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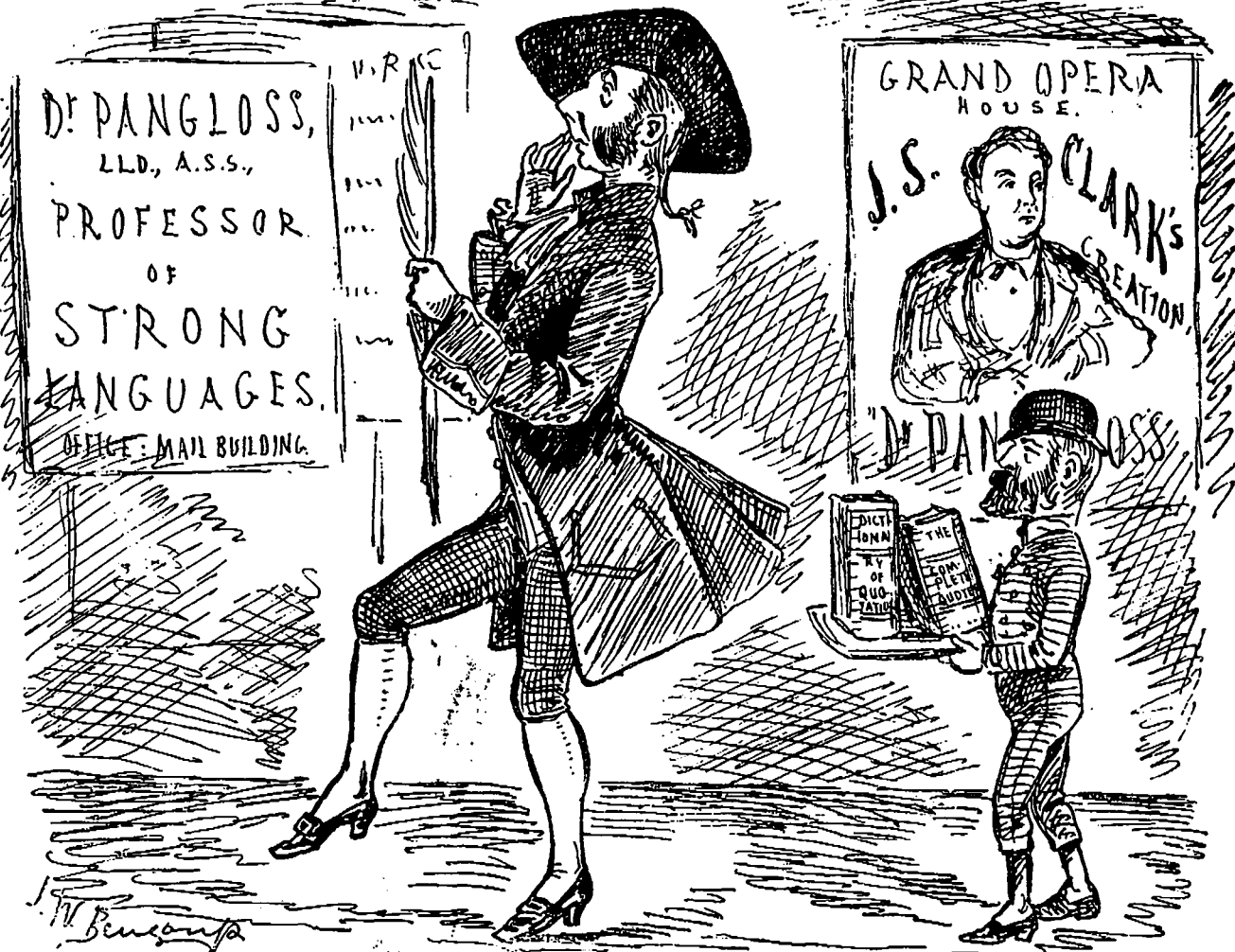
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THE EDITOR OF THE "MAIL" AS "DR. PANGLOSS, LL.D. & A.S.S."

"I AM NOTHING IF NOT QUOTICAL"—IAGO—AHEM!—"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD"—BULWER—AHEM!—"WRITE ME DOWN AN"—AH!—AHEM!—SHAKESPEARE!"

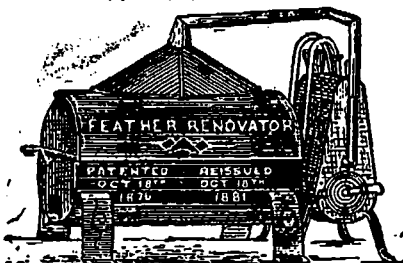
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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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FRED. SWIKE, 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.

#### TO CONTRIBUTORS.

OSWILDE CARR.—Your poemlet will go in under the terms of your second clause. Hope you're satisfied.

#### Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Mr. Mowat's limited majority has suffered a still further reduction by the victory of the Conservative candidate in Muskoka.

F PAGE.—The Editor of the *Mail* is undoubtedly a gentleman of education, but his habit of exhibiting his erudition on all occasions is one which no true scholar would cultivate. On the contrary, nothing is more repugnant to the mind of a really learned man than such vulgar ostentation. The *Mail's* editorials, when not devoted entirely to smartly written philippics, are elaborately ornamented with quotations from obscure writers—the evident intention being to convey an impression of wide reading amongst those who never heard of 'Ready Reference Dictionaries for the use of Editors.' This sort of thing places our contemporary in the same category as that pompous old pedant, *Dr. Pangloss, LL. D., and A.S.S.*, and causes about as much laughter as J. S. Clark provokes when performing that celebrated comedy part.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The License legislation foreshadowed in the Speech from the Throne has been entrusted to a Select Committee composed entirely of Ministerialists. The Oppositionists at first named for this Committee declined to act on the ground (1) that it is unconstitutional for a Cabinet to appoint a Committee to shape and suggest a Government measure, and (2) that it has not as yet been authoritatively decided that the Provincial Legislatures do not possess the power of legislating on the subject. Sir John Macdonald made no reply to these objections when urged, and it may therefore be inferred that he re-

gards them as sound. If so, it is unfair to allege hostility to the cause of Temperance as the motive of those who declined to serve upon the Committee. Besides, the present Cabinet is admirably fitted in its *personnel* to bring down a perfect License Act without any outside help.

#### CROAKS.



E are puzzled how to get out of being present at this coronation business to come off in Russia in a few weeks, and to which we, with the rest of royalty, have been invited. We are not afraid; we know not what fear is, and if we did spend the day when Wiggins' storm did not come, in the coal cellar, it was merely because we had heard that corns might be cured that way; but we know that the Russian climate would not agree with us, especially in May, and we are at our wits' ends what excuse to send. We should unhesitatingly practice a little innocent imposition and send our foreman to impersonate us, were not our *tout ensemble* so familiar at all European (police) courts, our general appearance having been said to strangely resemble that of the first Nicholas of Russia, accounted the handsomest man of his day, and the deception would be instantly detected, and the foreman subjected to the knout, an indignity this office could never tolerate unless it was the only way of escaping similar punishment to our own person. We fear we shall be compelled to decline the invitation, however, as our health is important—to us, though by so doing we feel that we shall incur a yearly loss of \$2.00, for Aleck has been a good subscriber and paid in advance for his paper. Things may so turn out that we shall be compelled to strike him off the subscribers' list anyhow, after May next, but at any rate we are in a fix, and do not wish to snub Russia.

"Do not measure a man's intellectuality by the size of his hat; the weight and size of a man's brain have very little to do with his intellectuality," says an exchange, and gives instances of obscure bricklayers with three and a quarter pound brains, whilst those of Cæsar Napoleon, Shakespeare, and others, were all small. It appears to us that the weight of a man's brain and the size of the head of the same individual are very apt to vary at different times, and that the weather or something has a powerful influence on them, for we have experienced it ourselves, our brain feeling all right one day and our hat fitting comfortably, whilst next morning, after attending a press banquet or some such affair which calls all a man's intellectuality into play, we could swear that our brain weighed half a ton, and that no hat of smaller dimension than a forty gallon sugar-boiling kettle could be squeezed on over it. Thus does scientific investigation throw light on obscure matters, and the man with the big head passes away, unwept, unhonored and unsung.

A Brantford lady, writing in *Hearth and Home*, gives a recipe for making pea soup, and advises us to "take a handful of peas," etc. This is very vague, as a Brantford young lady's handful would be about a bushel or so, whilst the most we can enclose in our pearly fin is seven whole peas and half a split one.

The ladies of Brantford have manual extremities admirably adapted for spanking purposes, but as gauges of the amount of any article for culinary use they are dead failures.

We purchased a very neat little pair of letter scales the other day, warranted to weigh as high as two pounds. These machines are too modest altogether, for we weighed half a ton of coal we became the owner of the same day, all at once with them,—every bit of it. How is this?

An Exchange, the western *Figaro*, Plymouth, Eng and, has just got off an "original" joke about our Cavendish. The same bit of facetiousness appeared in a Canadian paper the day after the Phoenix park assassination, but that doesn't matter to an English humorous paper, and the *Figaro* is to be congratulated on the comparatively lightning like rapidity with which it has worked off this scintillation. Why, a whole year has not yet elapsed since the affair took place, and here is an English paper with a full-fledged joke about it already.

Last Saturday's *Globe* published some useful hints for us society fellows on "card etiquette," but failed to tell what is the proper caper for a chap when he is detected with three kings up his sleeve.

"Black silk stockings are now worn for full evening dress."—*Fashion Paper*. Come, come now, this is just a little bit too too, for though we are not so terribly modest and rather fancy the symmetrical proportions of our figure, we'll be jiggered if we go capering round in that costume. Nothing but a pair of black silk stockings! Tut tut; we'll stay at home sooner than pander to the vicious tastes of modern society.

It is rumored that Lieut. Governor Aikins has at last consented to give his guests something strong to drink at Government House, Winnipeg. He has ordered a supply of 'Johnston's Fluid Beef.'

"Senator Bayard started in life," writes a vivacious correspondent, "as a clerk in a Philadelphia hardware store; Senator Beck began as a farm hand, Conger as a lumber hand, Davis, of West Virginia, as a brakeman; Daves as a school teacher, Fair as a bartender, Farley as a coach-driver, Gorman as a Senate page, Jones, of Florida, as a carpenter; McMill as a department clerk, Morrill as a country storekeeper, Plumb as a printer's devil, Sawyer as a laborer, Sherman as a surveyor, and Vest as a reporter." And these men are now Senators! Ah, me, see what drink will do for a man.

The above choice *morceau* appeared in the *Mail's* Gossip Column. Wonder how Senator J. B. Plumb likes it?

FRATER ALFRED, AVE ATQUE VALE.

TO ALF. TENNYSON, AFTER READING HIS LANT.

Row us out from old Toronto, to the Island, boatman,  
Row:  
So he rowed, and said, 'ere landing, "You a dollar, sir,  
me owe.  
"A: "you cannot land, young fellow, till you pay it, no,  
sir, no."  
So we paid the knave and landed on the isle in summer  
glow,  
Where beneath no Roman ruins do not purple flowers  
grow,  
But a dead cat on the beach lay, decomposing, smelling so.  
And from out Ned Hanlan's bar-room, from the glitter-  
ing crystal show,  
Came that "Trust us for a liquor" of the Poet's hope-  
less woe;  
And the "Non, sirree" of bar-keep, "Non commodamus  
bummero."  
There we drink the sparkling beer, for who shall pay the  
dice we throw:  
Gazing at the hoodlum laughter in the bowling shed be-  
low,  
Sweet Ned Hanlan's too too island, just across from To-  
ron-to.

## AN IMPORTANT INTERVIEW.

It is not generally known that a representative of GRIP was amongst those who interviewed the beautiful Jersey Lily. Having sent in his card, he was left waiting in an ante-room whilst the rest of the newspaper men who had arrived before him were being bundled out. He could distinctly over-hear Mrs. Langtry's whispers to her footman to make haste and get rid of them, as it would never do to receive GRIP's representative in the wholesale manner adopted towards the other members of the press. As the last man, a *Globe* reporter, left the hotel with a bran new hat he exchanged in the hall for his own dilapidated 'rowdy,' GRIP's society man was admitted to the far-famed beauty's presence.

"How different,"—whispered the Lily to Mr. Gebhardt, who was present, thus proving all the statements published by other journals that this gentleman was in New York, to be base imaginings, Mr. Gebhardt not having seen fit to be present during any of the interviews except the one here spoken of, he having a horror of, if not contempt for, the ordinary newspaper man;—"from the way those other churls entered the room. This man is on his native heath, so to speak, and his name is—?" glancing at the card, "all yes; one of the oldest of Britain's nobility," here she rose and advancing towards the visitor, frankly extended her hand to him. "So refreshing," she said with a bewitching smile, "to welcome one whose very features bear the stamp of aristocracy: You belonged to the Prince of Wales set?" GRIP's Apollo acknowledged the soft impeachment, and enquired how Bertie was at present, and was gratified by the information that his old chum was well. "You are credited in the *Globe*, Mrs. Langtry, with the remark that you wished your audience on Friday last had but one mouth, that you might kiss them all. Is it true that you ever said so?" asked the gallant interviewer. "Certainly, I did," was the reply, "but it was only what you, or rather the common newspaper men call taffy." "It would make a very large mouth, would it not? I suppose you did not venture a similar expression when in Hamilton? the idea of three or four hundred female mouths of that city rolled into one!" "Oh! you funny man," gushed the Lily, ecstatically, as the gentleman continued, "Vesuvius or Etna would be but a pucker to it; however, if you still desire to express your feelings as intimated in your remarks on Friday night, I am willing to be the—not exactly scape-goat, but—you know what I mean, I am sure: Kiss all Toronto by proxy and let me be her representative," and he assumed that expression of feature which numbers its victims by the tens of thousands.

At these words Freddie sprang up from the hassock at the lady's feet, and backing towards the door, he said, "Sir, your conduct is intolerable:" here he opened the door and calling a waiter, enquired when the next train left for Texas. "In a quarter of an hour," replied the menial. "Then, sir," he continued to GRIP's professional beauty, "I challenge you," and was gone. "Poor, poor Mr. Gebhardt," murmured the Lily, "he is so impulsive; so very hot-blooded; I do not know how to cool his ardent blood." "Could you not try the effect of a piece of ice down his back?" suggested the other, "If my memory does not mislead me, Wales told me that—that—what was it?" The beautiful lady was convulsed with laughter, and could not speak for several minutes, at the end of which she could only repeat, "Oh! you are so ridiculous:—how much is your paper?" she asked abruptly. "Two dollars per annum, and *The Almanac* and *Grip Sack*, published, the former in the winter, the latter in the summer, are each twenty-five cents."

After enrolling her name as a life subscriber

to all three, Mrs. Langtry dismissed the gentleman, but invited him to come often, and he departed, leaving a message for Freddy, in case that warrior had not already left the city, to the effect that he need not be frightened, as he, himself, bore him no hard feelings, and declined to fight, and had left a package of gum drops for him with the renowned beauty.

## GRIP ADVISES HIS BEST GIRL.

Let me give you a word of advice, my dear,  
I'm sure you will think it a nice idea,  
To have a young fellow so learned as GRIP  
Taking pains to advise you and give you the tip,  
About things that are proper and wise, my dear.

I observe that you put on your glove, my pet,  
On the street, which is naughty, my love, you bet;  
You should do it at home 'ere you leave the house,  
For to do it outside shows a lack of that nous  
Of which you have plenty, my dove, my pet.

I've seen you eat fish with your knife, my love,  
It is wrong to do this, oh! my life, my dove;  
If you would not have noddles and gossipers talk,  
Use a small crust of bread and a silvery fork—  
This world with small troubles is rife, my love.

Then throw off that Gainsborough hat, my girl,  
It is ugly, unquaint and flat, my pearl,  
And I think you are making a horrid mistake  
In wearing a thing like a buckwheat cake  
Grown to awful proportions like that, my girl.

Don't hang your dear hair on your brow, my own,  
For it gives you the air of a cow, ochone!  
Of a cow that has hair where her horns should bud,  
And who looks like an idiot when chewing the cud,  
So brush it back; don't have a row, my own.

And now I have no more to say, right here,  
So I wish you a very good day, my dear.  
Your's a dear little creature, and ever will be  
The charmingest creature that ever charmed me,  
And I think this advice is a gay idea.



## A DETECTIVE STORY;

OR,

THE BLOODHOUNDS OF THE LAW ON THE TRAIL.

(Continued.)

"We now have evidence," he continued, after a pause, "that this burglar was a South American, that he wore boots, that he chewed fine cut Virginia leaf, also that he wore trousers; four invaluable clues. We must shadow every man we see who not only wears trousers but," pausing, and scowling at the reporter, "every man whose trousers are short of a button. We have a clew, several clues; I fancy I have a suspicion as to who the burglar is, and I think I could lay my hands on him with little trouble—wh-wh-what's that?" he suddenly said, edging behind White, as a low, wierd, unearthly wail struck the tympana of the three, apparently issuing from the very wall of the store, "D-don't let me do anything r-r-rash, White," said Oldhall, getting very pale and drawing his revolver, "If we are attacked, keep well in front of me, or I don't know what I may do. Mr. Reporter, be kind enough to open the door there," pointing to a closet door, whence another terrific, yet mystic and fantastic howl seemed to issue. "The burglar is there: thank heaven we acted upon

my clue and have traced him to his hiding place. Open the door!" "Open it yourself," replied the itemizer; "I thought you had proved that the burglar had left the place by the window: how can he be in that closet, then, if it is a closet?" "Well," replied Oldhall, "if he isn't there, then where the devil is he?" "Why," said White, "I thought you said you knew who and where he was." "White, you're a fool," snapped Oldhall, "open that door, whilst I get behind the safe here to see whether it hasn't been 'own open at the back: now, go ahead." "I led the gallant officer, squeezing into the place of safety indicated, and pulling a barrel of lead in front of him, "go ahead." White flatly refused, for at this moment another wail, long, drawn out, and even more weird and ghostly than its predecessors, came from behind the mysterious door. "Hang it, man," said the reporter, "I'll open it: you two fellows be ready to pot him with your shooters if he tackles me," and he advanced to the door, whilst Officers Oldhall and White covered that article with their revolvers, the former from his post of vantage before mentioned, the latter from the top of the row of shelves along the side of the shop, and throwing it wide open, a huge brindled cat that had been shut up therein all night sprang out, and dashing through the store, danced with flaming eyes and terrible tail through the front window, at the same time that the detectives opened a rapid fusillade, killing and wounding three cans of tomatoes, two boxes of crackers, and grazing the sub rosa portion of the reporter's pantaloons. At this moment the front door was opened and the proprietor of the grocery, two of his clerks and the porter came pouring in. "Have you got him?" were the first words of the grocery man. "I thought he might be behind the safe," said detective Oldhall, emerging therefrom. "I had a clue to his whereabouts on the top shelf," explained detective White, descending from that elevation. "By the Lord Harry," roared the reporter, "it seems you had a clue or a suspicion or a shadow or whatever you call it that he was in my pants: look here," and he exhibited the hole made by the pistol ball: "Pretty detectives you are!" Officers Oldhall and White affected not to hear this, and continued, "We tracked the burglar by his footsteps to the rear of this place—" they began, when the porter broke in, "Thim's my futstips; whin I cum this mornin' at sivin o'clock I opened the dure at the back, and whin I wuz inside I shmelte cheese. So I opened the windy to let out the shumell, fur be the powers! it would knock ye down, whin all av a suddint I heard a howlin' and a yollin' inside the sture. 'What haythenish baste is that,' thinks I, and my hair riz up. 'It's the banshee,' says I, 'that's what it is,' and wid that I didn't wait for by yer lave, but I out through the windy, and tould a bit av a gossoon to run to the polceesh offis and acquaint 'em wid the fact that the divil was in the sture, while I I wint and tould the masher, by the same token I was just by the stove whin I heard the first howl, and I shplit the buttons off av my breeches wid the fright," and he pulled a paper of fine-cut out of his pocket and took a chew. "Come, White," said Oldhall, "owing to the intolerable stupidity of this Irish galoot the burglar is by this time beyond our reach—probably boarded the first street-car for South America: telephone to Blossombeak, Rumjung, Heavystern and Podgins to abandon their clues; and—" "And I," said the reporter, "had better have some one to shadow me down to the office, for by Jingo! this hole's big enough to put my leg through, and I don't want to be arrested for indecent behavior." "And see," said Oldhall and White, together, "keep this out'n your blamed paper, or—"



SKETCHES FROM THE PRESS GALLERY AT OTTAWA.



### ANOTHER PUMPKIN GONE!

A MAN WAS DRIVING A LOAD OF PUMPKINS AND SQUASHES UP A HILL, WHEN A BAD BOY PULLED THE TAIL BOARD OUT OF HIS WAGON. WHEN HE OBSERVED THE RESULT, HE STOOD SPEECHLESS WITH RAGE. "WHY DON'T YOU SWEAR?" ASKED ANOTHER BAD BOY. "I HAVE NO LANGUAGE EQUAL TO THE OCCASION!" REPLIED THE UNFORTUNATE MAN.—Old Story.



"So the world wags."

Happy the man, who, when he marries, can enter his house with the feeling that he really is "boss." To hear many a man talking to his male companions about the way he has this, that, or the other thing at home, one would imagine that he really was lord and master there, but, as a rule, and as everybody knows, these loud-voiced braggarts when abroad are, in reality, the most despicable, cringing and contemptible of henpecked mortals when their foot is on their domestic floor, and they have not spirit enough to declare that their names are MacGregor or anything else unless their wives approve thereof. Such a man was

THE CZAR.

There was a company of gentlemen engaged in a little game of cards in a prominent gentleman's parlor one night lately. It grew late, and fears were expressed by the party that they were trespassing on the kindness of the mistress of the house, who, by the way, was not present. "Not at all, gentlemen—not at all! Play as long as you please. I am Czar here," said the master of the mansion. "Yes, gentlemen, play as long as you please," said a silvery voice, and all rose as the mistress of the house stood before them. "Play as long as you please, gentlemen! But, as it is nearly one o'clock, the Czar is going to bed!" He went.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

Who has not been disturbed and disgusted by the idiotic whisperings and babblings in church of beings, male and female, which seems to be the missing link between the missing link and the chimpanzee? Is it composed, mainly, of youths of the yawp-hobbadehoy, and young women of the dish-wolloper-at-home-dressed-to-kill-on-the-street species, although people who would be credited with having a little sense are sometimes guilty of misconducting themselves in places of worship. The following relates how

GOOD ORDER WAS SECURED.

A clergyman was recently annoyed by people talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: "I am always afraid to rebuke those who misbehave, for this reason: Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service, a gentleman said to me, 'Sir, you have made a great mistake. That young man whom you reproved is an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to rebuke those who misbehave themselves in church, lest I should repeat the mistake and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the service at least there was good order.

Though I am aware that all readers of GRIP are people thoroughly posted in every branch of education, still it is just possible that there

may be some facts in English history which have, so far, escaped them. With the view of keeping such up to the mark, I like to give any little historical anecdote which is not found in all histories of England, and believing that the following is one of such I will relate the story of

RALEIGH AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

As Queen Elizabeth, attended by Sir Walter Raleigh and a retinue of gilded courtiers, was one day walking through the streets of London, she came to a particularly muddy spot, but she hesitated to cross. Raleigh was about to throw down his cloak before her in order that she might cross dryshod, when he reflected that it was of costly velvet lavishly ornamented with old lace, and so would infallibly be spoiled. Accordingly, with great presence of mind he whispered loudly to Sir Christopher Hatton that he had always contended, and would with his heart's blood maintain that Her Majesty had the smallest feet and neatest ankles in the world, and that the calumnious report that she wore elevens was a malignant invention of the Spanish court. Nor did the ruse fail of its effect, as the Virgin Queen, lifting her royal skirts with almost exaggerated enthusiasm went through the puddle with characteristic resolution, and halting on the farther side shook her sceptre under the nose of the Spanish ambassador, demanding of the astonished diplomat with a royal oath: "Are they elevens; you Romish dog? Are they elevens?"

A gentleman residing in Hamilton was quite angry a few days ago; really angry; and this is what annoyed him. He is 'rawther lawdidaw, y'know,' and there are only one or two things he doesn't know,—in his own opinion. He is a kind of a manager, I believe, and is supposed to see that the bills against the company he manages are paid. A glazier sent in his account for setting a large light of glass in the office of the company which employs the young man as manager. The young man said he knew nothing about the mattah, didn't want to be bothawed, y'know, dem glazials and tradesman, any how, and taking the account he wrote across it, "What is this? (sic) H. B." and returned the account to the dem'd glaziah. That twadesman or mechanic, however, had a superlatively smart book-keeper; and, directly the latter's eye struck the returned bill, he smole, and taking his little pen, he wrote "Can't say: but if it was turned this way—?—should fancy it was a note of interrogation," and once more sent the document to the haughty manager: and then that person was angry, and condemned all glaziahs and mechanics to the realms below. Blawsted insolence, wasn't it?

THE LATEST AMERICAN IMPORTATION.

THE DUKE.

I'm a very superior creature  
To the common-place masher, you see;  
Though of similar figure and feature,  
I'm a being of higher degree,  
Of a very much higher degree.

You may search thro' a dictionary,  
But my title, as yet, is tabooed,  
Though my genius is not ficti-onary.  
For I am a genuine "dood,"  
Or, properly spelt, I'm a "dude."

A "dude," you must know, is a fellow  
Who affects most superior style;  
Gloves lavender, pink or pale yellow,  
A button-hole bouquet and tile,  
The toniest kind of a tile.

His body is laced in a corset,  
To give it symmetrical rigor,  
And into close compass to force it;  
For that's what he calls a good figure,  
He thinks it a very fine figure.

Of course he's a species of nin-com-  
Poop, but his hands he won't soil

By work; but exists on his income,  
Which saves him from having to toil,  
For a living he seldom would toil.

A "dude" sometimes works just a little,  
But his labor ne'er injures his health;  
He prefers the high post of lickspittle,  
Or toady to some one of wealth,  
And he lives on a part of the wealth.



His brain is a kind of a mixture  
Of custard, blanc mange and bad beer;  
In his optica glass is a fixture,  
And he has't a single idea;  
No; he scorns to possess an idea.

His tailor supplies every garment  
For nothing; the "dude" advertises him,  
(Now "dude" don't get mad: there's no harm meant,  
Such insolence really surprises him),  
But it's true, if it really surprises him.

Like the masher, the females he leers at,  
But he does it with far greater grace;  
And his visage club windows appears at,  
And he thinks a good deal of that face;  
Yes; he thinks a good deal of his face.

In fact he's a superfine "masher."  
He is never too boorish or rude;  
He may be a bank clerk or cashier,  
But for all that, he's only a "dude,"  
That's just what he is; he's a "dude."

THE BILIOUS,

dyspeptic, or constipated, should address, with two stamps and history of case for pamphlet, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A busy doctor sent in a certificate of death the other day, and accidentally signed his name in the space for "Cause of death." The registrar says he wishes the profession would be as accurate generally.—*Phila. Med. Times.*

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY"  
for all scrofulous and virulent blood-poisons,  
is specific. By druggists.

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DAKOTA, MINNESOTA, &c.

SEASON, 1883.

The Popular Special Trains will, commencing

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14,

and every succeeding Wednesday during March and April, be despatched from MONTREAL, BROCKVILLE, and TORONTO, stopping at intermediate stations en route for accommodation of passengers from all points in Ontario.

First-class accommodation provided passengers at lowest fare.

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For information, tariffs, etc., apply to Grand Trunk Railway Agents, or to J. Stephenson, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

W. EDGAR, Assistant G. P. A., Toronto.

JOSEPH HICKSON, General Manager.

Montreal, March 2nd, 1883.



## LATEST FROM WINNIPEG.

TIPSY GENT.—SAY, GOV'NOR, I'VE BEEN ON A BIG SPREE (HIC), AND NOW I WAN' TO GET SOBER—WHAT'LL I DO?  
THE GOVERNOR.—COME UP AND BE ENTERTAINED AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE,—SOBER UP ON TOBOGGIN SLIDING.

## DISILLUSIONED ;

OR,  
THEY ALL DO IT.

(Continued.)

"We have just time," said my little conductor, "to drop into the theatre; the performance will be now nearly over, but we may see something to interest us. Ha! here we are," and as he spoke we passed into the brilliantly-illuminated Olympic. I allowed my eyes to rove round the house, and they fell on a party in one of the boxes. The mannikin, seeing that I was interested by those at whom I was gazing, whispered, "Come round and we will enter that box; those are the De



Champignons, and that young fellow with them is a bank clerk, and he is engaged to that girl he is sitting next to; sweet, isn't it? Come on." We glided round and entered the box. Miss De Champignon was a beautiful girl, of that there could be no doubt; and her lover was not at all a bad-looking young fellow, attired in the very height of fashion. He was bending over her and whispering words of affection in her ear, at which she giggled and appeared pleased. "When we are married, dearest," I heard him say, "what bliss to escort you to such scenes as this; I shall never weary of doing my utmost to gratify your every whim." I asked my little companion if the young man was very wealthy, but a

subdued "hum, ha" was the only answer I received. I had heard of the De Champignons, and knew that the old gentleman was a man who had risen from nothing, but having drawn some lucky numbers in a grand gift enterprise, several years ago, he had been fortunate enough to hold on to his winnings, though the Society-for-Confiscating-Prizes-Without-Purchasing-Tickets had tried hard to get them from him and others. With the wealth so acquired, Mr. De Champignon had speculated in chewing gum, and all his ventures had been crowned with success, and his family; having visited Yurup, considered themselves, as they expressed it, "bo mong" and "ho tong."

To return to the lovers. Miss De Champignon was really an ethereal-looking creature; a fairy-like being, for whom a butterfly's wing and a peacock's tongue would apparently be a heavy meal; in fact I could scarce bring myself to imagine that she ever indulged in such food as we grosser mortals delight in. There was an air of fairy land about her, and even now as Waldemar, the lover-bank-clerk asked her whether she was not feeling faint from hunger, as the performance had been so long, she was saying, "Oh! dearest, I had an ice at eight o'clock, and I really cannot be *always* eating." "Paws'tively don't see how you manage to exist," he replied. "You absolutely ah appear to live on air," and he gazed on her admiringly. "And now the performance is ovah," he continued, as the curtain was rung down, "and I shall have to seek my desolate chambahs,— "Oh! Waldemar," she cried, "from your description of your rooms I am sure you are never desolate in them; I think from what you say, they must be like something in the Arabian Nights, and I am coming with mamma to see them, you luxurious voluptuary," and she tapped his arm with her fan. Waldemar colored slightly and seemed a little confused, and having seen his fiancee and family to their carriage (into which we also stepped) he departed, and we were soon at the De Champignon residence. "Oh! Maw," were the lovely girl's first words, as she enter-

ed the house, "I'm as hungry as a horse; James, where's that cold suet pudden." (I started at the awful word) "and that tripe and onions that was left at dinner? Quick, I'm starving, and as the viands mentioned were



produced, my visions of fairies, butterfly's wings and peacock's tongues flew away. "This is all I want to see here," I said to the mannikin. "Come then, we'll go and see what Waldemar is doing in his 'chambahs,'" he replied, and we scurried away, and ere long stopped at the foot of a dark staircase in a back street. "Up we go," said the little man, and we ascended. Waldemar's room door stood partially open, and as I was preparing my nerves to meet the blaze and glare of light which I expected to see, the mannikin drew me in. On a bare, uncarpeted floor stood a rickety old table, on which was a small lamp with a broken chimney, half a pound of cheese, some onions, a whiskey bottle and some bread. At the table sat Waldemar, the "luxurious voluptuary," on a three-legged chair, on the back of which hung his gorgeous swallow-tail. A camp bedstead stood in one corner and an old washstand in another, and on the whole I think I had seldom seen so miserable a den in my life. "This is something out of the Arabian Nights," chuckled the little mannikin, and burst out laughing, so loud indeed that the luxurious voluptuary started up and clutching the whiskey bottle hurled it in our direction. Not considering it worth while to prolong our stay here, we descended into the street once more. "Where next?" I asked. "Oh! we'll just stroll around and see what we can run across," replied the wee fellow.

(To be continued.)

## A VERY FELINE LITTLE POEM

OR,

## A PLEA FOR THE PURP.

Oh! much annoyed I've been of late, not daily but nocturnally,  
By brutes on whom I've wasted brushes, bootjacks,  
bottles, slats:  
They sit up on my woodshed and they howl and shriek infernally,  
They are members of the feline race and better known as cats,  
Vilo cats.

A dog must have his little check, and pussy should have hers too,  
It ought to weight a ton at least; be made of lead or iron.  
To write an ode in praise of dogs is a thing that oft occurs to  
The greatest poets, *vide* Gay, the Guelph crank, also Byron,  
And myself.

The dog's a really noble brute, and loves his human owner,  
And oft has risked and lost his life to save that of his master;  
And after death he's very good, for spiced beef and bologna  
Are made from him and oft have eased the craving of the faster,  
But cats!—Phew!

The summer time will soon be here with days as hot as Cadiz,  
The fly will chew tobacco round and spot up everything;



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And we shall roll and toss at night and feel as tho' in Hades,  
Whilst borne upon the midnight breeze, we hear poor pussy sing,  
"Miao! Marris, plirz!"

Strange thoughts come creeping o'er us in the stilly summer night  
As the lively little skeeter inserts his dainty sting:  
We shall hop up from our sleepless couch and go forth in our night,  
When we hear those wailing accents in which dear pussies sing,  
"Gr-rown! blazeccs! fitz!"

I know precisely how 'twill be in summer, it is bad enough  
In winter, and it's ten times worse as warmer grows the spring,  
And I very much incline to think that I shall quite have had enough,  
By the time that summer days are here, of hearing pussy sing,  
"Come aout, Marris."

Why don't the city fathers make the catchers nab each feline,  
And take them all to where I saw, in hot and sweltering dark hole  
A lot of dogs who had no checks and could not make a beeline  
For home, to be dissolved from life with sulphur, smoke and charcoal.  
Poor dogs!

The dogs that then were done to death were angels in comparison  
With 'other brutes that break our rest and make us swear and curse,  
And the catchers ought to sally forth like Knights of old 'gainst Saracen,  
And have a general funeral, and I will drive the hearse,  
By gosh!

"Dogs will go mad, and so we put these checks on," people tell us  
"Their owners must look after them." Full many a mortal drags on  
His life who's just as crank as they, and if we tagged all fellows  
Who haven't got their senses, would 'at lots of 'em have tags on?  
You bet!

Intemperance fanatics and street corner politicians,  
And those who blow like idiots of the glorious British flag,  
And weather prophets, poets, and all sorts of statisticians  
Would waltz along the sidewalk to the tinkle of the tag  
"Tinkle, tinkle, tik!"

Some heartless wretch caught two cats, tied them by the tails and flung them into the cellar of a church.  
The residents of the vicinity heard the noise the animals made, but thought it was the choir rehearsing.

"I aim to tell the truth," said a man.  
"Yes," interrupted an acquaintance, "and you are probably the worst shot in the neighborhood."

One of the recent arrivals at the Windsor hotel is an Englishman of note and capital, fresh from London. Yesterday he started out with an old time friend, who is now a Denverite, for a stroll. The couple had scarcely left the door when the Denver man met a number of friends, whom he addressed as captain, major and general. The Englishman halted, turned around, scanned the building from top to bottom, and said "Say, Hed, this 'ouse must be a blasted arsenal." — *Denver Tribune.*

"BEST OF ALL."  
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