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(TRADE-MARK REGISTERED.)

### 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, GRIP office Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.



### PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl; The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 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.

The stage of the Royal is vacant this week, but fresh attractions will be announced shortly.

The *Globe* states that the *Telegram* was founded with Goldwin Smith's money, only it doesn't mention the *Telegram's* name.

Mrs Scott-Siddons has taken a short lease of the Haymarket Theatre, London, beginning in September next. So saith Dame Rumor.

Mr. Keene, the star of the "Hazel Kirke" company, is a Kingstonian, and when he arrived in that town on Friday evening by the *Algerian* had pleasant calls from many old friends.

Miss Genevieve Ward gave a series of performances in her celebrated part of *Stephanie* at the Grand last week. The audiences were not so large as might have been expected.

An endeavor is being made to secure the appearance of Booth, Irving and McCulloch in such a piece as "Julius Caesar," and so bring the three greatest tragedians of the day on the same stage.

We would again remind our readers that the exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists is now open. A very pleasant and profitable hour may be spent in viewing the works, which are of high average merit.

The Public Library project in Toronto appears to have dropped out of sight. The idea is gone, but we trust not forgotten. No city ever wanted a public library more than this—the intellectual centre—does.

Canadian papers speak in the highest terms of praise of the work of Warren Hall, son of Capt. J. W. Hall, of the *Trade Review*, of this city. A very fine portrait by "Warnie" hangs in Brow's gallery.—*Ohay, Detroit.*

The Ford English, Opera Company succeeded Miss Ward at the Grand, appearing in "Olivette" and "Billie Taylor." The latter work, though plainly an imitation of "Pinafore," has enough originality about it to make it palatable.

The opposition of the *Globe* to the proposed press dinner to Goldwin Smith will help to make the affair a success. We have not heard how the preparations are progressing, but it is to be hoped it will be a decided triumph if given at all.

William Ross Wallace, author of the once popular song, "The Sword of Bunker Hill," died last week in New York. He was born in Paris, Ky., in 1819. He was a contemporary and friend of William Cullen Bryant, Edgar Allan Poe and George D. Prentice.

Lord Dufferin, whose artistic talents are well known in Canada, has recently completed a crayon drawing of Mrs. Florence I. Duncan, a lady who was frequently a guest at Rideau during his term. The work is pronounced admirable. The Earl, it is said, was in Paris last year studying art *incognito*.

Mr. Davin, being a gallant Irishman, will no doubt feel ashamed of himself when he learns the real facts in the matter of the "pirating" of his Beaconsfield article by Philadelphia *Quill*. But he should have enquired first before rushing into print. We learn from a Philadelphia correspondent that the contribution in question was sent in by a friend of the paper, when the editress, accidentally discovering that it was a compilation, took the trouble to find out the name of the original author (Mr. Davin), and added that gentleman's initials after the matter was in type. This hardly comes under the category of "stealing," and the chivalrous Nicholas Flood will no doubt fittingly apologize for his hastiness.

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Literature and Art.

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

The last number of *Grip* contains the usual amount of good things, only a little more so. It also completed the 16th Volume, and auspiciously concluded the 8th year of its existence.—*Bellerive Ontario.*

The fact that Haverly's Minstrels are at the Grand Opera accounts for the rush to that place of amusement. The name of Haverly is a sufficient guaranty of excellence, did we not know from previous acquaintance that the troupe is a first-class one. Go and see them if you want to have a refreshing laugh.

The last number of *Grip* contains an excellent cartoon concerning Sir Samuel Tilley's sudden change of mind as to his retirement from public life. Sir Leonard Tilley is represented as shaking his fist in Sir Samuel Tilley's face, and saying, "You miserable Grit prevaricator! who authorized you to report abroad that I intended to retire from public life?"—*Ottawa Free Press.*

Joseph K. Emmet, who was recently reported by cable as having been put in a lunatic asylum at Liverpool on account of alcoholism, has been financially the most successful actor in the world. He is equally popular in the United States, England and Australia, and can make contracts with managers wherever he goes for seven performances a week at \$500 each.

Nearly all the London journals agree that McCulloch did not create a very satisfactory impression as *Othello*, and that there was too much fierceness in his rendering of the character. Several critics comment favorably on the first part of the performance. The audience, however, appreciated the actor's efforts, and recalled him three times at the end of the third act.

George C. Harding, an Indianapolis journalist, widely known, died on Sunday in that city. He was a war correspondent during the sectional strife. After that he was interested in the publication of literary weeklies in Indianapolis, the most successful of which was the *Saturday Herald*, which is still a very flourishing paper. His last newspaper venture was the *Indianapolis Review*.

It was the editor of the *Globe* who uttered the famous dictum that nothing was necessary to edit a paper of a certain class, beyond a pair of scissors, a pot of paste, and a modicum of brains. *Wild Out*, of New York, is a good illustration of this sort of journalism. The publisher has evidently secured a bankrupt stock of old cuts. Each week he selects a batch of eight pages of them, writes legend lines under each (entirely foreign to the real idea of the cuts), fills up the remaining eight pages with stale reprint, and puts the whole re-hash on the market under the title of a "comic paper 1"

The second concert of the Choral Society under the direction of Mr. E. Fisher comes off this (Friday) evening. From the rush made for seats it is safe to predict a crowded pavilion, and the merits of the Society deserve nothing less. On this occasion Mendelssohn's "Come, let us sing," and Costa's "Dream," with selections, form the programme. Mr. Dennison, whose singing in the "Pirates of Penzance" created so favorable an impression, is to be the principal tenor soloist. A rare treat is in store for all lovers of music.



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The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.



**OUR NEW PREMISES.**

To-day GRIP signalizes the commencement of Volume Seventeen by issuing from his new office, Adelaide Street East, a front view of which is presented in the above cut. Having been built expressly for the purpose of a printing and publishing business, our new premises afford many facilities which hitherto we have lacked, and the immediate result will be an improvement in all work hereafter passing through our hands. This opportunity may be taken to remind our friends that in connection with GRIP and the ILLUSTRATED SIGNBOARD WRITER we have a very complete job printing office, stocked with the best material and superintended by competent workmen; our Relief Plate Process department is also now in capital running order. We are therefore in a position to execute orders for letter-press and pictorial work of all kinds, as well as for lithography, wood engraving, etc., in a manner and at rates which we feel confident will prove satisfactory to all who favor us with their work.

**Cartoon Comments.**

LEADING CARTOON.—The proposition of the Canadian Press Association to entertain Prof. Goldwin Smith at a complimentary dinner, prior to his departure for England, has excited the antagonism of Mr. Gordon Brown, the editor of the *Globe*. Mr. Brown objects to any such recognition of Mr. Smith on the ground that the latter is an annexationist—which allegation he clearly proves from the Professor's writings. He further warns those who take part in paying the proposed compliment that they will thereby assume the odium of the treasonable opinions of their guest. In reply the Press Association organs declare that Mr. Brown is moved by a feeling of personal antipathy towards Prof. Smith; that the dinner

has no connection with politics at all, but is intended as a compliment to one who has done valuable service to the Press of Canada by raising its tone and making it more tolerant. In short it is Prof. Smith, the editor, who is to be entertained, and not Prof. Smith, the propagandist. The spirit of this situation is conveyed in the familiar scene depicted on our central page.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Considerable interest is being manifested throughout the Dominion on the question of the Ontario Boundary Award. That the tribunal of arbitration was a just one nobody questions, nor is it denied that they did their work well and fairly. But notwithstanding this the Dominion Government seem determined to thwart their decision, which was given in favor of an increase of Ontario's territory. Sir John Macdonald has shown a disposition to favor Manitoba instead, and in this he evidently has the sympathy of the other Provinces, whose opinion is that Ontario is already large and influential enough. The recent utterances of the Quebec and Maritime press are epitomised in the sketch entitled "The Bone of Contention."

**Answers to Correspondents.**

*S-th-r-l-m.*—Very kind of you to speak of GRIP as one of the greatest intellectual engines in the Dominion. Did your Grace's fondness for the locomotive suggest the metaphor? We trust your trip through Canada will prove an eminently agreeable one.

*M. H. G-att, M. P., Montreal.*—Yes, we shall be happy to negotiate with you for the publication of your Parliamentary Speeches, but we would like to defer a work of such magnitude until we get comfortably settled in our new quarters. Our facilities for the production of bulky volumes will then be ample.

*Hugh All-n.*—We congratulate you upon the recent splendid demonstration in your honor at the Windsor. Our Special Commissioner informs us that it was most successful in every way. Although not exactly our mission, still GRIP is ready to join in any tribute of respect paid to those who aid in developing the resources of the Dominion.

*Charles P-pp-r.*—One of my first acts on my return is to ask you to bury the hatchet—let us be friends." Not the least objection in life, Sir Charles. We fought your railway policy tooth and nail because we thought, and still think, it a disastrous one, but we have no quarrel with you personally. Accept our congratulations on the improvement in your health.

*I. T-ite, Quebec.*—It was the great Dr. Johnson who said—but never mind what he said—our refusal would have been as absolute if he had never uttered so opposite a truth. Because you are out of humor with your leader we certainly will not publish obscure and vulgar conundrums about a Chapleau and a low chap. Propound them in your own paper.

*P-quet, Quebec.*—You ask us to defend your acceptance of the fourteen thousand dollars from the Credit Foncier. We will do nothing of the kind. If Caesar's wife should be above suspicion, equally so should be a Minister of the Crown. Rattling from one's party may sometimes be defended, but rattling with fourteen thousand dollars in prospective has, to say the least, a very ugly look.

Truth says that "Mr. Edward Lawson's reputation as the most reliable dealer in pure teas and other groceries is one to be envied by all young men growing up grocers." Mr. Lawson is certainly a first-rate merchant, but why shouldn't his reliability be copied by people who are in business of any kind as well as by young men who are "growing up grocers."

People who have been drinking coffee with city milk have taken chalk o' late.



**THE HOT WAVE.**

Time: Wednesday, 11th May.

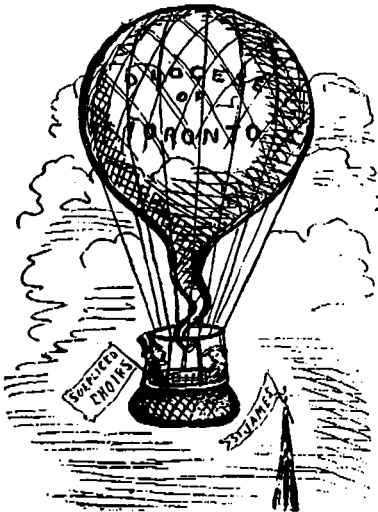
*First Sufferer.*—Hot, isn't it?

*Second do.*—Hot!! Phew! This is what they mean by *Holes* in the Revised Edition!

**Grip's "Old Stories Re-told."—No. I.**

PETRARCH AND LAURA.

Away down in Shut Gully (*Vancouver*) there lived a farmer who had a good-looking wife called Laura, by her given name. She had a figure as straight as a telegraph pole, and hair the color of a chipmunk's tail, and by all accounts she was a dreadful nice woman. Still, none of the neighbors thought her anything so very much out of the common way, till there came to live in a grand house in Shut Gully a rich swell, wearing store clothes, and not doing anything to earn his own living. His name was Pete Mark, and some of the boys said he was a poet, like Plumb down to Niagara.—only he wasn't quite like Plumb, for nobody ever made fun of what he wrote. He wrote real nice, that's a fact, and the editor of the Shut Gully *Buster* was glad to insert his poetry without ever charging it as an advertisement. He was sort of hospitable too, living single, with an old woman who kept house for him and who wasn't much on poetry. And when the boys came along to see him, he was always willing to set up the drinks, and the boys would sit down and listen to Pete reciting of his poetry and twanging away on an instrument like a big Jewsharp, a sort of crooked frame like two handles of a buck saw joined together, and strung with wires; he called it his loot, and indeed it did not amount to much, and the twanging was a little firesome, rather too much of a straight strain. The girl who played the melodeon at the little church on Sundays kind of turned up her nose at it, but the boys liked Pete real well, and weren't going to give away him and his loot for a stuck-up thing like that, who was a prohibitionist strict, while Petewent strong, you bet, for King Dodds and another party who was dead against the Scott Act, whose given name was "backus." So one day Pete went visiting to where Laura was at a sewing-see, and he got awful sweet on Laura, and she asked him to tea at her house for next day. So Pete brought his loot and he repeated poetry all about Laura till time for him to go home. Laura wasn't much on poetry and didn't understand a word of it. But Pete was quite the gentleman, and he gave Laura books to read, and wrote his name in her autograph album. And so he came there once or twice every week, and Mr. Laura, that was Laura's husband, used to say, "Now, come again, Pete, as soon as you can, and be sure to fetch along your loot." And this went on for years. Pete walking about the garden twanging his loot, and repeating poetry about Mrs. Laura. Laura knew he was a harmless poor fellow, and besides she was kind of flattered at the poetry and the loot. At last Pete died and got planted by the parson, and Mrs. Laura, who was now a very old woman, was sorry and kind of missel him and his loot. His poetry was re-published by the editor of the *Buster*, and quite a few copies were sold by the book agents and at the leading stores and saloons. C.P.M.



**A QUESTION FOR THE BISHOP.**

Mr. Gur (to his Lordship, who holds the valve cord).—Hello, your Holiness! We've got away up above the spire of St. James'. Don't you think we're getting a little too High?

**Slashbush on the Scott Act**

"Rain, rain, nothing but rain," sighed Gustavus Slashbush as he hung up his dripping coat before the kitchen fire to dry after a visit to the barn to secure the door which had been blown open during the night. "A perfect storm, and such rain! I really never saw the like of it, Almira."

"Reckon it's one of them 'roars' that your consarned weatherwise friend in Montreal spoke of as coming along this month. Durn him, he's everlastin' prophesying bad weather," said his sister, as she swept off the muddy pool of water left by Gustavus' boots on the floor.

"Don't blame that great man," replied Gustavus. "Don't blame him. Indeed we owe him a debt, for if his prognostications were more carefully studied, means would be more generally taken to provide against the inclement elements which occasionally prevail."

"Wall, I think he's a fool bothering about it, for he can't do nothing towards preventing it anyway," retorted Almira.

"Well, well, Almira, perhaps it's all for the best. Water, they say, is a great blessing, and certainly we have enough now to satisfy the most ardent temperance man. Speaking of temperance men, Almira, what do you think of the amended clause in the Scott Act passed by the Senate lately?"

"Don't know nothin' about the Scott Act, but I do know the anti-temperance people have had their claws long enough around folks' throats," replied Almira with some asperity.

"Ah, there it is! It is to get the grip of the hideous rum-fiend away from the throats of the people that Mr. Almon introduced the amendment in the Senate. The Scott Act as it stood was arbitrary in the extreme and conflicted with the rights ever dear to all British subjects, who are determined never to be trodden upon, either by the iron heel of the ruthless despot, or set upon by any clique or party, whether temperance people or not. And while acknowledging the baleful effects of strong drink, in the shape of rum, brandy, old rye, old Tom, Hollands, or in fact anything that contains more than ten per cent. of alcohol, they see the absolute necessity and right of being able to imbibe the "ale, porter, lager beer, and light wines" expressed in the honorable Senator's amendment, none of which contain the unholy ten per cent. of the demon."

"Oh git out! I've seen fellers as tight as owls on beer, and dad says nobody drinks light

wines but Dutelmen. I think your Senator is a durned old skuzix," said Almira, as she sat down to pare apples for the evening pie.

"I know the standard arguments that will be brought out against the amendment," continued Gustavus. "They will say that a man can make up for the light quality of the liquors by taking larger quantities; that there is as much alcohol in a large glass of beer as in the ordinary "horn" of whiskey partaken of by the average drinker; that light wines and beer only stimulate the beginner to drink the stronger compounds. But they're wrong, Almira, totally wrong! Look at the south of France, at Italy or Spain, where they drink no whiskey (of course they may occasionally take a *petite verre* of brandy)—nothing but light wines. There you will see little or no drunkenness. Besides, as I said before, it's unconstitutional, it's a standing menace to our free British institu—"

"Whar is that ornary mortal Gas? That's the barn door blown open agin, and him losin' round," roared the voice of old Slashbush outside.

Gustavus threw on his coat, snatched his hat, and hurried through the storm to the barn.

**The Language of Eggs.**

She was up in the morning bright and strong,  
And merrily carolled a gay old song,  
Down in the basement, loud and long,

While outside listened the milkman.

Oh his face was fair! and the thistle-down  
On his upper lip was but faintly blown,  
And his eyes were blue as his sister's gown,

When she married a neighboring milkman.

So his bell he rang, and the voice grew still,  
And the maid appeared with her neck in frill,  
And her hair all frizzed up in to kill  
The poor unsuspecting milkman.

He filled up her jug, and drove away,  
But his heart he lost on that sidewalk grey.  
And sadly he missed it day by day,

While pale grew the face of the milkman.

Oh! how shall I ever my love convey,  
Was the thought that troubled him day by day,  
Till at last one morning early in May,

A hen laid an egg to the milkman,

Now this egg, it was one of those eggs as are eggs,  
It was laid by a Brahma, all feathers and legs,  
A double-yoked beauty, pale brown. "Good fegs,

This egg's just the thing," quoth the milkman.

There now are two hearts that still as one beat,  
Two duffy-winged Cupids just waiting the heat,  
To crack the thin shell, and besides 'tis good meat,  
I'll give her this egg, thought the milkman.

And again he rang, and her voice he heard,  
But never a word on the stairs appeared;  
Only an archin, so small and white-haired,

"Give your sister this egg," sighed the milkman.

Then down in that basement was music no more,  
But loud laughter ringing from ceiling to floor,  
As brothers and sisters all joined in the roar,

At the love-token sent by the milkman.

What flower, what clover four-leaved could convey  
The meaning implied in that hen's modest lay;  
Flower language is stale, out of date, had its day,

There's the "language of eggs" by the milkman.



**HOME AGAIN.**

He it ever so humble  
There's no place like Home!



**READY FOR WORK!**

Sammy B.—There, now! I've thrown off that cumbersome gown, and now I'm ready to go to work in earnest. Only give me a job! I don't care whether it's Evangelism, Temperance, Philanthropy, or—anything but politics, and I'm willing to work overtime, and wages are no object!

**A Maiden's Lament Over the Exodus.**

They are going off, the chaps I knew,  
They are going one by one,  
Leaving their country and their friends,  
For the land of the setting sun.  
For they see no chance or prospect here  
To better themselves in life;  
Hard scraping they find it a living to make,  
Let alone keeping a wife.

And must we girls here still remain,  
To fret our lives away,  
Where there's their twenty girls to every man,  
Why some must single stay,  
And earn their living as best they can,  
With their sisters, and cousins, and aunts,  
By a dreary stitching of hickory shirts,  
Or a pair of cottonade pants.

Our chances were slim before, sisters,  
For young men couldn't afford  
To marry, and start house-keeping,  
But were pinch'd for the plainest board.  
And now when we're left alone here,  
To fret and pine away,  
Our chances are gone like the morning dew,  
At the dawn of the rosy day.

We are told that trade is regulated,  
By the law of supply or demand,  
That no legislation can increase  
The wealth of houses or land;  
That a scarcity raises the value;  
Well the men are mighty scarce;  
The demand is large enough, good sooth—  
But the supply is a regular farce.

Who is to blame for this state of things?  
Is it Sir John, or Tilley?  
I can't believe that Tupper or Plumb  
Would be so awfully silly.  
Had they known that their great N. P. would drive  
The best of our men away,  
They could just as well have made a law  
To compel young men to stay.

Oh! then Sir John would have found us girls,  
The strongest of his support,  
"Though we couldn't vote, there are many things  
To which we could resort,  
In order to gain the object sought,  
Whether a man or a vote—  
It isn't the first time a woman has help'd  
A man to turn his coat.

But what is the use of repining,  
They are gone, and there an end,—  
Must we settle down to old maidenhood,  
With a parrot or cat for a friend?  
A thousand times, No! let us show the world,  
We can act when put to the test,—  
Let us pack our trunks for pastures new,  
And follow the boys out West.

SWEET WILLIAM.

"When taken to be well shaken,"—the boy who upset your ash-barrel.

Byron is remembered more affectionately by the ladies for his collars than for his poetry.

The latest society craze is to study Hebrew by mail, with a "corresponding" male teacher.



## SEASONING A COMPLIMENT!

THE LOYAL LITTLE *GLOBE* BOY SPOILING THE ANNEXATIONIST'S DINNER WITH EDITORIAL VINEGAR.

**The Joker Club.**

**"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."**

**NATURAL PROPENSITIES.**

A Lecture Delivered before the Bobeaygeon Philosophical Society.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Smiff, a gentleman connected with the Literary Staff of this Journal, delivered a Lecture before the Bobeaygeon Philosophical Society, which on that evening held its usual meeting at the Goulais Hotel. The subject was "The Natural Propensities of the Human Race." The gifted lecturer commenced by tracing the gradual development and progress of humanity. He explained that first there was nothing; then there was something; and then by a gradual process of evolution, that something produced protoplasm, and from protoplasm proceeded tadpoles; and thus we came to human beings. In every stage of the progress, men had propensities, and these guided him in selecting his habitation, his locality, his method of life, and his mate. The infant (when as an infant) he made his first appearance in the world, he was governed by the one over-mastering propensity to suck. It was entirely instinctive, and was the distinguishing propensity of all animals. The desire to suck was the great feature of the early existence of mankind, and not unfrequently the evidences of the propensity were visible even up to the last hour of life. A baby judged of everything by its utility as a subject for sucking. A watch, a Dutch doll, a China tea cup, were all tested in the same manner, and were at once put to the lips to see if they could be sucked. The propensity was so strong that long after the lacteal desire had ceased the inclination to suck still remained and sought gratification in the sucking of pipes and cigars. This sucking was evidently a natural propensity, and everybody sucked—some in one way, some in another, the worldly wise sucking everything to see what they could extract, and valuing Life, Truth, Goodness, Beauty, and everything only for what they could suck out of each. This natural propensity to suck frequently took another form,—that of chewing, and the lecturer could imagine no more extraordinary or suggestive sight than a row of young lady scholars at one of the schools of the country, all sitting on the same bench, working at the same sum of vulgar fractions, and all chewing gum in concert. This was a period of transition, and mankind was gradually and almost imperceptibly abandoning their individualism and accepting the concrete form of government. Thus they were unitedly legislating for the prohibition of certain articles of consumption,—articles to which the lecturer did not wish to refer more particularly,—but if it was right to prohibit the consumption of those articles, then was it more than right to prohibit the consumption of such an article as chewing gum, which in the tender years of infancy confirmed the morbid propensity to 'take suthin' and damaged the constitution by unduly exercising the organs for the secretion of saliva. It was a most abominable habit in children, and exerted a vitiating influence on their after lives. It would be easy to prove that every murderer forger, M. P., thief, pirate, and criminal had commenced his career of iniquity by chewing gum. Moreover the abandoned villains who traded in this beastly habit of childhood rendered their trade still more atrocious by attaching to the sale of chewing gum the lottery system, and thus degrading not only the bodies but the minds of their victims. Little children were induced by the shameless scoundrels who thus followed their natural propensities, to buy a stick of chewing gum in the expectation of receiving a prize in a lottery for toys. The gambling instincts were thus developed, and the child was fairly set on the road which lead to ruin and misery. For such a trade as this there ought to be Prohibition, and stocks, and scourg-

ing, and stripes, and the Bastille, and everything in the stores where Chewing Gum Lotteries were carried on should be confiscated, sold, and the proceeds given to the local newspapers. It was strange that the natural propensities of man should nearly all be in the wrong direction,—all leading them away from the True, the Good, and the Beautiful.—The lecturer was interrupted at this point by a voice exclaiming, 'Oh, that's played out, give us something new.' A scene of confusion ensued, in which high words were exchanged all round, and the lecturer having thrown his white put but with a black luthand on to his head, stalked out of the lecture room. By the friendly intervention of the landlord peace was subsequently restored and the meeting of the Philosophical Society and day broke at about the same hour, when Mr. Smiff was conducted to his residence by the members of the Society, who serenaded him vocally, whilst Mr. Smiff bowed his thanks from his seat on the roof of the lean-to. — *Independent.*

Common Pleas—Please shut the door.

Love knot—should be tied with a single bean.

A dangerous character—A man who "takes life" cheerfully.

Toronto is a loud city. Her power surpasses that of the British lion.

A tramp called his shoes "corporations"—because they had no soles.

Why is the nine-year-old boy like the sick glutton? Because he's over eight.

A competent hotel "out west" says generously of another that "it stands without arrival."

Summer time will come again,  
 With its softly blowing zephyrs;  
 Lowing kine are in the fields,  
 Some are cows and some are heifers.  
 — *Merriden Recorder.*

There is a good deal of difference between pride and vanity. Vanity is a peacock which delights in show. Pride is a light-stepping horse which delights in achievement. — *Somerville Journal.*

"Sign it!" said Mrs. Trotter, when a petition to raise the wages of the horse car conductors was presented to her, "of course I will sign it. This movement has my heartiest coincidence."  
 — *Job Trotter, Boston Times.*

A young man who had commenced telling a spinster what kind of tea he liked best said, "I have loved Oo—long." The maiden turned scarlet and declared that she would not be made the subject of puns at this age of life. — *Job Trotter, Boston Times.*

According to the despatches there is an investigation going on in Turkey to discover the murderers of the Sultan Aziz. Now, what bothers us is how the Sultan Aziz could be dead. It is probable that the Sultan as is is looking for the murderers of the Sultan as was. You never can put faith in telegrams. — *Wit and Wisdom.*

Skiggins is in trouble with one of his tenants, who is in arrears for rent; went to him yester day:—"Are you ready to pay your rent, Mr. Jinks?" "Not yet, Mr. Skiggins." "Then leave my house," said Skiggins, "and I'll pay the rent myself!" Mrs. S. says that's an elegant way of collecting—you never have to sue for it. — *Wit and Wisdom.*

Look, there is the Boston man. He walks with severe and measured stride. Why are his eyes cast down, and gazing intently on the pavement? He is thinking; he has a giant intellect, and his head is twice as large as that of other men. A man with a giant intellect, and a head twice as large as that of other men, must think. Of what is he thinking? He is thinking of transcendentalism. What is transcendentalism? Nobody but a Boston man knows anything about transcendentalism. Does the Boston man write poetry? Yes, he thinks he does, but very few others think so. — *Phil. Sun.*

**Our Montreal Commissioner.**

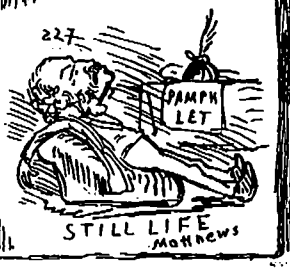
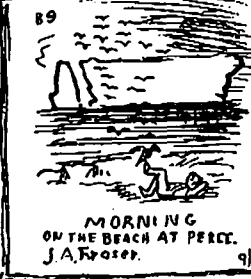
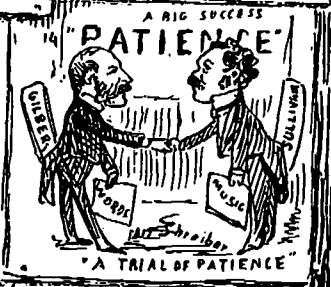
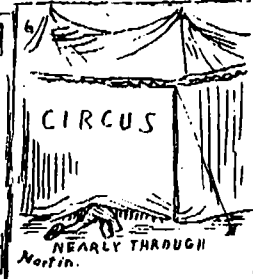
WIND ON HOTEL, May 18.

The distinguished gentleman who figured so largely in my last letter was extremely desirous I should remain in Montreal,—so much so that he seemed to think he could bear the dislocation of my jaw, or the breaking of both my arms, could he feel sure that the issue of the accident would be my permanent residence in this city. I was deeply touched at the time by this flattering evidence of his devotion to me, and desiring to evince my appreciation of the compliment, have since given the subject much consideration. You who know my whole souled devotion to duty will believe that I have weighed the pros and cons most conscientiously.

A knock at the door of the reception room. Enter the head porter. "Lor! sir, there's a deputation as big as the Blake dinner a waitin' down in the Rotunder." "For whom, Joseph?" "For you, to be sure, sir—there's the Mayor in court toggory and nearly all the tip top swells in the city, and they want to know if it's convenient to you to receive them toot sweet." "Certainly Joseph, but what is the object of the deputation?" "Can't say nohow sir, but likely they want to make you President of a Bank, or perhaps it's to ask you to run as Alderman for Jimmy McShane's ward,—you know he's bin turned out." "Your last suggestion is impertinent, Joseph—retire and admit the deputation—but stay, do I look calm and dignified?" "Very much dignified indeed, sir." "But still gracious and condescending, Joseph?" "Most particularly so, sir." "That is quite satisfactory—inform the deputation that I am ready to receive them." I had barely time to arrange the curls upon my classic brow when, headed by the Mayor, they filed into the room. Let the world mourn that I am compelled to suppress the speeches,— suffice it to say that his worship the Mayor introduced those of the distinguished gentlemen present with whom I was not previously acquainted. He then requested the gallant and distinguished Knight of Ravenserig to unfold the business of the deputation. It was simply this—to prefer an earnest request that I would consent to take up my permanent residence in the city. The venerable knight delicately added that a suite of rooms in the Windsor would be placed at my disposal for an unlimited period, if I would accede to the prayer of the deputation. He was pleased to say further, that my great ability and the charm of manner which distinguished me had most deeply impressed the citizens, and they felt that the honor of my presence here was equivalent to that of having Gurr domiciled in the city. I listened to the worthy knight's address most graciously and bowed profoundly at its close. You will gather some idea of the composition of the deputation when I tell you that I began my reply as follows. "Mr. Mayor—Sir knights—Reverend gentlemen and gentlemen." Of course I acceded promptly to the prayer of the deputation,—the demonstration was of such a character that I could not do otherwise. Gracefully addressing the knight of Ravenserig, I thanked him in eloquent terms, and through him the deputation, for the flattering manner in which the wishes of the citizens had been brought before me. In complying with those wishes I desired to say that I would certainly take a suite of rooms at the Windsor, but I could not consent to be indebted for them to the abounding kindness of the citizens of Montreal. Gurr, I continued, is abundantly able to provide in a princely manner for his representative, but whilst declining the hospitality of the citizens, I would only see in its proffer one more proof of the esteem in which the leading periodical of the Dominion is held by the worth, talent and wealth of Montreal. This was rather neat, old boy; but the limit of my despatch being reached I subscribe myself,—no longer your Specially Impertinent Reporter, but your

SPECIAL COMMISSIONER, F. T. P. O. Q.  
 Signifying For The Province Of Quebec.





**Wanted, a Provost.**

In search of a Provost for Trinity College. Two Bishops have gone to the fountain of knowledge. The High and the Low in the future you'll see. Will in choice of a man be sure to agree.

The reason for this, let every one know, Is not that the High will come down to the Low, But rather that no one will dare to deny That the Low was ever aught else than a High.

In times of election 'mid battle and smoke, Obscurity acts as a capital cloak, And he who's unknown is taken in tow, By the knowing High Churchman to hoodwink the Low.

But if we are living in four or five years, We shall see as the smoke they have made disappear, That matters are settled abroad and at home, For the Anglican Church to become Church of Rome.

A SICK WATERBURY.

**Cash and Crockery.**

MISSTER GRIP.—Minnys the laugh I hev whin I read av the quare doins that does be carried on in the Polis Coort among the dead-ites, an' the tippers, an' the cultured gentlemin, an' the ladies av aisy varnue; but, begorra, I didn't laugh much whin I seen the account av that poor girrl that broke the tay cup an' the plate an' hadn't the money to pay fur the mindin' av thim, nor cudden git her wages from her masher to foot the bill fur the brocken crockery. Faix an' that same masher must know the thrick av gittin' a lawyer chape to diffind him, fur wan av the papers sayed he didn't appear in coort, but had a "lim' av the law" to stan' the bather fur him. Shure the mindin' av the crockery wuz only to be a dollar, an' 'bedad that itself wuz a purty big price fur the work; an' can yez hov a regular counsellor to plade yer cause for anything less nor that? I'm thinkin' if the man that owns the tay cup ain't a lawyer himself, he must aithor hev grate frius among the lawyers, or else plinty av money to pay the poor sowl her wages, which he'd better have done.

Whin I read that ruyport av the thryal, thinks I to myself, that 'minds me av a good sthory I hoerd whin I wuz a bit av a goosoun in Dublin, about a docthor av divinity that wuz in the collidge. He wuz an owl batchelor an' a grate misard, an' he kept an' owl woman they called Betty to wait upon him. Ivery mornin' Betty used to go fur a ha'porth av milk fur the docthor's tay, an' tuk a weeny little jug wid hor to put it in. So wan mornin', behoud yo, she wint off as usual fur the milk, an' it was winther toime, an' the more betoken, there wuz frost upon the groun', an' by this an' by that the owl woman slipped an' fell an' broke her arrum. She shouted *millia murthor* ye may be shure, an' somebody cum an' lifted her an' led her back to the docthor's rooms, an' her screamin' like the very Owl Nick himself. So whin the docthor opens the doore he stares an' he sez, "Betty," sez he, "may the divil admire me," sez he,—that wuz a grate word av his—"but what's the matther wid ye?" sez he. "Och, yer rivirince," sez she, "one fut slipped," sez she, "an' I got a fall," sez she, "an', worse luck," sez she, "me arrum's broke, yer rivirince, an' I can't stan' the pain av it," sez she. Bedad that same made his rivirince look sayrious, an' sez he, "Betty," sez he, "what's become av the jug?" sez he. "Ah, yer rivirince," sez she, "it flew out av me hon' whin I fell," sez she, "an' it broke into bits, bad luck to it," sez she. Troth that made the owl fellow look more thoughtful still, an' sez he, "An', Betsy, had ye the milk in it," sez he, "whin ye broke the nice little jug?" "No, yer rivirince," sez she, "I wuz only goin' fur it whin I got the fall," sez she. "Au', Betty," sez he, "where's the ha'pinny?" sez he. Now wuzzen't he a mane owl nagur. But, be the hokey, he wuzzen't so bad ather all, for I b'lieve he never wint to law about aither the ha'pinny or the crockery.

TERENCE McGRATH.

# THE FAVORITE ALES, PORTER & LAGER ARE BREWED BY THOS. DAVIES & CO.

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GRIP.

SATURDAY, 21ST MAY, 1881.



THE BONE OF CONTENTION; OR, THE BOUNDARY AWARD.

See comments on page 3.

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