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CANADA'S HOPEFUL DAUGHTERS.

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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.—The bribery iniquity is still the uppermost topic. The trial has been going on from day to day before Colonel Denison, P.M., who has won golden opinions by his able conduct of the case. As we go to press before the close of the preliminary hearing, we are unable to report the upshot, but it is perhaps safe to say that the prisoners will be sent up for trial. In that case it is quite possible that Wilkinson, Bunting, and Meek will be consigned to oblivion so far as their political career is concerned, and this, notwithstanding the frantic yells of the *Mail* in behalf of its owner. Mr. Goldwin Smith has furnished bail for the American, Kirkland, an action which may be construed as a neat intimation of the By-stander's opinion that Kirkland's "plot" differed essentially from that of Wilkinson *et al.* No very startling addition has been made to the evidence since last week, but the conviction has been steadily growing that the Ottawa Government is at the bottom of the whole business. Mr. Macpherson has been notably silent since the production of his letter to *Big Push*, which seems to give the lie to his comprehensive denial in the Senate. The presence of John Shields and Stimson, *alias* Lynch, amongst the plotters, is most unfortunate for the latter. John Shields is *prima facie* evidence of jobbery, while Stimson is known to be a connection of one of the Ottawa Ministers. A Royal Commission is to be appointed by the Ontario Government to thoroughly sift the case during recess.

FIRST PAGE.—Let us hope it will be some time before any Canadian will undertake to read to brother Jonathan a lesson on political morality. The fact is that the United States has never known a scandal so vile as this. Congress has known lobbyists and bribers like Kirkland, but never political conspirators like Wilkinson, Bunting and their pals, whose plot was a cold-blooded attempt to thwart the people's will. Moreover, the American people have never failed to assign convicted corruptionists to political death; it remains to be seen whether Canada has enough virtue to follow that example in this case. She has

signally failed to do herself honor on other occasions of the kind. What does brother Jonathan find at the present moment in Canada? He finds the Tory Party pooh-poohing the gravity of this great crime, and only anxious to throw the blame on the expositors; and he finds the Grit party delighted beyond all expression at having got hold of such an admirable hustings argument. If the public opinion of this country were not debased by long schooling in corruption, he would find both parties in sackcloth and ashes—supposing that in such a case an outrage of this kind were possible at all.

EIGHTH PAGE.—There are times when GRIP is hard up for subjects, and there are other times when the fates provide an *embarrassment des riches*. Such a time is the present, and rather than lose the opportunity we "work" off half a dozen subjects in the space usually allotted to one.

HOW CAN WE PLEASE EVERYBODY.

ARNPRIOR, Mar. 7, 1884.

The Editor of GRIP,

I notice your paper seems to be all on one side, and does not pitch into the Reformers at all. * * *

H. C. J.

Branson, Mar. 10, '84.

The Editor of GRIP,

DEAR SIR,—I am a farmer and an admirer of GRIP except when that noble bird gets too much over on the Tory side. * * *

F. M.

There was a young girl of Soudan,
Who said she made coffee with bran,
It's cheap and it's horrid,
In this region so torrid,
For the soldiers who come to Soudan.

There was an old fellow of Trinkalat,
Who used to throw bottles of ink at that
Rascally pard,
Who told lies by the yard,
The war correspondent at Trinkalat.



Go and see the Bow-wow Exhibition at the Pavilion, now open.

"The Power o' Money" is being illustrated in a strong melodrama at the Grand this week. It has no reference to the Bribery Case, and can be enjoyed with safety by all parties.

The Royal Museum has a good company this week and consequently good audiences.

Our thanks are due the Traveler's Insurance Co., of Hartford, for a copy of their fine lithograph representing "Liberty Enlightening the World." It now graces the walls of our sanctum.

The banquet and reception in connection with the Ontario branch of the Dominion Alliance were held at Shaftesbury Coffee House on Tuesday evening, and the session of this important body continued on Wednesday. There is a great boom in the temperance idea, and Grip wishes it distinctly understood that he is with the Alliance in their good work, beak and claw, wing, tail and talons. Whiskey must go!



BOB SMITH'S GOAT.

Quite an institution in our village is Bob Smith's goat. It is one of those slab-sided animals of the man gender, and at all times and at all places he wears an expression as though desiring to treat one to a horn. Billy also has another peculiarity. His eyes are also at cross purposes and a perpetual warfare is constantly being exchanged between the two orbs. Added to this the fact that his goatship wages eternal combat against males with one arm with girls by their side, and his terrible character can be imagined.

Slowly up the village street one eventime Gus de Jenkins and Clara Gushington wend their way. Gus' right arm is lost to view, though to waist places dear, and, as sweet sentences trickle from his manly lips, he looks unutterable love at the gur-r by his side.

Totally oblivious to all surroundings the pair pass the retreat of Bob Smith's billy goat. Gus de Jenkins is in the act of saying, "Clara, charming cherub, if thou wert in the lap of danger and encompassed by foes, all would forsake you but"—the sentence is never finished. With one brave bound the goat clears the air, and another butt is placed most effectively. Gus de Jenkins fights with space, and then, as he falls panting to the ground, the welkin rings with the sound of the bursting of many seams. Prostrate upon terra firma, he hears unmoved his darling's frantic appeals for help, and when at last she disappears around the corner, pursued by the destroyer of their peace, he casts a hasty glance to the right, left, front and rear, and, seeing he is unobserved, clutches his nether garments, makes a hasty run for his boarding-house, climbs in the back window and rusticates for two days in the cellar.

When Gus de Jenkins and Clara Gushington now meet there is a sudden arctic wave in the immediate vicinity. And the goat—the goat is happy, and, as his eyes have a Japanese wrestle together, he whistles joyously to himself "Over the Garden Wall."

R. H. R.

An undergraduate at one of our universities once replied to a question that Esau was a Hebrew who wrote fables, and sold the copyright for a mass of potash.

Ben. Butler says he could get in Massachusetts 10,000 men to sign a petition to have him hanged. As an offset to this it might be stated that each of these 10,000 men would have no difficulty in getting Ben. to sign a petition to have him hanged. How beautifully nature equalizes things!



THE DOCTOR has decided it, and there must be no further warm discussion about the name of the new ward—no, not even Luke-warm discussion.

THE surprise is not, as one of the Ottawa writers puts it, that "Sir Chas. Tupper is still careful of his skin." It would be interesting to know where the Minister or influential member is who is *not* careful of his skin.

THE OTHER DAY they discharged a methodist preacher over in Hudson, N. Y., "on the ground that he was utterly unworthy of the ministry." This reads as though they really had some little foundation for their dissatisfaction with the reverend gentleman.

W. B. CASH is a South Carolina State official who has inquired to avoid the trouble of explaining to the authorities how he kept books. The Governor offers \$500 reward for him. This, it strikes me, is a clear case of throwing good money after bad Cash.

ALREADY the deplorable effects of the license muddle are making themselves painfully manifest. Even now the demons of discontent and disaffection are rearing their horrid heads. Here are Prescott hotel-keepers charging ten cents a drink at the bar!

AT MANY of the St. Patrick's Day banquets, according to the newspaper reports, there were no loyal toasts drunk. This is, no doubt, to be regretted; but yet there is a trifle of satisfaction in the reflection that very likely the Queen can stand it if the banquetters can.

ED. DIN is the name of an Afghan Journalist who has started an anti-British newspaper in Paris. His own leaders may be good enough writing for Ed. Din; but if he is wise he will engage an editorial staff of such fellows as Herr Most, O'Donovan Rossa and E. E. Shepard, and thus make a bigger din.

FOUR applications were made yesterday for admission to the hospital. One was admitted. —*Mail*. This is my authority for the grave suspicion haunting me that hospital affairs need a closer looking after. When it has come to pass that applications are being admitted to the institution, it is high time for an enquiry as to what is becoming of patients.

THERE is nothing like clutching Time by the bangs. I notice that Brant farmers of the Grit persuasion are already at work preparing for a political picnic in June. But, after all, three months is not too long a time to allow the invited speakers, when you come to consider what a strain on the inventive faculties the preparation of a political picnic speech means; and that is saying nothing of the strain on the digestive organs which the listeners have to undergo.

"LET the Indian," says the social economist, "be civilized, educated and given a chance, and he will assimilate with the white population and utterly lose his savage identity." There was an Indian in Kingston last week. He had been civilized, educated and enabled to read, write, cipher and sing hymns by note. Then he was given a chance, as a mail carrier up at Parry Sound. I said he was in Kingston last week. I might have added that he proposed—or rather the Government proposed it for him—to remain there five years, in strict seclusion. He had taken advantage of his chance and assimilated. By all means let the Indian become civilized and so forth.

AN INTERESTING FACT in physiological Science has just received additional verification in a case reported from Kingston. The case is that of the hackman, who have petitioned the city council to abolish hack licenses, grant them exemption from taxation and keep their rigs in repair—on the ground that they are a public necessity. The adamant check of the hackmen is of course due to their continued existence in a stone town, surrounded by stone influences—including the Penitentiary—and breathing, as it were, stone air, not to mention putting on stone airs. Kingston was not the scene of the discovery of pre-historic Muldoon, it is true; but yet there is a grand future in the petrified business in store for her if present indications are not deceptive.

THE BOYS are keeping the newspapers pretty busy these days recording their little eccentricities. In Kingston a few days ago a party of them were discovered leagued as a band of Bold Burglars. The parents, after ascertaining the constitution and by-laws of the association, decided that the by-laws were questionable, but the constitution—of each boy—was in good shape—for a belting. And that was the fate of the Band of Bold Burglars. If the strong arm of the law instead of that of the parent had been invoked and the youngsters sent to gaol, the reformation would not have been one-half so complete and lasting. In ninety-nine out of a hundred cases of youthful waywardness you find the gad more powerful than the prison as a deterrent—that is if you start the exercise of it soon enough.

PRINCE BISMARCK is improving in health. The old country correspondents in the confidence of the Chancellor are giving his "last doctor" all sorts of praise; but the chances are, the doctor's name not having been mentioned, that some Blood Bitters man will be advertising in the papers the wonderful job he has been making, with his mixture, of the Prince's internal economy. This could not be presented so long as such papers as the *Mail* are published, unless you killed off all the patent medicine men—an assassination devoutly to be wished for. One of the most marked signs of Prince Bismarck's restored health is his walking to the Reichstag from his residence, a distance of say five hundred yards. There is an example to the world! Any man, let alone a Prince, who will walk five hundred yards, when he could just as well ride, is a hero and prospective pedestrian.

THE *Globe's* Ottawa correspondent unquestionably has a great head. The last scandal he has dragged forth to the garish light of day by the scruff of the neck is a story to the effect that Ottawa Civil service *attachés*—this term, I am given to understand, is preferable to "clerk" among members of the service—have decided to contribute a fund for the purpose of "chartering" an M.P., "who, it is alleged, has promised to have the Civil Service Act amended so as to dispense with examinations for promotion, and also to induce the Govern-

ment to make a general increase of the salaries of the officials in question." Of course, the idea of some one M.P. or other being able to influence the Government in any such direction at his own saccharine volition is not at all an improbable one; while, assuredly, no one doubts the charterability of an M.P., particularly of the Tory persuasion. But where the laugh comes in is at the grave announcement that the Civil Service *attachés* propose to contribute a fund for this purpose! I wonder is the *Globe* correspondent actually doing this for a dig at these ambitious but impetuous people! At all events, I repeat that the young man has a great head; but sometimes, I fear me, it is an artificially constructed head.

THE WAY in which certain members are pestering Mr. Mowat about new Parliament Buildings can only be fittingly described by the somewhat harsh but unmistakable term "crank"—which was what the *Globe* the other day called the word "steal" in applying it to the Pacific Railway loan. Is it not a universally known fact that Mr. Mowat started the session trembling about the size, if not, indeed, the very existence of his majority? Does not every well-informed person know that all along he has been fighting the Beasts at Ottawa over the License patronage affair and a variety of other important matters? Hasn't he been overwhelmed with anxiety about what that magistrate really did say of the Weekes case? Is not the canker worm of grief at this very moment gnawing at his vitals because of the discovery of the Algoma cipher telegrams? Think of his soul-corroding perplexity as to which side of the House the new man, McColeman, belongs! Fancy all his expenditure of time and thought posting Dowling, Balfour and McKim as to how to seduce the owner of the *Mail*! Reflect on his utter prostration after reading in the *Mail* that "his character as a christian politician is ruined!" And yet, we find legislators get up in their seats and pile the Ossa of new Parliament Buildings on the Pelion of all this! Does no one propose to give the Little Premier a chance?

EVIDENTLY the dynamite market is firm, with rising tendency. There is perhaps, nothing alarmingly new in dynamite having an upward tendency, and so the observation in this respect may pass for exactly what it is worth. Whether the police across the ocean are themselves exaggerating the transactions of dynamite merchants, or whether the dynamite merchants are subsidizing the press correspondents to undertake the job of exaggerating, is a question which is hereby respectfully but firmly submitted as debate subject matter for the nearest Young Men's Reform Association. But there is one thing very certain, and that is, that the dynamite stock market is being largely manipulated by the bulls—Irish bulls so to speak. Another thing which also seems pretty well assured is that dynamiculture is long going to lack for patrons, so long as American soil holds together—and just now the disintegration of that substance does not seem to be a contingency of the immediate future. By-the-by, the O'Rossa really has some little reason to feel offended at the report dissociating him from the recent London dynamite deals. The Professor has a reputation as well as a subscription fund to keep up, and this mean trifling with his finer feelings may well cause the blush of honest indignation to suffuse his well-balanced cheek. As to the rumored Fenian attempt to blow up a Toronto distillery, of course it is a *canard*. No Fenian true to his country's cause and his taste is going to interfere with a distillery—that is to say, with the operations, not the product, of a distillery.



WILL SHE DROWN THEM?

MARY ANN.

Ly our own Weekly Post.

They nearly striko me dumb,
I tremble when they come,
K-a-a-tat!
Her step is like a man's,
Those boots are Mary Ann's,
Think of that!

On pampas vast and wide
The bullock must have died,
From whose pelt
The cobbler made those feet
At which, with accents sweet,
I have knelt.

The imprint it declares,
The pixie, that she wears
Number nine;
And there is me who knows
They're broad about the toes
Where they stinck.

What soles to trample strife
Has Mary Ann my wife;
Would you dare
To come in late at night,
And meet her with a light
On the stair?

For Mary's *adornment*,
But yet by no means fair
As a rose;
A red and pouting lip,
And most decided tip
To her nose.

The Moslem lords who tack
Their favourites in rack
When they choose,
Would hardly think it meet
To come within six feet
Of her shoes.

Cinderella's lefts and rights
To Mary Ann's were mites;
Oh! the sweet!
They answered most men's views
About nice-fitting shoes,
On the street.

Come, pussie, since it suits
Your mind, to wear the boots,
Why? you may;
I'll tend the chicks at home,
And you abroad may roam
All the day.

FREDERICK MCKER.

WILKINSON, KIRKLAND, BUNTING,
"et al."

A HODGE-PODGE OF NOTE, QUERY, COMMENT,
SUGGESTIO AND SUPPRESSIO, AND THE LIKE.

THE GREAT SPEC. IN LOCAL LEGISLATORS, AS
VIEWED THROUGH DIFFERENT COLORED
GLASSES.

Since this plot, or conspiracy, or whatever you call it, on the part of the Local Government, or the Opposition, or the *Globe*, or Bunting of the *Mail*, or Wilkinson, or Meek or Detective Murray, or—but, for heaven's sake, don't ask GRIP to explain or elucidate any further! He is frantic now! His sanctum tible is heaped! And more is coming in every mail! All about the—the—what—you-may-call-it! The country really *can't* be safe! Neither is GRIP's reason! There is a strong feeling abroad on this—this—this—unlooked-for contingency! There is also a strong feeling in GRIP's breast that it should never have occurred—for the sake of his peace of mind! He has written and read and read and written! And at this moment he is more mixed up than when he started out to calmly pass his opinion on a—a—a—"Twon't do! He will simply let his editorials on the subject fly, without even a look at the proof, and if readers can make anything out of this handful of letters and things clutched at random from the pile, let 'em make it—and be blown to 'em—and don't bother GRIP any more—or, by George, they'll find out—they'll rouse the sleeping lion in his breast—and realize what it is to—to—well, to have one raven mad. There, now! Will that do you?

A NEFARIOUS BUSINESS.

To say that the Canadian people are startled by the exposure of the diabolical scheme set afloat by the well-known leader of a notorious gang of consummate corruptionists is but poorly to describe the highly-wrought state of public feeling in the Dominion at the present time. The facts, according to the *Globe*, which journal must be read for a detailed account, are briefly, that villainous overtures have been made to prominent members of the Legislature with a view to purchase their support towards effecting the overthrow of the present able and incorruptible ministry. The true nobility of character distinguishing Mr. Mowat's supporters was never more beautifully manifested than in the high-spirited style in which the members approached at first scorned the base offers and afterwards cleverly laid the whole miserable job bare, and secured the apprehension of two and the discovery of the identity of others belonging to the "brawling brood of bribers hatched under the caves of the *Mail* building." This crime is one too atrocious to admit of the slightest palliation or excuse. Let justice be done, though the whole roof of the Parliament Buildings should fall! Perhaps it would fall wholly on the Opposition members, and grind the unsavory crew out of existence. Sir John, the arch-conspirator, is, of course, at the bottom of this dastard attempt at debauching the people's representatives.

CONSPIRACY EXTRAORDINARY.

What is, on the very face of it, one of the most unconscionable and wholly incomprehensible, unjustifiable and contemptible plots to ruin a reputation, is that which has just come to light in connection with the Local Legislature of Ontario. The *expose* of the shameless conduct of Mr. Mowat, in hiring a trio of his followers in the House to lead Mr. C. W. Bunting into a trap, and through him cast odium on the *Mail* and a slur on the great Liberal Conservative party, is most complete. Of course these soulless hirelings (as well as others) were willing to take a bribe from a timber lobbyist—and some of them did—and betray their leader. But one of them happened to find out it would pay best to go to Mowat and give the whole thing away. This knowledge finally came to the rest of the purchasable coterie, some of whom took advantage of it while others got left. What is there to show any criminal connection with this base business of bribery on the part of Mr. Bunting? There is only the unsworn testimony of three sneaking curs, and the information subscribed to by a so-called detective, who personally knows nothing about the matter, but must be kept employed some way if only for appearances' sake. Mowat may consider himself no longer a christian or a gentleman. His vile plot to ruin a fellow-citizen has collapsed. If anything were wanting to decide that on their appeal the Mowat Government will be hurled from power by the people, this scandalous revelation supplies it.

WHY AND WHEREFORE.

Dear GRIP,—Please answer the subjoined why's and wherefores suggested by the Bribery Scandal:—

(1) Why is the *Globe* so jubilant and facetious about what, if its own views are correct, is matter calling for the exhibition of sincere sorrow and humiliation, coupled with the profoundest indignation, but admitting of no jocularity or smart Alickisms?

(2) Why does not the *Globe* at least eschew the use of the nick-name, "Big Push," as applied to Wilkinson? The origin of the term recalls no very creditable incidents in the history of the *Globe*. But probably the new manager of that journal has had his instructions to

never spare a Brown when a chance to sting him presents.

(3) Why hasn't the editor of the *Globe* expressed himself quite satisfied that his estimate of the low state of public morality in Canada has finally been accepted and acted upon in the most practicable way possible? Iterated and reiterated have been the *Globe's* opinions that Canadian public morality was rotten to the core, and that all you wanted to achieve your ends in politics was enough money. Here now come some Yankee geniuses who propose to avail themselves of the chances so ably pointed out! Wherefore does not the clever editor modestly acknowledge his handiwork?

(4) Why will the *Globe* not be satisfied with strong and plain language, without resorting to very vulgar and very senseless slang.

(5) Why should not the *Globe's* arrival at positive conclusions simply in the face of unsworn statements, uncross-questioned, before a legislative committee, be deemed rather premature, to say the least of it?

(6) Why can not Mr. Meredith and Mr. Morris be given credit for sincerity in their views as to the conduct of the gentleman who acted under Mr. Mowat's directions in the bribery trapping?

These thoughts have a sort of bearing on this matter, and I desire to give expression to them through the medium of your valuable journal which, notwithstanding the *Globe's* claim, has, I am assured, "the largest circulation" etc., etc.

VOX POPULI.

LIGHT WANTED.

MY BELOVED BIRD:

A whole crowd of ideas are running riot through my head—lots of room for 'em you say?—about this little bribery breeze in the Big County Council. Give us a little light, you wise old cawker, on some at least.

Now, in the first place, is it true that the wouldn't-be-boughten men are, after all, only wouldn't-stay-boughten men?

It seems to me that the timber tricksters had a few of 'em on a string, at first, but that they afterwards decided to go over to the party of the first part made and provided. The "made and provided" will show up later on, may be.

Second, What makes Bunting's name figure at the head of the class in the information sworn out, except Mowat ordered it so, as a blast on the *Mail* manager—as the *Mail* manager.

Third, Doesn't it serve Bunting right, anyway, for associating with such stock as the *Durham News Daisy*?

Fourth, Why should Bunting give Sir John ten years of life and give Archbishop Lynch only four? The wish was father to the thought in the case of His Grace, don't you think?

Fifth, If the thing is goalable why make fish of one and flesh of another, instead of shoving the quartette into the cooler? Poor Wilky and Kirky must have had a pain up in the neck when they found it was "no bail" for them, but, all hunk for Bunt and Meeky!

Sixth, Who in the name of all that's long-winded, got off that information? Why, it would do for a man who had knocked the whole bottom out of the British constitution!

Seventh, Is it Meredith's grammar or Dowling's recollection that is to blame for the wording of the Round Robin?

Sorry to trouble you, but really I am wildly anxious about these things. If you fail to struggle with the conundrums—+++

Old Sub.

PERPLEXED.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR,—I am perplexed about a certain phase of the Legislative Assembly Scandal. I allude

to the use of the expression, "Brawling Brood of Bribers." It was likely thought to be an admirable illustration of apt alliteration's artful aid, but if Mr. Fraser will only look into it he will discover striking incongruity in the association of ideas. A "brood" is not supposed to have any connection with a "brawl" even by the very widest stretch of the imagination. Now, a "Brood of Brawling Bribers" would not have presented such an anomalous look, and then it might have been extended by a "Blataut Bloodthirsty Budgy," and a variety of other adjectives too numerous to mention. Fraser has clearly made a mull of it, and must now see that this, at first blushing happy expression of his, can never go down to posterity—in its present shape. Kindly give your opinion and counsel to

CONGRUITY.

WOULD LIKE TO KNOW, YOU KNOW.

To GRIP:—People sez you Kin tell me suthin 'bout This ere bribe Bizness ole Mote. Kin you, if so gimme a pointer—was it McKirkland or Bunting or Villikins who hed the dosh? i mean wich wun of 'em handled the shug. If the yank hed 'em walth he wuz workin' a skème fur hiz own self and with hiz own cash, so you kant git the drop onto the toris on 'count of 'Him. but mebbe Villikins wuz the Party wot fingered the crispies, did he git 'em frum Sir John fur to bi up Mote fur Meredith, or did he git 'em frum McKirkland fur to bi up them squealin members fur Mak hisself? Wuz they two littel jobs in hand to wunst—the Yankee feller's and Sir John's? If Bunting never hed nuthin to do with it wot made the meetins in the mail oris? did Mote send the members to Bunting or did Bunting send fur 'em? Wot's the good of the *Mail* lambastin the squealers now, emyhow? Mebbe Mak found out Villikins gain an then the two chipped in az a team! And that's wot got Bunting in a hole. Wot do you say 'bout the hull racket?

JIM JACKSON.

WHAT SOME FOLKS SAY.

[By Grip's newest Quill Nunc.]

Mowat doesn't go this trip.

—*The little Premier.*

The best little game of "I spy" ever we played.

—*The whole Cabinet*

I know the Tory Brigade had a fist in it.

—*Pardee.*But I showed how to catch 'em in *flag*.—*Hardy.*

And I dressed 'em down with "Brawling Brood," etc.

—*Fraser.*

Well, we did the dirty work and—and—but you know!

—*The Spies.*

It's a — — — lie about me. Put that in your own style, Griffin—but make it good and strong. We ain't on oath, you know.

—*C. W. B.*

Oh, I don't need instructions. If good solid lying can help the boss, here goes! But I'm doubtful, all the same.

—*Martin J.*

My client Mr. Wilkinson denies the charge in to-to. Perhaps that don't amount to much. But—we have got bail that will!

—*Lawyer Neville.*

Buil be jiggered!

—*Fenton.*

That information knocks me cold.

—*Dr. McM.*

It's given me a sore throat reading it.

—*The Colonel.*

It's a big heap to swear to on spec.

—*Old John.*

It's tough on my partner to have his name so prominent in it.

—*John Riordan.*

All I wanted was to get my timber legislation, and I had the money to do it, too.

—*Kirkland.*

Only I came along and fancied we could hunt in couples, and do better.

—*Wilkinson.*

Yes, and you got me and Bunting into the moss that way, you infernal scoundrel,—you.

—*Meek.*

Of course if Wilkinson had worked the thing right I would not have withheld my hand.

—*The Grand old Schemer.*

And I would have headed a coalition Government in Ontario—and passed as the Savior of the country.

—*Meredith.*

With me second in command! Spare these groans!

—*Morris.*

And me with the Key of the cash-box in charge! I'm real tired.

—*Creighton.*

I can make bother enough for Bunting and his party even inside of four years.

—*His Grace.*

I believe Mowat has put up this job himself right through and through, and you needn't try to make me think otherwise.

—*The out-and-out Tory Partisan.*

The Ottawa Government are responsible for this whole business. Sir John's hand is clear in it. The money all came from there. I wouldn't believe a Tory on his oath.

—*The dyed-in-the-wool Grit.*

I don't see much dignity in the spy business.

—*The open-and-above-board Man.*

Oh, but we must use questionable strategy at times.

—*The not-over-particular crafty Man.*

It's a bad piece of business all round, and I want to see more into it before I finally conclude how the blame really ought to be apportioned.—*The thoughtful, critical, fair-minded, independent Man.*

A \$20 BIBLICAL PRIZE.

The publishers of *Ruledge's Monthly* offer twelve valuable rewards in their *Monthly* for April, among which is the following:

We will give \$20.00 to the person telling us how many words there are in the Epistle of Jude, as recorded in the New Testament Scriptures (not the New Revision), by April 10th, 1884. Should two or more correct answers be received, the Reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner April 15th, 1884. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the *May Monthly*, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address RULLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Easton, Penna.

THE wild anarchist, Bailey, who has seceded Manitoba (see *Globe*) is described by an authenticated press correspondent—which is different from a press authenticated correspondent—as "a bifurcated phonograph who doesn't own land enough in the Province to bury him perpendicularly." This is, no doubt, a lively sentiment, embodied in a nicely rounded period. But really the correspondent should be more explicit. He neglects to say why a bifurcated phonograph should be buried perpendicularly rather than in the old accustomed style with toes up—that is, of course, always supposing a bifurcated phonograph has any toes to turn up. Perhaps also the correspondent while he is at it will say, not necessarily for information but as a guarantee of good sense, what a bifurcated phonograph might possibly be.

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 MODERN BAR-ROOMS.

WHERE BEEF TEA, HOT MILK &c. ARE KEPT, A GREAT BOON. (As sung by the great Vance, Jolly Nash, &c., to the air of "CLICQUOT, CLICQUOT.")

Oh! what a blessed thing it is, that people now-a-days Can walk in, unsuspected, through the door of a saloon; Without their friends being anxious that they're tread- ing naughty ways, For if they're asked what they've imbibed, why this will be their tune.

CHORUS.

"Beef-tea, beef-tea, that's the stuff to make you jolly, Beef-tea, beef-tea, that will banish melancholy; Yes, the very best of all the drinks it seems to me— Is what I've just been drinking, that adorable beef-tea."

To men who want to be considered temperance folks O. K., But who *will* take a quiet nip, this custom's quite a boon, For when seen by some abstainer coming out, he's sure to say,

"What *could* a temperance man like you want in a saloon?"

(SPOKEN: The answer comes as natural as possible)

CHORUS.

"Hot milk, boiled milk; that's the stuff to make you frisky, Hot milk, boiled milk, better far than beer or whiskey," Oh! This modern custom does enable them to birk Those goody-goody water men who can't object to milk.

Besides beef-tea and milk, you know, the "luscious bivalves," too, Are sold as well as whiskey, just for half a dime a glass;

You go into a bar-room, take of drinks of rye a few, And say unto your temperance friend as through the door you pass.

(SPOKEN: With a clove in your mouth, you know)

CHORUS.

"Oysters, oysters, come and have some; I'm not selfish, Oysters, oysters, best of all the ocean shellfish!" A glorious custom this indeed, this modern bar-room dodge,

And one that ne'er makes bother, like Regina *versus* Lodge.

And when you homewards, putty full, at night may take your way,

Your wife will meet you at the door with fire in her eye,

And as she tweaks your ruby nose I think I hear her say,

"So you've been drinking, have you? now I'll know the reason why."

(SPOKEN—And then it isn't a bit of good—for you know the reason why—to say!)

CHORUS.

"Beef-tea, beef-tea; stronger 'tis than e'er I thought it; Hot milk, boiled milk, oh! indeed I ne'er had bought it If I'd thought that I should be in such a woful plight As beef-tea, milk and oysters have brought me to to-night."

SWIZ.

"Can you tell me, my dear boy," said that wag of a Jones to his friend Tomkins, who was very proud of what he called his moustache, "why that downy upper lip of yours reminds me of Shakespeare?"

"Well, no, I cannot," replied Tomkins, after a minute's reflection, though evidently highly flattered.

"Because, my dear fellow," said Jones, "it gives h-airy nothing a local habitation and a name.—*The Judge.*"

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PICTURES OF THE WEEK.

THE DANCER AND THE DUDE.

Mademoiselle Eliza Trippalli
Was a dancer in the ballet
'Round which darling dudes did rally
In the Bijou Theatre.
Flashing, floating, like a fairy,
Pretty, pert, petite and airy;
Such a charmer! There was nary
One with face so fresh and fair.

None, indeed, with optics dreamier,
Or with shortened skirts extromier,
Than this lovely danseuse premiere,
As she skipped behind the lights.
When compared with her the others
Seemed like giddy, gray grandmothers;
Each one rightly said that 'others'
Feet were big and fearful frights.

Like the foam on wave of ocean,
Rose and fell with graceful motion
Frisks and flounces—such commotion
Did Trippalli's tripping cause.
As she smiled and danced the faster
Peerless arms like alabaster—
Models fit for sculpturo-master—
Waved accord with grace's laws.

Percy Montmorency Noodlet
Was a darling little dudet
Who had cash and never would let
Ballet girls want wine and oysters.
Percy loved a roaring racket—
Percy's pocketbook could back it—
Loved a joke but could not crack it,
Braitless brat and boisterous.

Percy saw and loved Trippalli,
And he patronized the ballet.

Every night for weeks—a tally
Kept he of his daily doings,
Night and night he saw her dancing,
Skipping, pirouetting, prancing,
And one night he saw her glancing
At him in his wooings.

How his heart went pit-a-patty,
And how most uneasy sat he!
While he fumbled with his hat he
Thought of oysters, wine and—Venus!
Then he wrote a billet-doux,
And gave it to a boy in blue;
He said sweet things—(dear reader, you
shall hear its sweetness read between us).

"Darling dancer! here before thee
Sits a youth who does adore thee;
Let me meet thee, I implore thee,
Or my madd'ning mind must perish.
Let me meet those glances nearer,
Let me tell thee thou art dearer
Than all else; thine eyes are clearer
Than the stars—thy smile I cherish."

This the note that came in answer
From the beautiful ballet dancer:
"Come and see me when you can, sir—
When my work's done in the ballet.
Lest you lose yourself inside, you
Will come with the man beside you,
He will undertake to guide you
To Mademoiselle Elise Trippalli."

To the green-room with the stranger
Walked young Percy, scouting danger,
Hoped Elise had time to 'range her
Muslins nuzzled and features flustered.

At the door they tapped faintly,
Tapped lightly, tapped, daintly
Ere they crossed the threshold saintly—
Percy glad and courage mustered.

In an armchair, with a baby,
Sat a woman aged, maybe
Forty-five; with hairs as gray be
Those of badger—greyest tresses.
On a stand some paint and powder,
On a chair the scant clothes 'lowed her—
Sat she chewing some clam chowder,
Pigs' feet, hash and other meases.

Said the man: "Sir, I implore you
See the girl whose glances floor you,
This coy maiden now before you
Is Mademoiselle Elise Trippalli.
But, I tell you, on my life, sir,
When she's free, from starchy strife, sir,
She is well known as my wife, sir,
Missis Katharine O'Kelly."

—C. M. R.

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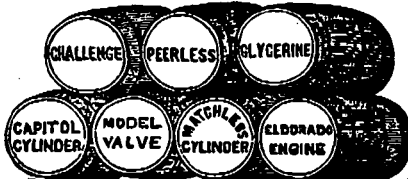


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