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EDITOR'S NOTE

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Office Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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VOLUME XVII. No. 2.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1881.

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Literature and Art.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or compositions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care of Grip Office.

Carl Schurtz is attracting attention by his editorial conduct of the New York Evening Post.

Scrivener's Monthly, it is said, will, in the June number, pay an unprecedented compliment to a young Western poet, by reprinting from the newspapers nine of her poems. The name of the poet is Miss Edith Thomas, of Geneva, Ohio.

Mr James Young, M. P. P., has assumed the control of the *Gulf Reformer*. We cordially welcome him back to journalism, in which he distinguished himself before, and to which he now brings matured powers and experience.

Harrington Fitzgerald the editor of the Philadelphia *Sun*, often and widely quoted, was married a few days since to the daughter of Morgan Wills, Esq., the proprietor of the best weekly in the State of Pennsylvania, the Norristown *Herald*.

Rev. S. J. Lawson, editor of the Charlottetown *Presbyterian*, whose benign features have frequently been presented in Grip's pages, has been condemned before the presbytery for libelling and slandering respectable people in the columns of his mis-named organ.

The *Arion*, a monthly journal of music and art, edited by Mr. Davenport Kerrison, has reached its ninth issue, and appears to be gaining many friends. The writing is clear and forcible, and the selections very judiciously made. At present the *Arion* is advocating the establishment of a chair of music in Toronto University.

That veteran humorist, the London *Punch*, claims that John McCullough is the best actor that America has sent over to Europe. There are some American jokes that our English friends are frequently unable to comprehend, and there are some English jokes that to us are very dry. We sincerely hope that the statement is meant in pure fun by *Punch*.—*Buffalo World*.

This Friday and Saturday evening (with Saturday matinee) the great drama of "Hazel Kirke" will be reproduced at the Royal. All who have seen this play pronounce it one of the most thrilling and natural that has ever been put on the stage. The characters are all sustained by most capable artists, headed by Mr. Jos. H. Keane, who, by the way, is a Canadian.

It may surprise some of the young readers of *St. Nicholas*, who are enjoying the rollicking fun of the serial for boys, "Phaeton Rogers," now being published in that magazine, to know that its author, Mr. Rossiter Johnson, is most of the time engaged in the staid work of editing the "American Cyclopædia." He is already well known among older people as the editor and originator of the "Little Classic" series, and the author of some admirable magazine articles and stories. And not a few literary people remember with admiration his faithful friendship for that gifted and unfortunate poet, Richard Realf, and the kindly vindication of his memory which he gave the press a few years ago. The short stories which he has heretofore contributed to *St. Nicholas* have been specially notable for their boy-spirit and the overflowing humor of the situations and the dialogue; but in the present serial he has far surpassed anything which he has done heretofore, and no more laughable and more boy-like adventures are to be found anywhere in recent writing than those of his inventive hero, Phaeton Rogers. Mr. Johnson's power of caricature and of picturing character is so great that he seems to deserve the title lately given him by an admiring reader, "The Dickens of Boy-literature."

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Montreal, April 30th, 1881. 4-6-81

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Literature and Art.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Manager Conner closes his very successful season on Monday evening, 30th inst., when a complimentary benefit will be tendered to the Orchestra of the Royal Opera House. On this occasion "Everybody's Friend," and "Solon Shingle" will be given by the members of the "Hazel Kirke" combination. Mr. Conner may congratulate himself on the fact that he has given a larger number of performances during his season than any other American manager in a city the size of Toronto, and also upon the average excellent character of these performances. We understand that the proprietor of the Royal has secured Mr. Conner's managerial services for next season.

I saw amongst the finished pictures in Mr. Millais' studio the first painting of Lord Beaconsfield, which struck me as about the strongest bit of work of the kind the artist ever did. He has drawn the head nearly in profile, and blocked it out with such tremendous force and fury of his art, that even in this rude form it looks the great man in all his sardonic, self-assured power, his deep-set dark eye gleaming with the keenest intellect, and his massive mouth and chin being set with stern resolve. Altogether it is a portrait of wonderful fascination in its rugged truth and living individuality. They say that Millais painted the portrait of Mr. Gladstone in five hours, but this must have been dashed off in an ecstasy of as many minutes.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

Grip, the well known and satirical paper of the Dominion completes with its issue of the 14th inst., the eighth year of its existence. From the commencement of its career Grip has not only held its own, but has steadily advanced in popularity and usefulness, until to-day it is regarded by the people of Canada as a welcome visitor throughout all its borders. It teems with wit and humor and shoots folly as it flies in political and social life. It watches well over the interests of the people, exposes all evil, prods blundering stupidity with a sharp stick, and laughs over every effort to apply the gag to its utterances. Its cartoons and other illustrations draw a broad smile, and serve, without fail, "to point the moral and adorn the tale," afforded by the actions of municipal and government statesmen. We extend our congratulations, trusting Grip may hold on for innumerable years to come.—*New Jersey Enterprise*.

The attendance at the Choral Society's second concert given on Friday evening last was not so good as it ought to have been, though no doubt the threatening character of the weather had much to do with this. The performance on the whole was very creditable to the Society. The chorus embraced about eighty voices and the work allotted to them was rendered with all the spirit and correctness which was so prominent on a former occasion. The orchestra also acquitted themselves most artistically. Of the soloists we cannot speak in terms of unreserved praise, though the efforts of Mrs. Morris, Miss Lay and Mr. Schuch won hearty applause. The tenors were the weak point. Mr. Gordon Sheriff's voice is not well adapted for soloing outside of ballad music, though he sang his numbers carefully and correctly. Mr. Deunison, of whom much was expected, failed in his first solo, which it is only fair to state was an unusually trying composition. He appeared to be suffering from nervousness, and went at his upper notes in a far from confident style. His really fine tenor was vindicated however in a later appearance in a trio with Miss Lay and Mr. Schuch. Not the least notable effort of the evening was the unusually fine rendering of the National Anthem which brought the concert to a close.

TO BUSINESS MEN.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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.—The defection of Sir Win. P. Howland from the Conservative party—caused, it is presumed, by the Government's action in the Pacific Railway Syndicate matter—and his somewhat ostentatious re-entry into the Liberal ranks by occupying the chair at the recent banquet to Hon. Edward Blake, is an incident which has given rise to considerable comment in political circles. Sir Win. Howland was originally a member of the "Grit" party, and as such entered the Coalition Government by which Confederation was achieved. He did not retire after that object had been accomplished, but remained in his Conservative allegiance until last session of Parliament, when the offer sent in by himself and other Canadian capitalists to build the Pacific Railway on terms more favorable to the country than were those which the Ministry had laid before the House was rejected. The effusion with which Sir William's return has been greeted by Mr. Blake—and the suggestion immediately thrown out by the latter that an Opposition seat should be secured for the "prodigal" in Parliament—is typically depicted in the cartoon. At the same time it may be mentioned that there are not wanting a good many "elder brothers" in the Grit family who feel hurt at the manner of Sir William's reception.

ERRATA PAGE.—The question of the future leadership of the Conservative party continues to agitate the public mind. The rival aspirants for the office are popularly supposed to be Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Leonard Tilley, and the present condition of the party—during the absence from Canada of Sir John Macdonald—is aptly represented by the equine monstrosity in the sketch.

The adjoining sketch is a playful allusion to the absence just mentioned. Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Gordon Brown (his political bete noir, of the *Globe*) sailed from Quebec for England in the same steamer, Saturday 21st. It was currently reported that Mr. Brown's departure meant the severance of his connection with the *Globe*, and his permanent settlement in the old land. Hence the pun imputed to Sir John.

The London Disaster.

The river's bank, in its fair morning verdure,
Echoes the myriad voices of a throng
Of merry-makers, loosed from thralls of labor,
Free as the air, and thrilled with such a joy
As Queens know nothing of,
For though it be a royal holiday,
The monarch, bound in golden chains of State,
Must learn the art from the blest sons of toil.
If she would keep it royally

The river's bank at eventide is grim,
And echoes cries of anguish, grief and woe;
The grassy slope that nursed the morning beam,
Now bears a ghastly burden of the dead;
And torches, held in trembling hands of love,
—Sullenly mirrored in the passive stream,
As black and cruel as human avarice—
Move to and fro, casting at once, alas!
The light of hope, and darkness of despair!

Take up the dead ones; give them solemn shrouds
Instead of these poor trappings of the park;
Lay them away to rest, and weep for them;
Nor let us be unapt to lay to heart,
The lesson taught at such an awful cost.

Announcement Extraordinary.

It has been intimated to the public that during the absence of Mr. Goldwin Smith abroad the *Bystander* will be suspended. The admirers of that brilliant periodical will be overjoyed to learn that this is not the case, as an eminent literary Personage, not less renowned for his mastery of English than the celebrated Professor himself, and a great deal more influential than that gentleman can ever hope to be, has been prevailed upon to carry on the work during the "moral interregnum." In other words Mr. Gur, M.A., L.L.D., etc., has succumbed to the pressure brought to bear upon him from various quarters and will take up Mr. Smith's pen immediately after the steamer sails from Quebec. *Bystander*, however, will not appear in magazine form, but will be condensed into a couple of columns and have a place amongst the other good things in the pages of this journal.

Answers to Correspondents.

Civil Service, Ottawa.—No, we have not the slightest intention of removing our Office to Ottawa, in order that the Minister of Customs may assume the sub-editorship of *Grip* in addition to his official duties.

Thomas White, Montreal.—Yes, we think you have deserved well of your party, but remember—you are a young member yet, if an old soldier in the cause. Your claim for a portfolio in a Conservative Government will probably be recognized in some future shuffle of the cards.

Professor Hind.—Pray don't trouble yourself to furnish us with facts and figures to prove the correctness of your position on the Fishery Award. The public are sick of your figures and do not believe your facts. Are you fond of proverbs? Here is one that seems peculiarly suited to you. "It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest."

D-r-l-n-g.—We beg to refer you to our Montreal Commissioner's despatch, in our present issue, for a brief account of the nature of the dispute between the two Archbishops. No, we think it natural you should feel an interest in the church of which they are such distinguished dignitaries.

Isaac B r p - e, St. John.—We are unable to inform you why a member of the House of Commons, from your Province, was not chosen to replace the Minister of Justice in the Cabinet. If you are spoiling for a fight it is not a far road to Pictou. There will be music in the air of that district ere long, and you, as an ex-Minister may aid in swelling the strains.

M. P. Ry-n, M. P., Montreal.—You overrate our influence with the powers that be, when you say that a word from us would secure you either the Montreal Collectorship of Customs, or the Wardenship of the Penitentiary at St. Vincent de Paul. Apart from that, we would not, if we could, assist you to the Collectorship, but think the Government might, with propriety, give you the Wardenship of the Penitentiary, supervising always that it is the duty of governments to reward steady partisanship.



MOVEMENTS IN HIGH SOCIETY.

The anniversary of Her Majesty's Birthday was this year signalized by an event—or rather two events—which will long be remembered amongst the *elite* of the Dominion. Upon that auspicious day the high honor of Knighthood was conferred upon—but let us borrow the spirit of our esteemed contemporary the *Mail* to chronicle the first ceremony, which took place at Quebec.

At the hour of noon His Excellency Sir John Sutherland Campbell, commonly called the Marquis of Lorne, proceeded to the royal purple room, where were assembled a brilliant galaxy of Canadian noblemen, duchesses and promiscuous gentry. In a few well chosen words he intimated that the Queen had authorized him to make a Knight of Mr. Hector L. Langevin. Her Majesty did not know Mr. Langevin personally and had never heard of him excepting on one occasion when his name had been mixed up with some \$82,000 or so, but her faithful Ministers of the Dominion Government had assured her that he was as good raw material as the majority of Canadian knights were made of, and the bestowal of the honour would, Her Majesty hoped, put an end to the importunities with which she had lately been pestered. The ceremony was then successfully performed and Sir Hector Langevin arose with his chances for the leadership immeasurably improved.



From our contemporary the *World* we learn that at the same hour His Worship Dan Dwan, Mayor of Lombard Street, conferred a similar honor upon the distinguished Toronto citizen, Doc Sheppard.

Mr. Gur congratulates both gentlemen upon their elevation to the giddy heights of Canadian nobility, and trusts they may long live to roll logs and push carts in a manner that will shed lustre on the history of their country.



A HINT FOR UNCLE SAM.

Young Canada.—This apparatus controls the rudder of the ship; it's what we call Ministerial Responsibility, and it's just the sort of rig you ought to have on that Republican Craft of yours if you want to avoid those Conkling Rocks that we hear so much about!

Uncle Sam.—I believe you're about right, youngster; I'll have my man Edison look into this concern!

In the Boudoir.

(SCENE.—Reduced aristocrat is having her hair "done" by her maid, a cheap article whom she has imported from the Green Isle.)

Aristocrat.—Brush it out well, Nora, it is full of dust. Such a hurricane as it blew the other day!

Nora.—Glory! shure the wind near blew me petticoats clean over me head. As bad as the cold country!

Aris.—The old country? Oh please don't speak of it. I am perfectly sick of this horrid Canada. Dear old England!

Nora.—Raley, man!

Aris.—Well, the country its-elf is well enough, but the people, oh! the people! Those nasty working people, you know, they are so abominably independent! That first housemaid we had here, when I told her she would have to wear caps, how she stared at me. "No, indeed," said she, "I earn my money honestly, and I'll wear just what suits me." That sn specimen. And you remember Sarah when I protested against her having her dress made in the same style as my own, she told me to mind my own business and go to. Oh something dreadful! I haven't been able to get another cook since, and have had to get that old char-woman to come and cook for us. And even she has the audacity to tell me she can't always come just when I want her, because, forsooth, she might be engaged elsewhere! It's abominable, the independent manners of these people to their superiors. Why, they say "yes" and "no," instead of "yes ma'am" and "no ma'am," and the very newspaper brats, instead of curtsying or bowing, as the children of the working classes very properly do at home, they will look one straight in the eyes as coolly as if they were born in one's own set. It's sheer Nihilism. Now, for instance, yesterday, one of them, such a common looking end, came up to Master Percy as he stood at the gate and actually smiled at him. I suppose he would have spoken to him next, had I not knocked on the window and indignantly ordered Master Percy to come in immediately.

Nora.—Did you raley, ma'am? Well, now I ain't thim the indimpin't monkeys o' ebilder!

Aris.—And a gentleman, one who ought to know better too, actually proposed that we should send Master Percy to the common school! The

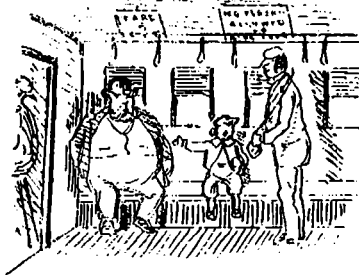
idea of such a thing! Master Percy going to the same school as these common children! Blacksmiths, carpenters, printers, and all sorts of the common people send their children there. Most horribly vulgar schools! He told me that there were even clergymen sent their boys there. Well, all the worse for the clergymen's boys. Master Percy shall go to the Upper Canada College. I believe the Nihilistic portion of the community were trying to do away with that, too, because so much of the public money was wasted (as they called it) in supporting it. Well, have not these common people a right to support aristocratic British institutions? Their insolence is insufferable! Just brush it a little back here.

Nora.—Yes ma'am. They do be very impudent now, praise be to goodness!

Aris.—Then if we wanted to go on a little trip, we can't have our own first-class carriages as we have at home. We have to travel with all sorts. Rich and poor meet together. No t disgusting it is!

Nora.—Saints bless us, ma'am! Shure an' its the quare country we've come to, bebad, when the loikes o' me must ride along-side o' the quality, savin' yer prudence, ma'am!

Aris.—There, Nora, that will do; now you may go and darn those old curtains, I suppose they will have to do this summer again, after all. (Exit Nora.)



UNFARE.

Boy.—Please sir, this gentleman hasn't paid anything for his ride.

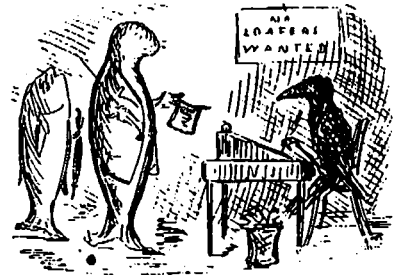
Conductor.—Certainly not; members of the Corporation go free.



HIS FAVORITE CANDIDATE.

SCENE.—Room of the C. V. M. A. on the night of Election of Officers.

Rev. W. S. R-us-ford.—Mr. Chairman, I think we cannot do better than elect our esteemed friend the Curate of St. James our President for the ensuing year.—Carried unanimously.



DEPUTATION FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.

A highly respectable deputation from the neighboring Province of Newfoundland waited upon Mr. Gur the other day. Having been most courteously received by the great journalistic autoerant, the visitors were invited to state their business. Mr. Seal, who acted as spokesman, said that he and his colleague, Mr. Codfish, had been deputed by the Newfoundland Government to apprise Mr. Gur that his recent statement concerning the Island Syndicate bargain was somewhat incorrect, and the misstatement, owing to the enormous circulation and influence of Mr. Gur's journal, might have a dis-trens effect on the government.

Mr. Gur said he had merely repeated what he had read in many of his exchanges, namely, that the Island Government had made a bargain by which they had simply given away the most valuable portion of their Province to a company of New York speculators.

Mr. Seal went into a detailed statement of the affair and concluded by saying that in the opinion of a large number of well informed persons the bargain was a very good one.

Mr. Gur promised to give the Newfoundland Government the benefit of this statement, and politely dismissed the deputation with the flattering remark that if they really had made a tolerable bargain they had shown themselves better statesmen and financiers than the members of the Dominion Cabinet are.

Mother May I go Out to Swim?

A fantasia written for Gur in the key of that on "Home, Sweet Home" in the current Scribner.

1. Words after Swinburne. "Mother may I go out to swim?"

To the cool of the lake, oh my mother!
From the hot rays of noon let me go,
Where the wau waves shall clasp, each and other,
Limbs whiter than snow!
You may not bathe your boots, if you want to,
Of a bath I am fain, I am fain,
To refresh from dense-dusty Toronto,
A young girl not plain!

2. Words after Tennyson. "Yes, my dearest daughter,"

Yes! best and brightest of Toronto girls!
Yes! maiden lily-faced and carrot-curl'd!
My boots I bet not, take the bath to boot!
Go forth, thy mother smoothes it, and be
A water-lily lolling on the lake!

3. Words after Rossetti. "Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,"

Put from shadeless Sherbourne street,
Take the street car, safe and fleet,
Then by wharf from Yonge street's pile
Haste by boat to Haulan's Isle.
In some spot remote from sight,
Loose thy Jersey's buttons bright,
Doff ten-dollar hat so fair,
From the garlanded gold hair:
Then on limb of hickory
Lay the useless garments by.

4. Words after Longfellow. "But don't go near the water."

But so slowly comes the summer;
Should the wave my daughter hold,
Its chill kisses might benumb her,
Like "aunts, sisters, cousins" cold,
In such case my way if I had,
No wet Nafad I would be—
Go and be the hickory's Dryad—
Statuesque, but bathless be.

And now the swell to the seaside goes,
To show his shape in unpaid-for clothes.

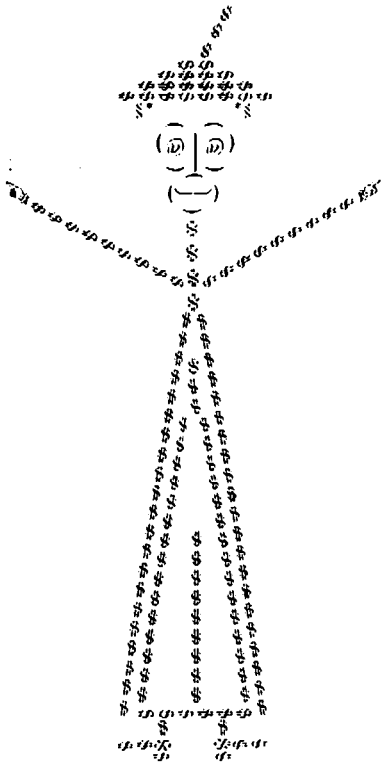


THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

* See comments on page 3.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."



SARA BERNHARDT

Waving her adieus to L'Amérique from the deck of the steamer.—*Quincy Modern Arjo.*

THE RITUALIST RECITOR.

Let me introduce a fellow, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
 Quite a Ritualistic swell, ah! lardy-dah!
 Who a holy Circian head does,
 Is of highly suspensious.
 And aesthetic taste tremendous, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
 Yes, his taste is quite tremendous, lardy-dah!
 He admires a surpliced choir, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
 And a swinging censer's fire, lardy-dah!
 'The church he likes to keep'll
 Set the piest above the people
 And a cross above it's steeple, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
 Not a Protestant plain steeple, lardy-dah!
 He intones both prayer and psalter, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
 And his Anglican high altar, lardy-dah!
 (If we take on trust the scandals
 Spread by evangelic vandals)
 Trims with flowers, fruits, and candles, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
 All of which as tools he handles, lardy-dah!
 Of all churches that are common, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
 He believes the English oldest—then the Roman, lardy-dah!
 All other creeds his view in
 With a holy hate pursuing,
 He'd prefer to see their ruin, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
 Yes, he'd gladly see their ruin, lardy-dah!
 Of his age's many crazes, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
 That which we most amazes, lardy-dah!
 Is to set forth deep devotions
 By strange dancing-master motions
 And church-millinery notions, lardy-dah! lardy-dah!
 Which true manly feeling so shuns, lardy-dah!" —*Puck.*

It is dangerous to walk in the country at this time of the year, when the hedges are shooting and the bull rushes out.—*Waterloo Observer.*

This is the time that Vennor predicted frost for May. He must use an ice cream freezer for a horoscope.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

A fortune awaits the man who will invent a sensible yet tasteful style of summer dress for men. The linen collar is played out.—*New York Commercial.*

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

Being invited to speak before the young ladies of Vassar College, Hiram Green, Esq., "late Justiss of the Peace," made a speech, as follows:

"YOUNG LADIES OF VASSAR: I appear before you as a representative of an age which is about to shoulder its earthly career and stock of experience and march head first into eternity. For 4 years I once served my native town as Justiss of the peace, and as I cast my eye across the lovely sea of rosy cheeks and banged foreheads I feel like an old veteran bee in a flower garden of new blown roses, with a muzzel on so as to prevent him from sucking honey.

"Each one of you has a career of usefulness afore you, and when you sling away your slate pencils and other school books, some chap is awaiting to ask each one of you to preside over his cottage and keep his stockin's darned. But let an old man jess give you a leetle good sound advise. When a feller comes and asks you to be his'n, and tells you that he will take good care of you, because the world owes you both a living, tell him politely to go to thunder, for if you marry him, he will send you out with a bill to collect agin the world, and the chances are ten to one the world will never pay onless you lay aside your silk dresses and take the world by the throat, while your husband sits around, sucks an old pipe, and helps the corner grocery man hold down bar'l covers.

"Never put yourself under the charge of a man who addresses his parents as the "old man" or the "old woman," for if you do you'd wish you'd enlisted as missionary to teach the Eskimos how to play erokay.

"Never put your little hands into the shaky paw of a chap who hangs around lager bier saloons, for if you do the chances are that while yourself and children are asking for a leetle flour, the miserable man you've hitched to will be spending his money to buy bricks to build a poorhouse with. Never place your destiny in charge of a chap who is ashamed to labor. If a fellow apologizes to you for the honest occupation he may be in, and is astamed to take off his coat, roll up his sleeves, and tackle industry, tell him to "right about face!" for jess as sure as your little hearts are sighing for a good honest breast to lay your head agin, he'll commission you as chief engineer to a wash tub, while he employs his time bossing the job and waitin' for something to turn up—which something will never come around until his toes turn up toward heaven.

"If you want a college larnt chap, pick him out as you would a house, and remember that a college education on some chaps is very much like putting a costly mansard roof on a mud cabin. "Recollect also, besides, that a one-story brain ain't no more fit to carry a three-story education than a canal mule is to play a Dutch comedy in a traveling theatre.

"When you see a feller that is slovenly, don't let your affections drop onto him.

"Tumble down fences, late gardens, and lots of crows in the melon patches will be your future lot.

"Fellers who live on their daddies ain't very good timber for husbands.

"A chap who depends on pa never gets above par in the market when nunnhood is quoted.

"He is always sold short, and when the "old man" dies the clock will run down and such a husband will let his family starve when there is no tick.

"The man who is not tidy in his habits is the chap who is always wiping his nose under the bottom of the chairs and sofas, and you want to shun him as you would a hornet's nest, when the family are all at home taking their tea.

"Finally, young ladies, be careful in choosing a husband, or rather be careful in letting a husband choose you, for you'd better go down to your grave and have plain "Miss So and So" writ on your tombstone, than to let any of the hyenas who are travelling about to gobble up some little innocent Miss and lead you a life of

woe, bitterness, and hard labor, worsen than if you was a wife of the Czar of Russia with the Nihilists sending you valentines every twenty-four hours.

"Ladies, I have had my say, and now you can put your gum in your pretty mouths and resume your usual enchainments."

PRIMITIVE TAXIDERMRY.

The art of taxidermy out on Vinegar Hill is yet in its infancy. The leading taxidermist of that booming gold camp is as yet nothing but an amateur.

The art critic of this paper is in receipt of a stuffed weasel, which was the first handiwork of the Vinegar Hill taxidermist. Evidently he had not tried to taxiderm before.

The weasel is naturally a delicate, graceful little animal, with long, slender body and fragile proportions.

That's the reason he looks lumpy and unhappy when his remains are stuffed with baled hay.

The dabo editor who writes these hints on decorative art doesn't set himself up as an authority, of course, but simply suggests little points of improvement.

This paralyzed weasel is too flat, for one thing. In preserving weasels, to avoid destroying the outline, they should not be pressed like an Autumn leaf, but stuffed like bologna sausage.

The casual observer will also notice that the tail of this weasel is erect, which gives him a self-reliant, Roseco-Conkling air, which ill-becomes the shy and timid little weasel.

This is true to nature. It jars harshly on the aesthetic taste to see a weasel with his tail over the dashboard that way.

The weasel does not jab his tail into the middle of the horizon like a jack rabbit unless he feels pretty hilarious. It is not his nature. We should study the habits of these animals, and when they are preserved try so far as possible to still retain the natural symmetry which they evinced in life.

One more suggestion. This weasel was evidently too dead before they tried to embalm him. The weasel should not be excessively dead when he is placed in the hands of the taxidermist. After the remains have lain in state for two or three weeks it is fair to suppose life is extinct, and the artist may then get his saw-dust and poison ready to go to work.

The practice of embalming weasels who died the previous Autumn is now obsolete.

One more suggestion and we are done. In this specimen the eyes are omitted. This gives to the subject a vacant and preoccupied air.

In the absence of artificial eyes the artist should have inserted a pair of overcoat buttons, because the delicate taste of the brie-a-brucker is shocked when he gazes down into the lustrous depths once so full of life and soul, but now so full of bran and other inexpensive stuffing.

If the weasel were not so emaciated where he ought to be plump, and so plump where he ought to be attenuated, he would be more true to nature, and the cast iron lithograph which we herewith present would not look so much like a club-footed hat-rack as it does.—*Laramie City Boomerang.*

Many a good square man loafs round the corners till he goes home at rye tangles.

Soon be corn-planting time now, though lots of folks planted theirs with their last pair of boots.

Thomas Tickell, who wrote in the first half of the eighteenth century, was not, strange to say, a humorous poet. "What's in a name?" —*Carle Marble.*

The new poke bonnets are ornamented with artificial shrubbery and make a woman look like a mud turtle sliding down a willow shaded bank.—*McGregor News.*



"LET US LIVE UP TO IT!"

Our Montreal Commissioner.

WINSOR HOTEL, Montreal.

"News of battle, news of battle,
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street."

No slight skirmish, no encounter of mere rank and file, but something infinitely more terrible. Archi-episcopal robes are the panoply in which the combatants are arrayed. Mighty ecclesiastical champions are they, and the earth shakes as they meet in the shock of battle. Sword in hand, each endeavours to discover a weak spot in his opponent's armour, whilst awe-struck spectators look on with bated breath. Yes, we have had a veritable sensation. Dropping metaphor—for is it necessary in discoursing on such lofty themes?—let me simply say that there is war between the Archbishops. He of Quebec and he of Martianopolis have exchanged blows with a vigor that reminds one of the martial Templars of old. Monseigneur Tache wields the more treacherous sword, but the venerable Bourget is a foeman worthy of his steel. Less rapid, less vigorous, but more dangerous are his feints and passes, and in all probability victory will perch on the banners of the more aged warrior. From this martial exordium can I descend at once to a plain statement of facts? No! I decline to be plain, although my excellent aunt Elizabeth once suggested that nature had left me no option in the matter. "Plain you are and plain you always will be," quoth she. I always did think my aunt a little coarse, but let that pass.

"Joseph," said I, to my devoted admirer, the head porter of the Windsor, "Joseph, there is war between the dignitaries of your church—wherefore?" "Lor! sir, 'taint for the likes of me to git to the marrow of such questions as they, but I have heard as it's about a chair as one Archbishop wants to set up in Montreal, and t'other don't—seems like a queer thing for sich holy men to fight about, don't it, sir?" "But no doubt, Joseph, a principle is involved worth fighting for, or these great men would not have girded on their swords." "I know'd it, sir, I know'd it," exclaimed Joseph briskly, and with a relieved tone of voice, "I know'd as how the Archbishops wouldn't a cum out in the papers and said hard things about each other if there wasn't a principle somewheres, but I couldn't dezzactly say where. 'Taint for the heads of the church to go wrong, sir, nohow." "Faith, Joseph," I replied, "faith in matters ecclesiastical is of the utmost importance—retain yours in the meanwhile, and when I have studied the question I shall be happy to explain it to you." "Thankes, sir, yom' honor ought to a bin a Archbishop yerself; long life to yer."

Later on I found an opportunity of explaining to Joseph that Laval University had proposed to establish a branch in Montreal, and also to hold chairs at any other point in the

province it saw fit; that certain Montreal gentlemen opposed to the predominance of Laval, and looking forward to an independent University for Montreal, applied to Archbishop Bourget to know if it was permissible for the faithful to oppose the establishment of a branch of Laval in this city. To this application His Grace of Martianopolis replied in the affirmative—a declaration of war against Laval, which was promptly replied to by a discharge of grape and canister from the batteries of His Grace of Quebec. This elicited a return fire from the guns of Martianopolis. Meanwhile the authorities of Laval had applied to the Local Legislature for legislative authority for their proposed course. Petition after petition has been poured in against the bill from the district of Montreal, and as it is claimed that the conditions of the royal charter which Laval holds conflict with the permission which the Holy See has given it to extend its borders, the fight is a pretty one and excites much interest throughout the province. Joseph listened attentively to my explanation, and when I had finished said he thought he understood the principle better now, and that he always had known as Archbishop Bourget was one that ud stand up for the rights of Montreal. I have had some idea of offering my services as mediator between the belligerent Archbishops, for my diplomatic talents are, as you know, of a high order; but the fight being transferred to the Local Legislature, I have refrained. Should, however, a fitting opportunity for mediation occur, I shall listen to throw myself in the breach.

From giants ecclesiastical, I turn to a material one. The *Parisian*—largest and most magnificent vessel that ever steamed up the river—came, was seen of thousands, and has left. She sailed from Quebec on Saturday last with a goodly number of passengers—John A. Macdonald and DeCosmos—John A. Macdonald and Gordon Brown among the number. If the health of the right honorable knight and his good nature permit, fancy how the wrongs of British Columbia will be ventilated on the voyage. And again, I wonder if our astute Premier will catch the autocrat of the *Globe* on the promenade deck of the *Parisian*? Will Gordon return with a stout belief in the N. P. and the Syndicate, and will the great *Globe* thenceforward vie with the *Mail* in laudations of the greatest statesman of the age, since the departure of his only rival—Beaconsfield? Your red hot Liberals should have vetoed the possibility, by refusing to permit Mr. Brown's being shut up for ten days, in the same vessel, with the wily capturer of men. Let them tremble for the consequences of their lack of forethought.

By the way, a remarkable trio attracted a good deal of attention on St. James street in this city on Friday last, the day before the sailing of the *Parisian*. It is not often that the Montreal public has the opportunity of witnessing such a remarkable conjunction as the Hon. Mr. Pope, Minister of Agriculture, G. B., and your Special Commissioner. We were engaged in an animated conversation. Do not expect me to violate the proprieties by revealing its nature, save to intimate that Mr. P. congratulated himself on the fact that the *Globe* had not yet succeeded in killing him, and that G. B. replied the *Globe* had no murderous intentions, but that it grieved him to see that Ministers were preparing the happy despatch for themselves with such indecorous haste. Your Special Commissioner enjoyed the encounter, and with that delicate wit, for which he is famous, threw in here a word and there a word, which acted as oil upon a waning flame. At length, however, the fire burned itself out—we shook hands and each wended his separate way.

Having an appointment with the learned Principal of McGill, to aid him in elucidating a knotty geological problem, I close my despatch in haste.

Your

SPECIAL COMMISSIONER F. T. P. O. Q.



ASTONISHING FORGETFULNESS.

Goldy Smith. (Ecceitally, running after the acting editor of the *Globe*).—Hi there! Hello! Hold up! You've forgot something! You haven't got no article in this morning's paper pitching into the Smith Dinner!

King Street Phenomena.

"We are the King Street walkers. This sidewalk is ours. We know no other street. Queen, Yonge, Simcoe, York—we have heard of these and other streets with disgust and unbelief. There is no other street than this. No one ever sees us come to this delightful promenade. Do we live here? No. Do we spring out of the pavement? No. And yet at a certain hour every day here we are, as if by magic a number of the cedar-blocks had been endowed with life, and decked with spick and span new garments, and frizzed and well banged hair. We scorn the insinuation that we would ever be seen on any other street. Here, day by day, coming by some mysterious process from our, of course, elegant drawing rooms, where we have been, no doubt, under glass cases since yesterday afternoon, we appear in all our startling beauty, our loveliness, which as you see never fades or grows old. Do you, base plebeian, dare to assume that we were ever vulgar infants, sucking with greedy delight at bottles of warm pap, without any knowledge of the fashions and glories of the life we now lead? Perish the thought! Wo, whose every lock of hair is arranged with geometric precision, whose boots have never known what mud is, whose clothes are always new and spotless, whose faces wear an eternal smile of self-satisfaction, and whose mustachios curl no doubt by the force of the over-abundance of life that flows from our very important persons? Surely we never had such a common thing as a napkin swaddled around us? We know nothing of suffering or care. These are too vulgar to attract our notice. And death, what is it to us? Shall we not walk King street in this same fashionable attire, with these same curls, or those self-same wonderful mustachios for ever? Will not our high toned snarich glorify this street, and the fragrant smoke of our high-lifed cigarettes perfume its otherwise common and worthless atmosphere to time immemorial?"

DEPARTED.—Mr. Henry G. Vennor, it is announced, has gone to live in the States. His forecasts made for Canada generally struck away south of this line, and as the weather would not come to the Prophet, why, the Prophet has gone to the weather.

Who was the poet Laura ate?—*Elevated Railway Journal*. Lamb, probably.—*Somerville Journal*. Possibly Drake; girls are fond of canvas-backs.—*Yacob Strauss*. If she is a Boston girl it is probable that she has devoured a good deal of Hogg.—*Ex*. Hood you say? Hay? Don't know Howitt it strikes you but isn't it Moore probable in was a Knox or a Wolfe? In the "Course of Time" some of you will suggest a Pollok.

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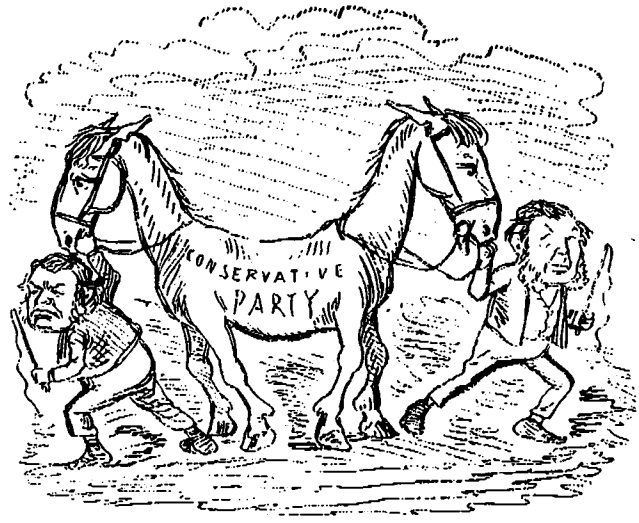
GRIP.

SATURDAY, 28TH MAY, 1881.



"ON THE OCEAN WAVE."

JOHN A.—I understand that you've thrown up the *Globe*. Is that so?



A CON. FOR THE LIB. CONS.

Which of them will lead?

See comments on page 3.

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