

# GRIP

EDITED BY J. B. BRADDOCK

GRIP CO. ENG.

LITTER - ADULT

DRY



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PAYABLE  
IN  
ADVANCE

The gravest beast is the ASS.  
The gravest bird is the Owl.  
The gravest fish is the Oyster.  
The gravest man is the fool.



### TO BE HAD FOR THE ASKING.

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—See Goldwin Smith's letter to Erastus Wiman.

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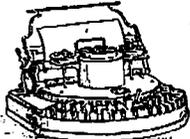
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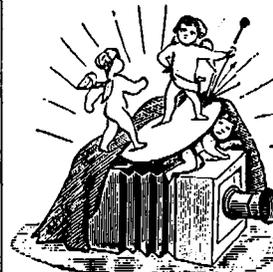
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### THE GREAT HEAD.

The issue of GRIP for April 9th, with the large cartoon of the Phrenological Chart of the Head of the Country, was soon out of print. Owing to the continued demand for this picture, we have had it reprinted on a sep. rate sheet—size, 12 x 17 inches—and copies will be sent post-paid to any address on receipt of 10 cents each.

Address GRIP, TORONTO, ONT.

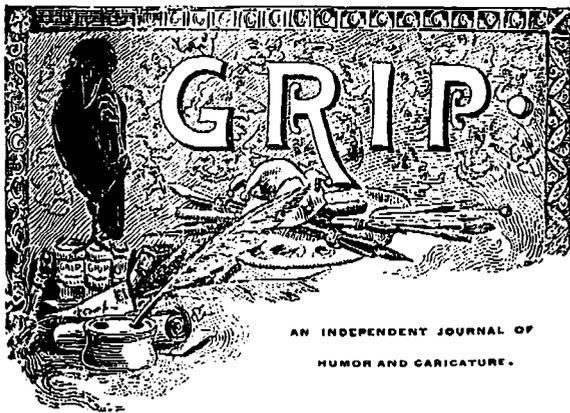
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**PUBLISHERS' NOTES.**

Good Things From Grip is now ready, being No. 1 of Grip's Own Library, a new monthly periodical. It is printed on fine super-calendered paper, with an attractive cover, and at the price of 10 cents a copy we take a pardonable pride in saying that it is the best value for the money ever put on the market by a Canadian publisher. Send 10 cents to GRIP Office, if your newsdealer has not got it on hand.

Look out for No. 2 of Grip's Own Library—Jubilee Jollities—ready June 1st. Price 10 cents a copy.

**Comments on the Cartoons.**



**MIXED BUSINESS.**—When the resolution on Home Rule which has just been passed in our House of Commons, reaches the Marquis of Salisbury, that profound statesman (if he acknowledges it at all) will probably follow Gladstone's example, and tell the Canadian Parliament to mind its own business. On the other hand, when we find ourselves called upon to endorse whatever arrangement this same noble lord may have made with the Washington Government in connection with the fishery dispute, if—as is altogether possible—the agreement may not at all suit us, we may feel like politely returning the compliment. To be sure, strictly speaking, the cases are not entirely parallel, as, unfortunately for us, the British statesman who gives us away to Uncle Sam may fairly reply that in doing so he is minding his own business. But it shouldn't be so. Canada ought to have the absolute control of those matters which affect her so intimately as this fish question, and which affect her only. The power to make our own commercial treaties is worth asking for, and there is little doubt that we would get it if we asked. Now is a very good time to make the request, too. Let us suggest to our esteemed mother country that if she will grant us complete liberty to mind our own business, we will henceforth and for ever refrain from advising her on the Irish question. No doubt she would jump at the offer!

**TO BE HAD FOR THE ASKING.**—There is another important matter now to the fore—Reciprocity with the United States. Mr. Goldwin Smith is of opinion that Great Britain will consent to a treaty between Canada and the Republic if the request is made from an unquestionably friendly source. We hope and believe that the learned gentleman is correct in this surmise, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance to Canada of such a right. The only question is, would the United States Government prove willing? From present indications this question may, we think, safely be answered in the affirmative.

**THEIR TIME HAS COME.**—The Dominion Alliance, at its recent convention in Ottawa, decided to have a straight vote taken in the House of Commons this session on the question of Prohibition. Whether this vote will be upon a bill, as suggested, or upon a resolution approving of the principal of total prohibition, matters little. The end in view will be gained in either case—that end being to "locate" the members of the present Parliament, most of whom, in imitation of their noble leaders, are on the fence. Their time has now come to get squarely on one side or the other, and there is a good prospect of early tribulation being in store for all who declare themselves the friends of the "traffic."

**THE GALLANT KICKER.**—Never had a master of sarcasm a finer chance for the display of his gift than that afforded to Mr. Blake by the Government in nominating and electing Col. Ouimet to the speakership. This is the same Col. Ouimet who led the Riel bolters last session; this is the same Government that denounced all Rielites as essentially traitors, knaves and rebels. Nothing has transpired to modify these titles from the Government's point of view, and yet their red-handed "rebel" is selected to occupy the chair of honor. When hypocrisy is so barefaced as this, it becomes amusing, though it is sad to reflect that in John A's lexicon there is no such word as sincerity.

**THE FISHERY QUESTION.**

BY LORD ALFRED TENNYSON.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, victim of a wayward wish,  
To withdraw myself from action and to meditate on fish.

O, the fish can clothe a nation with a glory not its own,  
And the wiggle of a codfish shape the counsels of the throne.

Bait, you whisper—ah, I know it—Europe grapples with its fate,  
And Columbia grovels prostrate on the stumbling-block of bait.

Men are rascals, faith has perished, truth a farce, and peace a lie;  
Dig your bait, and throw your fish-hook, cut your pole, and let  
her fly!  
—*Tid-Bits.*

**"COMPENSATION."**

DONALD—Is it pe possible? Is sat you, 'tugalt? Man  
its a lang langt time sin I'll didna sat ye pefore.

DUGALD—Och, aye, Tonalt, lad. Man, did ye'll ken  
I've got marit?

Donald—Marit!

DUGALD—Aye, marit; and what for no?

Donald—That's goot.

DUGALD—Na; not so goot neithers.

Donald—Aye; why's sat?

DUGALD—Oh, she's got a deevil of a temper.

Donald—Aye; that's pad.

DUGALD—Na; na sa pad neithers.

Donald—Aye; why's sat?

DUGALD—Man, she has sillars and we poucht a hoose.

Donald—Och, aye, man; that's goot.

DUGALD—Na; not so goot neithers.

Donald—Aye; why's sat?

DUGALD—The hoose wis burnt.

Donald—Och, man, that's pad, pad.

DUGALD—Na; not so pad neithers.

Donald—Whey's sat?

DUGALD—Man, the wife wis purnt wis it and she'll got  
the insurance sillars to her nainsell, forpy.—*The Bailie.*

[All Rights Reserved.]

## Spring ;

OR, SIGHS IN THE CITY OF GLASGOW.

Oh weary am I o' this dust and this smoke !  
 And o' looking at weary pale-faced city folk,  
 I long for the blue vault hung o'er the wild rock,  
 Where the sun in his glory is shining ;  
 I'm sick, oh I'm sick ! o' thir wearisome books,  
 Let's aff to our tents in the bonny green nooks !  
 And range at our will wi' live rinnin' brooks,  
 Where no living creature's repining.

The cuckoo is come wi' the tidings o' May,  
 The gowan is oot on the breist o' the brae,  
 And here in the city nae langer I'll stay,  
 Where a' things are lonely and dreary,  
 I lang to return to the far awa' dale,  
 Where the lang-craiget-heron abune me doth sail,  
 And the stane-chucker churrs tae the watty-wagtail,  
 Wha bobs tae her blithsome and cheery.

Although I am mony a lang mile awa',  
 How sweetly the roar o' the lone Locher fa'  
 Has soughed through my bosom sae far abune a'  
 The great city's wearisome noises ;  
 And oh hoo I lang but to welcome ance mair  
 The wildings o' nature a' blooming sae fair,  
 And the wee wand'ring minstrels o' earth and o' air,  
 Whase sangs ev'ry bosom rejoices.

Oh welcome's the voice o' that early cuckoo,  
 A voice frae the region o' sunlight and dew,  
 A voice frae the region where love's ever new,  
 And hope in the heart ever springing ;  
 Oh let me awa' frae this wearisome gloom,  
 Awa' to the braes o' the rich gowden loom,  
 And the dales where the v'lets are a' in their bloom,  
 And the lav'rock abune a' is singing.

The hills and the valleys nae langer are dumb,  
 The green earth rejoices—oh listen the hum !  
 The air's full of voices that shout to me " come "  
 Where the archway of blue shall hang o'er us.  
 Oh when this heart hunger fa's doon upon me,  
 Through the smoke o' the city hoo often I see,  
 The broomy knowes start up and wave upon me  
 To start aff and join the glad chorus.

Then let us awa' wi' the bonny brown bee,  
 Wha's oot on his airy wing fearless and free,  
 Wi' his beets and his bugle, a blithe knight is he  
 While the sweets o' the spring he doth gather,  
 Wi' what a delight through the hale gowden hours,  
 Hoo he rattles the bells o' the bonny wild flowers,  
 Or blows on his bugle-horn 'mang the green bowers,  
 Or romps 'mang the red highland heather.

Noo a' the wee warblers are oot on the wing,  
 And mony a mony a lang vanished spring,  
 And gleams o' past glories a moment they bring,  
 But the young hert ah never ah never !  
 The spring o' the footstep, the licht o' the e'e,  
 Ance like the wee rangers a' fearless and free,  
 Alas, ah alas ! they can bring not to me,  
 Like my dear ones they've vanished forever !

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

## THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

(Conclusion.)

ELATED by the clear, pure air and the inspiring sunshine—added to the charm of lively companionship—the Pickwickians greatly enjoyed their stroll along the Island walk. Objects of interest on either hand continually attracted the attention of one or another, and remembering their special commission as investigators, our heroes spent whatever time they thought necessary in the exam-

ination of these objects. It need hardly be said that the roller coaster was one of the first "institutions" to excite their interest. Just as the party arrived in full view of the coaster, the car, laden with passengers, was sweeping like a flash around the eccentric circle. The Pickwickians watched it with a sensation which Coddleby described as akin to that with which he had often witnessed the finish at the Derby, and when the passengers were safely landed at the starting point, Yubbits proposed that they should indulge in the novelty of a trip.

"This," said he, argumentatively, "is a peculiarly American affair, and I can't see how we are to justify ourselves to the Club if we fail to take advantage of the opportunity. We came to America for the express purpose of examining and reporting upon everything of the sort, you know."

"I quite agree with you, Yubbits," said Coddleby, "and though I must confess I feel a little timid, yet my sense of duty compels me to undertake just one trip upon this machine. What do you say, Crinkle?"

"I share your feeling precisely; I am willing to take the risk from a pure sense of obligation. The Club will expect us to obtain all the practical experience we can, so that our reports may have some real value."

"Then," said Mr. Douglas, "I suppose it is quite settled that you will take a trip? I hope you'll enjoy it. I would go with you only that my head will not stand any rotary motion of the kind. I will therefore walk on and join Elsie and Mr. Bramley, who I observe are some distance in advance."

"As you please, sir," said Coddleby. "We'll join you presently."

So saying, the three Pickwickians mounted the stairs of the coaster, while Mr. Douglas walked off briskly in the direction of the slowly retreating pair.

"Elsie seems rather interested in this young gentleman," he mused, as he gradually approached. "I wonder if it is anything more than a casual liking? I hope not—and yet, why should I begrudge him my little girl's love? He's a first rate young fellow, so far as I can see. Yet I can't bear the thought of Elsie loving anybody except her mother and myself. Pshaw! what an old dotard I must be getting to be sure." It required but a few minutes of rapid walking for him to overtake the young couple, and his cheery "Hello, there!" apparently broke in upon something unusually pretty that Mr. Bramley was just in the act of saying—

"Why, papa!" exclaimed Elsie, looking somewhat flurried and blushing slightly, "you startled me! Where are the others?"

"Oh, they thought it their duty to take a trip on the coaster, they'll be along presently."

"They are quite right," said Bramley. "I felt so myself as we were passing that queer arrangement, but Miss Elsie preferred not to go. However, it will be all the same now that my colleagues are investigating it"—and he had the air of a man who feels himself honorably relieved of a vast and painful duty.

"Off there," observed Mr. Douglas, pointing with his walking cane, "is the Turner bath, which is reached by yonder bridge; and the object in the distance ahead of us is the lighthouse."

"Really?" commented Bramley. "I suppose we shall get a better view when we are nearer."

"I shouldn't wonder a bit," said Elsie, with a little twinkle of mischief in her eye.

"What a splendid day it is!" exclaimed Mr. Douglas.

"So the nurse girls seem to think, sir," replied Bramley, humorously. "I don't know when I ever saw so many baby carts before."

"O, they haven't begun to arrive yet; wait till the afternoon boats come in. But meantime here we are at the end of the walk."

"What a glorious prospect!" said Elsie, sweeping the wide lake-view with her glowing eyes. "How I should like a sail on that deep blue water."

"Would you?" said Bramley, heartily, grasping at what he thought was a golden opportunity. "Here, boy!" he went on, addressing a lad who was paddling about in a row boat, "Lend me your skiff, will you, for half an hour? I'll give you half-a-crown."

"I don't want no half-a-crown," replied the boy with a business air, "I want a quarter, for that long."

"All right, I'll make it a quarter. Bring the boat here," and Bramley rejoined his friends to report his success.

"I said a *sail*, not a row," put in Elsie. "I'm sorry you acted so promptly. It was a mere fancy of mind for the moment."

"Well," said Bramley, "I'm sorry there are no sails in the boat, but do let me row you about for a little while. You'll come, too, Mr. Douglas?"

"My dear fellow, if you'll excuse me, I prefer to make no promises, unless you are willing to prove your ability to manage the boat better than you did coming over. I want to see you take a spin by yourself first."

"I should like to see that, too," added Elsie. "Not that I doubt your ability, though, Mr. Bramley. I merely want to see wherein your stroke differs from Hanlan's."

"Of course, then, I will comply," and he proceeded to take possession of the boat. With a few powerful but not very graceful strokes the frail craft was got off from the shore, and Bramley prepared, with evident "flusteration," to undergo his ordeal. His very first movement, however, proved his last. It overturned the boat, and Bramley at once sank to the bottom.

Here let us leave him for a while until we follow the excited groups of people who are making their way toward the roller-coaster. As we draw nearer the frequent repetition of "accident," "terrible disaster," and similar phrases strike our ears. Let us not lengthen out the agony. The car upon which the three Pickwickians had taken their places had jumped the track, and Messrs. Coddleby, Crinkle and Yubbits were instantly killed. Mr. Bramley's body was in due time recovered from its watery grave, and the remains of the four heroes, who have so long (and we fear so wearisomely) occupied the attention of our readers, were reverently returned to their sorrowing friends in England. Thus ended their memorable trip to America.

THE END.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—While we are willing that this serial story should end sometime, we cannot congratulate the author upon the "literary finish" of his work. There is too much of sudden death to meet the requirement of true art, and yet it cannot be denied that this is the most effectual way in which the four nuisances could be abated. It has come to our knowledge that the author of the "Pickwickians" was threatened with some horrible fate at the hands of a determined set of our subscribers, unless he at once let up on this story. Perhaps this accounts for the abruptness of its conclusion.]

An advertisement in a German paper:—"Fritz X., a competent book-keeper, would like to engage as cashire. The fact that he has had the misfortune to lose both legs affords the best kind of security to his employers."



"TOUGH!"

*Landlady*—Will you have a cup of coffee, Mr. Sniggleby; it's nice and fresh?

*Sniggleby*—Yes'm, after I've finished my steak; business first, you know!

BOTH SIDES.

FOND FATHER—Ah, Fred, my boy, and so you want to take my little girl from me, eh? The old home will be lonely enough without my little Katy-did in it. But I suppose I will have to give her up. I can't expect to have her to myself always, much as I would like to do so. But don't ask me to give her up *too* soon, Fred, I must keep her in the home nest as long as I can. My blessing go with you both when the hour of parting at last comes.

Fond father (to his Katy-did after the departure of Fred)—"Now, see here, Kit, you hook that young man in just as soon as you can. Strike while the iron is hot. If you lose this chance you may not get another soon, and when a girl gets to be your age she's got to watch the comers mighty closely or she'll get left out in the cold altogether. Times are mighty hard, and I'm getting tired of footing your bills. Now you see if you can't slyly wheedle Fred into the noose within three months."  
—*Tid-Bits.*

SCOTTIE AIRLIE'S MISTAKE.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP:—



EALLY I never was sae workit up in a' my life as I was last week. Ye see I was jist soopin a wee an' pechin' a wee, gettin' the basement a kin' o' redd up for oor summer stock like, when in comes the letter carrier an' sings oot, "Hugh Airlie, Esquire." "That's me," says I, comin' forrit wi' great dignity, ma broom in ae hand an' a tack hammer in the ither. Then luckin at the carrier as gin he were dirt amang ma feet. I first laid doon ma broom an' then ma tack hammer, an' after rubbin' the stoor aff ma fingers wi' a lump o' packsheer that was kickin' aroon', I condescended tae tak the letter

that was kickin' aroon', I condescended tae tak the letter

oot o' his hand. Ye see, I wanted tae impress the fallow wi' a sense o' the respect due till a man wha had his letters addressed "esquire," an' tae let him see I was quite used tae that kind o' thing, an' sae was in nae hurry or nae way uplifted aboot it. But, eh, man! was na I uplifted indeed when I read that letter! It was frae Sandy Macnabb, nae less, announcin' the fact that the poet McLachlan was comin' tae see me, an' that the twa wad hae the pleasure o' ca'in' on me that afternoon! I think I maun hae turned a kind o' white aboot the gills when I read that, for ane o' the clerks cam rinnin' wi a tumler o' cauld watter tae me an' anither ane flew tae the tap an' brocht his pocket neeppin' just dreepin', an' clappit it on ma forehead, an' kind o' brocht me tae masel again. After that I crawled intae the office, an' says I tae Maister Tamson, "I wad like tae get aff this afternoon, if ye thocht the warehouse wad come tae nae harm on account o' me bein' awa." I said this sae solemnly that he let me aff at once; an' hame I cam in a bonny state, ye may be sure. Mistress Airlie was frichtened oot o' her senses when she saw me; but I just telled her tae be rautional an' keep a caum sough, an' I wad tell her by-an'-by. But when I saw the poor creatur drap intill a chair an' pit her haund on her heart sae pitifu' like, I telled her I was gaun tae get a veesit frae the poet. The words warna weel oot o' ma moo when she spert if I didna find a strong smell o' soot, like somebody's lum afire or something, an' oot she ran doon the backyard pretendin' tae luck whase lum was a burnin', but in reality tae tell the woman next door that the poet was comin'. Od, I was mad! the creatur she was speakin' tae cudna tell a poet frae a parritch stick; but *when* will folk learn no tae cast pearls afore swine? If it had been the like o' me noo! Hooever, she's but a woman, an' we maun luck ower a hantle whaur they're concerned, though tae gie her justice, she has aye ma denner ready.

Weel, I rigged masel out in ma best Sabbath-day coat, ma white waistcoat, an' the new breeks I had providentially just bocht at Jamieson's the ither day, an' after gettin' Mistress Airlie tae preen on a braw yellow necktie in honor o' the occasion. I telled ma wife tae gae awa tae the tap o' the hoose, an', like sister Ann, sing oot when she saw onybody comin'. Meantime, I gaed into ma front paurlor an' sat in state for three mortal oors, waitin' the greatest event o' ma life, the veesit o' the poet. At last a thunderin' rap gart me loup three feet i' the air. Mistress Airlie flew tae the door, but I sternly waved her back. Naebody but masel should welcome the poet on ma threshold. Wi' beatin' heart I opened the door, an' there he stood, every inch a poet! There was the lang hair, the dark e'e in fire-frenzy rollin', the fine aquiline nose (rather lang at the neb, though), an' the pale, spirituelle look on his face, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." A'e glance was enough—an' he was just openin' his moo tae speak when I whuppit ma airms roon him, faulded him tae ma warm Scotch heart, an' liftit him in bodily an' set him in ma muckle easy chair, an' was just aboot to present him wi' a screed I had composed, beginnin', wi' "Hail, bard o' Ameranth!" when ma fine poet starts tae his feet, an' squares his fists at me, glarin' like a very deevil, an' shoutin', "Mien Gott! Vat was you do? I vants buy your old clothes, und I goes the city round, undt vat for you like der tuzvel grab me? Ach! der lunateek!" An' wi' that oot o' the door he flew! Just imagine my puir feelins—me carrit awa wi' ma enthusiasm sae as tae embrace an auld claes man for the poet! I'm no the better o't yet, though when McLachlan *did* come, wi' his sensible Scotch face and kindly

smile, it made up for it a'. But what passed then is nae-thing tae naebody but oorsell's. It was just a rest an' a crack on the roadside o' life wi' twa forgathered travelers, wha trust to meet again, if no here, then ower yonder, whaur "the day's aye fair." HUGH AIRLIE.



BEHOLD these three lanky old ghosts,  
As slim as three telegraph posts,  
If it rains they're all right,  
And their plug hats so whight  
They'll protect, for a 'brella each bhosts.

#### "AND A GOOD JUDGE, TOO!"

MR. R. J. BURDETTE, the well-known humorist, writes GRIP as follows in reference to our recent Home Rule cartoon:—

"It is the best thing on the situation that has yet appeared in any of the illustrated journals on either side of the pond. There is a whole volume in it. GRIP's friends have every reason to be proud of him, and the wise old bird might wear peacock feathers, did they become him."

#### THE LAY OF THE BOLTERS.

THE Bolters are a wondrous race;  
Upon a fence sit they,  
And in a merry mirthful mood  
Unto themselves do say:

Oh! we love Blake and love Sir John  
(The chieftain whom they call),  
And Cartwright, Chapleau, Laurier,  
We love, we love them all.

But dearer few than e'en Sir John  
(The chieftain bold is he),  
We love our own dear little selves.  
Oui oui, oui oui, oui oui.

And loving thus our little selves,  
Upon this fence we'll stay,  
Come rain, come snow, come wind or hail,  
For many and many a day.

Some think that patriots should all  
Go work for other's fun.  
But patriotism (to our mind)  
Is work for number one.

So Bolters bold and Bolters true  
For many a day we'll be,  
For we're in love with our dear selves.  
Oui oui, oui oui, oui oui,

B.

"PROVIDENCE helps those who help themselves," as the carver said when he reserved the best cut for himself.



OBSERVE this engaging young couple,  
So youthful, charming, and souple;  
Their vows they have plighted,  
And just been unighted—  
Long life to the handsome young couple.

FROM OUR MONTREAL MAN.

OUR Montreal policemen are out in their summer suits. It is said they can not stoop over to pick up anything, the quality of the material in their new trowsers is so poor. They can not even stoop to take a bribe.

The introduction of the electric light in our streets has been most satisfactory, and it is now proposed by a civic alderman to force barbers to have it in their tonsorial parlors in order to stop the flow of gas.

Spring is here now with a vengeance. The sure and infallible test is the nature of the goods that are now finding their way to the pawnshops, such as faded overcoats, lung protectors, liver pads and capsine plasters. The demand is for tooth picks and white ties.

Our mayor weighs 205 pounds; when he sits on a by-law or abattoir contract they are lost unutterably.

It may be late to say anything about the disastrous flood we have had, but it has been a costly affair for the city and has caused much suffering and loss. The engineers who have had the matter in hand, the flood commission and our inscrutable city council have certainly been successful in their efforts to give us a good flood and their efforts are fully appreciated.

There was a very largely attended dinner here yesterday evening of which it has been said all were in full evening dress and a great many were full in evening dress. A distinction with a difference.

A *Star* reporter met a *Witness* ditto who was wrapped up in a heavy overcoat, mufflers, fur cap and woollen mitts, and asked him the reason. "Don't talk just now," was the reply, "I want a hot drink of any kind at all; I have just had an interview with John Redpath Dougall and it is a chilling affair."

Arbor Day will soon be here and very few of our citizens would object if several of the aldermen, one or two of the Mount Royal Park commissioners, and even one of the school commissioners were planted by mistake.

The only trouble would be they would not grow, and would remain useless sticks.

The brokers here all have their offices on St. Francois Xavier Street. There is also a barber shop on the same street, run by a young man. He is as good a shaver as any of the brokers.

UNRECORDED CONVERSATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

I.—PLATO'S FACETIOUSNESS.

EUTHYDEMUS, who had long been absent from Athens on a protracted visit to his brother Thrasymachus in Megara, made it his first care on returning to the city to visit the editorial rooms of his friend Plato. It was long after midnight when he made his blundering way up five flights of stairs to the den of the illustrious Athenian, whom he found engaged upon the proof sheets of his immortal *Phaedo*.

Plato swung round in his chair, and greeted his friend warmly. He then went to the speaking-tube and shouted down some instructions relative to the last galley proofs; and giving over his work for a time, he entered into a long conversation with Euthydemus about the trial and death of Socrates, and his discourses in the last days. It was a theme upon which he was at all times ready to descant.

"I have been told," Euthydemus interposed in a chance pause of the narrative, "that his wife was with him shortly before his death?"

"Yes," said Plato, "Xantippe was there. But that did not hasten materially his departure from amongst us. I have little doubt," he added with a grin, "that our friend's demise was due altogether to the natural action of the hemlock."

II.—STEELE AND DEAN SWIFT.

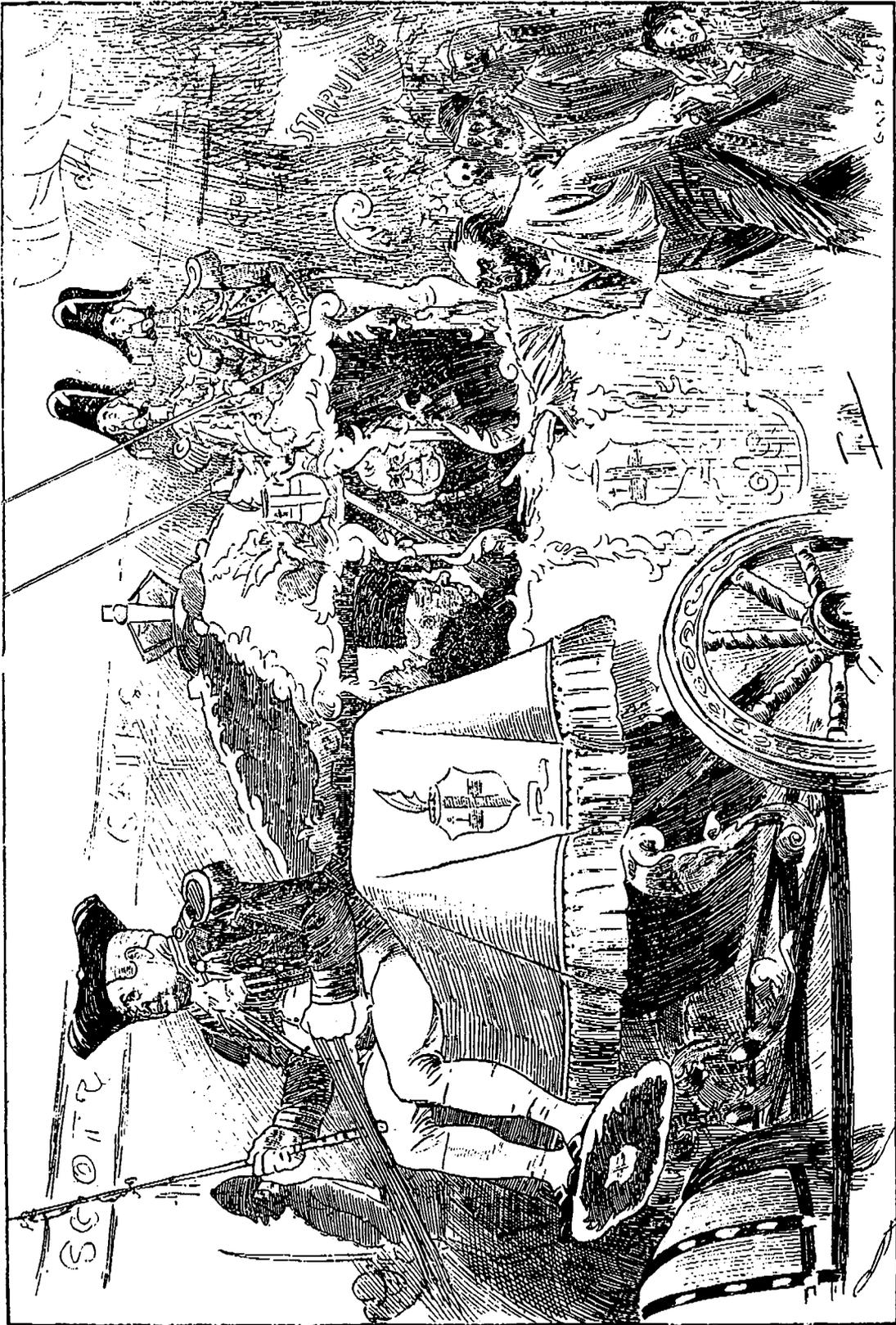
One afternoon Mr. Addison and Sir Richard Steele entered Button's arm-in-arm, and found assembled most of the wits who frequented that well-known coffee-house. Mr. Ambrose Phillips, with somewhat violent gestures and not a little excitement of manner, was delivering his opinion of Mr. Pope's paper on Pastoral Poetry in the *Guardian* of that day. Mr. Addison said but little, and seemed lost in meditation while he smoked his long pipe. Sir Richard, who had been fuddling himself earlier in the day, absorbed quantities of spirits and water, throwing out flashes of wit into the discussion going on, and then relapsing into moody silence.

Dean Swift entered, with a huge tye-wig and a pretentious grandeur of manner, which were lost on those present by reason of the ardour of their conversation. After a few words with Mr. Addison, the Dean, annoyed at Sir Richard's persistent inattention to his presence, bawled out with the ill-breeding and vulgarity which was so disagreeably characteristic of him:

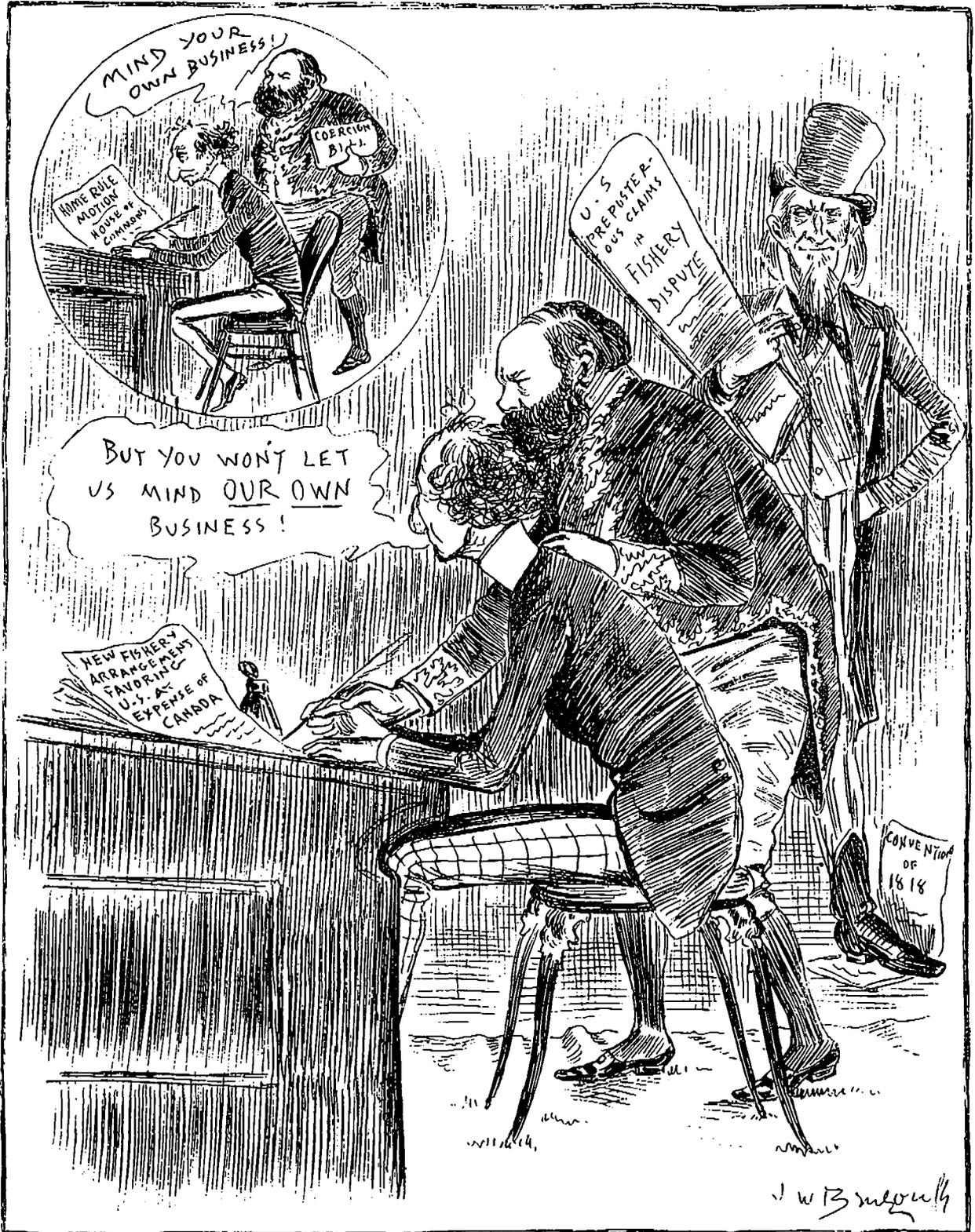
"So, Mr. Dick, you don't know your friends any longer now, when you see them,—eh?"

"They do tell me that I am growing short-sighted," answered Steele, turning to his fellow-countryman with tipsy gravity, "but if you will kindly close your mouth so that I may see more of your reverence than your ears, perhaps I shall then be able to make out who you are."

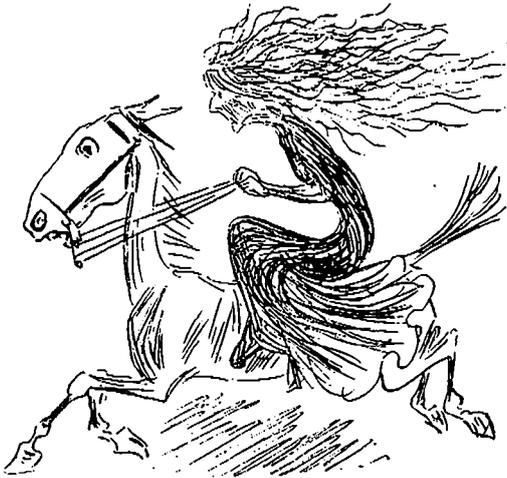
(To be continued.)



POMP AND PENURY—THE CONFLICT OF TO-DAY.



SOMEWHAT MIXED "BUSINESS."



"SHE."

(RIDER HAGGARD.)

### WHEN I OWNED A DOG.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE NARRATIVE OF CANINE PROPRIETORSHIP.

THE second dog I owned belonged to another man, a paradox which finds explanation in the fact that the other man moved away from the house but his dog wouldn't.

I should have moved away from the house also had I known what joint tenanship with the dog had in store for me. But my natural prophetic prescience, which had so often saved me the pain and humiliation of vainly digging for worms at the fishing-place instead of having them with me, ingloriously failed me at this crisis in my eventful career.

Some men have dogs born to them, others achieve dogs; others have dogs thrust upon them.

I was identified with class No. III., and I guess I stood at the top. My dog—that is to say—the former tenant's dog which so naturally and unconsciously fell into its place as part of my household live stock, was part fox-hound and part collie, with several other townships to hear from.

Looking back now adown the corridors of the past and calmly reasoning the thing over in my unbiased judgment, I should not be prepared to violently challenge a statement that he was a dog of a great many parts, and that the most conspicuous and regrettable was the part that stayed with me, which part was, in brief, the whole dog. Another prominent part was the part of his ear that he had permitted himself to be deprived of in an affray with a bigger dog. If that other dog had only left this part and chawed up the rest, I would have been the last man on the face of the earth to utter a word of protest.

This dog signaled his capacity, for usefulness the first day we moved in. He had big feet, and he made several trips to and from a sand hill at the back of the lot, each trip bringing in enough of sand to nicely cover a section of the parlor floor.

Remonstrated with, our dog simply transferred the scene of his useful labors to the kitchen, with an occasional effort to add the dining-room or a bedroom to his surface for sand deposits. If there was no sand, or the quality did not seem to suit, he was in no way disconcert-

ed. He would bring mud. He was very painstaking and persistent in this habit, notwithstanding the obstacles thrown in his path, and which, during one memorable day on which we kept tally, numbered, 8 cord-wood sticks, 3 flat-irons, 2 bath-bricks, 17 stove-lids, several dozen dippers of hot water, and the contents of both barrels of my best smooth-bore.

Finally, by moral suasion of this character, we induced the dog to stay out in the shed. As to his political proclivities, he was a Communist pure and simple. Seven nights a week when the weather was favorable and the inspiration seized him he would begin to commune with himself out under the blue vault until you would wonder why a chunk from some dog-star didn't fall down and hit him in sheer disgust at his riotous conduct.

A Nihilist also was this dog, because nothing seemed to satiate him or fatten him up. The more he annihilated the thinner he seemed to grow. This was doubtless on the principle *ex nihilo nihil fit*.

His hound proclivities taught him to worry small dogs to death, but nothing known to me as an experienced hunter would teach him to chase a rabbit. The collie instinct made him so partial to cows that one day he permitted a large sized calf to ravage my vegetable garden while he lay carefully taking on a load of street-mud with which he succeeded in decorating the new coverlet of the spare bed during a temporary cessation of vigilance on the part of a new hired girl, who had failed to fix properly in her mind the code of regulations governing the household and the dog.

I discharged a good girl and gave away an awfully poor dog. The last I saw of this dog he was in the possession of a family of gypsies. He was tied behind the waggon, had not improved in personal appearance, and seemed utterly unconscious, in facial expression, of his altered and reduced circumstances.

And the ruling passion strong in death, even as he limped along, I noticed that he studiously dropped his big feet into the thickest and blackest mud on the road. T. T.

### FASHIONS FOR DUDES.

Of course the garments of the masculine gender will be decidedly English, and some of them not paid for. That, also, is English.

The characteristic of men's Spring styles will be looseness. The trousers will not be so loose that the dude who inserts his person into them will be able to divest himself of the idea that he is stuffing sausages, but still, they will be looser than last year. They will be cut very much in the shape of a laborer's overalls, straight up and down. There will be almost as much elegance in the prevailing style as there is in a stick of pine wood.

The cutaway coat of three or four buttons retains its popularity. The fashion of holding out the arms as if the sufferer had a soft-boiled egg in each armpit will also be continued indefinitely.

The gentleman who wishes to be considered in good form will be attached to a watch chain and locket *a la* Sing Sing.

Among the ultra fashionables plaided trousers will be the agony as the season advances. Even whole suits of plaid will be the "propah capah." Some of them will no doubt be giddy.—*Texas Siftin's*.

"DIED of a dose in a rheumatic pain," said the coroner's jury when they sat upon the old woman—and the doctor.

**Dividend Notices.**

**THE BANK OF TORONTO.**  
DIVIDEND NO. 62.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, and a bonus of two per cent. upon the paid-up capital of the bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after WEDNESDAY, THE 1ST DAY OF JUNE NEXT. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st day of May, both days included. The Annual General Meeting of Stockholders will be held at the banking-house of the institution on Wednesday, the 15th day of June next. The chair to be taken at noon. By order of the Board,  
D. COULSON,  
Bank of Toronto, April 27th, 1887. Cashier.

**THE FEDERAL BANK OF CANADA.**

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 3 per cent. upon the capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the current half year, being at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and that the same will be payable on and after Wednesday, the 1st day of June next.  
The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May, both days inclusive.  
The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, for the Election of Directors, will be held at the banking-house in Toronto, on Tuesday, the 21st of June next. Chair to be taken at 12 o'clock noon.  
By order of the Board,  
G. W. YARKER,  
General Manager.  
The Federal Bank of Canada,  
Toronto, 26th April, 1887.

**THE CENTRAL BANK OF CANADA.**  
DIVIDEND NO. 6.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of three per cent. upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current half year, being at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and that the same will be payable on and after WEDNESDAY, THE 1ST DAY OF JUNE NEXT.  
The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, both days inclusive. The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, for the Election of Directors, will be held at the bank in Toronto on Monday, the 20th of June next. Chair to be taken at 12 o'clock noon.  
By order of the Board,  
A. A. ALLEN,  
The Central Bank of Canada, Cashier.  
Toronto, 27th April, 1887.

**Freehold Loan and Savings Comp'y.**  
DIVIDEND NO. 55.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of five per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half year, payable on and after Wednesday, the 1st day of June next, at the office of the Company, Church Street.  
The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May, inclusive.  
Notice is also given that the General Annual Meeting of the Company will be held at two o'clock p.m., on Tuesday, 7th June, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc.  
By order of the Board,  
S. C. WOOD,  
Toronto, April 27th, 1887. Manager.

**HELLO, WHAT'S THIS?**

**TEN GRIPS**  
For 10 Cents.

Ten different dates, old issues of GRIP, stitched together in a cover, mailed free to any address for 10 cents  
ADDRESS,  
**GRIP,**  
TORONTO, ONT.

"TRY not the pass," the old man said.—*Loujfellor.*

"GOOD-BYE" is the cream of "Ta, ta."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

A CROW BAR—Putting a muzzle on a shanghai rooster.—*Toledo American.*

THERE is always room at the top of an evening costume for more costume.—*Puck.*

IT's a wise child that knows it's own father's hour for a private drink.—*Merchant Traveller.*

"It is the little things that tell," says an old adage. Yes, especially the little brothers.—*New Haven News.*

WHAT character of Dickens does the new method of doing the hair resemble? All-of-a-twist.—*Lowell Citizen.*

"YES, sir," remarked the veteran proudly, "I was in ten engagements—all Southern girls, too."—*N. Y. Journal.*

A BOOK that has the greatest circulation and is the most unpopular, is the subscription book.—*N. O. Picayune.*

BOSTON culture at the late author's reading: "Hush, that is Mr. Aldrich, the author of 'Peck's Bad Boy.'"—*Chicago Journal.*

MRS. BROWN POTTER may have been a failure, at the London Haymarket, but the Prince of Wales acted splendidly.—*Spirit of the Times.*

IT is really a poor railroad man who don't at least on one day have himself advertised as the purchaser of Garrett's road.—*Dallas News.*

"HAVE your whiskers colored sah?" "No, Othello, no; thinkst thou that I will stand the hazard of the dye?"—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

THE farmer who keeps a plow between himself and a mule during this weather can afford to take in the circus next fall.—*Houston (Tex.) Post.*

HAVE you heard that Rollin M. Squire is going on the stage? It is rumored that he will make his debut as Sir Giles Overeach.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

BROWN—"Whose umbrella is this? It looks like one I lost." Smith—"I don't see how it can, for I scraped the handle and altered it generally."—*Life.*

FORCE of habit—Lady (in grocery store)—"Let me have a pound of butter, please." Clerk (who used to tend in a cigar store)—"Mild or strong?"—*Harper's Bazaar.*

A WESTERN man has a cat which can sing "Sweet Violets." It would seem that cats are already sufficiently objectionable to the community.—*Philadelphia Call.*

MRS. MIFKINS, from a Blue Ribbon point of view, hopes that the three Emperors will never meet again. She is disgusted at the idea of a tripar-"tite" gathering.—*Moonshine.*

THE Prince of Wales stakes his reputation as a critic on Mrs. Potter's success. That is well as far as it goes, but why doesn't he put up something worth mentioning?—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A LADY who advertised for a girl "to do light housework," received a letter from an applicant who said her health demanded sea air, and asked to know where the lighthouse was situated.—*N. Y. Herald.*

YOUNG woman (timidly to clerk)—"I would like to look at some false hair, please." Clerk (experienced)—"Yes, ma'am. What color does your friend want?" Sale effected.—*Life.*

WIFE—"Got a dollar?" Husband—"Where's the last dollar I gave you?"

"Gone." "I thought I told you to make it go as far as you could."

"I did."

"Doesn't look like it."

"Well, I did; I sent it to the Fiji Island heathen."—*The Judge.*

**NEW MUSIC**

THEY ALL LOVE JACK,  
New Sailor Song.  
THEY ALL LOVE JACK,  
Immense success.  
THEY ALL LOVE JACK,  
Published in E and F.  
THEY ALL LOVE JACK,  
By Stephen Adams. Price 50c.  
"This song won instant and unanimous favor. The words, instinct with life and jollity, are set to a melody that marches on with a swinging and an irresistible rhythm."—*Daily Telegraph.*

May be obtained of all music dealers, or mailed on receipt of marked price by  
The Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Ass'n, Ltd.  
33 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

**Embellish Your Announcements.**

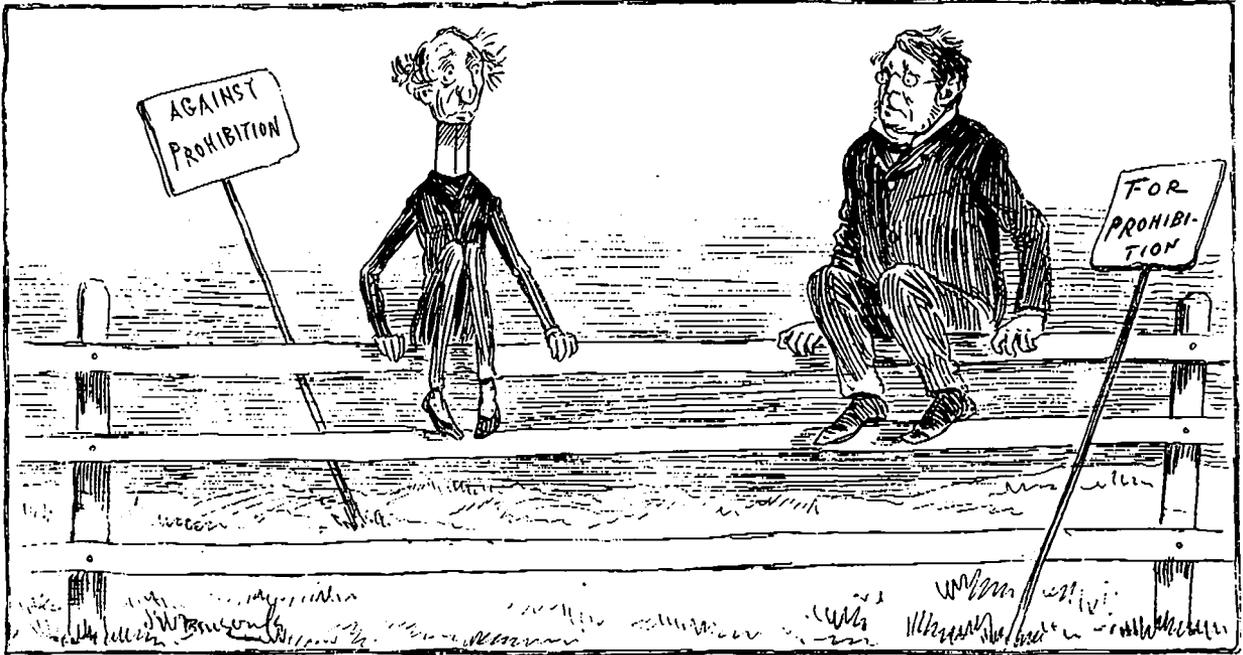
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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT.

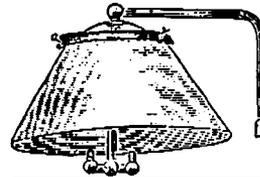
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Bennett & Wright  
72 Queen St. E.

**FOUR DIPLOMAS and MEDAL AWARDED.**

**IMPERIAL SODA WATER, GINGER ALE, Etc.**

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WHOLESALE AGENT

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THE IMPERIAL is universally recognized as the STANDARD BRAND.  
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**IMPERIAL MINERAL WATER COMPANY, HAMILTON.**

**A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS,**

opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and kindred habits. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it if so desired. Send 6c. in stamps, for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont. Cut this out for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

**Business Index.**

GRIP endorses the following houses as worthy of the patronage of parties visiting the city or wishing to transact business by mail.

**Star Engraving Co.**

17 ADELAIDE ST. E.

TORONTO, - - - ONT.

**LATEST NOVELTY.**

Fine Cambric Shirts, with three Collars, \$1.00 each. Fine French Cambric Shirts, cuffs separate, with three Collars, \$1.50 each. To be had only at the popular Gents' Furnishing House, 165 Yonge St. J. PATTERSON, Proprietor.

**CUT STONE! CUT STONE!**

You can get all kinds of Cut Stone work promptly on time by applying to LIONEL YORKE, Steam Stone Works, Esplanade, foot of Jarvis St., Toronto.

**HARRY A. COLLINS,**  
90 YONGE STREET.

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RUBBER BOOTS, CLOTHING AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS REPAIRED.

Fine Boot Making a Specialty.  
H. J. LaFORCE, Cor. Church & Queen Sts., Toronto.

**G. W. E. FIELD,**  
ARCHITECT,

4 ADELAIDE ST. EAST. TORONTO.

CLAXTON'S Jubilee Bl. Cornet reduced from \$22 to \$15, and other Band Instruments 20 per cent. off. Catalogues free. Claxton's Music Store, 197 Yonge Street, Toronto.



**LAWSON'S CON-**  
centrated Fluid Beef  
—this preparation is a real  
beef food, not like Liebig's  
and other fluid beefs, mere  
stimulants and meat flav-

ors, but having all the necessary elements of the beef, viz.:—Extract fibrine and albumen, which embodies all to make a perfect food.

**GENTLEMEN** requiring nobby stylish good-fitting, well-made clothing to order will find all the newest materials for the Spring Season, and two first-class cutters at PETLEY'S, 128 to 132 King St. East.

**J. W. CHEESEWORTH.**  
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FINE ART TAILORING A SPECIALTY.

**JAS. COX & SON,**  
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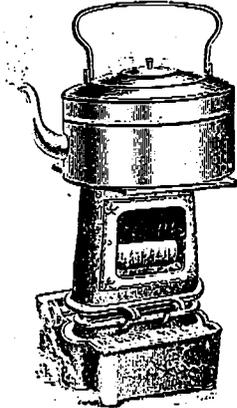
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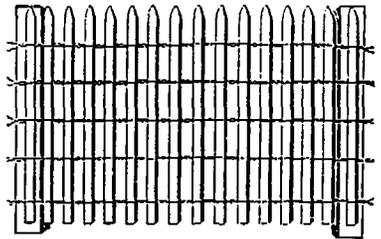
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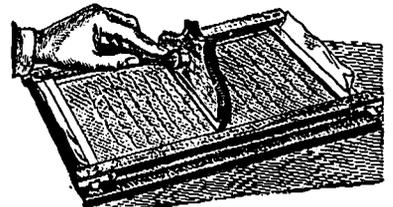
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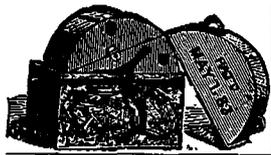
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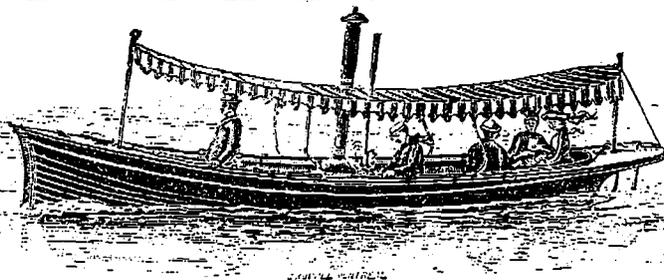
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