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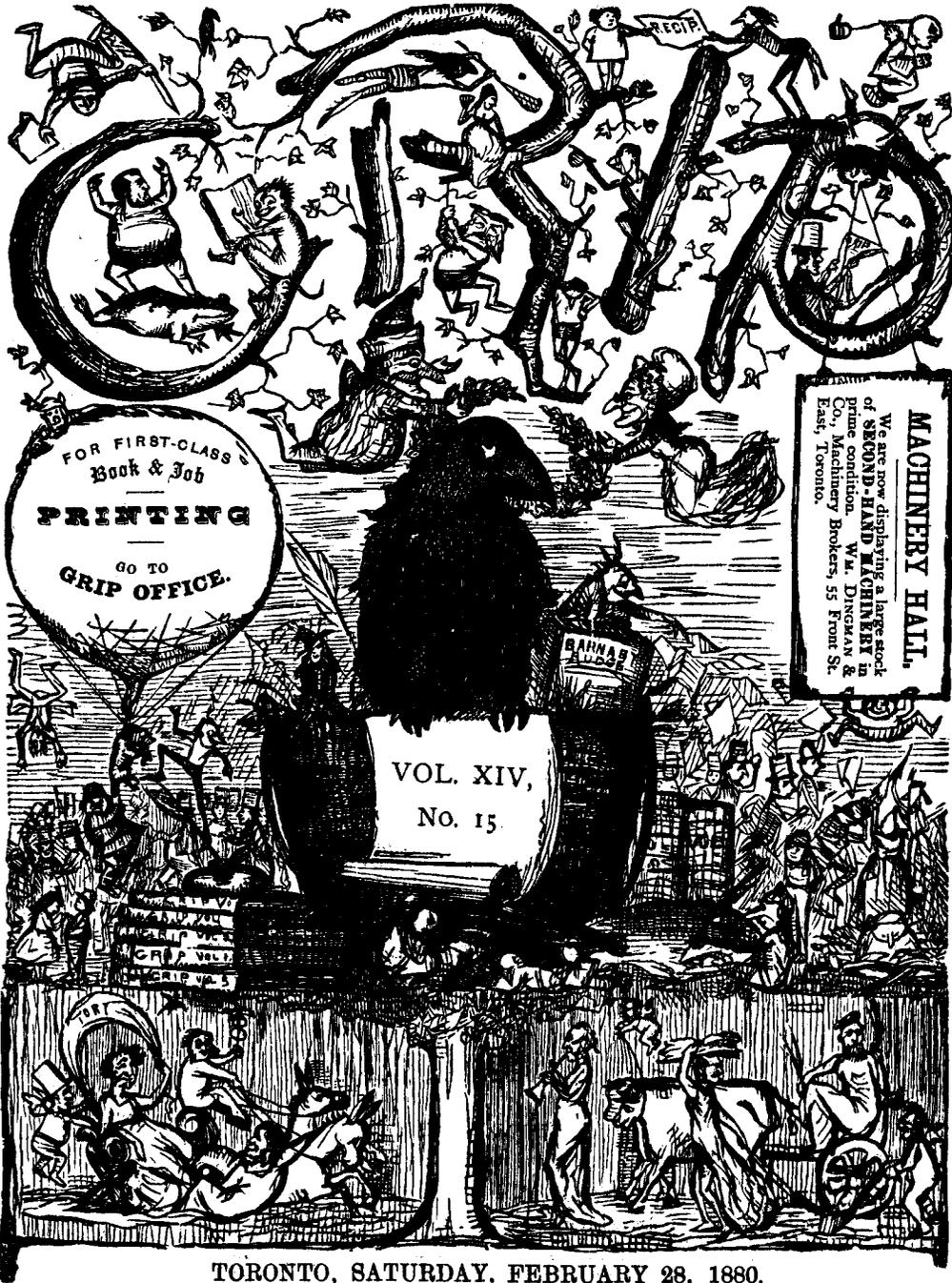
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence addressed to the Editor, BENGOUGH BROS., Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)



TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

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NOTICE TO SOCIETIES, CLUBS, &c.—Mr. J. W. BENGOUGH may be engaged to deliver either of the above lectures, with *Impromptu Crayon Illustrations*, embracing Sketches of well-known Local Men; or to give his popular "CHALK CHAT" as a feature in an evening's programme. For terms, &c., address—

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Literature and Art.

Rev. Jos. COOK's new volume, to be published by HOUGHTON OSGOODE & Co. in a few days, is called "Labor."

FRANK H. TAYLOR, artist and correspondent, formerly of the *N.Y. Graphic*, accompanied General GRANT and his party to Havana in the interest of *Harper's Weekly*.

The last number of *Scribner's Magazine* contains a very interesting sketch of "CHAM," the great French caricaturist, lately deceased. The writer thinks however that "CHAM" was a great joker rather than a great caricaturist. Several specimens of his work are given.

Mr. R. L. O'BRIEN, President of the Canadian Academy of Art, has been in Ottawa completing arrangements for the first exhibition, which is to be opened in that City shortly. It is said the prospects of success are very bright, as contributions have been received from all the Provinces.

The White and Blue, is the title of a neat little four-page paper issued weekly during the Academic year under the auspices of the University College Literary and Scientific Society. It is edited by Mr. W. F. MACLEAN, and discusses College matters in an able and interesting manner. The annual subscription is \$1.

Canada has had at least twenty comic journals in the course of her brief history, specimen copies of many of which we have collected. *Punch in Canada*, published about thirty years ago in Montreal, and afterwards in Toronto, was the most ambitious attempt. At present *Grip* is the only Canadian humorous journal printed in English. There are two in French, *Le Canard* and *Le Vert Canard*.

The first of the series of organ recitals of which the Literary Society has assumed control, was held on Saturday last, in Convocation Hall, and proved a great success. The fine WARREN organ which has been set up for these recitals, almost covers the dais, and diminishes the apparent size of the hall, to which, however, it gives pleasing proportions and a very pretty appearance. Mr. FISHER's programme bespeaks his intention to cultivate the musical tastes of this city; while the masterly manner in which he carried it out, proves that none is more qualified so to do.

"Pinafore" GILBERT has a curious quarrel with AUGUSTIN DALY. He accuses DALY of reconstructing one of his plays, "Charity," without permission, and not only that, but putting a new character into it against his (GILBERT's) positive protest. This is a rather singular thing to say the least, for DALY to do, but perhaps he wanted to infuse a little "contemporaneous human interest" into the work—a thing that "charity" does not always possess. GILBERT is very mad about it, though, and makes a public protest quite as emphatic as the private one he made to DALY. It certainly must be very annoying to an author, dramatic or otherwise, for another author to take up his work without so much as by your leave, re-arrange it, put some new features into it and then present it to the public for the purpose of making money. And while all this is going on the original author can only stand by and cuss. Under the circumstances perhaps no one can find fault with him for cussin' a good deal—and reaching out for the other fellow's hair besides.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TENDERS for a second 100 miles section WEST OF RED RIVER will be received by the undersigned until noon on Monday, the 29th of March, next.

The section will extend from the end of the 48th Contract—near the western boundary of Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March next.

By Order.

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,
Ottawa, 11th February, 1880.

XIV-14-6t.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Noon of MONDAY, the 23rd FEBRUARY instant, for the immediate supply of the following Rolling Stock:—

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- 60 Box Cars.
- 60 Platform Cars.

Drawings and specifications may be seen, and other information obtained on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Pacific Railway, Ottawa, and at the Engineer's Office Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N. B.

The Rolling Stock to be delivered on the Pembina Branch, Canadian Pacific Railway, on or before the 15th of MAY next.

By Order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,
Ottawa, 7th February, 1880.

The time for receiving the above Tenders is extended one week, viz.: to MONDAY 1st MARCH, and the time for delivery of a portion of Rolling Stock is extended to the 1st JUNE.

By Order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

19th Feb., 1880.

XIV-14 411-1t.



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On MONDAY, 1st MARCH, 1880,

for the supply of the undermentioned Bed Furnishings required for the Asylum for the Insane, Toronto; Asylum for the Insane, London; Asylum for the Insane, Kingston; Asylum for the Insane, Hamilton; and the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, namely:—

- 510 Hair Mattresses,
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Specimens of the articles and the quality of the material to be used in their manufacture can be seen on making application to the undersigned at his office in the east wing of the Parliament buildings, Toronto, from whom specifications and forms of tender may also be procured.

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The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. W. LANGMUIR,

Inspector of Prisons and

Public Charities, Ontario.

Toronto, 13th Feb., 1880.

Stage Whispers.

"The Pirates" played at the Fifth Avenue, N. Y., to about \$8,000 a week, and it will probably run into the summer.

Mrs. FECHTER (Miss LIZZIE PRICE) attended the theatre for the first time since FECHTER's death, Wednesday evening, Jan. 21, when she occupied a box at the Chestnut Street Theatre.

"Our Goblins," a musical extravaganza of the fashionable patterns to occupy the boards of the Royal this week. It is from the pen of Mr. GILL, author of "Horrors" and other successful works in the same line.

Miss KATE CLAXTON, the distinguished American actress, supported by her own company, will appear in *The Double Marriage* at the Grand Opera House on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon of this week. A brilliant performance may be anticipated.

It is stated that the Gaiety Theatre will, in all probability, be sold by the executors of the late Mr. LIONEL LAWSON. This, however, will make no difference to the tenancy of Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, which expires in 1882, and which will probably be renewed.

The political burlesque on "Pinafore," entitled H. M. S. "Parliament," was performed in Ottawa before crowded houses for the first three nights this week, and will shortly be given in Toronto. The opportunity of studying the original characters in the House afforded by this early visit to the Capital, will no doubt have a good effect upon the actors who play the leading roles.

On Wednesday and Thursday evenings of next week, with a special matinee on the latter day, the citizens of Toronto will have an opportunity of witnessing (according to the opinions of the American press) the best equipped and most perfect organization that has ever visited this country. The principal artists are Mlle. PAOLA MARIE, Mlle ANGELE, and the world celebrated European tenor, M. VICTOR CAPOUL. M. CAPOUL has been prevailed upon, at a great expense, to come to this country to sing in French opera. His reputation in London at Covent Garden, with Manager GYE, has preceded his wonderful vocal abilities, in this part of the world, and it should be a source of congratulation to our theatre-goers that such an excellent organization is about to visit us. "La Fille de Mme Angot," "Les Cloches de Corneville," and "Mme. Favort," are the operas announced in the order named. The sale of seats will begin on Saturday morning.

The Toronto Church Choir "Pinafore" Company performed that ever popular opera before a good audience in the Parkdale Hall on Monday evening last. The cast was as follows: *Capt. Corcoran*, Mr. LALOR, St. Michael's; *Sir Joseph Porter*, Mr. WILL WALMSLEY, Metropolitan; *Ralph Rackstraw*, Mr. ED. BAYLEY, New St. Andrews; *Bob Beckett*, Mr. H. SCOTT, St. Patrick's; *Tommy Tucker*, Master GIBSON; *Josephine*, Miss CARLISLE, Metropolitan; *Hebe*, Miss ORR, ditto; *Little Buttercup*, Mrs. GEO. COOPER, ditto. The performance as a whole was capital; decidedly superior to that given by many professional companies. Mrs. COOPER's *Buttercup* was especially good, both in singing and acting. The costumes and stage appointments were elegant, and the chorus highly efficient. The Company intend giving another performance on April 1st in aid of the Parkdale local improvement fund.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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 Position.

A gentleman in Dundas, who has a tender regard for GRIP (though he hasn't subscribed) expresses his sorrow that we have "gone over to the Grits," and advises us to publicly acknowledge the fact. We would be willing to make the acknowledgement if it happened to be true, though this partisan gentleman would much rather have us announce that we had "gone over" to his side. GRIP started out on the path of independence, and so far as he is aware, has continued on that line. But people's ideas of independence seem to differ. This Tory gent perhaps thinks the highest sort of independence is that which he possesses, namely, to follow his leaders regardless of all facts and circumstances. Again, there is the *Telegram* idea,—that independence consists in whacking heads on both sides alternately without reference to truth. GRIP's idea is just the opposite; he believes in reflecting the truth no matter whose head has to be whacked. This he has endeavoured to do in the past, and this he will continue to do unless he should unhappily become afflicted with the party blindness which troubles the Dundas man and many more like him. If the Conservative leaders have suffered more than their Grit brethren in our cartoons, it is no evidence of partisanship on our part unless it can be shown that we ignored the facts in any given case. Let our critics point out a single instance of this, or forever hold their peace. And moreover we challenge this Dundas man to show any case in which we had a fair chance to "go for the Grits" and did not avail ourselves of it.

Canada's Duty to Washington.

Man's duty to man is to interfere and meddle with his business as much as possible. A nation's duty to another nation is to threaten it with a standing army; to prevent it rectifying its frontier or uniting its conflicting elements; to foment internal disorder; and to destroy its commerce. If no opportunity offers for such a course, its next duty is to point out its weaknesses, and to wound its national vanity.

GRIP never loses an opportunity to do his duty. The French are presenting New York with a statue of Liberty, a gigantic figure of an amiable young lady, who will smile benignly down the harbour on all the

ships of the down trodden serfs of Europe. BERTHOLDI is the sculptor. Noble French! Inspired BERTHOLDI!

Why should not Canada follow such a good example. There is the unfinished monument at Washington,—a mere pedestal surmounted by—nothing. It is hardly a worthy tribute to the memory of the Father of the nation. It has however been only a short time building, not much more than fifty years.

Now GRIP proposes that Canada should come to the rescue and finish it. The United States has not the means.

It has only a population of about 40,000,000, including poor bankers, merchants and manufacturers.

The money might be raised by hard squeezing from the poor people, if they cared anything about the man, or remembered what he did for them.

But they have never been reminded. They have had no Fourth of July orations, no patriotic sermons, no national literature.

Let Canada then emulate France. Let her put a statue of GEORGE WASHINGTON upon the vacant pedestal—of GEORGE as a little boy with his little hatchet cutting down his father's best cherry tree.

Ontario Selfishness.

There is no limit to the selfishness of Ontario. Why, only last year the Province got all the taxation that it asked for and now it wants more territory. Its inhabitants have had the privilege of paying for their own railways—one that Quebec is ready to surrender to the General Government. Ontario people have had the honor of contributing more per head to the general treasury than the inhabitants of any other Province, and they don't seem to think that they should surrender anything in return for that distinction. It is said that the Dominion is bound by the award. But the interests of the future inhabitants of the territory added to Ontario should be considered. The General Government wants to give "better terms" to them at some future period, and more representatives in the Dominion Parliament than they would otherwise have. The Ministry must also consider the interests of Ontario which are neglected by its Grit Government. If the award is not recognized there will be no excuse for costly Gubernatorial picnics to the new territory. Moreover Ontario will be tempted to spend money in developing that country, and all temptation should be removed. Again, the timber, the minerals and the agricultural lands will add a handsome sum to the general treasury, a sum which Ontario is better without, especially as the province has a surplus. It would be wrong to encourage the Local Legislatures in extravagance by adding to their available funds. Of course the circumstances would be very different if Ontario were Conservative, because then its Government could be trusted to do what is right. It is said that good faith should be kept by both parties to an arbitration. Pshaw!—is not the Government of a great country above the rules of morality?

Canada's Fame.

Nil desperandum! Let all the promoters of Canadian nationality take heart! Their cause is not yet dead. The *Globe* may frown, and GOLDWIN SMITH may grow cool, and Messrs. FOSTER and HOWLAND may cease to nurture the tender plant, but no matter, so long as Canadian nationality is recognized by the world at large. From the neighboring Republic such a recognition has lately come, which gives occasion for

the foregoing remarks. In a prominent American paper we find the following flattering statement:

"The smokers of Canada—true lovers of the pipe—are the best judges of smoking tobacco in the world."

There, now! who will dare to say we are not one of the great Powers after that? Other nations may outshine us in literary brilliancy, others may surpass us in wealth; others may boast of greater achievements in arts and manufactures, but Canada—this Canada of ours—notwithstanding that our powers are as yet by no means developed, already leads the van of modern civilization—as judges of smoking tobacco! Fellow Canadians, put that in your pipes and smoke it!

A Night Scene.

AN IDYL OF WELLINGTON STREET.

Up rose the chamber window,
Admitting air and light,
And then appeared a figure wierd—
A figure draped in white.
The figure peered in darkness,
And vainly sought to scan
The lurking places of the street,
And each abode of man.

The house burned just two candles,
Which shed their sickly beams
Upon the white-robed figure—
House candleless it seems.
Shrieks jured the air of midnight,
Shrieks shrill and loud and deep,
And never can a mortal man
In such a moment sleep.

The figure waved its dexter hand
And back its body drew;
Then quick as thought a bootjack shot
With deadly aim and true;
It crushed the shrieking THOMAS cat,
Which never more will mew.
Straight back to bed the figure fled,
And murmured as it went,
"Just as the bootjack is inclined,
Just so the cat is bent."

Good Advice.

If the London *Advertiser*
Were a little trifle wiser,
It would warn one CHESTER GLASS
That he shouldn't try to pass
Roman hand-books on his betters
As GLASS-made Roman letters.

A Kind Father.

Mr. CROSSGRAIN read in the *Telegram* the other day that girls with happy homes are more inclined to elope than others. He has since been exceedingly amiable to his four ugly daughters of uncertain age, but the clopenments have yet to be announced.

Improbabilities.

That the *Mail* will ever see anything witty in the *Globe*, or anything but a dreamer in Mr. BLAKE, or anything but utter beauty of conduct in SIR JOHN, anything but eloquence in its own columns or anything but humour in its little grammatical errors.

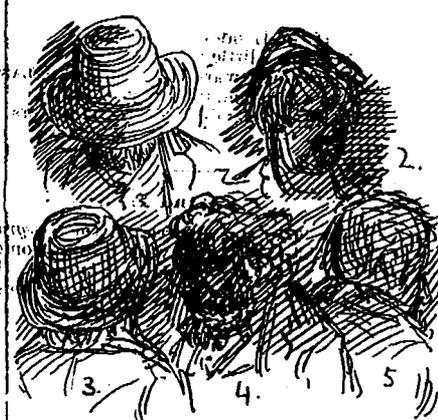
That the *Globe* will ever believe that it is opposed by any but "base hounds," that it will ever be a liberal newspaper, that it will ever forgive Senator GOLDWIN SMITH's claim to be the greatest of prophetic writers.

That the *Telegram* will ever learn that genius is not shown by treating serious questions in the manner of a flippant waiter.



Harry's Himself Again!

The Triumph of PIPER is an event which Mr. GRIP does not feel disposed to pass over in silence. For some unaccountable reason no public demonstration of joy was made when the decision of the court was given in favour of the celebrated member for the Noble Ward, who was threatened with the loss of his seat at the City Council table. GRIP alone is left to throw up his hat and rejoice that the Ward still retains a representative after its own heart. This is a cold and ironical world, Mr. PIPER, but no matter. Truly good men are seldom appreciated.



Great Enterprise!

PORTRAITS OF THE PARTIES CONNECTED WITH THE BIDDULPH TRAGEDY.

At enormous expense (to the forbearance of his readers) GRIP has secured portraits of several of the parties implicated in the great Biddulph tragedy. They are copied as faithfully as possible, without permission, from the original sketches now in the possession of the *Globe*. The following biographical notices may be found interesting in connection therewith.

No. 1. TIMOTHY MULDOON.—This will be recognized as an excellent likeness by

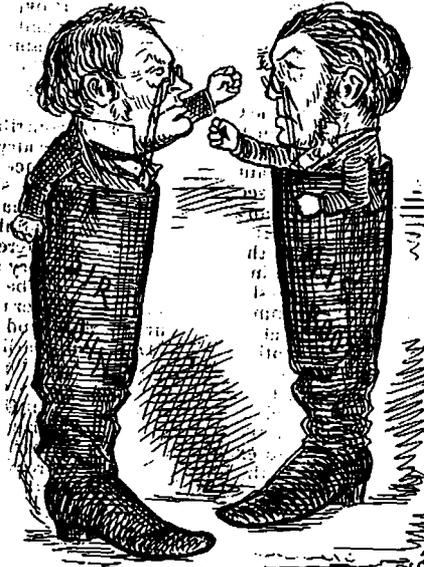
those who have ever seen him present this appearance. He is of Irish descent, and settled in Biddulph years ago.

No. 2. JEREMIAH MCCRACKEN is also an Irishman. He has always borne a good character, though we fear this portrait will go far to destroy it. The likeness will easily be recognized by those who can see its resemblance to the original.

No. 3. JAMES LAHEY, Jr.—This portrait was taken under adverse circumstances, but nevertheless it is as faithful as any of the foregoing.

No. 4. MICHAEL O'RAFFERTY.—This gentleman is an old settler. He has one hundred acres of land and red hair. The portrait is very good considering all the circumstances of the case. It is to be hoped he will get at least as much justice from the jury as he has received at the hands of the artist.

No. 5. TIM DOOLAN.—This gentleman is from Ireland. He never had a likeness taken until our special artist secured this one. Public feeling in the township continues to run high. Our artist has received several threatening letters.



The Rivals.

There is a probability that in the not remote future the boots of the venerable Premier of the Dominion will be left vacant. In view of this contingency, the question of a successor is being more or less talked over. The *Bystander*, in his latest manifesto, intimates that SIR JOHN can have no successor; that the Conservative party does not contain the material for another leader. Mr. GRIP is obliged to dissent from this. The very opposite appears to be the fact, and that is where the trouble is going to come in. Unfortunately there is material for two leaders, and although neither of them could worthily fill both of the Chieftain's boots, each of them can adequately fill one, and is determined to do so. The rivalry of these two worthy Knights is already plainly manifest to spectators in the House of Commons, and a seat in the gallery commanding a view of the ministerial benches, during any temporary absence of Sir JOHN from his place, is one of the most interesting things that Ottawa can offer to the student of human nature.



Unprecedented Honor.

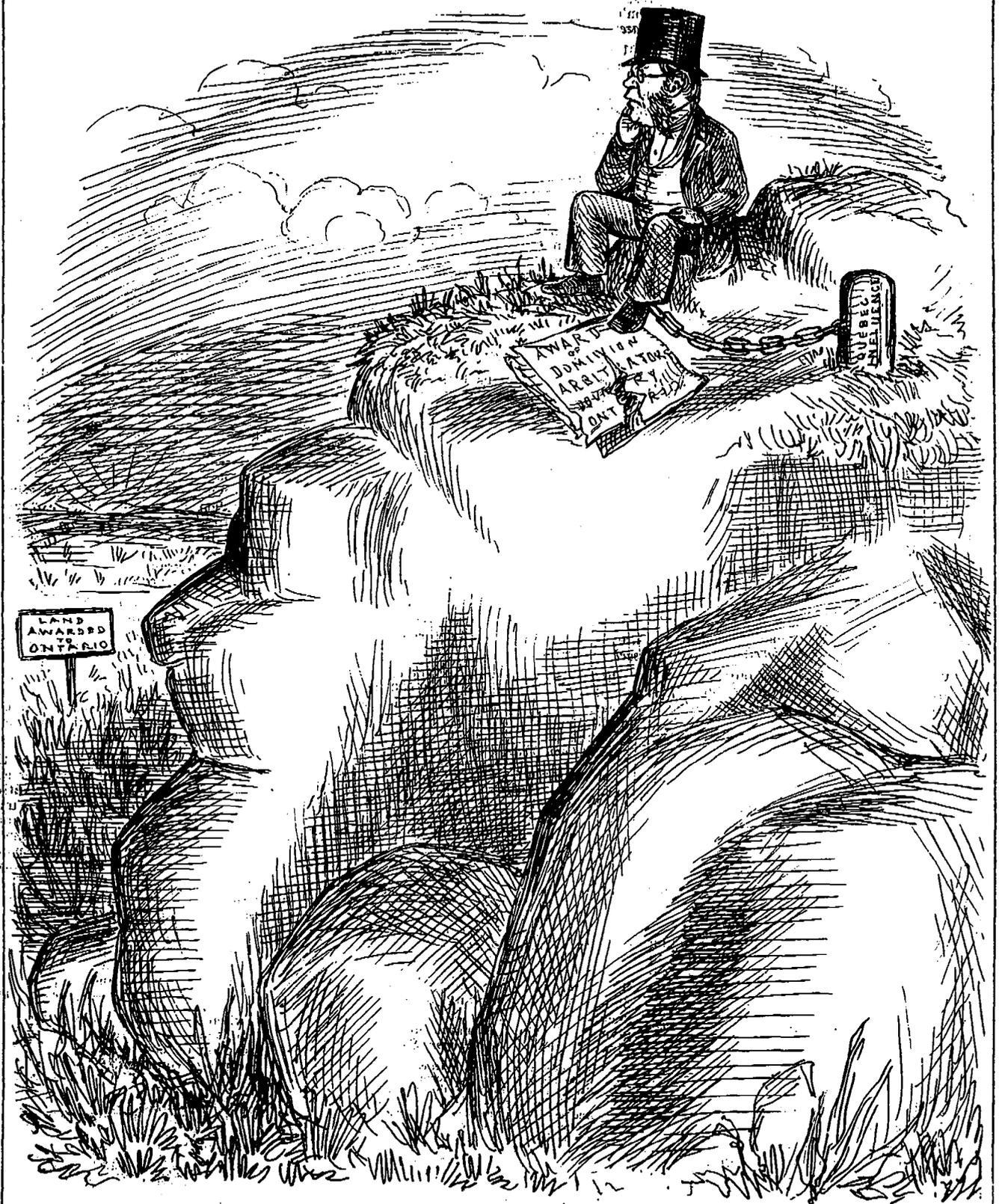
It is a well known fact that a young man can get intoxicated on "smiles"—especially those of the charming NEILSON. A great crowd of these tender hearted inebriates surrounded the carriage of the bewitching actress as it was about to depart from the Opera House on Saturday night, and having substituted themselves for the horses, drew it in triumph to the hotel. This is spoken of as an unprecedented honor to the actress, but Mr. GRIP failed to see wherein it is more glorious to be drawn by donkeys than by horses, though no doubt it was far more fun for NEILSON, who, in the seclusion of the back, sat giggling and repeating the words of her loved SHAKESPEARE, "What fools these mortals be!"



"Coming Home to Roost."

M. HECTOR LANGEVIN, the Dominion Minister of Public Works, is enjoying the felicity of having his chickens coming home to roost. During the campaign he sowed a great deal of wind as to the duty of Government to provide work and wages for the needy, and now he is reaping the whirlwind of the workmen's indignation. Of course it is perfectly true, as M. LANGEVIN tells the Ottawa Deputation, that the Government cannot possibly undertake such a function—that if it furnished work for the Ottawa poor it would have to do the same for all the rest of the country. But he should have said so before the election. If he and his colleagues are now put to a great deal of annoyance, perhaps it will teach them that honesty, like protection, is the best policy.

A wise town is known by the fire company it keeps.—*Whitehall Times*.



VIEWING THE PROMISED LAND.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A carpenter's fare—plane board.—*Yawcoo Strauss.*

When a soldier is ill he becomes a six-shooter.—*Yonker's Statesman.*

After all an ordinary saw-horse pays better than the average trotter.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A hen doesn't mingle in promiscuous society; she has her own exclusive set.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

Young men are not very far-sighted when they take to their rye-glasses.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The driver of the iron-horse must well know how to handle his steam.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

It is a sober question whether money will do as much for men as men will do for money.—*Somerville Journal.*

A man's relatives are often a great source of trouble to him—his carb uncles for instance.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

A tramp we saw last summer called his shoes "Corporations" because they had no soles.—*Marathon Independent.*

JAY GOULD made only \$15,000,000 last year. But, never mind, Jay, poverty is no disgrace.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

"The men of to-day are too high strung," says a Chicago paper. Some of them are not strung high enough.—*Norristown Herald.*

We cannot all be saints, although none of us are so thoroughly demoralized but what we can close the door behind us.—*Whitchell Times.*

We have had one offer, but the lady couldn't promise to support us in the luxury to which we have been accustomed.—*Boston Post.*

A new paper called *Woman* has been started at Paris. Of course it will require a new dress every two months.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

There's no crowd, or no person, so uninteresting as that one which does all the talking when you want to do it all yourself.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Remember girls, it is possible for a young man to show a great amount of interest in you, and possess very little principal.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The most dismal feature connected with leap-year is the revival of old maid jokes. The jokes are all older than the old maids.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

Some men have such an abundance of "cheek" that it is perfectly justifiable for a barber to clip off a chunk once in a while.—*Danielsonville Sentinel.*

A young lady was seen to emerge from a second-story window at midnight, and descend a ladder. "There was a man at the bottom of it," of course.—*Norristown Herald.*

The young man who is determined to cause a rupture between his girl and "that other fellow," embraces the valentine season like a long lost brother.—*Elknebeck Gazette.*

"What we want is more work and less talk!" said a political speaker. "Exactly." responded an auditor, "then why in thunder don't you shut up and go about it."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Many a young lady who aspires to fame via pencil, brush and canvass, would become a "rising artist" at once if she would turn her attention to bread making.—*New Haven Register.*

We saw some puns by G. O'METRICAL, in a paper, the other day, which led us to suppose that in his geometrical studies he had never got further than the "puns ass-inorum."—*Wheeling Leader.*

Neighbors are a great convenience, for some of them always know more about your business than they know about their own. Besides, they are handy when you are just out of tea.—*Gowanda Enterprise.*

"We must agitate," exclaimed an earnest political speaker—"we must agitate or we shall perish!" and then he agitated it gently with a spoon, and pretty soon it perished—all but the sugar.—*Ripon Commonwealth.*

Said a parent to his little son who had committed some act of indiscretion, "Do you know that I am going to whip you?" "Yes," said the boy. "I suppose you are, because you are bigger than I am."—*Herald P.I.*

All mankind is accustomed to call the dust from which man sprung, Mother Earth. Many men are, however, a disgrace to their maternal ancestor, for she always settles in the spring, whereas they never settle.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Some persons can project the lower joint of the thumb almost into the hollow of the palm, and yet not be able to raise one finger to help an unfortunate neighbor. Marvellous are the mysteries of muscularity.—*Hackensack Republican.*

Professor PROCTOR says the earth, now full of life, will only last 2,500,000 years longer, and yet people continue holding building lots at fifty dollars a foot front just as though they had a permanent thing of it.—*Middletown Transcript.*

"You have not given me my change," said the gentleman to the saloon-keeper: "I gave you a \$5 bill, you know." "Schlange, schlange?" was the astonished reply; "not you mean? Vasn't you a gandidate don'd it?"—*Orphaned Paragraph.*

Now we know all about the "What is It!" It is a book-agent. We saw one ring a door-bell on Race street the other day, and a woman stuck her head out of the second-story window and yelled: "Hello! What is it?"—*Philadelphia Item.*

This being leap year, a young lady thought she would make a proposal, and she did. She proposed to the young man who had been keeping her up nights that he clear out and give some one else a chance, and he took the hint and cleared.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

She never will crown with her earnest love
The life of some honest, loving man;
For she kindled the fire in the kitchen stove
With the lightsome tilt of the kerosene can.
And he—his work has been laid away
Almost before it was well begun;
For he didn't know, they heard him say,
There was any load in the empty gun.
—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

An Iowa woman wanted a divorce, because as she said, her husband didn't provide her with the necessaries of life. She was asked to enumerate them, and the first two things she mentioned were a seal-skin sacque and a diamond ring.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Because JOHN TIMBER married ANNA PINE recently, the Des Moines *Register* calls it a "regular wooden wedding to begin on." We suppose they will board while the honey-moon beams on them, rather that they will decide weather boarding or housekeeping is preferable.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"Young man," said the orator impressively, "do you want to go down to a drunkard's grave?" "Well," replied the young man, with the careless grace of a man who isn't accustomed to refusing, "I don't care if I do. Whereabouts is your grave?"—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A sentimentalist says that an ounce of heart is worth a ton of culture. We have no doubt that this is true, especially if a man is real hungry and the heart is nicely fried in bread crumbs or chopped up and put in the gravy. There is no way of cooking culture so that it will take the place of either heart or liver.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

We saw a man on Main street this morning whose legs were so crooked that he couldn't tell his right foot from his left without following his legs down to their terminus.—*Bridgeport Standard.* Oh, dear! that's bad enough, to be sure. But there is a man in Danbury who can't wear a cork sole on his shoe, because his leg is so twisted. It draws the cork right out.—*Danbury News.*

Show us a man who has a lively vein of humor in his composition, and we will show you a man who is full of sentiment, whose heart is tender and sympathetic, and who is ever ready to lend a helping hand to a fellow traveller on life's highway. Humor, sentiment and charity are the three golden links that bind the paragraphic fraternity together.—*Hackensack Republican.*

"The true gentleman never uses slang," says a writer on etiquette. Well, we'll admit it just to give you a show. But then there are lots of other things a true gentleman never does. He doesn't forget to pay his bills; he doesn't walk home at night with his boots thrown over his shoulder; he doesn't expectorate on the mantelpiece, and above all, he doesn't club his wife with a wash-board.—*N. Y. Express.*

Next to the newspaper-office towel the newspaper-office window is the wonder and the glory of every well constructed printing office. When the sun beams out in his majesty, penetrating the nooks and crannies and showing his smiling face in out of the way places, he stops in disgust at the newspaper office window, for it would take all his rays, concentrated to a focus and propelled at the rate of 10,000,000 miles a second to make an impression on the glass.—*Sacramento Bee.*

The patient preacher plods along
Through theologic deeps,
The while the deacon, bless his soul,
Bows down his head and sleeps.
—*Syracuse Times.*

And when the preacher takes a rest,
From theologic matter,
The drowsy deacon rises up
And passes round the platter.
—*Rome Sentinel.*

And some put in a penny,
While others put in two;
They count their money over,
To make the smallest do.
—*Waterloo Observer.*

And when they count it over,
Which doesn't take a minute,
How great their consternation
To find six buttons in it.
—*Baltimore Eo. Saturday.*

A Day in the Life of a Modern Young Lady.

(From her diary.)

Feb.—th 1880. Rose at seven, awfully fagged, having danced till two, last night—but I couldn't give myself another second. "Dancing in Lent?" you will exclaim, dear Diary. Let me explain. *There were no programmes*—so it wasn't a bit of harm, there! Had forty minutes before breakfast for the *Data of Ethics*. That horrid little FLORA A. was actually quoting HERBERT SPENCER last night. The ideal well, I mean to quote him to-night.

Papa very sarcastic over my toast and strong coffee at breakfast. Carried my third cup to my work-room, and painted at that tile for twenty minutes, then learned by heart a list (about a yard long) of potters' names and marks. Oh, goodness! what a worry ceramics are! I had actually to run to get to the cooking-school at ten, and there was JACK ARABESQUE taking leave of FLOSSIE GRAY at the door! You should have seen the extraordinary look he gave me. Deprecatory, supplicatory, appealing, apologetic, (thinking of our talk on the stairs last night, I suppose.) Ridiculous! as if it mattered to me whom he walked with. I bowed to them both with impartial sweetness, but FLOSSIE's eggs wouldn't come light, and her *omelette aux fines herbes* was like a piece of wash-leather flavoured with custard and onions. On the contrary, everything I tried turned out splendidly, and I was glad enough by that time to eat some of my own *tete de veau en tortue*, and a plateful of *Macedoine*.

Went from there directly to our German club. We met at Mrs. W.'s to-day, and she has old brass andirons too, if you please! Of course, if they're going to be as common as that!—Continued to read the *Wahlverwandtschaften*, and discussed GOETHE in his relations with MINNA HERZLIEB, LILI and COUNTESS VON STEIN. Rushed home, dressed, took a minute to glance over "*Pessimism*," and hurried to Mrs. MARMADUKE H.'s to luncheon. She tries so hard to be æsthetic, poor thing—but after all she is very ingenious, and she has some really pretty bits of china. I enjoyed one minute of triumph, and felt repaid for all my trouble, when she turned up her plate and teapots and said to me, "Now, my dear, you know all about these things, tell us if this is a real Spode." Little FLORA D. who was there, grew perfectly green (she's so sallow, anyway,) when I began on the "Mission of the Staffordshire prints." Of course I didn't waste HERBERT SPENCER there.

Home again. Our crewel-club met here at half-past two. Went on with the *portiere-band-yellow* sunflowers on an olive ground. Half-past three to four. Painted at the frieze in the reception room.

At four, while dressing, studied part of the chapter on Capital in MILL's Political Economy (and saw Mr. ARABESQUE coming up town from his office, followed ten fatal minutes after by FLOSSIE GRAY from her tour down town, and looking so glum!) Of course they missed each other, and I was so amused that I couldn't get a word of Capital into my head, so I put on my bonnet and went out to make a call. It was at the K.'s, and they are having mantel-shelves put in! Impossible that they recognize the "feeling" of mantel-shelves. This is the debasement of Art! And such weak tea as they give one.

Lenten service at five. And there was JACK ARABESQUE across the aisle looking into his prayer-book with the devotion of a Brahmin (which reminds me that I must get up Buddhism.) TOM ALLEN was before him at the church-door offering to carry my prayer-book, so goodness only knows what

became of JACK. Home in time to read the concluding article on "*Modern Atheism and Mr. Mallock*" before dinner. After dinner, studied WAGNER for half an hour, and prepared my SHAKESPEARE. For it is SHAKESPEARE Club night, and I am jotting all this down while waiting for the *coupe*.

11 o'clock at night. Completely done out. We discussed "mobled," its derivation, its signification, its pronunciation, its—its—ah. —(I'll think of the word to-morrow,) until FLORA D. created a sensation by announcing it as her opinion that "mobled queen" was a "popular potentiality." Under cover of the confusion that followed, First Grave-digger (JACK ARABESQUE) took me out to cool in the hall, and explained how FLOSSIE GRAY waylaid him this morning while he was hovering about waiting for me to appear. He says FLOSSIE's ideas of perspective are totally incorrect, (wouldn't she be mad?) and when we got back, they had utterly demolished poor FLORA's potentiality. I made my quotation from H. SPENCER at a most opportune moment, and came home triumphant in the sweetest moonlight! But I wonder if JACK really—

Good night, Diary. FLORENCE GRAY.

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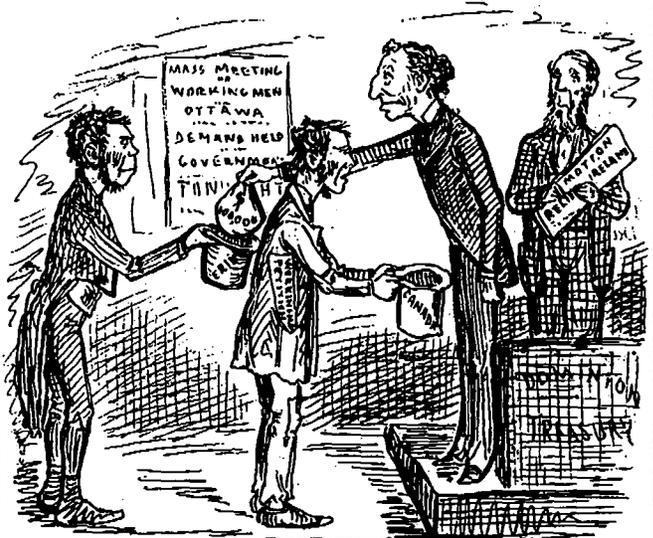
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PRESS OPINIONS.

Every cartoon in the last number of *Grip*, alias the Canadian *Punch*, is provocative of laughter. We have, in the smaller pictures, an illustration of the story told in the House the other day that on the Intercolonial R. R. an anxious mother quitted a noisy passenger because she didn't want him to wake Tupper. The mother in the picture is Sir John, and a nice old dame he makes, pictorially; and the passenger is Mr. Mackenzie, who is climbing for returns.—*Kingston Whig*.

Our lively friend *Grip* has an admirable cartoon on the visit to the Northwest. "The fast young man of Ontario" appears arrayed in the latest stripes of fashion, with half cocked hat, cigar rampant, corkscrew pedant, etc. The Hon. Oliver gravely points to the long bill for lush and receives a vacant stare. Judging from the excellent map of the route which adorns the background the visit may not be altogether fruitless, as the array of "old sogers" strewed along may yet bring forth a goodly crop of old rye.—*St. Catharines Journal*. (Conservative.)

"GRIP."—The last issue of *Grip* is one of the best we have had for some time. Its leading cartoon represents the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, as "the fast young man of Ontario." His Honor is engaged in smoking a cigar, his cocked hat is carefully worn on the side of his head in regular "b'hoj" fashion, and he seems to be listening in a sort of "don't care" way to the remonstrances of Mr. Premier Mowat, who points out the long array of wines, cigars and corkscrews in a particularly long bill. A map hanging on the wall shows the route of His Honor and his party, across Manitoba. The idea is excellent and the manner in which it is carried out is very clever. *Grip* improves regularly as it grows older. We couldn't do without the little joker now if we wanted to. It has become a kind of weekly sunbeam.—*Quebec Chronicle*. (Reform.)