

# SMOKE [ CABLE L PADRE ] CIGARS

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

The Greatest Beast in the Zoo.  
The Greatest Bird in the Zoo.  
The Greatest Man in the Zoo.  
The Greatest Fool in the Zoo.

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

VOLUME XX.  
No. 22.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1883.

\$2 PER ANNUM.  
5 CENTS EACH.



THE MEDICAL CONSULTATION.

SIR H. LANGRVIN, M.D.—FEVAIR GOING DOWN, I SEE. HE WILL BE ALL RIGHT BEFORE ZE NEX' ELECTION, NEVAIR FEAR!

TORONTO, Nov. 3, 1882.  
It has given us every satisfaction  
Respecting the copying of letters,  
it is everything to be desired.  
Taken altogether, it is far ahead  
of the pen, especially as regard  
legibility and speed.  
GOODERHAM & WORTS.

THE REMINGTON STANDARD TYPE-WRITER.  
FOR SALE AT  
BENGOUGH'S SHORTHAND BUREAU,  
11 KING ST. W., TORONTO.

N. P. CHANEY

FEATHER RENOVATOR.  
PATENTED REISSUED  
OCT 10 1881  
230 KING-ST. E., TORONTO.

BRUCE THE PHOTO.

1ST GENT—What find I here  
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What Demi-God  
Hath come so near creation?

2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can  
so beautifully counterfeit nature.  
STUDIO—118 King Street West.

ASBESTOS  
L. B. MONTGOMERY  
MILL AND ENGINEERS' SUPPLIES OILS. COTTON WASTE.  
73 Adelaide St. W. Toronto  
ASBESTOS

# RAIL COAL. LOWEST RATES A. & S. NAIRN Toronto.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH Editor.  
FRID. SWINE, B.A. Associate 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.

**Please Observe.**

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

**OUR RULE.**

We invariably give due credit to all selections and outside contributions appearing in GRIP. Those not so credited are our own productions, though we are sometimes half ashamed to own to the fact.

**TO WOULD BE CONTRIBUTORS, &c.**

If "British Canadian" desires his communication to be published, why does he not divulge his name to us? Surely, after what he says in his letter, he is not "under a cloud." Regarding cockades, however, we think "British Canadian" is astray, and though any man in Canada has a right, as far as that is concerned, to make himself and his servants as ridiculous as possible, we really think the cockade in a flunkie's hat should not be assumed except by those who are actually entitled to it, as we can assure our correspondent, *everybody* is not. As to what people may do in Calcutta, Melbourne, or Cape Town we can not say, (though "British Canadian" seems to know all about it) as we have never been in any other cities than Toronto, Dundas and Port Hope.

W. B. C., Gananoque:—We are waiting to hear from you.

**NOTICE.**

Our attention is called to the figures given in Rowell's Newspaper Directory representing the circulation of GRIP as 2,000 weekly. We beg to state that this estimate was furnished to Rowell two years ago, since which time our weekly circulation has increased to between 7,000 and 10,000, with an average weekly increase of about 100, and the paper is perused by fully 50,000 readers every week. Intending advertisers will do well to take notice of these facts.

**Cartoon Comments.**

**LEADING CARTOON.**—It having gone abroad that the Canada Pacific Railway Syndicate had organized themselves into a "Construction Company," to which organization the building of the road is to be "sub-let," Mr. Blake availed himself of his privilege as a member of Parliament to ask the Government to bring down particulars as to the terms, etc., to be made with this Construction

Co. On the ground that it would be unfair to let sub-contractors know what these terms were, the Government promptly refused to give the required information. This is ill-advised action on the part of the Cabinet, for it necessarily suggests a suspicion of some questionable business below the surface. No wise and consciously honest showman would think of refusing the chief of police permission to go in and see that everything was right and proper under the canvas.

**FIRST PAGE.**—Notwithstanding the bluster made by a few leading Orangemen over the failure of the Incorporation Bill, it is beyond a doubt that the Order will be as true as ever to the Conservative Chieftain by the time the next election comes round. It will not take long to convince the rank and file that Sir John really was not able to do more than he did, notwithstanding his unparalleled influence. His great mistake was in making a rash promise which he must have known could not be kept—but this was merely an amiable weakness of good nature.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Dr. Pangloss, of the *Mail*, has caught several of the Grip M.P.'s tripping in matters of polite learning, and his corrections of their blunders is an entirely good work. But he shouldn't look so awfully pained over such little matters in this rough and democratic country. Dr. Pangloss couldn't express more grief and horror if he had discovered these illiterate fellows perpetrating a great political job.



The fact that Nicholas Flood Davin does business in Regina on a cash basis, is no real reason why he should not give GRIP credit when he clips a good thing out of its pages for the columns of the *Leader*.

It is with a sorrow that far outweighs our anger that we notice that the college papers missed a chance to make a classical joke concerning the burning of Mr. Equi's three horses, but they did, and we feel that so golden an opportunity may never occur to them again. Then there was the Equitable Insur—but stay: this savors of an "ad."

It is strange how these champion American sluggers are seized with hemorrhage or discover that they have been over-trained directly a really good English "pug" puts in his appearance and talks as if he meant business. Hemorrhage is a good name for "jim jams," and "overtraining" sounds ever so much better than what an English schoolboy calls "funk."

The *Detroit Free Press* is rich enough to be independent, and only gives credit when it suits it best to do so.—*Williamsport Grip*.

Since the establishment of the English edition, the *Free Press* is very careful not to give credit. It isn't business, you know, to advertise any other American paper in England.—*Arkansas Traveler*. True, every word, and

yet a short time ago this same *Free Press* raised a storm sufficient to sink the whole American Navy because GRIP inadvertently omitted to give credit to some insignificant item clipped from its columns.

Now the party with a garden,  
Assumes her Dolly Varden  
And pokes about exterminating weeds.  
Whilst her neighbor's hens and chickens  
Find the choicest of their pickin's  
In her seeds.

Full many a poem of infinite merit  
In the mind of its author, has found its sad doom.  
In that basket all newspaper sanctums inherit,  
That basket that stands in an editor's room.  
Oh! the waste paper basket,  
The wickerwork basket,  
That basket that stands in an editor's room.

It goes to our heart to publish such a thing as the following, but truth is mighty and shall prevail, and we think there may be some truth in this paragraph, which was taken from the good, good *Globe*. "A horrible discovery is said to have been made by the Old Testament revisers. The word 'rib,' in the second chapter of Genesis, used in describing the creation of Eve, ought more correctly to be rendered 'tail!' Now we begin to get a glimmering as to where the name 'Caudal Lectures' originated.

As it is fashionable to quote from London *Punch*, we won't be behind in matters of style; so publish the best thing we could find in last week's English side-splitter. Here it is.

**NEW VERSION OF THE OLD ADAGE.**

[By one who had his throat cut by the east wind at Easter.]

When Easter falls in my lady's lap, (lady slap)  
Then Easter deserves a good sound slap!!!  
—*Punch*.

Funny, isn't it? Rollicking dogs, those Britishers.

Imitation mother-of-pearl is one of the latest shams in ornamental art, and as it is always getting smashed on the smallest provocation and causing innumerable domestic infelicities, it seems to be about as desirable an article to have around a house as real mother-in-law. Though we abominate shams and things that are not what they seem, we must confess that if we had to choose between a real and an imitation mother-in-law, we should be compelled to give the preference to the bogus article.

'Life, a Problem,' is the title of some original poetry in the *Hamilton Tribune* last Saturday, and when we see the bard making 'same' rhyme with 'remain,' 'vision' with 'hidden,' 'gone' with 'morn,' 'problem' with 'rule them,' 'richness' with 'fitness,' and 'answer' with 'pleasure,' we feel somehow that, if life be a problem, we are perfectly willing to give it up. Such rhymes as the above help to make a man regard death as a priceless boon, and the possible torments of the hereafter seem but small and insignificant in comparison with the agony of having to peruse such efforts.

We read in the *Westminster Review* lately that "Dr. Bucheim has published, in a well-known series, primarily intended for educational use, an edition of Lessing's "Nathan," which will be found worthy of the attention of the most advanced scholars of the day." As this seemed to imply us, we procured "Nathan," and fairly revelled in it till we came to the "Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts," when we had to go on a hunt for a doctor to unravel the tangle our tongue was in, and to put our maxillaries back into their proper places, and postponed further investigations till our tongue and jaws return to their normal state.

The *Hamilton Spectator* skipped forth last Monday in an entirely new rig out, and though we must congratulate the old boss on the festivity and recheerfulness of its *tout ensemble*, we cannot but feel sad when we reflect how the comments anent its 'new dress,' which will appear in the pages of its cotems, will remind the feminine members of many a journalist's household that they are in need of similar apparel, especially at this season of the year. We are not a Wiggins nor a Vennor (thank 'eving) still we can forecast that the *Spec's* 'new dress' will bring about such a boom in the dry goods business, that the homes of married newspaper men will be filled with weeping and wailing and quashing of wallet clasps.

The *Hamilton Tribune*, a short time ago, published a very interesting account of an interview between an old colored lady who tells fortunes in that city and one of its reporters. There is nothing at all improbable in any of the statements made in the account except two things, and those are that the reporter gave the old dame 75 cents for a cigar, and afterwards threw the cigar away. A newspaper reporter who is so flush of cash as this statement would seem to imply is a veritable *rara avis* and ought to be put under a glass case and made to divulge the secret of where he got so much money as seventy-five cents, all at once, and explain his unnatural and unprofessional conduct in throwing a cigar away.

Mr. Stuart Cumberland, the mind reader has been trying some experiments at Rideau Hall for the delectation of the vice-regal household. Amongst other wonderful exploits, Mr. C., while blindfolded, led his subject a terrible chase through the Hall, and finally found the object the latter had in his mind—a pet moose belonging to Her Royal Highness. "With one wild rush," says the *Free Press*, "he patted the beast on the head and said 'this is the thing; why, it's alive; is it a donkey?'" The Marquis declared this feat to be "most remarkable"—but he made no comment on the still more remarkable fact that Mr. Cumberland didn't mistake the moose for a senator.

### SELF-EXAMINATION

OF AN ALLEGED NEWSPAPER HUMORIST.



1. Now, conscientiously speaking and asking myself in all seriousness, what did a plumber ever do to me that I make the public writhe in agony over my villainous jokes about him? Has not the plumber a much better right to turn me into ridicule? Me, a

miserable scribbler who never felt the responsibility of being a householder, who never had to pay a month's rent, much less a plumber's bill? Of course he has, and I actually know nothing whatever about a plumber's charges further than what I have read what other birds of my feather have said about them, and who, probably, knew as little as I do about the matter. There's No. 1 settled, dead against me.

2. Mules: Honestly speaking have I ever seen a mule kick? Candor compels me to state that I only have twice, and neither time did the act impress me as being any great effort of genius on the part of that animal. Then why have I worked off my wretched witticisms on a guileless and long suffering public on this subject, and why did not that public rise up as a J. L. Sullivan (who by the way Mitchell is going to lick) in his wrath and brain me? Is the answer too obvious? Why have I ridiculed the mule thus long, instead of taking him to my bosom and hugging him as a brother, in which light I now begin to regard him?

3. Light weight in coal: The same remarks apply to this subject as to No. 1.

4. Mother-in-law: Here again, what earthly right have I, a being whom possibly, nay probably, no sensible girl would allow to own such a relation, to make my feeble attempts at facetiousness having this woman as its mark? Would it not serve me doosid well right if every mother-in-law in Canada was to, actually as well as metaphorically, sit on me? It would, I own it. I know nothing whatever against a single mother-in-law.

5. Big feet: Here again, why should I poke fun at girls with big feet? I cast my eyes down to my own and I behold that to call them exaggerated flounders would be to flatter them—nothing could make them flatter—as they flop in all their natural hideousness at the end of a pair of legs that were never intended for ornament, and yet big feet and calveless lower extremities have been a favorite theme for my imbecility to exercise itself upon.

6. Fiery hair: What color is my own? Red, red; blazing: that settles the hash of that lot.

7. Dudes, mashers, etc. In what way have these beings ever injured me that I hold them up as objects of scorn and contempt? I never spoke to one, that I know of, and if I have occasionally met one of them, I only looked at him with envious eyes, for I invariably beheld a far better-looking fellow than I am myself, and if I made a great clamor about the emptiness of the noddles of these gentry, did I ever pause to reflect that it is the emptiest vessel that makes the most noise, and that I was making a far greater racket than any of them ever made? I never did, and I deserve to be kicked, but if any fellow came to do it I am sure I should kick him back. Thus strangely inconsistent am I.

And many more old, threadbare, worn-out, decrepid subjects there be which I have delighted to write about and show what an idiot I am, such as house-cleaning, stove pipes, strong butter, pie, and tailor's bills, of which I know nothing, except the last-mentioned, of which I have some in my possession—unreceipted.

And finally, after seeing how vain and hollow have been my pretences to consider myself original, have I any right to further torture the reading public with excruciating jokes and poetry worse than diabolical, either under the sobriquet of the Khan, Swiz, Professional Funnyman, or any other title by which I seek to hide my real name in order that the world may not know what a jassack I am. I have none, none whatever, and yet I

shall go right along doing it as if I feel proud, nevertheless, conscious all the time that if I had my deserts, I should be quietly knocked on the head with a boiled parsnip.

### CHARADE.

My first are minute articles,  
Or comminuted particles,  
Which stick when mixed  
To stones or bricks,  
And aid what builders' art I call.

My next bells do in spire in air,  
And what a belle aspires to wear,  
A place to race,  
A circle base.  
And helps to bring the sire an heir.

My third is what the Turks abuse,  
And what some clerks with quirks refuse,  
The Christian chews,  
The Jew eschews,  
Whose views the men of kirks amuse.

My whole is where, unless he's thence,  
Lives one who, without hesitance,  
Takes precedence  
Of presidents—  
A semi-royal residence

The answer will be given in the way chickens die—necks tweak.

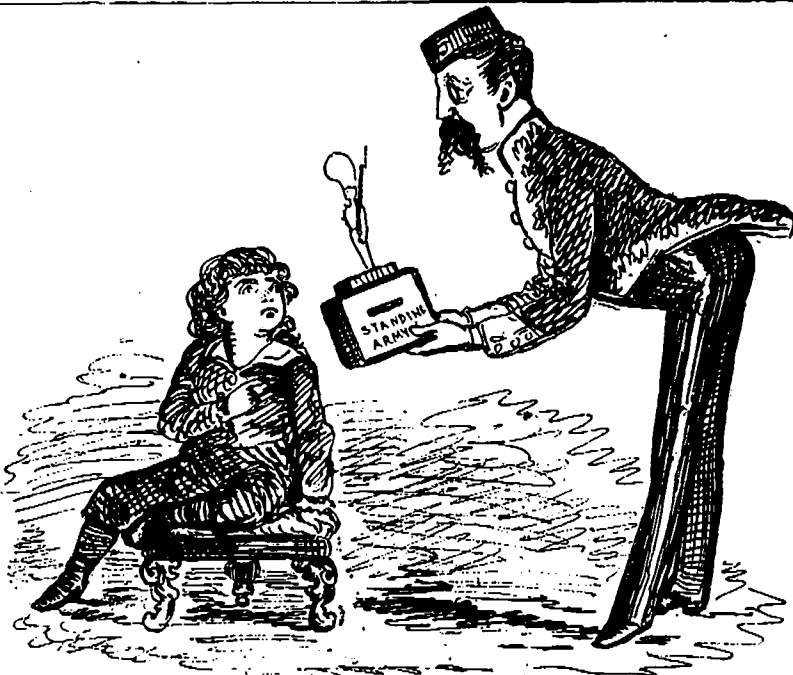
"Then, I suppose, pa, you didn't study much when you were a little boy like me, or else you would have money now to buy ponies with, wouldn't you, pa?"—*Texas Siblings.*

In Burmah editors receive elephants in payment of subscriptions. It must make an editor in the country mad to go sloshing along in the wet all day without being able to collect a single elephant.—*Rochester Post-Express.*



### THE END OF THE FIGHT.

"Union is strength," but so is J. R. R.,  
In fact the latter proves a bit the stronger,  
The Telegram has triumphed in the war,  
And Jack will reign as boss a little longer!



## AN EXPENSIVE PLAYTHING!

MR. MINISTER OF MILITIA CARDIN.—HERE, MY LITTLE DEAR, IS A NEW IDEA—A STANDING ARMY. SO LONG AS YOU KEEP DROPPING COPPAIRES INTO ZE BOX, HE WILL CONTINUE TO STAND!

YOUNG CANADA.—AH, YES; I SEE; ANOTHER SCHEME TO GET COPPERS OUT OF ME. I DON'T WANT IT—BESIDES, I'M GETTING TOO BIG TO PLAY WITH TOYS ANY LONGER!

## THE LAST OF MR. JINKS.

HE RETURNS TO WALES, BUT IS REVENGED BEFORE HE GOES.

I had not seen Mr. Polliwog for some days, and was wondering where that usually volatile and irrepressible member of the choir of St. Judas' could have betaken himself to, when he entered my room this morning, not in his accustomed manner, with a rush and a bang, but with so subdued and humble a demeanor that I was not only surprised but shocked, for his face was pale, his attire disordered and his general appearance "demoralized."

"What on earth is the matter, old fellow?" I enquired; "You look terribly unwell. I'm afraid your sins are finding you out and that your conscience is pricking you for the, I may say, brutal manner in which you have treated Mr. Jinks. Why, man, you look as if you were gone to the dogs; you've not been drinking, have you? If Miss Highsee saw you now, it's my belief she'd cut you dead; Miss Highsee—"

"Why, man," exclaimed Polliwog, starting up, "what are you talking of? Haven't you heard? What is Miss Highsee to me now? The deceitful, abominable minx."

"Polliwog," I said, "I thought you adored her; I imagined that she was to be Mrs. Polliwog in the near future. What's wrong?"

"Everything," he answered, "I'm fading away into the tomb. I'm done for, bust up, collapsed, and Jinks, yes Jinks, not Mr. Jinks, but Jinks, old Jinks, is the cause of all my trouble; he's as bad as she is," and he groaned aloud, and burst into tears.

"My dear fellow," I urged, somewhat alarmed, for I had never seen Polliwog like this before, "compose yourself, and tell me all about it. What's the matter?"

"Well, you know, I was as good as engaged to Miss Highsee," he responded, "and she often said how she detested the new curate, and in fact she was the main instigator of all the pranks we've played on him, and then for

her to go back on a fellow like this; it's p-p-pretty t-t-tough, I can tell you."

"By the way, yes," I said, "I haven't seen Miss Highsee for some time; where is she?"

"There's no such person," was the reply, "she's gone; so is Jinks; both of 'em gone; but that's not the worst of it; it's the base deception. You see the rector invited us all to his house last Monday evening—by us, I mean the choir—and we all went; we hadn't any idea what was up, but we knew something was in the wind. Well, we were all there except Miss Highsee, and we had a regular old-fashioned high tea, after which Jinks gets up, and stammering and stuttering like a schoolboy, he addressed us as follows: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I—1, that is, I—er—feel it, feel it, I consider it—er—to be my duty to inform you that the—er—pleasant days of our connection have come to an end, and that—that I am about to leave, I am going to, yes, I am leaving you, as I find my health is suffering since I left—er—Wales. I have been made the object of several practical jokes since I accepted the curacy of this church but—but—er—but I overlook—I pardon—the mischievous persons' (and here he looked mighty hard at me) 'who were the—the, I may say, prime movers in those practical jokes. I shall, however, and here he brightened up considerably, 'not go from amidst you without taking some reminder of you with me—a souvenir of—of—of St. Judas' choir—yes, just so, er—er. I have been much impressed by the beauty, modesty and refinement of one of your number, of one who belonged to your choir. I now take great pleasure, before saying farewell, to introduce to you all that lady whom I have chosen as my lifelong companion; she is no stranger to you, ladies and gentlemen, and'—here he went and opened a folding-door into another room, and who should come smiling in, taking his arm, and beaming upon us all but—Miss Highsee! Old fellow, I can't tell you any more. They were married the following morning, and sailed for Wales the day after. If that is not

base perfidy on the part of one, and a mean, skulking, snake-in-the-grass mode of taking an unmanly and unchristian revenge on the part of the other, I'm a—I'm a Dutchman. Yes, she's gone; Polly Highsee is now Mrs. Llewellyn Jinks, and Polliwog is not long for this world."

The poor fellow seemed so badly out up that I had not the heart to tell him that I considered him rightly served for the manner in which he had treated Mr. Jinks, though such was decidedly my opinion; so, waiting until he had somewhat recovered his wonted equanimity, I took him out for a walk, but I fancy it will be a long time before his wounded heart recuperates sufficiently to permit him to enter St. Judas' Church again, which, I must say, will probably have the effect of adding more to the harmony and good order which should reign there, than if Mr. Polliwog appeared as usual in his place in the choir.

## GIVE US A REST.

A PLEA FOR THE WEARY 'SALES-WOMEN.

"A milliner advertises that her 'sales-women will take great pains in waiting on customers.' It would be surprising if they wouldn't, considering that she requires them to stand behind the counter ten hours a day."—*Ex.*

Mr. GRIP will you take pity on a class of the community that from a glaring outrage would fain request immunity. For 'tis one that health, the most robust, can't suffer with impunity?

Indeed it can't; Now we are 'shop girls,' that's the name by which both swells and shoddy call Our class, and we our grievances in manner quite methodical Will state, and you can print them in your weekly periodical,

That's all we want.

We are shop-girls, that is, sales-girls, and we write this without levity.

And the evil which we feel to be opposed to our longevity We'll give you with all possible conciseness and brevity, So hear us, pray.

From early in the morning till 6 p.m. diurnally, Till 10 o'clock and later on Saturday's nocturnally We have to stand and may not sit down, which injures us internally,

And every other way.

You know nine hours a day upon one's nethermost extremities.

For that's the way we're taught to say our—well, our legs—ahem! it is

A pretty thing to have to be ashamed of naming them, it is,

But our masters are the very greatest sticklers for propriety, And imitate the follies of folks in high society, Or shoddy, for some tradesmen can't distinguish the variety,

Nor which is which.

But to get back to our grievance,—we have to be particular

To stand behind a counter in a posture perpendicular, And, if we steal a chance to sit, each orifice aricular.

Lest the 'floor-boss' should spy us in an attitude sedentary, Which, if he did, his language would be far from complimentary,

For the promenaders of the floor are not the nicest gent-er-y

That one could pick up

Now, what we want, is leave to sit when not engaged a barter on,

And let us rest those weary limbs which ladies put the garter on;

I'm sure in any store in town than us girls not a smarter one

But standing all day long, dear GRIP, can't fail to be injurious

To mortals of the weaker sex; a man would get quite furious

If asked to do the self-same thing, then is it very curious

Then please, dear GRIP, stand up and show what awful imbecility

It is to think that poor weak girls can do what strong virility

Declares to be a hardship; it would add to our utility

So print this letter, please, and plead for us poor femininity,

And urge the 'boss' to give us chairs, he'll do it in a minute, he

Would only be too happy when he sees his assinity,

So do your best.

# SIGNOR SYNDICATE IN HIS GREAT "CONSTRUCTION" TRICK.

NEVER  
BEFORE  
PERFORMED

IN  
CANADA

NO  
ADMISSION  
EXCEPT  
TO  
CABINET  
MINISTERS.



SYNDICATE

No, Sir, you can't  
go in to investigate  
but it's a proper  
performance -  
TAKE  
MY WORD  
FOR IT.

Her Majesty's  
and  
Ontario  
Police

THE  
GREAT  
"CONSTRUCTION"  
TRICK,  
AS PERFORMED  
IN THE  
FAMOUS  
CREDIT  
MOBILIER  
CIRCUS.

John A.  
manager

POSITIVELY  
NO  
ADMITTANCE  
TO  
ENQUIRING  
MINDS.  
By Order of  
Syndicate

THE POLICE REFUSED ADMITTANCE;  
OR, VERY PECULIAR CONDUCT OF AN HONEST SHOWMAN.





"So the world wags."

Now-a-days, perambulators, or babies' buggies, as they are called, are so common that it is a somewhat rare thing to see children being carried in their mother's or nurse's arms, and people who don't know any better stare and make remarks, which is very annoying to the carrier, and that is why the gentleman spoken of below wishes to know

WHO SHOULD CARRY THE BABY.

A Brooklyn fond father is in difficulty. He writes to the editor of the *Sun* as follows: I am a great big fellow; my better half is hardly half my size. Our baby took after its father in physical proportions. Attracted by the fine weather last Sunday, we thought we would take the hope of the house out, and it was agreed, after he had been carefully wrapped up in his cloak, that I should carry him. I received all necessary instructions regarding his being properly held to prevent his taking cold, and everything went well enough until we heard a passer-by remark to a companion, "How funny to see a big man carrying a small baby!" After that my wife insisted that I must surrender the baby at once to her. Now the baby, by comparison, looks small with me, but very big with her, and we had not gone far before we heard this remark: "Look at that big fellow loafing along and letting his poor little wife carry that great big baby!"

Now, what I want to know is, who should carry the baby?

For a gude fairm grup o' the siller, commend me to a canny Scot. No comment is necessary in introducing two

BRAW SCOTS.

Alexander H. Mitchell, of Milwaukee, is said to be worth \$15,000,000, and he has in Scotland, whence he came, a schoolmate who is said to be worth \$40,000,000. It is related that the two met in France a few years ago, and spent the day together. The Glasgow man paid all the bills. At the close of the day, when the two sat down to dinner, the Glasgow banker pulled out a card, and, turning to Mitchell, he said, "Sandy, you owe me \$1.65." This was Sandy's share of the expenses of the day. Imagine a Chicago young man with ten dollars a week doing anything so small as that! And yet meanness is ten times more contemptible in a wealthy man.—*Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.*

One cannot pick up a newspaper now-a-days without being struck by the immense increase, as evidenced by the advertisements therein, of the manufacture of all kinds of patent medicines and stuff guaranteed to cure all the ills that human flesh is heir to, and doubtless the business of selling these curalls pays well, for the human race is exceedingly gullible. As an instance of the way in which a man, without the first atom of medical knowledge, may rake in the dollars, I will relate a little incident that occurred in Winnipeg, or rather, Fort Garry, in 1873, for the old fort was in

existence then, and was used as a barrack for the Provincial Battalion of Infantry, and it is of a member of that force that my story treats. He was a full private, oftentimes an uncommonly full one, and a French-Canadian, and by some means he managed to insinuate himself into the good graces of the half-breeds round about the fort, up the Assiniboine, and over at St. Boniface across the Red River, as a medical man of profound knowledge and sagacity, for doctors were pretty scarce then, and the 'breeds' were partial to those whose fees were moderate, as my hero's generally were, comparatively speaking. His *modus operandi* was as follows: He would be sent for to visit some sick 'breed' in his 'professional capacity,' and if he happened to be off duty, or out of the cells, where he spent a great many of his leisure hours, away he started. Being introduced to his patient, he would "go through all the notions" correctly enough; feel the pulse, examine the tongue, make several inquiries, and thoroughly 'post' himself regarding the exact symptoms of the sufferer, and, stating that he would send the medicine over next day, take his leave. Next morning at nine o'clock, my gentleman would report himself sick, and be marched to the hospital to interview the regimental surgeon, to whom he would give an exact account of the symptoms of his own half-breed patient as though he himself was the sufferer. As the doctor did not care to admit any but serious cases to hospital, he would write against the bogus patient's name, "Sick in quarters,"—which meant that the sick man was to remain in his own room and be free from duty,—and give him a supply of medicine with directions for taking it, and so forth, and as the 'half-breed doctor' generally managed to give his tongue a furred and unhealthy appearance—caneaten whiskey was an admirable beverage for doing this—and to put on a most woe-begone and lugubrious visage, he was usually successful in obtaining the necessary 'Sick in quarters,' and the consequent bottle of medicine. Then the gallant hero would dispatch his clam to the house of the real half-breed sufferer with the medicine supplied for his own use, with strict injunctions not to give it up until the necessary 'piastres' or 'shuniah's' were forthcoming. He established quite an extensive practice in this way, till, somehow, his little game came to the regimental surgeon's ears, and the next time he presented himself on the sick list he was given a dose of 'j cum c,' or jalap and calomel, sufficient to seriously demoralize a megatherium giganteus if 'exhibited' to that beast. It is needless to say that he never swallowed the dose himself, but his half-breed victim did, and the consequence was as appalling to both as it was sudden. The half-breed came within an inch of losing his life, and his friends vowed that the bogus medicine-man should die even a more violent death than a huge dose of 'j cum c' was capable of inflicting, but before that desirable consummation could be brought about, Full-private B— was made a prisoner for 'malingering,' or shamming sickness, and was awarded, by court martial, 42 days' imprisonment with hard labor, thus causing his compulsory retirement into seclusion, and providing him with an asylum of refuge from the vengeance of the justly-incensed half-breeds.

Spindles—"How does the new piece go now, Puffer?" Puffer—"Splendidly, my boy, splendidly! Tremendous go—thousands turned away nightly." Spindles—"Thousands turned away nightly! Oh, then, that accounts for the very few people I saw there when I looked in the other evening."—*Punch.*

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the debilitated woman's best restorative tonic.

## MAYDAY VERSES.

This beautiful poem, written in its author's very best vein, which fact must cause the reader to wonder with some curiosity what his worst is like, was intended for publication last week, so as to be on hand when Mayday was, but at the hour of going to press it came on to snow so outrageously that it was judged wiser to hold the verses over for a week. The public may, therefore, thank the weather that they escaped this infliction last week.

Heyday! 'tis Mayday, and loud the robin's singing,  
And sweet the feathered choristers their joyful songs  
upraise;  
Whilst tinny notes from warbling throats through all  
the air are ringing,  
And on the breath of May are borne unstudied songs of  
praise.  
And through the trees the balmy breeze is whispering in  
its gladness,  
Between the newly opening leaves the sun showers  
golden rays;  
The flowers tell of a glad farewell to Winter's surly sad-  
ness;  
All nature smiles as if to greet the coming Summer days,  
Heyday! 'tis Mayday; the sun is brightly shining,  
Surcease from aching, weary heart, cast off thy sombre  
sorrow;  
Life's too brief for care and grief and uselessly repining,  
Enjoy the sunbeams while they are; they may not  
shine to-morrow.

## TENDERS FOR COAL

FOR THE

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF ONTARIO, 1883.

The Treasurer of the Province of Ontario will receive tenders, addressed to him at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and endorsed "Tenders for Coal," up to noon of

**Tuesday, 15th May, 1883,**

for the delivery of the following quantities of coal in the sheds of the institutions named (except as regards the Asylum for Idiots, Orillia, where delivery is to be effected at the Midland Railway Station), on or before 1st July, 1883, viz:—

**Asylum for the Insane, Toronto.**

Hard coal—500 tons large egg size, 175 tons stove size.  
Soft coal—400 tons.

**Central Prison, Toronto.**

Hard coal—26 tons chestnut size, 74 tons stove size.  
Soft coal—500 tons.

**Reformatory for Females, Toronto.**

Hard coal—103 tons stove size. Soft coal—500 tons

**Asylum for the Insane, London.**

Hard coal—220 tons egg size, 70 tons chestnut size.  
Soft coal—1,650 tons.

**Asylum for the Insane, Kingston.**

Hard coal—250 tons small egg Soft coal—1,400 tons.

**Asylum for the Insane, Hamilton.**

Hard coal—88 tons stove size, 26 tons chestnut size.  
Soft coal—1,125 tons for steam purposes, and 75 tons for grades. N.B.—200 tons of the steam coal to be delivered at the pumping house.

**Asylum for Idiots, Orillia.**

Hard coal—35 tons stove size.

**Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.**

Hard coal—95 tons large egg size, 25 tons stove size.  
Soft coal—650 tons.

**Institution for the Blind, Brantford.**

Hard coal—150 tons egg size, 150 tons stove size; 10 tons chestnut size. Soft coal—70 tons for grades.

**Agricultural College, Guelph.**

Hard coal—302 tons large egg size, 25 tons stove size.  
Soft coal—125 tons for steam, 20 tons for grades.

The hard coal to be Pitouan, Scranton, or Lehigh. Tenders are to name the mine or mines from which it is proposed to take the soft coal, and to designate the quality of the same, and, if required, to produce satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name. All coal to be delivered in a manner satisfactory to the authorities of the respective institutions.

Tenders will be received for the whole supply specified, or for the quantities required in each institution. An accepted cheque for \$500, payable to the order of the Treasurer of Ontario, must accompany each tender as a guarantee of its bona fides, and two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfillment of each contract.

Specifications and forms and conditions of tender are to be obtained from the Bursars of the institutions.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

S. C. WOOD,  
Treasurer of Ontario

Parliament Buildings,  
Toronto, 24th April, 1883.



### NEW BRUNSWICK'S NEW BUSINESS MANAGER.

OLD N.B.—WELL, MR. ELDER, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE PROSPECT?  
ELDER.—BOOKS PRETTY BADLY MIXED, SIR, AND SOME NASTY LOOKING AC-  
COUNTS. BUT I THINK I CAN PROMISE YOU FROM \$20,000 TO \$30,000 OF A SURPLUS IN  
1884.

#### MY TRAVELLING COMPANION.

When I was a young man of about twenty-three or four, I was called upon to make a journey to a certain town in France. My knowledge of French had been acquired at school, and went only as far as reading, and though I could translate the language into English as to thoroughly understand what I was reading about, I could never carry on a conversation with a Frenchman without many ignominious pauses and stops on my part, and numerous guesses at what he might be saying. French, when spoken by a Frenchman, does not seem a bit like the same language as when printed on the page of a book: and in conversing with the natives of the country in which I was travelling, I had to trust to hearing some occasional word whose meaning I knew, which served as a clue to enlighten me as to the drift of what they were saying. They speak so confidently fast, those Frenchmen, but on the whole I got on, I may say, fairly.

The greater part of my journey was performed by diligence, the vehicle being at times pretty well filled, whilst at others I was the sole occupant, I had been journeying for an hour or two in solitude one day, when, after a stoppage for change of horses, another passenger entered the vehicle. I saw the fellow was a Frenchman at a glance, and his cool, easy "Pardon, Monsieur," as he stumbled over my foot on entering, confirmed the fact, and I was disgusted. Solitude would have been endurable, but to be shut up in compulsory companionship with a man whose language you cannot speak, and who cannot speak yours, is dreadful. I was determined, however, just to let the fellow see that I could speak French if I chose, to say something, and so, with a nonchalant air I remarked, "Il pleut." As it was raining at the time and heavily, no objection could be taken to my remark on the score of its veracity, whatever might have been as to its originality. I encountered his eyes as I spoke, and a quiet smile, as he muttered, "Mauvais temps," demolished me. I felt

that I had been guilty of some unhappy blunder, and we both looked out of the window at the rain, I to conceal my confusion, he, of course, to hide a sneer, with all the distressing politeness of his countrymen.

The situation was embarrassing, to be boxed up with an apparently intelligent companion, and to sit, hour after hour, without opening our lips, was horrible. He felt this, I am sure, as much as I did, and when I made a bold break and launched out into quite a lengthy sentence, he listened earnestly, as if anxious to make out what I was driving at, without troubling me to repeat, and then replied in few words, as if unwilling to exhibit any colloquial superiority. I must say this for a Frenchman: he will do his best to understand you, and will not laugh, or rather he will not let you see him laugh, at your blunders. I began to like the fellow at last, he seemed so anxious to make me understand, and so good-naturedly and laboriously repeated what he had said when I failed to catch his meaning.

And so we journeyed on, hour after hour, till at length the coach stopped at a wayside inn, and here we alighted for dinner.

I was rather shy of French cookery, having, at that time, an idea that frogs, snails, and rats were the staple articles of a Frenchman's diet, and I suspected the presence of these things in every dish, so I helped myself to 'ros bit,' and formed a high opinion of my Frenchman when I saw him doing the same.

We were not very talkative at the beginning of the meal, as I felt diffident about expressing myself before a large and mixed company, for there were several people at the table d'hôte, but as I warmed up after a few glasses of wine and some excellent cognac and coffee, my tongue began to wag freely, and my travelling companion talked loudly and much. It struck me that the waiters and other guests were excessively impudent; not that they said anything—they never do on such occasions, but they looked at each other and at us, and then bit their lips to repress a smile. As for the hostess, who had been staring at us in a very

impolite manner, she covered her face with her handkerchief and precipitately left the room. Both the Frenchman and I were annoyed, but he said nothing, however, and as we were about to resume our journey, he called for more brandy for both of us. I thought, by the way, that he would have taken his alcohol neat, for I had heard his countrymen express disgust at our insular mode of drinking it with hot water and sugar; but no, he was a trump, and with his native politeness, out of compliment to me, doubtless, drank it in a steaming jorum.

On resuming our seats in the diligence, what with the dinner, wine, and brandy and water, all the barriers of reserve were overthrown, and we went at it with a will, and I talked away as if a Frenchman born, only a good deal astray in the grammar, idiom, and meaning of words. My companion was equally communicative, and although he took great pains with my ignorance, but little more intelligible. And so we kept hammering away at one another during a great part of the night. After a series of unrefreshing naps towards morning, the coach stopped at my destination; and the time had arrived for me to bid my friend, for as such I regarded him now, foreigner though he was, goodbye, and it was with real emotion that I did so.

I could not help thinking what a pleasant time we had passed, and how much more enjoyable it might have been, and what a permanent friendship we might have formed, had we only understood one another's language well enough to converse freely.

I thought no more of my p's and q's in French speaking, but wringing him by the hand, bade him adieu in my own language.

"Goodbye," said I, "goodbye, old fellow, God bless you." "What!" he exclaimed in the same tongue, "are you an Englishman?" "To be sure! and you? oh! ———"

Fill up the dashes as you please; nothing is strong enough to do justice to my feelings as the diligence whirled away, bearing with it my newly-found foreign friend, who had left his card in my hand, on which was inscribed,

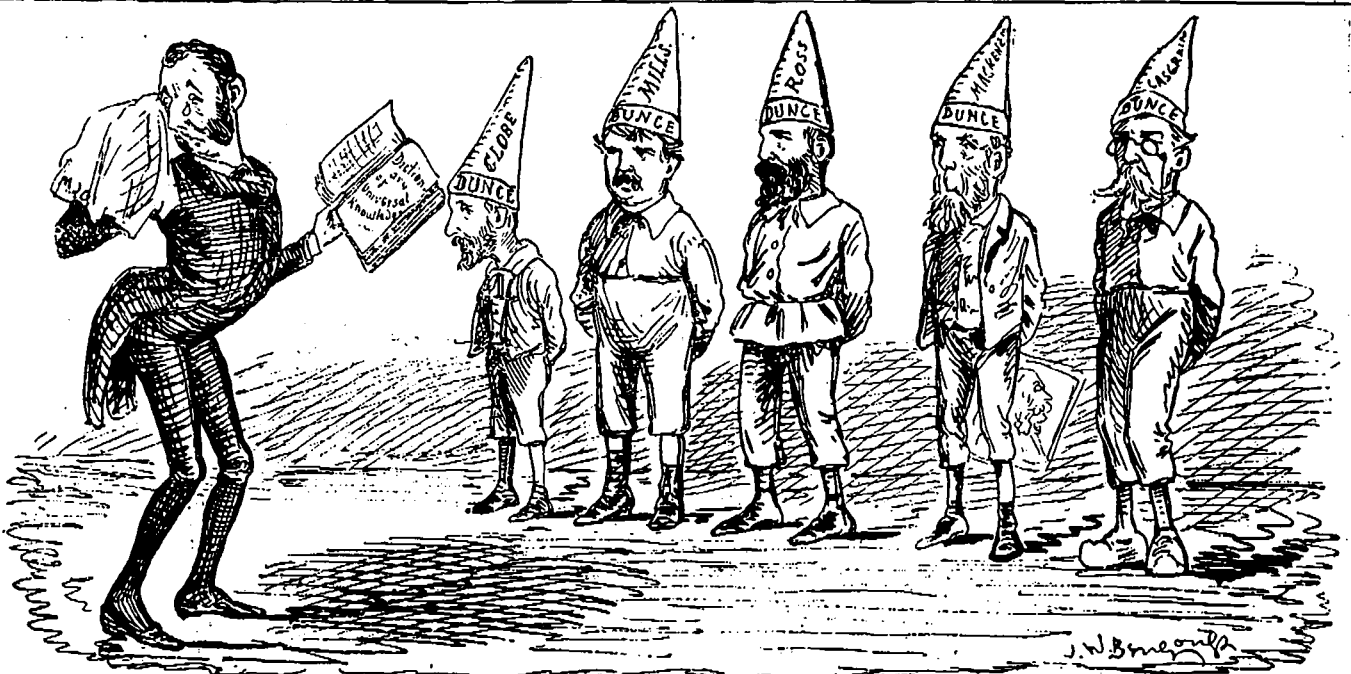
"James Johnston,  
12 Suffolk-street,  
Pall Mall."



Mr. Thompson offers a superb attraction to the patrons of the Pavilion this week in the re-appearance of Collier & Rice's Company in "Iolanthe." This organization, which was decidedly good when here before, has been strengthened by the addition of several first-class singers.

On the 15th and 16th insts. Dr. Damrosch's celebrated Orchestra revisits Toronto to give a Wagner concert and an evening of miscellaneous music. Mlle. Martinez, soprano, returns with the orchestra, and, in addition, the finest contralto of the day, Madame Scaldi, is to appear on both occasions. We feel assured Mr. Thompson's great enterprise will be fittingly acknowledged by crowded houses.

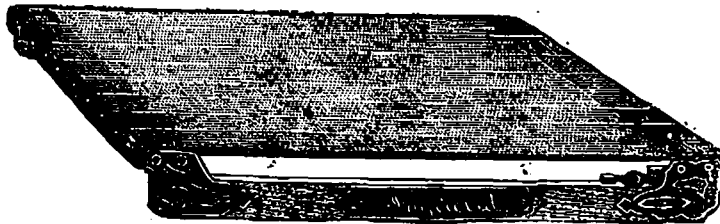
Imagine Sir John's state of mind when, having responded to the gracious summons from his son Hugh to attend the latter's wedding at Toronto, he was afterwards confronted with a ruthless summons from Hewson.—Brantford *Expositor*.



THE "MAIL" EDITOR AND THE GRIT DUNCES.

"THE GLOBE SPELLS MACAULAY WITH AN E; MR. MILLS SPELLS GUICCIARDINI WITH ONE C; MR. ROSS SAYS IT WAS XERXES WHO COMMANDED THE TIDE TO TURN BACK; MR. MACKENZIE DENOUNCES ALL THE PICTURES AT OTTAWA AS "RUBBISH"; MR. CASGRAIN SAYS LORD SHAFTESBURY IS THE LEADER OF THE TORY OPPOSITION IN ENGLAND"!!!—MAIL, Monday, 30th April.

**SPRING BEDS.**



We are now manufacturing the largest line of Spring Mattresses in the Dominion, comprising the Woven Wire (three grades), Spiral Spring and Slat Mattresses, in styles and prices to suit all classes. A trial of our goods will convince that they are what we represent them, and also save you from 40 to 60 per cent. We put no material in our mattresses but the very best that can be had, and give you good value for your money.

For Sale by all Furniture Dealers.

**R. THORNE & CO., 11 & 13 Queen St. E., Toronto.**

"Of what complaint did your father die?"  
"The jury found him guilty," was the answer.

Young and middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send three stamps for Part VII of Dime Series pamphlets. Address **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.**

"What is so rare as a day in June?" Well, now and then a day in April is decidedly underdone, and some of the March days are really raw.—*N. Y. Life.*

**TO CONSUMPTIVES.**

Reader, can you believe that the creator afflicts one-third of mankind with a disease for which there is no remedy? Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds of cases of consumption, and men are living to-day—healthy, robust men—whom physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung was almost gone. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on Consumption and Kindred Affections. Address **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.**

Japanese officials commit suicide when found guilty of theft or embezzlement. American officials retire to their farms and receive the congratulations of their friends.

It has become a household maxim in Canada that Dr. Malcolm's system of treating pulmonary diseases by inhaling vaporized medicines, has deprived those diseases of much of the terror with which they were formerly contemplated. Book mailed free.

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AT 11 KING ST. WEST,  
**Cuthbertson's Physical Culture**  
AND EXERCISE ROOMS.

For Clergymen, Lawyers, Students Clerks, Etc.  
Full course of eight lessons, \$2. Hours, from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. No danger from falling or straining. Proper form and strength the only aim. *Please call.*

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**7 Adelaide-st., East, TORONTO.**

Anything Midas touched was turned to gold. In these days touch a man with gold and he'll turn into anything.

**THE VERY LATEST**

If you want to dress as a gentleman, go to  
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If you want full value for ready cash, go to  
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110 KING STREET WEST. 110

N.B.—Fine Ordered Clothing a Specialty.



DR. E. G. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay, and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea, caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse, or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box, or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by **JOHN C. WEST & CO., 81 and 83 King Street East (Office upstairs), Toronto, Ont.** Sold by all druggists in Canada.

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DENTIST,

51 King Street East, } ..... TORONTO,  
(Nearly opposite Toronto St.) }  
Uses the utmost care to avoid all unnecessary pain, and to render tedious operations as brief and pleasant as possible. All work registered and warranted.