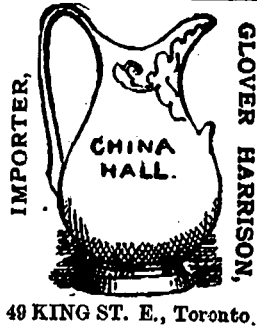


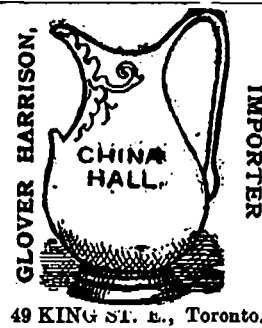
WIRE WORK

ONTARIO WIRE WORKS.
PARTRIDGE & SABISTON, 116 BAY ST., TORONTO.

WIRE CLOTH



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



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

VOLUME XXII.
No. 18.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1884.

\$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.



"THE WORLD" REDIVIVUS

WHAT IS IT?

WHY
IT



IS
THE

STANDARD TYPE-WRITER

No Barrister, Banker, Broker or Business man can afford to be without one.

Send for descriptive catalogue to

THOMAS BENGOUGH,
THE SHORTHAND ATHENEUM,
29 King Street West, Toronto.

STAINED GLASS
FOR CHURCHES
MEMORIAL WINDOWS
WHEEL & SAND-CUT GLASS
MCCAUSLAND & SON

JOHNSTON'S
FLUID BEEF

CHARLES STARK,

Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Watches, Jewelry, Silver Ware and Fire-arms,

Full lines of Remington, Ballard, Colts, Kennedy and Marlin Rifles.

Agent for Winchester Repeating Arms Co., J. Stevens & Co.'s Rifles, Baker's Pat. Three-Barrel Guns, and Smith & Wesson Revolvers.]



52 CHURCH STREET, Near King St. Toronto,

Send for our 120 page Catalogue containing over 800 illustrations.

Photographer, 134 Yonge Street, Toronto. Stanton Cabinets, \$3.00 per dozen. Old Pictures Copied, Enlarged and Finished in Colors, Ink or Crayon. Orders filled from any Negatives made by the firm of Stanton & Vicars.

TORONTO WINDOW SHADE CO. { Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated OIL-FINISH CLOTH SHADES. } 417 1/2 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

ELIAS ROGERS AND CO. - COAL AND WOOD. - TORONTO.



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

J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

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

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The Grand Jury after due deliberation brought in a true bill in the Conspiracy case and the matter is now before the Court of Assize.

FIRST PAGE.—Everybody is glad to welcome the Morning *World* (on'y a cent) to the fellowship of the press again, after a brief eclipse. The energy displayed by Mr. McLean certainly deserves to win success, and GRIP hopes the brave little paper is now here to stay.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is reported that five members of the ministry are about to retire, viz.—Messrs. Tupper, Tilley, Pope, Costigan, and Macpherson.

MONTREAL DEFINITIONS.

BY A STRANGER.

Canada at large (to the eye of the pilgrim in Notman's studio).—Undoubtedly the original frozen region of Dante's Inferno.

The Ice Palace.—Very cold piece of architecture.

The Four-in-hand Drag.—Triumphal car, (attached to circus) outside of which the bodies of captured strangers (with life still in them) are dragged about the city by wild horses (as in barbaric times).

The Rink (of iniquity).—Instituted by the society for the further propagation of (v) ice, including the cultivation of bad language, assault and battery, attempt at suicide, murderous assault, with intent to kill, etc.

The Racquet Court.—Means by which to court a racket.

St. James's.—The knave of clubs—though disguised, like some other knaves with a saint's name.

The Toboggan.—Ancient Indian instrument of torture—to be seen to advantage at Notman's photo. studio (the only place where it, and the savages wielding it, can be viewed in a perfect state of preservation).

The Snow-Shoe.—Indian relic (to be seen in vast quantities at Notman's—with white men rolled up in bed clothes and tied to them—the men probably surprised at night by Indians, and carried off during their sleep).

Lord Lansdowne.—Great Britain's tooter. ("blow bugle, blow," etc.)

Lady Lansdowne.—Canada's English governess.

What struck me most.—Canadian hospitality—and a board fence, in vicinity of a toboggan.



Yesterday afternoon as I was walking up King-street, I met the Lieutenant Governor coming down arm in arm with a strange gentleman, "Good aft, Beverly," said I, "who's your friend?" His Honor gave me a rather stern and gubernatorial look and said, "Mr. Fiend, allow me to make you known to Hon. Trevelyln Truffles." The Hon. Trevelyln in response to my "How'd ye do, Truff?" mere stuck his glass in his eye and stared at me. As I showed no intention of leaving such good company, his Honor said to me aside, "Mr. Truffles and I are going to a restaurant for lunch, so you'll excuse,——" "Hold on, J. B.," said I, "I'll bet you a new hat that he'll grumble at the spread." "I'm inclined to think not," he said promptly, "as I have ordered everything of the best that the place affords." "All right," said I, "I'll join you just to see if my words don't come out true," (there's nothing like keeping up a stiff upper lip with the swells,—I always do). "Hah, very kind," said his Honor, but he didn't seem to be very cordial, and I noticed that his hands had partaken of that form known in P. R. circles as a "bunch of fives." However I accompanied them, and after telling them that there was luck in odd numbers, took my seat at the table. The lunch I must confess was excellent, and I enjoyed it the more from the fact that I had eaten no breakfast (I seldom do, except upon an urgent invitation from a friend).

There were oysters on the half shell as an appetizer, roast duck, quail on toast, all sorts of entrées, followed by a magnificent desert, and during the whole affair there was on hand Sillery, Moselle, Hockheimer, Claret and Champagne, galore. Everything *recherché* and *au fait*. The Honorable Truffles had the appetite of a coal heaver, and the way he polished off the viands, and got away with the vinos made the Governor stare. After devouring everything eatable not devoured by Hizzonner and myself, Mr. Truffles looked around the table with a discontented, not to say, gloomy air, "Tumble to his nob's?" said I to the Governor. "By're Ladye, he'll shortly growl, else I'm an Ebrew Jew! B' the Holy Grail! I knew it! I knew it!" At last we arose to depart, "Well, Mr. Truffles," said Hizzonner, "How did you enjoy your lunch, not bad for a Colonial town eh?" "Aw, ya's!" said Mr. Truffles, "the aw lunch was good enef in its way, but after all it's a wediculously stwange wepast that don't pprovide cheese!" His Honor had forgotten to order cheese!! I smiled significantly at his Honor as I touched my hat and departed, merely uttering the words of the now almost forgotten Dick Deadeye, "I told you so, I told you so."

While in the Soudan a few weeks ago, where I went with the view of purchasing a few tons of Gum-Arabic to serve as the basis in the manufacture of Jujube paste and gum drops for the different ladies' boarding schools in Ontario, I did myself the honor of calling upon the now renowned El Mahdi. The false prophet is a small, slim man, and has a com-

plexion similar to that of an indifferent cigar, with coal black eyes of the gimlet order. I found him seated a *la* tailor, or *turque*, on a mat of once gorgeous coloring, but now through age and long service of an esthetic gallery-gum hue. He was smoking a T.D. pipe to which he had fastened a very long and elastic stem tipped with amber. "Morning El," said I as I entered the tent passing between the sentries, two Nubians clad in towel, spear and shield. "Pretty good for an old man, How's yourself?" was the reply of the dread chief. "El," said I, "I'm a correspondent and an interviewer, do you comprehend?" "Bishmillah, on my eyes be it! I tumble, what Son of Shaitan except a reporter would have the gall to call on me. By the beard of Mahomet? say your say and depart or the jackals will be paying a La Crosse match with your skull before the sun sets." "I won't keep you long El," said I, "I want to give you a little advice. You call yourself a prophet and 'The Deliverer.' Other people call you the false prophet and are bound to scoop you in, which will be an unprofitable thing for you. What's the use of staying here anyway; this is no country for a prophet. Put on your overcoat and let's get out. Come with me to Canada, there you'll get properly appreciated. We have already Prophet Wild, Prophet Wiggins, Prophet Vennor, and Prophet Moses—" "Dog of a Giaour!" roared the infuriated Arab, interrupting me ere I could say Oates, "May the grave of your ancestors be defiled! Do you mean to tell me that the great prophet Moses is hanging around the wretched country of the Franks! Ho! there, Mustapha and Suliman, take this unbelieving dog and chuck him into the Nile!" At this moment a six-inch shell from one of Graham's batteries exploded in front of the tent blowing it to pieces, and landing El Mahdi headforemost into a holy well. In the confusion I jumped on board my favorite trotting camel, and made my escape to the British lines. What became of the two sentries, Mustapha and Suliman, I can't say, as they were rising towards the zenith the last I saw of them.

THE "FINISHING" SCHOOL.

Miss Cynthia Susan Sarah Jane White
Lived out on her father's farm,
She was blessed with a excellent appetite:
Three meals a day, and a lunch at night,
She would take with a gusto and feel all right;
The amount seemed to do her no harm.

For she grew up healthy, and sturdy and strong;
And could run and jump round like a colt,
And all the good "vitals" they'd bring along
She would straight polish off—and as for Soochong,
Bohea, Young Hyson, Japan or Oolong,
She, cup after cup, would bolt.

At last the young lady grew rather too fat,
Too rounded and full for her age,
She scarcely had room on the chair that she sat,
Each lounge in the house she had rendered quite flat,
And her bed was compressed to the depth of a mat,
And her parents flew into a rage.

"This is getting too thin," the old man roared,
"Too thin?" said the old woman, "No,
"She's getting too stout, and we can't afford
To feed her so highly, we'll send her to board."
Her weighty objections were all ignored,
To the boarding school off she'd to go.

Alas! for Miss C. S. S. J. White,
What a great falling off in her food!
Thin porridge for breakfast, for supper at night
She had thin bread and butter, and tea very light,
And the dinner! 't would hardly suffice for a bit,
But she swallowed it not to be rude.

Six months the young lady passed in this retreat,
And her adipose tissues reduced
To such an extent on oatmeal and cracked-wheat,
The absence of beefsteak, or even cold meat,
The puddings and pies that at home she would eat,
That she felt she was very hard used.

But when the old man came and brought her back home,
She jumped up for joy and delight,
For although she was nothing now but skin and jbone,
She knew she was in a much healthier tone,
A lover soon came who now calls her his own,
So the boarding school "finished" Miss White.



"Old To-morrow," as applied to Sir John, appears to tickle the ears of the Blakelings. "Young Never," if applied to their leader, might change the source of the haw-hawing a trifle.

When I see a *Globe* leader-writer discuss "our appalling debt," and follow it up with a reference to a "somewhat harsh but unmistakable term," I ask myself, is it too much writing or too wicked writing that doth make him spell so?

If I did not know that my identity is a profound secret, and that GRIP will alone get credit for it, I would not make the suggestion that in future all almanacs published in and for this Province refer to the Anniversary of St. Patrick as the Seventeenth of Hircland.

At last there is hope for the Northwest agriculturist, who is at this moment writhing under the heavy heel of the ruthless despot—or words to that effect. Dr. Orton, the Farmer's Friend, has thrown himself into the breach, and Orton't— But, no matter. Let me quit the suicidal strain.

Let the weather grow milder and the buds develop and maple sugar get cheaper and the little birds warble in the trees and eggs become fresh and all nature awake to the magic touch of Spring's wand, and maybe there will be substituted for the Town Crier's photo. in the *News* the picture of a man without an ulster and with more hair on his head.

Misfortunes never come singly, and Sir John's second upset within so short a time out of the Constitutional Coach, is somewhat of a case in point. There have been notable instances before now of men thinking themselves too smart, and that probably is a consolation to the Grand Old Guyer. I fancy I may further say in behalf of Sir John that he can stand it, if the editor of the *Globe* can. But I have my doubts of the editor.

A contemporary records the case of an Italian witness whose evidence convicted an Englishman of profane swearing on the street. The witness, it appears, couldn't speak English and had to testify through an interpreter; so our contemporary wonders he could swear to the swearing. Has it never dawned on the guileless editor that no foreigner ever attempts to master our language proper before he has unconsciously become a proficient in the use of our able-bodied oaths?

Archibald Forbes has been honored with the degree of LL.D. In recognition of this tribute from his *alma mater*, Mr. Forbes has been contributing to the press some of the fruits of his scholarship in the shape of a treatise on the use of the bayonet in stabbing Zulus. I congratulate my friend on the new distinction conferred upon him. Many less worthy men than he, have gone through the

world for years with more degrees and decorations and things than they could conveniently carry around in a trunk.

I would modestly call attention to the fact that the few words of encouragement I recently bestowed upon the members of the city detective force are spurring on these officers to additional zeal and energy. For example, a morning paper announces the cheering intelligence that one of the detectives has arrested a man "on suspicion of at least knowing something about a burglary." I trust the suspect will not prove to be only one of the newspaper reporters—gentlemen who could often be charged with knowing something about a burglary, and that too long before the detectives got wind of the affair.

Some of the railways are about to adopt an appliance invented by a resident of Port Hope, for preventing railway cars from leaving the track through broken rails and other causes. What certainly ought to follow is the adoption of a contrivance to prevent collisions on the track. There is in existence an appliance for this purpose known as a railway telegraph operator. At one time this machine in its durable and warranted make was in general use. Of late years, however, cheap styles have been put on the market and bought up by the railway companies. The cheap styles have not been giving universal satisfaction. But there is, happily, enough of the warranted make to go around, if the railway companies really wish to get them.



LATEST FROM CHATHAM.

CHATHAM, April 23rd, 1884.

DEAR GRIP,—A number of our best looking and most influential citizens recently met at "The Garner," for the purpose of forming a mildly anti-corpulent and mutual benefit association. After many opinions had been given, 11 of them representing much worth and weight, it was at last resolved that the gentlemen present should form themselves into a sporting conglomeration, to be known as the "Kent Co. Hunt Club."

("The Kent Co. Stuffed Club," would have been nearer the mark, but no one suggested it.)

As soon as the meeting had ended with the usual loyal etc., the various members set out to "hunt," not foxes just yet, but outfits for the manly sport. The worthy and most honorable Master bought a choice sample of hound by name "guess." Don't know what he guesses at, except maybe it's his pedigree. Mr. Tristram and Mr. Kime chipped in together and produced a dalmation dog and a shot-gun; and Dr. Tiverwright kindly furnished a horse for his own use, and half rates for surgical

operations. Mr. Wells procured a beautiful beagle pup, and a very fine horse from our well known dealer, "Capt. Shanks." Mr. Sandys bought a spade, for bringing to light such foxes as might be run to earth, and being unable to find a suitable dog, he shouldered his spade and departed in the direction of the burial place of a late lamented hound. It is said that he muttered something about digging up "Beauty," (the hound) as he'd bet she'd be the best one of the lot—for scent! The meet is billed for Thursday, and you shall have particulars of the run. NOMAD.

THE LAY OF LITTLE BILLY.

(After Thackeray's "Little Billec.")

From far-famed, goodly western city,
From far-famed, goodly western cit-tee,
We borrow the *drumatis persona*
For this our trifling comedy:
There was doughty Jack, and astute Ikey,
And the third un he was Little Billec.

* * * * *
But first with haste, and shorliff's precept,
A descent had been upon young Ikey
By an utterly ruthless obligee,
Who had learnt that Ikey was about to be
And become the clandestine consignee
Of his valuable Equine property
To th' United States of Americce.

* * * * *
In the chilling court-house precincts see
Disposed, our group of actors three,
To which had been added the staunch Joey.
Now Ikey grew so precious moody,
As for the nonce suspended his jollity;
But the shadow fell from the brow of he,
When Joey repaired the sheriff to see,
I his rights to secure as the grand bailie,
His rights to secure as the grand bailie,
Quick-winged his appeal to Little Billec,
"As he's got no backer, why, let's 'fix 'em,"
(In slighting allusion to friend Jacky).
When Billy heard this invocation,
His mien betokened vivacity—
In fact he grew quite bright and frisky,
While waving his aural machinery.
Then, seizing his opportunity,
With deftness joined to rapidity,
The halter Ikey slipped from Little Billec;
And with uncommon celerity,
Bestrode this horse with a pedigree,
Bestrode this horse with a pedigree.
But a stroke had been dealt by the bold Jacky,
In defence of the law, its majesty;
With singular intrepidity
He grabbed the organ olfactory,
That appertained to Little Billec—
Which issued in grave calamity;
For, with scantest show of ceremony,
Propulsive, sudden and movement free—
In short, with extremest velocity,
Against the pump was discharged Jacky,
Against the pump was discharged Jacky.
Then he "run up" the vocabulary,
To his need which served appropriately
In milder voice, "What's this I see?"
Not Jerusalem, or Madagascar—
Just a section small of Americce.
Then, with much-diminished alacrity,
He rose, with his damaged economy,
And invoked the pile in front of he,
"Personification of Equity—
Where wrong discovers its remedy—
Avenge thou this indignity
Upon Brantford's brand-new Deputy;
Upon Brantford's brand-new Deputy."

* * * * *
When they arrived at the scene of the mêlée,
They patched up Jack, and reviled Ikey;
But with regard to Little Billec—
He "stood to" his gait of 2.33.

J. B. M.

Brantford, April 18, 1884.

† The bailiff.

‡ The individual in question had been recently appointed Deputy of the Chief of Police.

Dr. Mary Walker is said to be writing a book about the condition of her sex. Well, the rumor is more probable than that her sex are writing a book about the condition of Dr. Mary Walker. By the way, it just occurs to me that one difference between Dr. Mary and her sex is that the sex (of a marriageable age) are much concerned about trousseaux, while she is much concerned about trou—But no matter.

WORD FROM OUR ANTIQUARIAN.

DEAR MR. GRIP.—You—who are ever ready to advance the cause of knowledge—will—I feel sure—accord me your hearty sympathy and co-operation in helping to set right one of the most glaring errors of our time!

A few days ago—whilst scholarly scanning one of the leading newspapers of this fair Province—I came across the following paragraph:—

“At the present time meat is looked upon as a *sine qua non* of the well-living of a community. The Anglo-Saxon race are a meat-consuming people. They have been—through the time of HENGIST and Horsa etc., etc.”

Now Mr. GRIP—most cultured bird—this paragraph displays a condition of ignorance regarding historical record which is truly depressing.

“Hengist” and “Horsa.”—Think of those names! Do we not all know that nearly all ancient names were derived from the habits of their possessors? You and I know at least, and it is time we put a stop to this frivolous and slapdash style of writing pursued by the present race of newspaper men. Now, Sir, I will go so far as to allow that *Horsa* may have been a meat consumer to some small extent. I have heard that in times when meat (*proper* meat) has been scarce hungry people have found the *horse* to be both palatable and nutritious! Thus, I say, I will give in—although with reluctance—in this case. *Horsa* may have been hungry—very hungry—indeed it seems to me famously, ravenously hungry (or he wouldn't have done it) and his gnawing hunger might have given occasion for his finding the *horse* a very good dinner at a pinch, and in gratitude forming his own name upon that of the noble quadruped upon which he had mealed! And so *we* (for I feel sure that you, Mr. GRIP, are of my own mind) we will dismiss Mr. *Horsa* and his *horse*, and turn to his brother. Examine his name “Hengist.”

Does it not speak—nay—almost *cluck*—for itself? **POULTRY**—Sir—**POULTRY** was—must have been—“the chief of his diet!” May I say—in fact (as again suggested by his name) that *Poultry* was undoubtedly the “gist” of this eminent man's sustenance? I may as well here remark that in spite of Hengist's diet he was never considered “chicken-hearted.” Shades of ancient Poultry! Shall I see thee passed over—dismissed—unnoticed by the clamoring herd of penny-a-liners who crowd the press—to the exclusion of more enlightened AUTHORS such as (why be modest?) MYSELF!!! I could of course bring forward millions of instances in support of my argument—but I desist. In the cause of knowledge, I prefer that the *feather-brained* (no connection with the aforesaid *Poultry* remember) writers referred to should search for themselves, and endeavor to eradicate the cob-webs from their upper apartments and then fill in the cavities with historic lore and especially the customs of the early Anglo-Saxons.

Trusting that this stupendous question does not overstep the limits of your esteemed and classical paper,

I remain,
Valued Mr. GRIP,
Yours, with antiquity,
SEARCHEMOUTUS.

THE FIVE MINUTES CLUB.

RECORDED BY TITUS A. DRUM, ESQ., M.C.S.

Punctually at eight o'clock, P. G. Shakespeare Smith opened the Club and called upon the Noble Sec. to read the Minutes, which were passed.

Bro. Tennyson Walker rose to point of order. “Could the Minutes,” he asked “consist of more than five, and could the secretary occupy more than five minutes in reading them?”

The P. G. abstractedly scratched his left ear for several seconds before replying. “Bro. Tennyson,” he said, “you must not make puns upon any portion of our constitution. I fine you \$1 for the offence.”

Bro. Tennyson protested he meant what he said in all seriousness, and was proceeding with further treasonable talk, when Valiant Sentinel O'Reilly seized him and placed him in the street to cool. The ballot-box was then passed, and the following elected members:—Washington Pippis, Solon Robinson, Job McTavish, Professor Gallileo Newton, Dionysius Johnson, Plantaganet Brown, and Sullivan Slade. At this point Bros. Mozart Dibbs and Demosthenes Stickphast entered the room, and were at once the objects of intense pity. Brother Dibbs was the happy possessor of one eye gone into mourning, and a head that appeared to have been roughly disturbed about the thatch. Bro. Demosthenes limped into the room, a sight for the Gods, by the aid of a crutch, and had one arm in a sling. They were at once called upon to explain the wreck of their many forms. Bro. Demosthenes said he had secured his wooden-leg-acy by endeavoring to enforce the principles of the Club upon a book-agent. His doorstep was three yards from the street level, and 'on that altitude had it out, with the result they saw before them. Bro. Mozart Dibbs said that on passing down a certain street he was attracted towards two women holding a high and excitable conversation. He felt it to be his duty to lay before them the principles of the Club and had proceeded with an explanation of the first line of clause one, when he was violently seized and in two seconds presented the wreck they now witnessed. During the recital of these wrongs cries of “shame” and “revenge” rang around the room.

The P. G. rose and said, “My mutilated brothers, I would remind you that oftentimes discretion is the better part of valor. I need say no more. Let these suffering members, brethren, be examples of undue zeal in the cause, beware! I now ask the committee appointed last week for their report.”

Bro. Stickphast then rose, as well as his wooden leg and crippled arm would allow him, and said:

“P.G., I rise on my one foot to regret the inability of the committee to present a report this week. We have grappled with the questions like an Hercules, we have spent much time, and consumed gallons of the midnight oil to throw light on the subject. We have completed our investigation on the subject of woman, having devoted three hundred and sixty-seven pages to her. We therefore ask for another week to complete our labor of love.” The request was granted.

A note was here handed in from Bro. Tennyson Walker, the ejected member, asking to be allowed to take his seat in the Club, and saying that he had expiated his error by discharging his stock of puns upon an unsuspecting editor, for general circulation. He was admitted.

“Brethren,” said the P. G., “I have thought it advisable to have some form of ceremony for initiating members into our mysteries, and have prepared a ritual for that purpose. I now ask for funds to purchase suitable furniture. It will principally consist of a coffin, skull and crossbones, two polished swords, a large poker, and two barrels of tar. You will see by the accessories I have named that the ceremony will not be a sensational or ridiculous one, but in every way calculated to elevate the moral tone of the candidates.”

The grant was passed.

The Noble Secretary then read the following communication from the Peanut Propagation Society:—

To the P.G. and Members of the F.M. Club:

I am directed by the members of the P.P.

Society to extend to you the right hand of fellowship and to wish you success in your crusade against verbosity. As you are doubtless aware, our society propagates the use of peanuts as a preventative of starvation. We therefore feel we are hand in hand with you upon the questions of social interest now agitating the world.

Yours truly,
HICKORY NUTT,
Sec.

The Noble Secretary observed that the above represented the general tone of letters received from the Society for the Repeal of the Dog Tax; the Ancient Order of Scratchbacks; the Matron of the Home for Starving Cats; the Society for the Suppression of Rising Talent; and many others. He, however, could not refrain from reading the following from the Society for the Free Distribution of Dollar Bills:—

To the Members of the F. M. Club:

Our Society is so much impressed with the value of your Society, and the objects it seeks to attain, that it empowers me to offer you a grant of 500 dollar bills should you be disposed to accept them.

Yours truly,
NICKEL DIMES,
Sec'y.

On the motion of Bro. Vanderbilt Jones the offer was accepted. As the Secretary read through the list the announcements were received with tremendous cheering, and a display of choice pocket handkerchiefs, Bro. Stickphast, in his glee, waving his crutch in dangerous proximity to Bro. Dibbs' black-bordered optic. When the members had calmed their exuberance of spirits, Bro. Doxicum rose and proposed that the following clause be added to the constitution:

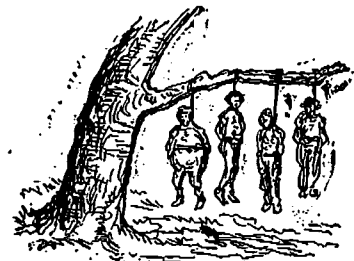
“Clause IV.—No member, upon pain of dismissal, shall applaud a speaker, should he speak longer than five minutes; or contribute to the collection plate of a Church, where its Minister has prayed for a longer period than five minutes.”

Unanimously agreed upon.

The concluding portion of the session was the appointment of three Vigilance committees, on which the P.G. named the following brethren:—

Church:—Bros. Macauley Doxicum and Talmeca Higgins. Social:—Bros. Triptolemus Tripod and Boucalt Tinkletop. Platform:—Bros. Vanderbilt Jones and Milton McFilter.

Each committee, the P. G. explained, was to push the interests of the Club in its particular sphere, and report progress when necessary. The session, which had been most enthusiastic, then closed. So much enthusiasm remained in several of the members that, to exhaust it, they carried home the crippled hero, Demosthenes Stickphast, on an old shutter, whistling “See the Conquering Hero comes!”



THE VESTRY OF ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, KINGSTON. (Illustrated.)

The malcontents gibbeted. As the Dean remarked, “I certainly do not see they have any ground to stand on.”



J.W. Bayard

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

(A memory of a celebrated picture.)

PASS IT ON.

An Arab came to the river side
With a donkey bearing an obelisk;
But he would not try to ford the tide,
For he had too good an

—*Boston Globe.*

So he camped all night by the river side,
And remained till the tide had ceased to swell;
For he knew should the donkey from life subside,
He would never find his

—*Salem Sunbeam.*

In the morning he sought to ford the tide;
When the donkey stopped at the water to quaff,
The rider fell off, let the obelisk slide,
Thus affording a newspaper

—*Rome Sentinel.*

But in the evening when the tide was low,
And the sun had set on the vegetation,
He stirred up the mule and made it go,
Nor was he stopped by an

—*Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.*

Soon they reached their journey's end,
The mule was frisky under the lash,
And while the girls looked brightly on,
The mule and master cut a

—*Philadelphia Evening News.*

And a very good impression made
Thus filling their hearts with bliss,
For girls have often donkeys admired,
But this is said in

—*Chicago Specimen.*

And in all the journey the donkey made
He did not seem to be wearied;
But the girls were nevertheless afraid
He was not the mule of the

—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

But he was cold, this wise old mule,
Though wise was he as Solon;
For though his load was kindling wood,
He did not put the

—*Life.*

So he set forth to find a wife,
And thought that he would bag her,
But a butcher put an end to his life,
With a cold and piercing

—*Commercial Advertiser.*

When the master saw that his friend was dead,
And had finished his earthly race,
In his arms he took the old mule's head
For a lingering, last

—*Boston Post.*

Then he forthwith went, with an eye to biz,
And a sausage-maker he found,
To whom he sold that old mule of his
For a musty, measly

The case is stated what we ad.
That the sausages were good,
Or were so pronounced by the boarding cad,
The type we call the Dudo.

TWO SIDES OF A QUESTION.

"Say Smith, are you coming down town to-night?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Well, my hired girl left this morning, and Mary will be lonesome by herself."

"My hired girl left this morning, too, and that's why I am coming down. I'd be awful lonesome with Maggie."—*Hatchet.*

IN THE NURSERY.

"Mamma, why do folks always eat eggs on Easter Sunday?"

"I'm sure I don't know, child. Ask your father."

"I say, papa, can you tell?"

"Yes, my boy. It is a custom invented by married women."

"Why, what for?"

"So as to give their husbands a gentle hint that it's high time to shell out for Easter bonnets and dresses."

Little boy thinks there must be a joke somewhere, but fails to find the lay of the land.—*N. Y. Sunday Journal.*

At the last meeting of Sorosis, Jennie June offered the toast: "The women martyrs." She probably referred to those who were born dumb.—*Ex.*



The Le Blache operatic performance at the Grand on Saturday evening of this week promises to be a brilliant affair. Two acts of *Trovatore*, including the ever-popular *Misere-re* duet, will be given in addition to a concert programme. Secure your seat without delay, and enjoy the treat.

Messrs. Suckling & Son bid fair to become distinguished as musical managers. Already the people of Toronto owe them gratitude for some excellent performances by world-famed stars. And now it gives us pleasure to announce that Madame Trebelli's appearance on Monday evening, May 19, is a fixed fact. A grand audience is sure to greet the acknowledged queen of contralti.

HE COULD NOT VISIT BERLIN.

Mr. Smithers ate seven pieces of steak and nine muffins for breakfast the other morning and then announced to the boarders that he had made all his arrangements to spend the summer in Europe.

"Pity you won't be able to visit Berlin," remarked the audacious Bumble.

"Why, I will be able. I propose spending two weeks there," answered Mr. Smithers.

"Oh, no you won't," retorted Bumble. "They won't allow an American hog to enter Germany."

There's blood on the moon.—*Hatchet.*

WAS A THIEF.

Mr. Whifty was arraigned before the grand jury on a charge of theft. The gentleman—called gentleman because he is a colored man—stated that he had always lived an upright life, and proved conclusively that he did not steal the sheep, with whose theft he was charged. In congratulating him upon his honesty, one of the grand-jurymen said:

"It pleases every good citizen to know that there are yet honest men in the country."

"I see allus been hones," said the colored gentleman. "W'y, las' year I went through Colonel Met Jones' water-million patch an'—"

"Did you take any of the melons?" asked the foreman of the grand jury.

"No, sah, I didn'."

"Then, gentlemen," continued the foreman, "return an indictment against him, for a nigger that would go through a patch without taking a melon is a thief."

"Better-lay it than never," said the housewife to the hen.

A watchmaker can't afford to do a cash business, because he makes his profits on time.

If silence is golden, an asylum for deaf mutes ought to be rolling in wealth.—*Oil City Bizzard.*

The New York Telegram asks: "Are boys getting worse?" They are not. It is impossible.—*Progress.*

A young lady of Maine, has achieved fame by rowing through five miles of rough water for the mail. There are lots of girls who will go farther than that for a male.

"What is a dish?" asked the teacher. "Please, ma'am, its when the fireman go out on a false alarm," said the little boy with a green patch over his eye.—*New York Journal.*

A Galveston man, who has a mule for sale, hearing that a friend in Houston wanted to buy a mule, telegraphed him: "Dear Friend, —If you are looking for a No. 1 mule don't forget me."

The most egotistical of the United States—"Me."—*Lowell Courier.* The most religious—"Mass."—*The Hatchet.* The poorest in health—"Ill."—*Pretzel's Weekly.* The most affected—"La!"—*Richmond Baton.* The most popular—"Miss."

"Give me," said the school master, "a sentence in which the words 'a burning shame' are properly applied." Immediately the bright boy at the head of the class went to the blackboard and wrote: "Satan's treatment of the wicked is a burning shame."

They had the motto, "Seek and Ye Shall Find," hung on the wall over a grab-bag at a church fair. The inappropriateness was finally noticed and rectified by a wag, who substituted, "He Tempers the Wind to the Shorn Lamb."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A Chinaman named Tank Kee is lecturing in the oil regions. No; he is not investing the proceeds of his lectures in oil, Tank Kee. (Punch would have inserted the words "Thank ye," in parentheses, after Tank Kee, but hanged if we shall.)—*Norristown Herald.*

An Arab chief or sheik is also called a "Sheriff." When taunted with his late defeat in Egypt, therefore, it would be easy for Gen. Gordon to explain it away by saying he only did what many other people had done before when hard pressed—that is, "ran away from a sheriff."—*Richmond Baton.*

"Yes," said Mrs. Smith, who had just alighted from a horse-car; "yes, I got myself all mud, and I guess I've wet my feet; but I didn't get out at the crossing. These corporations can make rules, but I guess the people have some rights yet, and though the men may tamely submit, the women won't."—*Boston Transcript.*

"No, George," said a Chicago girl, "I can not be your wife. I love you passionately, deathlessly, but I can not marry you. I shall never wed." "And why, my darling," pleaded George wildly, "can not you marry me?" "Because," answered the girl, "I do not want my name published in connection with a divorce suit."

"Mr. R. W. Phipps," says the Regina Leader, "is one of the ablest men on the American continent." One of them—yes, oh, people! The other is the editor of the Regina Leader. He would never have said this of himself, I am persuaded, but that does not alter the fact. Too much modesty is what has blighted Nicholas Flood's young life.

Johnny, you should remember that two is company and three a crowd," remarked a young lady to her brother a year or two her senior, whom she desired to get rid of while she visited her love. "That's all right, sis; but three of a kind beat a pair, or two pair for that matter," replied the young brother, as he picked up the family album and took a chair to sit the evening out with his sister's caller. The pair was beaten.—*Peck's Sun.*

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 for a pad or treatise.



HOGSWUNK'S WELL.

My old friend Hogswunk has been investing in real estate lately, and last fall he purchased a nice little piece of property out there at West Toronto Junction. He built a house and dug a well and erected a pump, and then the winter came on, and Hogswunk left his estate to look after itself till spring.

Well, last Monday he went out to view "Hogswunk Manor," as he named his place, and on drawing a pail of water from his new well, he found that the liquid tasted peculiar, and looked riley.

New wells, it is well known—pardon the ridiculous pun—generally require pumping out at first, and somebody told Hogswunk this. Accordingly he resolved to empty his well of its contents, and let it start on a new tack.

Hogswunk told me that he intended to do this, and he invited me to go out and see the operation. I agreed, and on Tuesday Hogswunk went out to "The Manor" as soon as it was daylight, and about noon I toddled forth in the same direction.

I found my friend tolling away for dear life. The pump was placed on a slightly-raised board platform over the well, and the water was dashing on to this platform with terrific force under Hogswunk's powerful strokes of the pump-handle. He was pretty well tuckered out when I arrived, but as game as a bantam.

"The doctor's ordered me exercise," he said, as I came up, "and this is the very thing." Thump-a-thump-a-thump went the handle, and swoosh-swoosh-swoosh went the water.

"Looks like good exercise," I said, as I sat down on a stone and exhorted him by my encouraging remarks to wire in.

"How long have you been pumping, old man?" I enquired, after the thing had gone on for an hour or so.

"Since eight o'clock," he replied. "Deuced deep well this, but I guess she must be nearly empty by this time," and he let himself out with redoubled vigor. Still there was no sign of the flow of water decreasing.

Hogswunk, however, was not to be beaten, and though his exertions were gradually becoming more and more feeble, he clung manfully to the pump-handle and toiled away, whilst I sat and smoked and encouraged him. Thump-a-thump, swoosh-a-swoosh-a-swoosh.

In a couple of hours Hogswunk remarked, "I don't believe there's any bottom to this somethinged well at all!" and he paused and puffed and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Oh! I guess there is," I said, cheerfully.

I was as fresh as a daisy.

"Well, then, why don't she empty?" he asked, wrathfully, "here I've pumped steady for six or seven hours, and there seems to be just as much water as ever!"

"There is as much water as ever," I replied.

"Can't be," said Hogswunk, laying hold of the handle once more. "How dy'e make it out?"

"Why, don't you see, as fast as you pump it on that platform, it all runs back into the well again through the cracks?" I answered. "I saw that at first, only I thought the doctor had ordered you exercise, and I supposed you were merely pumping to obey his orders." And when Hogswunk saw that it was even as I had said, he sat down and gave forth an exceeding bitter cry.

And we, who were once friends, are friends no more. SWIZ.

THE SCALPEL.

A JOLLY JINGLE.

(For *Ta Phairson's* autograph album.)

Let scribes delight to claw and bite,
For politics made 'em so!
Let M.P.'s and M.P.'s fight,
For 'tis their pastime to.

But, Senators, you should never give
Your angry passions play,
Your little berths were only made
As means for drawing pay.

GOING TO HAVRE.

The queen of Tahiti has gone to Havre on her way home. She dreads the journey through America on account of newspaper reporters.

Sorry, but can't help it! The newspaper reporters are going to have'er on her way home too—that is, to talk to, not for keeps, by any means. Come, Queenie, don't be scared!

THE WORKERS.

I sing the song of the workers, the men of the brassy arm.—*Gentle Foot.*

The gentle poet has made a slight mistake. Really, there isn't one newspaper man in a thousand who is modelled physically in that way.

ROOT OF THE TROUBLE.

"No serious difficulty that I am aware of has occurred, so far, with our enterprise outside ourselves."—*Jno. J. Liv., in Temp. Col. Soc. letter.*

Just so! It was the enterprise *inside* ourselves that made the mischief—and cut us out of office—and endangered our skin—and maybe our liberty. "Our enterprise outside ourselves" is good!

PARALLEL CASES.

"According to a Philadelphia paper, Mr. James Russell Lowell likes London as a place of residence. The only complaint he has to make is that he is not able to regale himself on the fresh and salt cod, clams, buckwheat cakes, and baked beans of his native heath."—*Nevs Item.*

According to the best of everybody's belief, Sir Charles Tupper also likes London as a place of residence—or, at least, ought to. The only complaint he has to make is that, according to the *Globe's* Ottawa correspondent, he will some day have to pack up and come back to Canada in order that Sir John Macdonald may spend the rest of his Grand Old Age in the High Commissioner's easy-chair.

DEPENDS HOW MUCH.

"When he comes to the inside, the author's good sense meets us at the threshold. 'Nothing,' he says, 'can be done worthily without some money.'"—*Mail review.*

Yes, yes! "Some money" is all right enough. But, say now, suppose it was in the shape of your note for \$5,000! And that it was a risky piece of business! And only a party matter after all! And, and, and—but, never mind! Let's get up and go out on the Tower, where it's cool.

NOT A PANG.

"Four bbls. of beer recently confiscated by the police were emptied into the gutter at No. 1 Police Station on Saturday."—*City Local.*

Yes, and a noble crowd saw it split, without a pang! "Let it go!" they said; "why should we feel grief at the destruction of the wretched stuff? By this time it must be as sour as swill!"

EXCELSIOR!

Still must I climb, if I would rest;
The bird soars upward to its nest;
The young leaf on the tree-top high
Cradles itself within the sky.—*Pensive Poet.*

That is not exactly the language of the tramp as he cast his eagle eye on the hay-loft ladder. But it ought to do.

AHEAD OF THE HEATHEN.

"In poor families, where girls are numerous, it is the custom, if they do not drown them when born, to sell them to wealthy families as domestic servants."—*Chinese Traveller.*

In this Christian country how different the course adopted! They let them grow up and marry them into wealthy families. This is a trick worth two of the other—to the girls.

ORDER, YOUNG MAN!

"An aged inmate of the House of Providence named Gautemauche committed suicide on Tuesday by cutting his throat with a razor. The victim of the rash act had gone into the yard and cut his throat from ear to ear."—*Globe reporter.*

Ah! He "had gone into the yard and cut his throat from ear to ear," eh? It is easy to see then how this aged inmate happened afterwards to "commit suicide by cutting his throat with a razor." But the reporter must avoid in future such putting of the cart before the horse.

RETRIBUTION!

"One of the largest of Manitoba's grain elevators was burned Thursday."—*Winnipeg correspondence.*

After this, maybe, Manitoba malcontents will be more careful what they think and say about Sir John Macdonald and his North-West policy!

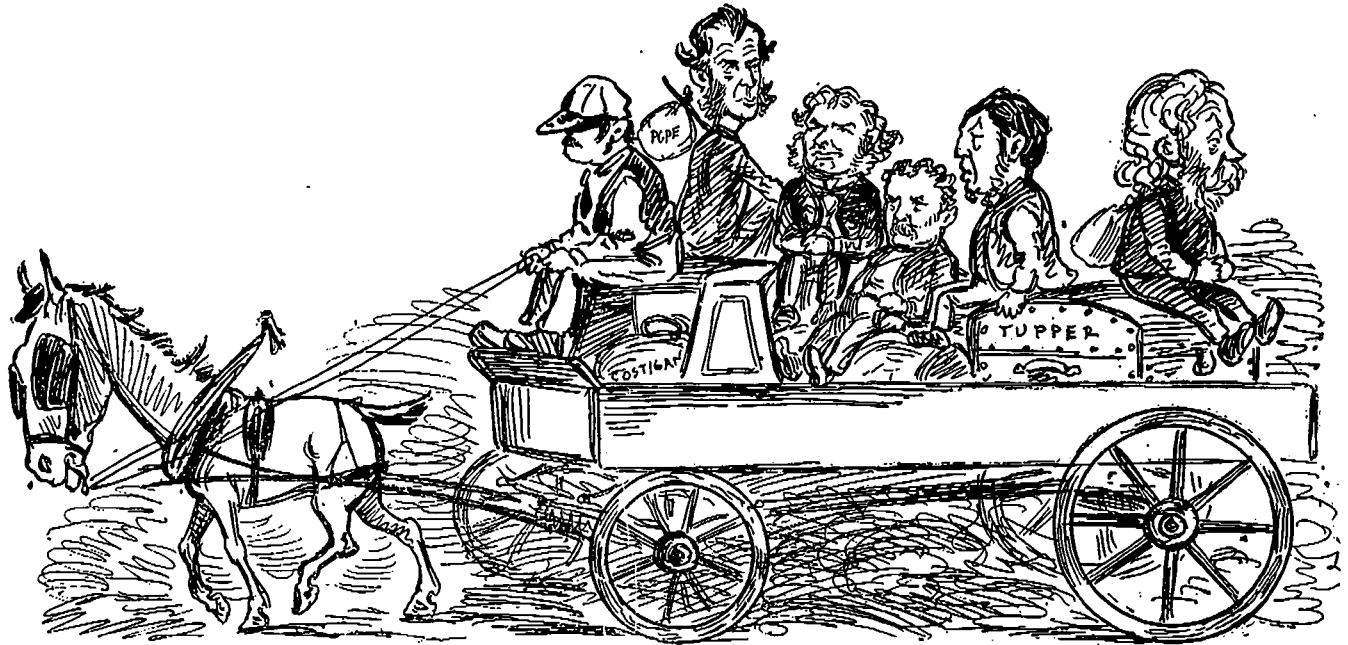
WANTED—THE DOCTOR.

It was twilight. An unusually excellent six o'clock dinner had exercised its somnolent influence on *Grip*; "something attempted, something done," had earned the repose he was now indulging in; therefore, if his sagacious beak was buried rather deep in his sable feathers at this early hour, it was no shame to him. Besides early to bed has ever been the motto of the wise, and of those who cultivate long life. His nap, however, was destined to be short, for scarcely had his active brain time to crystalize into all sorts of dream phantasms, when suddenly there was a sharp, peremptory rap, the sanctum door flew open, and a young and handsome woman, with streaming hair and haggard eyes, rushed like a current of cold air into the room, startling the feathered sage up from his slumbers and bringing his beak swiftly round to its usual place in front. Scarce had he time to bend on her one eye of stern enquiry, when she rushed up to his perch, clasped him round the neck, and rained tears down his back, until he began to feel damp, and to present the traditional appearance of a hen on a rainy day. Half-throttled and wholly scandalized, he croaked huskily: "Madam! really, my dear madam!" When she immediately lifted up her voice and said, "Oh, let me weep! I am like the prophet of old. I wish my poor head were a fountain of tears, that I might weep night and day for the imbecility of the daughters of my people! What have I done dear *Grip*? What have I done, that I should be afflicted thus? This awful epidemic! It will kill me!" Here *Grip*, now fully awake, interrupted with accents of unfeigned astonishment, "Canada, my dearest Madam Canada, can this be really you? Forgive me! in the shadows of the twilight I did not recognize your dear and familiar features. Besides your distress, it quite unmans me. What is it? Has Kirkland skipped out? or is it further educational troubles that bother you? Keep easy, my dear, if Mowat must, he may go, but Canadians never,—never,—never shall be lynched. There will be no Lynch law in Canada, not if we know it. You have no fear of that, eh? then my dear lady, what, oh! what

Barchard & Co.,
97 to 107 Duke St.,
Toronto.

Manufacturers of WOOD PACKING BOXES
of every Description.
All Work Guaranteed.

Pioneer Packing Case Factory



THE LATEST MOVEMENT AT OTTAWA.

THE FIRST OF MAY BEING AT HAND FIVE OF THE CABINET MINISTERS DECIDE TO "MOVE."

can have caused your gentle heart such poignant anguish? What can I do for you?" Thus adjured, the poor lady sank into a chair and wiping her tears solemnly, she, to use a common phrase, sobered up a little, and then began:—"My true friend, and beloved benefactor, I perceive by your ingenious countenance, that you are not yet aware of the fearful epidemic that is making such fearful havoc among my youths and maidens—not killing them, indeed, that would be but a light trouble in comparison, but transforming them into weak idiotics, creatures of whom I am ashamed to say they are mine. Say, oh! say, my friend and adviser, what must I do to prevent the further encroachment of this terrible malady?"

"The Scott Act, Madam, it was fondly hoped would do much to—"

"Oh, tut! tut! it is not liquor I'm grappling with now, it is—Anglophobia. Anglophobia, my friend, Anglophobia of the worst type. Oh, it is terrible! It begins with partial softening of the brain, which affects the spinal column, causing it to bend offensively, and in females producing an enormous hump in the small of the back. It is also accompanied by a paralysis of the lower jaw, causing them to pronounce their words with a drawl, and rendering them incapable, of pro-

nouncing the letter r which they sound like a w; for instance, instead of "very" they say "vewy"; "half-past-three," they pronounce "hawf-pawst-thwee," and so on, *ad nauseam*. Nor is this all. The males affected take strange fancies for wearing trowsers like tight-fitting umbrella covers, and they wear jackets they might have outgrown in their boyhood. Like all other persons of diseased minds, a trifling toy ornament makes them supremely happy; thus you generally find them fumbling around with an eye-glass and a cane, as much delighted with them as a kitten with a ball of yarn. As for my maidens, I am in despair. I think the greatest proof yet given to the world of our ape-origin is this wondrous faculty in weak minds, of imitating English imbecility. Their brothers are no more the dear old Toms, Dicks or Harrys as before they went to England, to "finish" their education forsooth!—they are "nawsty wetches," they "cawn't beah the wough cweatwes," "Weally," their life is one long yawn. Fancy my humiliation, dear Grip, when foreigners hearing of this brave race of Canadians come to visit our shores. Instead of a race of bright, handsome, independent young Canadians, strong, characteristic, full of promise for the future, there they are—a generation of imbeciles, idiotically trying to imitate the ab-

surdities of English snobbery, the highest aim of their existence being to found a spurious aristocracy of caste, in this free and self-respecting country. It is horrible, Grip, horrible! I am growing grey over it. Something must be done.

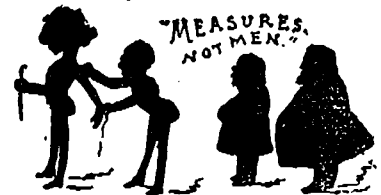
"I think, my dear Canada, I know a doctor, a sterling fellow who—"

"Name him, my friend," cried the lady, starting up in great excitement.

"His name is Dr. Common Sense. He is most generally to be found in this office, but he left to attend the trial. He was in court on the day of the committment."

"Send him to me the instant he arrives at home," she cried, and in another instant, after blowing a kiss to the bird, she was gone.

CATARRH.—A new treatment, whereby a Permanent cure of the worst case is effected in from one to three applications. Treatise sent free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.

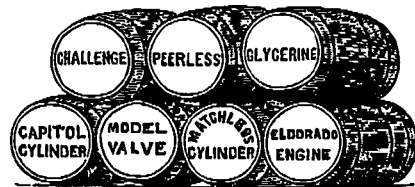


GENTLEMEN,
If you really want Fine Ordered Clothing, try
CHEESEWORTH, "THE" TAILOR,
102 | KING : STREET : WEST. | 102

A. W. SPAULDING,
DENTIST,

51 King Street East,
(Nearly opposite Toronto St.) TORONTO
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.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.



Manufacturers and Dealers in
"PEERLESS"
and other MACHINE OILS. American and Canadian
Burning Oils a specialty. Get our quotations.
SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager.
30 FRONT STREET EAST.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

N. P. CHANEY & CO.,
Feather & Mattress Renovators
230 KING STREET EAST.

All Orders Promptly Attended to.
New Feather Beds, Pillows and
Mattresses for Sale.
Cash paid on all kinds of Feathers.

The International Throat
and Lung Institute and
Office of

SPIROMETER

invented
by

Dr. M. SOUVIELLE,

Ex-Aide Surgeon of French Army.
173 Church Street, Toronto,
13 Phillip's Square, Montreal

P. BURNS
Great Reduction in Price.
Direct from Cars.
FOR ONE WEEK.
WOOD
Best BEECH and MAPLE, Dry.
Delivered to any part of the City.
Orders left at Offices:
Cor. Teaturnet and Front
51 King St. E., Yonge St. Wharf,
and 592 Queen St. West
P. BURNS.