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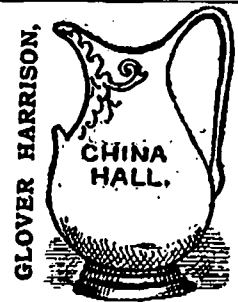
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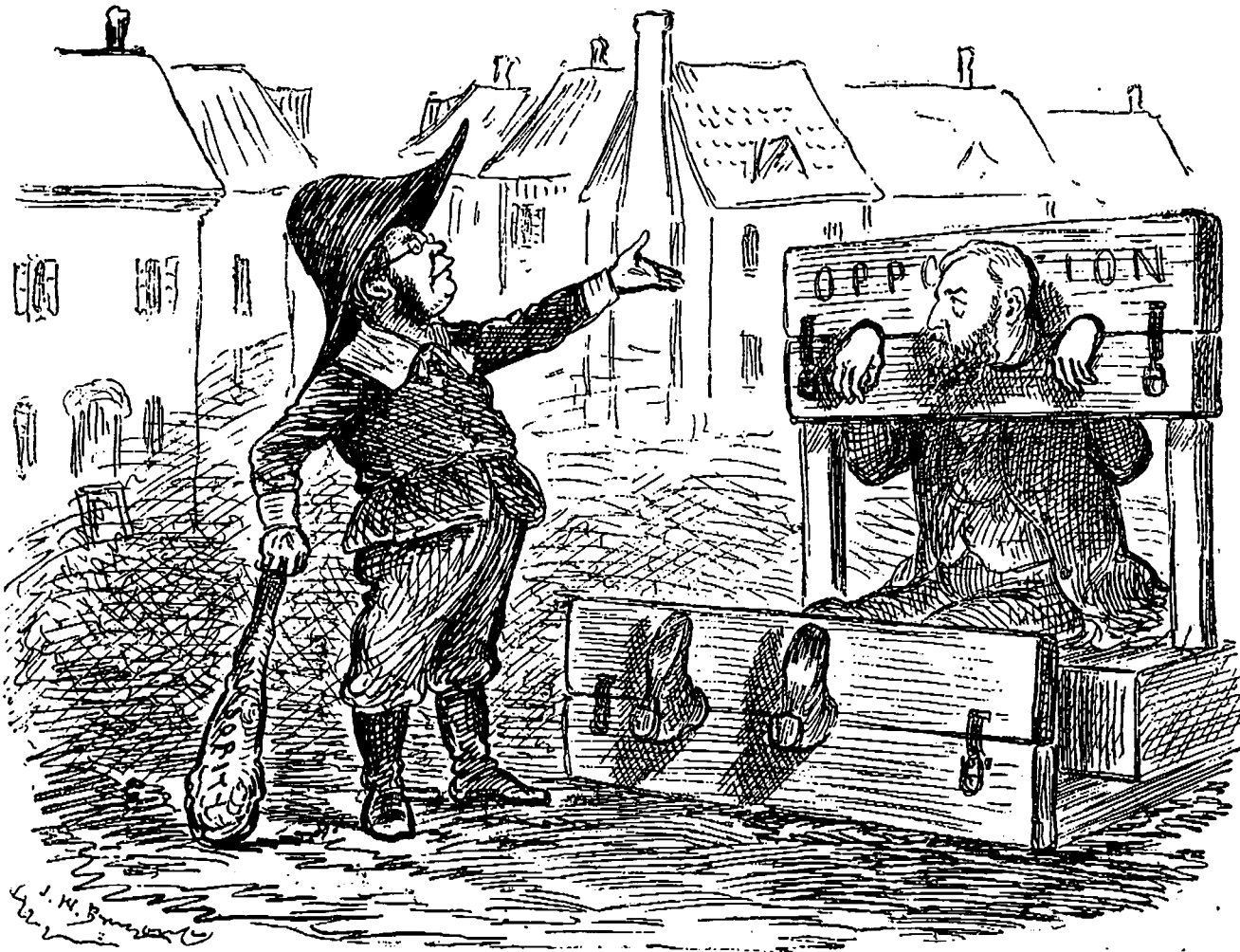
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J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—This picture is a trifle
in advance of the fact, but the fact is quite
sure to come ambling along in due course.
GRIP will stake his reputation as a prophet—
or what remains of it—on the statement that
the majority in the Federal Parliament will
swallow the new Syndicate dose without a
wince, and that while the operation is going
on the fellows on the Opposition benches will
conduct themselves in a more or less frantic
manner. It may be supposed that this cartoon
will make the ministerial gentlemen
at Ottawa very angry; perhaps it will; we
hope it may, for in case it does there will be
some reason to suspect that they look upon
the swallowing of this dose as something un-
becoming and objectionable. If it makes them
so very angry that they determine to give it
the lie by refusing to do the swallowing when
it comes to be demanded of them, the country
will undoubtedly applaud their righteous in-
dignation. But at the same time it will be
a marvellous sight to see a voting machine re-
fusing to work when the crank is turned,
though GRIP will hold himself in readiness to
feel infinitely snubbed and humiliated, and
indeed rather hopes he may be in this case.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Meredith can sympathise
with *Hamlet*. He knows what it is to bear
"the insolence of office." The other day the
Attorney-General, in a taunting spirit, advised
Mr. M. to get his friends in Ottawa to do
something or other, whereupon Mr. M. meek-
ly admitted that he was "powerless at Ottawa."
"And I may remind the hon. gentleman,"
roared Mr. Mowat in a voice of thunder, and
with blue fire streaming from both eyes, "that
he is powerless *here*, as well!"

EIGHTH PAGE.—Judging by the manner in
which motions for returns and information,
moved by the Grit members at Ottawa have
been dealt with, it looks as if Sir John had
adopted the suggestions of the *Mail* about
sewing up their mouths.

"Parliamentary" language is sometimes a
little coarse, but its coarseness is generally re-
deemed by its wit. Now we venture to doubt
the *Mail's* prediction that "Piggery" Cook
will become a popular phrase among the mem-
bers, because it is not at all clever or funny,
and any member who didn't want to put him-
self on the level of certain vulgar editors would
take care not to use it.



THE DONKEY'S DREAM.

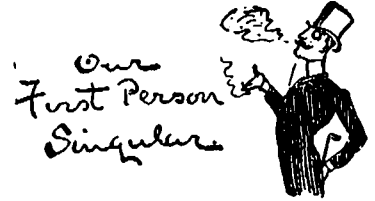
A donkey lay him down to sleep,
And as he slept and snored full deep,
He was observed (strange sight) to weep,
As if in anguished mood.

A gentle mule that lay near by
The donkey roused, and with a sigh,
And kindly voice enquired why
These tears he did exude?

The donkey, while he trembled o'er,
And dropped cold sweat from every pore,
Made answer in a fearful roar—
I dreamed I was a dude.

"Have you weak eyes?" said a lady to an
applicant for a kitchen position who wore blue
spectacles; "No, ma'am," said the applicant;
"but I scour pots and things so thoroughly
that the glitter of them hurts my sight."—
Somerville Journal.

"Let no man enter into business while he
is ignorant of the manner of regulating books.
Never let him imagine that any degree of
natural ability will supply the deficiency or
preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextric-
able confusion."—*Day's Business College, 96
King-st. W., Toronto.*



I have received a copy of the "skit" which is
just now shaking London with laughter. It
is a cleverly-written thing, purporting to give
a particular account of the prize fight between
Merrydick and Huskisson—the reference being
of course to the squabble of the leading council
in the Weekes perjury case now going on.

I wonder whether it has occurred to any
other great mind than that of the writer that
ex-alderman Baxter is now more like the
world than ever; he always bore a great
resemblance to this footstool, in that it is a
long way round him, but now that he has
been flattened at the polls every one must
admit that the similarity is greatly increased.

I observe that Mr. W. H. Higgins has taken
the first opportunity on his return from the
Old Country to reply to the attacks made upon
him in his absence by the Editor of the *Mail*.
Those who are familiar with the pen of *Tim
O'Day* will not need to be told that Mr. Hig-
gins gives as good as he got. His reply appears
in the form of a letter to the *Whitby Chronicle*,
the paper which he for so many years owned
and edited.

I see that Hamilton rejoices in a barber shop
where good-looking female "tonsorial artists"
alone are employed, and the proprietor of
that establishment is on the high road to mil-
lionaireism, as the youths of Hamilton have
discovered that it is necessary for them to be
shaved thrice a day. Women have a natural
gift for removing the hirsute adornments of
the opposite sex, as numbers of married men
can amply testify, and they are likely to prove
successful as barbers, but I think the man who
is bright enough to start a shop with none but
bald-headed barbers is the man who will have
a bonanza, as people would certainly patronize
an establishment where the knights of the razor
could not, consistently, be eternally, if ever,
recommending specifics for producing a lux-
uriant growth of hair on the most billiard-ball-
like head. Let some of our barbers ponder
this thing, there's something in it.



Mr. John T. Raymond is the present attrac-
tion at the Grand. He is still doing "Col.
Bob Belter," and from all appearances the
character will develop into a second "Sellers."
The play, "In Paradise," is very clever and
amusing, as all can testify who saw it on a
former occasion.

Mr. William McDonnell's opera, "Marina,
the Fisherman's Daughter," is announced for
the 7th Feb., and following nights. The re-
hearsals are going on actively, and we hope
the result will be entirely satisfactory to the
author and all concerned. It should be borne
in mind that this piece, in both words and
music, is original and Canadian.



MEREDITH'S MEDITATIONS.

Go to! thou Weekes!
Dolt, dunderhead, idiot, imbecile!
Tremendous tenderfoot, avault!
Phosphorescent flou—phosphorescent
Because thy light is feeble, faint and false—
Get thee gone!
Conspicuous chromo!
Confounded crank!
Take thou thy hateful shape
Into a cedar swamp,
And hide it in a hollow log
Till jackals scent it out and spoil
Their fangs upon thy pachydermatous cuticle
And frame-work petrified,
An' were thy patronymic simply Weak,
It had been meet;
For thou art weak indeed—
Aye! Even as is Mowat's hold on office,
Oras th' alleged tea served
In yon boarding palace—
Weak in calm courage!
Weak in 'cate cogena!
Weak in common sense!
But, oh! not weak in gall,
Nor yet in breath when in committee-room
The flagon goeth round from mouth to mouth,
And all do much enthuse
And full become
Of overproof sanguinity!
Thou sought'st the wherewithal
To guide the vacillating voter.
Twas well!
Thou would'st have been all primed
With able arguments
To this great end.
The potent potion which 'tis good to give
The undecided holder of
The precious franchise,—
To calm his perturbed soul,
And 'ford cool reason chance
To point him on his way—
That potion it was thine
For but the asking;
Put up in phials each purchaser to suit,
And kept by all respectable committee-men—
None genuine
Be not the name blown full well
And truly in the bottle.
Thou had'st an order for it
Filled one time before, Weekes!
And, *certainly*, thou did'st handle it right smart.
But this time—
A plague upon thee, mutton-headed,
Moon-eyed mischief-maker!
Thou'st missed it!
Aye, missed it,
And by a mammoth miss—
A chalk so long
That thy splaw feet would fail thee
Did'st thou strive to stride along it
To the end.
Thou true descendant of Simoneus Simplex,
What led thy shambling steps
Into the camp of dastard grits?
Oh, numbskull!
Ninnyhammer!
Nincompoop!
Could not thy pudding-head
Have tumbled to the racket?
Oh, rueful racket!
Would that the Fool-killer
Had happ'd along
E'en while in thy wanderings, thou gav'st
The pointers which have wrought
So direful ruin!
What boot'st thy fishy affidavit?
Could'st thou thy baleful name append
To affidavits by the ream
Thy woeful work

Would never be undone!
Thou son of senselessness,
Flee now from my presence!
Go!
Get thee to a hennery!
Methinks
A creature of thy instincts
Would find a rare, congenial job
Within a hennery.
And not thine own honnery—
Some other hennery—
While the owner slept
And fondly fancied his fat fowls secure.
Oh! so well deserv'st thou
To be assault and beat with staves,
That I, thy noble leader,
Gladly would take hold and wield one lustily,
Loon!
But thou hast made an awful mull
Of this whole business!
Had'st thou not blundered,
And had the day been ours,
Reward of merit surely had been thine,
Mayhap a contract soft—
Perchance an office good—
But now thy chances are for all time gone!
Thy fat is in the fire!
Thy goose is cooked!
And my advice
Is that thou clutch thyself
Right firm and fast
By thy pants bosom,
And with one mighty lift
Hoist thy mean carcass out of sight.
Thy chief at Ottawa
Regards thee with no favor,
But, like me, would joy
That some one with a big sand-club
Did bang thee sore.
Until thou felt constrained
To get thee to a foreign country,
And, as driver of a street-car,
Do penance for thy jackass job.
Go to, Weekes!
Thou mak'st me tired!



THE OPENING OF THE HOUSE
FIFTH SESSION. FOURTH LEGISLATURE.

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

In spite of sneering snoozers, dubious democrats, ribald republicans, and ferocious Fenian fanatics, the Local Legislature was opened this session as usual with all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, as manifested by the appearance of the body guard, the field battery, and the infantry guard of honor. The thundering cannon and the martial strains of the regimental band made the ever loyal GRIP's feathers stand on end like quills on a fretful porcupine; or, to use a more familiar simile (for who among us, my beloved readers, ever saw a fretful porcupine), the plumage of an *edgey-cong's* cocked hat, or a paralyzed Queen-street hoss car. He would be a curmudgeon indeed who would deprive the populace of their right to gaze at least a couple of times a year on something beyond the common, something that the noble though hayseedy yeoman, the honest though greasy mechanic, the hard-worked though dudy counter jumper, may reflect on with pleasure, for in GRIP's opinion at least, the opening is far ahead, as an exhibition, of anything given by the wretched troupes

of nomads, who with circus and menagerie, invade and desolate our land (of its coinage) each summer, besides it costs nothing (directly) to the beholder.

As the Lieutenant-Governor ascended the throne and pulled out his "copy," GRIP perched himself, as is his wont on such occasions, on the apex of that *quasi* royal structure and gazed around him. There as of yore were the colonels, the majors, lovely ladies, and foreign consuls; among the latter, conspicuous, were the Ritter Snidt von Räämrof, who represents the Holy German Empire; Pierre Alfonso McDuff, of France; Martin Henry Miguel Murphy of the Lacadive Islands, Romulus Remington Ripper, U.S.A. There were also a number of foreign notables who appeared *ex-officio*, among whom were senators Gregg and Ewen of Texas and Colorado respectively, and some (as yet) unknown personage in a wormy cloak, Fra Diavolo hat and Mcphistophillean moustache and goatee, who ever and anon glared at the "body-guard" with a glowering glare. GRIP was at first somewhat alarmed at the conduct and appearance of this uncanny stranger, but was relieved when he heard Reburn say to Johnny Hodgins, "Sure its only Shep—," GRIP did not catch the name of the mysterious one in full, for at that moment His Honor struck a dignified attitude, opened his lips, and commenced

THE SPEECH.

"Hon. gentleman of the Ontario House of Assembly, it is with feelings of the deepest emotion that I proceed to open this House and to foreshadow the policy that my ministry is about to carry out. My emotion proceeds not from the somewhat undefined course that the Government intends to pursue, but from the fact that it is probably the last time that this House shall be opened by a representative of the Crown. (Sighs from the ladies.) Gentlemen, I regret that I have to state that bloody treason stalks in the land. Our whole social and political fabric is threatened by a clique and coterie of irresponsible cowboys and Jay hawkers, who have sought the glorious climate of Canada to find a refuge from the warped laws of their bushwacking fellow-countrymen. The people of Ontario, I regret to say, have shown an apathy towards the machinations of this band of needy and unscrupulous adventurers, who would fain plunge our peaceful land in a pool of gore, that they actually have the hardihood to appear (though disguised) on the floor of this House," (here the man in the cloak and sombrero perceptibly winced, and the Governor grew excited). "Gentlemen," he continued, "I was going to read the rest of this speech, which of course you all know, is the work of Hardy, Pardy Lardy and Dardy, or, for all I know, Boston O'Brian, or Bovine Pup Charlie, but I won't inflict you, for really there is nothing in it. But when I look upon the form of a disguised traitor on the floor of this House, I"— His Honor looked, around but the disguised man and the Yankee Senators had disappeared. "I" continued the Governor, "feeled riled, so, gentlemen, we will consider this House opened."

(Outside) Present arms!
Music by the band. God save the Queen!

ENEUNT OMNES.

NOTE.—The writer of the above sketch, which by inadvertence got inserted in this paper, and which obviously has not a word of truth in it, has been summarily discharged from the staff of GRIP. The unfortunate man had been drinking heavily. His wife and family are, however, on GRIP's Pension List.

ED. GRIP.

A man in New York has brought a suit against the Manhattan Railroad Company for the loss of an eye. He asks for \$50,000. The eye dear!—*Boston Transcript.*



AFTER MANY YEARS ;

OR,

THEY WERE BOTH RATHER ASTONISHED.

We met on the beach where we had stood
Full many a year before,
And memories sad, with resistless flood,
Came all my senses o'er.
She seemed the same, yet not quite the same
Long years ago she'd been,
When she was my love, my girl, my flame,
Of my heart the cherished queen.

But ruthless fate drew us apart,
And I'd roamed both far and wide ;
But now I could feel young Cupid's dart
As it quivered again in my side.
And she felt the same I could plainly see,
But she passed it off with a laugh,
And she strove to hide what she felt from me,
With a poor attempt at chaff.

"Why, Jack, what ails you—yes,—your liver ?
You're so yellow ; and where these years
Have you been ? In India, Egypt, Khiva ?
With Baker's Volunteers ?
Have you scaled the Alps, or the deserts ranged,
Or where have you been, old fellow ?
You are so utterly, utterly changed,
And so uncommonly yellow.

She placed in mine her dimpled hand
In the old, frank, friendly way ;
And it seemed, as we stood on the sea-washed sand,
As though but yesterday
We had parted here, on this selfsame spot,
And she'd said, with her eyelids wet,
"Good-bye, and dear, forget me not,
For I can ne'er forget.

I held her hand, and I whispering said,
"Madge, darling, what of the years,
The ten long years that for e'er have fled
Since, through the mist of tears,
We said good-bye on this same grey sand,
By this same low-murmuring sea,
When you were only nineteen, and
I was barely twenty-three ?"

"Oh ! Jack, of those years I dare not speak,
Hush, dear," she sadly said,
And a rosy flush crept o'er her cheek,
"Here come Nellie and cousin Ned."
"And who's that portly stout old swell
On the shady side of life ?"
"He's one of our party ; in fact, he's—well—
In fact, Jack, I'm his wife !

And really, Jack, it's too awful quite
The way he does behave,
And flirts with that girl in the blue and white—
Jack ; why do you look so grave ?"
"The fact is, Madge, that—ahem ! that I—
Oh ! nothing at all, my dear—
But that girl in the blue and white is my—
Is the girl I married last year."

LETTERS TO EMINENT MEN.

TO ROBERT BROWN, ESQ., Q.C.

In singularizing you out as an "eminent man," Robert Brown, Esquire, I do so advisedly. You are a member of several societies, benevolent and otherwise, among them the Law Society, the greatest (in your estimation, doubtless) of them all. You are an Englishman, a fact I won't attempt to deny, and as such, especially in connection with some of your national societies, by your talent, speeches

about "Britannia," the "Old Flag," and "Britain's rights," you make yourself particularly obnoxious to the ordinary public mind. It is your own individual business, of course, and I don't at all wish to touch upon your private matters, but, Robert, I can't help asking you how much you give yearly to your half-starved countrymen, who have left 'ome with the intention of astonishing the natives of, and making their fortunes in, this "blawsted country." Robert, I, the writer, know that a "one pun note," otherwise a \$5 bill, would cover everything in your benevolent expenditure. How came you to be a Q.C., was it your legal lore, your forensic qualities, or your strict attention to your profession with all its rules of courts, procedure, &c. ? No ! and well you know it, Robert Brown, Esquire. It was because you did "yeoman's service," and a very soiled yeoman's service, to aid a warped and mendacious cabal of rascally politicians, who used you in their necessity, and who conferred the doubtful honor upon you to prevent your splitting on them, and "blowing the guff." That's what made you, R. B., a Q.C. And Robert Brown, Esquire, you forsooth pose as an aristocrat ! Let us look a little into your claim to this title. When your father, honest man, took a steerage passage from London, where he followed the somewhat undignified calling of a costermonger, he having a few pounds laid by, naturally in association with his former avocation, rented a small plot of ground in the city's vicinity, and embarked in the "market garden" speculation. He did well. His celery, his carrots, his asparagus sold, he opened a bank account which yearly increased in worth. Then it was that he sent you to U. C. College to make a gentleman of you, and here your aristocratic period commences. How you got stuck in Caesar, caned in Virgil, hammered in Horace, and succumbed utterly in Sallust, I will not touch on, I will merely say that you left your *alma mater* with a large number of these classic authorities with different names of your fellow students carefully erased. You then went into the study of the law, and ultimately the practice thereof. How much fugitive law and postage stamps contributed to the payment of your fees, I am unable to say, nor do I wish to touch on the subject, for now you are Robert Brown, Esquire, Q.C., and live in a swell residence in an aristocratic quarter of the city, and I will let bygones be bygones. But, Robert Brown, Esquire, Q.C., kindly let up on some of your airs, don't think that the sun and moon rise and set in Osgoode Hall ; and when you carry that red bag up King-street, sometimes think of the old donkey cart your respected parent peddled his greens in on his tours through Radcliffe Highway in Wapping.

DANGER

A BOARDING-HOUSE ROMANCE.

CHAP. I.

It is a well-known fact that on Church-st. in this city are numbers of boarding houses. For that reason it has been suggested by "One Who Knows" that the city authorities should re-name it Hash Avenue. But that is cruel. Between King and Bloor-streets on that thoroughfare there is a certain boarding-house whereby hangs a tail, and perchance in the kitchen of that house there hang several tails—when it is hash day. Not long ago a young man climbed the steps leading to this house and rang the bell. The door was opened by a comely maiden, who, when the young man said that he wished to speak to the landlady about boarding there, informed him that the lady who was Prime Ministress in that house was out, but she, the comely maiden, was prepared to enter into negotiations with the young man. They negotiated. The result was that for the sum of three hundred and

fifty cents payable weekly in advance, the young man, whose name by-the-bye, was C. Chopperton Clerkly, was to be fed, lodged and made especially miserable, torture to commence in two days after. But C. C. C. was smitten, yes, smitten by the charms of the comely maiden who sat with him. He made no enquiries as to what were her prospects in life, nor as to the size of her shoes. (This latter is necessary, if any Hamilton girls are at large). Things thickened. Before C. Chopperton Clerkly left that grub ranch he had made an engagement with the comely maiden to escort her to the theatre three nights after that.

CHAP. II.

When two days had passed C. Chopperton Clerkly arrived at the house with his effects, a valise, a band-box and seven whiskey flasks, minus corks and contents. He met the landlady in the parl-ah, the drawing room, and introduced himself.

"Mrs. Carvittup" said he, "I am a bank clerk. And I am a man of honor."

"What? both?" exclaimed Mrs. C.

"Yes, I tell you that I am a man of honor, because I do not wish to deceive you while under your fostering care. From this day forward watch me. I am enamoured of your daughter whom I met here the other evening. I love her and I wish you to regard me as a suitor for her hand. She is my ideal. When may I see her, when may I hear words of sweetest sound issue from her shapely mouth?"

"You will see her at dinner, Mr. Clerkly."

"Ah, but my heart beats."

CHAP. III.

The dinner table: ham, eggs, bread, pickles, mustard, salt, pepper, butter, knives, forks, spoons, and tablecloth. Mrs. Carvittup presides, and at her dexter hand sits Mr. C. Chopperton Clerkly. "Liz," screams the landlady "air you makin' them ham and eggs? Ef you don't wallop in here inside of two seconds you can call yourself a bounced servant girl!" Liz comes, C. C. C's head begins to swim. He looks up and sees standing beside him a she with miscellaneous combed hair, red face, and splay feet shoved into a pair of promiscuous slippers. "Great Jugs?" says he, as he rises and slips from the house a sad-faced man, "My ideal a hash-house pot-wrestler!"

A Truro man owns 600 hens. With good management this ought to be enough to go around all the neighboring vegetable gardens within a radius of seven blocks.

The *Globe* approvingly quotes a musical criticism from the *Buffalo Commercial-Advertiser*. It rejoices to find another journal manly enough to have independent opinions about Theo. Thomas and other conductors, and says "Amen!" to this from the *Buffalo* article:—"For ourselves, we had rather hear an orchestra, if a little inferior in purely executive ability, that is swayed, moved, and infused by the feeling and fire of the director." What these twin souls want to enjoy is a Salvation Army band with "Happy Jack" in command. They needn't be so sensitive about speaking their minds right out.

Prof. Swift says he has seen stars through the tail of a comet 150,000 miles thick. But he neglects to say whether it was Mr. Sullivan or a banana peel that did it. The Prof. is a scientist, however, and scientists content themselves with broad statements, leaving the explanation of details to newspaper paragraphers and other studious and precise persons. You will presently find a newspaper paragrapher supplying an anxious public with details about this little matter, and he will doubtless venture the surmise that "150,000 miles thick" is a misprint for "150,000 miles thin."



ANOTHER CASE OF
"OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES!"



THE MAN WHO KNOWS IT ALL.

The greatest nuisance, maybe, in the human family, is the man who knows it all. He is always ready to prove you an ignoramus rather than impart knowledge or information. You may be in company and during the conversation tell what may be your observations regarding a certain thing, and after you have finished this friend, the man who knows it all, will undertake to prove, not directly, maybe, that you know nothing at all about what you have been talking. Nine times in ten, however, the boot is on the other foot. This man who knows it all will contradict you on theology, politics, business, and in fact anything you may bring up, or if unable to contradict will take the very few words and thoughts you have spoken or expressed and enlarge upon them only to make the points you have presented more opaque. The man who knows it all is, in fact, the most unmitigated, downright, perfect nuisance in the world. There is no truth in him, hence no one asks him for his views and opinions; he always volunteers or rather forces his remarks on others. His room is always preferable to his company, and when he goes those who have a true knowledge of things, a knowledge gained by thorough study and experience, feel that they have at last an opportunity to present their views should occasion require without fear of contradiction by a supercilious puppy. There is no room for a man who knows it all, yet every community is imposed upon by him. He is a hideous nightmare, impossible to get rid of until it has had its time. His favorite haunt is in the corner grocery, the hotel lobby, and not infrequently he will stray into the parlors of his friends. There is no need of an introduction for him, as he always makes his presence felt. In fact there is nothing on earth so low, so unreliable and so despised as the man who knows it all. —*Peck's Sun.*

HOW A SOLDIER WON HIS EPAULETS.

It was during the war. The officer commanding the artillery was afraid he would not have enough cannon balls to last through another engagement, and expressed his fears to the commanding General. Here was a quandary, as a brush with the enemy was expected at almost any moment, and the source of supply was far off. A private hearing of the difficulty, obtained an interview with the General, though with difficulty.

"What is it, my man?" asked the General.

"You are nearly out of cannon balls, General?"

"Yes we are."

"I can suggest a way out of the difficulty."

"You can? Well, then do so immediately, and if it works all right I'll give you a commission."

"Thank you, General. I believe there is a railway station within a few miles?"

"There is."

"And a restaurant is connected with it?"

"Yes," said the General looking puzzled.

"Then General," replied the private, "send an ammunition wagon down and order up the entire lot of sandwiches."

"The very thing!" exclaimed the General, bringing his fist down on the table. It's a wonder that wasn't thought of before."

The sandwiches were brought to the camp, and in the next battle the artillery played havoc with the rebels and the private got his commission. The bad feature of it is, however, that all the sandwiches were not used up, and many of them worked their way north and are still doing duty at railway lunch counters.

BRUDDER ROMULUS' CABIN LACONICS.

De wise squir'l tends all de p'litical meetin's to find out whose cohn am goin' to stan out in de shock all wintah.

It am de chap dat hain't suah 'bout allus habin' a clean shirt dat has his coat made to button right up to de chin.

Dar am a heap moah folks in dis worl' dat limp 'kase dey w'ar tight boots dan 'kase deh dun fall lame a wuckin' to 'arn, an hones' libin'.

A patch am a heap easier to karry 'bout wid you dan a tailor's bill dat yo' kyan't pay.

Pooty felles in dis worl' ain't gin'rally good fur much 'ceptin' jes' to look at; de rose bush doan' pan out well when yo' cum to lay in wintah fish-wood.

Life am offen sich a long thread dat it dun snaps in de middle f'um its own heft.

De chap dat am stoopin' ober hoein' out his tator patch ain't apt to see all de leetle failins' ob his nayburs.—*Life.*

WHY HE WAS CAREFUL.

"Will you be home to dinner?" asked a Chicago woman of her husband as he was about starting for business.

"No, I think not," he answered, "I expect to be very busy, besides a new saloon is to be opened up just around the corner from my office and I will drop in there and get a little free lunch."

"Well," said his wife, while a wave of fear swept across her anxious face, "be careful not to get hurt in the rush."—*Luther W. Riggs.*

COULDN'T GO WITH HIM.

A story is told of the wife of a nouveau riche who, by skillful pushing had got into a certain circle in society and obtained a prominent place in it, while her husband, who had no social ambition, remained unknown to nearly all her acquaintances. One of the guests at a grand entertainment given by her, found himself, when tired and bored, next to an insignificant looking chap. To him he said in an outburst of confidence: "It's growing beastly dull, and I'm going home. Won't you come with me?"

"I'd like to," was the reply, "but I can't, I'm the host."—*New York Correspondent.*

A \$20 BIBLICAL PRIZE.

The publishers of *Rutledge's Monthly* offer two valuable rewards in their *Monthly* for February, among which is the following:

We will give \$20.00 to the person telling us which is the longest verse in the Old Testament Scriptures by February 10th, 1884. Should two or more correct answers be received, the reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner February 15th, 1884. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the *March Monthly*, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward, and the correct answer, will be published, and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Easton, Penna.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Allowing a Chicago girl to step on an elephant's toes.

Lending a willing horse to two women to go driving.

Condemning a hen to have its head chopped off by a woman.

Presenting a pug dog to an Omaha belle. She will be sure to kiss it.

Taking your sweetheart and her mother out riding when you have but one horse. Leave one of them at home.

Teaching a parrot to say unpleasant truths about your neighbor and then leaving it where he can get hold of it.

Causing a gentleman cow to over-exert himself in hot weather by passing through a pasture with a red garment on.

Making a sensitive bulldog feel bad by ignoring his presence and trying to pass him after he has growled and shown his teeth.

Jumping on a table and yelling like a wild Indian when a mouse appears. The poor little animals are often frightened into fits.—*Philadelphia Call.*

PUNNY.

"Algernon, I have a stitch in my side."

"I am not surprised my dear. You were hemmed in by the crowd at the party last night."

"No; I think I got it while basting the turkey."

"You tuok too much pains over it."

"Algernon, why will you persist in ruffling my temper in this way?"

"Merely a biased notion of yours and fur-below my intentions."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Somebody asked the four-year-old son of one of our citizens what he would do if his father died. "Why," said the youngster, "I'd wear my new boots to the funeral."—*Evansville Argus.*

In a railway carriage: Guibollard asks, very politely, "Madame, does smoking trouble you?" "Oh, yes, monsieur; not ordinarily, but today—" "Ah! madame," replies Guibollard, in a very sympathetic tone, "how much you are about to suffer."—*Paris Wit.*

The girls have already formed their plans for leap year. To the bashful lover they will say: "Do you like home-made bread?" If he says yes, then the reply will be, "Well I can bake." Then if he doesn't take the hint they are to seize both his hands, fall on their knees and put the question direct.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"How is it Jones, that you are so much down on Smith? You are always speaking harshly of him. Did he ever do you an injury?" "No," replied Jones confusedly, "he never did me an injury. Fact is I did him an injury once, if the truth must be told." "Oh, ah! I see! That explains your bitterness against him."—*Somerville Journal.*

"How is it you never married, Charley?" "Oh, I don't know, except that I remained single from choice." "Why, I heard that you tried to get that Podkins girl a year or two ago?" "Yes, I did ask her to marry me." "And she wouldn't have you?" "That's about the size of it. So I remained single from choice—her choice, you know."—*Boston Transcript.*

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says: "I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King-st. East either for a pad or for a treatise, etc.

A DISAPPOINTING DELIVERY.

The caption of this article irresistibly suggests itself to the students of current events as he rises wearily from a perusal of the speech from the Throne, at the opening of the Dominion Parliament, and goes out to cut kindlings for the morning fires. There is, of course, something in the argument that this is Lord Lansdowne's first speech from the Throne; and GRIP heartily re-echoes the hope that as he gets practice the speeches will improve. But the wonder still remains that, in view of all the speeches which are kept in stock at Ottawa, one a little longer and with bigger words in it could not have been served up. Why the expense of librarians and clerks and soldiers and coal at \$6.50 a ton, if our assortment of speeches from the Throne is not to be called into practical requisition when the people are really hankering for something good and solid even if it is a trifle old? If this thing goes on there will be nothing for it but to sell the whole lot to some parliament whose collection is not full up, do away with the speech preservation department, and let every Governor-General get off his own speeches or leave it alone, just as it may please him. Happily there is hope that these extreme measures will not have to be resorted to just at present.

But to glance cursorily at the speech. The preamble in which His Excellency expresses satisfaction at his appointment may be turned over to the editor of the *Toronto News*. He can deal more cursorily with it. There is, no doubt, a strong feeling in the country that this office ought to be filled by a native, and all of us unite in the opinion that it should be the *News* man. The great difficulty presenting itself is the incompatibility of the offices of editor and Governor-General. No editor should be allowed to scoop his brethren on the publication of the speech from the Throne. But the constitution can doubtless be amended so as to provide for such a contingency. Let us, however, leave the matter now in the Hands of the People.

Congratulating us on our prosperity, His Excellency speaks of "the rapid extension of our commerce" being "followed by overtrading." "Rapid extension of our commerce" is altogether too long a synonym for "the N. P." GRIP begs His Excellency not to persist in this reckless spirit of substitution. We are a long-suffering people; but our finer feelings must not be trifled with. "The N. P." is good enough—or rather bad enough. "Overtrading" is a felicitous term. GRIP likes it, factory and foundry men, and their employees, who are enjoying lots of holidays, can appreciate the word beautifully. Haven't the Government been doing a little over-trading also? Recent elections rather support this idea.

The Fisheries Exhibit in the old country was all well enough. But what kind of an exhibit will Toronto fishermen be able to make if the befoulment of Ashbridge's Bay continues? The Governor-General doesn't seem to care much about Ashbridge's Bay; but when he has angled for catfish there once, the Bay will have his sympathy. Meantime a marked copy of this GRIP must be sent him.

To consolidate the statutes is right, then it will be only a very few of the strongest members who can fling them around the House or carry them off in their grips.

We don't need much information about last season's immigration. Of course the number was in excess of other years. Toronto had some of the excess. They took up quarters on Conway street, and were a desirable class. They desired a great deal from the city.

It is gratifying to know that British Columbia is not satisfied yet; when British Columbia becomes satisfied, we will all hear about it in some way or other, no doubt.

The rapid increase of population in the North-West is only vaguely alluded to, no

mention whatever is made of Bull-pup Charlie, Williams, of the *Globe*, *et hoc genus omne*, which is Latin for "all the rest of the gang." GRIP is sorry for this.

The Indian question ought to be settled, for a fact. Give each of them a 100 acre farm and a brick house with iron dogs on the door step. Our red brethren want encouragement and whiskey.

The electoral franchises in the various Provinces must be assimilated. It's not fair that Mr. J. J. Hawkins should be the only Tory who can pose as an M.P. when his opponent gets the majority of votes.

As to the protection of working men, it seems to GRIP that working men are pretty well able to protect themselves, except from political crooks at election times. A measure to provide against this danger may be looked for. Only, expect to get tired looking for it.

The railway legislation is of no interest to the general public. It is only editors and members of Parliament who look out for free passes. The editors get them because they are good and deserve them.

Regarding the finances, it is only necessary to say that the Finance Minister has the old stocking pretty full, and feels confident he can pay the country's board right along without getting up a social or a raffle. It is a good thing when the coin holds out; but the danger is that presently the Finance Minister will be complaining about the scarcity of Savings Banks. Savings Banks are all right enough in their way, but you can't get saloons to flourish where they exist.

Having thus fearlessly criticized the Speech, GRIP pauses for a reply. The Governor-General needn't get mad because it is characterized as a disappointing delivery. Let him subscribe for this journal and call it square. It's square if he doesn't subscribe, any way.

A GRAND FREE THOUGHT SCHEME.

MONTREAL, JAN. 28TH, 1884.

Mr. GRIP, Esq.

SIR,—Although an entire stranger to you, in the name and for the sake of common humanity, knowing your great moral influence in the country, I make bold to introduce myself to you at this early date in order to ensure your co-operation and sympathy in the advancement of our grand cause, *to wit*, the evolution of a new social system, having for its foundation the total obliteration from the civilized world of that old deep-rooted and degrading superstition commonly called the Christian religion. Our prospectuses are not yet out, but a synopsis of the programme of our future work may not be unacceptable to you. *First*, The abolishing of all churches of whatever denomination; all Sunday schools, orphan homes, old men and women's homes, hospitals for children, refuges for the fallen, and all such institutions; not because they are intrinsically bad in principle, but because they are the outcome and offshoots of this ancient superstition. In their stead to erect one grand magnificent temple of science, in Montreal, say. *Second*, The energetic and extensive dissemination, in the cause of public morality, of all books, pamphlets and papers now interdicted by law as immoral and obscene; the works of Voltaire and Paine to be issued in cheap penny editions, so that they may come within the reach of the poorest. *Third*, To use every means to get hold of the young, to thoroughly inoculate them with freethinking principles, to completely exclude from their young minds all idea of a superior Being called God, and for that purpose to bring pressure to bear upon the Minister of Education, compelling him to sanction a new set of readers compiled from the most advanced freethinkers, and from which will be carefully excluded all reference to God. Bibles to be cremated wherever found,

as dangerous and poisonous. *Fourth*, All children found making use of that ancient and familiar fragment of literature, purporting to be an address to the Supreme Being and commencing with "Our Father who art in Heaven," to be severely reprimanded, and brought up in entire ignorance of such ideas as Heaven, Holiness, Faith, Hope, Love; in short to restore them to the unprejudiced state of mind peculiar to our forefathers, the nude and noble savages. *Fifth*, To visit the bereaved, the fallen, the broken-hearted, the weary and heavy-laden who have been beaten in the battle of life, and for their comfort to expound to them the inflexible nature of Law. *Sixth*, Great exertions to be made in order to reach the dwellers in the slums, explaining to the thieves, saloon keepers and frequenters, wife-beaters and such, the beauty of law and morality; teaching the vile and degraded the glorious principles of science; by black board illustrations setting forth the theory of evolution as seen in the origin of man—from the protoplasm, pollywog, frog, and monkey up to man, where it suddenly stops and disappears in intangible gases. Should they, after their fashion, cry, "What are yer givin' us," reply that Law is immutable. By such lectures to reclaim the seething masses from vice and crime. *Seventh*, To make a point of visiting the dying, assuring them that there is no such reality as God, or Christ, or Hope, or Heaven, that there is neither light nor life beyond the grave, only darkness and black nothingness for ever. *Eighth*, The one grand feature taught in the temple to be the art of living without God in the world. *Ninth*, If any member of the temple should be struck with the idea that since the word evolution indicates progress toward perfection, and seeing that man is by no means perfect (being half spiritual or intellectual, and half material), it follows that to carry out the evolution theory, he must go up higher; since the present phase of development cannot by any means be considered the perfect crown and flower of Life. Should any member, we say, be guilty of thinking for himself to this extent, he shall be instantly sat upon as tainted with the old leaven of Christianity—which takes up evolution where we leave off, in these words—"When the earthly house of the tabernacle is dissolved we have &c. &c." The same treatment to members who shall maintain that Law suggests Lawmaker or designer. There are other details which are of minor importance, but I have I think, indicated enough to secure your hearty support in the projection of our scheme. Meantime I remain

Yours truly
ADOLPH HOLLOWHEAD.

REPLY.

A. HOLLOWHEAD, ESQ.,

SIR.—Yours received. You may rely implicitly on my efficient aid in the successful and speedy projection of your scheme—and yourself, outside this office whenever you may arrive.

(Signed) GRIP.

Toronto, Feb. 1st, 1884.

CAWS AND CROAKS.

This Transvaal trouble is becoming a nuisance to newspaper readers—a regular Boer in fact.

The gorilla sleeps in a hammock. This is additional testimony of the animal's relationship to the human race—on the female side.

They tell of a Birmingham man who kept a dead sister's corpse for twenty years because he wanted to give it a decent funeral. He must have been an awfully poor man or else he wanted an awfully decent funeral.

MACHINE OILS.

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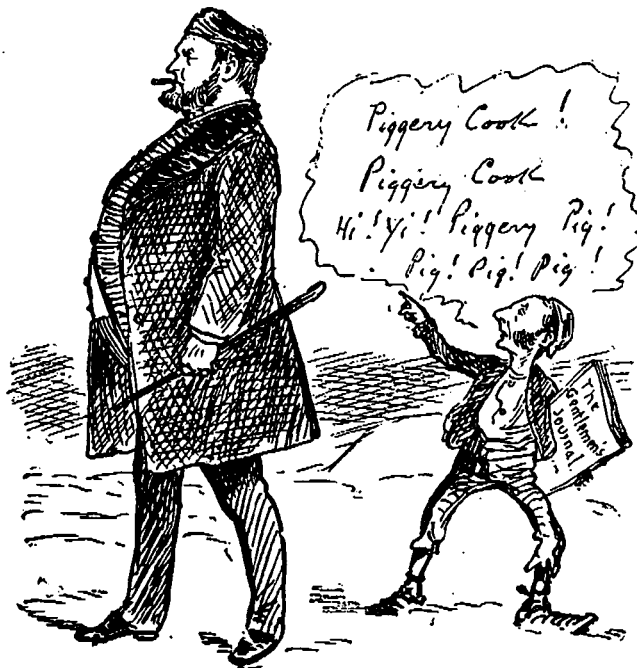
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THE SUGGESTION ADOPTED.

"A three year old girl in New York State the other day attempted to sew up the mouth of her baby brother to prevent him from crying. Certain members of Parliament might, with advantage to the country, be treated in the same way."—*Mail, Thursday, 24th Jan.*



PARLIAMENTARY LANGUAGE.

"Piggery Cook is very likely to become a Parliamentary phrase."—*Mail, Monday, 28th Jan.*

The statement is ventured that King Alphonso will soon have to fight for his crown. But if he is wise he will pawn the blooming bauble and come over to this country to spend the proceeds. Or else he'll tie it up in a bag and take to the swamp till the trouble blows over. Don't you go into the scraping business, Alph., old boy, even if you have to crawl under the nearest barn to avoid it.

Already the agitation of the *News* is yielding real results. Here is a Barrie literary society discussing "the advisability of appointing our own citizens to the Governor-Generalship of Canada." A definite conclusion has, however, been postponed for a week. Probably there is more than one candidate for the office in Barrie, or maybe the society wants to give some other town a show. There appears to be nothing hoggish about Barrie folks.

Judges across the borders are going to adopt the wig and gown, with the idea of giving more tone to judicial proceedings. This is a move in the right direction. The bench should be surrounded by all possible dignity and *empresment*. Every wearer of the ermine in the States ought to be robed in a style appropriate to his exalted office, as is the case in this country and England. They ought also to buy their own tobacco and quit begging from the lawyers and constables.

According to an extract from the *Mail*, which is going the rounds of the press, "catarrh is a mus-purulent discharge." *Mail* editorials are illustrations in point.

Now that we have learned, through the Canadian Institute, all about "the nervous system of the catfish," it would be interesting for some able savant to give us a little on "the Nervous System of the Fisherman who undertakes to get the Hook out of a Catfish without knowing exactly how."

When the news reached Toronto that the Arabs were attacking the Copts in Egypt a No. 2 policeman suggested a convention to discuss the probability of a call on the city force to help their Egyptian brethren. "We helped the Ottawa cops," he argued, "and why shouldn't we be asked to give these other cops a hand?"

A Newspaper reporter hard up for items will take almost anything. But it isn't every one that will emulate the example of a London, England, scribe. While nosing around for news he took small-pox. And you could not find another reporter who wanted to share it with him, either. He had a clean scoop that trip. After this he can be pitted against any other man in the profession.

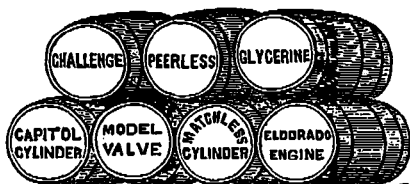
A city butcher thinks he could write an essay on "People we meat."

The most honored guest in a Swiss hotel is the courier. For him the best cigars and wines are furnished and the best food and accommodation kept. The Swiss "drummer" never enjoys his rights till he gets a job in this country.

A seeker after information wants to know "when two young men call on a young lady which should be the first to go?" We have seen the time when we and the other fellow could have gone away together and the girl wouldn't have cared which one got out of the door first.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

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