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TO NOTE

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



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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BENGOUCH BROS.

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

VOLUME XVI. No. 22.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1881.

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Literature and Art.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or compositions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care of GRIP Office.

Mr. W. J. Florence has received a decoration from the King of Italy.

Miss Pauline Markham is anxious to have a chance in legitimate comedy.

"The Lingards play "Betsy," the London version of "Baby," and call it "The Tutor."

Miss Margaret Conc has taken Miss Georgio Drew's place in the "100 Wives" combination.

Miss Marie Prescott is to play an adaptation of Dumas' "The Princess of Bagdad" next season.

Mr. George Clarke has succeeded in securing the sole right to perform all the plays of the late Barney Williams. His speciality for starring purposes is to be "Connie Soogah."

Prof. Hartz continues his astonishing performances at the Royal. You have another opportunity to be amused and mystified by attending the matinee or evening performance to-day (Saturday.)

Barlow, Wilson, Primrose, & West's Minstrels, an organization well and favorably known in this city, commence a brief engagement at the Royal on Friday evening, 22nd. Make a note of the fact in your memorandum book.

Whitelaw Reid, who is soon to be married to a daughter of the millionaire D. O. Mills, is to be appointed Minister to Germany, vice Andrew White, resigned. Mr. Reid has engaged passage on a steamship leaving New York in May.

Barnum and Forepaugh are at it like a couple of overgrown school boys, pounding one another's heads through the Philadelphia papers as to whose show is the "greatest on top of earth." They are both old enough to have more sense, and as everybody knows, they are both humbugs.

The next attraction at the Royal is to be Miss Zoe Gayton, who appears as *Mazepa* for four evenings and Wednesday matinee, commencing Monday, 18th inst. *Mazepa* is always an attractive piece, and Miss Gayton is said to be the best representative of the character now on the stage.

An Authors' Festival in aid of the Poe fund is to be given in the New York Academy of Music on the anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday, April 23, and some of our most noted poets are expected to give their personal services on this occasion. Among those whose names are mentioned in this connection are Dr. Holmes, Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Howells and Mr. Trowbridge.

Mrs. Schayer's story, "Tiger Lily," in *Scribner*, at once established her reputation as a writer of capital short stories, while nothing of Mrs. Burnett's yet issued has been more widely read and enjoyed than "A Fair Barbarian." In May begins Mr. Cable's "Madame Delphine." The author of "The Grandissimes" has already scored so great a success as a writer of short stories and as a novelist, that there can be but little doubt as to the quality of "Madame Delphine." Every one knows Mr. Howells, and the announcement that he, too, will contribute a novelette, to begin in the June *Scribner*, with the taking title of "A Fearful Responsibility," has been received with not a little satisfaction by his large constituency of readers. Later there will be printed a short serial by H. H. Boyesen, and another by the author of "An Earnest Trifler," whose long silence since her first success augurs well for the new story. It is expected that these last two will begin in the 'Midsummer' *Scribner*.

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No. 3. Being and Seeming, My Donkey, A Parish Clerk's Tale, &c., cor. style	20

SELECTIONS.

No. 1. Character of Washington, Speech of Geo. Canning at Plymouth, &c., with printed key, rep. style	20
No. 2. Address of the Earl of Derby, on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, etc., rep. style	20
No. 3. Max Muller on National Education, &c.	20

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Literature and Art.

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

Mr. Desher Welsh, late editor of *Every Saturday*, Buffalo, has accepted a position on the *Sunday Morning World*, a new journal of the same city.

The *Penn Monthly* for April is an excellent number of a magazine which, for intrinsic interest and scholarship, is second to none in America. The articles are Civil Service Reform, Punch and the Puppets, the future of our Public School System, Aspects of Mortality Statistics, Fresco Painting, Book Reviews, &c. This magazine is published by E. Stern & Co., Philadelphia. Subscription \$3 per year.

The publisher of the *Canada School Journal* thinks that patience has ceased to be a virtue, and in the April number he has accordingly "gone for" the editor of the *Educational Monthly* in a style that recalls the valour of Bill Nye. The article is very severe, though written undoubtedly under the influence of what Mr. Gage considered righteous indignation. GRIP does not propose to interfere in the quarrel; he merely expresses, in a mild way, his deprecation of the use of personalities on both sides of the house.

Mr. G. Mercer Adam, as editor of the *Educational Monthly*, speaks somewhat disdainfully of certain original illustrations which recently appeared as embellishments to a story written in another Toronto periodical by Mr. Mulvany. Certainly the pictures were not such as Scribner would have gone in raptures over, but they were quite passable, and suited their purpose very well. Mr. Adam, who is a sincere friend to Canadian art and literature, ought to be the last to discourage any attempts, however crude, in the line of art. The *Canadian Monthly* would gain immensely if illustrated, even if the cuts were not of the first quality.

Sir Julius Benedict, the famous London composer who, as pianist and director, accompanied Jenny Lind on her American tour in 1850, has written a biographical and critical paper on "the Swedish nightingale" for the *May Scribner's*. The article is said to contain interesting comparisons of her with Malibran and other contemporary artists. The accompanying portrait of Jenny Lind, engraved by Clouston from an old daguerreotype, taken while she was in America, will be a striking feature of the number. At the end of his article, Sir Julius hints that he may follow this paper with another, upon the subject of musical conservatories in this country.

"Sam'l of Posen," which is termed, on the programmes, "Mr. George Jessop's New American Comedy-Drama," was given during last week, and attracted large houses, not on account of any special merit of the play, but owing to the personal popularity of Mr. M. B. Curtis, and the capital manner in which he interpreted the character of *Sam'l*, a Hebrew "drummer." Mr. Jessop is the author of "A Gentleman from Nevada," a trashy attempt at comedy, which failed even with the support of such a comedian as Mr. Polk, who did all he could to make a feature of the principal character, *Christopher Columbus Gall*—an improbable Yankee, whose want of breeding and absurdities proved him to be a clown instead of a gentleman. "Sam'l of Posen" is even worse than "A Gentleman from Nevada," because in the former there is little chance for the creation of character, while in the latter there is a good opportunity. Instead of making the interest of the play centre on *Sam'l*, it centres on a young Frenchwoman, secretly married to a trickster who is afraid to acknowledge her as his wife. The construction of the play is notably weak, and the elaboration of character bad. Mr. Curtis will be remembered in Toronto as the low comedian of Mrs. Morrison's last stock company.



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.

Next Week's "Grip."

Pressure on our space has obliged us to hold over several favors from esteemed contributors until next week. The Grip-buying public will then, we hope, have an opportunity of reading, amongst other good things, "The Everlasting Punsters;" "Kizzio; a Drama;" "Face the Music;" "Slashbush on Imperial Federation;" "Domestic;" "The Maiden Margueito," and another letter from our Specially Impertinent Reporter.

To Correspondents.

P. W.—Will probably appear next week.
John A. M-cl-n-d.—Thanks for your very appreciative letter. We imagined our artist had caught your somewhat expressive features pretty accurately, but are pleased that his efforts meet with your approbation. For the rest—Oh! fie! Johnny—the offer is very delicately put, but we must maintain our independence.

Gordon Br-w-n.—Take out your injunction an't please you. You have the letters,—we have the extracts from the diaries, and we must say the extracts are much the racier reading. No wonder you are vexed, but who cares?

Edward Bl-ke.—Good boy, Edward. We knew you would take the cartoon in good part. Stick to *terra firma*—don't banker after the clouds and you'll do.

John J. M-cl-r-n, Montreal.—We refer you to our Specially Impertinent Reporter at the Windsor. If you object to the telegraph-pole-and-hatchet simile tell him so. For all his roaring you will find him as gentle as a sucking dove.

Cheap Cocoa Nuts.



IR SAMUEL sat in a great arm chair
At the Windsor, weary and
triste;
A smaller man would have torn
his hair,
Or broken the pledge—at least.
From afar the wail of a great
defeat
Rang gloomily in his ears—
His eyes were heavy and red,
alas!
And his heart was sick with
fears.

"Why is this thus," he cried in his grief—
"Did we ever vex or flout her?
No, we gave the dimes for the Murray Canal,
Then oh! why has she chosen Crouter?"

Though sad, though bitterly sad, his cup
Not yet was filled to the brim—
For cheer upon cheer rang wildly out
And he knew the cheers were for *Him*.

For Blake, for Blake, 'twas the banquet night,
And the Windsor was all a-throng—
With rapturous Grits—dress-coated Grits—
Grits hungry—short and long.

Then Sir Samuel bowed his head and cried,
"Oh! why is the world so bitter—
I gave these ingrates Cocoa Nuts cheap,
Ah! to cheer for me would be fitter.

"But they leave me here to my musings lone—
Whilst they laud that Blake to the skies—
Oh! they don't deserve—no! they don't deserve,
To feast on cheap Cocoa Nut pies."

But there came a gleam to his weary heart,
A gleam of comfort and cheer—
Of the Carleton contest he thought, and cried
"There is consolation near."

"For I know them well—of my earnest faith
They will ever prove deservin'—
Let the Grits crow now, but their pride will fall
With the fate of Farmer Irvine."

Then, like the great, good man that he is,
He lifted his weary head,

And rung for a cup of catnip tea,
Then sturdily marched to bed.
How oft our lives are weary made
By disappointment's leaven.
Sir Samuel stared—"What! Irvine in—
Majority forty-seven?"
He crushed the telegram in his hand—
He muttered a mournful "Oh!"
'Twas a pitiful sight, I faith, to see
Such a good man grieving so.
"But three are left—three followers left—"
He cried in his agony—
"Three followers left to the great arch chief
Of the Cocoa Nut N. P."
He danced around—"Bring, bring my bill—"
He cried in his blank despair—
Then fled from the Windsor, moaning still,
To I'm sure I don't know where.

GARDE.

*The Knight of the Cocoa Nut was staying at the Windsor at the time of the Blake Banquet.

The Globe's Commission to Maine.

On opening our customary envelope from the *Globe* commissioners this week we found, instead of the expected extracts from their diaries, the following communications, which put an abrupt end to a feature in *Grip* which must have proven both interesting and instructive to all readers:

FROM THE ANTI-PROHIBITIONIST.

BOSTON, April 13.

EDITOR *GRIP*,

Sir,—We'll have to let up on that diary business. We've had the misfortune to lose our diaries containing full notes of adventures up to date. It was all owing to the voracious appetite for the crooked which has grown upon my prohibition companion, who prevailed upon me to go with him into a dark cellar for a drink on the sly. We went, and were just in the act of noting down a memorandum of the quality of the stuff when an alarm of police was sounded, and in the terror and excitement we dropped our books in a barrel of Bangor rum, and they were instantly consumed. The alarm proved to be false, after all. Perhaps it's just as well this accident happened, however, as judging from that editorial in Tuesday's *Globe* G. B. don't seem to like our arrangements with you. In place of the usual extracts I will merely give you a brief account of our rambles. Our experiences in Bangor were tolerably pleasant, the quantity of drink to be had there being unlimited. When we left Portland the personal appearance of my esteemed prohibition companion was something like this. When we left home you may remember he was strictly shaped on the Bernhard pattern. His appearance as presented in this sketch speaks several volumes as to the laxity of the law in Maine. We went from Bangor to Augusta, and there we went through the usual boozing, interviewing, and slum-exploring programme. Augusta whiskey is very fattening in its nature; at least I should judge so by the remarkable effect it has had on my esteemed companion, who on leaving that town looked as nearly as possible like this. We did several other small places in Maine, and having unanimously come to the conclusion that the liquor law was a decided boon to the State, we left the State and came here. I haven't time to write more just now, as we have been invited to attend a lecture by Bronson Alcott on Transcendentalism viewed with reference to the Affinities of Differentiation. We expect to have a big time.



Yours, W. H. SETEMUR.



FROM THE PROHIBITIONIST.

EDITOR *GRIP*,

Sir,—This diary arrangement with your journal will have to be dropped. We lost our books accidentally, through the execrable craving for rum which distinguishes my unfortunate companion. I need not detail the particulars, but let me show you what that individual looked like on leaving Portland. I think this is a rather forcible argument for prohibition, and if a still stronger protest were needed against the accursed traffic which desolates my native land, I have only to give you another picture of him sketched from life a little later on,



to wit, on our departure from Maine a few days ago. We are now in a State where there is no prohibition law, and therefore we will not need to drink so much—that is, he will not. Thank fortune, I am able to control myself. I don't suppose you will feel interested in a detailed account of our wanderings since you last heard from us, so I will not go into particulars. The loss of our diaries will give your readers a rest. Speaking of a rest, reminds me that this expedition has been tough on our sleeping facilities. We suffer more or less from a species of night-mare, which takes the horrible shape of Portland crooked rum, and causes us great inconvenience. I wrote to



Mr. Brown, as you suggested, with reference to using your illustrations in connection with our letters in the *Globe*, but he wouldn't come up to your figure. He has no enterprise, anyhow. Adieu, till next we meet.

T. TOTAL.

Everybody is expressing astonishment at the specimen of veal now on view at H. R. Frankland's stall, 22 St. Lawrence Market. "Four months old; live weight, 480 lbs.; dead weight, 880 lbs.!" exclaims a certain Alderman, "pshaw! that's even a bigger calf than I am!"

A countryman who had never heard of a bicycle, came to town, and when he beheld a youth whirling along upon one of those airy vehicles, he broke out into soliloquy thus: "Golly, ain't that queer. Who'd ever 'spect to see a man ridin' a hoop skirt."

Ask your Grocer or **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL** Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table it has no equal. Half-pint Bottle, only 10 cents, Pints, 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

GOLD HEADED CANES.
30 Patterns. The Nobbiest Things in the Market.—WOLTZ BROS. & Co., 26 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO



Preparing a Bomb.

It having reached Mr. Grip's ear that the redoubtable Mr. Phipps was in retirement engaged upon some mysterious task which concerned the welfare of political society in general, and that of the Dominion Government in particular, a trustworthy secret-service representative was sent from this office to find out, if possible, what was going on. That official returns to inform us that he could not gain access to the mysterious den of the still more mysterious Phipps, the approach to his place of concealment being guarded by formidable notices to trespassers and admonitions of "No Admittance;" but by the use of certain arts known to the detective fraternity, he learned that the celebrated pamphleteer is engaged in making a fell bombshell which will shortly be projected where it will do the most good—or harm. In other words, Mr. Phipps is preparing a statement to prove his former assertion that the St. Paul Pacific Railway Syndicate are going to receive at least three hundred millions of dollars more than the Canadian Syndicate asked for. Let the members of a recreant Parliament stand from under!!

A Midsummer Knight's Journey.

On a hot day in the midsummer of the fourth year of the reign of the Douglas, a solitary horseman might have been seen slowly advancing over that plain which is described by Yankee geographers and other falsifiers of facts as "The North American Desert." He was travelling along the line of a certain road which was soon to be built, and seemed much occupied with the surrounding scenery. It was evident that he was not journeying to any holy shrine, as that portion of the country was singularly bare of such attractions, and it was also to be noticed that whenever he came to those portions of the land which the King had given to the company that was to build the road he would, on observing any evidences of superior fertility, exhibit signs of joy, and muttering to himself "The people shall hear hereof" make a certain mark on his shield as if to keep it in his mind.

Occasionally this horseman, who was evidently of noble birth, would, according to the custom of cavaliers when engaged in ordinary plain service, scour the surface for a short time, and although nature had plentifully endowed him with soft soap of a superior quality, he speedily became wearied with his exertions, and continued on his course. This particular plain had evidently not been scoured for some time, as it presented a very dirty appearance; but his irregular efforts did not at all improve it; in fact he confined his attention almost exclusively to that part owned by the king, and seemed much disappointed at finding that the rock did not appear immediately below the surface.

Now however, journeying slowly on, he disengaged his shield, a large one having sides lined with different colored metals, from his accoutre-

ments, and drawing some chamois leather from his pocket proceeded to burnish it most carefully; then, having satisfied himself with its brightness by arranging his whiskers by its aid, he slung it carelessly over his arm with the silver side out, and gathering the reins in his hand he urged his steed toward the setting sun. It might now be noticed that his coat seemed to have been turned at some past date, but in his own country it was known that this was not owing to his poverty but to a certain vow which he had made.

He had not gone far when there appeared in the distance a cloud of dust, from which shortly emerged another horseman, and on coming closer the Knight of the Shield was enabled to read these words blazoned on the stranger's helmet, "*Ruit oceano nox.*" From this motto, and from the bearing of the stranger, he was able to decide that the new comer was none other than his former chief, but now deadly foe, whom he believed to have gone to visit the people for whom he fought, and who no doubt was now returning to the Court. On drawing near the Knight of the Motto, addressing the other, said "Why ride you here? Know you not that this land belongs to a great company, even unto the Syndicate, and that you are forbidden, O Knight of the Double Shield, to wander over it or ride across it." Straightway, with winged words, answered the Knight of the Shield, "Lo, even now there will be no Syndicate—for that which it hath undertaken is too much for it; nor will the people aid it, for they groan under the burden they carry, and the Syndicate will fail; but another will arise, and I will aid it with my voice, and I will take stock therein—therefore do I ride across this land, and who is there to prevent me?" Then answered the Knight of the Motto, "You are beside yourself; too many deficits have made you mad; when the great railroad is built, then will your words be shewn to be untrue, for you were ever a false prophet and a small one, and you had better make a quick return."

Then the Knight of the Shield was greatly enraged and turning the brazen side of his shield out, he beat it on the head of his horse till a loud noise was made and said, "I care not, O man of the smooth face and wheedling tongue, for the rail road; if you were rail rode, and the Syndicate tarred and feathered, then would peace and plenty come upon the land," and pricking his horse with the spur of the moment he urged him against his adversary, but before he could reach him the shades of night fell between them and separated them, and tho' they panted for bloodshed they panted in vain, nor was even a woodshed sent to comfort them in their search, and wearied with their efforts they fell asleep, and when rosy fingered Aurora appeared they were far apart, and each continued on his road.



A Portrait of Good Friday.

The best press ever made—two loving arms.
A lady is always athletic enough to jump at an offer of marriage.



Mr. Blake "Feels Uncomfortable."

This little sketch will convey to the public mind some conception of what Mr. Blake means when he says that so far as he is concerned his present relations with the empire are not at all comfortable. He doesn't like being tied to his mother's apron-string, being a boy of high spirit and lofty aspirations. When placed in black and white, as above, this attitude does look a trifle humiliating; but public opinion in Canada for the present adjudges that, taking one consideration with another, this particular relation between mother and child is probably the safest and best. Some of the Conservative journals, we observe, are setting up a great howl of "loyal" indignation against Blake and his party on this Confederation of the Empire question. We are told that they are annexationists in disguise, but we give no more heed to this howl than we do that of the opposite party when they produce arguments to prove that the present Government are deliberately plotting to hand over the Dominion to Uncle Sam.

Voices of Spring

1881.

FIRST VOICE.

He called and spoke of gentle Spring;
She looked upon him from the sofa,
As if he were some unclean thing,
And murmured, *softly*, "lofah."
"Why this coolness? Tell me, dear;
Why look thus reproachfully?
You told me I had naught to fear,
That you'd be ever true to me,
Then why this coldness, I implore?"
She scarce could answer (she was sneezing).
"Cold! Good gracious! shut the door,
You great big fool! I'm almost freezing."

The lover thought, "By love I'm sold,
It is not 'coolness,' it is cold."

SECOND VOICE.

The winds were gusty,
The streets were dusty,
It was the "wust" he
Ever saw.

The night a stinger,
Yet he had to bringer
To hear a sweet singer

At the opera.

They went, but nary a
Song or aria,
Or ought hilari—
ous the singer sang.

Poor Prima Donna,
Her voice was gone a,
Cold was on her,

The Spring had sprung.

Once again I am a dupe he
Thought as he paid for the two-horse coupe.

A son of Erin being asked which was the greatest debating club in Ireland, replied, "The shillelah. And it's foremost in the hottest contests."



THE THREE F'S.—A FAIR, FAULTLESS FIT.

GLADSTONE.—WELL, PADDY, HOW DOES THAT FIT YOU?

PADDY.—FIT, SUR? SURE IT'S TOO GOOD, ENTIRELY! YEZ HAVE LEFT NO TAIL FOR. WAN TO RAISE A BIT AV A QUARREL ON, BAD LUCK TO YEZ !!

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

HOW A SULTAN'S SUBJECT WAS ETERNALLY KNIGHTED.

Once there was an alleged humorous Constantinopolitan. One day while looking from a minaret, where he had gone to yell that Mohammed was good, and Sultan Saib was his immortal prophet, and he would bet on it, his eye glanced off on the calm surface of the Bosphorus, reflecting the ever shifting cloud-land in its crystal depths, and a happy thought struck him. It didn't strike him all in a heap, perhaps, but he reached his first base on it, and concluded he could reach home if he didn't have another attack, and didn't have to stop to curse so many dogs that he would forget his joke. But fortune and a retentive memory aided him, and he slid into the portals of his domicile, and lost no time in imparting his wonderful discovery to his wife. She being of a practical turn of mind hastened him toward the palace gates, ejecting in the willing porches of his ear as he skurried away the intelligence that doubtless His Supreme Highness the Caitiff of the Full Moon would knight him, or, at least, issue an edict that he should be made lord chamberlain, and his property be forever free from taxation. He hastened onward, and by dint of much ingenuity passed the palace portals, and at last reached the throne of the Royal Peacock himself, and was enabled to gaze on the Sacred Pelican with feelings of majestic awe and wonder. The subject made a prostrate salaam and tremblingly stated his business, and that he was the father of a joke, or was willing to be delivered as soon as the opportunity presented itself.

"Let the sneaking snipe proceed," growled the keeper of the sublime harcm.

"Your Potential Highness," meekly replied the joke parent, "the pun I am about to unfold to you, I swear by the horn of the sacred rhinoceros, came to me unintentionally, and it seemed so true that I have hid it in my heart, so to speak, until this time. As I have no middle-man to introduce the question, I shall be obliged to do it myself. It rippleth thus:

"Why, my most Sublimated Star of the Morning, is this kingdom like the beautiful strip of sea in front of our ancient city, in reference to the common people?"

I see Your Highness nod as though asleep. I will therefore unload upon you:

"Be-because it has from its earliest conception had a Bosphorus."

"Rockety, gee swezyth rusty palxysm melica maah!" thundered the keeper of the sacred beehive, which being interpreted means, "Take this man out in the alley, break him in two, and fill him full of dynamite, and I, personally, will see that he is properly blasted."

CHAPTER II.

And the blue sea shimmereth still; yea, even like unto the polish of a Vassar graduate; but the man with the mammoth brain he sleepeth with the enthusiasm of a domestic on a winter morning, and knoweth not his wife was raised to the peerage—and let down again with a bang; yea, even within two short days after her late spouse was so influentially blasted and eternally knighted.—*Lockport Union.*

It takes a brass band to fill the air with broken silence.

When he came home tipsy he told his wife he had been out shorrynading.

A beau dressed out resembles the cinnamon tree—the bark is of greater value than the body.

When a woman leaves a man who has not earned his salt for years, he immediately advertises that he will pay no debts of her contracting.

The bass drum player makes more noise than anybody else, but he doesn't lead the band.

The short girl should not cry because she is not tall; let her remedy the evil by getting spliced.

There are many true words said in jest, as the thoughtful compositor remarked when he set it up "mother-in-jaw."

It is strange that it wears a man's legs so much less to stand in front of a bar than it does to stand by a work-bench.

Glass eyes for horses are now made with such perfection that the animals themselves cannot see through the deception.

It is said that the editor's drawer in *Harper's Magazine* is made up by a woman. So are a great many editors' drawers.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves were they in their places.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making notes, not in making cages.

When a man gets a kidney pad, a lung pad, and a liver pad hung around his anatomy, it is safe to conjecture that he's in a very pad way.

A young bride being asked how her husband turned out, replied that he turned out very late in the morning, and turned in very late at night.

There is nothing that strengthens a man's honesty so much as trusting him; suspect him, and you weaken his faith in himself and in everybody else.

The worst about kissing a Wyandotte girl is that you carry the marks of coal dust about your nose and other features till you reach the nearest pump.

A man who is as true as steel, possessing an iron will, some gold, a silvery voice, and a fair portion of brass, should be able to endure the hardware of the world.

"If I punish you," said a mamma to her little girl, "you don't suppose I do so for my own pleasure, do you?" "Then whose pleasure is it for, dear mamma?"

"James, did you divide your paper of chocolate with your brother?" "Yes, certainly, mamma; I ate the chocolate and gave him the motto—he is so fond of reading, you know."

A doctor went out for a day's hunting, and on coming home, complained that he hadn't killed anything. "That's because you didn't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

"If I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley, reflectively, "I will take all them back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.

When some one can invent a five-barrelled revolver which can be sold for twenty-five cents, every city can do away with at least two school houses at the end of the first year. It is simply necessary to buy a little more burying-ground.

"Been vaccinated, Miss Black?" "Yes, indeed, Mr. White. I should just hate to die of that nasty small-pox. Why, they say if you die of it you must be buried in the middle of the night and nobody goes to the funeral!" "How very sad it is for the corpse, to be sure!"

On Wednesday night, about eight o'clock, an incriminated man was observed holding himself up by means of a lamp-post on a prominent street. This lamp-post had on it a small box, and the man had apparently stood there for some time. A reporter had occasion to pass the man, and remarked:—"Hello, there, what's the matter?" "Well," said the man, "I—hic—put five cents in the box here half an hour ago, and this car ain't started yet."—*Rochester Democrat.*

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4 ft. saw, rollers 18 in. long, 6 in. diameter, saws straight or bevel. Frame 5 ft. wide, 6 ft. long, pulley on mandril 8 x 14 in. Made by Goldie & McCullough. In use only 2 months. Cost \$550, sell for \$200.

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Three moulding heads, one head for surface planing. Planes 6 in. Made by Daniels, Newcastle, Mass. Cost \$175, sell for \$75.

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Centres 8 inches. Price \$15.

IRON LATHE,

15 feet bed, swings 24 inches, turns 10 feet. Price \$150.

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Imperial Printing Press.

12½ x 17½ inches. In use only 2 years. Cost \$300. Will sell for \$200.

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Cuts 16 inches. Cost \$150. Sell for \$90.

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Perfectly Candid.

GORDON B.—May I, without exciting suspicion of my motives, enquire for the present state of your health, Sir Charles?

SIR CHARLES.—Thank you, I'm improving. I hope to be at work again shortly.

GORDON B.—Delighted to hear it, Sir Charles, upon my word. At the same time it is consoling to think that when we do drop off there are always better and honester men to fill our places, isn't it, Sir Charles?

Aunt Polly's Opinions.

Last Thursday I was busy, and no mistake. What with turkey, and ham, and cakes and pies to cook, and everything to fix, I was fit to drop when I got through.

Melancholy claimed me for her'n while I was cleaning myself, after the table was set (and it did look beautiful with the tissue-paper roses in the middle, I must say). My opinion of parties was very low, I thought what a trouble and expense they was, and how disappointing to the feelings they most generally turn out. You don't somehow never seem to get your money's worth out of them, and the folks you ask'll go home and pick holes and abuse you. But for all I felt the worthlessness and vanity of it all, I couldn't stand there rasprodizing. I had to up and put on my cinnamon meriney gown, with the black ribbon velvet and yao lace, and sit myself down in the parlor to wait for the folks.

Which it wasn't long I sit there, for in a minit there was a knock, and I let in Mrs. Sam Banks; and them ten ministers, the delicats, all shapes and sizes, came trailing in after her. Mrs. Sam named each of them, and I was so took up trying to say something different to each, as "Glad to see you," "Happy to meet you," "You're hearty welcome, I'm sure," "I wish you much joy," and the like, that I never noticed the stoutest man of the lot making straight for the chair with the broken leg.

It's always the way! If you'll take notice, you'll find that if there's a weak seat, or a lame stool in the house, they're the ones everybody goes to sit on first! Oh, the perverseness of human natur!

I shouted out so quick, "Don't take that chair," but he says "It's good enough for me, Madame, I'm humble," and before I could say, "Tis broke," he sat down and found out for himself.

"He that is low need fear no fall," a little thin man said, and all the rest of them roared at him, never offering to help him up, which I calls rank unchristian. "Poor man, it might of hurt him dreadful, and him that fat!" I says, for I pitied him. Then he turned over and got up, that quick and red in the face you'd be surprised. After that we sat around, twirling our thumbs, metaphysically speaking, until with a great clatter in comes my nephew Billy with Weesie Juniper. It's awful funny that everytime she comes to my place she's dead sure to meet Billy on the road!

We had tea right off then, and talk about your Charity Schools and Children's Treats,

they couldn't no how come up to the lot them men put away, which I will say was flattering to my cookery, if nothing else. And the way they talked too, like all possessed! Even my head might have been turned, if it hadn't growed right side foremost so many years and got too stiff to turn easy.

One of them was from up London way, and he was telling Billy all about the Donnelly murder, and the trials and all, for Billy had asked him what it was about, and when it happened, and said he'd never heard the first word of it. This I knew was a downright lie of Billy, which I told him next day, and he only laughed and said, "I wanted to please the old man, and let him bring out his stale corpses, and pass them off for nice fresh ones."

After he'd listened to all he had to tell, Billy said it was Johnnie O'Connor did it."

"Bless me, no, I can hardly think that," said the minister. "My idea is—"

"He did it, not a doubt of it; he did it safe as eggs. Why you say there wasn't a single individual that could have got out that night within ten miles, so it stands to reason the boy being there so handy did it, and burnt the house to hide his crime," said Billy getting excited and throwing his arms around. They might have been at it now, only Billy happened to hit Weesie Juniper in the eye with his elbow, and had to go to the kitchen with her to tie it up.

"Are you going to hear Bernhardt?" one of them asked the stout man.

"Well, no," he said, "a Latin or a Greek play would be more in my line, and then they have refused me a pass in."

"Where does he preach, this Mr. Bernhardt?" says I, and they raised a laugh, but they didn't tell me it was that French actress (which I make bold to say if she isn't a hussy there never was one).—I found that out after.

Well, the party was not so powerful bad when it was over, only that Billy went home with Weesie Juniper and did not get back till twelve. It's only two blocks, but somehow, he says, he lost his way, and it took him all that time to find it again.



The Gentle Skeptic.

CLERICAL CANVASSER.—Can I sell you a copy of the new revised edition of the Bible, sir. It is an excellent—

SIR LEONARD (interrupting).—They have left the Book of *Exodus* in, haven't they?

C. C.—Certainly, sir, it is all—

SIR LEONARD (with emphasis).—Then I don't want it. I have no confidence in the translators. I don't believe there ever was an *Exodus*, and I don't want a copy!!

Mamma.—"My dear, I don't think you ought to marry Mr. Waxend. He is wealthy, but he is eighty years old, and you are but eighteen! Such extremes! So out of all proportion!"

Sweet Girl (who has just left school).— "Mamma, if the means and the extremes are equal, the match is in perfect proportion. By the rule of three, it cannot otherwise be."



The Junior Bar.

I'm an independent chap, and I wouldn't care a rap. Tho' aspersions showered upon me black as tar, I wish you here to note, I have cast a solid vote, For several Junior Members of the Bar— Junior Bar.

For the Bench (tho' it's disputed), as at present constituted, Is not just what it ought to be by far, And we've come to the conclusion, that we'd better try infusion Of some fresher, newer blood from out the Bar— Junior Bar.

And although it looks like treason, we think we've every reason To make the Bench a sort of legal Caudahar. And to plan a bold assault, without doubt or fear or halt, On this prize of every Member of the Bar— Junior Bar.

And if we once get there, we'll take good and precious care, That we hold the fort and bless our lucky star, And we never, never, never— I say, never—well no, never Will forget what's due to Members of the Bar— Junior Bar.

And we'll ventilate the dodgin's of McLennan and Tom Hodgins, Which are slightly out of perpendicular, And we'll show to the profession, what a valuable accession To the Bench are certain Members of the Bar— Junior Bar.

And we'll show these ancient Benchers, that they have been retrenchers In a way which doesn't make them popular, And they're getting old and musty, crabbed, cranky, callous, crusty, Which won't suit us Junior Members of the Bar— Junior Bar.

We have Ferguson and Smith, Huson W. Murray with J. J. Foy (you'll find them in our circular), And we don't think you can ferret out men of greater merit Than the four aforesaid Members of the Bar— Junior Bar.

"The Song of Pahtahquahong."

"The Rev. Henry Pahtahquahong Chase, hereditary chief of the Ojibway tribe, president of the grand council of Indians, and missionary of the Colonial and Continental Church Society at Muncey Town, Ontario, Canada, has just arrived in England on a short visit."—*The Standard*.

Straight across the Big-Sea-Water, From the Portals of the Sunset, From the prairies of the Red Men, Where Suggema, the Mosquito, Makes the aggravated hunter Scratch himself with awful language; From the land of Hiawatha, Land of Wigwags and of Wampum, Land of tomahawks and scalping, (See the works of J. F. Cooper), Comes the mighty Pahtahquahong, Comes the Chief of the Ojibways, Etc., Etc.

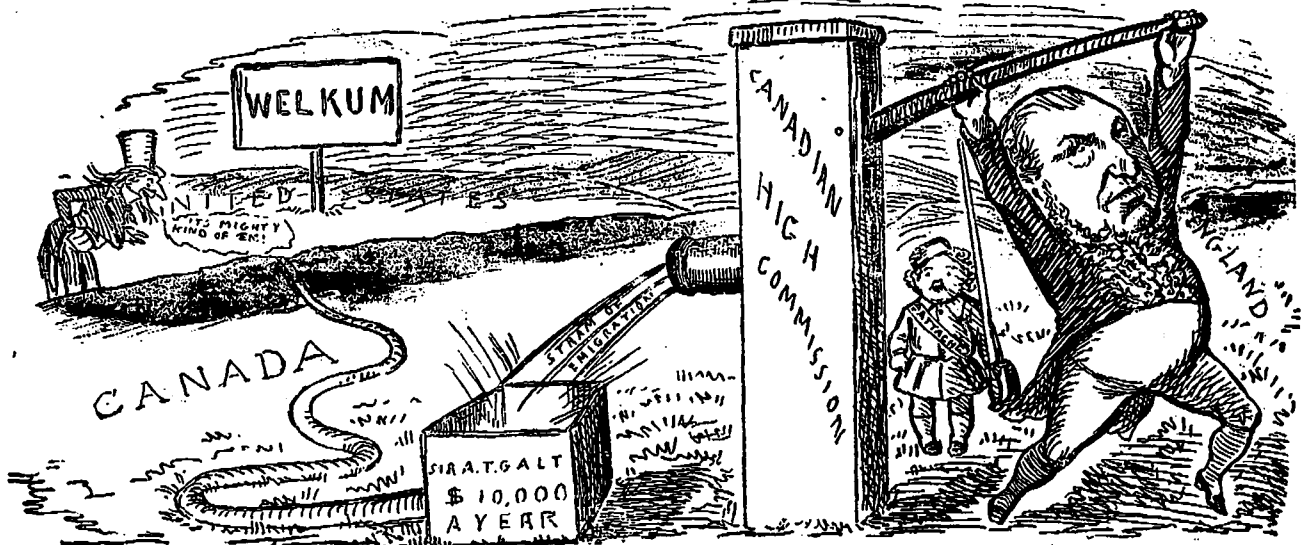
French, March 12. Mr. Bunch, you great old Duffer, Type of English Education, You're a hundred years or better, Lagging in the race of knowledge, Gleaning all your information On affairs of this Dominion From the works of J. F. Cooper. Perhaps you'll be surprised to hear That this Muncey Town, Ontario, Isn't near the Sunset Portals, That the Prairie's now pre-empted, And instead of the mosquito, 'Tis the Syndicate that bleeds the Settler in the Nor' West Country.

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