conversation ensues:—

A. 1. B. 2. A. 10. B. 5, 9. A. 6, 3. B. 11, 15. A. 12.

In ordinary conversation the above would occupy seven minutes and a half, showing that six minutes, nineteen seconds, would be saved to each person—total saving, twelve minutes, thirty-eight seconds.

I have arranged codes for tea parties, dinner parties, picnics, love passages, and church festivals, and if the system should be generally adopted I propose to extend it to Parliamentary debates, giving the speeches in full, so that a member rising and saying “Mr. Speaker, sixty-seven,” would really mean a thirty minutes' good speech.

You must, Mr. Editor, see the enormous advantages which would follow from employing my conversation codes, and I trust you will advocate their general adoption.

Yours, etc.,

IGNATIUS JONES.

NOT GUILTY.

It has long been the boast of patriotic Englishmen that, in modern times at least, no man, no matter what his previous character may have been, is in the eyes of the law guilty of any crime until he has been legally convicted of such crime by good and sufficient evidence. If he was not found guilty, he was, of necessity, innocent.

So said those in whose opinion England in everything, kinglike, could do no wrong. Others, less patriotic, (or less prejudiced,) hinted that juries and judges did, not infrequently, give verdicts and sentences which practically mean: “We believe you are guilty, but we cannot prove your guilt.” The prisoner said he “hadn't done nothink,” and the judge said, “Don't do it again.” However, people generally paid little attention to these slurs on the judicial system. That mistake might be made by judges and juries they did not deny. But on this one point they were sure. The legal maxim had become the proverb, “No man is guilty until his guilt is proved.”

Now, however, a judge has been found who boldly disregards the ancient maxim of the law, and assumes the guilt of the prisoner, while in the same breath he expresses his regret that the evidence adduced was not sufficient to support the conviction. Mr. Justice Grove, in a recent case in the Court for Crown Cases Reserved (the case was *Clark v. the Queen*, reported 14 Q.B.D. 92) says: “So far as the present case goes I cannot entertain a doubt that this man deserved to be convicted.” He then discusses the evidence adduced, and finds it is not evidence supporting the conviction. This is indeed sad. The prisoner is undoubtedly guilty, though we have no evidence of it. So the judge is compelled to “reluctantly come to the conclusion that this conviction is wrong and must be quashed.”

Putting it shortly, the case reads: Prisoner—“I haven't done nothink”; Mr. Justice Grove—“H'm. So the witnesses say. Well, don't do it again.”



THE PROPOSED SCAPE-GOAT.

HER BAKERY.

Fair Phyllis baked a dainty cake
To please her father's palate,
Her parent put it on a stake
And used it for a mallet.

—EXCHANGE.

She then devised a loaf of bread,
Her father flew to thank her,
He turned it over in his head
(I do not mean the loaf of bread)
And—used it for an anchor.

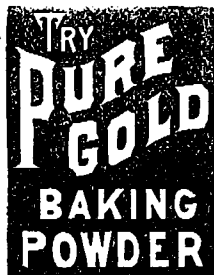
SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.

It is absurd to talk about what might have been done to help General Gordon, but it is evident that Wolseley deserves censure for being so obstinate as to disregard the advice of the numerous Canadian editors who were desirous of helping him. His best course in the Soudan business was as clearly indicated in the editorial columns of papers with over 100 subscribers each as it could be, and if he had only paid attention to the able articles so generously written by members of the rural press throughout the length and breadth of Canada for his guidance—he would have been killed long ago.

CATARH—A new treatment has been discovered whereby a permanent cure of this hitherto incurable disease is absolutely effected in from one to three applications, no matter whether standing one year or forty years. This remedy is only applied once in twelve days, and does not interfere with business. Descriptive pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.

Go to Kingsbury's, 103 Church-street, Toronto, for fine Cheese and Groceries.

PURE GOLD MANUFACTURING CO.
31 Front-street East, Toronto.



AT THE FRONT.—While our gallant volunteers are now at the front facing our country's foes, J. BRUCE, the well-known Art Photographer is, always has been, and intends to remain at the front in every branch of the Art. Ready, aye Ready, at 118 King Street West.

There is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, PEZLEY's is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

COOR & BUNKER, Manufacturers of Rubber and Metal Hand Stamps, daters, self-inkers, etc., etc., railroad and banking stamps, notary public and society seals, etc., made to order. 36 King-street west, Toronto.

What are you thinking of? Others claim to be Kings, and Crowns, and Perfect, but we claim to be only a DOMESTIC, but ONE that no lady will part with. Found only at 98 Yonge Street, Toronto. Call and be convinced.

TRY

MORSE'S MOTTLED,
Best in the Market.

LEAR'S—NOTICE—Gas Fixture Emporium, 15 and 17 Richmond-street West. Proprietor, having business that calls him to the Old Country in June, has decided to offer for the next two months inducements to buyers not often met with. Ten Thousand Dollars Wanted. Cash customers will find this the golden opportunity.

R. H. LEAR

A Good Investment.—It pays to carry a good watch. I never had satisfaction till I bought one of WILSON & TROWEN's reliable watches, 171 Yonge-street, east side, 2nd door south of Queen.



BURTON'S
ALL HEALING TAR
AND
GLYCERINE SOAP

Cures all Diseases of the SKIN in MAN or BEAST. Makes the hands soft and smooth. ASK FOR BURTON'S.

GOVERNTON'S Fragrant Carbolic Tooth Wash cleanses and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, purifies the breath. Price, 25c. Prepared only by G. J. Governton & Co., Montreal. Retail by all Druggists; wholesale, Evans, Sons & Mason, Toronto.

CLOTHING. J.F. McRAE & CO., Merchant Tailors, 156 Yonge-street, Toronto.

PHOTOS—Cabinets, \$2.50 per dozen. J. DIXON, 201 to 203 Yonge-street, Toronto.

VIOLINS—First-class, from \$75 to \$3. Catalogues of Instruments free: T. CLAXTON, 107 Yonge-street, Toronto.

TENTS and Camp Furniture. All kinds for Sale or Hire. Send for catalogue. Tent and Camping Depot, 160 Yonge-street, Toronto.

COOK'S AUTOMATIC POSTAL SCALE.

NOVEL, SIMPLE, CONVENIENT, ACCURATE. Indicates instantly Weight and Postage on LETTERS, PAPERS and PARCELS. The trade supplied. Send for circular.

HART & COMPANY, 31 and 33 King St. West, Toronto. SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.