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**To Correspondents.**

"My Valentine" is too, too long.  
M.D., Montreal.—Too late; the fun is over.

**Cartoon Comments.**

LEADING CARTOON.—The opening of the present session of the Dominion House was signalized by a debate which was short and sweet. The brevity was a sort of fatherly reproof to the little Ontario legislators, who spent more than a week in windy warfare over the "speech from the throne," while its sweetness will give it a place in our annals as a model for all succeeding Parliaments. Mr. Blake's kindly personal allusion to Sir John Macdonald led to a graceful return of courtesy by the Premier, and the whole exhibition of good-fellowship struck the House and country as being eminently in keeping with the St. Valentine season of love. G.R.I.P. ventures to hope that this spirit may last throughout the session, and that both parties may devote themselves so earnestly to the affairs of the State that they will have neither time nor inclination to renew the personalities of bygone days.

FIRST PAGE.—The three leaders of the Opposition in the Ontario Legislature have, in the most cowardly fashion, deserted the cause

of their own Province in the matter of the Boundary Award, and, as is customary with cowards, they have shewn themselves capable of great bravery in the way of swallowing their own words. The resolution for which they voted last session, expressing the opinion that the Federal Government was exceeding its rights in withholding the territory awarded to Ontario, has this session been voted against by this precious trio of patriots and their spaniel-hearted followers, although the conduct of the Federal Government has not been changed in the meantime, excepting for the worse. We trust that the constituencies misrepresented by Meredith, Lauder, Morris, *et al*, will take summary means to let these gentlemen see that they are not sent to the Local House to play the part of Ottawa puppets, and to sacrifice our provincial interests to accommodate outside parties.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Premier of Ontario, although an estimable gentleman, finds himself obliged to employ the arts of statescraft in dealing with the liquor question. Feeling that unripe public opinion is a very unhealthy fruit for little premiers to indulge in, Mr. Mowat does not venture to commit himself to anything like prohibitive legislation. But the world is moving. People who never spend their time in listening to temperance lectures are beginning to realize that this liquor business is a gigantic curse which has no more right to the countenance of the law than any other species of evil; and before long we hope it will be safe for a leader of a Canadian Government to throw his weight decidedly on the right end of the "teeter."

The Montrea mustard-plaster scandal has been ended by the "resignation" of the fiendish matron, Greig. We rather regret this, as we have on hand several capitally written things on the subject, sent by talented contributors at Montreal, which we will now be unable to use. However, what is G.R.I.P.'s loss is undoubtedly the Hervey Institute's gain, and we will have to be resigned.

The *Canadian Manufacturer* is a new journal devoted to the industries of our country which ought to obtain a large circulation amongst the class it represents. It is neatly printed, and its columns are controlled by writers who are competent to deal with the subjects they take in hand. Mr. Fredric Nicholls is the managing editor of the paper, and a right lively newspaper man he is.

A correspondent alleges that Sir John has assured Commander Cheyne that he will assist in the North Pole project. The writer (who is jealous of the Government's reputation) thinks this is decidedly carrying the N.P. to extremes.

Ottawa Citizen: Over its dispatch from Ottawa, the Hamilton *Times* of Saturday contained the heading: "Dr. Orton and his Alleged Bigamous partner." What on earth has Dr. Orton

got to do with the conduct of a former business partner, that his name should be associated with this scandal? Nothing under the sun. But Dr. Orton happens to be a Conservative. Hence the contemptible mean conduct of the *Times*.

This sort of journalism is certainly most disgraceful, and nothing could better illustrate the evils of extreme partyism than such an exhibition of unreasoning malice as is here given by the editor of the *Times*.

We fear that our artist was a trifle hasty in drawing the cartoon for this issue. While it was being engraved the evil spirit entered into the House again, and one of the old fashioned scenes of vituperation occupied several hours of the time for which the people pay so heavily.

**The Latest Imported Novelty.**

BY DICK DUMPLING.

What form is that with face so muchly sad,  
And eyes far gazing into distant nought  
And hair long hung athwart his head? (the cad  
Is evidently sick or lost in thought.)  
Methinks I've seen that face on *Punch's* page;  
I'm sure that form—perhaps I am beguiled—  
But no, 'tis true, his teaching's all the rage.  
The form is that of England's Oscar Wilde.

What holds he highward in his hugesome hand?  
A flower it is, a lily, too, forsooth!  
He feebly sniffs its scent, so soulful, and  
Grinds up its fragrance 'neath each every tooth.  
He's quite the king of aesthetics in his power—  
Is that a target in his buttonhole?  
Avant! ye nothing! 'tis a sweet sunflower,  
So quite! so all but! and so full of soul!

His nether limbs adorned with tight knee-breeches  
Like our great-grand-dads wore in days of yore,  
So tight and hurting that his sweet face twitches  
With pain so sharp he never felt before.  
And pumps and buckles, stockings made of silk,  
His favourite hue a cross twixt 'brown and green,  
His favourite food sunflower seed and sweet milk  
Drawn from a calla's snow-white breast serene.

Then, hail! headmaster of a modern school,  
Whose pupils wear limp clothes and utter faces:  
Ah! if there were like thee, apostles dual,  
We'd have three lovely pre-Raphaelite graces.  
But thou'rt alone in thy aesthetic joy,  
And may thou be so all thy live-long days,  
We'll let thee quite monopolize the toy  
And keep from thee and thy aesthetic craze.



THE CHAMPION BOWLER; OR, PROVINCIAL PLAYTHINGS.

FRASER.—See here, ole man, do you 'spose we have nothin' else to do but set up nine-pins for you to bowl over?



Prof. O. S. Fowler, the veteran phrenologist, has been entertaining large audiences at the Royal Opera House this week, with his instructive lectures on Life, Health, and kindred subjects. His rooms at the Rossin have also, as usual, been visited by many believers in the Science of Bumpology, anxious to find out what nature intended them for.

"The World" has drawn splendidly all week at the Grand, and it is certainly one of the best shows we have had for a long time. Next Monday the well-known comedian, Nat. C. Goodwin and wife (formerly Miss Weathersby) begin an engagement of three nights and matinee, in their highly amusing specialty pieces.

Hi Henry's celebrated Premium Minstrels begin a short engagement at the Royal with a matinee performance on Saturday; they depart after Monday night. Mr. Henry has a high reputation throughout the States as a solo cornetist, and his company has long stood in the front rank of the burnt-cork profession.

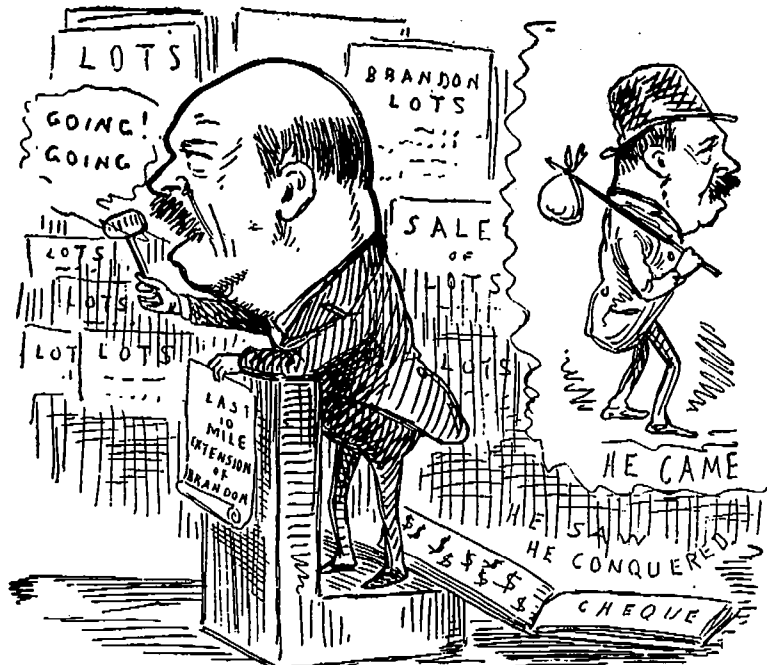
We understand that Dr. Strath's Toronto Pianoforte Players' Classical Club will give its first concert of the season, on Thursday evening next, the 23rd inst., at Newcombe's piano warerooms, corner of Church and Richmond streets. The club will perform Beethoven's Grand Symphony, No. 4, and Overture to Prometheus, Mozart's Overture to Figaro, and Rossini's Overture to Semiramide. All to be played by twenty-four hands. The concert will be under the patronage of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs Beverly Robinson.

We are pleased to notice that Mr. James Park got soundly caned on Wednesday night. This is the consequence of being a jolly good fellow. The caning was administered by Mr. P.'s employees and friends, in connection with a complimentary supper at Occident Hall. The cane was a gold-headed one.

#### Prospectus

"UNPICTURESQUE CANADA"

GRIP has resolved to secure the services, at vast expense to the Adelaide-street Treasury, of some of the most eminent authors and artists in the Dominion, in order to open the eyes of Canadians to the many unpicturesque features in their own cities. The praise which the art illustrators give a similar publication named *Picturesque Canada*—praise which the Queen, the Princess Louise, and our Governor-General have so lavishly bestowed on Canadian scenery, as represented by Mr. O'Brien and his artistic staff, has a tendency to make Canadians unduly proud of their country! But, as in certain high quarters, such as the Department of Education for Ontario, it seems to be an established principle that Canadians ought not to be confirmed in this undesirable habit of admiring and priding themselves on the excellencies of their country, we have resolved to issue in the pages of GRIP the above-mentioned UNPICTURESQUE CANADA. Our artist, aided by competent literary men, will visit various parts of Canada, and note the many unpicturesque features abounding in our cities and country districts. A tour of the Don river will be made by one daring and experienced explorer; views will be given of the City Hall, the Esplanade, and other unpicturesque buildings of Toronto. These will be followed by sketches taken in other parts of Canada.



### JOSEPH, THE GOLDEN WOLF.

(The Great Winnipeg Auctioneer.)

AN IMPERSONATION OF THE FORTUNE-MAKING BOOM IN MANITOBA, "BE LUCKY AND THOU SHALT BE RICH."

#### Unhappy Thoughts.

BY A CANADIAN COUSIN OF THE AUTHOR OF "HAPPY THOUGHTS."

#### III.

I visited a confection restaurant on Yonge-street, and, after a delay of half-an-hour, was served with a minute cup of tea, a slice of buttered toast, which combined the maximum of hardness with the minimum of butter, and a thin bit of gutta-percha-like cold meat. Feasting in solemn silence upon these delicacies, I beguiled the time by reading carefully a number of the *Dominion High Churchman*, which was on a table beside me. There was a leading article, purporting to be a criticism on our only national Review, the *Canadian Monthly*, in which several of the leading clergy of Canada write, and in which I have read some able vindications of religion against scepticism. But simply to side with religion was not enough for the *Dominion High Churchman*, if one was not enthusiastic about the *Anglo-Catholic Revival*. The article began by comparing the writers in the Review in question, to PALMER, the POISONER! Unhappy Thought: Christian charity too often adulterated with vitriolic sectarianism. The article ended by denouncing the *Canadian Monthly* as "the vehicle of agnostic poison! Further on was another article containing an account of the number of churches in London which had "flowers on the altar and a cross." Unhappy Thought: The High Churchman cares as little for common sense as for sound literature. Presently the *Dominion* man came in, and his eyes brightened at the unwonted sight of someone perusing his paper. On the waiter asking him what he would have, he said, "Let us have camphine." She replied, "We don't keep them here, but you can have tea or coffee, with buttered toast." Groaning at her spirited obtusity, the ritualistic sage bade her bring the toast without butter, as it was a fast-day, and he had already eaten ten parched peas since matin. Then pointing to the paper, which I had laid down, he said, "It is the high and

hallowed mission of the *Dominion High Churchman* to 'put back the clock,' and, as far as possible, import the revival of the dark ages into Canada. We English can only do this in a very small way at first, by our nice little talk about altars, floral decorations, and crosses: but by and bye we will have our sweet "confession boxes" for the married ladies, and celibate "sisterhoods" for the young girls; and perhaps, with the aid of Collector Patton, a little bit of the Inquisition for literature that we consider objectionable." I left the spot with this Unhappy Thought: Did Cranmer or Latimer die that this sort of thing might survive? And the more Unhappy Thought: When the human being happens to be a fool, is there any calculating the dimensions of his folly? I proceeded to the public school, where I found my daughter with her class, reading aloud a most dismal lesson about the "Physiology of the bodily organs." Unhappy Thought: I wish children knew nothing about "organs," except those that are otherwise called melodeons. Lesson over, I wished to take my girl to the Zoo, but she was "kept in" for omitting to learn a series of mathematical problems, which, with a number of other lessons, had been appointed to be prepared at home. Unhappy Thought: Not a "delightful task to teach the young idea to overshoot" the mark! She had also a "misdemeanour mark" for answering a question from another little girl when the children were "formed in line" in the yard. Unhappy Thought: Our school system has not much to learn from the Fat-head Indian in the way of compressing a child's mental development.

It is said that the course of a cannon ball may be turned by contact with a shingle. If any one is desirous of testing the veracity of this report he may hold the shingle and we will cheerfully fire off the cannon.—*St. Louis Hornet*. We prefer being at the *Hornet* end of that proposition—shingular as it may seem.



## BARNUM'S HINT TO TILLEY.

P. T. Barnum has just effected an insurance of \$300,000 upon the baby-elephant recently born in his Menagerie. If our Finance Minister fears anything from the dire threats of the Opposition, wouldn't it be a good idea for him to insure his baby-elephant—the N. P.?

## 'Croaks' from Ottawa.

A lady at the Vice-regal drawing room at Ottawa last week, is described by a local print as wearing "pears." Would not grapes have been more seasonable?

Official notification is made that there will be no recommendations this year in favour of Knighthood. Senator Woodstock and Dr. Bolus please take notice and govern yourselves accordingly.

Mr. Bunster says:—"Of all the impolitical men De Winton is the worst! Ah! Cater was my boy; why did they send him away to the Staffordshire Highlanders?" Ah! why indeed? echoes Mr. Grip.

## "Think and Smoke Tobacco."

ERINGOBURGH TERRACE,  
January 30th, 1882.

DEAR MISTHER GRIP,—Don't be afther laffin' at me, an' makin' me blush all over me face like a new-born baby, whin I tell yez that its in love I am, an' yez needn't be risin' the feathers on top av yer ould black poll wid delight at the news ayther, for it isn't what yez think it is, it isn't wan av these aydiotic ivry-day performances that folks call fallin' in love. No sur, I'm just afther calmly and deliberately shmokin' meself into it, in strict obaydiance to the commandement, "Think and smoke tobacco." It was in my aisy chair I was, afther sittin' pullin' away in a drowsy luxoorious kind av a way, an' thinkin' av the many changes Timo brings around, an' what a wonderful ould chap he was anyway; an' afther meditatatin' on his many ayxcellencies an' fine points, it's clane over head an' heels I fell, in love wid him intirely. He is an ould frind av mine, is Time, an' his history is a remarkable wan. He made his appearance on this wurld very airly. He had a lonely boyhood, spent chiefly in the society of Neg and Dival Therium, the only company of any consequence in these days. On account av the grate moisture av the climate, the grass grew very rank, so much so that beaded he had to get a scythe to cut himself out av extra thick places whin he would be stuck. He still keeps it for mowin' purposes, though the kind an' quality av what he mows now is

very different from the stuff he cut whin Aunt Dilloovian was alive. Yes, on he goes, mowin' all the time; here, there, an' ivry where, always clearin' paths for our feet through life's tangled thickets, an' all he asks av us is to *have faith an' go forward*. What a mower down av doubts an' fears he is! what a smother av difficulties! what a wonderful fellow to solve problems! what a gravedigger!—burying life-long animosities, smoothing the green turf av charity over all wid Sadducee in solemnity. Oh, but he's a daisy! an' blissid is the man who, whin he is hopelessly misunderstood, mistrusted, an' maligned, can catch howld av his hand an' say, "See here, ould bye, it's no use for me to spake any more, I'm contint to lave it to *you* to set me right." It's a thyrin' thing to wait the verdict av judge or jury, but none but the man av clear conscience *dare* wait for the verdict av Time. Therefore, oh ye broken-down, misrepresented, an' ill-used sows, take courage! Showder arms, an' march manfully into the future, an' never fear but Time will yet justify you gloriously: *Sich*, Misther Gur, were the kind av reflexions which I was afther ornatin' saftly to meself as I sat watchin' the shmoke curlin' round an' round me head, whin who should I see but the ould fellow himself standin' there, an' he a'shakin' the snow aff av off his wings down on me hair. "Arrah, ye blissid rascal, thin," sez I, "don't yez be afther phowderin' me wig like that," an' I puts up me hand to whisk it off, but musha! the snow he laves niver melts, so I let it alone. "I declare it's very welcome yez are intirely. Sit down an' have a dhraw," sez I, offerin' him me pipe. "Nary a dhraw," sez he, "it's off I must be agin, Barney, 'Time an' tide wait for no man,' you know." "Arrah man what's yer hurry? Sit down, 'will yez?" "Barney," says he, shmilin', "yez know nothin' would gimme grater pleasure, but I must raley be off." "Divil an off thin," sez I, sayzin' howld av his forelock wid the wan hand, while I shut the dure wid the other. "Gimme that ould scythe av yours," sez I, whippin' it off av his showler, an' hangin' it on a nail, an' wid that I takes his two wings, an' clappin' them close to his sides, I sets him down, willy nilly, in me own aisy chair, an' he all the time laffin' like to rive his ould sides. "You're the very man I wanted

to see," sez I, "an' now I want to ax yoz—Do yez recombin' av a man av the name av Jesso, that was a sort av farmer an' cattle dealer some couple av thousand years ago?" "Jesse—Jesse," sez he, kind av musin' loike—"was it his bye that kilt the big giant wid a shmall stone? why, yes, I knew him very well; a foine ould man he was too, had a foine family av byes, mosht av them listed for sojers, an' wan, the youngest I think,—"Howld on there," sez I, "whisper," sez I, drawin' up me chair close, an' shpakin' so no one could hear us, "Do you know anything about his family? were they all right in the upper story?—think now." "Let me see," sez he, shtrokin' his beautiful grey beard considerin' like, "why yes, they were all right. There was ould Obed, his father, a decent respectable man, an' Boaz his grandfather, very comfortable an' woll off, married the purtiest an' the nicest girl in the counthry—Ruth, you know. No, the only insanity ivir I heard of was whin the young fellow, David, played off mad to fool ould Achish an' save his life." "It's about that same David I want to be afther shpakin'; do yez think now that poor man could comit the crimes he did an' yet be sane? He was the very sowl of honour, good business man, a respectable citizen, an' a hater av injustice av all kinds; why, he wouldn't even hurt a hair av his enemy's head when he had the chance. I can't account for the folly an' selfishness av the latter an' what ought to have been the wiser part of his life, any other way than that he must have been insane for some time previous, an' that there must have been insanity in his family. Why, he went about it all in broad daylight; for more'n a year he never understood what he had raley done, in fact never did, until Nathan towld him plump an' plain that he had acted the part av a scoundrel." "He didn't advance the insanity plea?" "No sur, wid all his faults he was honest; an' immaridietly he ups an' says, *GUILTY*, my lord." "He was wise," sez Time, wid a quare shmoile, "that would not have passed muster in the court he was tryin'." "All the same he had a beautiful case, a perfect fortune to a clever lawyer; blameless life, chosen vessel, man of undoubted talent and integrity, poet of the highest type, a deeply religious man—everything in life he could desire. *Could* such a man commit such a crime and yet be sane? An' yet, how relentlessly he was held responsible—how unsparingly he was punished—how manfully he acknowledged the justice av his sentence. But as you say, he was tried at the ould-fashioned tribunal of conscience, an' things are different now-a-days. The d— I take it," sez I, "but a man's clarity is apt to get the botther of his judgment in such cases. Now, what's a fellow to do when there's an internecine war goin' on atunc his heart an' his brain, over a doubtful case now?" "Lave it to me, Barney," sez he, "lave it to me; it's a tangled skein this scythe won't cut. I'll be afther solvin' yer doubts afore long," an' wid that he raches down his blade an' opens the dure, whin who should walk in but Nora. "I suppose," sez she, "ye'd set there, dhanniu' till mornin', if I'd let yez; sure it's cured like a red herrin' yez 'll be, sittin' in such a shmoke." Misther Grip, there's but one step from the—

Yours truly, as before,

BARNEY O'HEA.

A model newspaper. "Yes" says the Denver editor, "I think I must have got out a very readable paper this morning I've been licked by three prominent citizens to-day, another one chased me with dogs and a gun, and the police had hard work to keep a mob from wrecking my office." We don't have anything this way like that. Eastern editors never publish anything that calls for a harsh word or a cross look. They please everybody and everybody. Nobody is criticised and nobody gets mad. There is occasionally a very readable paper, though, now and then.



LOVE AT OTTAWA; OR, A ST. VALENTINE SESSION.

"BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE," &c. [See Debate on Address.]

(London (Can.) Advertiser.)

**The Electrical Girl Who Lives Again.**

It is now about three years since the *Advertiser* published the story of the Electrical Girl in the township of Romney. The tale passed through nearly all of our exchanges, and occasionally reappears now. The story in brief was that the girl, was so highly charged with electricity that she could not handle any article of steel. She was a veritable magnet, and needles, knives, etc., would cling to any part of her person. The publication excited a good deal of curiosity concerning the girl, and many people



called upon her at her home. Recently she was taken ill, and the local physicians were called in. She described her peculiar sensations. In her knee-joints severe pains were felt, shooting at intervals, as though a battery were at work and giving her intermittent shocks. The knee began to swell, and the pains spread to other parts of her body, generally becoming permanent in the joints. All the doctors could do was of very little avail. Occasionally slight relief would be obtained, but in wet or murky weather the pains would redouble in violence. Finally, when the doctors had given up treating her, and regarded her simply as a physiological wonder, a tramp called one day at the house. While he was being given a meal he was told about and asked permission to see the girl. He had been a soldier in the Crimean army, and while working in the trenches around Sebastopol, he contracted rheumatism in its most severe form, and noticing that the girl's symptoms agreed with his, he pronounced her to be suffering from rheumatism. The parents of the girl were overjoyed, but were again cast down as they recalled the fact that the doctors had said they could do nothing for her. "Why," said the tramp, "do you want to bother the doctors



about rheumatism? Get a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. It cured me, and will cure any case. I know plenty of old soldiers who have been cured of chronic rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil." The advice was taken, and the so-called Electrical Girl is to-day prepared to add her testimony to the thousands of others who bear witness to the efficacy of the Great German remedy.

To the Editor of the London (Can.) Advertiser.

DEAR SIR,—As you have given me a good deal of notoriety by writing of me as the Electrical Girl, I thought I would write to tell you of my condition. . . (Here follows the recital which is summarized above.) My parents obtained a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and to its effects I owe the fact that I am now able to walk without pain, and the swellings in the joints have all disappeared.

Yours very truly,

SUSAN J. HOFFMAN.

**The Joker Club.**

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

One of the "describers" of Vanderbilt's palace, New York, says one of the parlour walls is covered with low toned tapestry. This must be changed. High toned tapestry is what William paid for.—*Lockport Union*.

Chicago belles complain that there is too much profanity on the streets. Maybe they think it doesn't hurt to toss your feet up in the air and smash a coal hole top by thumping it with your head.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Strike while the iron is hot," says the proverb, but when the old man is on a strike and his wife is compelled to support the family by taking in washing, she has to iron while the strike is hot.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

The little girl who said the cat had "splinters in her feet," must be a sister to the four-year-old boy who, upon looking at a picture of His Satanic Majesty, innocently exclaimed: "Why he's got prickles in his toes."—*Norristown Herald*.

The plumber came down like a wolf on the fold; The gas leaks were big, and his cheek it was cold; But larger than leaks was the bill that he sent, For it reached from Chicago way over to Ghent.

—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

"How do you say 'pig' in German?" asked an Englishman of an American, as the vessel neared Antwerp. "You needn't say anything," replied the American; "You'll be recognized without explanation!"—*Philadelphia Sunday Item*.

An Austin Sunday-school boy was asked the meaning of the passage in the Bible about "Adam earning his bread by the sweat of his brow." "I reckon it means a fellow must eat until the sweat just runs off him."—*Texas Siftings*.

"I call that rare," said Jones, to a workman who had done some work for him. "Ah," answered the workman, highly tickled. "Yes," went on Jones, "rare, very rare, not half done." That cooked the workman, and he retired.—*Stubenville Herald*.

"If the coat fits you may put it on." He did and got thirty days for it.—*McCann, Jamestown Sunday Leader*. Some men get thirty days that deserve thirty years, and then have the sentence commuted to imprisonment for life.

"The Lord helps them that help themselves," quoted the grocer's clerk, as he slipped a half dollar of the boss's money in his pocket.—*Frankford Herald*. Yes, and the last time the Lord helped that fellow he was found in Sing Sing.

Mrs. Pinkham's husband is suspected as jealous of Er. Benson, and Mrs. Benson is in a rage. The reason for it is the so frequent exchange of profiles through the newspapers. They smile on each other and the public everywhere.

Teacher—"John, what are your boots made of?" Boy—"Of leather." "Where does the leather come from?" "From the hide of the ox." "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?" "My father."—*Unidentified Exchange*.

He was only a persistent collector, but he greeted his old debtor with a perennial smile as he remarked: "I suppose its the same time-worn excuse to-day—'cashier is out'—isn't it?" "Yes, cash here is out, and so am I. Good morning."—*Hackensack Republican*.

It is just after a man has received his bill for a week's seaside board that he realizes that there

is no place like home.—*Quiz*. True, dear Quiz, but when he comes to pay the milliner's bill for a set of Gainsboroughs all around, home and the seaside board bill are pretty much of a muchness.—*New Jersey Enterprise*.

A red-or-green plush

Young girl,

A Russian-hare muff

Young girl;

A little fur capery,

Esthetic drapery,

Ten-acre-hat young girl.

—*Unidentified Exchange*.

Angelina—"I have been to hear Rev. Mr. Mistigush. He gave us a beautiful sermon. He is a very learned man, you know." Frank—"What makes you think so, dear?" Angelina—"Oh, I know he must be, Frank; I couldn't understand at all what he was talking about. But it was a beautiful sermon."—*Boston Transcript*.

When a fond father presents his son with a new hand sled, nothing pleases him so much as to find it at the foot of the kitchen steps when he goes to the woodshed at night after coal, and have it rear up and throw him into the corner with his head in the coal scuttle and his mind in a condition no one can describe.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

They had been engaged to be married fifteen years, and still he had not mustered up resolution enough to ask her to name the happy day. One evening he called in a particular frame of mind, and asked her to sing something tender and touching—something that would "move" him. She sat down at the piano and sang, "Darling, I am growing old."—*New York Commercial*.

"Is he not coming, Myrtle?" "I guess not," is the girl's reply. "Do you regret his absence my child?" "I do, mother; how deeply you can never know. He was good for two boxes of candy per week. But he has gone from me forever," and, bursting into a storm of sobs, the girl cast herself passionately on a fauteuil and began reading the *New York Ledger*.—*Chicago Tribune*.

How was the trouble reconciled?

When last I saw Priscilly

Her teeth were set, and with a shriek

That made my system chilly

She made a dash for Josh's wife,

And like an alligator

She—well, to reconcile,

I reckon 'Cilly ate her.—*Wade Whipple*.

A fastidious Poughkeepsie girl has written to the presidents of all the principal colleges in this country to inquire whether she should say "mumps is" or "mumps are." Mumps, like the measles, is probably a very singular disease.—*Exc*. "Yes it is—'tis so—it is. That was the reply from every college.

A prominent citizen whose idiosyncrasy is that of becoming intoxicated and going to bed with his clothes on, was surprised with the following the other morning, from his wife: "You were not as drunk as usual last night, Henry, dear, were you?" "Well I don't know," says he, "what makes you think so?" "Why," she replied, "I see you took your overshoes off before you went to bed."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

"The Steubenville Circus-tent will please send us seven dollars and save trouble. A man who owed us that amount came in the other day to pay it, and, as we held the *Herald* up before our face reading it, he didn't even see our feet, and went out without paying. Send the money, Conn, and save costs."—*Exc*. We always go for the *Herald* as soon as the sanctum longer appears, and feel safe from intrusion if we hold it between ourselves and the would-be visitor. It convinces the fellow that a wet blanket is meant.

## Canadian Wayside Sketches.

## DUCK-SHOOTING.

Let it be understood, by way of preface, that the duck-shooting here spoken of is that generally experienced by the many, and forms no part of the programme of the favoured few who have been inured in its mysteries from their youth up even until now, and who consequently can sit down and plan their fall campaign, with as much solemnity and *nonchalance* as a conductor of funeral obsequies (that I believe is now the correct expression for undertaker, *vide* Toronto papers), and who can then coolly go out, and select their particular brace of birds, from any particular flock observable anywhere in the horizon between their top lever, safety block, choke bore, hammerless breech-loader, and the setting sun; with them I say we have nothing to do; "noblesse oblige," we can but make obeisance before them, but for ourselves, we of the miserable "hoi polloi" can but take our sport as we find it, and be thankful.

Under any circumstances, however, no matter how adverse, there is a something indescribably fascinating about duck-shooting—I am convinced there is nothing to equal it in its power of Delilah-like attractiveness and general usurpation of entire domain over the human mind. If I had a son whom I desired to bring up in the way he should go, and whose aspirations were high, and tended towards a bank clerkship or the chair of a Sunday-school teacher, or some other exalted position in the world's battle-field, I would call him unto me and say unto him, "My son, the snares of pleasure are many, and they will be ever open to entice you from your daily pursuits, go forth—gamble if you will, play billiards if you will, keep a fast horse if you will, go to the devil generally if you will, for there will be yet a chance to reclaim you, but, my son, never, oh never go duck-shooting, or you are gone, both here and hereafter, beyond all redemption, beyond even the power of those edifying articles contained in 'the only religious Saturday,'—the *Mail*,—to save, and you can't well go further than that, for if they won't help you saltpetre can't," (for that combusive and inflammatory commodity forms also the nucleus of the *Mail's* Saturday mandates). I would then quietly take my own gun, and leave the boy to his reflections.

You arrive at the marsh shooting ground and try vainly to assume a careless and *insouciant* air, as if you had not been thinking over the expedition for the past two months, both day and night. It is a miserable attempt, however, and no one is so conscious of the fact as yourself; you are inwardly trembling with nervous excitement, of which there are unmistakable outward and visible signs. N.B.—This is the invariable and customary time to take a horn—for luck. There are other and more or less variable times, as you will find out later on, but it is never on any pretence omitted here, but on all these occasions you must not forget to perform this act with a classical and reverential air, pouring out a libation, so to speak, to the gods.

If you are wise, you will have secured the services of a punter, for the man who can paddle his own canoe and shoot ducks is being worthy of veneration, but forms no criterion as a guide to the novice; if you live to the age of Methuselah you may perhaps one day strive to emulate the achievement, but you had better wait, or in your undue haste you may find yourself paddling with your gun and taking aim with your paddle. Speaking from experience, I know the first day I tried it I started with a stock of six paddles (cynically suggested by a friend to be quite an adequate stock), and four of these became firmly imbedded in the unfathomable depths of the muddy bottom, past all recovery, whilst the other two subsequently sailed off majestically towards the distant lake when I

was placidly looking round me for a moment; as a consequence of this *contretemps*, I have a distinct recollection of spending that night standing on a muskrat house and of afterwards discovering three holes in the bow of the canoe, which, I believe, were not there when I started. I find no entry in my diary of any ducks bagged this day, but it is attributable no doubt to the fact that one can't well write up a diary on a muskrat house, their being a sort of quicksandish feeling under foot, which prompts you to stand alternately on one leg, and militates seriously against calligraphic efforts; this, I say, may be the cause of the omission, or it may be, however, from other reasons, I can't say; but this I know, that towards early morning, one old rat peeped out to take stock of me, and remarked as plainly as possible "Well, and so you are the darned fool who frightened all the ducks out of the marsh yesterday by your imbecile manœuvres, you are a fine specimen of a scarecrow anyhow; let me know the next time you come out, and we will be on hand to give you a decent interment free of charge, you seem dressed for a funeral anyway—good morning, and now clear out of this at once, you infernal, idiot, yahl!" I have had an antipathy to muskrats and their houses ever since.

Your punter having now stowed your traps on board the canoe, and made all things snug, (always use nautical expressions on these occasions), is ready for your embarkation. This is a matter of grave import, and requires the utmost dexterity in deep water, or you will find yourself executing the wildest gyrations and most spasmodic bows, as you endeavour to use your gun as a sort of balancing pole, till both it and you disappear with a splash; no, you must go aboard with as much caution and dexterity as if boarding a cockle shell in mid ocean, or the result is speedy and obvious.

For my part, I deem it better to embark on *terra firma*, get seated, and then be quietly launched by the punter, who will afterwards step in with as much confidence as if treading the quarter-deck of the *Great Eastern*. You will of course not forget to grasp both sides of the boat firmly, and close your eyes till he is seated, for as your own position is of that attitude usually assumed by industrious tailors, you can't well turn to watch his movements without disturbing the equilibrium; the more especially is this the case if you chance to wear a stand-up collar, for this will effectually prevent the slightest revolution of the cranium on its axis, and concentrate your vision directly on the bow of the boat, and if a duck lights there you will see it, but otherwise not; before the day is over, a well-starched stand-up collar will produce a stiff-necked and apoplectic appearance worthy the dignity of a Toronto Alderman, but quite out of place in a duck-shooter with only a moderate allowance of the "crathur."

The days of muzzle-loaders being over, it is quite unnecessary to recount the awful experiences undergone in loading them when seated in a canoe, none but an old hand ever attempted the performance standing up; it used certainly to be the cause of more lost temper, more lost ammunition, more lost ramrods, more lost guns, more lost limbs, heads, lives and profanity than all other inventions of his satanic majesty—let us be thankful we live now in the days of breech-loaders.

Ah! there is a momentary rustle in the rice-bed just by you, and then two fine duck rise and skim like an arrow over the open water, straight ahead, a fine chance, but before you have caught your breath and recovered your stupid senses, "the abyss of heaven has swallowed up their form."

"Why you not shoot?" asks Antoine, and echo answers, Why?

VIATOR.

(To be Continued.)

## Dooley at Halifax.

MR. GRIP:—

DEAR SIR—I'm fixed at the "Halifax." Since I last slung the black fluid to you I've been down the city—this gay and aristocratic city, where Joe Howe stood up for constitutional government, (I don't exactly see why he should have sat down for it), and where the for-Lorne Marquis has just come with his batches of Anglo-Saxon criturs. What a 'eavenly prospect for the North-West. I've seen curious sights and heard curious speeches. I've had a grand banquet given to me, for your honour, by the Grits. Long live the Grits, and may they be blessed. But I'll proceed to narrate my heart-stirring adventures.

I called, Y. A. N. (yesterday afternoon) on the editor of the Daily A—R—, a Grit newspaper, which is the terror of evil doers and the Conservatives. The editor of the D—A—R—is a great man. He believes in Blake. So do I. If any man says he believes in Ed. Blake I see a great man before me. The editor of the D—A—R— believes the N.P. is a failure. Sez he to me, "Mr. Dooley, it is a failure—you see it is a failure!" Sez I, "I see!" Sez he, "Mr. Dooley, it's a artful dodge of John A." Sez I, "it air!" Sez he, "Mr. Dooley, if I can go into Parliament to serve the people, I will. Yes, sir. But no N.P. for me. No syndicate, no monopolies for me. No, sir. I would rather be hung out on a clothes line on a blowy day than sacrifice a single jot of the people's interest. The people's interest is published and circulated at \$5 per annum, and all by my public spirit and benevolence. But no dodge, no local syndicate for me!" Sez I, "Not a dodge, not a local syn. 'Rah for Blake! Mr. editor of the D—A—R—, you air a man, you air a patriot. We're all patriots. We're all Grits, and lovers of our country. We want power. We don't want money. Mr. editor of the D—A—R—, farewell! Be decent, and you will be prosperous!" With which observation I proceeded to my hotel.

Yours truly,  
HOSEA DOOLEY.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF OSCAR WILDE.



**A POLITICAL JANUS: OR, THE BALANCE OF POWER.**

PREMIER MOWAT.—(To Temperance and Whiskey Parties respectively.) DON'T UPSET ME AND I'LL DO SOMETHING FOR BOTH OF YOU.

**Our Funny Contributor.**

A spotter defective—A retriever dog.  
 "Hot joints"—those of a stove pipe.  
 "Trying Times"—Assize Courts.  
 "A winning hand"—Hanlan.  
 A shorthand writer—A man with one arm.  
 How can you wade through the pages of a dry book?  
 A washerwoman's oath—Swearing "by all that's blue."  
 Southerners are very obstroperous—they often "raise Cans."  
 The Fiscal Question—Can you lend me five dollars?  
 An a-dor-able thing when out late at night—A latch key.  
 Poetry of a very high order—That written in a balloon.  
 "A composing machine"—A mother singing her baby to sleep.  
 "De frayed expenses," as the negro said, when paying for patching his old clothes.  
 Everything is raising in price: even kerosene lamps are higher when you turn them up.  
 Of Patti it may be said, her voice is more valuable than precious tones.  
 "The signal service"—Handkerchief-firtation on Yonge-street.  
 Is Moses Oates seeking for a place in the public crib?  
 When a skater comes to a full stop on the ice it may be said to be (for him) the "glacial period."  
 "Accordeon to my notion that's a good concertina," said friend Butland to our funny contributor. "That's a bass viol pun," rejoined our contributor.  
 Question for the coal dealers?—In what age of the world was coal discovered? Ans.—Ton-nage. Ditto for the consumer—What constitutes a burning shame? Ans.—When coal gets up to eight dollars a ton.  
 "There is no peace in a home when there is intemperance," said the wife of Jones' bosom as she met him staggering up the stairs the other night. "Yes, there is," replied Jones; "for don't you (hie) give me (hie) a piece of your mind when I (hie) come home drunk?"

"I object to the Chairman's ruling," as the boy remarked who was chastised at school.  
 What kind of tea do most editors prefer?—Brevity.  
 When playing euchre if you play a bower and it is trumped by the Joker, you will probably consider your bower left.  
 Good sign-board for a detective—"Cash for hides." For a lumber dealer—"Good board here."



**"HELPS TO SEE."**

When the Governor-General left Liverpool for Canada the working opticians of that city presented him with a pair of eye preservers "to protect him against the glare of the snow in Canada."—Daily Paper.

The above is a faithful portrait of His Excellency searching for some of the aforesaid "glare" so as to try his "preservers."

**Shrewd as ever.**

In an extended article in the Washington (D. C.) Star, we notice that among others, Senator James G. Blaine, who has suffered in the past with rheumatism now keeps St. Jacobs Oil on hand in case of any future attack.

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