

SMOKE [CABLE EL PADRE] CIGARS

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

The Greatest Beast is the All.
The Greatest Bird is the Owl.
The Greatest Fish is the Ocean.
The Greatest Man is the Fool.

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ASBESTOS

VOLUME XX.
No. 23.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1883.

\$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.

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BRUCE THE PHOTO
1ST GENT—What find I here
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What Demi-God
Hath come so near creation?
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
STUDIO—118 King Street West.

RAIL COAL. LOWEST RATES A. & S. NAIRN Toronto.



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

J. W. BENGOUGH Editor.
FRED. SWIRE, B.A. Associate Editor.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our
mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new
address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be
particular to send a memo. of present address.

NOTICE.

Our attention is called to the figures given in
Rowell's Newspaper Directory representing the
circulation of GRIP as 2,000 weekly. We beg to
state that this estimate was furnished to Rowell
two years ago, since which time our weekly
circulation has increased to between 7,000 and
10,000, with an average weekly increase of about
100, and the paper is perused by fully 50,000
readers every week. Intending advertisers will
do well to take notice of these facts.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. McI.—If you were not a total stranger
to us we should tell you that it is you, and not
the Hamilton Spectator, who deserve a breeze.
The article you enclose seems to be a good
one, and is no doubt a just one, as we know
that the late amateur performance of *Pinafore*
at Hamilton was excellent. Of course
you could have written a very much better
thing yourself, and it is a pity there are so
many fellows like you who understand how to
run a paper better than those who do it, who
are obliged to turn their talents to coal-heav-
ing, wood-bucking and the like. The "Ambi-
tious City fellows" may be "a little too fresh,"
as you suggest, but Toronto is certainly
not without one individual who sadly needs
salting. If you do not approve of the
Spectator's editorials, we have no doubt that
if you reason calmly and dispassionately with
the editors of that paper they will submit
their articles to you prior to publication of
them. Finally, individuals who send commu-
nications to papers know enough, if not "too
fresh," to send their addresses as well, as you
failed to do.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Considering the length
of the present session, the amount of work done
has been insignificant. Of the measures an-
nounced in the speech from the Throne, not
one has been brought down and discussed as
fully as its importance demands. As regards
the Senate, that august Constitutional body
has simply yawned away its time, having no-
thing to do, though it will be wide-awake when
pay-day comes round.

FIRST PAGE—The election case against
Hon. M. Mousseau, leader of the Quebec Gov-
ernment, conducted by M. Mercier, leader
of the Opposition, has ended in the resignation
of the former. That portly gentleman has thus
been "knocked out" of Jacques Cartier riding.
He announces his intention, however, of trying
his luck once more in the same constituency.

EIGHTH PAGE—In a debate in the House,
the other day, *appropos* of the recent indepen-
dent utterances of the *Winnipeg Times*, Sir
John Macdonald said that while the Govern-
ment appreciated the intelligent support of
leading newspapers, they did not want the
grovelling servility which would lead a jour-
nal to support every action of the Cabinet re-
gardless of all circumstances. Our contempo-
rary the *World* interprets this to be a "slap at
the *Mail*," in which the *World* is right, as
usual.



The professional beauty of the Hamilton
Spectator twits the ditto ditto of the Dundas
Banner, because the latter is not as pretty as
he is.

The venerable old colored gentleman, Rev.
Josiah Henson, is dead, so the position of 'the
original Uncle Tom' is now vacant. It is un-
derstood, however, that a large number of
candidates for the office are in the field.

We have often heard of machine-made
poetry, though, as yet, we never saw one of
the machines by which it is made, but we
should imagine, from a cursory perusal of some
of the poetical effusions in the *Telegram*, that
a crank was an indispensable article in their
manufacture.

The present fashion of dingy-looking cordu-
roy jackets for youths will be hailed with de-
light by those gamekeepers and costermongers
who emigrated to Canada from the Old Coun-
try some fifty years or so ago, bringing with them
a superfluous stock of the cloth mentioned.
Their grandchildren can now utilise it and be
in the fashion.

A correspondent wishes to know how Noah
contrived to find room for a male and female
animal of every species in an ark that was only
300 cubits long, 50 broad, and 30 in height.
We are not actually certain as to how he did
manage it, but we are strongly inclined to be-
lieve that Shem was a street car conductor, and
that Noah got him to stow the animals.

The *World*, instead of sitting down solidly
on spring poets, went to the trouble last Mon-
day of publishing a translation of a spring
poem written by one Horace, a foreigner, as if
we hadn't a sufficient number of the genus in
Canada. Horace's verses, however, didn't
amount to shucks, and if he sends us any, who-
ever he may be, we shall not publish them. A
man who makes 'dry ships' rhyme with
'hoary frosts' and 'Cyclops' with 'produces'
ought to apply for a 'sit' as original minstrel
to the *Hamilton Tribune*.

The *Hamilton Tribune* marches bravely on,
and it is pleasurable to notice how free from
old stereotyped phrases its columns are. Last
week it startled its readers with something so
novel in the way of a bran-new sentence that
we should advise it not to go too far all at
once, but to work in the fresh phrases by de-
grees. The sentence referred to was, "Where
every one did well it would be invidious to
criticise." Eight years ago the *Times* intro-
duced the words "nipped in the bud," but the
glare of novelty is beginning to wear off at the
corners now.

The youth who last week loudly howled
For genial summer weather,
Should think that summer heat and cold
Pink ice cream come together.

And when they come, as sure they will
Before that youth's much older,
As, gazing on his ice cream bill
He'll want his weather colder.

Thanks, *Spec*, old fellow, for the hint on
which this contribution to the country's poet-
ical literature is built.

"Bank Clerk," writing to the *World* a few
days ago in defence of his class says, amongst
other equally important things, "we bank
clerks would respectfully submit that we are
able to exhibit as many receipted wash-bills as
any other class in the community, and that
our board and tailors' bills are not so long past
due as is generally supposed," which confirms
the rumor that has reached our ears, that
washerwomen and Sam Sing refuse to render to
Caesar the things that are Caesar's, or in other
words, to give up the duds to their owners till
the cash for purifying them is handed over;
and also shows that tailors and boarding-house
keepers have begun to see the wisdom of
abandoning the long credit system.

If those donkeys, masculine or feminine,
who jump up towards the close of the perform-
ance of an opera or play and commence putting
on their coats and wraps, being evidently un-
der the impression that by so doing they show
that they are thoroughly conversant with the
play or opera being performed and that their
critical natures are rather bored than other-
wise, only knew how thoroughly ill-bred is
their conduct, and that instead of impressing
people with the idea that they are somebod-
ies, they cause all those who know better to
write them down 'cads' in their own minds,
those donkeys, masculine or feminine, who do
those things referred to, might be induced to
sit still to the end of the performance, thus al-
lowing people who wish to enjoy it to the end
to do so; at the same time the presence of
their own elongated auricular appendages
would not be so easily detected if they would
remain sitting, as when they jump up and
fling their fore feet about in the agonies of
donning their coats, &c., as they idiotically
'hee-haw' to a friend several seats away.

ONG BONG MOW FRONGSAY.

The attention of young ladies attending
those colleges where "French is the only lan-
guage spoken," is respectfully called to the
following.

FIRST TRAVELLED YOUTH—I was quite sur-
prised, y'know, when I was in Pahree, to ob-
serve how particularly scarce an article, ah,
soap was.

SECOND T. Y.—Yahs, but it is even worse
as you pwooced farthaw into the south of
Fwahnce.

FIRST T. Y.—That's stwange isn't it. A
fellah would expect to find plenty of soap in
the *Sud*, one would imagine, ah?

(Smile and toddle.)



ATHLETIC MATTERS.

A CHALLENGE.

To the Sporting Editor of GRIP.

DEAR SIR,—I observe in several papers the publication of a challenge by Chief Stewart of Hamilton to any amateur athlete in Canada, to compete with him in several feats as in that challenge set forth. It does not seem fair that the gallant chief should have the pick of all those feats to suit himself, and if he chooses, I will name a few more to be added to his list, and the winner of the majority of affairs is to be considered the victor. If Mr. Stewart agrees to this arrangement I will compete with him anywhere or at any time, the sooner the better, as if I hear that he is likely to prove the winner, I am liable to severe internal hemorrhage at any moment, so he had better accept the terms, which are as follows, or forever hold his peace.

FEAT 1.—EATING PEA SOUP.

In this contest the pea soup must be of the ordinary consistency, and must be conveyed from the plate to the competitors' mouths in spoons having bowls not less than five inches in diameter. The athlete who stows away, legitimately, the greater amount in two hours, to win this feat. I offer Mr. Stewart forty minutes' start in this contest; that is, he may commence eating forty minutes before the two hours of the duration of the contest, and the amount of soup disposed of in said forty minutes not to count.

FEAT 2.—THROWING HEAVY WEIGHTS.

The object to be thrown to be either one 100 pound weight, (fully attested, and no coal dealer's or hay merchant's article) or one hundred one pound weights, to be held in the left hand and discharged as rapidly as possible, the competitor dropping any one of such hundred, or letting one fly at his opponent's head, to be ruled out of this feat unless he kills said opponent. The athlete throwing the 100 pound weight a distance of over 75 yards to have his record entered as a champion performance. The 100 pound weight must be thrown in a bona fide manner, and not rolled over a precipice.

FEAT 3.—DIVING FOR DEAD DOGS AND CATS IN TORONTO BAY.

The contestant bringing the greater number of animals to the surface to be the winner, and to be entitled to headcheese free at any dealer's for the remainder of his natural existence.

FEAT 4.—(Open to all.) EATING PEAS AND MASHED POTATOES WITH A KNIFE.

The athlete who fatally gashes himself to be entitled to a vote of thanks. It is to be hoped that a large number of those who indulge in this practise of eating will enter for this feat, and that they will all inflict such wounds upon themselves as will leave no hope of their recovery. Corpses carted away free.

FEAT 5.—JUMPING FROM TOP OF ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL SPIRE.

As I am the challenger I will waive all ceremony and permit Mr. Stewart to jump first.

FEAT 6.—CLIMBING THE GREASY POLE, HEAD DOWNWARDS.

Mr. Stewart to commence at the ground, and I to continue where he leaves off; the athlete getting furthest up the pole in one trial to be the winner.

FEAT 7.—WRESTLING; CATCH AS CATCH CAN.

Mr. Stewart to stand in the centre of the Market square, Hamilton, whilst I take up my position in front of the office of GRIP, Toronto. Best two out of three.

FEAT 8.—PUTTING THE PLUMBER'S BILL.

[As it is doubtful whether either of us is able to lift an ordinary plumber's bill, one as small as possible must be selected.]

If Mr. Stewart accepts this challenge, I trust he will let me know through your sporting columns as soon as possible. One hundred dollars is to be placed by each competitor at once in the hands of the sporting editor of GRIP, such \$200 to be given to some deserving orphan (I am an orphan) by the winner of the greater number of feats, and another hundred is to be distributed amongst the detectives of this city, to remunerate them for keeping an eye on said sporting editor whilst the two hundred dollars shall remain in his possession.

Trusting that my challenge may be accepted,

I am,

Faithfully yours,

JOHN L. SWIZZLEHIG.

Phenomenal Amateur Athlete, Toronto.



Lovers of the divine art will scarcely need to be reminded that Dr. Damrosch's Orchestra concerts take place on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week. In addition to the great 55, the soloists are Mlle Martinez, soprano; Madam Sofia Sealchi, contralto, and Miss Theresa Carreno, the great pianist. Prices 50c. \$1. and \$1.50.

Mr. Stuart Cumberland's entertainments in Mind-Reading, on Wednesday and Thursday, proved as attractive as on his former visit. He was universally declared to be a marvel.



WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN.

Two young ladies of the rapid order meet. They stop.

1st Y. L. "How d'ye do, Amelia; gorgeous party last night, wasn't it? Wasn't them there fellows from Kingston bully?"

2nd Y. L.—"Well, I should smile; them chaps isn't to be beat; we didn't ought to—" (hears a moan behind her, and turns to behold a gentleman about to fall fainting to the ground). "Lor! look at this chap; he's took a fit." Fainting party writhes and groans with an inward agony. The young ladies rush to his assistance, and support him. Presently he opens his eyes, but is not sufficiently recovered to perceive his fair companions. He murmurs, faintly, "Ah! how awful was the conversation of those young females; and our Sophias are not so emphatic,—hem—Byron; 'Like bristles rose my stiffening hair,' ah—Dryden; Such converse is but ill adapted to my cultured ear; 'odi profanum vulgus'—er—Horace; but where am I? Ah!" (perceives his supporters). "What do I see? 'What are these so withered and so wild in their attire?'—Shakespeare. Nay, but they be comely damosels. How long have I thus laid—or lain—'As idly as a painted ship upon a painted ocean?'—er—ah—Coleridge."

1st Y. L.—"We was just a-talking, sir, when you swooned clean—he's off again, Amelia." (Limp party droops once more on hearing the fearful words).

Policeman now appears on the scene, as the fainting one partially comes to.



Policeman.—"What's up? What's all this?"

Both Y. L.s.—"Why, this gent" (groan from the sufferer) "fainted as we was a-talking and—"

Policeman.—"Why, this here's the Editor of the Mail, and can't never abide o' hearing of bad grammar, and you hadn't oughter done it. No wonder he fount—"

Editor gives a hollow groan and goes off once more.

CURTAIN.

Answer to charade in last week's GRIP.—Sand-ring-ham.



A CONCLUSIVE ARGUMENT.

CANADIAN WORKING MAN.—WHAT! YOU'RE GOING TO FETCH OUT OLD COUNTRY MECHANICS AT THE PUBLIC EXPENSE? IS THIS THE WAY YOU REPAY THE WORKING MEN FOR SUPPORTING THE NATIONAL POLICY!

HON. J. H. POPE.—MY DEAR SIR, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND POLITICAL ECONOMY LEAVE THESE DEEP QUESTIONS TO ME. GO AND LOOK FOR A JOB AND KEEP QUIET!

SONG

BY MCTUFF.

'Tis said that honest poverty on Earth is no disgrace,
And that the honest toiler is respected in his place;
That may be true, but this I know—deny it ye who can:
It takes the cash, to cut a dash, and make the outward man.

CHORUS.

Then get it, boys get it, as fast as e'er you can,
If with the crowd you wish to be an influential man.
When starting on life's journey its possession make your aim,
If 'tis your soul's desire to reach the pinnacle of fame,
With plenty "needful" at command, the road will easy seem;
But should you lack, the ready plack 'twill prove an idle dream.

Then get it, boys get it, as fast as e'er you can,
If you would be a leading star amongst your fellow men.
There is a charm connected with the name of having gold,

Whose influence for good or ill we every day behold;
It is the magic talisman that dazzles people's eyes,
And few on earth but know its worth to give a man a rise.
Then get it, boys get it, as fast as e're you can,
For nothing's so unpopular as being a hard-up man.

But whilst you strive to get it boys, give heed to what I say,
Let it be ever in a just and meritorious way,
Much rather play a losing game, than win with loaded dice;

Its fame is but an empty name if got at honor's price.
So get it, boys get it, on no dishonest plan,
If you would live upon this earth a well respected man.

CAWS AND EFFECT.

(Special despatch to GRIP.)

A very striking instance of effect preceding caws has to be placed on record in the scientific columns of GRIP. In fact the effect, strange to say, is sandwiched—so to speak—between caws-es.

This month a "Laird" was traveling with his retinue in a wagon. Some of the number were sitting in the back seat studying phrenology as illustrated by the backs of the heads of those in front, who in turn were enjoying the scenery and talking politics.

Suddenly the joyous note of a patriarchal crow was heard. To the driver spake "the Laird": "Wait a moment till with my revolver I shoot that darksome biped."

The charioteer accordingly drew rein and "the Laird" fired. Unfortunately for the passengers in the stern of the vehicle the horses had not been trained in an artillery corps, and the consequence was that, instead of "the Laird's" shot bringing down the crow, it frightened the horses and brought down the back seat of the wagon, spilling the occupants on a hard road and nearly breaking the neck of one of the number.

The old crow, who had been an amused spectator of the whole scene, gave his opinion of the affair in a succession of scurrilously scornful caws, so that while caws caused the effect the effect was effectual in affecting the crow, so as to have effect followed by caws.

"The Laird" tried to give the bird a bullet weighing a few grains, but the generous bird gave him in return a whole crow-bar.

CHARLEY JAY.

STRANGE, IF TRUE.

A resident of this city, whose name, if the following be true, should be indelibly graven on a railway restaurant pie-crust and handed down to posterity as something to inspire reverence and awe, went fishing last Saturday, and the following brief though remarkable conversation took place between him and a friend on Monday.

FRIEND—So you went fishing last Saturday?

LONE FISHERMAN—I did.

FRIEND—Catch anything?

L. F.—Nothing.

FRIEND—Lots of bites, I suppose?

L. F.—Not a solitary bite.

And yet people say that Toronto people are given to falsehood and prevarication, and that the truth is not in them.

ELEGY IN A YORK GRAVEYARD.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest."
—COLLINS.

Our brave sleep 'neath a trampled sod;
Forgot of us but not of God.
No monumental marble shines
With quick commemorative lines
Above their honored dust, while we
Bend low in reverend piety.
But broken headstones—relics rude
Of many a reckless multitude,
Whose antic gambols loosed their hold
Upon the rotting oozy mould—
Here vie with oyster cans and rags,
Old boots and brickbats, paper bags,
Ashes and refuse to deface
Our brave's dishonored resting place.
Nor guardian fence surrounds the spot
Where they are laid, unwept, to rot
Here Decency averts her eyes,
And lifts them to the frowning skies.
Here bleak Indifference lolls at length,
And jeering mocks at warrior strength,
Here Patriotism hides her face,
And weeps the heroes' foul disgrace.
Here History will pause, and mourn
That Fame should lead to such a bourne.
How long shall this unholy spot
The 'scutcheon of our country blot?
How long the brave who fought and bled
Lie in such 'City of the Dead'?

Not this God's acre, pure and calm,
And murmurous of an endless psalm.
Not this the rest that valor craves,
Far better sleep in foreign graves.
Far better fill the vulture's maw,
That follows but a wholesome law,
Than come to this—to be forgot
Beneath a Corporation Lot.

York! is thy blood to water turned
That thus thou see'st the memory spurned
Of men who gave their lives for thine?
Up! up! and reparation make
To those who suffered for thy sake.
Smooth lay the sod above their bones;
Deep grave their names on funeral stones;
Here let soft willows weep their fill;
And every clang'rous tone be still;
Here let the Rose of England twine
With Canada's sweet Eglantine.
Here od'rous flowers their fragrance shed,
Where calmly sleep York's honored dead.
So shall thy sons of valor say,
"Thus honored may I pass away."

S. A. C.



CONVERSATION,

OVERHEARD AT "IOLANTHE." (FACT.)

DUDINE: This is by Gilbert and Sullivan, is it not?

DUDE: Yahs; too bad about poor Sullivan, isn't it? Bwoked blood vessel on his lungs aftah weading some of the pawodies of his songs in the funny papahs.

DUDINE: Oh! but I thought that was Mr. Sullivan the p'ize fighter.

DUDE: Same man, y'know
All of which would doubtless be as great a surprise to Sir Arthur as to John L.—beg his pardon, Mister John L.



THE WORK OF THE SESSION.

“THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOR THAT BROUGHT FORTH A MOUSE.”



"So the world ways."

Is it possible that things are coming to such a pass as is hinted at in the little story below? From recent developments in various parts of this continent, I am rather inclined to think that it is. Morally speaking, I suppose such a state of affairs is bad, but for a man with a termagant, Betsy Hngue sort of a wife, it might be very convenient. This is just

HOW IT WAS.

The other night a merchant in a village in Ohio was discovered in his store at an unusually late hour, and in reply to inquiries he said:

"My confidential clerk is missing."
 "And what of it?"
 "Why, I'm looking over the books, but they seem to be all square."
 "Have you counted your cash?"
 "Yes, and it is correct to a dollar."
 "Looked over your bank book?"
 "I have, and it is satisfactory. That's the puzzle, you see. He's skipped and I can't make out what for."
 "Been home since noon?"
 "No."
 "Perhaps he has eloped with your wife."
 "Lands alive! but it may be so! If it is, then the puzzle will be solved."

He hurried home, and it was so, and he felt a great anxiety off his mind.—*Wall Street News.*

I have a great respect for those men who can bear surprise and pain and so forth with a stolidity of demeanor that would do credit to a noble, or ignoble for the matter of that, child of the far west, I attribute this to the fact that I myself can no more conceal a "yowl" of pain for the slightest cause than I can fly, and I fancy we always respect, in others, those qualities in which we ourselves are deficient. Apropos of this ability to conceal feelings of bodily anguish, give ear unto this tale of

WHO WAS SOLD?

The Fort Atkinson Union tells this pretty good one on two men who are now dead, but who, when they were in middle life, were two of the greatest jokers on earth:

We heard the other day a good story of the late J. G. Bowen of this city. He had been about frantic with the tooth ache and called on Dr. Winslow to have it extracted. Before operations began he asked if it would hurt. "Well," says the doctor in his dry way, "if it don't hurt I won't charge you a cent." Bowen seated himself and the doctor clapped on his cant-hook and the offending molar was brought out with a crack that made the doctor grunt. Bowen never moved a muscle nor said a word, but got up and started home. As he was going out of the door the doctor said "did it hurt?" "Not a darn bit" said Bowen, and the doctor said "Hm."—*Pack's Sun.*

If members of the upper ten don't want to be snubbed they should not go poking about

divested of the only thing that distinguishes a goodly number of them from the rest of humanity, that is, the externals that denote their rank. If they will rammage round in 'multi' as it were, they must expect just such rebuffs as the noble Lord treated of in the following received from the Duke's valet, who, certainly was pretty sharp, even if

HE DIDN'T CONTRADICT HIM.

Lord Stratford's feeling of loyalty was as profound as that of a sincere believer in divine right must always be. Every member of the Royal Family was to him an object of unbounded deference. When the Duke of Cambridge was about to become his guest for a few days at the Turkish Embassy, he went, it is related, in his dressing-gown and slippers, at an early hour in the morning, to see that the rooms prepared for his Royal Highness were in perfect order. Finding the Duke's valet arranging the trunks and portmanteaux which had arrived, the Ambassador began to give him directions how they should be placed. The man left off working and stared at Lord Stratford. "I will tell you what it is," he said; "I know how His Royal Highness likes his things arranged better than you do. So you just shut up and be off, will you, old feller?" Lord Stratford left the room in a towering passion, and, calling one of the attaches, ordered him to go and tell the man who it was that he had ventured to address such language to. The attache soon returned with sparkling eyes. "Well, what did you say to him?" asked the Ambassador. "I said to him, my lord, that the person to whom he had ventured to address such language was Her Majesty's representative in Turkey." "Ah, quite right! And what was his answer?" "He answered, my lord, that he had never said you wasn't." It was a singular feature in Lord Stratford's somewhat hasty disposition that his anger would suddenly be appeased by anything which seemed to him ludicrous. It was so in this case, and he enjoyed a hearty laugh with the attache.

The editor of the *Labor Union*, Hamilt'on, discourseth wisely as thus:

The visit to our city of Mr. J. W. Benough, of GRIP, suggests, along with our compliments to that gentleman's genius, a comment on "the power of the press" through the medium of pictures. The close observer will have to confess that the reading of that which edifies and liberalizes the mind bears a small proportion to the whole quantity of printed matter put upon the market in these days. The great efforts of one portion of the world to impress the other portion with ideas on political and social reform go a long way in supporting Locke's argument against innate ideas. There are people who would never have an idea if it were not formulated for them, and the short cut to that end is a picture. The idea is taken in at a glance, (particularly if presented on the pages of GRIP), without mental effort or waste of time, and that is what a majority of people want. The cartoon papers of the United States and Canada catch the eye and impress the mind of a large class who never read editorial leaders, and their ridicule of the absurdities and inconsistencies of mankind is a leaven of good we seldom give them credit for. They do not often deal with matters in serious mood, and so we count them with the froth and effervescence of literature, forgetting that for the class that most need educating there is no argument so powerful as ridicule.

It is either one of three things must be done. Ladies must stay at home, go to church without their new bustles, or else a hole must be cut in the backs of the seats to let the arrangement hang through the next pew.—*Ec.*

"I suppose you have heard of our dudes, Miss Clarwa?" observed a New York swell to a Jacksonville girl. "Oh, yes," she answered, "they are becoming very popular in Florida. We use them for alligator bait."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Young and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should inclose three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo N. Y.

The Zoo had a good year in 1882. In fact, you never see the Zoo-lose in this part of the world.

SICK-HEADACHE

MRS. J. C. HENDERSON, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "The use of two of Pierce's 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' a day, for a few weeks, has entirely cured me of sick-headache, from which I formerly suffered terribly, as often, on an average, as once in ten days." Of all druggists.

TENDERS FOR COAL

FOR THE

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF ONTARIO, 1883

The Treasurer of the Province of Ontario will receive tenders, addressed to him at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and endorsed "Tenders for Coal," up to noon of

Tuesday, 15th May, 1883,

for the delivery of the following quantities of coal in the sheds of the institutions named (except as regards the Asylum for Idiots, Orillia, where delivery is to be effected at the Midland Railway Station), on or before 1st July, 1883, viz.:

Asylum for the Insane, Toronto.

Hard coal—900 tons large egg size, 175 tons stove size. Soft coal—400 tons.

Central Prison, Toronto.

Hard coal—26 tons chestnut size, 74 tons stove size. Soft coal—300 tons.

Reformatory for Females, Toronto.

Hard coal—100 tons stove size. Soft coal—500 tons

Asylum for the Insane, London.

Hard coal—220 tons egg size, 70 tons chestnut size. Soft coal—1,650 tons.

Asylum for the Insane, Kingston.

Hard coal—250 tons small egg. Soft coal—1,400 tons.

Asylum for the Insane, Hamilton.

Hard coal—88 tons stove size, 26 tons chestnut size. Soft coal—1,125 tons for steam purposes, and 75 tons for grates. N.B.—200 tons of the steam coal to be delivered at the pumping house.

Asylum for Idiots, Orillia.

Hard coal—85 tons stove size.

Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

Hard coal—65 tons large egg size, 25 tons stove size. Soft coal—650 tons.

Institution for the Blind, Brantford.

Hard coal—450 tons egg size, 150 tons stove size, 10 tons chestnut size. Soft coal—10 tons for grates.

Agricultural College, Guelph.

Hard coal—300 tons large egg size, 25 tons stove size. Soft coal—125 tons for steam, 20 tons for grates.

The hard coal to be Pittston, Scranton, or Lehigh. Tenderers are to name the mine or mines from which it is proposed to take the soft coal, and to designate the quality of the same, and, if required, to produce satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name. All coal to be delivered in a manner satisfactory to the authorities of the respective institutions.

Tenders will be received for the whole supply specified, or for the quantities required in each institution. An accepted cheque for \$500, payable to the order of the Treasurer of Ontario, must accompany each tender as a guarantee of its bona fides, and two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract.

Specifications and forms and conditions of tender are to be obtained from the Bursars of the institutions. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

S. C. WOOD,

Treasurer of Ontario

Parliament Buildings,

Toronto, 24th April, 1883.

ADVICE FOR ANGLOMANIACS.

BEING A FEW RULES FOR THE GUIDANCE OF YANKS AND CANUCKS.

If you're anxious for to pose as a subject of the Rose, which is England's emblem red, You should try to learn by heart a simple little part which will stand you in excellent stead. Cultivate some English phrases, for such the present craze is, and use them when you can. If you'd have the people say as abroad you take your way, "There's a high-toned Englishman." With some words you then must start and commit them well to heart; say "clarkly" never "clerkly," and every British swell for Pall Mall says "Pell Mell," and "Barkley's" right, not "Berkley." "St Leger's" never dealt with according as its spelt, but "Sellinger" you must say, Though "onion" is not "injun," "St. John" is spoken "Sinjun," for that's the West End way. An "h" you must not drop for 'tis very malaprop, unless 'tis after "w." In such words as where and when and whence and whis- key, then you must and none will trouble you. Say the "gunnor" not "papa," and drop the final "r" whenever you get a chance, And a shilling is a "bob" to any but a snob, and trow- sers are never "pants." Be ill-persuaded never to say "smart" in place of "clever" for the latter's the better "form." If you would not be annoyed "sidewhiskers" please avoid, or your friends will make you warm. A plug hat you must don when you have a frock coat on, or else your "form" is bad, And nothing but a "till" is considered proper style in a man who's not a "cad." "Marrybun" for Marylebone is the highest kind of tone, and Magdalen's "Mawullen," please, And even a solicitor knows that Cirencester's "Cissiter," and that Caus Col. Cam. is "Keys." Never Glamis, always "Glames," and be sure say "Tems" not Thames, and Knollys pronounce thus, "Noles." Your "suspenders" are your "braces," and in cul- tured English places you always call coal "coals." And the name, with mouth so mealy you pronounce as Cholmondeley is "Chumley," Beauchamp's "Beacham." Tho' many won't believe, and imagine we deceive when this fact we strive to teach 'em. Then, for the sake of mercy, call your undershirt your "jersey" and a pitcher always "jug." And if porter you should drink, invariably shrink from aught but a pewter mug. After bathing, as you rub, bear in mind a bath's a "rub," hot frog is known as "punch." The parquette is the "pit"; in good health you're known as "fit"; say "luncheon," never "lunch." Now, I've mentioned but a few of the things you ought to do; remember them if you can, With a little art you'll pass for a thorough English ass, if not for an Englishman.



THE FATAL GLASS,

OR, THE MAIDEN TEMPTED AND HE FELL.

A TEMPRANCE TALE.

CHAP. I.

"Surely, surely you will not refuse me this one boon," said the peerless Edilgitha de Featherstonehaugh, as she proffered a crystal goblet of wine to her accepted lover, Hubert Fitz Huggins, on that bright May day morn which 'was her birthday. "Surely you will accept this and drink to the health of your own G-G-Gertrude," and she threw herself on his manly 4½ inch breast and sobbed despairingly.

Hubert turned away his face to hide the look of agony which passed athwart his god-like features. But four brief weeks ago he had solemnly sworn off for the third timesince New Year's day, and here he was, tempted as never man yet was tempted, and the intensity of his emotions was distinctly visible in the nervous twitchings of his lips which opened and shut "with a dull thud."

"Hubert," wept the maiden;—his bride that was to be,—"An ye refuse me this, I spurn ye from me." The Featherstonehaugh blood was rising, and the lovely Edilgitha's respiration was quick and hurried; her pulse registered 81° temperature, normal, and Edilgitha unconsciously spoke in the idiom of her bold ancestors, the most renowned chicken thieves of the "bonnie north cuntry," who had borne their scourgings at the cart's tail in days of yore with a fortitude—but pshaw! let me to my tale. "Strong as I thought myself," replied Hubert, "a woman's tears and the prospective loss of her wealth have overcome me: My resolutions are bust; I can hold out no longer, so here's fun," and doubling the arm whose muscles, twisted and gnarled like the roots of some old forest oak, seemed as though about to split the coat sleeve that could scarce contain it, he raised the sparkling cup on high and quaffed the ruby liquid to its deepest dregs. "Good boy, Hubert," murmured Edilgitha, fondly gazing into her lovers eyes, "I knew you could not go back on me."

Thus do a woman's tears cause the sternest resolves to melt away like snow-wreaths in thaw, Jean.

CHAP. II.

Four years had rolled away.

Let them roll.

Hubert and Edilgitha were one.

Has the latter ever had cause to repent that she forced that fatal glass upon her noble, high-souled lover? for well does he deserve these epithets; no counter skipper more so than he, who would scorn to cabrage more than four inches out of every twelve when measuring "dress-goods, trowserings or towellings," and he holds the proud position of chief salesman in a first-class drapery; (avaunt ye fiends who would tempt me to write Dry Goods store.)

We shall see.

She sits in her boudoir, and though the hour of dinner has long since passed, Hubert comes not. Can it be that draught of wine, four years ago, has roused the dormant appetite? Ah! vain were her self-reproaches now, but, oh! how bitter her thoughts! how poignant her regrets! She rises and walks to



the window, and beholds a sight that causes the pulsing lifeblood to arrest its course as though the finger of a blizzard were laid upon it. She totters and barely saves herself from falling, with pulse scarcely perceptible; respiration 2; temperature freezing.

Can that be her Herculean husband, whose feats of strength at the gymnasium have been the talk of the city? Can yonder be he, leaning, staggering, wobbling on the arm of his friend Mortimer, as they advance up the street. Horror! it is, it is. Mark his flushed cheek, how lack lustre his eye, how drooping his moustache and how he falters in his gait.

Ah! me. Fatal, fatal glass.
Be still, my heart, be still.

CHAP. III.

"Oh! Hu-Hu-Hubert! How could you?" "Oh! G-G-Gertrude, I can't. Here, Mort,"—turning to his friend, "take my boot off. Edilgitha, my ownest, my gazelle, I am not what you think but—" "But what then,



Hubert? Nay, keep me in suspense. Why this disorder and flushness of face, etc. etc.?" "Behold this arm, 16½ inches, would'st see me with it in a sling?" he asks. "Never, Hubert, never," she replies, "almost rather would I see a sling in thee; but proceed." "Could I cast the ponderous 4lb. shot ten feet as now I do were I crippled in the shoulder? I trow not." "Explain, Hubert, expound." "Thou knowest that smallpox is rife within this city and that I fear it? aye; well then, rather than be disabled I—" "What, Hubert? account for thine unsteady walk as thou comest up street on Mr. Mortimer's arm; that look of utter humptiness on thine countenance; reveal." "I had me vaccinated in the calf of my right leg and the inflammation has gone down, via tendonis Achilles, which thou knowest terminates the soleus and gastrocnemius muscles, into my foot, and, whew! Mort, go easy on that boot, for 'tis deathly agony and racks me grievously."

With a sigh of relief Edilgitha touches the bell rope. A liveried menial appears, for though but a boss counter skipper, Fitz Huggins piles on style, and his flunkeys wear each three cockades in their plug hats. "Didst thou dispose of all the liquors in the house to yonder varlet at the hostlerie as I commandedst thou but a few brief moments ago?" asked Edilgitha, speaking in the aristocratic phraseology of her patrician ancestors. "No, madam, not yet, but I—" "Thou needs't not."

The flunkey bowed and withdrew.

"Pa, I wish you would buy me a little pony," said Johnny.

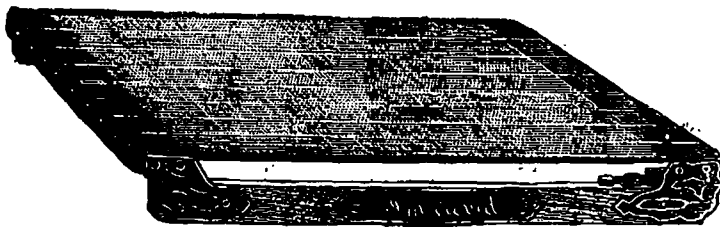
"I haven't got any money to buy a pony, my son. You should go to school regularly, my son, study hard, and become a smart man, and some of these days, when you grow up, you will have money of your own to buy ponies with."—*Et.*

"What can a boy do?" asked an exchange. Leave him alone in the house with a pot of paint, a sharp knife and a bounding ball. Come back in an hour and see what he has accomplished.



THIS WAS THE UNKINDEST KICK OF ALL.

SPRING BEDS.



We are now manufacturing the largest line of Spring Mattresses in the Dominion, comprising the Woven Wire (three grades), Spiral Spring and Slat Mattresses, in styles and prices to suit all classes. A trial of our goods will convince that they are what we represent them, and also save you from 40 to 60 per cent. We put no material in our mattresses but the very best that can be had, and give you good value for your money.

For Sale by all Furniture Dealers.

R. THORNE & CO., 11 & 13 Queen St. E., Toronto.

"What did the doctor say, tell me?" says the sick man nervously. "Oh, he didn't say anything," replies his friend encouragingly, "but there is no occasion for any alarm—he seems quite easy and well satisfied." "Yes, so would I if I was in his place."—*Ex.*

According to Freund's Daily, Mrs. Winthrop Smith was boasting to Mrs. Knickerbocker. "My ancestors, you know, really did come over in the Mayflower." Mrs. Knickerbocker (adjusting her eye-glasses)—"Really! I had no idea that the Mayflower carried steerage passengers." Mrs. Winthrop Smith was sorry she spoke.—*Ex.*

"NOW WELL AND STRONG."

SHIPMAN, Illinois.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I wish to state that my daughter, aged 18, was pronounced incurable and was fast failing as the doctors thought, with consumption. I obtained a half dozen bottles of your "Golden Medical Discovery" for her and she commenced improving at once, and is now well and strong.

Very truly yours,
REV. ISAAC N. AUGUSTIN.

"Discovery" sold by druggists.

The man who pulled down his white vest for summer wear struck the season too previously this year.—*N. O. Picayune.*

It has become a household maxim in Canada that Dr. Malcolm's system of treating pulmonary diseases by inhaling vaporized medicines, has deprived those diseases of much of the terror with which they were formerly contemplated. Book mailed free.

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Also Repairer of all kinds of Sewing Machines. Needles, Parts and Attachments for Sale.
7 Adelaide-st. East, TORONTO.

You will find, my dear boy, that the dearly-prized kiss, Which with rapture you snatched from the half-willing miss, Is sweeter by far than the legalized kisses You gave the same girl when you made her a Mrs.

THE VERY LATEST

If you want to dress as a gentleman, go to

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DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay, and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea, caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse, or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box, or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 81 and 83 King Street East (Office upstairs), Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in Canada.

A. W. SPAULDING,
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51 King Street East, (Nearly opposite Toronto St.) TORONTO,
Uses the utmost care to avoid all unnecessary pain, and to render tedious operations as brief and pleasant as possible. All work registered and warranted.