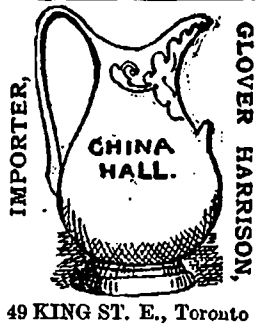


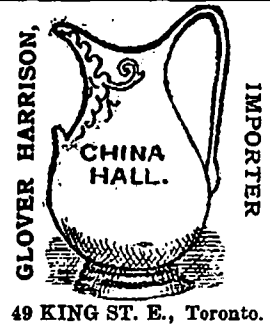
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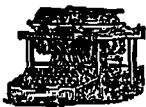
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Editor.

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—That Sir John is working quietly but effectually in the direction of Federal Union is a charge which is generally admitted to be well founded, and which the Premier himself does not seriously deny. It is well known, as a matter of history, that he strongly favored the Federal Union idea as opposed to Confederation, when that important question was being discussed. He had to bow to the will of the people, but his hand has ever since been working in the direction his heart dictated. If anything were wanting to prove all this it is found in the hostile attitude which the Federal Government has for some time past assumed towards the constitutional rights of the Provinces. Some of them are particularized in our cartoon. Now that Quebec has in due course been interfered with, the whole matter is likely to be enquired into. The French *Bleus* are speaking out like men of spirit as they are, and the adherents of the Government in the other provinces may perhaps be shamed into a similar defence of their rights and liberties. The sooner our "great curtailer" is brought to book, the better. He is now content with lopping off the tails, but there is reason to fear that he has designs on the heads, too.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Blake has stated that he is not to be held responsible for the utterances of the *Globe*, and the *Globe* says it does not

profess to speak for Mr. Blake or any other leader. There can be no mistake about it now—this is a clear and satisfactory understanding. And how fortunate that it is so very unanimous! Hereafter the leaders will not be responsible for the tunes the organ-man plays—they will content themselves with raking in the proceeds of his music in the shape of converts to Reform: And on the other hand, the organ-man can throw in a *Bleu* melody occasionally if it so pleases him.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The grief of Sir John, Mr. Bowell, Mr. J. White, and Mr. Hector Cameron, over the untimely death of the Orange Incorporation Bill is perhaps too sacred for laughter and too deep for words. We therefore treat the melancholy theme with the sympathetic pencil, and leave it to the meditation of the loyal brethren throughout the Province.

"CAUGHT AT LAST."—The week has opened with a thrilling political sensation. Attorney-General Mowat, from his place in the House, announced the discovery of a plot to bribe certain Liberal members and compass the defeat of the Government. The money, actually paid over, was displayed to the astonished Assembly by the Speaker, and, as a climax to the event, Mr. J. A. Wilkinson, better known as "Big Push," and an American timber limit agent named Kirkland, were arrested on Monday evening and lodged in the police station. Mr. C. W. Bunting and Mr. Edward Meek are also implicated in the business, and all four were on Tuesday morning brought before the Police Magistrate and committed for trial, on the criminal charge of conspiracy. The revelation was received with expressions of disgust by the members who spoke on both sides of the House, but Messrs. Meredith, Morris and Clarke, with wonderfully bad policy, sought to attach blame to the gentlemen "approached" for having enticed the would-be bribers into a trap instead of exposing them on the first attempt. Wilkinson has long been known as a notorious bribery agent, and his capture at last is a matter for congratulation to all who wish well to the country.

It is a question with Canadians whether first to congratulate Gen. Graham on his laurels in the Soudan, or to commiserate him on his picture in the *Globe*. The British Government may yet have to suppress the *Globe*.

The slaughter in the Soudan may go on. China and France may war to the death. The Triple Alliance may be dissolved. The British House of Commons may be blown higher than the traditional Gilderoy's kite. But what the Great American People are breathlessly watching the papers for is more particularly about the appalling news that there is a dead-lock in the Virginia pea-nut trade.

Jeff. Davis, a few days ago startled the American nation with the public declaration that he would do it again! It was, of course, somewhat reassuring to find that he immediately added, "If I only had the chance." But, notwithstanding, alarm has by no means subsided, and it would be a difficult thing to even approximately estimate the number of persons who positively refuse to crawl out from under the barn.



Toronto detectives are a much abused class, and it is high time some one rose to say a word in their favor. Do we not find them individually and collectively almost every day boldly arresting newsboys and other dangerous characters? Are there not frequent instances of their intrepid conduct in capturing lads at the market who might possibly have come to pick pockets? Can you not see them day after day fearlessly entering the principal saloons in search of prey and—and—things? And yet no one ever thinks of applauding them a particle. But let a daring burglary be committed and the thieves escape, everybody is ready to jump up and tell the detectives they are no good—all the while overlooking the possibility that the officers have a clue. Of course a clue can not be sent to Penitentiary; but isn't it something to reflect that the detectives really have hold of a clew, even supposing that they do not display it in a shop window or wear it on their watch chain. Let justice be done to these officers, at least in the matter of clues.

Defaulters and embezzlers, and forgers, and all those other peculiar persons who exhibit original ideas as to discriminating between *meum* and *turem*, have real reason to grumble about the slow motion of the Canadian legal machine. Let it be assumed for the sake of argument that there is actually something rather indiscreet about the conduct of many of these persons in deliberately leaving the scene of their labors and coming over to Canada to spend their earnings. Have they no rights to be respected, notwithstanding? It may not be possible to prevent officious detectives from depriving them for the time being of their liberty; but is it in accordance with the sacred principles of right and justice that they should be subjected subsequently to such annoyance, loss of time and expense as the courts put them to here? Is it not bad enough that they must throw up their situations in disgust at their failure to make their employers rightly appreciate their style of book-keeping, and become aliens and wanderers, without being further obliged to hire lawyers and go to all sorts of bother and expense before being allowed to re-cross the border and pay their persecutors to let them alone? Why, it would be money in the pockets of many of them if they just stayed at home and bought off their botherers on the spot! Do our legislators at all realize the injury these so-called extradition laws are inflicting on Canada in their present cumbrous shape? Here we are not simply having the world laughing at our old ox-cart pace in legal processes, but also impressing wealthy visitors and prospective residents with the belief that this is an inhospitable country where they forcibly pry into your private affairs and won't give you a chance to adjust little business differences at the least possible trouble and cost!

Judge Boyd does not see much room for congratulation on the results of liquor legislation in Ontario, drunkenness being on the increase rather than decreasing. His Honor is

not inclined to fancy that separating whiskey and groceries "was furthering very much the end aimed at" by temperance advocates—which is rather a Hibernicism, don't you think? His idea is, that so long as drink is made it will be consumed, and there is little use warring against those licensed to sell it. Another view of the subject might, perhaps, be presented to Judge Boyd and others who hold with him:—So long as people will drink, drink will be made; and so long as drink is made there will be those to sell it. Well, the more the restrictions, the fewer to sell; the fewer to sell, the less sold; the less sold, the less made; the less made, the less drunk; the less drunk, the fewer the inebriates—and that's what the temperance people are after. But suppose people didn't want whiskey, none would be made and so none would be sold and no one would be drunk. So, after all, the real question is, Shall there be no whiskey made, or shall there be no people who want to drink it? You cannot tame a tiger by clipping its claws; neither can you change a drunkard's taste by breaking his demijohn. But you may keep down the tiger's passion by substituting something milder for a raw meat diet; and you may also correct the drunkard's appetite by giving him less and less opportunity to encourage it. As you cannot coax your tiger into gentleness with any degree of certainty that he will not mangle you some fine morning, so you may find it unsafe to trust wholly to suggestion for a reformation of your inebriate. And yet the longer you keep from the tiger the taste of blood and from the inebriate the smell of whiskey, the surer you are of getting the appetites of each in subjection. So temperance workers want to keep temptation from the drunkard, failing to make the drunkard keep temptation away from himself. But the drunkard's appetite remains, all the same, though in subjection. Will removing the whiskey by degrees destroy the appetite? This again brings us back to the question, Is it the drunkard's appetite that is responsible for the existence of the whiskey, or is it the existence of the whiskey that is responsible for the drunkard's appetite? If there were no manufacturers to tempt the drunkard to drink would there be no drunkards' appetites to tempt manufacturers to make drink to drink? Supposing that the manufacturers who manufacture the drink that supplies drunkards drink to drink, and get drunk on the drink manufactured by the manufacturers, whose business it is to make drink in order that the drink drunk by drunkards, who are tempted to drink the drink made by the manufacturers of drink, and drunk by drinkers who get drunk on this drink—But, stay! I started out clear enough on all these points, and with the best intentions in the world. But there is evidently a spot here where a logician is in danger of getting beyond his depth. After all, one need not climb a step-ladder to perceive that the liquor question is an abstruse one. No wonder two governments are at war over it, and the whole country in a muddle about it.

MR. O'DAY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

TIM ON CO-EDUCATION.

Grip, me honey, flap yer wings!
Croak, and say yer prettiest things;
The Legislature has allowed
That women now shall be endowed—
Without unjust discrimination—
The right of higher education.
Down barriers! down! on ev'ry side!
Let the portals open wide—
Fair play for women in the strife
For the higher walks of life!

How's that for hi, Mистер GRIP? Yez are a grand advocate entirely for woman's rites!—I'm agin her rongs, any way. Well—

For her wrongs no longer rate us,
Let her have her proper status;
Silence each objecting sinner,
Let her be her own broad-winner,—



A FREAK OF NATURE.

(A curiosity kept in the Dominion Cabinet.)

And feel it, as she cooks the dinner.
Whilst engaged in making pies,
Let her to her station rise:—
Gauge th' contents by measurement,
And prove, by ratiocination,
That algebraic quadratics,
And the higher mathematics
Show the quantities, and somethings
Used in making apple-dumplings!
Open up that box of knowledge,
University (close) college;
Give the yearning soul of woman
Insight into all that's human;
And beyond this earth of ours
Let her soar with all her powers;
Let her keen perceptions pierce
Vast worlds of the universe;
In solar pathways let her stray,
And guide her in the milky way.

Yis, Mистер GRIP, that's the big cramery—whare Mистер Crayton wud hev room for inquiry—whare crame cud be got ski hi—the sfare whare woman wud hev a chance av larnin' all about it. Yes, Mистер GRIP, let woman hev her coorse av sthronomy as well as in all the sciences.

Why shudn't woman kno all about the solar system, an' tho' planits, an' the Hoavny bodies that rowl about in the circumambiant ether? Why shudn't she know all about Jupiter, an' Mars, an' Mercury, 'an the Twins, an' the 12 sines av the zodiack, an' the grate constellashun O'Orion (who wus so named after a rollickin' boy from Tipperary), an' Juno, 'an Vaynus, an' the other flurtin', sky-larkin' goddesses av mythology, who are not wan bit ashamed to be carryin' on thair disreputable capers before the world? Anser me that, if ye plaze?

Yis, agin, Mистер GRIP,—

Let 'varsity boys
Now howld thair noys—

both the oul dons an' the young grads, tho grand subject av co educashun has been grappled with. Woman, the child av nature, an' the solis av man, will in fuchure hev a

grand opporchunity for the expanshun av her sweet an' lovin' sympathies while larnedly conversin' on the discourses av Aristotle or solvin' a problem in comic sekshuns!

In arts woman has always taken the lade. She'll do it now more than iver that she's got the chance. Is thare a man livin' that iver courted a purty girl will deny this? Hasn't man from the days av Adam (to say nothin' about Solomon and Sampson) bin headed off be the arts av woman? An' iver since the world began, hasn't man bin—I was goin' to say the deludhed victim av woman's arts—but that mite be an onpolite expreshun that wudn't be becomin' sich a sineare admirer av the fair sex as—
Yer thru frind,
TIM O'DAY.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

IN MILTONIC VERSE.

Know ye that painful pastoral? Profound
It thrills: anon, as more intent we read—
View in distinctness dire the dastard deed,
Of grief upbanded in child-breast huge mound,
The fearful facts our faculties full feed.
Now with grim horrors doth the tale abound;
Instant begin we to esteem more true
What 'twas that from surcharged heart forth drew
That plaint pathetic. In the sad refrain
Concure wo strangely—fading vent anew,
Time the maid mourning, doth her flock regain,
Lut to perceive the depopulation sore
(In them entailed—weep with her would we fain.
Such is the nursery lay of wee-folk lore.

It is stated by a contemporary as a remarkable fact that one of the little machines which make most of the tiny screws used in American watches a man could carry under his arm without much difficulty.

And you want a person to exclaim "Gracious goodness!" to that, do you? Why, one of the little machines which make the screws employed in Canadian politics, a man can easily carry behind his ear!



CAUGHT AT LAST!



THE GREAT "CUR-TAILER."

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL.

ANOTHER AVALANCHE SWOOPING DOWN ON THE DOOMED GOVERNMENT.

CERTAIN, IMMEDIATE ROUT OF THE GRASPING, GRINDING CREW.

OUR NEW CORRESPONDENT DOES A GRAND WORK—WHERE AND HOW HE ACCOMPLISHED IT—A PANIC, WITH ALL THAT THE TERM IMPLIES.

(From our Accredited Ambassador.)

OTTAWA, Last Night.

"THE GRIPPER" sends you herewith greeting and condolence.

I am fully prepared to appreciate the shock which this singular style of introduction will occasion and, if I were near enough, you would not suffer for lack of prompt restorative measures, provided your able office-assistant did not object to run out and get the flask filled, while I gently held you up. In my absence, however, I can only tender advice. Oh, that I were there to make it sealed tender! A sort of green seal, so to speak! Be a man, and struggle out the back way to the sample room by yourself! If you summon resolution and the money you will succeed. It's cheaper, too, to be a standing committee of one, with power but no inclination to add to the number. Once more, therefore, I say be a man!—

[Please excuse me here for a moment. I have just resolved to be a man, myself, while the wire wizard worries at my last page.]

Ah! Yum!! Yes, sir, I *did* take a good one. And I needed it bad. I have, sir, a duty to perform on this occasion which requires all my strength of will, honesty of purpose, power of brain concentration and delicacy of feeling to discharge—in the first place, satisfactorily to you, sir, and in the second place, acceptably to the waiting world.

[While the telegraph operator is audibly wondering what kind fate has sent another christian worker in the Lightning Monopoly Vineyard to break him, I shall go out for a breath of fresh air. Besides, the young man looks as if he might forget his early training and swear; whereupon I should feel bound to reprove him and thereby incur his hatred and the delay or mutilation of my despatch.]

Ho! Here we are again! While out I met a man, I might casually remark. That man has important state secrets I must pump out of him. To this end I shall treat him liberally, not, of course, on Reform principles. I saw from the size of the bowl he took that he can stand liberal treatment, if I can, I hope the office contingencies fund also can. Of course, I must imbibe only at rare intervals, that, paradoxically, I may have my work well done. He shall indulge *ad libitum*, though he says he does not lib at him while the House is in session. One Minister or another is sure to make a guest of him. What information I worm out of him will be reserved for a future despatch. The country must not be unnecessarily alarmed, nor my gentle friend, the Ticker Pirate, unduly crowded. I have lots right now to make public opinion rear up on its hind legs, as you will observe further on in this message.

But stay! I promised that man I would run out inside two minutes and make a definite appointment with him. Pardon a brief delay at this point for obvious reasons. It is the man's fault. Later on there will be delay in his getting down to the House for oblivious reasons. It will then be my fault.

Once more I am on deck, my dear boy, I tell you I've got the whole job on that man put up in dandy shape. Oh, I'm no snoozer when the news needs nosing, I tell you. I'm a wake deck-hand on the look-out every trip. But, as I started out to tell you in the opening stanza of the Ode to Liberty, I'm your new

correspondent. The other distinguished party has skipped,

And you'll never see
Your Gripper any more
He has sailed across the ocean
In his little berth so snug,
And maybe now he runs
A grocery store!

But ain't I a daisy successor, old pard? Say yes, and give us it with full orchestra accompaniment! I'm right from the top shelf; a triple-plated, fast-color, now-is-the-time-to-subscribe gooseberry pie, and you just put it down in your autograph album. GRIPPER was no moss-back, lemme tell you, guv., but I see GRIPPER and raise him every time till the table won't hold the pile. I'm going to give you the points about old GRIPPER's go-back:—
[Back in one jiff. Want to see if that man —]

Say, lesso whar we war! Oh, cert., I've caught on agin good'n solid. Was givin' you the GRIPPER gag, Well, GRIPPER was too much fur the Gov'ment and they went work'n bot him off. Fact, me boy—gospel truth! Sent him 'cross th'oshun with dip full 'f coin! Bad fur you, cully, oney I happened 'long take th' plaish. Now, 'm goin' t'send you besht d'spash y'ever shee. Full up Guv'ment schan'l, bribery, c'rupshun, and—whash'y' call't when fellar givsh 'lashuns fashobs?—Well, —
[Shtop whar y'are 'jush four shakshs]
H. wdy, pard? 'Shallride! Gimme' norder fur hunner dollarsh b' tel'graphy 'nijetly. Jush seen man n he waush money 'fore he'll pumme ontoworshack't ever wash! Psh'fic contrac' Railwaysh Sir Joush Blake'n me Cartwheel Tooley—

[Skoooshmo halfshk'nd, olman].
Yesshirc! 'shme writin thish doneyufiergert. Been at sh'loon shee man'n heshfullerngote. My namesh GRIPPER. Otherfellarshnamesh GRIPPER. 'M GRIPPER cosh take painsh wish d'spash! Hoop!!—

[Note by telegraph operator:—The rest of the copy belonging to this despatch is so peculiar that I am afraid to go on with it. Already an enquiry has come from the head office asking which operator here is intoxicated. It will be kept here at your risk. I might add that the risk of some other operator essaying to despatch it, and destroying it in his frenzy, is not inconsiderable.]

[To the public: GRIP not being at home I have taken the liberty to head this despatch in my best style. Any little omissions in the headlines will please be overlooked by the public, who must be aware that a proof-reader only sees words and trusts to luck for the sense—THE INTELLIGENT PROOF-READER.]

A HORSE-CAR INCIDENT.

An entertaining horse-car incident is reported by the *New York Times*. Two fashionably dressed young women, one with a water spaniel in a leash of rawhide, get into a car, wherein are four passengers, one a stern, savage looking old man, wearing gold-bowed glasses, and reading a newspaper. The spaniel, immediately on entering, looks around and spies the old gentleman. He evidently takes him for an old friend, for he places his fore paws on the old gentleman's knees and gives two or three barks of delight and moves his paws once down the old gentleman's trousers. The o. g. does not reciprocate the canine's manifestations of delight. He places his boot under the dog's ribs, and with "Get out you cur!" lifts him the entire length of the car. The pup, no doubt, would have continued on his mad career were it not for the tension of the rawhide thong attached to the wrist of his mistress. She exchanges a glance of indignation with her companion at this evidence of "man's inhumanity" to dogs. The dog whines, the passengers snicker. After a minute or two the stern passenger is heard from once more. He

shouts: "Conductor, is this a dog car?" The tall blonde is equal to the emergency, and, looking straight in the inquirer's eye, murmured softly: "If it was not for brutes the conductor would have told you when you were getting on." The o. g. glares, the passengers laugh, the girls look pleased, and the surly passenger soon gets off.

THE SHEARS AND THE COCKROACH.

A Pair of Shears which had long Occupied an Editorial Table one day Observed a Cockroach going for the Paste-Pot, and promptly called out:

"How now, you Vagrant!"
"Who's a Vagrant?"
"You are, and I warn you to take yourself off!"

"See here," said the cockroach, as he came to a sudden halt. "I don't want to crowd Anybody off the Editorial Staff, but I must warn you that, while plenty of Editors never have any use for Shears, no Newspaper Office in this country can be run without Cockroaches!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

The old proverb says that "Care will kill a cat." If that is correct a large consignment of care can find employment for some time in our back yard.—*Oil City Derrick*.

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 decadence of Spain began when the Spaniards adopted cigarettes, and if this pernicious practice obtains among adult Americans the ruin of the Republic is close at hand.—*Boston Transcript*. And must the "fires of freedom, kindled on the altar of liberty," vanish in smoke? Forbid it, Uncle Sam.—*Boston Courier*.

"Yes," remarked the army surgeon, "mustard was the great cure-all during the war, and its curative properties got to be so well known that the men used to ask for it. Why, I've had no less than a dozen men made well in one day by a tablespoonful each of mustard. I'd say, 'Make this into a plaster, and I guarantee you'll be all right.' And so they would be. Not one of 'em'd be on the sick list next day. I tell you, sir, I became a great believer in the virtue of a mustard plaster until I learned one day that they put the mustard inside instead of outside their bodies. In short, mustard not being a regular food ration, they found a way of making it one. Mustard was in great demand in our regiment. Perhaps that is what made the men so smart."—*Boston Transcript*.

An Irishman, seeing the gas lighted after his arrival in London, examined the fixture closely, went to a store and purchased one like it, threw up a good job and returned post-haste to Ireland. "An' why is it ye're home so soon?" inquired his old mother. "Shure, whisht it is, mother. It's a fortune I've brought behind me. Wait a bit, an' I'll show ye." Pat accordingly proceeded to make a hole in the mud wall and to fix the gas pipe therein. "In about the waste of a minute yer eyes'll be fit to hang me hat on," he remarked to the wondering family, as he struck a match and applied it to the end of the pipe. Match after match burned away without producing the brilliant flame which Pat had seen in London. He sat down and scratched his head in despair. "Shure," he said, "if it would only go as it wint in London, I'd 'a made no end of a fortune sellin' it."



BASE GROSVENOR;

OR,

AN INSULT TO THE JOURNALISTIC PROFESSION.

"Papa, I have come back to stay."

"Ha!"

Such was the brief opening to the conversation that took place on that fair midsummer day in the pleasant morning-room of the residence of old Jasper Overshoe, between that gentleman and his lovely daughter Susanann, who but a few short weeks back had left the paternal roof as a happy bride. Small wonder, then, that the old gentleman laid down his paper, pushed up his spectacles, elevated his eyebrows and blew his nose sonorously, and said "Ha," as Susanann entered the room and announced that she intended to be a fixture in her father's house.

"What is the meaning of this, Suke?" the girl's father at last managed to say, when his astonishment had somewhat subsided. "Surely you and Grosvenor have not quarrelled. Why this suddenness of resolve? Nay, I will not permit it"—(old Jasper was thinking of the doosed bore of having another mouth in his household to fill if his daughter returned, and he liked not the idea, for he was economical and saving, withal), "It must not be. Back to your husband I say; back; never shall so great a scandal rest on the family of Overshoe as would be caused by your deserting Grosvenor at this early period of wedded life. Hast quarrelled already? Speak girl and tell me all."

"Pap, blame not your Susanann; I love Grosvenor as I ever loved him, but—but he is not what we thought he was: father, you know that skim-milk masquerades as cream? aye, father, Grosvenor is but skim-milk—watered at that,—and he is not what he seems: he has told me all." "How?" cried the unhappy father, "how? explain; surely he has not disgraced you by committing bigamy? No it cannot be; how then comes this about? Tell me all, Susanann," and the old gentleman rose and strode backwards and forwards, all the deep blue Overshoe blood coursing and pulsing through his veins. Very, very proud were the Overshoes of that blood. It was the pure quill and was the very same brand as that which was so freely shed at Hastings.

"Pap," replied the sobbing girl, "we have been mistaken in Grosvenor Smythje; nay, pap, 'tis not his name; that is all solid; he is a true Smythje, I believe, and no mere Smith, but I have discovered,—in fact he has confessed it,—that he does not belong to that grand profession of which we deemed him a member, and, so deeming him, I wedded him. Father, he is not a journalist after all. His claims to be a reporter were false; he cannot write two sentences of English grammatically and he gave himself dead away by writing an order for a pound of tripe and putting an ordinary period at the end instead of a dear little cross like any true newspaper man would do.

I taxed him with the imposture and he fell on his knees and owned up, and, father, the Overshoes are disgraced and my love for Grosvenor has changed into scorn." "Not a reporter!" howled the old man, half distraught, "Then what is he? Not a reporter! how, then, can he ever aspire to wealth? the villain! what is he, Susanann; say, oh! say that he is at least a foreman printer in some newspaper office and that he may become a reporter in time." "Nay, dear father, he is worse than that."

The poor old gentleman's agony was fearful to witness. The Overshoes in endeavoring to win a journalist into their family had played for high stakes it is true, and when Susanann had announced that Grosvenor Smythje (who, knowing the family penchant for the members of the prince of professions, to whom the attainment of wealth is merely a matter of time—a few thousands of years or so—had passed himself off as a reporter) had won her affections and would soon be one of the family, the Overshoes had gone clean daft with joy, and had not bothered to find out whether the representations of the young man were true or not.

And so Grosvenor and Susanann had wed, and here was a pretty how-dy'e-do.

"Susanann," at length groaned the old man, "if he is not a reporter, what is he; is he a decent mechanic?" "Worse, father, far, far worse." "Oh! this is terrible, tell me that he, at least, is a clerk in a cold pickled pigs foot and baked bean shop; he is at least as high in the social scale as that, is he not?"

"I fear not, papa; moreover he would not do for a baked bean shop for he doesn't know beans; his intelligence is of a very low order, and all those pretty phrases and speeches he made during our courtship were mere parrot-like acquisitions."

"Dear, dear, dear; yet we may still be saved if he is a dry-goods floor-walker; is he that, dear, is he that! Speak, child, or suffer the curse of an old man with a sluggish liver; speak."

"Nay, father, he hasn't gumption enough to be a floor-walker, and he never tried to bully me though I'm but a defenceless girl, and he would assuredly have done so had he been a dry-goods floor-walker."

"Well, what is he; oh! child, spare me; give me some surcease of this horrible suspense; is he—nay—nay,—it cannot be; is he a flunkey out of a 'sit'; tell me he is not a footman looking for a berth."

"Worse father; far worse, footmen I respect for their calves—and Grosvenor has none—he wore pads, I have discovered; some footmen are quite intelligent and useful, but Grosvenor is—"

"What, girl? let me know my disgrace and thine; tell me the worst; I will nerve myself," said the old man, trembling like a chunk of blanc-mango and equally white, "Now speak on; I can bear it. What is my accused son-in-law?"

"A bank-clerk, father, a bank-clerk," and the sweet girl swooned away and old Jasper Overshoe fell with a dull sicken—no, a heavy flop to the floor!

Divorce!

COUNTRY LIFE.—AN ESSAY.

BY G. WHILLIKENS, JR.

Speak not to me of the pleasures of city life, with its succession of opera plays, concert^s, converzaciones, excursions, balls, assemblé^s and lectures. What is there in all these to be compared with the charms of a country life—the life of the honest and sturdy yeoman? See him rise with the lark (that is, if there are any larks in the vicinity); if not, with the sun, and in winter, anticipating that luminary, trudge merrily on, axe over shoulder, through the dewy grass or spotless snow to the adjoining bush,

to cleave the sinewy and useful fence rail. How merrily the axe rings, wielded by his brawny arms, and how pleasantly the sound of its strokes reverberate through the woods, starting the graceful chipmunk from his lair! Behold him returning to the barnyard, where he distributes the matutinal fodder to the patient kine, and serves out to the horses their quota of oats and hay. Ah, what a happy, cheerful lot is his. He now betaketh himself to the comfortable kitchen where he and his hired man sit down to their sumptuous breakfast of slap-jacks and fried pork, washed down with copious libations of the humble though aromatic sassafrax tea. In hay-time it is a pleasure to view him with the honest perspiration oozing from his brow, swinging the ponderous scythe and laying the timothy in rows, like unto the *enfants perdus* of a forlorn hope under the fire of a defending force. Some of the pampered city youth, and indeed, alas, should I say it, those of rural breeding, may, nay, do think the farmer's life on the whole rather monotonous; but these thoughtless youth forget that the farmer has a noble and praiseworthy object in looking upon his honest life of toil as a pleasure, for is he not accumulating wealth, raking in the boodle (so to speak). What an example he should be to the fast and giddy youth of the town who regale themselves with oysters and *vin de chablis*. See with what rigid economy he preserves the proceeds of the fruit of his toil. Before starting for market, on his load of golden grain, he generally takes a light breakfast along with his good wife, who accompanies him to town to do some shopping; nor does he eat too much in anticipation of his dinner at the hotel, for which he pays the somewhat exorbitant sum of twenty-five cents, and he feels it his bounden duty to himself and family to get an equivalent for the same. Consequently he proceeds to sharpen his already keen appetite by devouring about half a bottle of pickles, which, followed by soup, fish, beef, pork, pudding, a piece of pie and a pound or so of dessert, generally makes him square with the landlord, especially if he can manage to get two glasses of beer at the meal. His wife is content with some crackers and cheese and a glass of "hot port wine" in the sitting room; and after a few purchases of store groceries they both return to their happy home upon the farm, satisfied with their day of business and pleasure.

Let it not be supposed, however, that the noble yeoman has no ostensible amusements. What can be more edifying than a tea meeting, or a temperance lecture, what more rollocking or joyous than a "raising bee," or a "candy pull," and the "quilting bee"—what can be more entertaining than to listen to the ladies, all neighbors, and so friendly, talking and philoosifying over the little events that occur in their humble sphere. And mark how careful they are not to offend any one in particular. In fact, they refrain from discussing the peccadilloes of their neighbors, while he or she is present, but when absent they very properly take advantage of the circumstances and "let out," for is it their duty?

Oh, my dear young city man, don't you sigh for the delights of the country?

You don't?

Oh, inconsiderate youth, would you not like to dwell in the country?

No!

Young man, don't give it away, but—neither would I.

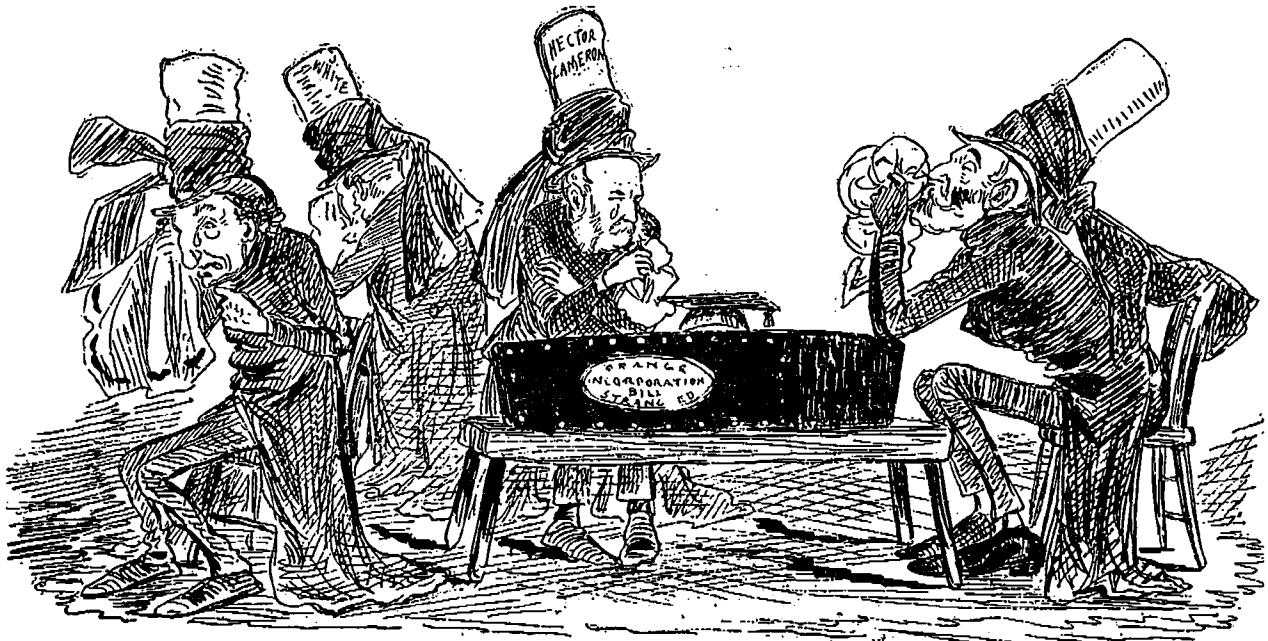
Great egg-spectations during Lent—"We shall meat by-and-by."—*Gorham Mountaineer*.

"Only think of it!" exclaimed a Chicago girl; "I weigh 120 pounds in my stockings." "Do you?" replied her cousin from St. Louis, glancing at the feet of the first speaker; "I would not have believed it. How much do you weigh altogether?"—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

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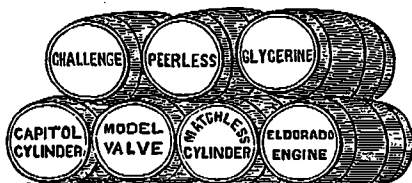
PLAYING SCHOOL.

Two little tots on the carpet at play,
Tired of their usual games one day,
Said one to the other: "Let's play stool;
I'll be teacher, and don't you fool,
But sit up nice, like a sure 'nough stolar;
You'll mis your lesson, I'll bet you a dollar."
Casting about for a word to spell,
Blue eyes on pu-s and kitten fell.
As an object lesson they pose with grace,
The mamma washing her baby's face
"Spell tat," the teacher grandly gives out,
"Quick, now, mind what you're about."
The "scholar" failing, with ignominy
Is sorely shaken and dubbed a nimby,
The word repeated, again she falls,
When the scene on the rug again avails,
And the teacher relents, conscious smitten,
"If you tant spell tat, spell titten!"
—N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

The consistency of woman is beautifully illustrated by the fact that she will calmly open a can of salmon with her husband's razor, and yet fly into a sort of wild, weird, poetic frenzy when she sees her husband endeavoring to remove a cork from a claret-bottle with her best embroidery scissors.

"I thought I heard Fred kiss you on the piazza last night," said a Burlington father to his daughter the other morning. "Oh, no pa," was the artless answer, "he only kissed me on the ear." "Well, perhaps that was it," cruelly rejoined pater familias. —Free Press.

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"Why, how wonderfully life-like!" said Mr. Dorrix, gently caressing a bumble-bee which reposed among the artificial flowers and insects of his wife's new bonnet. "If it was on a garden flower I'd swear it was all—Gr-r-reat Caesar-r-r!" he suddenly shrieked, inserting a wounded finger in his mouth and dancing round like a whirling dervish. "Why, the blame thing is alive!"

An old minister in Ohio seemed rather opposed to an educated ministry. Said he: "Why, my brethering, every young man who is going to preach thinks he must be off to some college and study a lot of Greek and Latin. All nonsense! All wrong! What did Peter and Paul know about Greek? Why, not a word, my brethering. No, Peter and Paul preached in the plain old English, and so 'll I." —Christian at Work.

"I want to return a quarter of my salary to the city on the ground that I am overpaid for my work," said the Mayor of Blue Island, Ill., to the City Treasurer. "Pass it over, and I will charge it as a receipt for the conscience fund," observed the latter official. "All right," says the Mayor, "here's the quarter—twenty-five cents." The Treasurer grabbed it, and seizing the Mayor by the arm charged for the nearest saloon. —Found Floating.

"I have a fit of melancholy," said a man limping along slowly. "Why, what's the matter?" inquired a friend. "These eternal boots are three sizes too small." —Merchant Traveller.

We call the attention of our readers to the large advertisement of the Golden Argosy in this issue. The Argosy is one of the best publications of its class, and the offer by the reliable publishers is a liberal one.

Scrabble has come back disgusted from Florida. Among the repellant things, he says he was driven out of his hotel by a young lady weighing two hundred and twenty pounds avoirdupois, who came there for health, and getting possession of the drawing-room piano, continually did sing, "Do they miss me at home?" Scrabbles saw her at dinner and thought they did.

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