

SMOKE

S. DAVIS' "CABLE" AND "HIGH LIFE" CIGARS.

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED.)

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

GRIP is published every Saturday morning, at the publishing office, 30 Adelaide-st. East, first door west of Post Office.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied. BENOUGH BROS.

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

VOLUME XVI. No. 21.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1881.

\$2 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS EACH.

ALL THE LADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT. REMOVES THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT. PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT. DANDRUFF, AND PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR.

The Coming Drink.

DESTINED TO ENTIRELY SUPERSIDE TEA AND COFFEE. A certain Cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nervousness, Constipation, Sick Headache, Sleeplessness, etc., etc. Sold by all first class Grocers and Druggists. PRICE 10c per 7/16 Packet.



COOK'S OWN BAKING POWDER

Manufactured by ROSSACK, WOODS & Co. QUEBEC. For Sale by All Leading Grocers. AGENTS: SMITH & KEIGHLEY, TORONTO. LIGHTBOND, PALSTON & Co MONTREAL.

BILTON'S FISH, FRUIT AND GAME DEPOT.

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY. HELLO, BILTON SEND US SOME SALMON! HOW VERY CONVENIENT! A Domestic Scene, Jarvis Street Home.

BILTON'S FISH GAME DEPOT

188 YONGE ST.

H. HOG BEN,

SHADES RESTAURANT

CITY LUNCHEON COUNTER,

TORONTO & COURT STREETS.

NOTED FOR TURTLE SOUP.

ENTRANCE—Next Fire Hall on Court Street.

BLOSSBURGH COAL

SHIPPED DIRECT FROM MINES TO ALL POINTS AT LOWEST RATES.

A. & S. NAIRN, Toronto.

The MACKINNON PEN The most perfect writing implement known. Warranted for three years. Descriptive pamphlet on application.



C. M. YOUNG, General Agent for Canada, BOX 633, STRATFORD.

Literature and Art.

SPECIAL NOTICE:—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or commissions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care GRIP Office.

Mr. Tennyson's song of the sisters, "Oh, Diviner Air," from his new volume of poems, has been set as a duet by Mr. Arthur Sullivan.

Mr. Carl Rosa has secured the right of the first representation in London of Mr. Villiers Sanford's opera, "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan."

The Chicago Tribune, following the lead of the Times of that city, has its editorial articles on national political affairs written in and telegraphed from Washington.

Mr. J. K. Brown, of the Telegram, has written a drama, which has been accepted by the manager of a popular dramatic company, and may be produced in Toronto before long.

The American, an esteemed exchange which comes to us from Philadelphia, has just reached the end of its first volume. It is a high class literary and political weekly, and well deserves the success which has attended it thus far.

Has anybody commented on the noticeable inclination of nearly all writers of articles on Thomas Carlyle, to copy more or less the quaint and cumbersome style of that distinguished author.

Prof. Reynolds, the great English mesmerist, is making the welkin ring with laughter at the Royal Opera House this week. If you would avail yourself of the medicinal benefits of a good laugh, go and witness the Professor's experiments.

Millet's "Angelus" has just been sold in Paris for \$32,000. It was originally sold by a painter to a dealer for \$200, it was then purchased by another dealer for \$1,000 and its next sale went up to \$7,200. Meissonier's picture, the "Halte des Cavaliers," has been sold for \$25,000.

The proprietors of the Peterborough Review have purchased the Canadian Lumberman from Mr. Begg, and now issue the paper in a greatly improved form. If the Lumberman can be made to pay at all, the Messrs. Toker are the very men to do it. We wish them every success.

The Publishers' Weekly, edited and published by F. Leyboldt, New York, has a monthly issue which communicates much information regarding publishers, authors and new books. Mr. Leyboldt's Literary News, a monthly at 50 cents a year, is also distinguished, full and accurate in this respect.

Mr. Swain Gifford is about to finish an Eastern picture. It is a scene on the Nile, where two of the Dabaheahs are moving with the current, and in "lazy liberty" they make noticeable features of the painting. The sky is peculiar to Eastern climes and displays the palpitating atmosphere so familiar to many travelers.

Two well-known pictures, "The Wreck of the Hibernia," and "On the Gattineau," by Mr. J. C. Forbes, were burned in Wilson & Orr's picture framing establishment at Ottawa, last Sunday night. They were not insured. "The Wreck of the Hibernia" was exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, when it was insured for \$3,000.

We have to thank our friend Mr. George Stewart, Jr., for a copy of his lecture on "Thomas Carlyle," delivered before the Quebec Literary and Historical Society on the 25th ult. The essay betokens a keen appreciation of the genius of the departed Sage of Chelsea, and displays the literary finish which marks all the work of this rising young Canadian litterateur.

To ADVERTISERS

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S
SELECT LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

An advertiser who spends upwards of \$3000 a year, and who invested less than \$350 of it in this List, writes: "Your Select Local List paid me better last year THAN ALL THE OTHER ADVERTISING I DID."

**It is Not a Co-operative List.
It is Not a Cheap List.
It is an Honest List.**

The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of a paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the BEST. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States ranges from \$2 to \$80. The price for one inch one month in the entire list is \$625. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are \$2,980.14. The list includes 952 newspapers, of which 187 are issued DAILY and 765 WEEKLY. They are located in 788 different cities and towns, of which 26 are State Capitals, 363 places of over 5000 population, and 468 County Seats. For copy of List and other information address
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
25-4-81 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

15 SCROLL SAW designs sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents. No two alike. Address, J. MALCOLM, Parkdale P. O. 1-6-81

TO ADVERTISERS!

Nothing is so Effective in an Advertisement as a

COMIC DESIGN!

BENGOUGH BROS.

Make this Artistic Line of Work a SPECIALTY.

Designs Drawn and Engraved to Order and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Address, "GRIP" OFFICE, TORONTO

Phonographic Publications.

ISAAC PITMAN'S PUBLICATIONS.

Compend of Phonography.....	\$ 05
Exercises in Phonography.....	05
Grammologies and Contractions.....	10
Questions on Manual.....	15
Selections in Reporting Style.....	25
Teacher.....	20
Key to Teacher.....	20
Reader.....	20
Manual.....	50
Reporter.....	90
Key to Reporter.....	30
Reporting Exercises.....	20
Phrase Book.....	35
Railway Phrase Book.....	25
Covers for holding Note Book.....	20
The Reporter's Guide, by Thos. Allan Reid.....	60
Self-culture, corresponding style.....	75
The Book of Psalms, corresponding style.....	35
The Book of Psalms, cloth.....	75
Common Prayer, morocco, with gilt edges.....	2 80
The Other Life, cloth.....	50
New Testament, reporting style.....	2 50
Phonographic Dictionary.....	1 50
Pilgrim's Progress, corresponding style.....	55
Pilgrim's Progress, cloth.....	20
Esop's Fables, in Learner's Style.....	20
Pearls from Shakespeare.....	75
Vicar of Wakefield.....	60

EXTRACTS.

No. 1. Ten Pounds and Other Tales, cor. style.....	20
No. 2. That Which Money cannot Buy, &c.....	20
No. 3. Being and Seeming, My Donkey, A Parish Clerk's Tale, &c., cor. style.....	20

SELECTIONS.

No. 1. Character of Washington, Speech of Geo. Cannin at Plymouth, &c., with printed key, rep. style.....	20
No. 2. Address of the Earl of Derby, on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, etc., rep. style.....	20
No. 3. Max Muller on National Education, &c.....	20

FOR SALE BY
BENGOUGH BROS., Publishers.

Literature and Art.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

The April number of Quiz (Phila.) contains the first instalment of a new story by Mrs. F. I. Duncan, the editress. It is entitled *Sir Lancelot*. The Canadian friends of the writer will no doubt have an opportunity of reading the work in book form on its completion. By the way, Quiz has a new and improved heading, and is in other respects exhibiting progress typographically.

A peerless professor of Mesmerism is to be followed at the Royal by an equally great master of the art of Necromancy. Prof. Hartz, who has for some time past been baffling the wits of the cute New Yorkers, has been engaged for a week's performances, commencing Monday, 11th. Prof. Hartz is the recognized leader of the Wizards, and performs his seemingly miraculous feats on a stage devoid of all the usual furniture and appliances.

New Music.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of two new songs. "Sighing for Rest" is a ballad by Edwin Gledhill, composer of "Waiting for the Tide." It is published by Thos. Gixton, Yonge St.—the first piece issued from this establishment. The other song alluded to is entitled "Oh, Bonnie Seabird," music by F. W. Mills, words by Mrs. Florence I. Duncan, of Philadelphia. We reserve a criticism of these pieces for a future issue.

A very interesting exhibition of the work of pupils attending the Ontario Art School is now open to the public at the Gallery of the Society, King St. west. The pictures represent all the branches of art taught in the School, embracing industrial and decorative designs, sketches from the flat and round, oil and water colour subjects, charcoal studies, etc. The Exhibition is well worth a visit from the friends of culture and progress, and cannot fail to give them the greatest satisfaction. Hon. Adam Crooks will distribute the medals and prizes to the successful competitors on this (Saturday) afternoon.

Moonshine is the title of an exceedingly sprightly and witty paper published at 62 Fleet St., London, and edited by Mr Arthur Clements. To our mind it is the best of the London comic journals. In a late number it gets off a neat thing, which is as applicable here as there, and which we commend to the notice of our Minister of Education, as follows:

Two children met by a kind lady; smaller child crying piteously.

Lady.—What is the matter, my little dear?
Big brother.—Pleaso mum, he's crying because he's got to go to school and say his letters, and he can't speak yet!

St. James' Choir Concert took place in the School House last Monday evening, and was fairly attended. The different numbers were given with seeming satisfaction to the audience, although the music performed was not of the most interesting kind. Mrs. Caldwell, of course, delighted every one with her fine voice. She was evidently suffering a little from indisposition, however, as some of her notes, which are always remarkably true, were very slightly flat. Mrs. Cuthbert, Mrs. Davis, and Miss Warner gave satisfaction, receiving encores. Mrs. Davis' voice is very good and she sang well. Mr. Furness, from London, a new singer here, has a fine bass voice. We only wish we had heard him in a better selection of songs. In the opening of the Lullaby Song, with violin-cello and piano accompaniment, the performers got so astray they had to begin again, causing a little bewilderment to Mrs. Caldwell, who sang the song, however, with *eclat*.

SHARP SIXTH.

TO BUSINESS MEN.

MERCHANTS desiring to advertise their business in an ATTRACTIVE and EFFECTIVE form, should communicate with BENGOUGH BROS., Toronto, and order an edition of their

New Idea.

This is a sheet, in newspaper form, (any title selected) filled with amusing reading matter and profusely illustrated with comic cuts adapted to any specific line of business, and also a double column displayed advertisement. Distributed freely to customers, this forms one of the most attractive and lasting advertisements a merchant can secure. For terms, etc., address GEO. BENGOUGH, Manager GRIP Office.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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 Book of Oddities. No. VI.



The representative of our genuine, no-mistake-about-it Canadian Aristocracy surely deserves a place in the Book of Oddities. He stands alone amidst the representatives of the Best Society in the congress of notions, his characteristics differing from all others. He has not the fine classic mould of countenance which we think of in connection with the British Aristocrat; he has not the air of historic interest which we associate with our idea of the Continental Nobleman, nor on the other hand, can we bring ourselves to bracket him with the American Grandee—not even the Knickerbocker of New York, or the awful swell of Boston. We instinctively feel that the Canadian nobleman would be tainted to some infinitesimal extent by such contact, for his blood is undoubtedly of a bluer shade—it has a royal tinge which can never, never be expected in the blood of a Republican, no matter what may be the age of his house. He stands somewhere between the two poles of High Society—though decidedly nearer to royalty than anything else. He has the same *odé vulgus et profanum* that marks the genuine scions of European nobility. At the same time he doesn't take much stock in the literary and artistic tastes which distinguish the ideal aristocrat. He looks with pride upon his children, in whose veins courses the blood of the old French noblesse perhaps, or possibly the equally noble blood of some gallant officer who came out to this colony as the A. D. C. to Governor Guy Carleton, in the dim, historic past; at all events the Canadian First Family man will not allow his offspring to play with the children of his next door neighbor, who is only a wholesalo merchant.

Just So!

In his Montreal speech Mr. Blake boasted that we Canadians have an independent judiciary. We have, indeed! Look at His Lordship, Mr. Frank Shanly, Supremo Judge of the Extraordinary Court of Exchequer, for example! His appointment to his lofty and unique position was made by a Government who are independent of public opinion and his judgments have been remarkable for their independence of anything like justice.

The Globe's Commission to Haint.

Extracts from the Commissioners' Diaries.

Our extracts from the diaries of the *Globe's* Maine Liquor Investigators are duly to hand and read as follows:—

THE ANTI PROHIBITIONIST.

March 23.—Still at the elevating work of breaking the laws and guzzling crooked whiskey for the enlightenment of the Canadian public. Mem.—Shall come on *Globe* Printing Company for new stomach and liver if present apparatus is permanently ruined, as I fear it will be. Companion took to stomach pad this morning. Hired horse and buggy and drove down to Cumberland Mills. Evidently no whiskey here, so had to use our Portland flask. Observed a sign-board "Mineral Water,"—remembered the "Malt Bitters," and winked at damsel and asked for some of the mineral. Directed to the back yard; convinced that law works "well" here. (Had to leave this joke out of letter, as Gordon is down on jokes.) Left Cumberland



and drove to Saccarappa. Interviewed Mr. Haskell, old manufacturing party. Got lots of points from him, but no drinks. Too much water-power here for whiskey to flourish. (This joke also suppressed.)

March 24.—In Portland again. Went on another expedition among the drug stores, in search of the fiery. First shop didn't keep it—or rather didn't give it away. (Had to strangle this humorism in letter—blame the luck!) Next shop we got a drink. Told the fellow we were Canadians. He looked pitiful and gave us a drink. Whiskey appears to be a drug in the market in Portland. (Nother good joke wasted.) Had an interview with Mayor Senter. Senter is a weak politician, but Portland whiskey is strong enough to counterbalance him. Mayor down on liquor law, and don't sympathize with Neal Dow. "Why," (as I remarked), "it seems strange that Portland would elect an anti-prohibitionist to repre-Senter." Mayor fainted and we left.

March 25.—Received copy of *Mail* to-day with article on our expedition. So much affected by the showing up of the immoral character of our mission that we concluded to lay off to-day and think it over.

March 26.—At work again. Effects of *Mail* article and crooked drinks gone. Work in Portland to be wound up with a grand walk-around *a la Haverly*. (Elements of joke here.) Started out after dark and did the gambling and drinking deus of Commercial Street. Found it difficult to get drinks—down. Also did Centre Street. Sketch (somewhat figurative) of this part of our onerous duties.



March 27.—Sunday, the day of rest. Up early. Reviewed our letters in *Globe* before church time. Companion opines we have given ourselves away rather badly on some points. Tell him public opinion will charge it to Gordon B. Go to church and listen to sermon on the wickedness of going to a foreign country for the express purpose of violating the laws. Companion slightly moved, whispers, "That's hard on Gordon, isn't it?" Didn't relish the sermon much myself.

March 28.—Last day of our stay in Portland. Waited upon by a deputation representing low grogeries, who beg of us to prolong our visit, as we have been a bonanza to them. Make a feeling reply to effect that we are the slaves of duty and must move on to Bangor. Spend balance of time interviewing Deputy Sheriff Ring, as below.



Deputy Sheriff feels despondent over present state of the law, but hopes for improvement after our departure. Companion draws up list of facts thus far discovered, to wit:

1. Liquor can be obtained in Portland.
2. Whiskey can be had in this city.
3. It is possible to secure drinks here.
4. A jamboree is practicable in this place.
5. Portland liquor is hard on the innards.

Settle up with landlord. Take stock: Expenditure—drinks, \$25.78; sundries, \$10. We're off to-morrow.

March 29.—Arrived in Bangor. This is a free-trade town—whiskey is in everybody's mouth. Interviewed Dr. Brown, ex-Mayor, who is down on the whiskey law. Also Mr. Burr, of the *Whig*, who stuck to us like a brother. Went on tour round the city, and investigated "Hell's Half-acre." Much disgusted to find that Bangor people have very inadequate idea of hell, as the half-acre was a pretty decent place. Got whiskey and rum there, however. My head feels pretty big just now—a good deal more than a half-acher, anyhow. (Had to suppress this joke in letter.) We start out into the country to-morrow.



Utterly Regardless!

The bold, bad little boy, who runs that celebrated organ by Advanced Thought, the *Bobcaygeon Independent*, gives us the raw material for the above sketch in the following paragraph, which has greatly shocked the nerves of the Belleville *Intelligencer*:

"If ever in the history of the world there was a miserable, contemptible, corrupt, imbecile, idiotic assembly of scoundrelly old worn out political duffers, it is the Senate of the Dominion of Canada. Having made the last gentle remark that body can prosecute us for libel as soon as it pleases, but we snip our fingers at it, and tell it emphatically that it can go and bag its wretched old head. Prosecute us indeed! A lot of nasty parasitic vermin preying on the body politic! We hereby kick the Senate, and we trust it will consider itself kicked, and act accordingly."

After the Blake Dinner.

From our Specially Impertinent Reporter,
Windsor Hotel.

OLD BOY.—The remittance came promptly to hand. Perhaps there is an idea somewhere in your egregious old pate that I am going to thank you for it. Banish it. When a man of my calibre threatens to resign, it brings a man of yours to his senses quickly, and, after all, what are fifty dollars? However, like all truly great men I am unanimous—only continue to shell out freely and I'll not desert you.

Thank you,—yes,—am feeling decidedly better, and should there be no recurrence of the—ahem!—attack, shall probably be able to leave my room in a week or ten days. Oh! that wretched dinner—how I have suffered since—ugh! But I say, Old Boy, this isn't half a bad village for a man of really first-rate ability like myself to spend a fortnight in. Have met some quite passable people, and take my word for it, Grip's star is in the ascendant. That speech of mine at the dinner has done more for its popularity than the whole series of your cartoons, although some of them have not been bad—that is to say, not really bad you know. I like to give you a cheering word occasionally, although you are so singularly mean as to the merits of one who is in every way your superior. (This approaches the sublimity of impertinence. *Ed.*)

But to return. Positively it is getting to be quite a bore the way people stare after me in the streets. Ahem! I mean pester me with visits at the hotel. My friend the Honourable Edward was one of the first to call. I had just taken a brandy and soda and was feeling quite comfortable as he entered. "My dear boy," I exclaimed, "this is really kind of you—take a B and S?"—"No!"—"Take a weed thou?"—"No!"—"Well, at any rate take a chair"—No, he wouldn't take a chair—what the mischief would he take then? He would "take the liberty of saying that I had behaved in a most ungentlemanly manner during his speech the previous evening, and of adding, that if I annoyed him with such ridiculous grimaces on

any similar occasion he would have me removed from the room." Jedediah! And this was the return for the support and countenance I gave him. For a moment I was thunderstruck—I own it—but only for a moment. With that keen perception which is so characteristic of me I soon recognized the humor of the thing. "Ha! ha! ha! my dear boy," I exclaimed, "I twig—never let me hear again that you are prim and pokey—why, you irresistibly funny man, you're a born joker—do let me enlist you as a contributor to Grip—you—" The sentence was never completed. With a muttered "Pshaw! Idiot!" Edward the Magnificent turned upon his heel and left the room, evidently much chagrined. Poor fellow, I felt sorry for him; undoubtedly it was foolish to suppose I shouldn't see through his little joke, but he need not have called himself an ill name because I did. And so unjust too—certainly it would never have occurred to me to call the People's Edward an idiot—never. *Mem.*—Must take the first opportunity of remonstrating with him, as gently as possible, on the unwisdom of too great self-depreciation—it is a failing to which your Reporter himself is too much addicted, although, goodness knows, he strives earnestly against it.

Scarcely had the Hon. Edward left the room when the President of the Young Men's Reform Club was announced. This exalted individual is slightly of the telegraph-pole-surmounted-by-a-hatelot species—that is, he is tall and slim, but very gentlemanly withal; oh! yes. He approached me with extended hands. "My dear Mr.—Mr."—"Grip will do," I said. "Well then my dear Mr. Grip, I think your speech was admirable, and I shall be only too happy to welcome you to the meetings of the Young Men's Reform Club, and perhaps—ch! perhaps we shall be able to induce you to address us—your stirring eloquence will kindle a warm enthusiasm in the breasts of the youthful Reformers." *Mem.*—Must enquire if grey hairs are considered an evidence of youthfulness in Montreal. "Sir," I said, in my most stately manner—"Sir, I thank you for your courtesy, but be good enough to understand that the great Mr. Grip has no 'politics'—it is his mission to be above them; nevertheless I have no doubt you mean kindly." Seeing he was somewhat abashed, I said gently,—"You are unjust, Mr. President, to your own eloquence; judging from your efforts last evening, surely the young men of your club cannot need a more thrilling orator to enkindle their enthusiasm." You see I was bound to be distant and dignified with this gentleman, who had presumed to think that Grip, the embodiment of impartiality, would pose as a party orator. I say "Grip," Old Boy, because, although you wear the honors, I consider myself the body and brains of that excellent periodical. (Puppy!—*Ed.*) Awed by my chilling manner the President of the Y. M. R. C. could only falter, "I am proud, Mr. Grip, that my humble efforts met with your approbation; had I known that you were to have been present I would have stolen more time from my extensive practice for preparation." "Not at all," I said; "a trifle too prosy perhaps, but quite passable—certainly quite passable, considering your—want—of—preparation." "You overwhelm me, Sir. I had thought of asking you if Grip would be willing to receive an occasional contribution from me, but—but—suffer me now to take my leave." And I suffered him.

I say Old Boy, does your miserable request that I should be "brief but brilliant" apply to all my reports? If so I must close this.

Yours, S. I. R.

P.S.—One of the twenty dollar bills you sent me has a suspicious look of "fimsy" about it—hadn't I better burn it? Shall have to draw on you at any rate to-morrow. S. I. R.



A Bird of Passage.

Items have been appearing in the newspapers during the past twelve months stating that a glass factory was to be established in some part of the Province. Citizens of Barrie, Napance, Belleville, St. Thomas, Thorold, Penetanguishene, and numerous other places will recognize in the above sketch the features of the discoverer of "the finest sand in the world," but will perhaps wonderingly inquire whence those feathers? Going down street in one of those places on the evening of Friday last humming "O! that I were a bird," a number of the citizens took him too literally at his word, with the above result. As he could not "tar himself away from the town," they tried to assist him to do so.

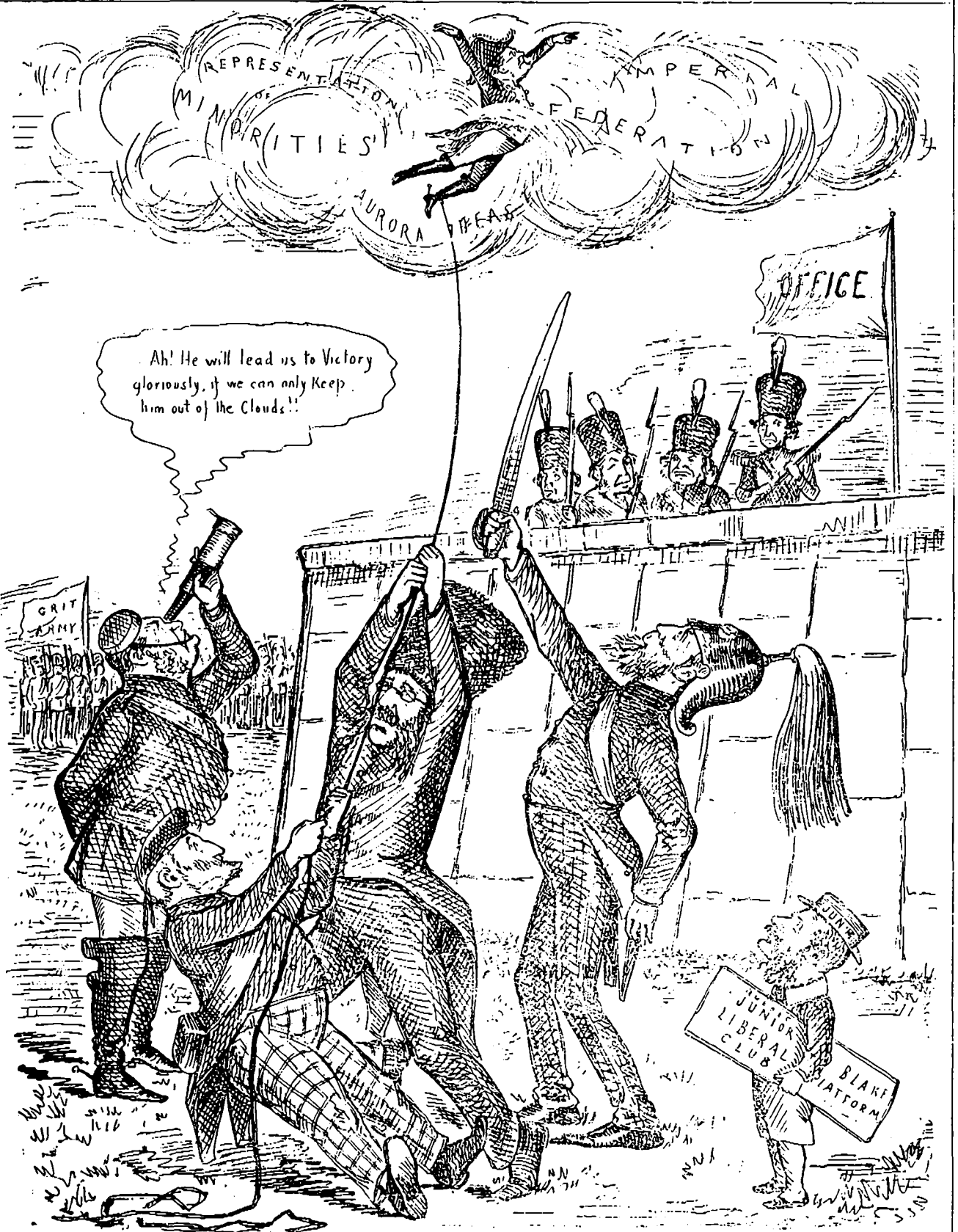
After Wordsworth.

This lesson, Sheppard, let us two divide,
The sequence sharp of Cause and of Effect;
Nor let the dusky "Doc" in push-cart pride,
To East's "attempt upon his life" object!

An American Court Scene.

District Court, No. 1, York County.

The Judge was addressing the Jury and said:—"The case is as straight as the hair on my head. You all must have noticed that pretty young girl whose beauty has started my brain in a whirl! She says that the plaintiff's contention is true, (She's a nice little girl), but I leave it to you. It's true that four adults her tale contradict (I wonder their consciences have not been pricked), I lend little ear to these plain male adults, for homeliness never can quicken my pulse. But the case is for you, gentlemen, I've seen; you mustn't be moved by opinion from me; But if I were the jury, I'd feel it my duty My verdict to make a sweet tribute to beauty." Then up the defendant's great advocate leaped, And he scattered the papers in front of him heaped, And he shouted as only great counsel can shout:—"Does your Honor not know what your Honor's about? What has beauty to do with the case now in hand? Can the truth by some fair-faced young girl be trapped? Must my wondrous ability labor for naught? When some simpering maiden your fancy has caught? Though Justice be fair, be a maid fairer still, She may twist you, your Honor, about as she will. I'm disgusted, I'm furious indeed. Yes, I'm mad; I want Justice, and Justice it seems can't be had." Then slowly and very impressively too, His Honor rejoined: "Mr. Bayleg, from you I've already endured quite enough great and small, Of the article known to the vulgar as gall, Beware should my temper still further be risen." (His Honor no doubt was suggesting a prison.) But the counsel undaunted replied in full tone:—"I know both your Honor's affairs and my own. I am right; you are wrong; you are wrong; I am right; 'Gainst that wrong I protest with the whole of my might." His Honor repeated his former remarks, And his blade from the counsel's still drew some few sparks; But at length both determined to "button their lip, And with an occasional fizzle and spig." This struggle (so common in far off places, But so new and unknown in Canadian cases) Was ended amidst the unwashed's stifled laughter, And lots of such cases will happen hereafter.



Ah! He will lead us to Victory gloriously, if we can only Keep him out of the Clouds!!

OFFICE

GRIT ARMY

JUNIOR LIBERAL CLUB
BLAKE PLATFORM

THE TOO - ASPIRING LEADER.

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

The neatest thing in Easter bonnets is a pretty face.—*Boston Herald.*

Young man, go to New York, join a Land League, and blow up with the country.—*Sweetly.*

Solomon was the first man who wanted to part his heir in the middle.—*Steubenville Herald.*

The man who has gathered a big ice crop wants to keep it shady.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

P. T. Barnum has recovered nearly all the flesh he lost. It pays to advertise.—*Danbury News.*

The proper remedy for a young lady who is short of stature is to get spliced as soon as possible.—*N. Y. Mail.*

The theatrical stage needs not be considered angelic simply because it has wings and flies.—*Sunday Transcript.*

Translating from the German—Escorting your girl home from the fashionable dancing party.—*Lovell Courier.*

We don't torow bomb-shells at our rulers to destroy them. We let office seekers torture them to death.—*Griswold.*

'Tis easier to do something that some one else is doing, than to do what you are doing yourself.—*Whitchell Times.*

"Love goes where it is sent." Nonsense! It more often goes where it is dollar than where it is cent.—*Boston Transcript.*

The man who comes about solely to kill time should confine himself strictly to his own time.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A correspondent asks us what is the relation of a university to an ordinary college. It is a step farther.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Aw, thanks, you may keep them. I don't need them now. I have got a position in the Civil Service.—*Philadelphia Quiz.*

Artemus Ward once commenced a lecture thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, I possess a gigantic intellect, but I haven't it with me."

"Do you drink?" said a temperance reformer to a beggar who had implored alms of him. "Yes, thank you," returned the candid pauper, "where shall we go?"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

This has been a good winter for lecturers and amateur actors. With eggs at seventy-five cents a dozen none but the wealthy can afford to throw even rotten ones.—*Philadelphia Kronicle Herald.*

"Yes," said the schoolgirl who had risen from the lowest to the highest position in her class. "I shall have a horse-shoe for my symbol as it denotes having come from the foot?"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A young lady was caressing a pretty spaniel and murmuring: "I do love a nice dog!" "Ah!" sighed a dandy standing near, "I would I were a dog." "Never mind," retorted the young lady sharply, "you'll grow."—*Boston Star.*

Women are such inconsistent creatures! We heard a young lady remark—rather inolegantly, it must be confessed—that she hated "that Biggs fellow, he is such a soft cake!" Well, in less than three months she took the cake.—*Boston Transcript.*

Does a man ever go into a grocery store and say, "I'll give you five cents a pound for sugar," and expect to be treated with respect? Not at all. He asks the price of sugar and pays what is asked or goes without. But the same man will offer a price twenty per cent. below rates, for a given space in the advertising columns of a newspaper and feels offended because it is not aken.—*New Haven Register.*

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, in reply to a query: "what shall we do with our daughters?" says, "Don't allow them to learn how to make shirts. It is better they should not know. Then, when they are married, their husbands can work twenty hours a day to get money with which to buy ready-made ones, while they knit red dogs."

We never saw but one lung pad that we would have, and that was the one Bernhardt wore in the third act of *Camille*. It was made of diamonds, and reached from her neck clear across the level plain to where her corsets hook at the top, and must have cost thousands of dollars. And yet she seemed to be catching cold every minute.—*Pole's Sun.*

Only a few months ago the people of Ireland were wailing and calling upon heaven to pity them, and the rest of us to give them something to eat, because they had no harvests to gather. Now they have abundant harvests and are howling and shooting if anybody attempts to gather them. We presume these unhappy people probably know what they want; certainly nobody else can guess it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Berks county editor had just finished an able and lengthy editorial on the "Physical Degeneracy of Women," when a robust female entered the office with a cartwhip in one hand and a copy of his paper in the other. As the editor threw open a window and was about to spring out, the woman modestly said she had brought the lost whip advertised in yesterday's paper, and she wanted the fifty cents reward.—*Norristown Herald.*

The average newspaper reporter is never abashed and is equal to almost any emergency. One of the class was interviewing Mlle. Bernhardt the other day, when she grew enthusiastic over America, and expressed the wish that the nation had but one mouth that she might kiss it. The reporter instantly suggested that he represented the nation to a certain extent, and he had "but one mouth." The rest of the story is not told, but—well, she didn't kiss him.—*Cleveland, O., Leader.*

"I presume dat mos' of dis club am awar' of de fact dat I own an ole hoss which kin sometimes light out as if de hull common council war' arter him. I hitched up de pung las' Sunday, tole de ole woman to roll in, an' we went out for a ride. Bime-by one of dem 2.40 clipped hosses came flyin' along an' turned out to go by my ole Don Juan. I sot dar an' didn't pull a rein, an' yit dat ole hoss held de road for a hull mile agin dat flyer, an' de white man layin' on de whip for all he was worth. Maybe it didn't look zactly right fur an ole hoss, an ole sled, an' two ole black folks to sit awny wid a white man's flyer, but det's all de cruelty dar was about it. Bre-s you, my friends, dat ole Juan an' me have slept in de same barn, had de same sorrows, worked on de same jobs an' felt de same heat an' cold fur visin' of sixteen y'ars, an' I wouldn't hit him a lick fur a ten-dollar greenback.—*Pickles Smith, of the Lime Kiln Club.*

A wonderful physician has taken up his residence at the Canadian capital, who has discovered an ingenious and startling, but perfectly logical treatment for softening of the brain; an elaborate description of his process would read so like a chapter out of *Jules Verne*, that it will be sufficient to say that he simply opens the skull, removes the brain, freezes it, labels it with the owner's name and places it in a pigeon-hole of his surgical room, and after a few days, the owner, who has in the meantime performed his daily avocation quite unembarrassed, calls, and the doctor replaces the brain in the best condition and highest style of art. One man, who had been operated upon thus, rather to the physician's surprise, left his brain unclaimed for weeks. The doctor meeting him one day, quite by chance, said: "How d'y do? Why in the world haven't you called to have your brains put back?"

LEASE EXPIRING.

CLEARING OUT SALE

MACHINERY

Must be Disposed of Before 1st of May

NO. 3 CIRCUULAR SAW MILL.

Made by Stearns, Erie, right-hand, in use only 5 seasons. Cost \$1,150, will be sold for \$400, cash.

LOG CANTER.

Made by Stearns. Cost \$350, will be sold for \$150.

SHINGLE MACHINE.

38 inch saw, wooden frame, made by J. Meakins, Lindsay. Will sell for \$75.

Horizontal Engine and Boiler.

Cylinder 4 x 9. May be seen in running order on the premises. Price \$250.

BOILER.

5 h. p. Price \$85.

PONEY PLANER.

24 in. knife, made by Rogers & Co Norwich, Conn. Cost \$175, will sell for \$75.

RE-SAW.

4 ft. saw, rollers 18 in. long, 6 in. diameter, saws straight or bevel. Frame 5 ft. wide, 6 ft. long, pulley on mandril 8 x 14 in. Made by Goldie & McCullough. In use only 2 months. Cost \$550, sell for \$200.

STICKER.

Three moulding heads, one head for surface planing. Planes 6 in. Made by Daniels, Newcastle, Mass. Cost \$175, sell for \$75.

SHAKE WILLOW.

DRILL.

Centres 8 inches. Price \$15.

IRON LATHE,

15 feet bed, swings 24 inches, turns 20 feet. Price \$150.

PRINTING MACHINES.

Imperial Printing Press.

12½ x 17½ inches. In use only 2 years. Cost \$300. Will sell for \$200.

Forsyth Paper Outer.

Cuts 30 inches. Costs \$150. Sell for \$90.

Miller & Richard Paper Outer.

Cuts 16 inches. Cost \$150. Sell for \$90.

Water Motor.

1½ horse power, just the thing for a person wanting light power. Requires no attendance, always ready, and there is no fear of explosion. Price \$90.

The whole of the above is in good working order.

WM. DINGMAN & CO.,

MACHINERY BROKERS.

55 FRONT STREET EAST,

TORONTO.



"A Disturbing Speech."

GORDON B. (reads)—"He closed by an appeal to young Reformers constantly to look ahead to better things beyond, not being satisfied by the gain of single steps in advancement. Those who do are those who start in life as ardent Reformers, and, having attained what they began working for think perfection has been gained, and in middle life settle down as staunch Conservatives."

"Now, I wonder what he means by that?"

That Safe Topic—The Weather.
Scene.—King Street; Time.—Tuesday Afternoon.
*Dramatis Personæ.—*Editor Mail and editor Globe. They meet.
Ed. Mail.—Beastly weather, isn't it?
Ed. Globe.—Glorious, I call it! Good and Gritty! Sort o' Northumberland and Carleton blizzard—makes you fellows bite the dust, hey?
 Exit chuckling.



John Halifax, Gentleman.

"Is your port good, John?"
 "Oh yes, sir, best Halifax winter port, sir."
 "Got any ice?"
 "Yes, sir. Mr. Hesslein has just got in some fresh from the West Indies, sir. Will you have the same, sir? Good evening, gentleman."

Lay of the Maine Martyrs.

Martyrs we've been sure enough,
 Since e'er we left Toronto,
 Hoisting in such wretched stuff,
 In every den we've gone to,
 Of course we know the Globe's to blame,
 To send us thus to tackle
 The vile intoxicants of Maine,
 'Till we're both maniacal.
 We travelled on, what did we reck!
 We crossed the Piscataquis,
 The Chescook and Kennebec,
 To seek the haunts of Bacchus,
 The Schoodic Lakes bring no relief,
 No time for ease or languor!
 Forward still (our time was brief)
 To Belfast, Bath and Bangor.
 We crossed Penobscot's fretful roll
 And turbid Androscoggin,
 We stopped at Eastport for a "bowl."
 Just time to take our grog in,
 We forded the Piscataqua,
 The wild Passamaquoddy,
 But could not get in all the way
 A glass of decent toddy.

How We Live Now.

Mamma.—Why so fretful, Florence?
Florence.—Too stormy to go to the Atheneum to hear Professor Tidleywiuk's paper on De-synonomization.
Mamma.—Never mind. It will be all the same in a hundred years.
Florence.—I am well aware, mamma, that identical quantities will undergo no differentiation in the course of the century.

The Troublesome Dust!

(AFTER THE BEAUTIFUL—YOU KNOW.)

Oh the dust, the troublesome dust,
 Filling your eyes and ears at each gust,
 In at the shop doors, down through the streets,
 Painfully blinding the people it meets,
 Blowing in clouds it goes whirling along,
 Troublesome dust, not caring a song
 For ladies' new bonnets, or new summer suits,
 For light colored gloves, or neat fitting boots,
 Troublesome dust, how it does fly around—
 The greatest of nuisances just now 'tis found!
 Oh the dust, the troublesome dust,
 Making you swear till you're just fit to "bust,"
 Whirling about in its maddening fun,
 Playing the mischief with every one;
 Caught by the wind and hurrying by
 It flies in your face and gets into your eye;
 And horses, half blind go by with a bound,
 Enveloped in clouds that eddy around,
 While people exclaim as they meet, "Why, oh why,
 Are our streets left to get so confoundedly dry!"

Domestic.

It was quite late when Mr. Golitenham came home last evening; the children had been put in their little beds hours before by Mrs. Golitenham, who sat perusing the fashion articles in *Harper's Bazaar* by the fire. She gave one look of contemptuous disgust at Mr. G. as he entered, and again resumed her reading. "My dear," said Mr. Golitenham, purple in the face from repressing outward manifestations of one of his forthcoming jokes. "My dear, which theatre do you prefer going to, the Grand or the Royal?"

"Eh?" said Mrs. G., brightening up in fond anticipation.

"Which theatre do you prefer going to?" repeated Mr. G.

"Well, my love," said Mrs. G. smilingly, "I've not much choice, the play is what I look to. Of course in the Horticultural Gardens, it is different, for we could go early, you could enjoy a cigar before the entertainment, and the dear children could play around the grounds and see the pretty flowers; but of course it's too early yet for the Gardens. Well, love, when are you going to take us?"

"Well, my dear, I was thinking about taking (here Mr. G. burst into a roar of laughter) you about Dominion Day—Ha! ha! ho! ho!"

"Heartless beast!" said Mrs. G. bursting into tears, as Mr. Golitenham, chuckling, went up stairs to bed.



Lenton.

Pretty Niece.—Oh! Auntie Mary, I am so bewildered; do help me to select a costume for the masquerade ball I want something simple, yet striking and novel.

Aunt Mary (who is a dreadful tease).—Well, dear, if you want something simple and yet novel, suppose you go as "Lent." Take your prayer book in your hand, a fish under each arm, and the costume will be complete.

Pretty niece pouts and decides to select a costume herself.

Toronto Girlhood.

Thumb-nail Sketches by Grip's Poet-Philosopher.

No. 1.—AFTER WORDSWORTH.

She never "beamed upon my sight,"
 We two are unacquainted quite,
 Yet I can tell you to a "T"
 Just what a style of girl she is,
 Describing with the utmost rigour
 Soul, body, buttons, face and figure,
 Of this our unfair Rosamond
 Abiding in the street of Bond.
 Well then, to do my modest duty,
 She is a sort of *l'ipso* beauty,
 From whose slim, supple, slyph-like shape
 No "pound of flesh" could shylock scrape,
 From whose bright eyes, that sometimes soften,
 An angel looks, an imp more often;
 Her hair is glossy brown and hangs
 About her noble brow in bangs.
 'Tis braided quite too lovely, just!
 And all to pieces frizzed and fussed.
 She wears a dress of gold-green lustre,
 A hat with rose buds in a cluster,
 And would you give a glance discreet
 At bright hued hose, well-booted feet,
 Observe her any eventide,
 On King street, at the Dollar side.

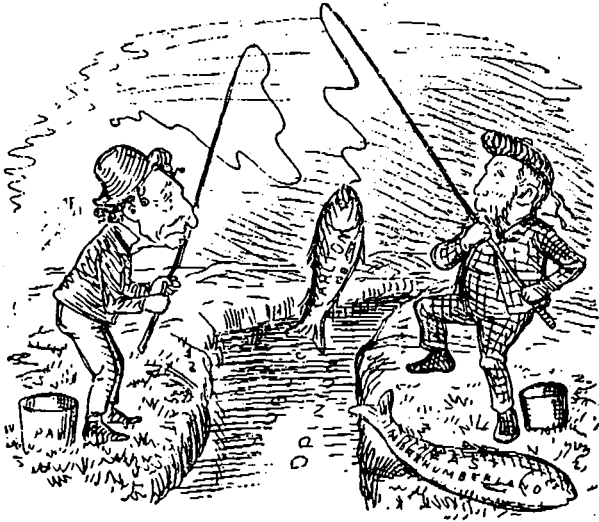
C. P. M.

THE FAVORITE ALES, PORTER & LAGER ARE BREWED BY THOS. DAVIES & CO.

VOL. THE SIXTEENTH, No. 21.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 9TH APRIL, 1881.



THE BI-ELECTION CATCH!

JOHN A.—Dash the luck! What's got into the blamed fish, I wonder? I can't get a nibble.
SANDY.—Luck! Heeh, mon, it's no luck ava! Its naething but a plain deceppensation o' Providence, ye ken!



A PROFESSOR OF FORTUNE-TELLING.

GIpsy.—Young gentleman, the signs indicate that you will soon be called upon to lead, not only a Party, but a Government.
BLAKE (aside).—Wonderful how sho knows, isn't it?

NEXT TIME THEY WILL BUY A DESK FROM THE CELEBRATED MAKERS. TEES & CO.

I KNOW WE MADE A MISTAKE IN NOT GETTING ONE OF TEES & CO'S DESKS!!

THOSE BOOKS WILL BE RUINED; WE MUST GET A REVOLVING BOOK-CASE!

NOT ONLY TEES & CO'S MAKE

TEES & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF DESKS, BOOK CASES, ETC.
 11 ST. BONAVENTURE ST., MONTREAL.

Send for Catalogue.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES. Postal Card Size, \$1.00. Note Size, \$2.00. Letter Size, \$3.00. Foolscap Size, \$4.00. One Bottle of Ink with each Lithogram. Agents wanted in every Town. BENGOUGH BROS., Agents. Next Door Post Office, Toronto.

JACOB'S PATENT LITHOGRAM.

The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer

Should be in the hands of all Photographers. SEND TO BENGOUGH BROS. FOR SAMPLE COPY.

Monthly, \$1.00 per Annum.

VICTORIA TEA WAREHOUSE.

Over 50 different grades, varieties and mixtures in stock

EDWARD LAWSON, 93 KING ST. EAST.