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



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.
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Literature and Art.

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



Seats for the Bernhardt performances at the Grand on Saturday are at a premium, and that portion of society which has neglected to buy its place in advance will be on the tip-toe of expectation all round the back of the family circle.

The great and meagre Sara will give us—that is, those of us who speak Parisian French—her impression of *Gilberte and Camille*, exhibiting in each piece a distinct and characteristic stage die. Her performances will no doubt sustain her world-wide reputation, but whatever we may think of her acting her dresses will certainly be worth a good deal. It is consoling to know that although the swells of our first families will not be able to catch the meaning of her words, they will all understand her millinery effects.

Mr. Davin's article on "Great Speeches" has been reprinted from the March *Canadian Monthly*, and is now on sale in pamphlet form. It is well worth reading.

The amusing burlesque novel, "Rodrigo," which was given in the last two issues of *Grip*, was written for the *Yonkers, N. Y., Gazette*, by Mr. Wade Whipple.

Through a want of explicitness in our mention of the date of Miss Genevieve Ward's appearance here, a good many patrons of the Royal Opera House expected to find her on the boards this week. They were disappointed, but she is coming sure enough, and that before long.

Rev. Dr. Wild, of Bond Street Church, was one of the pioneer shorthand writers of Canada. He contributes an article to the *Shorthand Writer* of this month, which will prove interesting to all disciples of the stenographic art. A portrait of the rev. gentleman is also given in the magazine.

Melodrama holds sway at the Royal this week, the piece being an exciting dramatization of incidents in connection with the Molly Maguire episode of a few years ago in Pennsylvania. Those whose dramatic tastes have a tendency for sensational action cannot do better than go and see the piece.

Scribner for April will contain a paper on "Wood-Engraving and the *Scribner* Prizes," illustrated with the three blocks which were successful in the competition of 1880, and with three others which received honorable mention. The writer gives a rapid review of the rise of the so-called "new school" in this country, noting as the chief of its results the development of personality in the engraver, and as its characteristics: "1. Originality of style; 2. Individuality, and (as a corollary) variety of style; and 3. Faithfulness in the representation of a wide range of subjects by divers methods."

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

FIRST AND SECOND B. A. EXAMINATIONS.

Intending candidates are reminded that their names and addresses, accompanied by certificates of good conduct, must be sent in to the Department of the Provincial Secretary for the first B.A. Examination on or before the 31st of May, 1881, and for the second B.A. Examination on or before the 31st of August, 1881.

The first B.A. Examination will be held on Monday, the 18th July, 1881; and the second B.A. Examination will be held on Monday, the 24th October, 1881.

Copies of the list of subjects in which candidates will be examined for the years 1881 and 1882, respectively, can be obtained on application to the Department.

The University authorities have intimated that the regulations for Degrees in *Laws* at present under revision, but copies of the revised regulations are shortly expected, and due notice of their receipt will be given to intending candidates in the usual way.

ARTHUR S. HARDY, Provincial Secretary.

Provincial Secretary's Office, Toronto, 18th Feb., 1881 12-3-81.

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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 *Grip* Office.

The late Lord Lytton's hitherto unacted play "The Captives," will be produced by Mr. Hollingshead, at the Lyceum, during the autumn, at which period that theatre passes into his hands. In December, Mr. Irving will resume the management, and produce "Coriolanus," for which Mr. Alma Tadema has designed the scenery.

The editor of the *Owen Sound Tribune* publishes the following:—

"OUR EDITORIAL PAGE.—Last week, through a blunder of the printer in making up the editorial page, all the editorials got mixed, rendering them senseless."

There are a few of our contemporaries who, if they were entirely candid, might publish a notice like this every week without laying the blame on the shoulders of the poor printer.

Our clever and esteemed brother, the editor of the *San Francisco West*, made an unusual oversight in his issue of Feb. 19th. He did us the honor of quoting *Grip's* burlesque of Henry James, jr.,—a novel entitled "The Canadian,"—but forgot to credit the same to this journal. The author of this clever bit of writing (which it was natural for our appreciative friend to seize upon) was Mr. T. P. Thompson ("Jimuel Briggs") of this city.

New music from J. Suckling & Sons: "Contrite heart," sacred song by R. S. Ambrose, is well written and nicely portrays the sentiment of the words. Unfortunately there are a couple of typographical errors in the last bar of the accompaniment. We would suggest the C proceeding to the E above in the first bar of the accompaniment, thus giving a more complete harmony and avoiding the octaves with the melody, in this case rather prominent, the same when it elsewhere occurs.

SHARP SIXTH.

On Wednesday evening a new drama was produced at the Royal Park Theatre, entitled "Clemency; or the Power of Love," by Mr. Hugh Marston, who acknowledged that he has adapted it from the French of Emile Augier. In the original version the drama was called "Diane"—after the name of the heroine—and was successful at the Odeon, Paris. In his adaptation Mr. Marston has found it necessary to deviate from historical fact, notably in the termination of the fourth act, and, believing "the tastes of an English audience not being favorable to sombre conclusions," he has ended it happily to all concerned.

Of the original cast of "Our American Cousin" at Laura Keane's Theatre, in 1858, E. A. Sothern, Laura Keane, and Mary Wells, respectively the *Dundreary*, *Florence*, and *Mrs. Mountchessington*, are dead. Joseph Jefferson, the *Asa Trenchard*, has become wealthy as well as famous as *Rip Van Winkle*. Milnes Levick, the *Lieutenant Vernon*, is well-known in Shakespearean and kindred parts, and was lately at the Fifth Avenue Theatre as leading supporter of Mary Anderson. C. W. Gouldock, the *Abel Marcott*, is a member of the Madison Square Theatre Company, and has for a year acted the chief male character in "Hazel Kirke." Edwin Varry, the *Sir Edward Trenchard*, is with the Union Square travelling company, in similar dignified parts, but J. G. Burnett, the *Coyle*, has drifted off into low comedy. Effie Germon, the *Augusta*, is at Wallack's, and Sara Stephens, the *Mary Meredith*, was quite recently on the stage in Boston. The *Augusta* was Sothern's wife, from whom he soon afterwards parted. The names now suggest a wonderfully strong cast, but it should be borne in mind that the performers were then young in the profession, and none of them had acquired great excellence or reputation.—*Exchange*.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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

Miss De Meonor Marks.
AN EDUCATIONAL NOVELLETTE.

(Engaged at vast expense from *Gage's School Examiner and Monthly Review.*)
VOLUME I.

Miss De Meonor Marks was a born school teacher. She played with the *Canada School Journal* long before she could read. She kept a large dolls' school in the nursery; to treat bits of wood as if they were boys and girls, being the best possible preparation for a profession which seems to aim at treating boys and girls as if they were bits of wood. Everything in her school education tended to develop the large bump of Priggishness with which nature had gifted her. She never sported or played or laughed like other girls. She learned "Latin roots," till she couldn't speak plain English. She spent most of her time in Mathematical studies, the principal object of which was to determine the relation between A plus B and Y plus Z, a very important question in its bearings in practical life! She never made a bed, lighted a fire, or learned to cook anything except accounts. Of course she obeyed all the school regulations, was never once seen to smile, much less laugh, in school time or out of it. She got first-class certificate and at the Model School was admired by both the masters and pupils as far as the regulations of that ascetic institution permit feelings of admiration to be entertained towards a young lady student.

VOLUME II.

She became a teacher of the interesting village of Spooksville. She taught the farmer girls Latin roots, and advanced Mathematics, and Herberts Spencer's views on Education. She made them talk about "Protoplasm," and "Molecules," and "Differentiation." One girl, Bella Flint, did not believe in Protoplasm, and the teacher scolded and punished her, till she talked back, and then she got the strap and was suspended and expelled, and her father was school trustee and he and the other teachers locked the school against Miss De Meonor Marks, and she had to quit. But Bella's big brother Bob had fallen in love with her, and he drove her home from a social, and tried to kiss her as they drove through the dark pass among the maple trees by Dug Hill. And he had not shaved, and his moustache hurt the terminal filaments of the *portio dura* of the *fifth vein*, which as the students of physiology know supplies the nerves of sensation to the lips, and this made her scream, so the horse got scared and ran away and she was thrown from the buggy, and her head got such a blow that she lost her memory and forgot all about Latin roots and advanced mathematics, and Bella and she got real friends, and Bella's Ma taught her to cook and do chores, and she married Bob and read *Gair* every week, which made her happy ever afterwards.



A Hunter Hunted.

Mr. GRIP extends his sympathies to Mr. J. Howard Hunter, who has been for some time cutting a pretty lively figure in the newspapers of Brantford, a couple of columns of which are occupied daily with reports of the proceedings of the investigation into the charges made against the learned gentleman, as principal of the Institution for the Blind. The charges are about as small as average mosquitoes and quite as numerous and aggravating as those insects generally are at Brantford in the month of August. It has required the most active exertions on Mr. Hunter's part to defend himself from the stings aimed at him, and we are pleased to record that he has effectually squelched fully a half-dozen of the tormentors. The authorities, anxious to make matters as comfortable as justice would admit of, have shifted the battle from Brantford to Toronto, where the weather is cooler, and here it goes on at the present writing.

Slashbush on Upper Canada College.

It was smiling morn, and the rays from the ascending "god of day" shone in brightly through the windows of the Slashbush home-stand, lighting up the auburn curls of Almira as she stood arranging her hair before the looking glass that adorned the west wall of the comfortable kitchen. She was waiting for Gustavus to come in and partake of the buckwheat pancakes and sassafras tea she had prepared for his breakfast.

"What on airth has become of the critter any way?" said Almira to herself. "He hasn't gone to work without eating, you can bet on that. If dad comes home and finds—oh here you are," she exclaims, as Gustavus suddenly slipped through the door into the room.

"Spring at last! Almiry. Spring has come," said Gustavus joyously. "I've been out ever since sunrise, and I know from a long study and contemplation of Nature's manifestations that Spring has really come. This very morning I saw a chipmunk and two chickadees, and their appearance loudly proclaims the advent of summer. A fact I hail—"

"Guess we've had hail enough," interrupted his sister, who had been somewhat inattentive to his remarks.

"Where Almiry?" said Gustavus, not heeding the interruption, "where did the ancient compilers of almanacs and calendars get their information but from the study of Nature? Where does that great and reliable seer, Vennor, of Montreal, obtain his prophetic forecasts, if not from the knowledge of Nature's unerring signs? Yes, Almiry, knowledge is power. Indeed—"

"Well, I've knowledge enough to know that the pancakes are getting cold," said Almira.

"Knowledge?" continued Gustavus. "Ha! That reminds me of the infamous attempt some people are making now to dry up, as it were, one of the noblest and purest springs of knowledge that this country can boast of. Need I

say that I refer to our own Upper Canada College? The *alma mater*, I may say, of nine-tenths of all the men of mark and distinction in Ontario! And why? Because the upholders and supporters of what they call 'Collegiate Institutes' grumble and growl in their mean way at the pittance granted by the Government for its support, while the Institutes have to support themselves! What audacious effrontery! Let them," said Gustavus warming up, "let them show an array of talented statesmen and great men of all callings such as the U. C. C. has produced, and then let them talk! And then they argue that in the old times it was the only place that the smart boys could go to, to fit them for the University, and that now, as there are so many other places just as good as it is, its usefulness is gone. I tell you, Almiry, it's perfectly horrifying to contemplate how far these *ci-devant* reformers would go if they had their way, which, thank goodness, they haven't. I suppose the next thing they will attempt to do will be to do away with the University, or even interfere with the actions of the Law Society, and plunge the country into a more than Egyptian darkness, and all because their one-horse concerns don't get a Government grant. I can tell you, Almiry, they had better refrain from touching, with their sacrilegious hands, an institution that is venerated and revered by all (especially those who have matriculated there). I can tell them that the Upper Canada College will rear its stately front long after—"

"Oh, land sakes! do stop talkin' nonsense. Eat your breakfast and go out and mend that burn door that dad spoke to you about," said the impatient Almira. "If he comes home and finds it not fixed you'll get it lively, I can tell you."

Gustavus sat down, reflectively devoured the luscious and leathery "flapjacks," and hastened away in the direction of the barn.

Grip's Book of Oddities.

No. III.



Our modern civilization has produced nothing which appeals to us more forcible or more persistently than the Woman who Sells Tickets for the Church. She is a member in good standing, and she rarely sits down. She has a pleasant, beseeching expression of countenance, and goes about her work as though she had a consciousness of being engaged in a truly Christian mission. The pleasant expression is more particularly noticeable when she first enters your office and gently approaches the desk where you are hard at work. It remains—it even

brightens and beams more beautifully—while she is going through the brief preliminary of opening her satchel and producing the tickets. It begins to vanish when she notices the Don't-want-any look in your eyes, and it departs altogether and is succeeded by an expression of pity and righteous anger when you follow up your Don't-want-any look by words to the same effect. Alas! this is a cold world. Little do the pampered denizens of Jarvis Street, who loiter in their luxurious parlors, know the sufferings of the Woman who Sells Tickets for the Church! But with rare Christian fortitude she perseveres. Often and often she is tempted to quit altogether and confine her attention to the care of her house, husband and family, and leave this department of Christian activity to the younger ladies, but she bravely strangles this feeling. The spectacle of the thousands around who are perishing for want of tickets to church entertainments has nerved her to go on in the good work, and consequently often the good man has gone without a hot meal!



An Elephant on His Hands.

The public heart goes out in tender pity for the Hon. the poor little Minister of Agriculture, who, in addition to the heavy duties of his own department, is at present struggling under the superadded weight of Sir Charles Tupper's. As he rises in the House to answer some member's question pertaining to the Department of Railways, and stands with a dazed expression in his eyes, he presents a striking illustration of the man who won the elephant at the raffle. His ready wit alone saves the dignity of the Cabinet. For every such questioner he has a satisfactory and settling form of words: "I don't know;" and no doubt he mutters many times a day the famous words of Wellington, "O that Prorogation or Tupper would come!"

March.

In seeking the derivation of the month of March we are once more directed towards that mythological region where "a many years ago" there disported, in all the ease and freedom of an Olympian existence,

"The gods and goddesses
Without skirts or bodices,"

concerning whom the ancient classics have had so much to say. Olympus was by no means remarkable for propriety; indeed the early heathen have given us, in that creation of their fertile imagination, the very best possible proof of their own condition at the time, or of what they would have been if possessed of the power with which they endowed their deities. Of course modern cynics may be inclined to think that we are no better now than they were in the direction of sunrise years and years ago; but we can at least lay claim to a sense of public propriety which was rarely exhibited either in earth or the heathen heaven at the time of which we speak. In the midst of this healthy and enervating atmosphere, we forget the precise date but no matter when, Mars, the god of war, first saw the light of day. To add to his chances of future profligacy he never had a father. We speak advisedly in this matter; just ask any mythologist if we are not right. We don't mean that, Topsy-like, he skipped along in continual ignorance as to the identity of his masculine progenitor (alas, that so many, even in this enlightened age, should have cause to seek in vain for information on that head!)-but exactly what the words indicate; he never had a father. The particular deity, too, to whom he was supposed to grant filial obedience, was either too much taken up with his own little shortcomings or too careless of his quasi-son's future to grant even a passing word of counsel and fatherly advice. His every effort, no matter how licentious or vicious, met with unqualified success, and both in earth and Olympus he was courted and made much of with a constancy and ardor which, if glossed over with a very thin coating of surface propriety and mock-modesty, would bear a close resemblance to some of the feats of adulation in which modern fashion is wont to find delight. It mattered not that he bought his military

victories with flagitious violence and raping; that when out of a job he occupied his time in the haunts of drunkenness and disorder; that he made love to a brother deity's wife while said brother deity was away from home; that he played Olympian poker for enormous *antes*, and didn't hesitate to "stack" the pasteboard when fortune proved for the moment unpropitious; that in short he kept himself constantly qualified for club life and chambers on the north side of K. street;—all these things were smoothed over and looked upon as of no account, when it came to be considered that he was supremely successful and abundantly attractive. Mamas with eligible daughters were ever on the watch for him, while the daughters themselves joined in one general and appreciative chorus that dear Mr. Mars was such a man of the world!

We don't know that there is any very special lesson to be drawn from the above-mentioned source of derivation, except perhaps that the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century seems altogether irreconcilable with the continuation of a title which owes its origin to a heathen god, and an exceedingly rascally deity at that. But where a Christian people are content that their great day of rest should be called after an ancient hebdomadal festival in connection with the worship of the sun, there is little use in mentioning minor incongruities. Neither do we know that there is any marked appropriateness, here in Canada at all events, in applying the name of the present month at this season of the year. We have nothing warlike in March save wind and parliamentary debate, and these, if not absolutely synonymous, are oft-times singularly blustery and unprofitable. Many of our legislators are careful to follow the god of war in utter disregard as to the rectitude of the means by which they attain their end; and not a few of their followers show themselves apt pupils of the Mars-worshippers of old, by glorying in leaders who call one another "liar" across the floor of the House, and count it a respectable method of waging a political warfare.

Smith's Common Law.

BY A FIRST INTERMEDIATE MAN.

O Smithiest of the Smiths! O driest
Of all the Smithy tribe, who pliest
Thy self-plucked goose's quill unbiassed
By love or awe?
Thou common Smith, thy hand thou trest
At Common Law.
What moved thee thus fond youth, to bother
With this crack-headed, knotty bletcher,
Drier than talk about the weather,
Or budget speeches!
The emblem of the land of heather
Pierce through thy breeches.
SERVUS.



Now, then! Who's Got the Best Ministerial Standing?



John Bull in South Africa.

Capt. John Bull is cutting a sorry figure in South Africa, where he went on a gracious and highly civilized mission, to wit, to subdue the rebellions Boers and take possession of their country. Up to the present writing he hasn't succeeded very satisfactorily in any part of this programme, and a good many loyal members of the British Empire would feel tolerably well satisfied if he ultimately failed. The South African Boer appears to be an awkward animal to handle, but Capt. Bull is encountering not only an immediate enemy in the valorous defenders of the soil, but another powerful foe in the public opinion of the world, which is decidedly against such raiding as this. Mr. Bull is not exactly starving for territory, and even if he were, that would not justify him in annexing the fatherland of any people who didn't want to be annexed. No glory has yet been gained in the "war" with the Boers, though the triumphant achievement of the present military mission will be a trifle more humiliating to British honor and pride than any of the recent engagements.

The Death of the Czar.

From the far north a startling cry is heard,
"The Czar is dead!"—the blow so long deferred
At length has struck great Alexander low—
Victim Imperial of a trackless foe.
And all the world with horror stands aghast;
Emperor and Autocrat—the mighty past,
Shows few more mighty—his mere breath was law—
His living word held continents in awe.
Great, but not wise enough to heed the sign—
The writing on the wall—the line on line,
Of sullen warning—or too slow to bend—
He braved the worst—that worst his mangled end.
Let none forget his fiat freed the slave—
An act that glorifies his ghastly grave—
Let none forget the system, not the man,
Held Russia prostrate neath a ruthless ban.
No reckless tyrant he—in impulse kind;
By training only and tradition blind—
The past had framed him—for the past he fell—
Not his the wrongs that rung his parting knell.
His form Imperial blocked the onward tread,
Of freedom—true—but freedom is not wed
With foul assassins—no—she hides her time,
And hides her head and blushes at a crime.
God made men free—it may be He may bring
Good from this ghastly crime—if good should spring—
If freedom come—her crown will bear a stain
That long as Russia lasts will dark remain.

GARDE.

News from Palestine.

PALESTINE, Ohio, March 10th.—Thirty-one ladies have been arrested charged with inciting a mob against a saloon-keeper named Long, of Palestine, &c.:

A man named Long, of Palestine,
Was by the ladies' league invested,
So just to bring them up to time,
He'd thirty-one of them arrested.
The ladies now plead that too Long
In Palestine he had been reignin',
They did not wish to do him wrong,
But just present him with a Canan.



THE SCOTT ACT CANDLE SNUFFED OUT.

OLD MRS. SENATE, BEING REQUESTED TO TRIM THE WICK, MALICIOUSLY SNUFFS OUT THE PROHIBITORY FLAME!

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."



MR. SPOOPENDYKE AS AN AUDITOR.

'Now, my dear,' said Mr. Spoopendyke, 'if you'll bring me the pen and ink, I'll look over your accounts and straighten 'em out for you. I think your idea of keeping an account of the daily expenses is the best thing you ever did. It's business-like, and I want to encourage you in it.'

'Here's the ink,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke, growing radiant at the compliment. 'I had the pen day before yesterday. Let me think, and she dove into her work basket and then glanced nervously under the bureau.'

'Well, do you suppose I'm going to split up my finger and write with that?' demanded Mr. Spoopendyke.

'I put it somewhere,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'Ah! here I have it. Now you see,' she continued, 'I put what money I spend down here. This is your account here, and this is the joint account. You know—'

'What's this?' asked Mr. Spoopendyke.
'That's your account; this—'
'No, no, I mean this marine sketch in the second line.'

'That?' Oh, that's a 7.
'Suppose I ever spent seven dollars with a tail like that to it? If you're going to make figures, why don't you make figures. What d'ye want to make a picture of a prize fight in a column of accounts for? What is this elephant doing here?'

'I think that's a 2,' replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, dubiously. 'Maybe it's a 4. I can tell by adding it up.'

'What are you going to add up? D'ye count in this corner lot and that rose bush, and this pair of suspenders? D'ye add them in?'

'That's a 6 and that is a 5 and the last an 8. They come out all right, and during the last month you have spent more than I and the joint account together.'

'Haven't either. When did I spend this broken-down gumboat?'

'That ain't a boat. It's \$42 for your suit.'
'Well, this tramp fishing off a rock, when did I spend him?'

'It ain't a tramp. It's \$50 in cash you took, and I don't know what you spent it for. Look at my account, now—'

'What's the man pulling a gig for?'
'It's nothing of the sort. That ain't a gig, it's \$1 for wiggins. You see I've only spent \$22 in a month, and you've spent \$184.'

'You can't tell by this what I've done,' growled Mr. Spoopendyke. 'What is this rat trap doing in the account?'

'That's fourteen cents for fruit, when you were sick.'

'And this measly-looking old hen, what's she got to do with it?'

'That's no hen. That's a 2. It means \$2 for having your chain mended.'

'What have you charged me with this old graveyard for?'

'That's 15 cents for sleeve elastics. The 15 ain't plain, but that's what it is.'

'How do you make out I have spent so much? Where's the vouchers? Show me the vouchers.'

'I don't know what you mean,' said Mrs. Spoopendyke, 'but you spent all I put down.'

'Haven't done anything of the sort. Show me some vouchers. Your account's a humbug. You don't know how to keep an account.'

'Yes, I do,' pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke, 'and I think it's all right.'

'No you don't. What do you mean by getting up engravings of a second-hand furniture store and claiming that it's my account? You're a nice book keeper you are. All you want is a sign hung between you and the other side of the street, to be a commercial college. If I ever fail in business, I'm going to fill you up with benches and start a night school. Give me that pen,' and Mr. Spoopendyke commenced running up the columns. 'Two two's four and eight, twelve and four, sixteen, and carry one to the next and three is four. Here, this is wrong. You've got an eighteen for a twenty here.'

'Eh?' jerked out Mrs. Spoopendyke.

'This is \$204, not \$184. I knew you couldn't keep accounts. You can't even add up.'

'That makes your account even bigger,' responded Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'I didn't think it was so much.'

Slam went the book across the room, followed by the pen, and the ink would have gone too but for Mrs. Spoopendyke cautiously placing it out of harm's way.

'Dod gast it!' howled Mr. Spoopendyke, as he tore off his clothes and prepared for bed. 'You ain't fit to have a pen and ink. Next time I want my accounts kept, I'll keep 'em chained up in the back yard, and don't you go near 'em; hear me?'

'Yes, dear,' sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke as she slipped the obnoxious book into the drawer.



"The good alone are great," its hard to be a grater.

Venor-able in all probability means to be profitable.

A weather prophet is a seer, therefore every young man is a prophet, because they all profit by the weather and see her.

And these are the Congressman's seven ages—mucil-age, or the gummy period; mile-age, which he very soon begins to appreciate; scrimm-age, in which he frequently finds himself; tonn-age, a term peculiar to the Senate, indicating greatness; gilded age, which all desire to gaze upon; old-age, which comes apace; and dot-age, which ends this strange eventful history.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

The sinners are becoming Wild at the thought of the world Cumming to an end, when they will be Shipton to eternity; beHined in their balance sheet and doomed to the Poole of despair—Pity there wasn't some Baxter-way to creep out of.

AFTER THE PARTY.—Elderly coquette (to two pretty girls): 'And I'm sure you naughty girls sat up ever so late talking us over. How I should like to have hid myself behind a screen and heard it all.' Horrid boy: 'No, you wouldn't!'—*Punch.*

Oh, protoplasm! Oh, protoplasm! Oh, mystic depth of the unknowable! Herbert Spencer has the dyspepsia, and it was brought on by eating peanuts. Thus does philosophy fail us in the most common interests of life, while unfolding before us the illimitable.—*Boston Post.*

A soft voice in a woman always goes with a gentle spirit. A gentleman sitting in a friend's parlor engaged in conversation with him was startled by a noise down stairs and paused to ask: 'What's that; a crash of crockery?' 'No, that's only my wife calling to me.'—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Mrs. Grumper read a fashion note to her husband the other day which stated that a new style of dressing ladies' hair was coming into vogue. 'The men don't need any change, I 'spose,' said she. 'No,' answered Josiah, 'they have trouble enough taking care of what little hair their wives leave unpulled, without bothering about how to dress it.'—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

The plumber will go to the sea shore this Summer arrayed in his best. The hotels will know him by a supercilious smile which he will wear, and a gold tooth-pick, and the way he looks down upon common people. There is one consolation in the matter, however, and that is the unalterable fact that the plumber can't go bathing unless he gets wet just the same as other folks.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

There is a vacancy in the "devil" department of this office. This is the way it happened. We were writing about St. Petersburg, and had forgotten the name of the river that flows by it. "The Neva," replied our foreman, to whom we had propounded the question. "What! Neva?" said the printer's devil, which were the last words he spoke. The office will close early to-day, to allow the compositors an opportunity to attend the funeral.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A little Oil City boy, whose father gave him a printing press the other day, has already discovered the dangers and pitfalls which surround the path of the printer. He set up and printed a little gilt-edged card, with the warning phrase, "Paint, look out." By some means this card became fastened to his sister's hat, and hung just beside her left ear, where he who ran could read. And when she went down street there was a grin extending clear from Pearl Avenue to the Exchange. And that night the boy traded off his printing press for a yellow dog and a pop gun, with a chew of gum thrown in.—*Derrick.*

Mrs. Washington, the mother of George, was going to make soap. George and his father arranged a large cask with some straw in the bottom of it, and on top of the straw they put some ashes and then leached them. Mrs. Washington got her soap-grease all ready and in a short time the house was filled with that beautiful odor that betokens the process of soap-boiling is going on. With all her skill she could not make the soap come. On investigation it was discovered that some of the ashes used were from the wood of the cherry-tree George cut down, and no lye could be produced even from them. This shows the power of truthfulness.—*Exchange.*



Aunt Polly's Opinions.

What with the awful mushy weather, with coal that dear it seems a sin to burn it, and chilblains, and chapped hands, and one thing and another, I've been worried nigh to death's door this week.

Monday was wash-day as usual, and I was getting on so brisk, and thinking I'd get through in time to cook a snack of dinner, and tidy myself a bit; for, having a boarder, I likes to have everything straight for meal time, when who should come in to my back door but Mrs. Sam Banks! If she'd only come to the front door I'd a taken care whether I'd a let her in or not. And she was dressed up within an inch of her life, and that fixed up with bows and fil-fals; not that her dress was much above a shilling winey; but it had bows of turnable blue and red ribbon all down the front, and another about the size of a cabbage leaf stuck in front on the top of her head, and beaut-catchers all around the sides of her face. I don't hold with no such rigging out, and she two years older than me, the vain creature! I know her well, I went to school with her, and she's that proud of being married to Sam Banks! and she knows well enough I could have had him, years ago, over and over, without as much as raising a finger. She was speaking about it herself one day, and she said, "Weren't you just a fool not to marry Sam when you had a chance? Don't tell me you ain't sorry, you can't deceive the inquisitional eyes of friendship, and I knows. Though of course I am unfrancedly glad you let him slip." She does get her words so mixed up, it's past believe. Why the other day she said, talking about herself, as she mostly does, "I am such a sanguinary disposition, no trouble don't enervate me, quick." Well, as I was saying, she came in the back door without knocking and sat down on a chair close to the wash-tub, and I tell you I ached to splash the soap-suds over her.

"How can you do your own washing, Polly?" said she, to begin with. "I think I should transpire if I washed."

"Don't doubt you would, freely," said I, vexed like, for it's only the last few weeks I've done my washing, just since I took my boarder—it's quite an undertaking having a boarder, especially if he works at printing, if your means are small. "Taint long since you washed for a family of six." I went on, thinking as I'd begun I might as well give her a good one.

"Oh! but that was priory to my marrying Sam Banks. But what I came over for was to ask you to give a dinner to some deserving parties."

"Well, Mrs. Banks," said I, "I never yet turned away a hungry tramp. I don't give money, but broken victuals I never refuse."

"But you know they ain't what you'd call tramps," she said, kind of gentle. "It's what Sam calls a kind of special conference; we've had some trouble in our church, and some delicacies are coming to try to renovate matters, and we're to have ten ministers to stop with us for three days, and I want you to give them a dinner the first evening."

"Well," says I, "if a meal's an object, you can fetch them along to tea."

"Call it dinner and I'm with you," says she, insinuating like.

"Call it what you please, it don't make a particle of difference in the provender. If you think by calling it dinner you gets hot meat and vegetables you reckons a long way ahead of your hostess."

"Dinner do sound so much more exquisite," she sighed.

"It won't taste a mite better, but let that be. Ten men and you and Banks and Billy and me, that's fourteen, yes the table'll hold them at a pinch, and I don't mind obliging you for once in a way. You can come."

"Thank you, Polly, and you'll ask some ladies to meet them, now do?"

"No, that I won't," says I, quite rasped, "I never did and I never will hold with encouraging ministers in their flirtations. They'll get no temptations here, to be untrue to their poor wives! If they can't come and eat a solid meal without a lot of caudling women around, I don't want 'em."

"Well, but one of them is yet unwed. Now do ask some one to cheer him up."

"I'll ask Weesie Juniper, if you like, and that's all I'll do, and now Mrs. Sam, if you'll call again to-morrow I'll talk to you as long as you like, but now I want to get my washing done." And for a wonder she took the hint and her departure simultaneously, promising to come at five on Thursday. I just fairly worked after she went, and got things fixed, and a clean apron on, and dinner ready, and by the time my nephew, Billy Webster, came home everything was tidy as a new pin.

"Well, Auntie!" he says, trouncing himself down in his place, and knocking his hat off backwards. "Washing-day again! By Jove, why don't they come every day, and then a fellow'd be prepared for 'em; but now they always come upon me in the lush of a sweet surprise. You might drop an intimation, my august relative, when it's coming round. Its hurtful to be taken by surprise; joy sometimes kills."

"I'll tell you next time," I says, not a bit vexed, I'm used to his ways.

"Don't forget, for I like to look forward to it, I love a wash day and a cold dinner almost too much."

Now anything like that he calls sarcastic, but I calls it a rank lie, pure and simple; pure, because it ain't mixed with a bit of truth, and simple because nobody would believe it on oath. I didn't take no notice, didn't even seem to hear, but just told him about the meal I'd promised to give the preachers, and he was tickled most to death.

"A ministerial dinner-party! Hokus-pokus, won't it be sport! May I share their bread and salt, Auntie?"

"Of course. But Billy, did you hear what the trouble in their church was?"

"Well I heard a rumour round town that the man, what d'ye call him? the man that raises the tunes?"

"Modulator or Preceptor or something," says I.

"That's near enough. Well I had it on good authority that he used a four-pronged tuning-fork, instead of a two, to raise the Psalms with; and the Elders hoisted him up by it and yammed him square through the window; whereby his collar-bone, or his bone collar-button—I forget which—became a total wreck."

"Don't talk to me," says I, "I know that ain't true, for it's a Methodist church."

Then he laughed, and rushed down cellar for some apples, and went off to his work, leaving me to prepare for the party I was fool enough to promise to give.

There are 880,000 more men than women in the United States. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has done all she could to remedy this terrible state of things.—*Pack*.



Edward the Confessor.

Mr. Blake has at present the satisfaction of listening to a very childlike, though somewhat indirect, confession from the lips of the Finance Minister. The humble functionary, with downcast countenance, admits that his oft-repeated assertion to the effect that the producer and not the consumer pays the duty is not so veracious as the statements of truly good men ought to be. This confession is not made precisely in the manner pictured above, but by means of a Bill of which notice has been given, to provide for recouping to manufacturers the duty on raw materials entering into the manufacture of goods that go into the construction of the Canada Pacific Railway. If Canadian makers of fish-plates, bolts, etc., etc., could afford to sell their wares as cheaply as foreigners, the Syndicate people would buy them. Mr. Tilley enables them to do so by taking off the duties, which is a very plain, if not very frank, contradiction of the assertion that the duty does not necessarily add to the cost of any manufactured article. The fact that this Bill is simply another mouthful for the already gored Syndicate is also worthy of comment, perhaps.

Thos. White, M. P.

Grip admires Mr. Thos. White's touching modesty. Speaking on the Hansard debate the other day he said, in substance, "newspapers will always report the speeches of prominent members." Seeing that more columns of the *Montreal Gazette* are given up to Mr. White's speeches than to those of any two other members of the House, what a very prominent personage Mr. Thomas must deem himself. Even Sir John and Sir Charles play second fiddles as compared with him, and poor Mr. Blake is, of course, nowhere.



Parliamentary Nursery Rhyme.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating political pie,
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a Plumb,
Saying, "What a dear, prosy old guy!"

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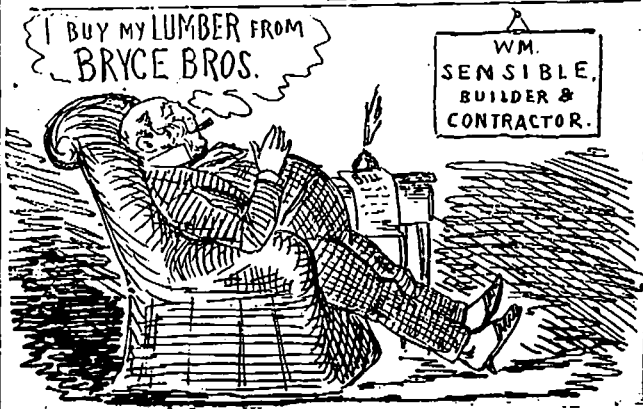
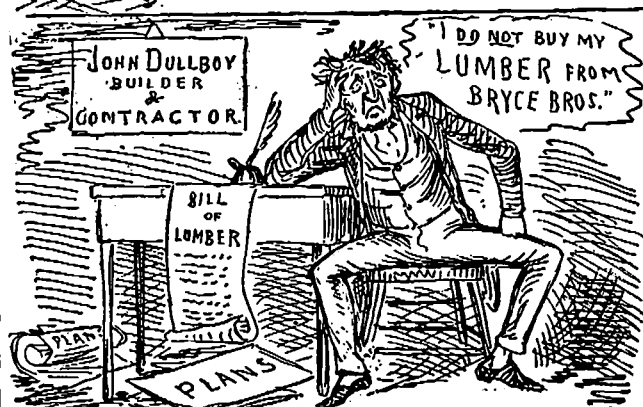
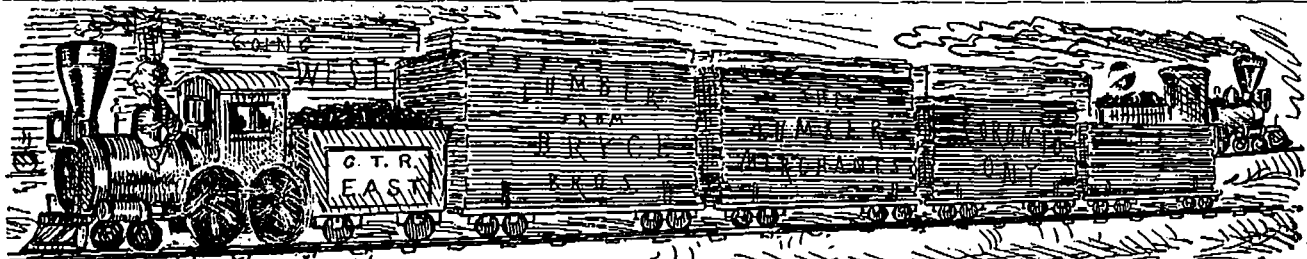
OPPOSITION CONSOLATION.

Chorus of Grip Boys.—“Well, we helped to blow that bubble, anyway.”



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