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KING DODDS' BEST ARGUMENT ANSWERED.

King Dodds.—YOU SEE, NOTWITHSTANDING THE SCOTT ACT, DRINKING GOES ON!
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J. W. BENGOUGH

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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—On Tuesday evening of this week a grand exhibition of scientific political sparring was given by Professor Cartwright at the Grand Opera House. In the presence of an enthusiastic crowd of sympathizers he succeeded in knocking out the Government in short order—that embodiment of extravagance and corruption being present only “in his mind.” The most remarkable part of his address was his reference to the subject of Canadian independence, which he regarded in a favorable light. This is understood to be the signal for a new departure in the Reform platform, and if well played it will prove a winning card.

FIRST PAGE.—The Scott Act is being agitated in twenty of the counties of this province at the present time and the battle between Decency and Whiskey is waxing hot. Strange as it may appear, Whiskey can and does find advocates willing to plead its cause on the platform, but the arguments in its favor like the liquor itself, is adulterated stuff that will not stand examination. Mr. King Dodds, who makes an honest living by advocating the continuance of “the curse of Canada,” is very fond of asserting that prohibition does not prohibit, and points triumphantly to the secret-drinking dens which he asserts may be found in all prohibition states. This is his strongest argument. Well, what does it amount to, if true? Is it not better to have the evil driven into holes and corners where none but abandoned sots will follow it, than to leave it in the “respectable” position it occupies in most communities at present. Prohibition kills the treating system, and thereby breaks the back of the whiskey traffic. It may leave a “boozing ken” here and there in the slums of the towns, but the question is, would Mr. King Dodds or any other decent member of society care to take his tippie in such quarters habitually? Nine men out of every ten would go without it first.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The editor of the *Mail* seems to think the British Empire is in danger because the *Globe* has intimated its opinion that Lord St. Leonards is a dirty loafer, and that a good many other members of the House of Lords are no better. With characteristic wealth of verbosity, the able young man

rushes to the defence of the “noble lord,” and pours out the viols of its wrath on all who dare to say his coronet is not sacred. We rather wonder that the talented editor, who puts such emphasis on “birth,” should so earnestly espouse the cause of a man but a few removes from a shoemaker, but St. Leonards himself is a lord (by virtue of his father's brains) and of course that makes all the difference. Perhaps this worthy representative of Canadian journalism hopes that St. Leonards will come out here when his jail-term is over and perchance may condescend to confer a lordly kick upon those who stand by him in his evil hour.

A LITTLE POEM.

With little care,
A little pair
Of lovers fond and true;
A little skiff,
A little whiff
To blow them o'er the blue.

A little way
Out on the bay,
A little 'traid they fool;
A little squall—
A little bawl—
The girl clings to the keel.

A little yelp,
A little help
Soon lands them wet and cool;
A little spat,
The little cat
Calls him a little fool.

NEW MUSIC.

“Nancy,” Mr. John A. Fraser, Jr.'s clever little “Kitchen Idyll,” lately published in the *Century*, has been set to music by Polhmann. Copies with illustrated title page may be had at Suckling's.

Messrs. Nordheimer are about to publish two splendid compositions by Dr. W. H. Clark, late organist of Jarvis Street Baptist Church. They are respectively entitled “A Storm on the Lake,” (barcarolle) and “The Chimes of St. James.” In both cases wonderful realistic effects are secured by the composer. “The Chimes,” in which the striking of the clock is treated very cleverly, ought to obtain unusual popularity. No music-rack, in this city at all events, will be complete without these graceful compositions.



TOTAL ECLIPSE OF TORONTO GAS LAMPS.

MORGANATIC?

A QUERY.

Is a person of low birth or democratic Allowed to make a marriage Morganatic? Or is it a grand Duke and German? Or does the act require a special firman? Or order from the chancery court, or what. When the parties tie the loose left-handed knot? Are the services required of priest or minister? Do their progeny assume the cross-bar sinster? Must the lady be an object of attraction To excuse this somewhat queer, peculiar action? Is the marriage contract always made for life? And what about the other fellow's wife? Has she to play the part of second fiddle? To me I must confess it's all a riddle. It can't be one of the most grievous sins or It would not be condoned in moral Windsor, But to some folks this marriage Morganatic, Appears to them a ceremony erratic To be condemned in language most emphatic.

THE SCHOOL-BOY RHYME RE-DONE.

The 24th of May
Is the Queen's Birthday,
And it can't be twisted otherwise,
What'er the Queen may say.

Messrs. Rae & Watson, Customs Brokers, have published a very useful little work containing the Customs tariff, and much other matter of interest to business men. Copies can be obtained at 22 Church St.

“GRIP.”

Messrs. Jewell & Clow have presented us with a crow, which—like the patrons of their restaurant who have been dining on turtle soup—is most elegantly stuffed. Our thanks are hereby tendered for the present;—for the future the crow will form a prominent ornament in our front office. In the words of the poet Plumb,

Thanks, Jewell & Clow,
For your beautiful crow.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

The editor of the *Echo of Niagara* made a slight mistake in stating in his first number that Mr. J. W. Bengough would supply the illustrations to that journal. It is true the engravings—from designs duly furnished by the publisher—were made in GRIP office, but the work was not done by Mr. B., whose pencil is devoted to GRIP only.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

OTTAWA.

In Ottawa a civil servant dry,
Cannot partake of his post prandial rye,
Because the act might come before the eye
Of Government mouchard or English speaking spy.

TORONTO.

Toronto saced long to mud and mire,
Takes umbrage at the cattle-feeding byre,
Which doth the heart of East Toronto fire,
Who in their long petition show their wrath and ire.

NEW YORK.

Ward and Grant have busted,
Their affairs were so adjusted,
That people who them trusted,
Are very much disgusted.
For too much wealth they lusted,
They say that Ward has dusted.

Billy Edwards and Mitchell stood up for a bout,
And when they appeared the crowd gave a loud shout,
Thon Mitchell hit Edwards a terrible clout,
And in the third round he knocked poor Billy out.

THE SOUDAN.

The latest is that General Chinese Gordon,
Beleagured is by tagrag Arab cordon,
If England don't act to this news accordin',
Poor Gordon likely will cross over Jordan.

EGYPT.

A special from the ancient land of Pharaoh,
Where many a valiant Scot and Irish “hayro,”
And English soldier often have had their row,
Says fierce El Madhi's marching straight on Cairo.

One goose may be told from another by the difference of a pinion.



THE RELIC SELLER.

He was such a tough that the elevator man wouldn't give him a ride, so he climbed up the stairs, flight after flight, and when he reached the precincts of the sanctum all the strength left in him centred in his breath.

"Do I address the editor of the *Mail*, or has GRIP's cartoonist's pencil lost its point?" he softly enquired, closing the door behind him and meandering for the table.

The startled occupant of the Tory Throne, who was just writing "midnight" to the bottom of a little piece of farewell poetry which had been several months on hand waiting the proper time to appear, reached for his bell pull. But the visitor gently but effectually checked him by interposing his face and an odor of gin and onions.

"One word will explain my mission and I shall then be ready to depart, without the employment of extraneous influences. My business is that of relic seller and I am here on speculation. But, to come quickly to the point: I notice you are going largely into the publication of stuff raked out from the far nor-west corner of Old Time's attic, just where most of the muck and must of by-gone politics lies covered. Thinking that perhaps you might like to extend your research into other fields, I venture to call your attention to some historic MSS. which might, through your hands, be presented in acceptable shape to the people. You know, I presume, that it is a moot point whether our first parents did not use for illuminating purposes candles exclusively. Now, I hold in my hand documents to prove that all contentions in this direction are vain. Adam's gas-bill receipts, of which I possess a number of original samples, ought to, I fancy—"

The caretaker said to the elevator man on the trip up: "The old chap didn't seem to mind it a bit when I flung him clean across the sidewalk. He jest scrambled to his feet an he sez to me, he sez, with a grin, 'Go up and tell yer boss it was an enemy who done this, which his name it is Higgins, and I makes a dollar outen the job!'"

THE COURT HOUSE SITE.

Nobody (excepting the fourteen Aldermen and one Mayor who voted for it) seems to approve of the site selected for the new Court House. The fact of St. John's Ward having triumphed is in itself suggestive of *foul* play; and the general opinion certainly is that there is "a nigger on the fence" somewhere.



"Peck's Bad Boy," makes a very Bad Drama. This is worse on Peck than on the Bad Boy—as it ought to be.

I am never at a loss to know the whereabouts of my friend, John Shields—that is, so long as I have access to the daily *Globe*.

Mail sub-editorial is becoming pronouncedly funny. *Mail* chief editorial, on the other hand, is becoming, if anything, more and more— But we all know what *Mail* chief editorial is like!

Dr. Castle told the audience at the Baptist College Convocation that a reporter had given a new word to them—"collection," which was perhaps more suitable than "collation." This isn't the first time a reporter has given a better word to the ministers—not to say a whole sermon.

I have an idea that the *Globe* will slightly amend its motto, and I wouldn't be afraid to wager, for charitable purposes—if I had any money—that it will read in its reorganized shape:—"The subject who is truly funny will never lose a chance to lampoon his Sovereign"—or words to that effect.

Barrie people, since reading in the *Advance* that a certain local meeting was "no whole and corner affair," have unanimously decided that either the orthographic editor of the *Globe* is a contributor to the *Advance*, or that the proof reader of that valuable and widely circulated journal needs a new dictionary.

Some able statistician has increased the store of human knowledge by contributing the fact that "the number of money-making women has doubled in ten years in England." I have no reason to doubt the entire accuracy of his computation; but I beg to apprise him that there is a shrewd suspicion haunting the mind of every husband who reads his statement—that the race of money spending women has nobly held on the even tenor of its way. Figures can be pointed to in substantiation of this theory—that is to say, the figures of the women themselves.

Mr. Chas. Drury, M.P.P., may not be an Orangeman after all. But yet I beg to call the attention of his party in general and his good Scotch Grit supporters in particular, to the fact that he, a member of the Council of the Agricultural and Arts Association, agreed, without a word of protest, to the proposition of that body to invite Sir John Macdonald up to open their fall show! He denies being an Orangeman, eh? Very good! But what has he to say to this? Mr. Drury, the ostensible representative of East Simcoe Reformers, will of course deny also that he is in league with the Arch Usurper. But how is he going to rebut this damning evidence of his guilt! Men of East Simcoe, do your duty!!

Exit Sir Charles Tupper, and enter on the scene the *Globe's* Ottawa correspondent, to be crowned with the brand new white plug hat of the successful political prophet! Crown him, and let him forever take rank with Moses Oates, the other trusty prognosticator of the *Globe* staff. For a long time the correspondent has been predicting the retirement of the Minister of Railways. With not a solitary certain fact to guide him along his tortuous way, he struggled on, manfully doing the predicting, letting the public do the expecting, and having Sir Charles doing the laughing. Perseverance has at last been rewarded—true merit is revealed—real journalism is vindicated—and a noble newspaper correspondent takes his place high in the respect of an intelligent and appreciative people, with every prospect that he will get a raise of salary, and with every encouragement for him to publish an almanac. I hope I do not betray my confidence in whispering to my readers that one of the principal reasons why Sir Charles Tupper resigned was his desire to reward a poor but enterprising newspaper correspondent's persistence, and secure him—and the country—a rest.

The readiness with which a corporation or community will part with a small-pox patient has no parallel in anything I can recall. Why, to read the papers in reference to a case of this nature, you are actually impressed with the idea that his neighbors are somewhat glad to get rid of him, and that in trading him off a consideration is a secondary affair altogether. When a man takes small-pox he seems to enjoy an unchallenged passport to proceed anywhere else than he may happen to be at the time. It is a good thing for the man who travels with small-pox about his person that here and there he finds a stopping-place, specially designed for the accommodation of wayfarers like him; otherwise he might get tired, and be obliged to share with some undeserving individual what he needs all to himself. Some duly authorized philosopher has said the best way for a man to find his friends out is to become poor. I beg respectfully to submit an improvement on this adage, in the opinion that the best way is for him to become possessed of the small-pox. He will then find his friends out—in the suburbs, in the shape of a doctor and the keeper of the small-pox hospital.

Give a *Globe* reporter writing materials, general instructions, three average meals and a day to himself, and he will, in nine cases out of ten, prepare a special article that will electrify the community and fill a column or so of space—at all events, I am certain about the filling up of the column or so of space. The other day one of these reporters was favored with the above enumerated requisites, and the next morning's *Globe* contained the fruits of the experiment in a long piece about "Pleasant Places." Among the spots which the reporter visited in and about the city was the Central Prison; and prominent among the sights he saw was a gang of convicts, an old hen with chickens, and some "tastefully arranged feather beds." I admire this young man's keen discrimination and exquisite sense of the beautiful. But he can improve. If I had set out on a tour of Toronto's "Pleasant Places," the very first stopping place would have been the Central Prison. Arrived here, I no doubt would have been struck some time during my stay with the edifying spectacle of prisoners working in the grounds—modestly representing, as they did, the Uniformed Knights of Labor—or rather days, I guess. Doubtless the old hen and her brood would have caught my eye presently, as exemplifying one of the most beautiful and touching phases of animate nature—in somebody

else's garden. Nor have I any hesitancy in declaring that my innermost soul would have been eventually reached by the sight of the tastefully arranged feather-beds. But, ere I had taken a note in my book; 'e'en ere I had allowed my thoughts to rest an instant on the most seductive object of my outside surroundings, I would have hurried off to the prison kitchen and jotted down how the "skilly" is made. Yes, I repeat it—that young *Globe* reporter's taste is susceptible of more cultivation.

It pains me to have to chronicle the intelligence that the Confederation must go. My authority for the news is the High Bluff Branch of the Manitoba Farmers' Union, which organization is so well and favorably known throughout the civilized world. The Branch, it appears, has passed a resolution seceding the North-West—although you would really think the object of these farmers would be seceding, rather than seceding, the territory. They are mad, I understand, at some failure or other of the Dominion Premier to do them Justice—with a large J. Another rumour current is that their anger has been excited by the failure of GRIP to do them justice, in the matter of Mr. Noquay's picture. The artist being, they allege, too riotous in imagination, especially in delineating the hon. subject's mouth. Of course there are some inhabitants of the Prairie Province who may feel inclined to object to the course of the High Branch Bluff, etc., etc. But eventually all opposition will be broken down and the Bluff High Branch triumph, gloriously. This will teach our legislators and eminent artists that it is not safe to trifle with the finer feelings of the Huff Brigh Blanches and things. There is no telling how desperate one of these Bluffers—or rather, Huffers—becomes when sorely tried.

I never attend a sale of unclaimed freight, because I am possessed with the idea that most persons who leave freight unclaimed do so for the reason that the freight is not worth claiming. There is another reason why I don't attend unclaimed freight sales, nor indeed any other kind of sales; but is of a private and pecuniary nature and I need not mention it. But I read in an account of one of these sales that took place a few days ago that an article knocked down to a purchaser at 70 cents was a tombstone. It could not have been much of a monument, I fancy; but when I tell you it was a printer who bought it and explain the object he has in view you will respect his shrewdness and forethought even though you do not go into raptures over his second-hand grave-yard slab. I know this man is a printer, for two reasons. The first—and a powerful one it is, too—is that he could only afford to pay seventy cents for his tombstone. The second is that he must intend the stone for use in his establishment to make up forms upon—or, using the technical term, to "impose" on,—until he dies, when the widow can plant it at the grave, and have a nice paragraph put in the paper about "the imposing stone" erected over the tomb of her late husband. Only a printer could be identified with such a scheme as this.

THE SCALPEL.

PARALLEL CASES.

"In the case against Daly at Birkenhead to-day, Col. Majendie, Chief Inspector of Explosives, testified that in an experiment with one of the bombs found in Daly's possession, it inflicted 160 wounds on twelve life-size wooden dummies."—*Cablegram*.

In the case against the Tories in the *Globe* the other day, the experiment as to a theory of how the bombs got into the parliament buildings has inflicted wounds on every soul in the party and Wilkinson.

HEAR! HEAR!

"Brutal as pedestrians may be to themselves in making such as this (six days' walking match) their business in life, still they are not more brutal to their natures than thousands of very respectable citizens are to theirs in very respectable ways. Just how many years of slavery to the desk it takes the average business man to scrape up the \$20,000 which Fitzgerald has just netted it is unpleasant to contemplate; and vitality, bodily and mental, may be warped and starved in years of abject devotion to business, as well as wrenched and tortured for a week at a time on tan bark."—*A Sporting Editor*.

This is a little bit of an idea which fastens the bung in many a cask of moralizing so tight that there is no right start to it, no matter how you hammer.

NO WONDER!

"Kentucky colored citizens in convention have protested against being made hevers of wood and drawers of water by the Republican party."—*Despatch*.

And who is surprised? Doesn't everybody know that when cutting wood is in the question, the colored man prefers a bucksaw? As to the water aspect of this matter, why introduce it—with the melon season so far away?

THE WRONG PROVERB.

"It's a poor dynamite cartridge that blows nobody any good. Mr. Mowat has engaged a few more officials."—*Mail's Funny Man*.

Or better: It's a poor dynamite cartridge that doesn't know its own father.

DIDN'T FOLLOW SUIT.

"The suit of M. A. Dauphin, manager of the Louisiana Lottery, against the Philadelphia *Times* for \$100,000 damages for libel, has been thrown out of Court."—*News item*.

It will be a disappointment to many persons to learn that it was only Mr. Dauphin's suit that was thrown out. They expected to find public indignation evince itself in a sort of tangible way, so to speak.

ANOTHER WAY OF PUTTING IT.

"As we look back over his career, there are certain white and shining points in the view which can never fail to attract notice in the most hasty consideration."—*Martin John on Sir Charles*.

Ah, yes! Many and many's the opponent that Sir Charles has snatched bald-headed. But perhaps Martin refers to the dabs of whitewash?

THAT'S ME.

"Londoners do not care for politics. One good bloody murder, from a newspaper point of view, is worth more than anything else that can happen."—*La-bouchere on Journalism*.

It's strange how great minds flow in the same channels. Just see how nicely Lab.'s views are mirrored in Shep.'s paper—with variations! Of course, we musn't forget the variations!

WANT 'EM BOTH.

"There is said to be less demand for seaside cottages than for years."—*Fashion Paragraph*.

Well, you think this seems singular! And yet after all it's only very natural. A chap could worry along nicely with years even if he did not have any seaside cottages. But it would be a mighty hard struggle to live in seaside cottages without years.

ACCOUNTS FOR IT.

"Nearly all Italian singers are enormous eaters. Campanini eats twice as much as an ordinary man, and is at it all the time when he is not singing or asleep."—*Musical Note*.

This may arise from the well-known anxiety of these artists to move in the highest circles. They want to rank with the *ton*—even if it be only the glut-*ton*.

GIVE US A CHANCE.

"But can we, the Tory party, give no good reasons, no good and convincing reasons, to the people for the faith that is in us!"—*Lord Ran. Churchill's speech*.

Lots of us can give the best, sir; lots of us can!—when you give us opportunities—and offices. In fact, sir, it is just possible we might be able to find the opportunities ourselves.

WHO SAYS NO?

"The Austrian Government has lately issued rigorous regulations respecting beautifiers, hair dyes, patent medicines, &c. Those containing poison must be sold by apothecaries only by medical prescription, and none are to be sold of which the authorities do not know the composition, or which they recognize as prejudicial to health."—*Foreign Jottings*.

The next best thing to having a new patent medicine in Canada would be to have our Government adopt these Austrian regulations.



HARRY.—NEVER MIND, CULLIES, I'M GOING TO GET YOU A RESIDENCE WORTHY OF THE CITY OF TORONTO.



GRAND EXHIBITION OF POLITICAL SCIENCE.

[Grand Opera House, Tuesday, 20th May.]

WHO'LL GET WIDDY MAGRUDER'S VOTE?

"Good evenin' Mrs. Malone."

"Good evenin' to yez ma'am."

Them were the very wurds Mrs. Malone an' Mrs. Magruder used to one another on Toos-day evenin' last, Mrs. Magruder havin' been in as usual to get a bit o' butter an' a few eggs.

Me a settin' on a ould herrin' case warm and comfortable-like at the back of the shove heard thin very wurds an' knowed there was daggers drawn atune 'em from that toime.

"But it's a quare wuman ye are intoirely, Mrs. Malone," says I, Mrs. Magruder bein' gone.

"An' pray, Biddy, what may ye be manin' by that ixpresshun," says Mrs. Malone to me wid her head trown back an' her eyes shtuck-up-like. "It's a dale" says she, "I'll take from ye Biddy widout offense for the sake of old toimes, but as the Alderman says, we must draw a line somehow, an' so ye'll plaze ixplain, Biddy."

"I says, ma'am," says I, as high as herself, for didn't I know her when her father used to push an old truck and buy rags an' bones an' old bottles, an' she was afraid if she angered me I'd let out on her, but divil a one I, onless, indade, she went too far—"I says ma'am," says I, "ye're a quare wuman intoirely," and with that I looked her shtrate in the face as bold as ye plaze. I seen her eyes wink an' her nateral speckledy-red colour get speckledier, an' I know'd thin she wudn't dare to give me the contrary wurd let me say what I wud.

"An' fur why wud I be quare, Biddy," says she, wid a little short laff.

"Mrs. Malone ma'am," says I, "ye've set Mrs. Magruder agin' ye by yer pride an' yer settin' up ways."

"Biddy Casey," says she, solum in reply, "Toimes is different, an' as the Alderman says 'manners is different accordin'."

"Thru for ye, ma'am," says I, "but I never seen a toime whin good manners was out o' place, an' you an' Mrs. Magruder used to be more intimit nor at present" says I.

"That's so, Biddy Casey, but I'd have ye know that my manners is gen'ly considered mighty ginteel, and it isn't to be supposed that in the upper clawsses the wife of an Alderman can be intimit wid the widdy of a ward foreman, and that's all Mrs. Magruder's man was."

"Thru for ye agin ma'am," says I, "but poor Sam Magruder left his widdy moighty well off; thim houses, where her son lives is hers, an' the row next to yours is hers too, an' yez used to be mighty perlite to Sam, an' the Alderman too, specially comin' on to the Noo' Ear."

"The Alderman all has to be perlite to the min as has property an' influence in the Ward, Biddy Casey, it's yerself knows it too."

"Sure an' I do, an' if," says I, "if the Alderman don't get in next 'leckshin it may be for want av Sam Magruder's vote for I heard as he was only one a head last time."

"I'll not deny the votin' was close, Biddy, but may be twasn't Sam Magruder's vote as put the Alderman in, and now he's gone, poor man, nobody won't be the betther for it."

"Ma'am," says I, "that was allright laast 'leckshun, but next one at iver comes the widdy has a vote, an' who'll getit, ma'am?"

"Biddy Casey," says she, in a tone o' the highest indigrashin, "don't talk to me about women havin' votes, don't," says she. "An' as to pollin' 'em, the woman as cud go among a pack o' min and mark a bit o' card and put it in a box isn't to be shpoke of by dacent people. Let her sthup at home and mind her fam'ly and laye the min to do the votin'."

"But," says I, "the Widdy Magruder's family is all growed up, an' she aint the one to shtop at home for fear av the min at the

pollin' place, any more 'n she'd shtay at home from payin' her taxes when there's a crowd a pushin' and a scrudgin' all the time in the city offices, as she says is not quite agreeable to the temper an' feelin's of a dacent woman in a hurry, but as the min is mostly neighbors they do be often a helpin' her to get her bill looked at first, an' raly make it more agreeable to a lone widdy than it might otherwise be, seein' as taxes is taxes whether ye've got the property at the back of 'em or not. An'," says I, for I aint one to be beat, "who'll get the Widdy Magruder's vote, Mrs. Malone, do ye be thinkin'?"

A little gossoon cummin' in fur a large loaf av bread tuk Mrs. Malone's attention from the queschin just thin, an' as she did not seem to wish for any furder talk when the boy was gone, I jist indulged her, but I don't think the Widdy Magruder's vote, nor that of her sister-in-law, Miss Magruder, nor yet that of her son Patsy Magruder, will put in Mr. Malone as Alderman for St. Kit's ward next 'leckshun, though it aint right to shpake positive, I do allow.

Grip's Clips.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the tem is not known.

SONG OF THE PENNY-LINER.

(With Disturbing Dialoguc.)

Fly your bunting, make a show;
Free let loose your every streamer;
Yeo, heave yeo, down Clyde we go,
In our brand new penny steamer.

[Captain—Will we back for that man that's rinnin', Malcolm?

Malcolm—Na na; he's too late to be ower soon for this boat, but he'll be too soon to be ower late for the next wan.]

Blow your horn and go it slow
When you pass beneath the bridges;
Yeo, heave yeo, down Clyde we go—
To Anchor-liners we're but midges.

[Captain—Why you'll sleep in this mornin', Malcolm?

Malcolm—She'll no ken; maybe becass she's no in the habit o' sleepin' oot. Just you'll sit aff that companion there, and go and sit on some o' your freens.]

Stop at stages; to aud fro,
In and out, pass all the people;
Yeo, heave yeo, down Clyde we go
Bound beyond the Govan steeple.

[Captain—Malcolm see whaur that man's smoking.

Malcolm—Just you'll put that pipe oot now, or she'll very soon put you oot too, moreover. There's places to smoke and there's places no to smoke, and this is a place to smoke whaur you're no to smoke; now!]

Skim the waters black as sloo,
Well to centre always steer her;
Yeo, heave yeo, down Clyde we go
And the river gets no clearer.

[Captain—Mind that wee ferry boat, Malcolm.

Malcolm—Hey! ship your oars there! What you'll say? Maybe we'll think the whole river belongs to oorsels? Perhaps it does to, forbye; but if she has to tell you two times wance more to come oot the road she'll tummie your boyne upside doon.]

Ready now your ropes to throw,
So we're past the Patrick ferry;
Yeo, heave yeo, down Clyde we go,
And the sail is pleasant—very.

[Malcolm—Just you'll no be in no hurry now with your squeezein'; and if you are droont or kilt don't you be going home saying its Malcolm's faut.]—Glasgow Bailie.

A Paris young lady, who is engaged to a gambler, calls him her beau high-deal.—Paris Beacon.

AYTOUN'S MODESTY.

At the outset of his career Professor Aytoun was uncommonly diffident. When, in her father's drawing-room, he was making proposals of marriage to Miss Jane Emily Wilson, who afterwards became his wife, the lady reminded him that before she could give her absolute consent it would be necessary that he should obtain her father's approval.

"You must speak for me," said the suitor, "for I could not summon courage to speak to the Professor on this subject."

"Papa is in the library," said the lady. "Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, "and I'll wait till you return."

The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her in marriage. She added, "Shall I accept his offer, papa? He is so diffident that he won't speak to you about it himself."

"Then we must deal tenderly with his feelings," said the hearty old Christopher, "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper and pin it to your back."

"Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning round, the delighted suitor read these words: "With the author's compliments."—*Ex.*

RECLAIMED HERSELF.

Women are skifful. "Who is that horrid whiskey bloat?" asked a lady of an acquaintance, while they stood viewing the guests at a fashionable reception.

"Which one?"

"That one with the red[moustache and awful nose. Don't you see?"

"He is my husband."

"Oh," laughed the lady, "I see that you are not sensitive," although she saw vengeance in the eyes of the insulted lady. "Several nights ago a friend made a similar remark about my husband and I became very angry. I declared it would anger any woman, but my friend said that you, having the best husband in the world, would not care, and I wagered a pair of gloves that you would, but you see I have lost. I hear that your husband is spoken of as an available candidate for governor. How clever he must be."

An obituary notice contains the touching intelligence that the deceased "had accumulated a little money and ten children."

A Chicago man got hold of the wrong jug the other day and took a drink of a mixture of kerosene oil and muriatic acid. Then he accused the servant girl of stealing his whiskey and pouring water in the jug to conceal the theft.—*Exchange.*

A crowded horse car. Enter Mrs. Mulcahey with a jug. Mr. Mahoney, who is seated, facetiously—"Wud I hould the whiskey for yez, Misthress Mulcahey?" Mrs. M. (with withering sarcasm)—"Thank yez kindly, sor; but yer have all ye can hould now, I'm thinkin'."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

An English physician apprehensively asks, "Are our girls becoming too muscular?" That's just what is beginning to bother us a little in this country. The general prevalence of bald-headed men would seem to indicate that there is a dangerous tendency in this direction.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.



THE NIGHT HOAX.

Thrilling city scenes by gas-light—with the accent on the "gas."

CHAPTER I.

DOWNING A DYNAMITER; OR, THE DESPERATE STRUGGLE WITH A HUMAN FIEND.

MIDNIGHT!

Two figures faintly discernible near Pat Finnigan's.

A Big one and a Small one.

"Ha! ye divil, I've got a hould av ye!" The sharp "click" of the hand-cuffs follows this hoarse exclamation, and the Eagle-Eyed Nabber of the Ward swiftly hauls his captive to No. 1.

"What have you got, Reid?" queries the sargeant on duty, as he resumes the pipe he had secreted, thinking John might be the Deputy-chief.

"A Dynamiter, be the mortal frost!" declares the detective, his answer unconsciously betraying at once the depth of his emotion and his foreign nationality.

"From the Parlymint House, beyant, John?"

"Yis, an' on the pint av' doin' for them all in that same buildin'—bad cess to the thafe av the wurruld!"

"You are altogether mistaken, Mr. Officers!" protests the prisoner who, up to this time has not opened his lips to speak for fear of being clubbed to smash.

"G'on wid you!" the detective growls. "Didn't I hear you puttin' up a job on the Parlymint House for tomorrow?"

"I told a friend to-night that I was going up to the Departments to-morrow, it's true. But—"

"There, now, d'ye hear, sargint? An' it was *lives* ye wor after, me buck, wasn't it now?"

"Yes, I said I was going up to take several lives. But, if you—"

"Make a note av *that*, sargint! An' what the divil d'ye want at the Parlymint House takin' lives av ye aint a Dynamiter—eh, me daisy?"

"It's my business!"

"Oh, ho! So it's a *professional* y'are, eh? Give us more, alanna!"

"I will, sir! Here is my card—here are my papers—here is other documentary evidence to prove that you have made a mistake in arresting, not a Dynamiter, but—an enterprizing Life Insurance agent!"

A read letter-day—the day it comes, from your girl.—*Marathon Independent.*

PUTTING IN A PLUG.

BY OUR SWIPST.

No longer to the maddening drink a slave,
No longer I will be a butt of scorn,
No more will I my heated thorax lave,
With whiskey straight, but shun the deadly horn.
No more the burning fluid will I drink,
No more for me is brandy, gin, or rum;
At last, at last, I am inclined to think
I've got the demon drink beneath my thumb.
No more I'll handle glass or powder pot,
Decanter, flagon, bottle, can, or mug,
And why? Because, my friends, I've got
Of first-class liquor in my pouch a plug.

THE DOCTOR'S WOOING.

CHAP. I.

"Leave me, minx."

And the portly matron, quivering with anger, every superfluous piece of adiposity wobbling with a wild, weird, blanc-mangy, rolling-ocean-bilowy motion, pointed to the door and sniffed contemptuously.

The fair girl whom she addressed, a poor governess in the wealthy merchant's family, turned with bowed head to obey the imperious mandate, a bitter tear or two falling like peas in a tin pan as the cruel words smote her ears.

Very fair was Xiretha Vandeville, the orphaned daughter of a gallant old colonel who had slain himself with brandy pawnee, mulligatawny, kibobs, pillans, etc., in the dazzling Orient, *alias* India, after a long and bloodless career: after seeking "the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth" (unloaded) in vain, he had succumbed to the onslaught of foes by far more deadly than Sikhs, Sepoys, Lascars and so on, and his daughter, Xiretha, had been left an orphan.

How orphan such things occur!

And so she had sought the humble position of governess in the family of Mr. Snoodlesnunk, a brute of low degree, but of powerful purse, who had a daughter rather fair named Nancy.—(Saw a poem about her somewhere—AUTHOR'S NOTE.)

On the evening previous to the opening of this chapter the Snoodlesnunks had given a grand party, and young, pretty-well-to-do, clever Dr. Clinique, who was supposed to have an eye on the wealthy heiress, Nancy Snoodlesnunk, and to whom old cad Snoodlesnunk was really partial, and who he desired for a son-in-law—this young doctor had given his whole, undivided attention to the modest, highly cultured but penniless governess, Xiretha Vandeville.

That was what had made old woman Snoodlesnunk cut up so rough, to see her "own darter" as she phrased it (she'd been a cook) neglected, and her "ired guinness took up by the doctor." This is what made her say—

CHAP. II.

"Leave me minx; you'll find your quarter's waidges on the chimbley-piece: take 'em and leave the 'ouse."

Poor Xiretha! untouched lay the "waidges" (\$2.10) as she left the room and, going to her own garret, packed her "duds" and silently left the—the—yes—the "palatial mansion"—old but good expression.

CHAP. III.

"Aunt, I have been discharged and have come to you to die."

Such were the words which poor Xiretha used as she glided into her good old Aunt Marjory Marjoribanks' humble cottage.

And then she proceeded to relate all, and told the whole harrowing tale.

"Never mind, dearie," replied the good old lady, "you're as welcome as the flowers in May; come and bide with me as long as you've a mind."

But the mental strain had been too much for Xiretha, and in two days she lay tossing on

bed of pain and raging fever, delirious, seeing blue crocodiles with red tails, dogs with tusks like those of elephants, and all such luxuries of a distorted imagination.

"Go for Dr. V. Gallici," ordered the old aunt. The messenger went, but V. Gallici, M.D. was away (so the messenger was told—the medical man was actually upstairs in bed recovering from the "jim-jams" consequent upon a regular old spree, after an inquest in which he had confuted the arguments of all the other medical lights), and so the messenger thought the best thing he could do was to go for Dr. Clinique; and he went. Strange fate! They whom old Mrs. Snoodlesnunk had thought to part for ever were thus strangely brought together! Kis-met!

CHAP. IV.

"Xiretha."

"Yes, Dr. Clinique."

This dialogue took place about ten days after the young practitioner had been called in to attend the victim of blue alligators, etc., which he had charmed away with his Pleasant Potent Palatable Pills. (He was clever.)

"You are well now."

"Yes, Dr. Clinique; but I fear I cannot pay your bill just yet."

"Speak not of bills—not just now, anyhow—for I am too happy to, think that I have won the love of the dearest, the purest girl on earth."

Xiretha blushed.

"Yes, Xiretha, I shall not send in my bill to you, for I have some feeling about me: moreover I am not hard up for cash. Can you, Xiretha, bear to hear a secret?"

"I think so, Doctor," and the fair head drooped, and the blushes fitted across the pallid cheek.

"I fear your strength is scarcely equal to it, Xiretha."

"Yes it is, Charles."

(Pretty familiar, eh?)

And the maiden's heart palped with a palp that was palpable.

"Well, then, Xiretha, I am to marry Nancy Snoodlesnunk to-morrow. She is worth five hundred thous—"

But Xiretha had swooned; blue alligators and things once more. Let us drop the curtain.

But this true story teaches us that books must not always be believed, for they would, most assuredly, have made the Doctor marry Xiretha.

GRIP knows better, though.

SWIZ.

NANCY HOMESPUN.

SHE DISCOURSETH ON "GIRLS."

The average girl of the period isn't a very attractive pusson. She ain't a bit nicer than the poodle she carries in her arms. How do I account fur this? Easy, it's because she ain't had proper bringin' up. I know lots of mothers who thinks as how girls don't need bringin' up. They are mighty keersful about how their boys is raised, and give them every chance to develop into successful men. But they are kinder careless like about their girls, never thinkin' that a successful woman is just as much to be desired as a successful man. This is an awful mistake, and such an idea is the cause of considerable trouble to a good many families. The tender lily is as much a part of creation as the oak saplin', and if the flower is ter grow and become beautiful, it must have more care than the saplin'. So with our gals. We must allus remember, speakin' figuratively, that while the boys is to become the stately, towerin' trees, the gals is the flowers, and just in proportion as they are cultivated and looked arter will they beautify the garden of home and social life.

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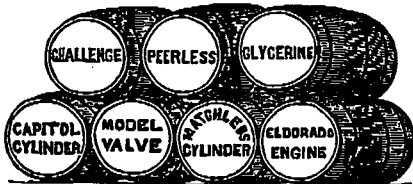
Book larnin' isn't all a gal wants ter know. Eddication they must have, of course, but also teach them to be natural, charitable, unselfish and useful. Build yer gal's character on this foundation and she'll grow up beautiful. Teach them that paintin' their faces, squeezin' their waists and frizzin' their hair 'll never make 'em nice. Physical beauty is natral, not artificial. Don't send your darter to boardin' school till she has graduated in kitchen arts. An eddicated gal with no knowledge of cookery or housework is like a silver-plated door-mat—very much out of place as an ornament and a total failure as ter usefulness. Mothers, do your duty by your gals and they'll bring you just as much honor as your boys. Gals, with all your gittin', git common sense.

H. H.

A fashion item says that "women all over the land are calling for more pockets." This is just what pool-players all over the land are calling for.—*Evansville Argus.*

"The greatest well of natural gas in the world is at Wellsburg, West Virginia," says an eastern editor, but he probably never visited Indianapolis when the legislature was in session.—*Paris Beacon.*

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THE PASSING SHOW.

It is time Mr. Den Thompson had a new play. "Uncle Josh" is well up in years now and ought to have a rest.

Mr. J. W. Bengough has written a new comic opera, the music of which is being composed by Mr. G. Barton Browne. Toronto may see it before long.

Dr. Wm. Horatio Clarke gave his farewell organ recital at the Jarvis street Baptist Church, on Tuesday evening, on which occasion he played a couple of original compositions as souvenirs of Toronto. Dr. Clarke goes to Indianapolis, Ind., where his fame as an organist is already well established.

One of the attractions of the Semi-Centennial week will be an organ recital in Bond street Congregational church, by the renowned organist, S. B. P. Warren, of Grace church, New York. Mr. Warren is well known by musical critics to be one of the finest organists on this continent. The proceeds of the recital here will be devoted to the musical fund of the choir.

Messrs. Suckling & Sons are to be heartily congratulated on the success of the Trebelli concert. The star herself and all the other

participants in the programme, fully realized the high expectations of the audience. The secret of Messrs. Suckling's success is an open one—namely, that they place nothing before Toronto audiences but genuine musical treats.

The present attraction of the Grand is Mr. M. B. Curtis, in his famous creation, "Sam'l of Posen." Mr. Curtis ought to be well known in Toronto, although this is his first appearance here as a star. He was a member of Mrs. Morrison's stock company, and whenever cast for a part which afforded any scope, exhibited extraordinary talent as a comedian. These early indications have been more than realized, as all who have seen his clever performance as "Sam'l" will admit.

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