


SMOKE [CABLE EL PADRE] CIGARS


PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT. REMOVES DANDRUFF, AND PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR. ALL THE LADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT.

IMPORTER.



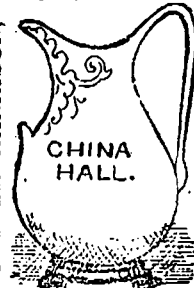
GLOVER HARRISON,
CHINA HALL.

49 KING ST. E., Toronto.



The Gravest Bear is the Ass.
The Gravest Fish is the Oyster.
The Gravest Owl is the Owl.
The Gravest Man is the Fool.

IMPORTER



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QUOTATION FROM THE "MAIL." (ILLUSTRATED.)

"TRADITIONS OF SIR JOHN MACDONALD, * * * SHALL BE TO CANADA WHAT THE NAME AND TRADITIONS OF FOX
'HAVE BEEN * * * IN THE HIGHER POLITICS OF THE EMPIRE."

CINGALESE HAIR RESTORER!

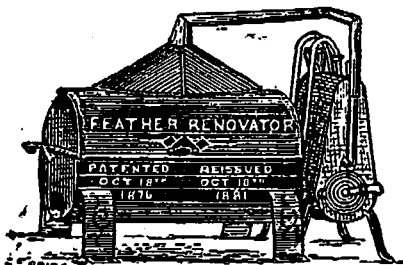


TORONTO, Nov. 3, 1882.
We have had the "Remington Type-Writer" in our office here for nine or ten years. So far as my experience goes it is the most perfect and reliable machine made. I can cheerfully and confidently recommend

W. S. BATTEN,
Ass't to Gen'l Manager, G.N.W. Telegraph Co.

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FOR SALE AT
BENGOUGH'S SHORTHAND BUREAU,
11 King St. West, Toronto.

N. P. CHANEY



230 KING-ST. E., TORONTO.



1ST GRNT—What find I here
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What
Hath come so near creation?
2ND GRNT—It must have been BRUCE,
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
Studio—18 King Street West

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



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON—Mr. Mowat's majority is large enough for working purposes, but it is just possible that it may be somewhat diminished before the House meets, and nobody can tell what may happen after that event. There are to be appeals to the Courts in several ridings and two constituencies may be opened for the re-election of ministers. It will be seen, therefore, that our plucky Premier is not out of the woods yet, and it would be premature to shout at present. The reader who will carefully study the features of the forest in the cartoon will see that it is a peculiarly dangerous-looking place.

FIRST PAGE—We hope we have not in any way misapprehended the allusion of the learned editor of the *Mail* in thus illustrating his remark that Sir John will go down in history as the Canadian FOX. We entirely agree with our erudite contemporary that there has not been a greater political FOX since the days of the distinguished Charles James.

EIGHTH PAGE—Mr. County-Crown-Attorney Fenton has entered on a too-long delayed crusade against the promoters of, and participants in the Lotteries. Our sketch is intended to convey some slight idea of the labor our learned friend has undertaken in sending out summonses against the thousands of defendants, and it must be peculiarly aggravating for him to find—as he undoubtedly will—that in every case he has summoned an entirely innocent person. Tenders ought to be called for amongst the printing-offices for the purchase of the concentrated *lie* that will be accumulated in the court-room before these cases are disposed of.

Prof. Brewer says the trotting horse is a modern American invention. Thank heaven there is one thing that wasn't invented by the Chinese twenty-three thousand years ago! Later returns, however, may rob us of this honor.

LET US OFF, MR. WIGGINS.

We write in fear and trembling
There's no dissembling,
And we really hardly know what we're to do,
For we're very much inclined,
If we rightly read our mind,
To think what Wiggins says is coming true.
We observe the dreadful capers—
In the Nova Scotia papers—
That the storm is cutting up down by the sea,
It's a little ahead of time,
Just slightly previous,
And, like this rhyme,
Its course is somewhat devious.
But we have to own that we are
Not wholly without fear,
But most sincerely hope
And most devoutly trust
That Mr. Wiggins will find scope
For his storm, and give it rope
Somewhere else; not let it bust
Upon us with a squash.

Gosh!
We write this in a hurry
For the press,
And our nerves are in a flurry
And a mess,
E're two more days elapse
We and many other chaps
May suffer from collapse,
And we guess
That Mr. Wiggins had better keep clear
Of us at the uttermost Latter day,
If his storm swoops down and removes us from here
Before we are published on Saturday.

TO WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTORS.

McTUFF :—Come on, McTuff,
We'll not be first to cry enough.
And now we've given you the tip,
Send us another manuscript.

GEORGE S., Port Hope :—Write on the very thickest and heaviest paper you can procure; write two words on each page and send ten thousand pages. It is the paper we want.

K. K., Montreal :—Not funny enough for us. Send it to editor of *Punch*. He is not particular as long as you italicise and bracketically explain your jokes.

HIS DIAGNOSIS,

AND HOW IT WAS A LITTLE OFF.

Really, I'm beginning to look with suspicion on some of these druggists who prescribe, and I don't believe they know much more than a doctor, after all. I stepped into Chibblethwaite's the other day—first-rate fellow, Chibblethwaite—and said, "what's a good thing for a sore throat?" "Hum, well," he answered, looking about fifty times as wise as any man could ever possibly be, "I should recommend a gargle of chlorate of potash." "No good," I replied, "tried that, and it didn't amount to shucks; anything else good?" "Oh! yes, we have scores of things in the profession," he said, "but all throats are not the same. Let's just take a look," and he advanced, spatula in hand, and wrenched my mouth open. "But, Chibblethwaite—" I began. "Oh! it won't do you any harm to let

down it; open your mouth." "But, Chib—" "What's the matter man?" he interrupted, "now, then," and he rammed his spatula into my mouth, and jammed my tongue down. I struggled violently, but he held me with a hand of iron, and I was as a babe in his grasp, and was compelled to submit as he clinched me, and forcing my teeth wide enough apart to enable him to see clear away down to the eighth dorsal vertebra, remarked, "Tut, tut, tut; never saw such a case of cyclopaedic tonsillaria in my life. The valvular mucilage of the pericarditis is absolutely congested. Why, man, you have had as narrow a squeak for your life as ever any one had, and you may thank your stars you consulted me in time," and he removed his gag and smiled with an air of self-congratulation. "But, Chibbleth—" I began, as well as the lacerated state of my tongue would permit. "Wait a bit, wait a bit," he said, prying open my jaws once more, "I must study this case before I dare prescribe for you. I'll just take another look. Sit down," and he forced me into a chair. "Whew," he whistled, "it's worse than I thought; two of the metatarsal peritonaes are positively tuberculous. Your throat's a holy terror, sir, a terror." "But, Chibblethwaite—" I gasped out, swallowing the tooth he had knocked out in his explorations, "I was going to tell you, only you were in such a confounded hurry, that it wasn't—" "Oh, never mind, they all say liquor wasn't the cause in their case, but that's neither here nor there. Now, take this bottle—dollar seventy-five, and this gargle—eighty cents, and go straight home, and stir out at your peril till I can call round and see how you get on." "Now, look here, Chibblethwaite, I came in to get something for my wife, who's got a sore throat," I said, and pretty sharply, too, for I was naturally angry, "only you wouldn't let me tell you. I never had anything the matter with my throat in my life, and haven't now, and what the deuce do you mean by your outrageous conduct?" "Well, well," he replied, unabashed, "perhaps I did not diagnose your—" "Diagnose your grandmother," I yelled, "give me something for Mrs. Slabberwick's throat, or let me get." "No good being mad," replied the man of the pestle and mortar, "here, take this," and he wrote a prescription; "I haven't the article in stock, but Jamboys will make it up for you; seventy-five cents—thanks." I went to Jamboys and presented my document, which ran as follows:

Sodium chloride.....1 oz.
Aq. dist.....½ pt.
Garg. scope qui mal y pense haust sumond;
dum spiro spero.

I paid Jamboys a dollar for the stuff, and took it home. "It tastes very salt," said my wife. "Well, then, that confounded Chibblethwaite ought to take a dose of it, for he's too fresh altogether," and I related my experience. Chib. won't crow so much when he sees this, though.

A CONVERSATION ACTUALLY HEARD VERY LATELY.

An Englishman and a Canadian were discussing the expenses attendant upon the enlarging and improving of a mutual friend's house.

ENG.—But, my dear feller, think of the eating. What a hextra at once!

CAN.—The eating! Well now, I can't see how Snooks and his family should get larger appetites just because their house is larger—

ENG.—Why, no, no, yer don't hunderstand. Not the *heating*, but the *'eating*, the *warmth*, yer know.

CAN. (mildly) Oh? I see. (Then he wonders what he shall say next and avoid pitfalls!)



me look at your throat; I don't want to jump

SAYS I TO MYSELF.

When I picked up my paper on Feb. twenty-eight,
Says I to myself, says I,
Some fellows are howling and cursing their fate,
Says I to myself, says I.
But now they'll have leisure to think and repent
Of their folly in running for Parliament,
So they'd better retire till after Lent.
Says I to myself, says I.

"I'm glad I'm returned to power once more,"
Says Noll to himself, says he,
"Though my forces are not quite as large as before,"
Says Noll to himself, says he.
"And now I will say to Sir John, 'Old pard,
I suppose you will give me that stolen award?'"
"Ask an easier question, that one's too hard,"
Says Sir John to himself, says he.

"I'll disallow every bill that you pass,"
Says Sir John to himself, says he,
"Provincial rights may go to grass,"
Says Sir John to himself, says he.
"I'll punish Ontario for this vote,
The traitor's hand's still on her throat,
And will be till we conquer Mowat,"
Says Sir John to himself, says he.

But Noll still rules in Ontario,
Say we to ourselves, say we.
Though the Tories decided that Mowat must go,
Say we to ourselves, say we.
Yes, Mowat *did* go, through thick and thin
He went, in truth, but he went to win,
And the Tories are out and the Grits are in,
Say we to ourselves, say we.

DISILLUSIONED ;

OR,

THEY ALL DO IT.

It was evening when we found ourselves once more in the street. To say that I was shocked by what I had seen, would but feebly describe my feelings. "Surely," I said to my little companion, "surely you have selected some exceptional cases, haven't you? All the human beings we see cannot be as false, as thoroughly sham as those we have accompanied." "My good young man," replied the little fellow, "you chose those examples yourself, bear in mind, or rather they were thrust upon you, but they were very fair samples of the classes they represent, for all that. Of this you will see the truth, when you are as old as I am." "How old are you?" I enquired. "One thousand years," was the reply. I glanced at the little man incredulously, but his face bore no token that he was not in earnest. "You must have known George Washington, then, did you not?" I enquired. "Yes, sirree, knew him well." I could not help thinking that my guide had failed to profit by the example of the Father of his country, as regards veracity, but I merely said, "and was he as big a fraud as these people we have seen to-day? Surely he never lied?" "well hardly ev—, pardon me, we will not discuss George's character at present. Let us go in here;" and he indicated a church as he spoke. We entered; the congregation was kneeling, and I could not fail to notice the fervor of a young lady who sat near the clergyman, in making her responses. They seemed to



come from the very depths of the contrite and penitent heart. "Honor thy father and thy mother," spoke the preacher. "Amen,

amen," murmured the young woman, with an intonation that betokened her sincerity. "Children obey your parents," went on the minister. "Amen, amen," came once more from between the rosy lips of the devotee, whilst her eyes rolled, with a holy light, towards a fly spot on the ceiling. "Amen, amen." Again the pastor's voice was heard, "Be kindly affectioned one toward another;" and the "amen, amen," floated apparently from the innermost heart of the saintly maiden, and was borne away to heaven.

During the remainder of the service I paid particular attention to this young lady, for I was much struck with her piety, sincerity and humility. "If ever mortal enters the golden gates, that one will," I whispered to my companion. "Certainly," he replied, "and as the service is now concluded, we will see her safe home." Outside the door stood several youths, and one of these, coming towards the young lady who had attracted my attention, proffered his escort, which was immediately accepted. We followed closely, but I could not believe my ears when I heard those tones, whose religious fervor had so lately won my admiration, say, with a giggle: "Queer old guy of a minister in there; but he can't play off his gum games on this chicken; but I saw the young curate,—he's dead mashed on me,—watching me all the time, and I fairly revelled in devotion, te-he." "Well, you are a daisy," said the feble-kneed youth by her side, "you capture the bun; by jingo!" and he gazed at her admiringly. "Well, that's the kind of a hairpin I am, any how," was her reply. Further conversation of this nature took place between the two, before our walk ended, by the couple stopping before a house: after a few jokes, which certainly bordered on the questionable, had passed between the two, and half a dozen kisses long drawn out, they



parted, and she and the mannikin and myself entered the house. A tired-looking, worn-out woman met the young damsel in the hall, and said, "It's time you were home; your dishes have all to be washed, and the children put to bed." "Hoity-toity," replied the



penitent, "this snoozer don't wash no dishes this night, and as for those abominable little brats, I'll spank 'em all till they howl holy Jerusalem if they don't crawl into their bunks kerlap, so there now." "Susanann, I insist on your obedience to your mother," said the

woman, "you—" "Oh! jigger the mother, taint my fault you're my mother; go and wash your dirty old dishes yourself;" and she flounced upstairs to her bedroom. "They are not all like this?" I asked my companion, "No, my friend," he replied, "not all, but a good number; have you seen enough?" I certainly had, and said so. We departed silently and unseen, the mannikin capering lightly by my side.



(To be Continued.)

SUCH THINGS WILL HAPPEN.

A man has to be mighty careful what he's about when he has written several post cards and is about to address them, or he'll soon find himself in the same predicament as Bullock, whose wife left for a short stay in the country a few days ago. "Now's the time," he thought to himself, "for a bit of a jollification; I'll write to my old chum Jack Lucy to come down and have a time."

Accordingly he did so, and Jack was coming in two days. Just as this arrangement was completed, a note arrived from his wife's rich old bachelor uncle, from whom the Bullocks have great expectations, to say that he was coming down to stay with them a bit. This frustrated Bullock's plans with regard to his friend Jack, who is a harum-scarum kind of a fellow and would be certain to offend the old gentleman in some way or other, so he sat down and hurriedly wrote three post-cards, as follows:—

No. 1 (to the uncle)—"Dear Old Boy. Delighted to see you; don't fail to come. My wife is dying to have another kiss from you, as she's awfully fond of you."

No. 2 (to his wife)—"My dear angel, that old brute of an uncle of yours is coming to stay. Hurry home, and for heaven's sake, try and get rid of him as soon as possible."

No. 3 (to his friend)—"Dear Lucy. No go this time. Wife's coming home; be the deuce to pay if she finds you in the house. Better luck next time. Wait. Nil desperandum. Yours, as ever, B."

In his haste and irritation Bullock turned the cards over on his blotter and addressed and sent No. 1 to his chum Lucy, No. 2 to the uncle, and No. 3 to his wife.

There was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the Bullock domicile shortly afterwards. Ring down the curtain to very soft strains of slow music.

Heavy tragedian at railway hotel: "Pr'y'thee, landlord, dwells there within the precincts of this hamlet a machinist?" Landlord; "A machinist? Yes, sir." Trag: "Then take to him this bird of many springs. Bid him wrench asunder these iron limbs, and then, for our regalement, to chisel slices from its unyielding bosom, for we would dine anon. And, pray you, do it quickly. You peace you need not carry: for those, with dextrous management, we can swallow whole. Away!"



HAIL, GENTLE SPRING.

Knowing that Spring was due, GRIP's special Spring poet cast aside his winter lethargy, and rolling his eye in fine frenzy, warbled the following ode a day or two ago, with *mouchoir* accompaniment. He was stricken with pulmonary phthisis a few hours later, and we planted him yesterday. We shall be happy to officiate at the "funeral obsequies" (*Ham. Times*) and "last sad rites" (*idem*) of all spring poets who sing no better than the departed.

"Swans sing before they die; it were a better thing Should vernal poets die before they sing."

—Anonymous.

THE POEM.

Tide up by Buse, for I ab 'aid to sig
A welcab poad to the dew-bord Sprig;
All hail! oh Sprig, I welcab you at last
With buch rejoicing that the widdler's past.
Ah-tishoo-oo!

All hail! olice bore; ye verdal breezes blow,
Drive hedge all bebories of the frost ad sdow,
Ye feathered sogsters, tude your joyous throats,
Ad rig out blithely all your sweetest dates,
All hail—ah-tishoo!

It doth dot seel like Sprig tho' Barch is here,
The wid blows keedly, ad the prospect's drear
It rairs, ad oft the gate I heap with fuel,
Ad keep at sibberig point by pot of gruel.
O! Hadesahitshoo.

What bakes be sdeeze? Why do I blow by dose
So oft? Ad I could dot shell the rose
If it was bloodid, I ab hoarse ad sig
All flat ad tudeless. Is it really sprig?
It's sdowig!—Silenshia!

Brig be a tub of water, let its heat
Be boilig, for I would fiberse by feet,
Wrap fladdels all arond be, drink hot rub
Ad water, for at last ethereal Sprig has cub.
The goig to bed.

THE FATAL GLASS.

ONE OF THE NEW SERIES OF TEMPERANCE TALES.

"But, my dear brother," urged the minister, "I cannot see what benefit you derive from the practice." He was an excellent man, and did valiant work in the temperance cause, and it mattered not to him whether the one to be converted was a stranger to him or not, so long as the worthy minister entertained the idea that the victim looked upon the wine when it was hot with lemon and sugar in, or thought that he even ventured to take a little for his stomach's ache, he would go for him and endeavor to knock him out in one round: in other words, to bring him over to his own way of thinking. The person to whom he addressed the words which open this exceedingly well-written narrative, was a stranger to him, personally, and he had heard it whispered that he was a moderate drinker: this was sufficient, and the good man tackled him the very next time he met him and charged him with the heinous crime. The man had hesitated a little at first, but had at length confessed that

he felt obliged to take a glass or two during his day's work: in fact that he found it impossible to satisfy himself with his handiwork unless he took a glass before he started. "Ah! that fatal, fatal glass," groaned the minister, "I suppose you think it makes you strong, and helps you, and steadies your nerves. What a fearful error! Young man, try, if only to oblige me, to give up that horrible habit." "But it has become a necessity to me, and I can't get along without it," reassured the other. "All fancy, brother, all fancy," replied the text banger, "in a short time, by persistently fighting against the vicious appetite, and seeking aid other than that given by man, you will be enabled to thrust the tempter from you and crush him under foot," and the worthy minister laid his hand on the other's shoulder affectionately. "Maybe so," answered the mechanic, "maybe, but I have now become so accustomed to the use of it that my glass has become an absolute necessity. I could not, I feel certain, work properly without it, and should lose money daily." "Dear friend," said the other, "if you will only promise me to give up this terrible curse, this daily glass, I will willingly make up, out of my own pocket, whatever you may lose in a pecuniary sense." He was indeed an extraordinarily zealous advocate. "But," faltered the other, "I often have pains, and I am obliged to take a glass to help me." "Brother," said the minister, "believe me, the pains will pass away if you will follow my advice, and you will be preparing yourself for a happy hereafter where will be no pains, neither sighing nor sorrowing." "Well, I will do as you wish," at length the other consented, "but I know that if I give up my glass I shall soon break down." "Fear not, fear not; be of strong heart," said the clergyman, encouragingly, "and all will be well." "Be it so," replied the man, "but I told you that a glass was necessary to me in my business, and that I often took it for pains." "Just so, I understood that," replied the other; "what kind of pains are they, stomachic, rheumatic, or what?" "They are window panes, sir," answered the mechanic, "it is for them I take my daily glass." "And what is your business, then?" asked the good and zealous sky pilot. "I am a glazier, sir." "Oh!"

CAUTION.

Now that Spring is coming and the advent of warm weather may be looked for ere long, we wish to give timely notice of our intention to shut down on those advisers who have, with the best intentions, no doubt, persisted in counselling us how to run this paper. During the cold weather we didn't mind it so much, as the presence of the parties referred to only infused a pleasant warmth through our system; but we know that, if these bipedal jackasses continue their nauseating conduct in the sultry season, the consequences will be as terrible as they will be, to them, unlooked for. The window of our sanctum is forty-eight feet above the street, and no man desiring to keep the privacy of his interior intact will care to have it strewed round promiscuously on a public thoroughfare, and we pride ourselves upon our muscular development. Verbum sap. In the course of one day we were told that we ought to have at least three columns of political matter, a column and a half of extracts from sermons, two original hymns, a paraphrase of some psalm, a page devoted to dead-head advertisements of entertainments in aid of different charities, four columns of local news, no politics introduced into the paper, no cartoons unless they showed up the thieving of the Grigs, no caricatures unless the villainy of the Tories was exposed by them, five columns of humorous poetry, more profanity than at present appears, no poetry at all, and that

the paper should be published for nothing. The above is only a sample of the advice received during seven hours, and we now assert for the last time that the very next person who enters this sanctum with the intention of advising us, will receive such treatment that he will have to spend several weeks getting his scattered remains together so as to enable him to consult Fenton about us, for we are a blizzard compared with a Masonic lottery. Unless these misguided individuals desire to experience the sensation of being kicked by a fully developed and double-jointed mule, and, if we are to believe the assertions made concerning us by the aforesaid counsellors, that is just the animal with whom they will come in contact when we fondle them—then let them calmly reason the matter with themselves, and see how good and holy a thing it is for the brethren to dwell together in unity. Mind now, there is fire in our eye. Beware!

AULD MRS. SENATE.

There's a doited auld body, a feckless auld body
Yet a pompous auld body for a,
Wha's sure ilk year, at her post tae appear,
Her beautifil' pension tae draw, draw
Frae the weel plenished government maw.

Since the year sixty-eight I'm wae tae relate,
She's cost o' good millions twa,
But that she has earned it, it has tae be learned yet
Whaurin she's gien value awa, awa,
For the siller she ne'er fails tae draw.

By the Ottawa River this arrogant liver
Resides at the public expense
In a braw, gaudy hoose whaur she craves unco' cruce,
Midst red tape an' muckle pretense, pretense,
An' presumption that's truly immense.

Her hoose is the hame o' the halt, blin' an' lame
O' ilka po'itical creed;
E'en the renegade's there, invited tae share
Her bounty, tae screen his misdeed, misdeed,
Whilst his helpless country maun bleed.

It's a storm proof haven for the crimp an' the craven,
An' the worn out, time serving hack,
Wham the powers that be i' this land o' the free
Maun coddle an' pat on the back, the back,
Let their record i' e'er sae black.

Hoo lang shall we stand this doirdard's commands,
Till the people arise in their might,
And wi' stern voice, insist on their choice
Tae say if 'tis decent an' richt, an' richt,
They should suffer langer this blicht.

Gin its contra tae sense that we canna dispense
Wi' this feckless auld cratur's control,
As enlightened men we've a richt far tae ken
Wha's burden it is we maun thole, maun thole,
By makin' oor choice at the pole.

—McTuff.



MORE GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERIES.

Teacher (to head boy in geography class)
"Name the zones into which the earth is divided."
Facetious Boy—"Temperate Zone, Torrid Zone, Queen's Own,—"
Teacher—"Next!"



NOT YET OUT OF THE WOODS!

* LOOK FOR THE FACES IN THE TREES.

Touchstone's Talk.

"And so the world wags."

When a man marries he very often, though not always, ceases to be "one of the boys," and he is looked upon by his former companions as a lost being, dead to all fun and jollity, and one very much to be pitied. Of course matrimony does and should make a change in a young man, and the hero of the following poem appears to be one of those who had turned over a new leaf, though I fancy pleasant memories of jolly times spent with his Bohemian comrades must have occasionally crept over him:—

CHANGED.

Glad? Don't I say so? Aren't your fingers numb where
They've felt the home-returning wanderer's grip?
Sit down? I will Put my umbrella somewhere
Where it won't drip.

My book—that parcel—thanks! What is it? Mrs.
Barbauld's—no, I mean, Plato's Nursery Rhymes—
Burton's Anat—oh, never mind it! This is
Just like old times.

Thank you, I will take something. No, not whisky.
I've cut that—oh dear, yes, of course! from choice.
One lemonade! Jove! I feel younger—friskier—
One of the boys.

Give an account? Oh, I've been quite the rover
These two years—yes, I've only just got home,
Set out in April. Roughish passage over.
Went first to Rome.

I staid in Paris longer than I meant to:
(I had to break the trip there coming back
From Rome). Bonn was the next place that I went to—
Met you there, Jack.

You, with an ancient relative and a Murray—
Relatives dead? I hope he Ah, that's
right!
I say, what made you leave in such a hurry,
On Christmas night?

I got engaged that last week in December.
—Didn't you meet the Carleton's in Bordeaux?
You knew the girls. Mine's Florry. You remember—
The blonde, you know.

You—what? God bless me! And you were refus'd, eh
Of course you were. That's why you looked so blue
That Christmas? Ya-as! I called the following Tuesday.
Sorry for you.

Hope, though, it, since then, some fair maid has consoled
you?
No? Deuce, you say. Poor fellow, that's too bad.
My wife—
Of course I am. Hadn't I told you?
I thought I had.

Ah, boys! These pleasant memories stealing o'er me—
I think I will take a Habana now,
Thank you, old man
You'll have to roll it for me,
I forget how.

Well, this is pleasant. 'Bacco, tales vivacious,
And beer. From youth's free spring once more I quaff,
A wild Bohemian.
Five o'clock? Good—gracious!
So much? I'm off!

No, positively can't. My wife—my dinner.
Always in, evenings; people sometimes call.
(Here, Jack! one word—no grudge against the winner?
Shake!)
Good-bye, all!

And—I suppose my small domestic heaven
Would much interest you? If it did—
Fellows! come up next Sunday—tea at seven—
And.....
See.....

my kid.

I was reading in an American paper the various methods adopted by the soldiers, during the war, of smuggling liquor into the camp, and doubtless there was a vast amount of ingenuity brought to bear upon this important subject, but I do not know that any of the stratagems surpassed in ingenuity that of a man serving in the volunteers at Fort Garry, Manitoba, in the year 1873. The orders respecting the bringing of liquor into the bar-

racks were very strict, though means were found to break them repeatedly. The guard-room was then stationed immediately outside of the main entrance to the fort, and the sergeant of the guard had a standing order to confiscate any liquor that he saw being smuggled inside, and to make a prisoner of the would-be smuggler, if he saw fit. The river Assinaboine flowed past the fort at the foot of a steep bank, and a man could make his way down to the river, and round to the Hudson Bay store, where the liquor was purchased, without being seen. There was one man who was known to be a hardened "runner of the blockade," as it was termed, and though he was known to be in the constant habit of bringing liquor into barracks, he had never been taken in the act. Well, one day my hero walked out of the gate with a pail in each hand, and made for the river. "Where are you going?" shouted the watchful sergeant of the guard. "Down for water on fatigue," was the answer. "All right," said the sergeant, "go on," (then to himself) "but I'll watch you, my boy." Presently the blockade runner was seen returning with his two pails full. "What have you got there?" asked the non-com. at the gate. "Water, sergeant," answered the man. "Water, eh?" queried the other, advancing to the runner. "Does this look like water?" he continued, pulling a full black bottle from each pail; "nice water! you're a cute one; however, I won't make a prisoner of you, but I'll smash your whisky bottles"—suing the action to the word—"and now you may go on with your water," and he chuckled to himself to think of his smartness. Onwards into the fort went the blockade runner, bearing in each hand—a pail full of fine old rye! The brilliant sergeant had smashed two bottles of *aqua pura!*

GRIP'S CLIPS, &c.

The following advertisement actually appeared in an eastern paper: "Lost! One vito calf. His two behind legs most black. He was a she calf. Who brings him back pays five tollars. Fritz —"

"Yes," said the Vermont clergyman, "I consider it all right for a minister of the gospel to trade horses, but as a matter of policy he should trade with some one outside his own congregation."—*Boston Post*.

In China the law obliges physicians to suspend before their houses a number of lanterns equal to the number of patients they have lost during the preceding twelve months.—*Ex. change*. If our corporation papas would consider the advisability of introducing this law in Toronto, a large quantity of gas might be saved on some of our streets.

Sidney Smith being ill, his physician advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." "Upon whose?" asked Sidney. Still better *steps* to take would be the purchase of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" which are especially useful to those who are obliged to lead sedentary lives, or are afflicted with any chronic disease of the stomach or bowels. By druggists.

AN EDITOR'S ASSESSMENT.—It does a body good to have his pride flattered once in a while. We realize the benefit of it once a year, when the assessors come round and ask how much money we have at interest; how much stock we have in the public funds or in banks, and various other questions that are supposed to belong only to the "solid men." If there is anybody round we straighten up slightly, expand our corporosity, and, in as heavy a chest tone as we can command, we answer, "about the same as last year." They know well enough what that is. So do we.

AN EXPLANATION.

The Western *Figaro*, one of our exchanges, published in Plymouth, England, persists in addressing us at "Toronto, United States, America." This is a lamentable state of affairs, and we are indignant. When will those benighted Britishers try to learn something about geography in general and our whereabouts in particular? When we sent Hanlan across the wet to teach them how to scull, we did it feeling that our village (pop. 105,000) would be extensively advertised, but it seems as if some people never would learn anything. Now, right here, we wish to say that these few arpents of snow which Le Grand Monarque so kindly presented us with when he found himself unable to retain possession of them; these few million acres which the star-spangled banner men discovered were not worth the trouble of taking, and which they were exceedingly anxious to leave behind them, after the Battle of Stony Creek; this bit of real estate, Canada, is not the property of the Americans, and Toronto, being in Canada, is not therefore, in the United States. We hope we make this matter clear to the bloated aristocrats across the Oscar Wilde-disappointing Ocean.

We do not wish to work ourselves up into a passion, because we are very terrible when in that state, nor do we say that the Yankees either claim or want to claim any of our possessions—except Hanlan—but we do say that if that bald-headed old aquiline rooster comes screaming around our country and endeavoring to tramp on the tail of the British lion's coat, or words to that effect, then we shall simply mete out to him the same treatment that he got at Bunker's Hill and on other battle fields where British arms and legs maintained their old time *prestige* and glory. As we write this, sitting in the little log shanty which does duty for the office of *Grip*, we are filled with pardonable pride as we gaze through a chink between the logs in the wall, and see how fair a country this Canada is. Even as we write, the sound of the sturdy strokes of the woodman's axe in the bush surrounding our shanty is borne to our ears, and ever and anon the crash of some falling forest monarch proclaims the onward march of civilization and intellect. From time to time we are momentarily interrupted in our task of educating the British, by the entrance of a bear, or a band of Indians gay with war paint, but these things do not disturb us, as their frequent occurrence day after day has familiarized us with them, and we are thankful that they are not spring poets or budding humorists who come to us for encouragement. Deep in the seclusion of these primeval backwoods, our Toronto office affords us that peace and quiet, broken only by the slight interruptions referred to, which is so essential to the quiescent state of mind of the editor who labors only for the advancement of his specie and species. We have much to be thankful for, existing as we do in Toronto, in a state of Arcadian simplicity; the book-agent is unknown, and butchers' bills are things we hear of but know not what they are. When our inner man suggests that Nature abhors a vacuum, all we have to do is to take our rifle, and, strolling out to an open space in the bush, which leads to the boundless prairies beyond, pick off as many brace of buffaloes as will satisfy our modest wants. Tailors are beings we never see: our noble person being clad in the skins of those beasts of the forest that have fallen victims to our unerring aim, our—but we must pause. The time has arrived for us to go to press, and our assistant being absent on a sturgeon harpooning expedition in a birch bark canoe on Lake Ontario, we are reminded that it is our turn to wind the crank of the machine which enables us to give to the world the paper which is now before our reader's eyes.



TORONTO'S BEAUTIES.

BY GRIP'S BASHFUL AND SUSCEPTIBLE YOUNG MAN.

O! I'm sad and forlorn, and my bosom is torn with
anguish and anxiety,
And I'm really in a doleful plight if ever man was in
one;

I can't go out to dance or rout (for I move in swell so-
ciety)

But I fall in love with some beautiful girl, tho', as yet,
I've failed to win one,
And my heart goes flippety flop,
And refuses to do its duty,
And my bosom heaves and my pulses stop
At the sight of feminine beauty.

When I'm inclined to make up my mind, whose state is
most peculiar,

And I fancy I'm dead in love with saucy little Helen;
My indecision is stirred with a vision of that most be-
witching Julia,

Till, twixt the two, my state of heart I have no means
of telling.

And I'm puzzled what to do,
Arrange my thoughts I want to,
And I feel it a duty to worship each beauty,
And they're common in Toronto.

When I walk the street I am sure to meet some girl who
keels me over,

And I have to tone my system with whiskey with some
lemon in;

Why it should be I cannot see, but like a mountain rover,
My heart goes jumpin', jumping at the sight of beauty
feminine:

In a terrible way am I,
And though I do not want to,
I shall have to flee from the witcherie
Of those beauties of Toronto.

Why it is so I do not know, but the fact can't be disputed
That the girls of Toronto, Queen City of the West,
Take the very first place for beauty and grace, and are
admirably suited

To make my poor heart palpitate till it nearly busts my
vest.

And their ruby lips disclose
The result of famed Odonto,
With their teeth in rows like winter snows,
Ah! beauties of Toronto.

When the breezelets play on Toronto Bay in the glad some
summer season,

And the charmers of the city disport upon the waters,
In these joyous days I long to gaze, tho' I'm nigh bereft
of reason,

On the rosy lips and sparkling eyes of Toronto's lovely
daughters,

As their rippling laughter steals
Upon my raptured senses,
And I hardly know my head from my heels,
But the feeling most intense is.

The Ambitious City has girls that are pretty, but oh! the
size of their feet;

And London, the Less, has one or two, but their
mouths are so immense,
And Peterboro' too has a limited few, but as they prance
the street

You can hear by their clatter and feminine chatter that
they're rather short of sense.

But here — my heart be still!
Our girls have no deception,
And wherever you go and look where you will,
A plain one's an exception.

Good-bye, dear girls, with your frizzes and curls, and your
great big Gainsboro' hats,

I should love those last wares they twice as big, and
thrice as ugly, too:

For whatever you wear to me seems fair. I'm going
round the corner to Pat's

To steep my soul in the flowing bowl, which I know it's
wrong to do.

It's wicked to tittle I know,
Be tussy I do not want to;
Are there none in the city, who for me feel pity
Amongst those pretty, and jolly and witty
Little darlings of Toronto.

Heigho! I've got it awfully bad.

The following legend is written in a Lead-
ville church: "Please do not shoot the organ-
ist: he is doing his best."



A LITTLE STORY

FOR VERY YOUNG PEOPLE AND ALDERMEN.

Run, children, run, for I want to tell you a
story. You have all read about the old woman
who lived in a shoe, and who had such a nume-
rous family that she was bewildered, and how
she treated them in a manner that would have
caused her to have been fined ten dollars and
costs if she had been a school-teacher, and
some old jackass had been a deputy police
magistrate. Now, did it never strike you,
dears, that the shoe she lived in must have
been of enormous size? Did you not think
that the whole tale was invented by some
bold, bad man who would go to where he
would never slip through the ice in the hot
by-and-bye? Well, I know that the story is
not false but quite true, and I will tell you
where the old woman lived, and where she
got the shoe. She dwelt on the shore of Lake
Ontario, near a place called Oakville, and she
found the shoe on the beach one day, where it
had drifted all the way from Burlington Bay,
after being thrown into the water by a beau-
tiful young lady, a native of Hamilton, be-
cause it pinched her foot so badly. I have
seen the shoe, so I know that the story is not
made up, dears, and I observed how much the
sides of it had got rubbed and damaged in its
passage through the Burlington canal, where
I was told it got jammed for two days. The
mate of the shoe of which I speak has long
since been disposed of to ladies who have seen
better days and who keep boarding houses;
I have been told that these ladies used the
pieces of the shoe that they purchased for
beefsteak, and I am not altogether willing to
dispute this statement. Would you not like
to be a beautiful young Hamilton lady, my
dear children and aldermen, and have a shoe
that a good, clever, honorable man like us
would write a piece about in his paper?
Good-bye.

MRS. LANGTRY.

Mrs. Langtry is announced to appear at the
Grand on Thursday and Friday evenings of
next week, and crowded houses are a foregone
conclusion. Whatever the fair visitor's claims
may be as an actress, we can guarantee that
in Canada she will, at all events, be received
by press and people with the respect due to a
lady,—which will be a grateful change after
her experience in the vile atmosphere of some
American cities.

The engagement of Miss F. H. Churchill,
the celebrated elocutionist, of Boston, by the
Canadian Shorthand Society, has been arrang-
ed for Thursday ev'g. March 29th, at Shaftes-
bury Hall. The proceeds are to be devoted
to the establishment of a library and reading
room for the use of members of this rapidly-
growing profession. Miss Churchill comes
with the highest endorsement of the American
and Canadian press, and prominent citizens,
and we have no doubt she will be greeted by a
large audience.

GRIP'S FABLES.

THE OBSERVANT YOUNG MAN.

A Young Man fell Desperately in love with
a Beautiful Girl, and having Screwed up his
Courage to the Sticking Point, he asked her
to Marry him, and as he was a Nice Fellow
with a sweet little moustache and big Balance
in the Bank, she said she would. "Now,
Dearest," he said, "before we proceed any
Further with this Venture, I want to ask you
whether you will Promise me one thing?"
"Anything you choose," she replied, closing
her Rosebud Lips upon the Tip of his Ear.
"Well, dovey," the young man said, "you
must promise me that, when we twain become
one flesh, you will Refrain from sitting down
on the floor when you take off a Tight Boot,
for much as I Adore you, I feel that my love
would ere long be transmuted to gall, bitter-
ness, aye, even Hatred, did I ever behold you
Sprawling about on the Floor in the ungainly
manner that I have seen my sisters cut up
when in a similar predicament. Will you
promise me this? It is essential to my happi-
ness that you should abandon this Objection-
able Practice." The beautiful Girl would have
blushed if she had been able, and as she stood
Pondering the matter in her Mind, she was
silent for several minutes. At length she spoke
and asked, "Is it Absolutely indispensable
that I should promise this ere we can be
united?" "Absolutely," replied the young
man. "Then," said the maiden, "rather
than relinquish one of the few privileges of
my sex which has not been ruthlessly de-
stroyed, I will go forth and become a Nun."
And she departed and married a Butcher.
And the young man was very Sorrowful.

MORAL.

Girls should be more Careful of what they
do in their brothers' Presence, for young Men
are not all of that class who, having Ears, hear
not, and Eyes, yet see not.

WHAT AILED HER.

Mrs. Binslop was always imagining that
she was dying, and many a cold, nocturnal
journey she gave her poor husband Job, send-
ing him scurrying away for the doctor at all
sorts of ungodly hours; and when that indi-
vidual arrived, he invariably found that her
ailments were purely imaginary or else some
slight indisposition, the effect of over-eating
or some such thing. Job was down town one
day, and as he drew near his house on his re-
turn, he saw the physician just driving
away. As he entered the house he beheld
Matilder Hann, the "help," proceeding up-
stairs with the warming-pan, and his afflicted
wife preparing to retire. "I allers said as I
wasn't long for this world, Job," were the
words she greeted her spouse with, "and I
guess I'm a goner this time. I felt my old
symptoms a comin' on, and I sent for the
doctos, and when he come he says, says he,
lookin' as grave as an owl, 'Mrs. Binslop,
says he, 'you're a confirmed hypoconderack,
and I can do nothing for you,' he says, so I'm
goin' to bed now for the last time; and you,
Job, see you plant some sunflowers onto the
grave of the poor hypoconderack as bore her
sufferin's so noble." And she flopped into
bed and awaited dissolution.

When a new railway is to be built in Amer-
ica the first thing they do is to "break
ground," which is done with great ceremony.
The next thing is to break the shareholder,
which is done without ceremony.—*Leicester
(Eng.) Post.* We do not reprint this because
it is so terribly funny, but simply because it
is the only funny thing we have seen in an
English paper for the last fifteen years.



THE LOTTERY PROSECUTIONS.

MR. FENTON ISSUING SUMMONSES AGAINST THE INNOCENT DEFENDANTS.

AT THE WITCHING HOUR.

'Twas the mirk midnight and the gas jet's light
Right dimly and faintly shone;
When I saw with affright a form in white
On my chamber floor alone.

He had not the bone of a skeleton
Nor the scowl of a sycere grim,
Nor the form of a spirit of the silent night
Who sat in that chamber dim.

He rattled no chain to scare my brain,
Nor was ghastly to the sight,
Yet who he might be, so strange to me,
I could not tell for fight.

Not quiet he stopped, for he slipped and flopped,
And he turned him o'er and o'er,
And he gasped for breath, as, at point of death,
A flounder gasps on the shore.

But hoarsely he cried, as he scratched his side,
"Oh! blame his bodand bones!"
And he turned him o'er on the bare, cold floor,
With terrible grunts and groans.

Then I knew with relief that he wasn't a thief
Nor a ghost, for now I see
'Tis my brother Bill and he's having his fill
A-trying to catch a flea.

THE GOD OF THE PRESENT DAY.

A scientific writer says a "low forehead does not always indicate ignorance; the gods themselves are represented with ordinary, if not low brows." Well, as we understand it, the gods did not need very high foreheads in their business. If these gods should try to run a grocery store, or a saloon, or drive street cars, or edit a newspaper, they would find their foreheads were altogether too low. The gods of the present day all have high foreheads, every confounded one of us.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

or those with weak lungs, spitting of blood, bronchitis, or kindred affections of throat or lungs, send two stamps for Dr. R. V. Pierce's treatise on these maladies. Address the doctor, Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Lucinda Smatter guessed she wasn't going to continue learning Latin any longer—for she has just found out there's "No men" (Nomen) in it—and that's not the kind of classic she likes!

Correspondents of a daily paper are discussing the question, "Can a man marry on \$10 a week." He cannot if the girl is aware of the amount of his income.

Down in Florida where there is no trout-fishing, men lie about the number of cases of oranges they pick from one tree. Very readily does the American adapt himself to his surroundings.

The president of Vassar College was recently made a happy father, and the following morning at prayer in the chapel he introduced this rather ambiguous sentence: "And we thank Thee, O Lord, for the success Thou hast given us," which caused a general smile to creep over the faces of the young ladies.

WRECKED MANHOOD.

Victims of excessive indulgence or youthful indiscretions and pernicious solitary practices, suffering from Premature Decay or old age, Nervous Debility, Lack of Self-confidence, Impaired Memory, Loss of Manly Powers, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving means of certain cure, with numerous testimonials. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. J. Rolph Malcolm of 35 Simcoe-street Toronto, has made a speciality of treating pulmonary diseases by inhalation since 1863, and his numerous cures throughout the entire dominion have gained for him a world-wide reputation. Send for book.

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD.

THE Domestic Sewing Machine

A. W. BRAIN,
SOLE AGENT

Also Agent for the New Home Machine and Repairer of all kinds of Sewing Machines. Needles, Parts and Attachments for Sale.

7 Adelaide-st. East, TORONTO.

I WILL GIVE WRITTEN GUARANTEE THAT my moustache grower will produce heavy moustache inside ten weeks or money refunded; price of receipt, \$1. Address, J. MURRAY McNEIL, London, Ont.



DR. E. C. 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 Spontaneous Emission, 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.

"The International News."

Write enclosing stamp for a copy of the above, published at the International Throat and Lung Institute, monthly. It contains a treatise on the symptoms, causes, and this new and wonderful mode of treating catarrh, catarrhal deafness, bronchitis, asthma and consumption, also letters from patients, showing a few of the many wonderful cures that have been made in all parts of Canada and the United States by the Spirometer (invented by M. Souville of Paris, ex-aide surgeon of the French army) and the medicines prescribed by him and the surgeons of the institute. Consultations and a trial of Spirometer free. Parties unable to visit the institute can be successfully treated by letter addressed International Throat and Lung Institute, 173 Church Street, Toronto, or 13 Phillips Square, Montreal.

**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.