

IMPORTER,
GLOVER HARRISON,
CHINA HALL
49 KING ST. E., Toronto



IMPORTER
GLOVER HARRISON,
CHINA HALL
49 KING ST. E., Toronto

VOLUME XXIV.
No. 13.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 28TH, 1885.

\$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.



A POSER FOR THE LITTLE FINANCIER.

Blake --YES, IT WAS EASY ENOUGH TO DROP \$300,000 INTO THIS CONCERN, BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET IT OUT?

\$10.  \$10.
Genuine Diamond, set in solid 15 karat gold.
DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.
50 Per cent. reduction
on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 800 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.
CHAS. STARK,
52 Church Street, Toronto, near King.



**JOHNSTON'S
FLUID BEEF.**

\$20.  \$20.
Genuine Diamond, set in solid 15 karat Gold.
DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.
50 Per cent. reduction
on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 800 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.
CHAS. STARK,
52 CHURCH ST. TORONTO, Near King,

BRUCE BROS. THE LUMBER MERCHANTS AND BUILDERS. Save Notice by being your own Landlord. Corner Berkeley and Front Streets, and on easy terms. Call and see us. **TORONTO.**

GRIP

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH Editor.

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

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald. Aug. 2.
 - No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat. Sep. 20.
 - No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake. Oct. 18.
 - No. 4. Mr. W. H. Meredith. Nov. 22.
 - No. 5. Hon. H. Mercier. Dec. 20.
 - No. 6. Hon. Sir Hector Languevin. Jan. 17.
 - No. 7. Hon. John Norquay. Feb. 14.
 - No. 8. Hon. T. B. Pardee. Mar. 28.
 - No. 9. Mr. A. C. Bell, M.P.P.:
- Will be issued with the number for. April. 26.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—If the Government of this country would keep a sharp eye on the pointers GRIP gives them from week to week and shape their policy accordingly, there would be less trouble at Ottawa, and more happiness elsewhere. For GRIP has nothing in the world to do but interpret the Will of the People, whereas Cabinet Ministers have very little time to spare to devote to that work. Just at present, Sir John would be in the line of duty and public approval if he took some effective measures to drive the Syndicate hog away from the public trough. The animal has had more than enough already—far more than any sane man would have dreamed at first of giving it. Its demand for more is in perfect consistence with all we know of hog-nature, but the people of this country fail to see why they should impoverish themselves to fatten a private institution.

FIRST PAGE.—Sir Leonard Tilley having been appealed to by the directors of the Exchange Bank at Montreal, good-naturedly put \$100,000 of the public money into that institution to help it along. This sum helped it along so well that the director asked for another \$100,000. To prevent a general panic, (on the part of the Directors probably) Sir Leonard complied again. Subsequently another application was made, and Sir Leonard dropped in another \$100,000. He didn't make any particular investigation as to where the money was going to, but as a matter of precaution, he took Senator Ogilvie's security for this last deposit. Then the Bank went up. And now Senator Ogilvie denies his responsibility, and the question is: How are wo

going to get our money back? GRIP begs to suggest that the C.P.R. come to the relief of the Government and pay the amount out of capital.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY

NO. VIII. HON. T. B. PARDEE, COMMISSIONER OF CROWN LANDS, ONT.

The Hon. Timothy Blair Pardee is portrayed in the Opposition journals of Ontario as one of the two members (the other being his rhyming colleague, Hardy) who redeemed the Mowat Government from the charge of being truly good. The younger generation of Conservatives—the very young ones—are growing up with the idea that Pardee is a ba-ad man; an adept at poker, and every cognate wickedness, inclusive of all the political vices. This, strange to say, is a perversion of the truth, just as it would be if the Grit papers described Sir Charles Tupper as a perfect George Washington. The perversion originated probably in the fact that a good many of Mr. Pardee's early years were spent in the mining districts of Australia and California, and that he has a slight air of the "man of the world" about him. His personal manner, in fact, may be described as decidedly Liberal-Conservative. He would readily pass for a John A. man if he didn't take pains to repudiate the Chieftain and all his ways on every possible occasion.

Mr. Pardee was born in Grenville Co., Ont., Dec. 11th. 1830. He is a lawyer by profession, and Commissioner of Crown Lands in the Mowat Cabinet by practice. He has been a member of the Local House since Confederation. His present portfolio he accepted in 1872, prior to that date having acted as Provincial Secretary. As a departmental officer, Mr. Pardee is a conspicuous success, and the *Mail* to the contrary notwithstanding, he is a man of sterling principle, and a jolly good fellow.



THE WOOD-BUTCHER AND THE GARDENER'S GAL.

HE.
"Oh, maiden," said the carpenter
Unto the gardener's daughter,
"I've come to ax you to repair
With me across the water."

ANE.
"Oh, sir!" replied the blushing maid,
"Such things you must not hope, sir,
'Twould eud un-apply, I fear;
I really cantelope, sir."

HE.
"I hammer workmen, skilled and good,
And awl who know me say so."

ANE.
"Some one might peach to my papa
If I should run away so."

HE.
"If I see that no trouble comes,
Will you clope?" "I fear, sir,

That you're too saucy; really, now,
I mitre-boxed your ears, sir,

"For asking such a thing of me;
A pear we can be never.
I ne'er can such a mango with,
Though he be e'er so clover.

"Pea-nut cast down: my mind may change;
Don't yield to melon-choly.
Tomato I am am not prepared,
And think it might be folly."

HE.

"I have no vices, gentle girl,
To take me to the devil;
I do not drink, and ne'er sank down
To beer or spirit-level.

"It augers badly, it is plain,
That you refuse my offer:
It aizes much to my grief that you
Cannot accept my proffer."

SHE.

"The currant season is no time
To think about cloping;
I do not carrot at all to go,
It looks too much like sloping."

HE.

"Em-brace me just a little bit,
If not with all your power;
You're just the sort of girl we men
Do like to cauliflower.

"Farewell, dear maid." "Oh! talk not so;
Well, time the worst of geeses:
I love you and my tender heart
Is brocoli into peeces.

"Orange the world with you I will,
I yan quite ready now, dear;
(Sobbing.)
I don't l-like to cu-umber you,
I really don't, I vow, dear.

"But go with you I will, right now,
Don't stand there like a dunce, sir;
This is a cabbage; call a cab
And we'll be off at once, sir.

"Yes, lettuce go; thyme lies, so come,
I'm read . . ." So her lover
Fled with her; and the two have gone
Where no man may discover.



The new American melodrama, *Shadows of Great City*, is drawing great houses at the Grand. Next week the fine play *Michael Strogoff* is to follow with its magnificent scenery and ballet. At Montford's the Osborne Comedy Company are giving the public a taste of Irish fun. In addition to the regular stage performance, a very clever exhibition of Mesmerism is given without extra charge. It is impossible to conceive anything funnier than the antics of the unconscious comedians under the professor's influence. Go and see him. The Kellogg-Huntingdon Concert on April 10 promises to be a huge success. Madame Pappenheim, the famous soprano, is to be heard in Toronto shortly. Tickets at Suckling's.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL COMES TO GRIEF.

"Mrs. —away, the wife of a poor devil of a printer, while cleaning house, asked her husband to nail up some []; he refused; she looked ++ at him, and told him his conduct was without [], and beat him with her ++ until he saw **. He now lies in a (.) tose state and may be soon a subject for dis\$. A man must be an * his life and limb in such a way as that. It has undoubtedly put a (.) to his existence.

OWED TO WIGGINS.

Come forth, oh Wiggins! come forth like a man,
And tell us where that storm is, if you can:
Where are those earthquakes: where the howling gale,
That were to snuff us with no chance of fail?
March the eighteenth was chosen as the date
For thy great storm to o'er-tum Church and State.
The world was all to quake, shake, break, and bust;
Cities and towns, thou saidst, would turn to dust.
A howling blizzard was to sweep the land,
And gales before which not one stone should stand
Upon another; vessels on the face
Of ocean were to vanish into space.
The power of thy great storm was to be such
That Grits would turn to Tories at its touch.
Toronto's parliament buildings were to fall
Till not a vestige should be seen of wall,
Or post, or pillar: had thy storm done that
We sure had said thou knewest what thou wert at.
And had it swept St. John's Ward out of sight,
None could have dared to say it did not right.
But, after all th' prophesies so dire,
Of storm and tempest, earthquake, gale and fire,
What came to pass, oh, Wiggins! what, I say,
Upon, in March, thy chosen eighteenth day?
Why simply nothing. Wiggins you are blamed
For this, and don't you really feel ashamed?
No one believed you, for two years ago
On your trumpet this same tune did blow.
Folks say you are a crank; now Wiggy, you
Can scarce deny that their assertion's true.
What do you do it for? is it notoriety?
Or aren't there cranks enough now in society?
The eighteenth day of March, the nineteenth, too,
Were simply beautiful; the sky was blue;
The sun shone brightly, in the budding trees
The birds sang sweetly in the vernal breeze.
For days before the cold had been intense;
The air was cutting, and the wind immense;
But when the eighteenth dawned—how passing strange—
All nature seemed to undergo a change.
The wind was gentle, balmy, even warm.
This, oh great Wiggins! was thy threatened storm!
Don't try it on again, my prophet friend,
To e'en the sweetest tempers there's an end;
And if you talk again of storm and quake
You'll be convinced by force, of your mistake.
Give up your trade of weather-prophet, do;
Buck wood, that's just the very thing for you;
Or set a job at digging post-holes, crank!
And thee the world will feel disposed to thank;
(And not, as it does now, at least I, do, to spunk.)
This once we will forgive you, but be sure and don't
Try on your games again, for then we won't.

BARNEY O'HEA TO THE FORE.

TORANTY, March 4, '85.

DEAR MISTER GRIP,—Is it where have I been yer ax-in? Troth, thin, an' where else would I be but at the capital city av Ottawa in attendance on poor Sir John—the poor old crayture? Sure, an' what wid wan thing and another, his poor heart is broke intirely. "Barney," sez he to me in a letter about a couple av months ago, "Barney, for the love o' marey come down



for a couple o' weeks an' kape me from fallin' a victim to the blues (no riffinice to Quaybec); for what wid the little tyrant Mowat an' the big tyrant Blake; what atune the Nor'west syndykate, an' the liquor syndykate, an' the prohibition syndykate, an' all other sins that ever wor indicated, sure me heart is breakin' and me intellects departin', an' it's crazy they'll drive me intirely. Av course meself set out immaydately, an' when I arrav in Ottawa, who should meet me at the dure av the Parliament house but the ould man himself. "It's welcome ye are, Barney; maybe, perhaps now, who knows, it's meself will be after shlapin' to-night, now whin ye've come to comfort me poor heart," sez he.

"Arrah! Sir John," sez I, "it's thrue for yez. Oneasy lies the head that wears a pair av red breeches."

"To the divil wid the breeches," sez he, "the way thim Grits charge down on thim red breeches ud make any man think they were all born bulls. For all that," sez he, "come on home wid me, and I'll show ye the hull soot av me shtar into the bargain."

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," sez I to him, whin he was showin' me his soot, "sure, it's a fortune GRIP has made be the sale av yerself in that same soot. More betoken, whin the Grits are talkin' about that, sure they're kapin' silent about so nothin' else. An' that's wan consolation."

"Musha, Barney!" says he, "don't intion the Grits to me, for it's under the sod they'll be having me soon, wid their motions, and amindments, an' wantin' to know all the outs and ins av ivry mortal transaction, from the C. P. R. down to the few coppers for extras in the way av advertizin' in the public papers. If they'd only let me alone, Barney, if they'd just let me alone, an' let me run the country meself, an' ax no questions, sure I'd be the happiest man alive. Take a cigar," sez he, "Barney! here's one av the new Prohibition brand. I mane the prohibition of the Scott Act—warranted to end in shmoke," sez he, sittin' down an' shmokin' and whistlin' at the same time. He's the only man in the country can do that same, is Sir John. By-and-bye, sez he to me, a couple av weeks or so after—sez he to me, sez he, "Figuratively speakin'," sez he, "it's meself ud just like to see that blank Sindykate take one walk acrasht the bridge av sighs—only it might break down wid the weight av them." "No danger av that," sez I, "they didn't have the contract for the buildin' av that." "Thruce for ye," sez he, "Barney, thruce for ye; all the same it's in Heaven I wish they were this precious minute, an' the C. P. R. along wid them." "An' Blake an' Mowat in glory?" sez I, humorin' him like. "That for Blake an' Mowat," sez he, snapping his fingers, "I can outwit them any day, but this infernal horse-leech, this vampire, this ghoul of a syndykate, Barney, its killin' me by inches; it hangs on like grim death; it is the intensified, 'million-magnified' ghost of Oliver Twist, forever crying, 'MORE!' " "Why didn't ye recave the anti-Scott deputation in the Parliament buildin's?" sez I. "Recave them in the Parliament buildings? Is it mad yez are, Barney? In the face av all thim majorities all over the country in favor of the Scott Act, you raily ax me will I recave them like the other deputations? Not much! We let thim down softly, Barney; nobody axed thim to come; howivir, there's nothin' loike being fair spoken. Ivory dog has its day, at least so I can see from the majorities returned."

"But about compinsation, Sir John!"
"Don't you wish they may get it, Barney?" says he, wid a wink.

He's a mosht raymarkable man, is Sir John. Wan day he sat whistlin' an' winkin' away to himself, an' after a while he begins countin' on his fingers all the trades loikely to be injured by prohibition. "Wan, two, three, four, banker, lawyer, saloon-keeper, thief,—wan—two—hold on," sez he, "Barney, here's a whole light av compinsation claimants, but where the divil is me uncle? Sure, he'll suffer more than all put together if prohibition is carried; the demon-stration ought to have had a banner wid three balls on it right in the front rank of compinsationists," sez he, shuttin' one eye an' going off into a dose. "Yes, sirez, that's what I want to know; if prohibition carries what's to become av me uncle?" Wisha, now, but he's the kind-heartedest soul alive, is the ould man, always thinkin' about some misfortunat craythur.

Yours loyally,
BARNEY O'HEA.

STRANGE, BUT NOT UNCOMMON.

DEAR GRIP,—You know everything, or you think you do, which is just the same, only different, and I should like to hear your solution of a mystery which is perplexing me at present. It may possibly be that there is some fault or carelessness to be laid at the door of the post office officials, but I can't see how that can be: there is too much method in the way my letters get lost and don't get lost: no, sir; it is a physiological, metaphysical, unsolvable mystery, and that's why I want you to solve it. Now, my troubles are as follows: One Slim Jammles owes, and has owed, me a sum of money for several months: I have written and asked him to pay me several times: he never received my letters, for he says so. Now, it is very evident that there is no rule compelling letters demanding payment of debts to go astray, for those of this nature, when addressed to me, never fail to reach their destination promptly on time.

The next thing is this: Jam Simmles owed me several dollars for a like number of calendar months. After failing to receive my numerous requests for settlement, he finally sent me, per mail a letter with the money enclosed, but unregistered. I never received that letter, but Jam Simmles must have sent it, for he says so; and now he says, that having sent me that money, he is out of my debt, whether I received it or not, and the Postal Department owes me the money. I spoke to the people at the post office about it and three porters hustled me out into the street and wanted to send me to the lunatic asylum, and I have not felt well since.

In the next place, I paid, per mail, a certain Sam Jimmles several dollars I owed him: when I asked him for a receipt, he said he had sent one in a letter. I never got that letter, and Sam Jimmles has had me up to court and I had to pay him the money again.

How is it, dear GRIP, that those particular letters should go astray?

Can you explain how it is that my dunning letters never reach the person they are intended for, and those addressed to me always come to hand, and how it is that when I pay a bill by mail the creditor don't get the money and I have to pay twice, and how it is that when a debtor pays me by mail I never receive the letter? I am perplexed.

Yours wonderingly,
SIMON SIMPLE.

[You are well named. There is no fault with the P. O. Department, but Slim Jammles, Jam Simmles and Sam Jimmles are all dead beats and are trading on your simplicity. —Ed.]

I HAVE heard of a person who once resigned everything except his situation. It was on ship-board, the first day out. Mr. Alfred Boulbee out-resigns this resigner. He throws up his situation also. Mr. A. W. Wright will, therefore, have to take somebody else with him to Antwerp. The other person will doubtless be glad of this. So, very likely, will Mr. Wright. Whatever induced the retired M. P. (I employ the term "ret red" in its active sense, is it necessary to say?) to surrender a fat job of this sort? Let me see! Now—By Jupiter, I have it! It was that *Globe* slur. You remember the *Globe* remarked that Mr. Boulbee was going to Antwerp as a representative of the Dominion Government, not as a representative Canadian. That cut fatally wounded his *amour propre*. We all know that Mr. Boulbee boasts *amour propre*. At all events, he used to boast of an *amour*; you can please yourself as to whether you term it *proper* or not.

CASH;

OR, LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

'Twas at the Spencer's fancy ball Matilda Myrtle met
That dear young man with lovely eyes, and drooping,
fair moustacho;
"Oh? what an air he had!" she sighed, "he really is a
pot;
I wonder who he is," she wailed "My! how his eyes
did flash.

"He must be some great English lord, I did not catch his
name;
Some officer of cavalry, he danced with such a dash;
His air was so *distingue* that it set my heart aflame;
I'm sure he is a man who wears the sword and
sabretache.

"How commonplace the others looked beside him on the
floor;
'Tis evident he's nobly born—no mere shop-keeping
trash.
Oh! could I but discover him, his regiment or corps,
I think I'd own my love for him although it might
seem rash.

"I saw that Laura Lilywhite as we went valseing past,
Turn'd white with rage and envy: I heard her false
teeth gnash;
I heard her say to Lucy Smith, 'Matilda's very fast,
And thinks that of that stranger she has surely made
a mash.'

"Heigho! now who that darling is, I'd really like to
know;
I'm sure he is a nobleman. But hark! I hear the
crash
Of carriage wheels upon the drive, and I must shopping
go;
I want to purchase several things, and buy a new silk
sash."

She springs into the carriage, and through the streets is
borne,
Her heart is beating wildly, and 'gainst her ribs does
thrash,
When thinking of that gallant knight with whom till
late that morn
She valse'd and galloped. Through the streets the
noble horses plash.

"Ah! here is Wineey, Spool & Co.'s, the dry-goods
store; they say
That they are pretty shabby, and soon will come a
smash;
I'll step in here to purchase all the things I want to-day,
So, James, don't wait, but in an hour return with the
calache."

atilda Myrtle entered: "Look sharp, John," cried old
Spool,
"Come, serve this lady; look alive! I'll settle soon
your hash
If you can't move more nimbly; here, bring a chair
or stool."
And the counter-skipper trembled like a hound
beneath the lash.

Oh, heavens! that shopman! there he stood, Matilda
Myrtle's lord!
Yes; there he stood, and in his hand a yard-stick
made of ash;
Her nobleman! her bold dragon! her brother of the
sword!
A dry-goods-counter-skipper, who stood and called out,
"cash!"

She saw him now in day-light glare, her partner of the
valse,
His face was pimply, and his looks suggested water-
brash;
His upper lip was bare; ye gods! that long moustache
was false—
And now Matilda saw his mouth was like a great red
gash.

Oh, poor Matilda Myrtle! was *this* her bold dragon?
Was *this* her English nobleman, more polished than
Beau Nash?
It was! She bought a reel of thread; in piping accents
soon
She heard her shattered idol say, "Three cents, mem;
thank'ee. Cash!"

OLLA PODRIDA.

(By Grip's most Idiotic Lunatic.)

GRIP SITS ON THEM.

Don't say "cawn't" for can't. It don't sound
nice.—*Montezuma (Ga.) Record.*
Don't say "don't" for "doesn't." It
doesn't sound lum-tum.—*Washington Hatchet.*
Do not say doesn't for does not: it is
neither euphonious to do so, nor grammatically
correct.

AN "ANSER'S" RIDDLES.

Why is a baby like the average dude?—Be
cause it lives on "pap."

Why are Lord Lansdowne's younger chil-
dren like many Tory editors and officials?
—They live on Government pap. (*Pice minutes*
for refreshments.)

QUEERIOUS.

A Chinese laundryman whose bills were duene,
Went out collecting with his long black quene,
And though deservng payment
For purifying taiment,
He failed to gather shekels and declared he'd suene.

SIMPLY VILLAINOUS.

"Well, Coddefysshie, are you going to the
banquet to-night?"
"B'lieve so."
"So'm I. I hear an excellent *menu* has been
prepared."
"What mean you?"
"Why, the *menu* I mean, you mean human
being: a good *menu* for me'n you."
"Ah! that's stale."
"Yes, maybe, to you, stale; to me, *new*."
(*Dull thud.*)

A BRIEF ESSAY.

John L. Sullivan has risen to the top of the
ladder of fame: he climbed up, round by
round: he is now at the summit, and declares
that, though his worthy mamma is talking of
marrying again, he can't go a step-father.
Gentle John talks of leaving the P. R. and
turning preacher. Verily he would be a great
ex-pounder. John was ever a filial boy and
loved his spar from his youth up. In conclu-
sion let me ask why is the champion, in the
eyes of the pugilistic fraternity, like an article
used for announcing one's presence when mak-
ing a morning call? Because, dear reader, he
is a knocker to a door. (Explanation for
Punch readers: to adore!!!) Probably the
only "ring" engagement in which the gentle
tapper is likely to come out second best is
that with his wife, who is suing for divorce,
though Mrs. S. says her lord is gradually be-
coming a useless creature, and ere long will be
ruined in body and pocket, and will want to
live on her: therefore she wishes to throw up
the "sponge." Still she will have the best
of it.

EASY AS A, B, C.

The proper day for an oyster stew, undoubt-
edly, is Tuesday.—*Karl Towne in Boston*
Times.
Yes, yes, of course; and for an oyster fry,
Friday; and for raising dough, why! Easter,
isn't it? And for a man, like our Boston wit,
above, who has been in the stocks for twenty-
four hours (as he ought to be), isn't Sat-a-day
appropriate? And—pooh! pooh! we could
keep this style of thing up for a dozen col-
umns: any idiot could—no, we don't mean
that: any other idi—no, that isn't right.
Well, let it go.

ANATOMICAL.

A correspondent wants to know whereabouts
the funny-bone is in the body. Why, at the
end of the *os humerus*, of course.

TOO MUCH FOR HER, EVEN.

"Madam," said an interviewer to Mrs.
Don't-you-try-to-pronounce-it Dudley, "I be-
lieve you have made the assertion that
O'Donovan R. has no grit, no back-bone, eh?"
"Right, sir; no more he has," replied the
fair L. Y. D.
"You understand a little Latin, I believe?"
"I do."
"Well, then, how can it be that Rossa has
no back-bone when all vertebræ are *ossa*?"
Mrs. Dudley swooned away.

OUR ATTEMPTED MEDICAL DEPART-
MENT.

Mr. GRIP being well known as a living cy-
clopedia, he is naturally appealed to by
anxious enquirers on all possible subjects. The
thirst for practical information of a medical
kind has lately been great, and Mr. GRIP
has received so many questions from sufferers
that he has seriously thought of opening a
Medical Department, *a la Truth*. This design,
however, has been abandoned, after a judicious
experiment. Mr. GRIP engaged a medical
practitioner out of employment on trial, and
submitted to him a batch of the letters refer-
red to—requesting the M.D. (who, it may
be noted, did not look like a teetotaler) to
furnish brief answers in popular language,
avoiding all technicalities.

The following highly unsuitable "copy" was
duly handed in:
"In assuming charge of the Medical De-
partment of GRIP, I hope to be able to assist
suffering humanity, and with that view will
tender my advice in all cases in the plainest
terms consistent with professional propriety.
I proceed to reply to the questions submitted
to me for this week:"

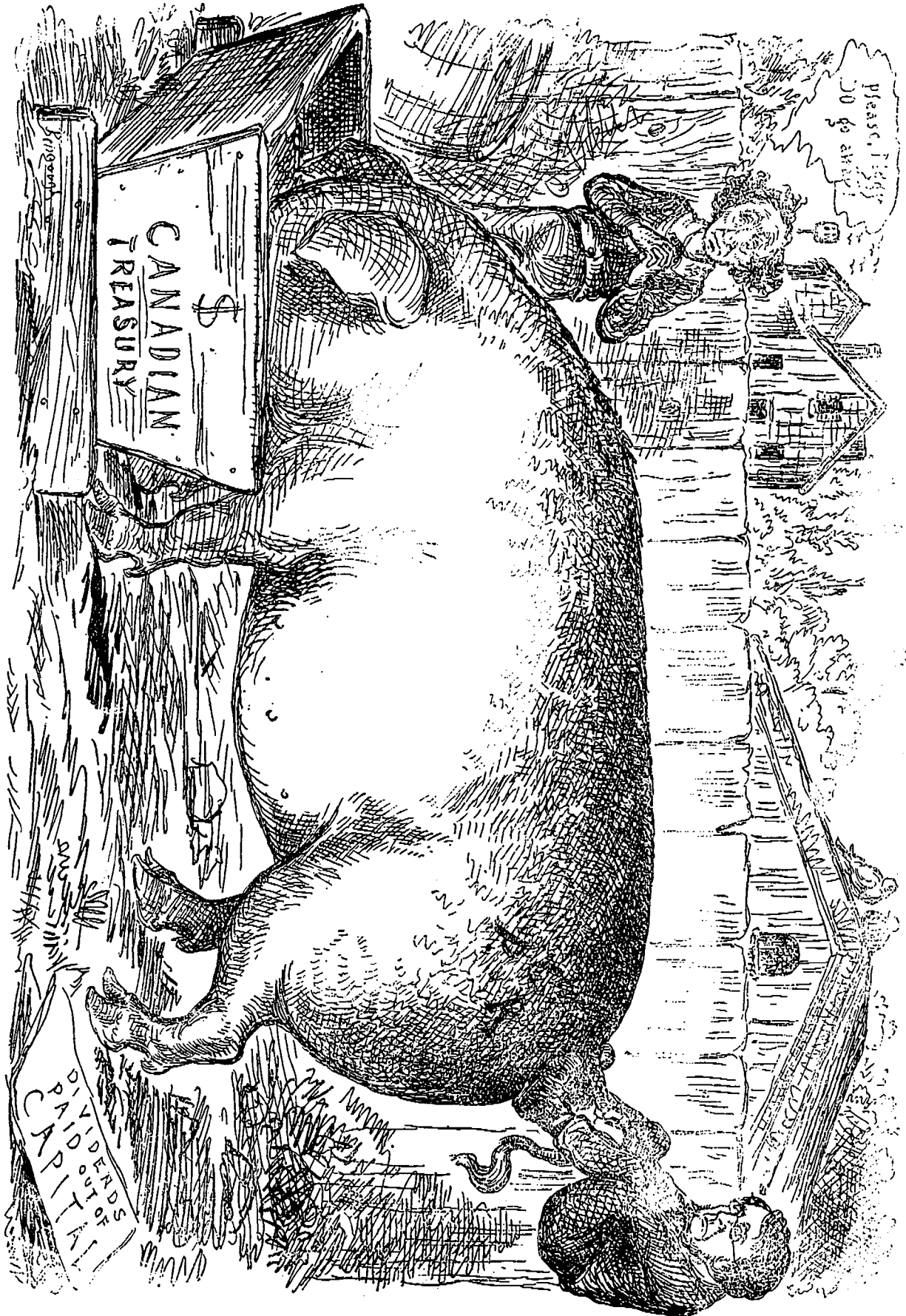
1. I suffer from a shortness of breath; dim
vision; bleeding at the lungs, and pains all
over my body. What would be good for me?
—Yours, Giles Horbuck. ANS. Go and drown
yourself if you have paid your subscription; if
not, pay it and then do so.
 2. What effect does boiling have upon milk?
—H. A. Seed. ANS. It makes it hot.
 3. My hair is coming out rapidly. Can you
give me a prescription that will keep it from
doing so?—F. A. ANS. Mix one ounce sul-
phuric acid, 50 grains arsenic and ½ lb. stry-
chnine; shake, and give to your wife, the old
vixen. Your hair won't come out after she
feels the effect of this charm.
 4. My eyes is peccoliar and sometimes i
sees double; what ailes them, please, and
my face do be flushed wen i taiks eckzarshion,
wots the mater of me.—Jain Marier. ANS.
Swear off and don't get drunk again.
 5. What is the reason my skin is such a
dark color?—Julia Plump. ANS. You want a
bath.
 6. What will cure panes in the hed and a
soar throate and weke lungs and knock knees
and hart-burn, i hev all of these.—John
Hodge.—ANS. Get your hired man to belt you
over the head with a wagon tongue for an
hour. Your "panes" will disappear like
magic. Such men as you are not any good in
this world anyway.
- There were over fifty just such answers as
the foregoing, and it is not to be wondered at
that GRIP office has been nearly wrecked.
Thus are our endeavors to benefit our fellow-
creatures all knocked on the head; our phil-
anthropic motives (*a la Coffee House*: no
profit wanted) bust up.

HUSBAND.—It is no good going anywhere
but to the Golden Boot, 206 Yonge-street, for
boots for our boys. They always fit and wear
well.

FACT.

Little Frank had been told some stories and
shown some pictures all about Knights in
armor-tournaments, etc After pondering a
while, he said, "Mother, those men with the
steel pants on must have been very hot in sum-
mer!"

NOTHING adds so much to the appearance of
a man as a fashionable hat. R. Walker &
Sons have opened out their spring importations
direct from the manufacturers of London and
New York. Very low figures charged at this
house.



MASTER OF THE SITUATION.



"IT'S A POOR RULE," ETC.

(Mrs. Sparks of the Civil Service Boarding House, Ottawa, has been looking over the Public Accounts. Enter Dudeskin, "extra" clerk, a boarder.)

Mrs. S.—You're a mean swindler, sir! You've drawn pay for more than 400 days in the year, and you've only paid me for 365. I want the balance at once, or out you go!



GRIP'S PROMISCUOUS PROWLER.

II.

HE VISITS THE DON IN THE MERRIE SPRING-TIME.

"Prowler," said Mr. GRIP, addressing that official, "Spring ought to be here by this time: what do you think?"

"It is here, Great Raven," replied the Promiscuous Prowler.

"How knowest thou that?" queried the sable bird.

"The *Globe* has announced the annual robin some days—"

"Pooh, pooh: that robin the *Globe* spoke about two weeks since, was last spring's robin: being a year late with a local item isn't anything for the diacritical organ: however, go forth, and see if thou canst find any signs of spring and come back and let us know. Hence!" and the Promiscuous Prowler, bowing so low that the patch in the torso of his pantaloons was visible beneath his coat-tails, went forth.

The vernal sun was shining brightly, and, not feeling well, the Prowler, thinking that the pure air and odorous breezes wafted west-

ward from beyond the Don would brace him up, he sauntered off in the direction of the beautiful river, and was ere long seated on a stump inhaling the spicy breezes that played around him, the odor causing him to close his eyes and imagine he was in fair Ceylon's isle, where every prospect (except that of hard work) pleases and only man is vile, the women being worse than that.

The ice had vanished from the shimmering stream and there the waters lay in all their vernal fragrance, the gentle wavelets toying with the tails of the dogs whose eyes had long since closed in death, and which were now steering their barks (to speak classically, *ex puppe*) to that shore whence no traveller, etc.

The Prowler had not been long seated when he was joined by a Lugubrious Personage who addressed him with the words:

"Good day to you," to which the ever ready Prowler replied with "Sing hey to you," and the Lugubrious Personage having ejaculated "Pooh, pooh to you," both pirouetted round the stump and sat down.

"Tell me, Stranger of the Rueful Countenance," said the Promiscuous Prowler, "what causes this atrocious stench that salutes my nostrils round here? There is an odor of putrescence and a perfume of fetidity that reminds me of what I have read of the corpse-strewn haunts of the foul Antropophagi, or the vile dwelling places of the Ghouls, who excel the vultures and the buzzards in their greed for putrid food."

"This," replied the Lugubrious Personage, holding his nose, "is the spot where are concentrated all the most abominable nuisances of Toronto."

"But why," asked the Prowler, "are such abominations suffered to exist?"

"Because they can't be done away with," replied the Lugubrious Personage.

"Wherefore the whyness thereof?" asked the Prowler.

"Because, in addition to making most atrocious stenches the owners of the malodorous factories make lots of money: it is hard to abolish a nuisance when the man who causes it has much gold; twig?"

Yes, but these terrible odors must be highly

deleterious to the health of the residents of the neighborhood."

"Then they must go."

"Who? the odors?"

"No: the residents."

"But that's not fair."

"No," acquiesced the Lugubrious Personage, "but it's the Way of the World: health and peace of mind must give way to money: have you got any money?"

"No," replied the Prowler, thinking that the other was athirst and wished to moisten the aridity of his gullet with the flowing flagon of his expense: "No: I am a literary man. However, I say it's a crying shame that these pestiferous, fever-breeding, malaria-engendering, diphtheria-tempting, typhoid-inviting places are suffered to exist. As far as I can see all the most offensive matter from the cow-byres, all the most disgusting vileness from the pig-pens and G. T. R. cars, and all the corruption from the tanneries run into this Styx-like river Don."

"They do," assented the Personage.

"And all those abominations are conveyed into the Bay?"

"Once more you hit it: *rem acu teligisti*," replied the Lugubrious Personage.

"Don't know him; however, they are then borne from the Bay into the Lake?"

"Correct."

"And from the Lake into the reservoir?"

"You hit it every time."

"And from the reservoir into the water-pipes supplying the citizens with drinking water. So that the citizens, in addition to being annoyed by most terrible stenches, actually drink a concoction of the pestiferous refuse of the tanneries: a dilution of the most offensive matter from the cow-byres, a tincture of the most disgusting vileness from the pig-pens and G. T. R. cars: and they pay for it, hey?"

"Paying for it's their game; but it is filtered, good sir," said the Lugubrious Personage.

"Filtered he blowed!" As Tom Moore says:

"You may filter this water as much as you will, but the taint of the pig-pens will cling to it still: You may ooze it through charcoal, but when it is gone in the vase you will recognize dregs of the Don."

"Moore never said that," exclaimed the Lugubrious Personage, who seemed nettled at hearing his beloved city water so roundly abused. "I know Moore and he never said that."

"Moore's dead: died some weeks ago," returned the Prowler.

"What! Alderman Moore?" said the other: "No, sir, he isn't; I'm an alderman myself and know him well."

"Oh! go away," exclaimed the Prowler, "you quoted Latin and speak decently, grammatically; you're no alderman; however, granting that the water is pure (which it isn't) you cannot filter the air, and before long the air along the whole water-front of Toronto will be one vast miasmatic, malarial disease-breeding encyclopædia."

"Oh! come, I say; 't isn't as bad as that; come now!" cried the Lugubrious Personage in dismay.

"It's worse, sir," replied the Prowler: "far worse. These stench-breeding places must go."

"And so must I," and the other rose and went away.

And the Promiscuous Prowler was very sad when he pondered over these things, and he lifted up his voice and wept, even as he who kissed Rebekah at the well.

A HEARTY RECOMMENDATION. — Jacob A. Empey, of Cannamore, states that he has taken Burdock Blood Bitters with great benefit in a lingering complaint, and adds that he would gladly recommend it to all.



KITH AND KIN.

Canada (to Britannia)—“If I can be of any assistance, command me.” (And so say Victoria and New South Wales.)—Punch.

TOPICAL TALK.

“A French milliner has invented a bonnet trimmed with asses’ ears,” says a newspaper, and adds, “The effect is striking.” So I should think; the effect must be very natural too, in many cases.

The “Father of Freemasonry” has just died again. This time he has turned up his toes in England. It is astonishing what a number of times the “oldest Freemason in the world” can stand dying.

The reward which Buddhist women in India hope to gain by leading good lives is that they will eventually become men. Women in this

country may not have the same hope, but they evidently desire to be as much like us lords of creation as possible, or they wouldn’t imitate our garments so closely. I can’t blame them however. Very few women could see me and not wish to be like me, but I can’t help it.

Sir John A.’s suggestion to have Sir David Macpherson’s huge picture cut in two and re-framed, the head and body in one frame and the legs in another, seems the easiest solution of the grave question which has been perplexing the Senate for so long, and such a way of getting out of the difficulty ought to satisfy even Senator Alexander himself. It is evident

that Mr. Alexander will never calm down as long as that vast portrait hangs where it does, and with its present proportions. It accords on him like the proverbial red rag, and something should be done before the consequences are more serious. If our Senators would only show as much energy about some matters as they have displayed over this picture business, they might be of some use after all.

I read in a daily paper a few mornings ago that a certain musical professor in L— would “Open New Grand Piano” at an evening entertainment. The question that arises is, *will he play upon it as well as open it?*

War in the Soudan.

To be ready in a few days, an Illustrated History of the War in the Soudan, and the causes which led to it; handsomely illustrated, and also Map of Seat of War. (GIVE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, TORONTO.)

History of the

Our Own at Ottawa.

Crisis Past—El Wiggins Afraid—Members who ain't Dudes—John Henry Wakes Up—More Budget—Gilmor's Comte Annual.

OTTAWA, March 21.—I am happy to say that the relations between the members of my system are no longer strained, and that unity of feeling reigns once more. I am still more happy to report the two great crises of this week are safely past. The arch-fiend at New York had threatened to avenge the wrongs of Ireland on the *sassenach* horde in the parliament buildings on the 17th—and Wiggins' hurricane was to remove the debris on the 18th. Throughout the 17th of Ireland, a sneeze, or the slamming of a door would throw the House and Press Gallery into a panic! All day of the fateful 18th the slightest breeze drove timid saunterers to shelter. Yet El Rossa and El Wiggins have proven equally false prophets—Ottawa has neither been blown up nor blown down! Had quite a chat with Huggins to-day. He says members must take more care of their personal appearance. There's a story about one of them who took charge of a rural delegation which was wandering aimlessly through the buildings and showed them the sights—they say the senior reeve offered him a quarter—took him for a messenger, you know! Huggins thinks of "brushing up a bit" himself. A certain Toronto widow infests the library and tackles every member or press-man who enters. Huggins says she has often eyed him critically but never addressed him—inferences same as above! He's not through sending out Cartwright's budget speech yet, so I strolled over to Muggins desk.

Monday, 16th.—All day taken up with debate about refunding railway bonuses, started by Cook. Cook fired up well and did 'em brown in his mind. Grits bound to make dead set on this thing—suppose they thought they'd draw Pope. Sold again—Pope laid his head on his paws and slept—looked up once in awhile, and blinked vaguely when any one went for him—twitched sometimes as if dreaming. Can't make Pope out—either denced deep or denced thick-headed. Tom White replied for Government—perhaps it's railways he wants and not finance after all. Cheeky enough to answer for all the departments anyhow. Don't like his line very much—afraid my constituents won't either. White's a Quebec man, body and bones, no matter where they've got him elected for—said demand for refund was "dishonest"—denced awkward phrase for Ontario. Awkward question anyhow—takes like wildfire with farmers—hope we won't have to vote on it—why can't we get up some nerve and bully the Old Man about it? O. M. never moves till you work oracle—moves then fast enough—gad, believe I'll start it myself—he's in pretty bad pinch just now—be the making of me to put it through! Grits all pumped out.

11 p.m.—Pope jumped up and rubbed his eyes—"Mr. Speaker, I want to know what all the row's about—I say, what's all this row about?"—swung his arms like windmill—pooh-poohed whole thing. All very well for you, Mr. Pope—"Pope's road" gets a good

slice—but how about "Muggins' road?" Don't think my fellows will stand "pooh-pooh" argument—have to give them better excuse than that!

17th of Ireland.—Two Irishmen up of course—Burns and Casey. Burns tries English accent as Pat did when he came home after six months in England. "What times it, Pat?" "Hauf paust tin, sor!" Adjourned at 6 o'clock to hear new cantata of "Tara's Halls" in Opera House.

Wednesday.—House thin in evening owing to "At Home" at Rideau—very nice home-like affairs they are too—more like hospitality to equals than anything there yet. Thin House favors pushing bills through—several "got a stage." McCarthy, Colby and Pope called each other names over Mac's Patent Bill. Why can't our fellows do their squabbling in private like the Grits? Pope said McCarthy east "impudent slur" on Colby—got Mac's Irish up. Seems as if some of our bosses were jealous of McCarthy—Old Man set on him too—Mac is rather too much of a Reformer—always bothering about grievances and trying to put 'em right—ought to leave all that to Government—makes it look as if O. M. was neglectful—afraid he's making more friends in country than a private member ought to have.

Thursday.—Event of day—Gilmor's "Comic Annual"—had to laugh, but afraid it hurts us more than the serious speeches—O. M. hits hard, though he pretends he's fooling. Where the deuce does he get it all? Seems to just blow the cork out and spill over with fun—House always full when he talks.

Friday.—More budget—chiefly from Tassé and Vail—Vail made quite a speech—more life

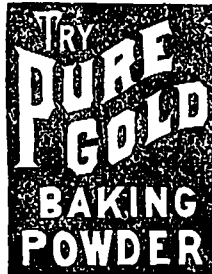
than usual—Tassé talked French—good chance for a smoke. Hope they'll all be pumped out on Tuesday. Wish our fellows would hold their tongues—don't pay us to talk too much about state of country this year.

The *Globe* recently remarked that Londoners were paying between £70,000 and £80,000 for the water that is mixed in their milk. Well, if I may be allowed to hazard a remark (which, however, I will hazard, whether permitted or not), I may say that Torontonians are doing a very similar thing. Perhaps the amount is not quite so big, but it is big enough when the very inferior brand of water used is taken into consideration.

Toronto was lately all agog; intense excitement prevailed, and for the time being, the Egyptian muddle sank into insignificance. The cause of all this was the sparring match to come off between "Professor" Mitchell and Mr. J. F. Scholes. The latter acquitted himself very well, but he will hereafter keep uncommonly dark before he shows in public, not from any fear of fleshy adversaries, but because the *Mail* goeth about as a roaring lion, and produces pictures of Toronto's celebrities in its evening editions. The "lesson" Mr. Scholes got from Mitchell doesn't amount to a row of beans, and wasn't a lesson at all, for, unless I'm mistaken, he knows quite as much about the "manly art" as the British professor; but that *Mail* picture of Scholes was enough to take the wind out of anyone, and it is whispered that he, after seeing it, was half beaten before the contest came off. The *Mail* is responsible for the Toronto champion's defeat.

CATARH—A new treatment has been discovered whereby a permanent cure of this hitherto incurable disease is absolutely effected in from one to three applications, no matter whether standing one year or forty years. This remedy is only applied once in twelve days, and does not interfere with business. Descriptive pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.

PURE GOLD MANUFACTURING CO.
31 Front-street East, Toronto.



The only subject on which all the great leaders of political opinion can agree perfectly, is as to the unsurpassable excellence of Bruce's Photos. Studio, 118 King-street west.

There is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, PETLEY'S is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

COOK & BUNKER, Manufacturers of Rubber and Metal Hand Stamps, daters, self-inkers, etc., etc., railroad and banking stamps, notary public and society seals, etc., made to order. 36 King-street west, Toronto.

What are you thinking of? Others claim to be Kings, and Crowns, and Perfect, but we claim to be only a DOMESTIC, but one that no lady will part with. Found only at 98 Yonge Street, Toronto. Call and be convinced.

WANTED—One hundred ladies and gentlemen to get married, and order their wedding bouquets from JAMES PAPE, 82 Yonge-street. P. S.—Floral designs for funerals a specialty

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—It pays to carry a good watch. I never had satisfaction till I bought one of WELCH & TROWER'S reliable watches, 171 Yonge-street, east side, 2nd door south of Queen.

Go to Kingsbury's, 103 Church-street, Toronto, for fine Cheese and Groceries.

USE THE ALB RT COY'S
CARBOLIC ACID
TILLY SOAP
AS A DISINFECTANT.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGERS.

GOVERNOR'S Fragrant Carbolic Tooth Wash cleanses and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, purifies the breath. Price, 25c. Prepared only by C. J. Covernton & Co., Montreal. Retail by all Druggists; wholesale, Evans, Sons & Mason, Toronto.

CLOTHING. J.F. McRAE & CO., Merchant Tailors, 150 Yonge-street, Toronto.

PHOTOS—Cabinets, \$2.50 per dozen. J. DIXON, 201 to 203 Yonge-street, Toronto.

VOLINS—First-class, from \$75 to \$3. Catalogues of Instruments free. T. CLAXTON, 107 Yonge-street, Toronto.

FOLDING Curtain Stretchers, Pillow Sham Holders, Carpet Sweepers, and everything useful at MAC-ALR'S, 169 Yonge-street.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.



5 GOLD MEDALS
Awarded in the Dominion in 1883-4 for
PEERLESS
AND OTHER MACHINE OILS:
TORONTO.

Cross' Stylographic Pen

Holds ink for a week's use. These pens are now so perfect that we guarantee each pen. Can be repaired to be equal to new. Send pens to us by mail. Agents wanted. The trade supplied. Prices, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.00. Send for lists.

HART & CO.,
Special Trade Agents, 31 and 33 King-street west, Toronto.

