

# SMOKE "CABLE" S. DAVIS' "EL PADRE" CIGARS.

TRADE MARK REGISTERED.



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

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, 4341 office Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE.**

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BENGOUGH BROS.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1881.

\$2 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS EACH.



## TENDERS FOR COAL, 1881

FOR THE

### PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF ONTARIO.

The Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities for Ontario will receive tenders addressed to him at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and endorsed "Tenders for Coal," up to noon of

Wednesday, 18th of May, 1881,

for the delivery of the following quantities of coal in the sheds of the institutions named, on or before the 1st July, 1881, as follows:—

**Asylum for the Insane, Toronto.**

Hard coal, 900 tons, large egg size, 225 tons stove size; soft coal, 350 tons.

**Central Prison, Toronto.**

Soft coal, 650 tons; hard coal, 30 tons Chestnut, 25 tons stove size.

**Reformatory for Females, Toronto.**

Soft coal, 500 tons; hard coal, 100 tons, stove size.

**Asylum for the Insane, London.**

Soft coal, 1,350 tons for steam purposes, 150 tons for grates; hard coal, 180 tons large egg, and 80 tons chestnut.

**Asylum for the Insane, Kingston.**

Soft coal 1,200 tons; hard coal, 100 tons, small egg.

**Asylum for the Insane, Hamilton.**

Soft coal, 1,100 tons for steam purposes and 100 tons for grates; hard coal, 85 tons, stove size, and 50 tons chestnut. NOTE.—200 tons of the soft steam coal to be delivered at the pumping-house.

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

Soft coal, 450 tons; hard coal, 45 tons, large egg, 15 tons stove size.

**Institution for the Blind, Brantford.**

Soft coal, 400 tons; hard coal, 200 tons stove size, 25 tons chestnut.

The hard coal to be Pittston, Scranton or Lehigh. Tenderers to name the mine or mines from which it is proposed to take the soft coal, and to designate the quality of the same, and if required to produce satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name. All coal to be delivered by the 1st of July, in a manner satisfactory to the authorities of the respective institutions.

An accepted bank cheque for \$500 must accompany each tender as a guarantee of its bona fides, and two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of the contract, or each of the contracts, as tenders will be received for the whole supply specified, or for the quantity required in each institution separately.

Specifications and conditions of contracts may be had on making application to the Burgars of the respective institutions.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. W. LANGUIR,

Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities.

Toronto, May 7, 1881.

**COOK'S OWN**  
Manufactured by Woods, K. & Co. For Sale by All Leading Grocers.

**BAKING POWDER**  
THE COMING DRINK  
**K-A-O-K-A**

DESTINED TO ENTIRELY SUPERSEDE TEA AND COFFEE.

In addition to being an excellent table beverage, it is at the same time an infallible cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nervousness, Constipation, Sick Headache, Sleeplessness and all complaints arising from derangement of the stomach and digestive organs. Sold in half-pound tin-foil packets, at ten cents, by all first-class Grocers and Druggists.

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

Three and a Half Tons!! Well that's the only Wagon in town capable of carrying such a load!!

So it is, my friend, but this is an every day job with me.

**3 1/2 TONS**  
**W. K. COLVILLE**  
CARTAGE AGENT  
67 Toronto St.  
SAVES PIANOS, MACHINERY, ETC.  
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# BLOSSBURGH COAL SHIPPED DIRECT FROM MINER TO ALL POINTS AT LOWEST RATES. A. & S. NAIRN, Toronto.

Literature and Art.

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

We had the pleasure of a call this week from Mr. Wm. Macdonald, the well known author of "Exeter Hall" and other works.

The many friends of Dr. Tucker of Pickering will regret to learn that there is no improvement in that gentleman's health. He is still closely confined to his room.

Miss Genevieve Ward is playing at the Grand in her celebrated piece "Forget me not." Those who have seen her in the character of *Stephanie* declare that they never can forget her.

Gilbert and Sullivan's new aesthetic opera "Patience, or Bunthorne's Bride" has scored a great hit at the Opera Comique, London. A success as great as that of "Pinafore" is predicted for it.

Mr. Chas. P. Mulvany is at present engaged upon a translation of Frœchetle's poems. He is competent for the work if any English-speaking citizen of the Dominion is, and a generous reception, we trust, awaits the forthcoming production of our Poet Laureate.

One of our city editors has written an article censuring Manager Conner for disgracing the bill-boards with indecent pictorial posters of the "blondes." He says he went and saw the show (in the interests of the public) and it was not half so loud as the pictures led him to expect.

Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith has been lately giving his clever entertainment of elocution and pastel pictures at various points in Ontario. His illustrative drawings of landscapes and marine subjects are done before the audience with amazing rapidity, and are as effective to the eye as carefully finished paintings.

We regularly receive as an exchange that curiosity of journalism *The Sunny Clinic*, published by "women, God's best gift to man," at Terrell, Texas. Its columns are full of queer, out of the way, eccentric paragraphs, the productions of its quaint, antiquarian editor, "Jolly Old." We can never refrain from looking it carefully over however busy we may happen to be when it arrives.

Tourgenieff is issuing a new novel in a Russian journal in the form of "Reminiscences." A London literary weekly says it contains a sketch of a Russian country house, inhabited by a quaint old couple, in the days gone by. "Every page displays that delicacy of touch and that blending of the true pathos and humor which invest all of M. Tourgenieff's work with so peculiar a charm."

Some malicious persons (writes a western journalist) say that Lotta is getting old. This is not true, says the *N. Y. Post*. Lotta has an ostensible male manager who is supposed to look after her business affairs, but Mrs. Crabtree, the mother of the little actress, is the real financial head of the Crabtree establishment. Lotta is not very easily bulldozed. She is spunky, and as obstinate as any stone pile when she is "riled," and at all times she is breezily independent; but the influence of Mrs. Crabtree over her daughter is as mellowing and soothing as that of *Mrs. Wellington de Boots upon Major*.

As soon as a house is counted up Mrs. Crabtree appears to receive Lotta's percentage. She has an instinctive knowledge as to when the counting up process is over, and just about the time the last calculation is completed she appears at the manager's office and relieves her business man of the cash. She is shrewd and sharp in business, and made considerable money for her daughter by excellent investments. If Lotta were to marry her dot would be about \$150,000.

NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

Ontario Society of Artists

14 KING STREET WEST,

Opens on Thursday, May 12th, and will Close on 28th.

ADMISSION . . . . . 25 Cents

ART UNION OF CANADA,

14 King Street West.

The annual meeting of the subscribers for the purpose of electing members of the committee will take place in the rooms of the

ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS,

At 7.30 P.M.,

SATURDAY, MAY 14.

HAVE YOU READ

THE TELLING SATIRE

"FLAPDOODLE"

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"H. M. S. PARLIAMENT."

IT IS THE MOST AMUSING HIT AT OUR LEADING MEN EVER MADE IN CANADA.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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1ST GENT—"What is he that did make it? See, my lord, would you not deem it breathed, and that those veins did verily bear blood."

2ND GENT—"Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits."

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Literature and Art.

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

Canada is still well represented in the art circles of foreign countries in the person of Miss Ida Joy of Tilsonburg. She has just been a successful competitor out of nine thousand artists, in having a portrait in oil hung in the great salon exhibition at Paris. It will be remembered that Miss Joy was the recipient of a similar honor some two years ago at the Albert Hall, London. She bids fair to make a name for herself of which Canada may be proud.

Mr. Howells, in resigning the editorship of "The Atlantic," evidently means to carry out his plan of devoting himself assiduously to authorship. He has just put the last touches to "A Fearful Responsibility," which, although covering as many as forty-two of Scribner's pages, will be given complete in two numbers of the magazine, namely, those for June and July. The scene of this story is laid in Venice. Mr. Howells is now said to be busily employed upon a longer serial story for Scribner's Monthly and has in contemplation other literary enterprises whose scope has not been announced.

Not only has there been an uncertainty as to the time of Beaconsfield's birth, but the place of his birth is absolutely unknown; it is not definitely known by whom he was taken to be baptized, and there is not the slightest record of his school-life preserved. The story of his family is even attacked as fanciful, and apparently with some force. What is not so generally known is, that one of the playmates, or, at least, neighbors, of the little Jewish boy, was John Henry Newman. The Hebrew was to become the champion of the Church, and the pious little Protestant the mainstay and ornament of English Romanism.

The last instalment of "The Folk-Lore Record" contains a remarkable paper by Mr. Coots on M. Galland's tales, showing that three of our most cherished Arabian Nights stories—Aladdin, Ali-Baba, and Prince Ahmed—are not Arabian at all, but compilations made from unwritten sources by the enterprising French translator. It is hard to give up at this time of day our life-long belief in the accepted origin of the wonderful Lamp and the Forty Thieves; but Mr. Coots tells us that no Arabic, Persian, or Indian manuscript has ever been found to contain them, and that they are unquestionably due to M. Galland himself, working upon a basis of old folk-lore tales, originally Eastern, but preserved in Greece, Italy, Sicily and Constantinople.

The annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists is now open to the public, and the friends of this progressive institution have every reason to be proud of the work displayed. There are about ninety specimens of oil work and one hundred and fifty water colours on the walls, and the critics agree in declaring the pictures superior, on the whole, to any yet exhibited by the society. Mr. John A. Fraser makes a decided hit with his contributions in both departments; Mr. O'Brien's two splendid views of Quebec, painted on a commission from the Queen, are sure of much appreciative comment from visitors; Mr. Perre, our master of pastoral painting, is worthily represented; Mr. Matthews, Mr. T. M. Martin, Mr. Harris, and many other favorite brushes are to the fore. It is perhaps still more gratifying to observe the large number of works by new artists, many of them being of the most promising character. We trust this exhibition may be patronized more generously than any in the past have been. A decided taste for art is springing up in Canada, and there is no means of fostering it more effective or legitimate than that afforded by the exhibition of our Provincial Art Society.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

**An Episode in Grip's Career.**

This number of Grip brings the Sixteenth Volume to a close, and auspiciously concludes the eight year of its existence. Grip's history during that period has been one of constant advancement, and to-day the journal enjoys a prosperity and popularity never before achieved by any similar enterprise in Canada. The publishers, while enjoying the satisfaction of seeing their labours crowded with success, do not feel at all disposed to "rest and be thankful." Grip has not yet reached the standard they have set for it, and until that is securely achieved, the efforts of its proprietors will not be relaxed. We have now secured the pens of many able contributors who feel a pride in sustaining the literary character of the national humorous paper, and arrangements are also being made which will lead to the alliance of fresh pencils with the one that has hitherto supplied our illustrations. The first number of Volume Seventeen will in all likelihood be issued from our new offices, Adelaide St. East, — the operation of moving being now in progress — and when once comfortably settled there, we feel confident that Grip will start out upon a new career, marked by even greater success and popularity than have attended him in the past — and for which we take this opportunity of returning thanks to an appreciative public.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

*Student.* — We haven't time to explain how it is that the St. Lawrence Rapids give the town of Morrisburgh "a pure and healthy atmosphere," but respectfully refer you to the corporation of that hamlet for the necessary information.

*G-d-w-n S-m-th.* — The request comes too late. If you had not announced the discontinuance of the *Bystander* during your absence, we would have given the matter our serious consideration. Any stander by with sufficient culture and discernment to give an intelligent opinion will satisfy you that the *Bystander* would not have suffered in our hands. We can write sonorous sentiments and be as loftily critical as our neighbors when we please. Your own premature action compels us to say that we decline to assume the temporary editorship of your pet offspring.

*Mack-n-e B-w-ll.* — No sir! we will not "let up," as you phrase it, on this subject. A joke's a joke, and we appreciate a good one, but the best you ever uttered will not purchase Grip's silence when a flagrant abuse is in question. By the way, Mr. B., if one of the solemn enactments of Parliament can be set aside with a wink, how much reverence will the community feel for kindred enactments? or, to vary the question, if the importing miller is allowed to violate the law, will that fact lead other importers to observe the law more strictly?

*J. A. Ch-pl-an.* — You are a clever boy, and we would like to oblige you. Perhaps a few more indiscretions, similar to this Credit Foncier business, would obtain for you the object of your ambition — a central place in one of Grip's cartoons.

*John A. M-c-d-n ld.* — "Do stop those absurd reports about my unwillingness to open any of the constituencies. Of course they are all

nonsense, but it requires a delicate hand, at times, to grapple with these unvarnished Grits. The *Mail* is willing enough, but it does blunder so that I appeal to you." And not in vain, Sir John, you proved your courage too often for any sensible man to doubt it. We are sure you would be ready to contest South Durham with Blake, or Kingston again with Gunn, if opportunity offered. We beg to state officially that the sole reason why O'Connor does not receive his judgeship is, that his services are so valuable in the Cabinet that his colleagues insist upon his remaining there.

*Prof. W-l-s-n.* — We do not need your assurance that you would rejoice in any honours paid to a distinguished brother professor. The rumor of the intended knighthood may be incorrect; but whether or not, there are men who win distinctions prouder than that of knighthood. Our University can boast of at least one such, and it is not necessary to designate him.

**Our Representative Man.**



Most POREN Mr. Grip: I believe I promised to tell you and your thousands of readers something about that press trip to Collingwood on Wednesday week. As I am a man of my word, sir, I proceed to do so, although by this time you probably know all about it from the accounts in the *Globe*, *Telegram*, and other organs represented on the occasion. (N. B. — I take back the epithet *organs* as applied here inadvertently to the *Globe*.) It will therefore be needless for me to tell you anything about the start, the scenery by the way, or our proceedings while at Collingwood. I will confine my remarks to a few things the other fellows omitted. Amongst them I would first refer to the lingo, etc., — especially the etc., which appeared to go down even better than the lingo. The sketch at the commencement of this article represents the suave Mr. Mumford vainly endeavoring to induce our Representative Man to partake of the aforesaid etcetera. The second sketch is a counterfeit presentation of Mr. Mayor Dudgeon — as genial and whole-souled a chief-magistrate without as ever drank a toast. He is "taken" in the act of telling a story — a vice which, I regret to say, he is terribly addicted to — though he always tells them under protest, and only when compelled by one Mr. Cameron. They gave us an excellent luncheon at the Grand Central — a fine hotel, whose landlord's name is known wherever the English language is spoken — Tom Collins. The meal being ended with pudding and fruit instead of toasts, we proceeded to the harbour, where we were shown the fine steamers of the Great



Northern Transit Company, all gorgeous in their spring coats of paint and ready for the busy season's work. We also had the pleasure of meeting the worthy Capt. Campbell, whose countenance is given above. This will serve as a sort of pass to the hospitalities of the Manitoulin, if intending passengers will take the precaution to preserve this copy of Grip. Having done a good three hours of inspecting, we started for home under the paternal care of



Conductor Amough. Everybody knows Amough is a jolly good fellow, but he has one serious fault — he loves to lacerate the feelings of any fellow-mortal (say the Collingwood Station Agent) by showing him a rude caricature of some mutual friend. But travellers magnanimously overlook this, as he always fetches his train in on time. We reached Allandale just in time for the evening meal, and if there is one place more than another that the hungry passenger likes to "strike" at meal time it is the Allandale Restaurant, where the parrot warbles his tuneful lay and the English thrush passes humorous remarks. But, alas, it was here that we were freed from the society of our Hamilton



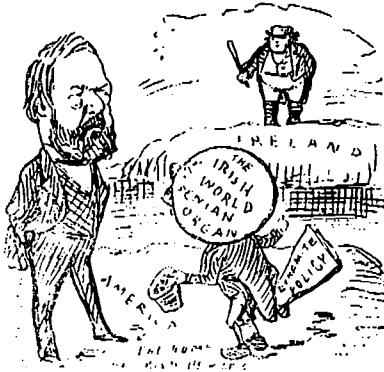
brothers. We were sorry to part, not only because we would miss the puns of brother Gardiner (of the *Times*, not the *Linn Kilo*) and the uproarious mirth of the *Spectator* scribe, but chiefly because we knew these esteemed contemporaries were doomed to travel home on a mixed train. However, the tedium of travel between Allandale and Toronto was wiled away with a *recherché* concert of vocal music, dramatic declamation, and legerdemain (by Prof. Pivie), and in due time we reached our destination without any signs of damage, excepting that Mr. Gregg complained of an attack of hunger, and Devine's pulse beat rather faintly.



**YOUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.**

**The Village Gossip.**

Her forehead is low, contracted, and mean,  
Her eyes are deep set, and in color they're green.  
The shade of her cheeks is much darker than rose,  
And it sometimes extends to the end of her nose.  
Her mouth she draws down and keeps firmly compressed,  
Her chin is so small that it's almost non-existent.  
Her figure is one that's remarkably rare —  
It sounds very strange, but she's perfectly square.  
She just measures four feet from every side,  
She's four feet high and four feet wide:  
Every girl is assailed by her venomous tongue,  
And also the matrons are frequently stung.  
Some ill-natured folks even say they have caught her,  
Indulging too freely in "Paddy's eye water."  
She circulates news with remarkable zest,  
And she is known as "Biddy, the village pest."



**A Fenian's Grievance.**

The Editor of the *Irish World* invites us to drop an editorial tear over his latest woe. He says John Bull has stopped the circulation of the *Irish World* in the Emerald Isle, and has thus "outraged the postal treaty." He further intimates that a copy of Grip containing our eloquent denunciation of Old Bull for this flagrant act will be forwarded to Mr. Blaine, American Secretary of State, who will in turn fetch our daddy to time. We regret that we haven't a tear handy, but in lieu thereof we give our opinion of the case in the shape of a sketch, and for fear that the *World* man's eyes may be so sore with weeping that he cannot see the point of the picture, we add a bit of explanatory dialogue.

*Irish World to Secretary Blaine (loy):* Av ye plaze, sur, wud yez ripemaand that shpalpane John Bull. Sure, sur, he won't allow me to sow sedition in the soil av me native country!

**Lobster Salad.**

MY DEAR GRIP,



Oh! have, I trust, a firm Grip on to the seat of your pantaloons in your charming caricature of the 30th ultimo; it makes me shudder when I see myself suspended by so frail a thread. But would you be surprised to hear that after all there was no attempt made in the

suppressed edition of the *Mayflower* to which you refer to argue any case pending in the court, but that the injunction was granted to the defendant's counsel on their affidavit made (think of it) in the dead of night that the said edition would contain such attempt at argument.

I may say that there was published in that "suppressed edition" the Bill of Particulars which had been on file and open to public inspection since last fall, the same Bill of Particulars being published in the *Toronto Globe* and *Mail*. My counsel have the matter in hand and will apply for redress.

Your talent, none are more ready to acknowledge than myself, even when I am a victim to your withering satire; but in justice to a heart-broken man, with four-ten lawyers who will cling closer than a tebrother, spare, oh spare me this distortion of facts (which is a mild way of putting it). Pause, Mephistopheles, and consider that not only are the clergy holding protracted meetings far into the night, wrestling in prayer for my downfall, but that the Halifax press formed a ring and refused to do the press-work they have done ever since the poor *Mayflower* ventured to show herself. Cruel, cruel Grip!

F. H. BAKER.

**Grip's Commission on the Great Surplice Question.**

Mr. Grip, in his capacity as lay delegate to the great Synod of Public Opinion in this city of Toronto, has observed with grief the painful inadequacy of his able, but too ritualistic, contemporary, the *Globe's* commission on this all important question, as shown in the report published in the *Globe* of May 9th. Our contemporary is but half-hearted, and has not gone to the root of the matter. Mr. Grip's commission reports the opinions of the really important persons interviewed as follows:—

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

Doesn't care whether he wears a surplice or not. He has always something worth hearing to say, and can always make people listen to him.

SIR L. TILLEY.

Highly approves of a surplice. Always has one himself. No; he expects that Sir R. Cartwright would oppose the introduction of such a thing.

REV. DR. WILD.

Has no objection to state his opinion that the men before Adam did not wear surplices or anything else in particular; the "men under the water" did not wear surplices; Egyptian mummies wore linen robes resembling the surplice, which is a good precedent for those who wish to bring back the church to Egyptian darkness.

THE BOSS WASHER-WOMAN OF THE TORONTO LAUNDRY.

Well, them low churchmen is a terror for objection to clean linen. It kind of exalts and sperritizes my religus feelins to see all them dear chore-boys a marchin' round in beautiful gowns, now washed at three dollars a dozen.

HON. E. BLAKE.

Would prefer to see them wear spectacles. But can not consider this or any other thing Canadian prior to the accomplishment of his grand scheme of federation with the moon and the milky way.

SAM KEE, CHINESE LAUNDRY, QUEEN STREET.

Me likee hi' church, he makee plenty washee. Me no likee lo church if he no chin-chin Joe with plenty washee. Maybe how can?



**Fellow Passengers, or the Spirit of the Press.**

G. B.—May I enquire by what boat you propose to sail for England? I am going too, and I thought it neighborly to enquire.

G. S.—Certainly, sir. I sail in the *Circasian*?

G. B.—Thanks. I'm obliged for the information. I'll take the *Polynesian* then!



**What is He Aiming At?**

**Letter about Mr. Davin.**

DEAR GRIPPY,—i am a little wee bit of a girl ony in the secon book, and ma said i might rite you this letter and she told me how to spel the big hard words. I want to say what i think about Mr. Davin and the great fuss he has got up about the lady in Philadelphia robbing him of his piece and putting it in her paper *Quiz*. Well, Mr. Davin first says the piece in the paper is made up from bits taken out of a book he once made, and his name is signed to it. Then he says he never wrote the piece, and he calls the *Quiz* lady a pirate. Now if he wrote the book he must a wrote the piece that was made up out of the book, and when the lady put his name to it that showed she did not mean to steal it. My brother Jim says Mr. Davin is an Irish gentleman, and this is one of his bulls. Yours &c. MRS. M.

**Advice to Fishermen.**

The gay and festive fisher,  
So happy now, at last,  
And his wife can only wish her  
Troubles all were past.

For now the house he litters,  
With rod, and lines, and hooks,  
And sundry flasks of *bitters*,  
Crop up in sundry nooks.

With worms he fills his pockets,  
(Men are such nasty brutes),  
And his arms start from their sockets,  
As he struggles with his boots.

He sets off in the morning,  
Before the sun is up,  
Companions always scornful,  
Alone with his bull-pup.

He tramps the country wildly,  
He tears along like mad,  
He can't consider mildly,  
His luck may perhaps be bad.

For hours he chases mullets,  
Eager to decimate,  
And down their hungry gullets,  
He strives to coax his bait.

His hook cuts up his fingers,  
He tumbles in the creek,  
Enthusiasm fingers,  
But it is getting weak.

He longs for just one nibble,  
He hankers for a bite,  
He knows that a very large fish'll,  
Not justify him quite.

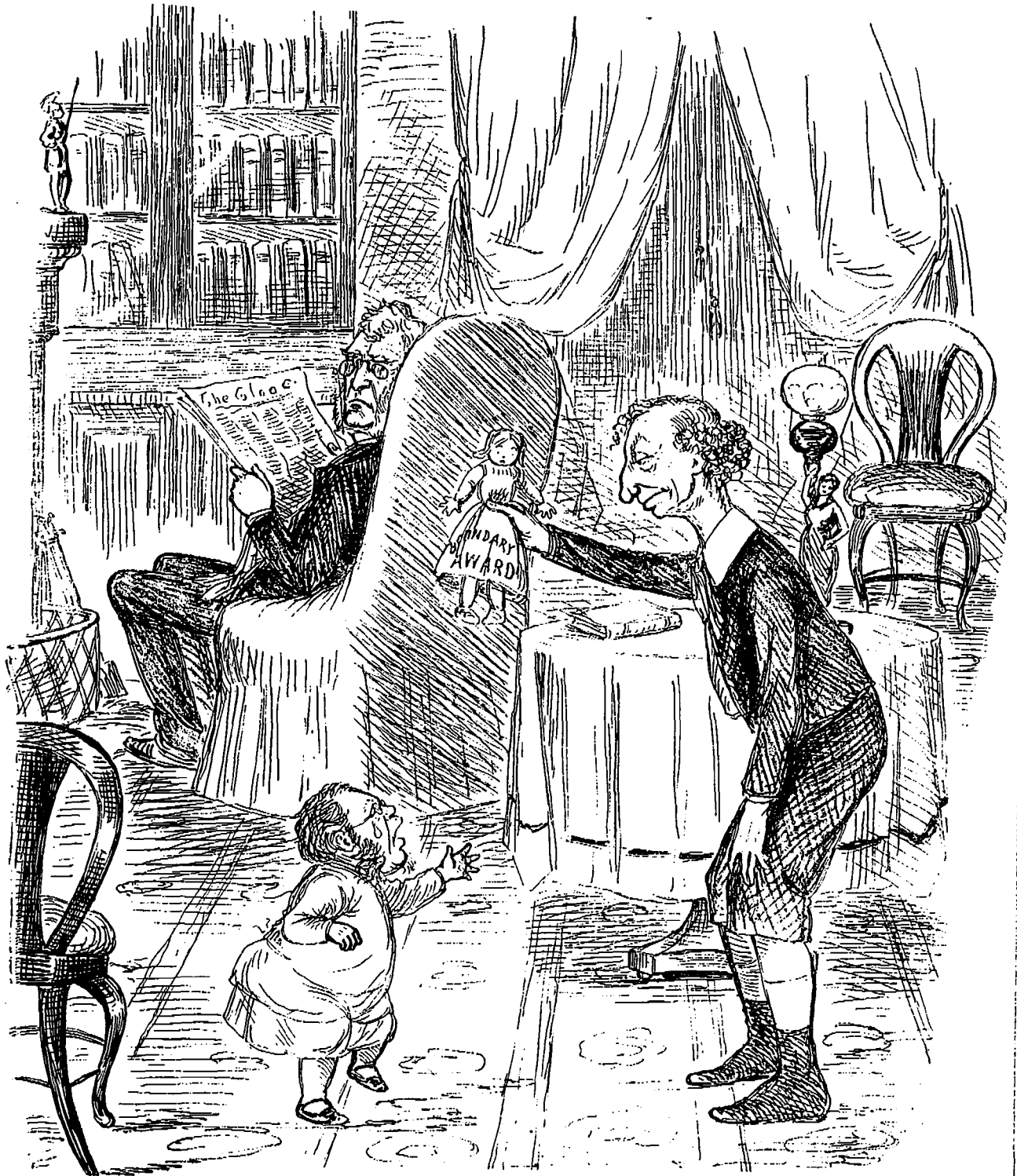
And yet he coolly saunters,  
Up town that self-same night,  
The jolliest of jaunters,  
Viewed by his own bright light.

He tells a wondrous story,  
A strangely mar'v'ous tale,  
And it is not long before he  
Declares he caught a whale.

But the world is full of skeptics,  
We are not easily stirred,  
We would soon be apoplectic,  
Did we credit all we heard.

And so our hero's fables,  
Don't pan out worth a cent,  
On him we turn the tables,  
His powers have been mis-spent.

Oh fishermen take warning,  
Don't angle with your lips,  
Be found with truth adorning  
Your piscatorial trips. SCRANTON.



## THE TANTALIZING TEASE!

SIR F. HINCKS.—STOP YOUR NONSENSE, JACK, AND GIVE UP THAT BOUNDARY AWARD INSTANTLY!



The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

HOW MARK TWAIN SECURED A SECTION IN A SLEEPER.

My dignity was in a state now which cannot be described. I was so ruffled that—well, I said to my companion, "If these people knew who I am they—" but my companion cut me short there and said, "Don't talk such folly. If they did know who you are, do you suppose it would help your high mightiness to a vacancy in a train which has no vacancies in it?" This did not improve my condition any to speak of, but just then I observed that the colored porter of a sleeping-car had his eye on me, I saw his dark countenance light up. He whispered to the uniformed conductor, punctuating with nods and jerks toward me, and straightway this conductor came forward, oozing politeness from every pore, and said: "Can I be of any service? Will you have a place in the sleeper?" "Yes," I said, "and much obliged too. Give me anything, anything will answer." He said: "We have nothing left but the big family stateroom, with two berths and a couple of armchairs in it, but it is entirely at your disposal. Here, Tom, take these satchels aboard."

He touched his hat and we and the colored Tom moved along. I was bursting to drop just one little remark to my companion, but I held in and waited. Tom made us comfortable in that sumptuous great apartment and then said, with many bows and a perfect affluence of smiles, "Now is dey anything you want, sah? don't make no difference what it is." I said, "Can I have some hot water and a tumbler at 9 to-night, blazing hot?" You know about the right temperature for a hot Scotch punch." "Yes, sah, dat you kin; you kin pen on it. I'll get it myself." "Good! now that lamp is hung too high. Can I have a big coach candle fixed up just at the head of my bed, so that I can read comfortably?" "Yes sah, you kin, I'll fix her so she'll burn all night. Yes, sah; an' you can jest call for anything you wants, and dish yer whole railroad'll be turned wrong end up an' inside out for to git it for you. Dat's so." And he disappeared. Well, I tilted my head back, hooded my thumbs in my arm-holes, smiled a smile on my companion, and said gently, "Well, what do you say now?" My companion was not in a humour to respond, and didn't. The next moment that smiling black face was thrust in at the crack of the door and this speech followed: "Laws bless you, sah, I knowed you in a minute. I told de conductah so. Laws! I knowed you de minute I sot eyes on you." "Is that so, my boy? (handing him a quadruple fee). Who am I?" "Jennul McClellan," and he disappeared again. My companion said vinegarishly, "Well, well! what do you say now?"

REVIEW OF THE FEMALE EDITOR.

Miss Eva C. Kinney, on taking the editor's chair of the Ellis, Kansas, *Headlight*, writes in the following light-headed way:

How glad we are we've got to be an editor at last! We always thought we knew just how to run a paper, and now we've got such a splendid chance.

We'll show those stupid men exactly how it ought to be done. You won't catch us getting into any fusses, or rows, or anything. No, indeed; we'll use tact, and tact, you know, is the principal thing in running a paper.

We won't meddle in politics, and that will save all the trouble with politicians, and we'll never swear—no, never. For the life of us, we can't see the use of swearing in a printing office. It don't make type set itself up; it don't create items—unless you happen to hit somebody with a club and have to pay the cost—and it don't pick up pie half so quick as fingers do. Yet the editors all think they can't run a paper without it, but we'll show 'em.

We're so glad we're an editor, and we're going

to make such lots of money; we won't spend it all for beer and cigars either. No, indeed; we'll be benevolent and do good with it. We'll give lots and lots to the missionary society—make presents to all our friends—buy books and flowers for the poor, and—oh, yes! maybe we'll build a church and endow a college, and have our name painted on one of the windows with a design. Yes, of course, we must have a design on the window. Let's see a pair of scissors and a paste-pot would be appropriate, would it not? Or a boy with a roller—but then roller boys always have dirty faces, and the artist wouldn't want to paint dirt, would he?

It's such fun to be an editor! Think of the sweet revenge we'll take when we stuff the producers of some aspiring genius into the waste basket. And then with what an exquisite thrill of pleasure we'll take our pen and write the same author a polite little note, telling him we should have been delighted to publish his excellent article if we had only had room, and wouldn't he like to subscribe for our paper, or get us up a club? Ah, we've had experience! That's the way the men editors used to do by us when we were "only a writer." And sweeter still will be our revenge on those editors themselves, who used to crush our budding genius with cruelly polite sarcasms! There's that horrid, old bear of the Hays City *Sentinel*, when he published our sweet, little poem, about "Birdie," instead of remarking on the smoothness of the measure, or pathos of its sentiments, he intimated that we'd been sighing for a lover. It wasn't true, a bit; but ah! little did that rash man think we were one day to be his peer. Oh, dear, its getting late, and there's another column of type to go up, no copy ready, and all these advertisements behind time but it's lots of fun to be an editor.

An Oriental tale—"The camel's."—*Boston Cour.*  
The old soldier said: "I'm a veteran, navy surgeon."—*New York News.*

The boy who is well shingled by his parents will shed water.—*Exchange.*

Yes, James, a lame excuse often goes without crutches.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

The fellow who was much struck by a young lady wanted to return a kiss for the blow.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Plump girls are going out of fashion. Excuse us for remaining so confoundedly old-fashioned.—*Whitehall Times.*

There are a good many men just now with one foot in the grave and the other in the grog-shop.—*Ky. State Journal.*

Greece was once a power among nations, but now it is only a spot of oleomargarine on the map.—*Peck's Sun.*

Concerning Earl Beaconsfield, it Duzretli seem as if England could get along without him.—*American Queen.*

Jacob is the first fireman on record. His ladder was a daisy. It brought down the angels.—*Nashville Sunday Courier.*

A man who helps his town in no other way can always do lots of good by taking the leading part in a funeral.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

Conkling says: "If I once cross the river I'll never come back." We move that he be given free transportation.—*Oil City Derrick.*

For printers only: "Compositors are like Russian criminals in at least one particular—they stand in dread of an out.—*Rome Sentinel.*

A writer says: "In Persia woman is a piece of furniture." So she is in this country, when she happens to be a Sophy.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Jones says when he was a boy it was Palm Sunday all the year round with him. No wonder Joacs was never married. He never cared to ask for a lady's hand. He got all he wanted of that article in childhood's happy hours.—*Boston Transcript.*

The unseasonable cold weather will put planting back so much that even funerals will be delayed.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Aleek Stephens, it is reported, will shortly commence an action against Sara Bernhardt for infringement of his model.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Mines have been discovered in St. Petersburg. As they are genuine ones it is not likely that these will ever be quoted on the market.—*Puck.*

A Fashion item says "bugs of all sorts and sizes appear on spring bonnets." Some spring beds are similarly afflicted.—*Norristown Herald.*

An exchange describes a ballet dancer's dress. The description, though short, is about three inches longer than the dress.—*Norristown Herald.*

Bristol girls are preparing to beat the Delaware ice gorge all hollow. They perform the feat in an ice cream saloon.—*Burlington Enterprise.*

Our forefathers could not harbor the idea of paying taxes on their tea, so they compromised the matter by harboring the tea.—*Yacob Strauss.*

As this is the last year of the world and we need money to travel on, subscribers are requested to pay up promptly.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

Beecher says "we pray to much." This explains why the average newspaper man's breeches always bag at the knees.—*Titusville Sunday World.*

A lady, who has been cheated out of wearing pretty spring clothes, says she will take "summers vengeance on the weather yet."—*Richmond Independent.*

A correspondent asks our opinion of spelling reform. We believe in spelling it as we always have—r-e-r-e, f-o-r-m, form, reform.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Perhaps there is no sadder sight than to see a maiden lady of forty or thereabouts, sneak off by herself for the purpose of rocking an empty cradle.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

When a young man will pay \$2 for a delivery wagon and a pie-bald horse to take his girl out for a Sunday drive he really means to marry her for love.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Pleasure is a dangerous will-o'-the-wisp. It leads a man scampering through life until he stumbles over a tombstone and falls into his own grave.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

"Thou rainest on my bosom," sang the earth to the April showers. "Oh, dry up! growled the sun, as he shone out from behind the clouds. No music in his Sol.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

Mrs. Smith is nothing if not classical, and when her landlord, Mr. Casca, sent in his bill, she said to her husband, "See what a rent the envious Casca made!"—*Breakfast Table.*

The legislators of Maine are on honest set. They saw that there is not money enough in the State to corrupt them. Recent travelers through Maine state that this is true.—*Puck.*

In Boston street car conductors, in uniform, pass themselves off on guileless girls from the country as naval officers. But where the preponderance of females is so great, a girl isn't to be blamed for believing anything a man tells her.—*Louisville Sunday Argus.*

A young gentleman called on a new acquaintance the other evening, and vows he will never call on her again. He says though she was not all his fancy painted, the fence was. Owing to the paint on his new spring suit he has not benzine since.—*Rochester Herald.*

A Berlin butcher has written a five-act comedy that is about to be presented in that city. The author, it is presumed, "steaks" his reputation on its success, and the actress who speaks the tenderloins will be "dressed to kill," of course. The price of admission for choice seats will be fore-quarters.—*Norristown Herald.*



Beaconsfield's Successor.

[The Marquis of Salisbury has been appointed leader of the English Conservative party.]

### Business and Culture.

DEAR MR. GRIP.—I would like to know how it is you are always so jolly and never seem bored. I am always bored; maybe you would be, too, if you had to sell dry-goods to all kinds of customers. Mercy on us! how few there are to whom it is not a trial of patience to sell anything, and who pay their money without imagining they have been cheated! And how few expect a salesman to be a human being, and not a machine for smiling and displaying the latest cut of clothing! Then it is such a dreadful bore to be eternally dickering about odd cents. What the deuce does a man of culture care about odd cents? My boss don't seem to take much stock in culture; he says a pushing salesman is what he wants, and that I have not got enough push about me. Pushing salesmen be blowed! Maybe a Jew pedler would suit him better, they are usually pushing enough. One of them pushed a dollar and a half out of me a few days ago for ten a cent ring. Another clever salesman (not a Jew this time, but a Christian) sold me a pair of number five boots and made me believe they would stretch. I would like very much to stretch them on him. Our head clerk, Mr. Fitznoodle, is a model salesman of the pushing species; he has an enormous moustache and can make the most delightful grimaces. I never could make those things very well. I wonder if they belong to culture or not? If they do, baboons must have some pretensions to culture, and Darwinism may be the correct thing. My moustache, too, is very imperfectly developed, and it is a source of daily mortification to me that I shall never be able to rank with Fitznoodle in this respect, and he knows it. Some people pride in wealth or lineage, some in culture, and others in the size of their feet. Fitznoodle delights in the peerless magnificence of his moustache and the tone of lofty dignity it gives to his expression when debating a reduction of seven cents in five yards of gingham to a particular customer, and the possible effect of such reduction on the future of the cotton trade or the success of the N. P. I am beginning to think that I never was cut out for the dry-goods business, and that probably poetry would suit me better. Poets are always cultured folks, and never have to do anything but roll their eyes and spin out verses that no fellow can understand. I would like that sort of thing first rate, only it must be a bore to learn. You see they never have to push any sales, people always buy their books because it is fashionable, though they never calculate to read them through any more than one of Blake's speeches. I don't think much about pushing salesmen, anyhow; if they all had to pay 100 cents on the dollar some of them would be badly pushed themselves, and if there were fewer stores there would be less need for pushing sales. A good deal of the pushing business goes on this way:—A pushing wholesale man

gets more goods on credit in England than he can pay for; he sends out drummers to push them off to retailers at long credit too; they, in turn, push them off to customers who don't need them enough to pay cash for them; and after a while all hands compromise at so many cents on the dollar, and begin to get ready for another push. Hoping you will expose this business, I remain, yours truly,

PETER PESTLESS.

### Our Montreal Commissioner.

(From our Specially Impertinent Reporter.)

WIND OR HOTEL.

OLD BOY,—I was informed yesterday by the Head Porter of the Windsor, that few guests of that palatial establishment since the departure of the graceful and ever-to-be-regretted Lord Dufferin have received so much attention from the representative men of Montreal as I have enjoyed during my stay here. I thought I observed an admiring twinkle in his eyes as he spoke, and immediately handed him a quarter. To the casual observation on my part, that perhaps I owed these attentions to my great ability as a writer, he replied, "Tor, sir, yes; why I know'd you wur a great writer myself, first time I seed yer hold yer pen." Not wishing to encourage too great familiarity, I allowed this remark to close the conversation and turned away. Somehow I didn't like the flavour of the rejoinder and half regretted my quarter—but who shall say? The stamp mark of genius may even extend to the holding a pen, and perhaps this man was a keen observer. If I did him a passing injustice I will be magnanimous and own it upon a fitting opportunity.

"Hand out your snaker, my boy—delighted to see you again—had half an hour to spare this morning and thought I would look you up." This was the breezy way in which my friend George Washington broke into my rooms on the day I mailed you my last report. The "city watch dog" is by no means shy or reserved in manner, but keen, active, and cool; ever ready with his quips and quirks, he is quite an observable figure among the public men of Montreal. If George has any failings, extreme modesty is certainly not the most prominent of them. Perhaps my own sensitive and retiring disposition led me to notice more particularly this trait in his character. But even when most self-assertive, the merry imp in his eye sparkles so good-naturedly that my breezy friend is quite popular with the citizens. Why cannot I too be breezy? What proud distinction would be mine if I had but the courage to let myself out. *Memo.*—Must take a leaf from my friend's book.

"Gurr, my boy, you must have an accident—break your arm—or—or suppose you dislocate your jaw—shan't be able to keep you here much longer unless something happens." "Not necessary George," I replied meekly, "not necessary, I am a great sufferer." "None of that, you blooming young reprobate, or I'll murder you—but I say, ha! ha! the editor must be a great sufferer too, or he wouldn't suffer you to stay here so long,—not even asked for a medical certificate, has he?" "Don't! George, don't! I beg of you—can't stand the discussion of these delicate topics in the shattered state of my nerves—can't really." "Poor boy!" my friend ejaculated in a tone of exaggerated sympathy. "Poor boy, poor boy—been-to-the-the-atre-lately?" "Y-e-e-s." "Thought so; find the glitter of the Academy soothing to your shattered nerves, eh?" "Y-e-e-s, George." "Thought so—go to the last performance at the City Bear Garden?" "No-o, George; felt really too ill to venture out, besides you were not one of the performers." "Bosh! Gippy, bosh! you're a smart fellow, but what a jolly young humbug you are, hoodwinking the Editor with your 'one ride in a close carriage,' and you running all over town as lively as a bee in a clover field. Wrong my boy, wrong; better have an accident,

I tell you." "I'll think about it, George. Which arm had I better break?" "Both, you wicked young sinner, but I say, Gurr, my boy, I'm going to cut up didos in that Bear Garden. Mean to teach that scavamouche old Beaudry what's what—offered to take his place for two hundred a year and do the work well,—always do my work well, and he gets two thousand for mulling it. Most likely run for Mayor myself next year, and get elected too. People know me, old boy, and they like me, got the true Yankee clear Grip in my consti-too-tion you know; always down on jobs—lots of tin myself and can't see what people want with jobs—I—" "Stop! George," I interrupted, "stop, you're running yourself out of breath." "Shut up, you miserable young scribbler, I've not got my name for nothing I tell you: one George Washington was the father of his country, and another, as smart a man as he ever was, means to be the father of the city." "Undoubtedly, George; but excuse me, when you were a little boy did you have a hatchet, and had your father a chorry tree?" "Lots of them, can't fool me on that line, heard that story before, but don't you interrupt me again or I'll move the previous question." "Certainly not, by no means, but suppose old Beaudry turned out and you installed—*apres* G. W. *apres*?" "Oh! then I mean to prance round as George Washington Stevens, M. P., member for Montreal Centre, and no mistake—rather an improvement on the present member, eh, Gippy?" "Y-e-s, George, I think so, and *apres* when you're Premier—if I should hanker after a private secretaryship, would you, George, eh, would you?" "No, I wouldn't, my dear—-not a bit of it—you'd be getting sick and taking a drive in a close carriage; just when you were most par-tieu-larly wanted—make you clerk of the pen and paper department if you like—that's more in your line, you pen-scraping little humbug." "But, George, you see I'm curious; surely with your great abilities you've done some first-rate literary work yourself?" "Guess so, Gippy, lots of it; want a man to run your paper? I'm there: ain't many things I can't run, from a hotel down to a humorous weekly. I'm all alive you see, and up to snuff promiscuously; that's why; but time's up, I—" "Stop, George, don't go, just one question more: have you never you know—never—just lisped in numbers cos the numbers came—never figured as a full-blown poet in the corner of a country newspaper?" "Never, old doggerel grinder." "What! never?" "Bosh! none of that; but I'm up to it if that's what you mean,—want something spicy for next week's Grip? Just give me about five minutes and you shall have it." "Take your time, George dear, and put plenty of spice in—I'll publish it." In less than five minutes George handed me the following:—

I'm called the city watch-dog, and well I earn the name, I bluff the Council schemes and block their little game. I'm all alive and kicking, I ferret out a job, And show it up, believe me, before you can say 'Bob.' I watch the city railway as a cat would watch a mouse, And when I speak in Council, then I bring down the house.

For economy I go in, retrenchment and what not? And I save the city yearly quite a decent little pot. And I mean to be the Mayor and kick old Beaudry out, For bless you I can do it, sure pot, beyond a doubt.

"Bravo! George," I exclaimed, after reading the above, "bravo! old doggerel grinder, yourself. You deserve a leather medal for the elegance and force of your composition. Do some more, George, do." "No! no! must be off, some of dad's sore-headed tenants to look after. Ta! ta! mind what I say, you have an accident right off. That's the ticket for you. Bye-bye." Execut George.

Well, Old Boy, what do you think of G. W.? Don't you pay any attention to that flight about a bee in a clover field, or to all his nonsense about an accident. George must have his joke, everybody knows that.

Yours,

S. I. R.

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GRIP.

SATURDAY, 14TH MAY, 1881.



BROUGHT TO BOOK.

SIR LEONARD TO SIR SAMUEL. "You miserable Grit prevaricator! Who authorized you to report abroad that I intended to retire from public life?"



PROF. MACPHERSON'S AUTOMATIC FIGGERS.

"I can make these figgers do anything but lie."

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