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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?
AND GENT—It must have been BRUCE,
as he alone can
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—A list of factories of various kinds started by the influence of the N. P. was laid before Parliament some days ago. The Opposition journalists have been examining the list with loving care, and the consequence is a number of corrections of inadvertences on the part of the Finance Minister who "got it up."

EIGHTH PAGE.—We trust the Marquet quotations here given will be found of much value to those of the fair sex who contemplate investing in Manitoba bachelors.

FIRST PAGE.—From the profound silence of the Government on the subject of the general election, and the exceeding difficulty even Conservative members find in getting any enlightenment thereupon, we begin to think that Police Constable Brown has rung a false alarm. Sir John acts as though he thought so too.

Meat in Lent!

God help the poor inmates of Father Malloy's "home" at Ottawa. We notice the following in the *Ottawa Citizen* of the 9th. The italics are our own.

"A seizure of beef, unfit for use, was made by the Market Inspector along with the constable. The victim was a farmer from Onslow, who was frothing with rage at the market officials for confiscating his bad meat. 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' and, accordingly, Father Malloy benefited by this breeze, inasmuch that the captured quarters were donated towards the benefit of his home."

Perhaps the worthy Father thinks that any meat is good enough for the Lenten season.



EXCEEDINGLY HAPPY THOUGHT.

Aldermen Taylor and Hallam in the same breath—"Let us secure that splendid building for Toronto's Free Public Library. It can, it may, it must, it shall be done!" And so say all of us.

Sorrel-Top.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES."

Herbert Archer was a young man holding the high position of bank clerk, on a salary of \$400 a year. The position required fashionable appearance, swell clothes, whether it was limited to one suit or no, stylish hats, and loose cash for cigars and treats, for what is a young man thought of now-a-days unless he is always ready to stand treat to half a dozen, and, of course, any useless, expensive trifle the fellows may have bought he must seem to be able to get too, even if the large, ever-increasing tailor's bill does run on unpaid. But other things engrossed Herbert's mind on this particular evening—a telegram just received, informing him that his two nieces would be in town that afternoon. Rumors had arisen of the Tam O'Shanter fever spreading in the village, and their mother was so anxious, hoped it would not put him out; "out of pocket-temper," growled Herbert as he crammed the telegram into his pocket and strolled off to play billiards with the boys.

"Nice state of affairs," groaned Herbert, as he plowed through the debris in the dining-room, next night, "two children hoisted on you, spoiling everything they can lay hands on. Madge, hurry up the tea, I am going to the opera to-night. Oh! I can't take you, there are a half a dozen of us going, and we will toss up for treats. Who has been meddling with my dressing-box?" he exclaimed, after mounting the stairs to titivate himself up. "My wax looks as if it had been chewed, everything pulled about—you bet those children have been around—what will I do for scent? I suppose Miss H— will be there to-night, she was evidently impressed the other night," he complacently thought, stroking his moustache as he viewed the faultless figure in the glass. "I wonder how much old money-bags will come down for her. She is a good catch if she has a sorrel-top. Goodness me! why what was that?" he said, as he rushed down stairs, tripping over the eldest girl in the doorway, where she had been surveying operations. Matters were explained when he found the youngest child with the door-key trying to wind up his treasured music-box; of course it was not improved by the experiment. Affairs reached a climax when Daisy, the eldest one, came in

with his best silk hat reduced to a shapeless mass, she had fallen with it in her hand, hence the result. Mentally anathematizing children in general and these in particular, he seized a Christy stiff, and, telling his sister to get tea without him, left to shed his fascinating smiles on the dog or more mashes he had lately made.

A letter from his brother next morning inquiring after the health of the darlings, and full of the usual sickening eulogies of their merits: "Tottie was such a sweet, amiable child, and Daisy was so smart, never had to be told anything twice; picked up things so quickly, it made him think he would like to make her smart when he arrived home. He found his divinity, Miss H— there, and taking to himself the motive of her call, brought to bear his utmost fascinations; and in his own mind, as in those of most young men of the present day, they were not small.

The children, making their appearance at the door, were called in and gushed over by the lady who doted on children—little innocents. "Miss Holland, do you like Uncle Tom, because he said all the ladies fell in love with him?" said Daisy, little innocent of nine summers. "I said that if all were to fall in love one alone would be worth the rest," hastily answered Herbert, with a killing glance at Miss H—, as he gnawed his moustache and vowed vengeance against all smart children. Conversation ensued for a short time when Daisy again interrupted, "Miss H—, are you rich?" "Rich enough," answered the lady, "why?" "Well, have you a sorrel-top?" "Why?" again asked Miss H—, crimsoning to the roots of her warm-coloured hair, ignoring Herbert's attempts to gain possession of the child. "Because last night Uncle Herbert said that some one was sick, and had money-bags, and would be a good catcher even if she had a sorrel-top. Didn't you, Uncle Herbert?" looking innocently at the mortified Herbert, who, hastily excusing himself, dashed out of the house, telegraphed for the instant recall of the children, and then returned to the privacy of his room, where he forcibly declared against the folly of children visiting, bewailed his lost prospects, things had looked so prosperous, and he could have cut such a dash—drat the children—till after having cooled down he smoothed his ruffled locks, waxed his miniature moustache, and determined the next time he soliloquized aloud before the glass on warm subjects he would take care that his nieces were not around.

The fond mother returned. As for Herbert, he rushed past post office and cathedral, down Yonge-street, on by Front-street,

He rushed by tower and temple,
And stayed not in his pace

till he stood, not "before his master's door in the stately market-place," as Lord Macaulay has it, but before Miss Holland and his two nieces, whom that young lady had taken for a walk, "I was telling Miss Holland dat I'm sure oo love her." "Tottie, Daisie, go on to that fruit stand and spend this quarter—Miss Holland," he went on "you know the truth is spoken by children and fools; what that child has said I am fool enough to repeat." Miss Holland blushed redder than Uncle Herbert when accused of calling her a "sorrel-top." Just then Daisie returned, her arms full of apples. "Dat's right, Uncle Herbert and Miss Holland, oo have made friends, now oo must kiss." And we are not sure that this excellent practical advice was not soon after adopted by "both consenting parties."

T. S.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—The whale at the 200-Manitoba lots. Spring styles in hats. Opening days.

IN AND OUT OF SEASON.—Furs and firs.

FAST FRIENDS.—Wind and cold. Toronto and mud.



At the Grand—Emma Abbott and her English Opera Company opened a short but very successful engagement at the above house on Thursday evening. She is an artist of rare ability, and fully sustained her past reputation.

At the Royal—"A Celebrated Case" has returned and held the boards for Thursday and the remainder of the week; the play is well put on, and has been favored with full houses.

At the Gardens—Miss McOutcheon's concert in the Pavilion of the Gardens to-night (Friday), assisted by Mr. Waugh Lauder, should be well patronized.



Literary Notice.

ICURESQUE CANADA.—The work on this magnificent undertaking is going steadily on, and so far from any appearance of a falling off in quality, the artistic department improves with every number. The typography was perfect from the commencement. The first five parts are now in course of delivery, and we sincerely

trust the ultimate financial success of the work will be equal to its literary and artistic value, in which case Messrs. Beldon will have nearly at least a million to the good.

A Letter from the Line.

Toronto, March 23, '82.

MISTHUR GRIP,—

Don't you think it's rather a rummy start, the way they're a usin' of that bloomin' hold Haffrican, Cetewayo, down at the Cape? I was readin' the 'hother day in the papers, where the hold bloke was brought down to see a Pantermine in the Theatyr, yes sir, to see "The Fair One with the Golden Locks." The paper says he was "received with cheers." Captain Roebuck was attendin' on him like a walley-de Slam. The paper says he was seated in a heavy chair with his hat securely fixed upon his head. Well I am blowed! And then Captain Roebuck escorts him to the bar to see the pictures which attracted his attention very much. And the Transformation scene completely dazzled him. Blow me but I'd like to dazzle him. And great sympathy was felt for the "fallen monarch!" Well I'll be —. Now here, Mr. GRIP, I don't want to swear, but hian't it 'ard on us fellers who lost so many comrades a fightin' 'ot this bloomin' hold savage to see him treated like a hearl or a duke, and fellers like me who fought agen him at Rorke's Drift and hother places, getting as a hachnowledgement of service a hextra pair of trousers. Now, don't you think its an infernal shame? Yours obedient,

JOHN STYLES,
Late of Her Majesty's Lino.

We are inclined to agree with you, Mr. Styles.
GRIP.

The Tale of a Granger.

IN TWO PARTS.

WITH MORAL.

A granger bold, from Etobico,
Drove into town not long ago.

Perched on high on his load of wheat,
He slowly meandered down the street.

Meditative did he seem
As he flipped with whip his lagging team.

Sturdy he seemed, and full of health,
But he looked not like a man of wealth.

His clothes were old, and of ancient make,
His hair looked as if combed with a rake.

Yet this granger bold was a solid man,
And his reflections this way ran:

I have a good and fertile farm,
A fine brick house and a splendid barn.

For years I've not a dollar sank,
But yearly put hundreds in the bank.

But notwithstanding this is so,
Off to the west I think I'll go.

For out there everybody collars
At least \$100,000.

So, at least, I hear them say,
I'll go and try it any way.

So he went to a place where they have on view
Cities of green, and red, and blue.

The prettiest cities that ever were seen,
Cities of blue, and red, and green.

The "agent" smiled with a smile so bland
When the granger purchased his lots of land.

Out on the plains the granger stood;
He looked in vain for his clump of wood.

That the agent told him could be seen:
Upon his handsome lot of green.

The purling stream where he made a halt
He found to his horror to be salt!

He lay awake in his tent all night,
Defending himself from the "bull-dog's" bite.

A blizzard came with main and might,
And blew his tent clean out of sight.

Then the granger said, in a voice of woe,
"Would I were back in Etobico."

MORAL.

Beware of land sharks, who abound,
Selling their Manitoba ground;
For, instead of pocketing untold gains,
You'll be left like the granger on the plains.



SPECIAL SPRING BARGAINS.

(Scene.—York St. entrance to Union Station.)

Orange Woman—Nice sweet oranges here
Sellin' thim chape—five cints aich; two for thim
cints or foivo for a quarter!

MONTREAL, March 15th, 1882.

DEAR GRIP,—Can you answer me the follow-
ing simple questions given as the subject for a
composition to a school girl not long ago:

"What is Man.—Physically, Botanically,
Historically, Mathematically, Mechanically,
Intellectually and Metaphysically?"

I remain yours in a fog,
MAN.

We give it up. We should think that MAN is
physically a donkey, to put such a question.



**REFLECTIONS OF
THE HON. C. BUFFER.**

Haw, I see the old pwoject is wived of con-
struucting the Huwon and Ontawio Canal. Doctah
Widdifield and thirty memabls of the Local Leg-
islachah have sent a petition to the Govehnah-
General in Council to that—aw—end. It is
some yeahs ago when the first sevey was made
—1855 I think, and an old gentleman a—aw—
Mistah Capweol has been hammewing at ewery
body evah since to have his pet ideah cawied
through, but met with but little encourage-
ment. It—aw—seems to me to be vewy
stwange that now the mattah should be re-
vived, especially atfah the enlawgement of the
Welland Canal, and the consequent admision
to the lower lake of vessels of gweat capacity.
Hydwalic Lift Locks and all that sort of things
are not likely to be conducive to the welfaih of
a vessel of any gweat dimensions, and the
"wenh and teah" of such a lengthy canal passage
as the H. and O. is anothah drawback to the
—aw—scheme—yaa—though not a mawinah
I have an ideah that most skippahs of lake
cwaft would wathah undertake to win the
wivers St. Clair and Detroit and Lake Erie,
than the mowe northewen, dangewous woute of
the Geogian Bay, especially in the fall when
nothely winds pwevail. Anothah thing, the
—aw—M.P.P.'s seem not to considah is, that
these are the days of wapid twansit, and I
welly think that a cawgo of twain could be
twanshipped at Collingwood and brought to
Towonto befah the vessel bound through the
canal could be got weady to undehtake the
"ditch." The "Hydwalic Lift Locks" may be
excellent affahs no doubt, but I welly think
they would pwove vewy expensive, and—aw—
lift a gweat many dollahs out of somebody's
pocket. I have the same ideah wewagwaid the
west of the canal—no—on wellection, I cannot
say that I wewawd the pwoject in a favulable
light—I don't welly.

**University College woos the Pierian
Maid.**

The poet-laureate of the Residence, Univer-
sity College, rejoices in the euphonious *nom de
plume* of HENON. His poems have an in-
tensely Tennysonian, super-transcendental,
theologico-metaphysical cast, which gives them
their peculiar value in the eyes of the culti-
vated few who can understand them. Not
being of that class ourselves we are utterly un-
able to fathom the depth of this poet's thoughts.
An enthusiastic admirer of the poet, who is a
mystic and pretends only to limited vision, says
that our want of appreciation is owing to a
lack of inner comprehensiveness, through
which we are unable to grasp the finite entities
of infinite incomprehensibility. Here is a pre-
cious bit of "Huron's" simple language.

"Light of soft moon dreaming downward,
Gentle spirit of the night,
Fleeing from the heaven sunward
Where the dawn will breathe his light."

The morbid curiosity of examiners in chem-
istry must, even in the days of Doune, have
made it hot for university students. The line,
"He is the tyrant pike and we the fry," ex-
presses more truth than the inscriptions on
some tombstones.



HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

Paul Braullagh Pry—Ah, I hope I don't intrude, but really I must be allowed to take my seat. I'm not at all curious, but there are certain people up in Northampton that would like to know, you know, all about those pension lists and other little matters, so if you'll excuse me I'll find out for them.

Mrs. Sniffins Eats a Hearty Supper of Mince Pie.

AND RELATES HOW IT AFFECTED HER ORGANS OF VISION.

Weather it's the newfangled ways o' this country, or weather, as Sniffins says, the way-age ha'cross the Hailantic 'as hupset my hequal-liveryman, I've been gettin' into otter water hev'ry day.

Honly last hev'quin' I met with a hadventure wich nearly folminated by 'avin a post mortar 'eld on me, as 'appened through my economical investigations of the speckled 'eavens.

A young surveyor chap as boards 'ero tells me 'ow there was a [conservatory at] the top of the 'ouse for makin' hobservations on the soda cistern with a telfone. Then 'e begins talkin' to one 'o the boarders about the sachel lights of Saffron, as wen I hasks wot kind 'o lights they wos, 'e hexplains that the binabitants of the planet Saffron, wich is a revolver of the sun, 'ad been tryin' a new sort of hillumination, but it wos 'is hopinion that it would end by inciting the 'ole explanat'ry cistern, an' that our hearth would be resolved into nowhere all on a suddint. Then I hexplained my views that if Mrs. Shipton's agnostics was true, our hearth an' come to a hend in 1881, and we must now be livin' in the appendix, which comes hafter the hend, and, as I 'ave noticed in books, is never verry long, so we must be impaired for submergencies.

With that they all busts hout larfin right in my face, and twirlin' wot they calls their moustaches, wich in my hopinion is givin' to 'airy rotbins' a local 'abitation an' a name, as the prophot says.

I took no notice o' their in-ervility, but wen they begins talkin' ha'bout 'is scar, an' callin' hev'rythin' too hutterly hutter, I hinterspersed some o' my most hysterical remarks, an' wen one o' them hagggravatin' young swells says to me, "So you do not worship the acetic colt?"

"No," says I, in rigid haxidants, "I wos brought hup in the Methodist persuasion, an' 'opes I may nev'r fall to worshippin' henny colt. I 'ave 'eard 'o the acetic sect, wich adores lilies an' sunflowers, but didn't think they 'ad come to hanimal worship."

Hafter that 'e made no more of 'is irrelevant remarks, an' my thoughts rowerted to the sachel lights o' Saffron.

Wen supper was hover, I sits down in the harm chair by the fire, rather huncsey in my mind through 'earin' that young surveyor's remarks, ferlin' that we might go quietly to hour bed henny night, an' wake hup to find ourselves flyin' through the hair, causerd by an hexplodgion of the explanatory cistern. So I makes hup my mind to suspect the starry 'eavens myself. I finds the door leadin' to the conservatory hopen, but the minute I gets through it shuts with a bang, wich struck me as singler. But I mounts the stairs, wich wos dark an' narrer an' fatigin' to one o' my weight, an' at last I sees a light glimmerin', an' expects my hefforts to be crowdud with success, but it honly proves to be another door leadin' to more stairs, an' as soon as I gets through it shuts with another bang, wich again struck me as bein' singler. An' the most singler of all wos that the more stairs I went hup, the more there seemed to be, till at last, when I 'ad gone through a great many doors wich all shut behind me with a bang, the stairs began to stretch hout, I could sees them stretchin' before my verry heyes, till the steps got that far apart, as I had to 'old on and pull myself hup, an' would 'ave gone back, but, lookin' down, sees that hall the steps behind me 'ad fallen hoff. There wos I 'ugin' on to a narrer board with my hands, 'oldin' up a weight o' two hundred pounds from fallin' into the hakin' woid below. I keeps climin' hup and the stairs keeps droppin' hoff, till on a suddint I feels myself fallin', an' tries to scream, but finds my voice gone. But jest wen I expects to be participated into the woid below and broke into vulgar fractions, I finds myself quietly seated hon the floor hof the conservatory, gazin' hup into the centennial spears.

Just at that verry moment a long shadder fell haerost my vision, an' my tongue was fairly cloves in the roof o' my month by hearin' a voice sayin',

"Ah, 'tis quite too transcendently but."

Turnin' round, I sees a verry tall young man gazin' down with a searchin' gaze into Mrs. Arasall's rain water system, and I, thinkin' 'e couldn't see plain in the moonlight, hexclaims, "La, that's nothin' but a soft water butt." Then says 'e, "Oh, 'ollow, 'ollow, 'ollow," an' as 'e said it, 'e seemed to be growin' longer an' longer, wich nearly froze the blood in my marrow bones, for, thinks I, though under a ditium about the other lunatic, who turned out sane, this haunfortunate young fellow must really 'ave a brick loose, as the sayin' is, an' I 'ad my insurance doubled sure by 'is repeatin', "Oh, 'ollow, 'ollow, 'ollow."

Thinks I to myself, I'd 'ollow soon enough, but my voice could nev'r be extinguished at such an immense estuation from terror firmer. Then my 'ole sedition passed in a flash through my brain. 'Ere I was, in a freezin' hatmospeah, debarked from communicatin' with my fellow human beans, through hull the stairs bein' broke down, an' so many doors shut behind me. At henny moment my companion might be ceased with a hirresistible himpulse, an' I would heither be participated hover the parouquet, or stammed by a blow, an' wake hup to find myself admouished into fragments.

At that verry moment I sees 'im approachin' me, an' now notices that 'is 'air, which was down to 'is shoulders wen I first saw 'im, 'ad grown, an' was growin' before my heyes till it floated in the wind like a maue, wile 'e was wisely stretchin'.

I tried to scream, but again found my voice vanished. I got right honto the hedge o' the parouquet, but 'e just stretched hout 'is long harm an' wound it round an' round me, as if I wos made o' Indian rubber. I felt as hif my 'art was hossified, an' knew my last hour was come. Then 'e lifts hup my two 'undred pounds weight as hif I was a feather, an' the

next minute I feels myself spinnin' through the hatmosphere, knowin' I was about to be antedated on the stones below. Then I feels myself coming into colidgion with a hobstacle, an' fairly sees myself flyin' hinto fragments. My senses deserted me, till on a suddint I 'ears Sniffins hexclamatin' :—

"Why, Susan Jane, wotiver 'as 'appened to you?"

An' lookin' round I sees myself on the floor in Mrs. Arasall's dinin'-room, an' a crowd collected, an' they hexclaimed as 'ow I 'ad been screemin' hout in my sleep, an' 'ad finally hoverturned the table an' the coal-scuttle before I fell on the floor. I thought I wouldn't mention my adventures. But I ain't made hup my mind weather it was talkin' about Hoscarr, an' the Sachel Lights o' Saffron, or weather it was the mince pie I 'ad for supper wich led to my wanderin's.



JOSEPH'S SUCCESSOR.

(IF THE WENTWORTH ELECTORS SO WILL IT.)

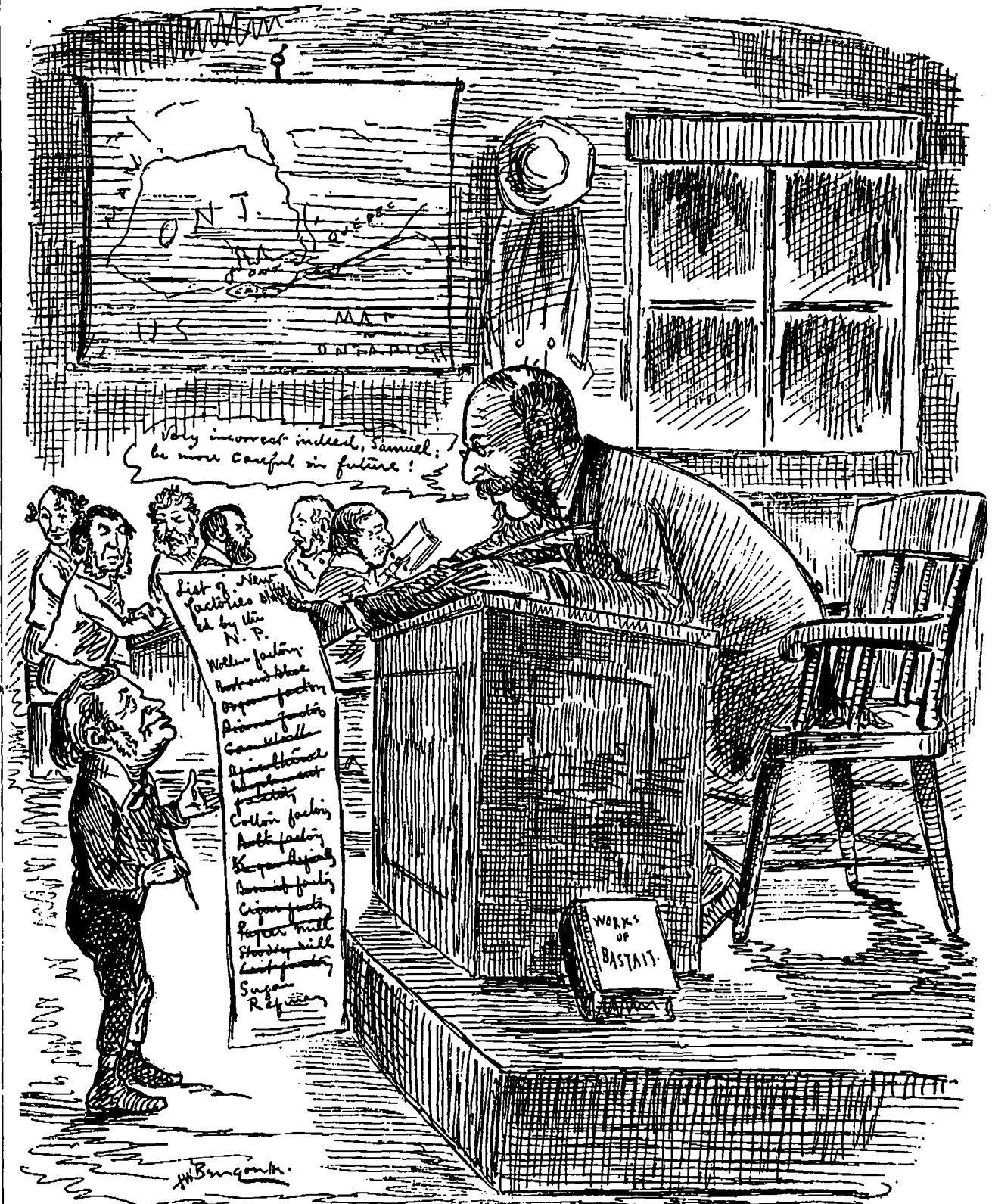
Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen.—This young man will carry on my business, and I trust you will accord him the same measure of patronage, etc., etc. (*Aside*) Say something funny, James, say something funny!



AT SCHOOL.

School Board Inspector (to small boy)—Is this you, Micky, on the street again? Why aren't you at school?

Small Boy—Och shure, sur, an' I am at school. I'm just runnin' home for me shlate pinoil.



THE "CORRECTED" EXERCISE.
 (A SCENE IN THE DOMINION PUBLIC SCHOOL.)

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The nobbiest thing in boots is a bunion.—*Denver Hello.*

One touch of vaccine makes the whole world kine.—*Kine Dexter.*

About to retire for the season—circus wagons.—*Detroit Chaff.*

Eli Perkins' favorite hymn—I love to tell the story.—*Emerald Vindicator.*

The yawl boat of a vessel took its name from the fact that there the cat was laid on.

The proof of the pudding is the rapidity with which the children get away with it.—*Erratic Enrique.*

Nothing will make hens lay so well as seeds scratched from a neighbor's garden.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

Spring poetry is just poking up through the mud.—*Webster Times.* A sort of rhyming crowd, as it were.

Where there's a will there's a way—to break it if the old gentleman died rich and you retain good lawyers.—*Boston Star.*

Don't tackle the fruit store man on facts and figures—he'll sell you on dates, sure's you're born.—*New Jersey Enterprise.*

"John!" You have evidently got the words confused. An "elevated" railway is not a grand drunk line.—*Philadelphia News.*

Tennyson's last Charge was top-heavy. In going down the hill it took a header, Alfred "tumbled" at once.—*N. J. Enterprise.*

A cuff on the wrist is worth two on the jaw.—*Meade, Frankford Herald.* It is if he's trying to lick an editor, and the Sheriff's got him.

The difference between a blonde and a locomotive is that one has a light head and the other has a headlight.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

When a young girl goes out at 9 o'clock with the remark that she is going after the mail, it is not always safe to bet that she looks for it in the post-office.

Deaf men often have the "hey!" fever.—*Tarheel, "Chaff."* How did you find that out, hey?—*Frankford Herald.* Oh! by trying to borrow \$5 from one.

Victor Hugo wrote: "I could live forever on the invisible." Then he went over and ordered a dozen raw oysters and a whole mince pie.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Catskill man has swapped his liver pad for a mustard plaster, because the latter is of an "old gold" color, and therefore more aesthetic.—*Catskill Recorder.*

"Where are the dreams of the days gone by?" asks a London poet. Don't know; we haven't got 'em: search us and you'll find we haven't got a dream to our back.—*Marathon Independent.*

A Market-street girl has nick-named her beau Ducktility because he's so soft.—*Springfield Sunday News.* And a Bristol girl calls her young man Ducktility because he is a quack doctor.

An item in the *New York Star* is headed, "Towed by a Shark." We haven't read it, but expect it refers to a man with a piano to mortgage out to call on some Griswold street lawyer.

A scientific item says the mean depth of the sea is from four to five miles. The mean depth—or rather the depth of meanness in some men will have to be measured by something longer than miles.

Spring chickens are already in the market. They are evidently hatched by machinery and toughened by the Bessemer process.—*Phil. News.* You are a bessemer of the steeliest kind, you are.

"Do dogs reason?" Possibly not, but some dogs on seeing a boy with an 'old kettle, and examining his pockets for a piece of cord, take a deep interest in something about a mile away.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

There is an article going the rounds headed "Who Kissed Away That Tear?" Well we suppose it is as well to own up to it first as last. It is a mighty mean man that won't kiss away a tear.—*Peck's Sun.*

"There are four bishops at our house!" said J., to his religious friend G. "Indeed!" exclaimed G., very much interested. "Yes," continued J., "and they are all—chessmen!"—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

Little Eddie—"Mamma, what do angels eat?" Mamma—"I do not know, my dear." Little Lulu—"I know, mamma." Mamma—"Well, my dear, what do they eat?" Lulu—"Why, 'angel cake!'"—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

The devil carries a skeleton key that will open every heart not governed by a combination of virtue, strength and self-will.—*Whitchai Times.* The difficulty is that even these "unco guid" frequently lose the combination.—*N. J. Enterprise.*

The English language is supposed to consist of about 60,000 distinct words. Of these, ordinary people use only from 500 to 3,000; great orators perhaps as many as 10,000, and lightning rod agents and directory canvassers, 59,963.—*Middletown Transcript.*

"I dunno a heap 'bout poultry," said old Uncle Pete when they were discussing the question of the day up at the market, "but de sweetest chicken I see ever eat was drawn. It was drawn fro' de vinder ob a chicken house in de dark ob de moon."—*Newark Call.*

Yellow diamonds are in great favor.—*Fashion Exchange.* We are glad of it. Our white diamonds are getting worn, and we were just beginning to sigh for a change in the mode. Send us up a gross of these yellow diamonds, Peter.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

When a merchant sells his wares by the pound, he announces the fact.—*Greenslit Webster Times.* He has no scruples in doing it in that weigh, either.—*Burlington Enterprise.* What's the pint to this?—*Corry Enterprise.* Two gills—being an affair of scales. This should fin-ish it.

A clock that is out of repair is a mis-tic affair.—*Saturday American.* And hours will make the second pun on this.—*Corry Enterprise.* That is, it is handed down second hand. See?—*Bradford Star.* Just give us a minute on tick, and we'll run down and see you about this. My goodness! you go like sixty, don't you?

A street car conductor carelessly carried his bell-punch home and allowed his children to play with it. The next day when the company informed him that he was nine million nine hundred and ninety nine fares short, his hair rose so rapidly that his hat in banging against the ceiling, broke out fifteen yards of plaster.—*Boston Traveller.*

A kind husband: A neighbor of Mr. Miggs, glancing out of the window, observed that estimable man plugging up the knot holes in his back yard fence, and ventured to ask: "Any hard feelings agin' the woman next door?" "No," returned Miggs, placidly, "Mrs. M.'s got rheumatiz in the jaw, and the doctor says she must keep quiet."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"What's good fo' biles, Uncle Zekal?" "Biles? Pens 'pun whar dey is?" "O de biles I fer to, Uncle Zekal, is on'y got far's Clem Johnsing yit, but he's wery familiary and I want's ter know

how ter rastle 'em of dey lights on dis chilo." "Bless yo', boy! Ef it's dat kin' o' bile yo' want a scription fo', de bes' treatment I kin gib yo' is ter dissoshiate wid Clem Johnsing.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Planting the Spheres.

FROM A PAPER READ BY BRO. MCCOOL BEFORE THE CLUB AT THAMESVILLE.

In reference to capital punishment, I have to say I have always looked with extreme horror on the universal but inhuman law for hanging murderers, and would respectfully suggest that no time is more fitting than the present for the advocacy of a plan which I have long conceived would be an effective and pleasant method of "removing" criminals sentenced to death.

My idea is, that the prisoner be placed in a strong net attached to a balloon and set adrift. As there will be no possibility of the gas making its escape, the balloon will continue to ascend until it reaches an altitude at which the air is of the same weight as the gas. Here the balloon will float as it were like a cork on top of water. Thus is afforded a method of inflicting the death punishment capable of effectively replacing the present practice so revolting to even the least sensitive.

I may also bring before your notice that I intend applying the same principle to burying the dead, and to this end am at present making arrangements for the establishment of a balloon factory on an extensive scale in Thamesville.

A gratifying feature of my method is, that bodies will come to a float in an extremely rarified atmosphere which will possess a marked and, as nearly as possible, an entire absence of heat. They will consequently freeze and be preserved for an indefinite period—probably centuries—in a perfect state. Death will be robbed of half its horror, and I will be thus enabled to offer people the opportunity of reviewing at any time the features of a departed friend. This will be accomplished by a trip in an air-tight car, heated and furnished with artificial air. The process of locating the whereabouts of the different bodies will remain as yet one of the secrets of the firm.

My scheme, of which the above is a faint outline, will inaugurate a new era in the science of burial, and I have no doubt will immediately eclipse in popularity caskets, cremation, and all previous attempts in this line.

Scene in a Street Car.

A SAPT DOON SIT.

Old Scotch gentleman sitting,—a young lady enters and makes a rush for the topmost seat. The car starts rather suddenly, the young lady lands on the old gentleman's knee, blushing and exclaiming, "Oh! beg your pardon."

Old G.—Dinna mention it lassie, I'd rather hae ye sittin' on my knee, than staun' in on ceremony.

In a Toronto Street Car, 15th March, 1882.

Saved from the Poorhouse.

For years David Allingsworth suffered with rheumatism, and notwithstanding the best medical attendance, could not find relief. He came to the Sciota County Poorhouse, and had to be carried into and out of bed on account of his helpless condition. After the failure of all the remedies which had been applied, the directors of the Poorhouse resolved to use the celebrated German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, and this was a fortunate resolution; for, with the trial of one bottle, the patient was already better, and when four bottles had been used upon him he could again walk without the use of a cane. The facts, as above stated, will be verified by the editor of the Portsmouth (Ohio) *Correspondent.*

Samuel Slocum.

A NOVEL WITH A PURPOSE.

CHAP. I.

PREMONITIONS.

"Ah—um—" said Samuel Slocum, as they reached the brow of the hill, "Do you not think that our loftiest ideals adumbrate in a measure to the subtle sub-consciousness of a pre-existence?"

He had been silent for some minutes thinking up something appropriate to the grandeur of the scene which lay outstretched before them.

"On the contrary," said his friend Jacob W. Persimmon, "it is pure introspectiveness which dominates every chord of being vibrating in thrillsome diapason—(good word diapason) to the touch of the master passion."

"True, and yet life seems to be fraught as it were with a calm and buoyant iridescence. It is surcharged with a mellow potency. It is only the actual which culminates. The veritable is always the symbolic. Optimism is the cult of sciolists. The nescience of our age prefigures ulterior modes of thought. Why I could go on and talk in this style for an hour just as easy—"

"Don't, please don't," said his companion. "Remember that Grip's space is limited, while the waste basket is capacious."

"True," said Samuel, and lapsed into silence.

The evening dews were falling as they descended the hill. Below them the little village lay in peaceful repose—all spoke of quiet and restfulness. No sound broke the almost oppressive stillness except the whoop of an occasional inebriate staggering homewards, and the voice of the auctioneer exclaiming, "How much am I offered for this lot? One hundred and twenty five, only one hundred and twenty five. Now's your chance, gentlemen. Best location in the North-West. Rising city of —" [No, you don't! you can't ring in any of your colonization swindles into our columns that way.—ED. GRIP.]

CHAP. II.

THE ATTRACTION OF COHESION.

Amanda Minerva Caldecott sat at the door of her parents' cottage, 'neath the honeysuckle-covered porch, toying in an absent-minded way with her curls and reading the editorials of the *Telegram*. "He has indeed a Powerful Mind," she murmured, "but oh! he is not nearly so soulful as dear Samuel." And the maiden sank into a pleasing reverie from which she was roused by the click of the telephone within. "It is his click—I'd know it—among 1,000," cried the delighted girl. The following conversation ensued:—

"Hello, Amanda—hello, hello!"

"Hello yourself."

"How is my rosebud this morning?"

"Fining for the sunlight of love, dear Sammy."

"What didst think of Dr. Wild's sermon?"

"Was it not full of insight?"

"Yes, and gemmed with pearls of oratory."

"And garlanded with the floral wreaths of rhetoric."

"How delightful is this soul harmony."

In this style the lovers conversed to the extent of about two columns nonpareil.

Little do we think upon what trivial events may hinge our destiny. Amanda, before closing the conversation, put a final question:

"How do'st like Emerson, dear Sammy?"

The reply hoarsely boomed over the wires, "He is a Pantheist, Br-r-r-r."

"Nay, say not so—he is a vibrant and sunlit soul."

"I tell you he is *ausgespielt*, as Kant would say. He is N. G., and essentially a used-up community."

"You are cruel, Samuel. It is too bad to say mean things like that. You lack responsiveness."

"Amanda, I have awakened to a sense of the ultimate exigencies. You can soo me no longer with futile warblings. Henceforth we are no more as heretofore. We meet as strangers. Adieu!"

She quitted the instrument, and flinging herself on the lounge, burst into a tempest of tears.

CHAP. III.

ONE MORE RIVER.

Samuel Slocum dashed out of the office of the thriving coal merchant where he had called to borrow the use of his telephone, in a state of mind so nearly bordering upon frenzy that it would require an arbitration to tell whether the boundary had been passed or otherwise. So absorbed was he that he failed to recognize several of his most persistent creditors. Intuitively he bent his steps towards the Bay. "Is life, then," he murmured, "but as the mirage of the desert, which gleams athwart the vista with its mellow allurements and vanishes as the special correspondent approaches it for a closer interview? Alas! it is too thushy. Fate has got the bulge on me. The spectral finger of Destiny, (which the printer will please spell with a cap. D) beckons me to an early tomb. I would the waters were not so turbid from the close proximity of the city sewer. Nevertheless, at a crisis like this, let us not be hypercritical about trifles.

Thus soliloquizing he walked out to the end of the Yonge-street Wharf, and was just on the point of precipitating himself into the seething waters when—

CHAP. IV.

THE RESCUE.

"Hold, rash youth!"

The voice was that of Jacob W. Persimmon, whose coal-black mule at that moment thundered along the wharf. Hastily throwing the reins to a boy who was trying to sell the *Evening News* at two for a cent to a group of interested spectators, Jacob dismounted and clutched his friend by the shoulder.

The two men clinched in a desperate struggle.

"Unhand me, Jacob W., you are no true friend of mine. Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye. Amanda is false. The stock in the Press Colonization Company is all taken up. Tennyson's later efforts are the meanest hogwash, and I don't care a cent whether school keeps or not. I will solve the Great Conundrum."

"But Samuel, you shall not, you must not! Pause ere you commit a deed which the press of this enlightened country will universally characterize as the 'rash act.' Do not, I implore you, diminish the party strength in the face of an election where every vote will count. Think not that I interfere on your account, it's the party that I have at heart, and I hate to see a good, square Tory vote fooled away in this manner."

"Begone, Persimmon, urge me no more, I am resolved upon the deed."

"But you forget, you have an appointment at 3.30 p.m. to be present at the meeting of the committee of the Society for the Suppression of Vice."

Samuel Slocum's features assumed the dazed expression of one who wakes as from a dream. He passed his hand over his forehead and remarked, "Ah, true, I had disremembered it. How annoying! These societies interfere terribly with a fellow's private arrangements. In the meantime let's go and beverage."

CHAP. V.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

Five long and weary years had passed since the events chronicled in the preceding chap-

ters. The scene shifts to a distant city in the New North-West. A street of low wooden buildings occupied as real estate offices and bar-rooms. Long row of emigrants emerging from the station of the C. P. R., gripsacks in hand, welcomed cordially by the friendly land-scooper, and put up to good things in the way of bargains.

"Why, Jacob W., the last man I expected to meet," said a stalwart scooper, the ample pockets of whose fur coat bulged out with plans and title-deeds.

"Samuel Slocum," said the now arrival, "glad to see you, shake."

"You once saved my life, Jacob, I am not ungrateful. I'll put you up to a splendid chance, that is if you have five thousand dollars about you—corner lot, first-class site for hotel—about four miles from the centre of the city—it's been sold to two other fellows already, but that don't make any difference, for all you have to do is to get your deed registered first."

"Say \$4,500 Samuel."

"Well, seeing it's you, I don't mind throwing off a little, and anyway a trifle like five hundred ain't worth talking about."

And the friends adjourned to the nearest restaurant to ratify the bargain.

CHAP. VI.

RE-UNITED.

Mr. Budger, the enterprising landlord of the Howling Catamount Saloon, had pegged out a week or so previous, owing to the number of invitations to "take something yourself" showered upon him by his visitors, and the business was run by his widow.

The two speculators stood apart from the thirsty throng, conversing as to the respective advantages of different localities.

"By the way, what do you think of Emerson?" asked Jacob.

What was there in the query that made Samuel Slocum turn pale and clutch wildly at the bar for support as he answered in a broken voice, "I—I don't know. Leave me a while, you have struck a painful chord in my memory."

The lady behind the bar was also visibly agitated—"Emerson, he is a vibrant and sunlit soul," she murmured, and forgot to put any bitters in the cocktail she was mixing.

Persimmon gazed from one to the other in astonishment. "Oh, ah, got stuck on Emerson lots I suppose," he cried to his newly found friend; "the place did peter out pretty badly, that's a fact, but it'll boom again one of these days."

Samuel did not hear him—violently kicking a yellow dog belonging to a half-breed to conceal his emotion—he turned to the bar and said in a hoarse voice—"Brandy!"

The hostess turned towards him. Their eyes met.

"Samuel! Can it be?"

"Amanda! Yes, 'tis she!"

Tableau!

"All is now forgiven," said Samuel.

"Yes, indeed. Henceforth we will part no more, and Jacob W.," said Slocum, "in consideration of the way things have turned out I don't mind if I let you have half a dozen more lots on the same terms, and in the meantime all that remains to be done, is to stand champagne for the crowd."

"Let this teach us all," said Jacob, "that though subtle irrelevancies may through our life-path-way and obscure our transient gleams of the empyrean, the inherent consciousness which dominates impulse and enfolds as it were to the exclusion of the impalpable, those finer elements of being that permeate our nature, will sooner or later find the expansion of a full efflorescence.

And they all remarked that they thought so too.

THE END.



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The Fate of a Femur.

OK, THE LEGEND OF THE STUDENTS AND THE CRUSHERS.

Two students of collegiate fame
Went out upon their muscle;
They both were what is known as "game,"
And lively in a tussle:
I do not wish to name the school,
In fact I always make a rule
To not betray
In any way
The students on their muscle.

One was a youth of medicine
(He owned a mighty femur),
He knew of hydrag and quinine;
He was in fact a dreamer
About materia medica;
He was a nice young educa-
Ted student fine
Of medicine,
And he owned a mighty femur.

The other a youth whose mind was bent
On rising to a bench,
Each morn to 'varsity he went
In academic trencher.
My grammar here is not quite good,
But still let it be understood
That I tell the truth
Of this studious youth
And his academic trencher.

Byles on Bills was his delight,
So was the new "procedure";
Russell and Leith he'd read at night,
He'd "grind" without a teacher.
Learning—or something—swelled his pate,
Especially when he stayed up late;
His landlady
Said, oh, dear me!
He grinds without a teacher!

The student from the hospital
Called on the student legal,
A quite unceremonious call,
In his apartments regal;
Nice cut decanters on the shelf—
(I have not seen the place myself,
But this I know,
Just *comme il faut*
Are his apartments regal).

Young medico took off his hat,
And in the corner tossed it,
And down upon a sofa sat
And said, "I'm quite ex'austed."
"I've been at 'dry bones' all day long,
What dy'e say to a pipe and song?
Let's have a drink!
I really think—
I know—I'm quite ex'austed!"

"All right!" replied the legal youth
As he passed down the decanter,
"I'm quite used up myself, good sooth!
Now let's go out instanter;
Let's take a walk out in the air,
We'll find perhaps amusement there;

Perhaps we'll drop
On some green 'cop,'
So let's go out instanter."
"Hurrah!" then said the medico,
"Let's go out on a screamer!
You have a heavy rule, I know,
And I'm your trusty femur.
It's done good service in its time,
Although it cost me but a dime,
You can't but own
A good thigh bone
Is this my trusty femur!"

They sallied forth, and "Vive L'amour"
Soon made the calm night hideous
(They might have got up something newer),
But still with noise prodigious!
Forward on their mad career,
Straight to each boozin' ken they'd steer,
And then hoist in
Their "drops of gin,"
In doses most prodigious.

The man of law waved high his rule,
The medico his femur;
I'll not say frighten, but then you'll
Imagine a slight tremor
Came over people passing by;
The ladies cried, "Oh dear," "Oh my,"
But still the boys,
With hideous noise,
Aloft waved rule and femur.

Hurrah! hurrah! hi! vive la va!
To-night we'll have a "rusher,"
The boys shout out, sing "La de da,"
When on the scene a "crusher,"
A man in blue, with buttons bright,
Stepped up and said, "my lads you're tight,"
"So stop that song
And come along,"

Said the big blue-coated crusher!
They both were marched to No. 1,
That aromatic station;
They said that nothing had they done,
"To-morrow an oration,"
The haughty sergeant said, "young cock,
You can give the colonel, from the dock."

The big thigh bone
Is daily shown
By the peelers in the station!



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