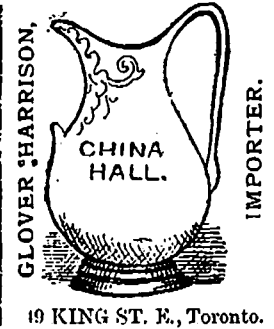
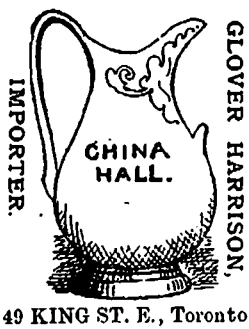


# SMOKE [ CABLE EL PADRE ] CIGARS.



VOLUME XX.  
No. 8.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 13, 1883.

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Artificial teeth inserted so as to feel perfectly comfortable. FULL SETS, \$18. UPPER or UNDER, \$9. Partial Sets in proportion.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

**F. H. SEFTON,**  
Surgeon Dentist.

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**BRUCE THE PHOTO?**

1ST GENT—What find I here Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god Hath come so near creation?  
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, a so beautifully counterfeit nature.  
STUDIO—118 King st.

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



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH,  
Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORE,  
Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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

#### Please Observe.

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

Notice.—Editors of weekly (Canadian) exchanges are not expected to send copies of their journals except when critical notices of GRIP are published. GRIP will be sent regularly as heretofore to all exchanges on the list.

### Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The utterances of the Conservative press on the Boundary Award question make it clear that the condition upon which the decision of the arbitration will be ratified at Ottawa is the defeat of Mowat and the installation of a Conservative government in his stead.

FIRST PAGE.—The suspicion that Mr. Mowat bribed the editor of the *Mail* to print that article on the Grit Delegates is suggested by the nature of the article itself. If there is really no foundation for the suspicion, the only conclusion we can come to is that the *Mail* writer is either a friend of Mowat in disguise, or else a semi-civilized partizan who allows his crazy zeal to run away with his judgment.

EIGHTH PAGE.—General Butler, Governor of Massachusetts, has come out as a thorough-going reformer. His recent message is healthy reading in these days of supine legislation and civil service abuses. The attention of our Ottawa rulers is respectfully invited to one point of the message, in which the General suggests that nepotism should be snubbed by enacting that no two relatives should receive appointments in the same department of the public service. What lamentation there would be amongst brothers-in-law and cousins by marriage if such an edict were passed at our Dominion Capital!

The session at the House last week was brief, very brief. The members might with truthfulness sing,

"We have met and we have parted."

However, they managed to get through the second reading of a Bill to allow any one to

build a Street Railway by authority of municipal councils, without bothering the House for a special Act, and of another Bill to allow "urban municipalities" to manufacture gas for themselves, thus showing that the government respect the autonomy of each locality, and that they waive the right to monopolize all the gas-production, which has been insinuated by their enemies. They are to be complimented on their consistency regarding autonomy and monopoly.

Mr. Monk's Bill, the *Globe* says, is "aimed at the practice of pot hunting" fur-bearing animals. It will make the P. H. forbear to aim at any animal bearing fur, even if it is for bear that he is looking. GRIP has studied the Bill in all its bearings, and is of opinion that if a "Pot Hunter" be out for bear and, being forbid, forbore to shoot the fur bearer, he might barely be able to escape. This claws in the Bill should be amended, otherwise GRIP sees trouble bruin.

A skate has been found on the English coast, 7 feet long and of great breadth. Have any lady tourists from Hamilton been to "Yurru" lately?

The *Globe* published four solid columns of names on Saturday. It is only a "partial" one, and a "continuation" of the list of Delegates to the Convention is promised. The *Globe* acknowledges that it is a hopeless task to record each and several of the noble 6500. To the general public this is not a fact to weep over, but fancy the feelings of Dougal McDougal, Ebenezer Pogram and Patrick Mullarky, Esquires, when, after wading through the legions of names, they find that their own are not mentioned! They will therein see conclusive proof of the decadence of that once powerful "organ," and stop the paper.

The *Midwinter Century* will contain an unusual number of poems by American and English poets, the list including the following names: R. H. Stoddard, E. C. Stedman, Joaquin Miller, E. W. Gosse, Philip Bourke Marston, John Vance Cheney, J. H. Morse, and M. W. Shinn. Helen Gray Cone, the author of the recent poetic dialogue between two well-known poets at Camden, N. J., contributes to the Brio-a-Brac department what is said to be an admirable and elaborate parody of Swinburne. Mr. Stedman's contribution is a valentine in the antique manner.

Admirers of Rev. Dr. Wild, who wish to become possessed of an excellent portrait of that gentleman for framing, should purchase a copy of the picture just issued by Messrs. J. S. Robertson & Bros. of Toronto. The picture is 18x22; a speaking likeness, and the price is only 25 cts. per copy.

#### ODE TO A PAIR OF LONG LEGS.

Yea, legs! yea, lengthy aesthetic pedals,  
Gracefully shaped long, slim and dainty,  
Especially when encased in a pair of tight pants  
Which show thy heavenly shape to a good bargain.  
Methinks I see thee now strutting so proudly  
Thro' the worldly mass of short legs;  
Presumptuous things! swaying proudly above them  
Like Gods above the common race of mortals.

Not deigning to notice their stumpy awkwardness,  
Knock-kneed and other posthumous deformities;  
More fit for feet of darkness than feet of men;  
Yes, lengthy things, I do admire thy grace,  
Thou art a beauty in thy self—a walking lengthiness—  
Still hold thyself aloof, there's no alternative,  
And ever if thou should'st be down in mouth or pocket,  
Hire out as bean-poles for ever after.

R. R.

#### MODERN THEATRICAL ENTERPRISE.

Encouraged by the reception awarded to the double Uncle Tom's Cabin Company, Mr. GRIP has determined to go into the theatrical business, and having caught the prevailing spirit of modern management, he has pleasure in announcing



#### GRIP'S ORIGINAL IDEAL DOUBLE "HAMLET" COMPANY.

The greatest legitimate attraction of the age! Pronounced by press and public to be the most stupendous and daring enterprise ever put upon any stage. A magnificent company of specialty stars in a grand production of Shakespeare's celebrated tragedy,

#### HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

2—HAMLETS.—2

Edwin Booth, Hamlet No. 1, introducing songs and dances, soliloquies, sword exercise, etc.

Lawrence Barrett, the famous Hamlet No. 2, in comic songs, stump speeches and original witticisms.

2—GHOSTS.—2

James Jones, the Great American Comedian, as Ghost No. 1.

John Smith, late of the Drury Lane Theatre as Ghost No. 2. Appearing together between the acts in their famous twin brother balancing feats and startling gymnastic exercises.

2—OPHELIAS.—2

Miss Mary Anderson and Mrs. Lily Langtry. The latter in her choice selection of sentimental songs, including "Farewell Oscar," "That Hateful Mrs. Pigeon," "Fairhaired Foolish Freddie," etc.

The above Stars supported by a double company of selected artists, embracing

4—KINGS OF DENMARK.—4

6—POLONIUS AND MEN.—6

5—LAERTES.—5

In addition to the great musical team

ROZENCRANZ AND GILDERSTEIN

In double song and dance.

Full Chorus and Orchestra.

Popular prices of admission.—Date announced hereafter.

MR. GRIP, Sole Proprietor.

[Wanted.—An advance agent who can post bills cheaply.]

This is the time of the year when All-men-ax for Almanax—and especially for GRIP'S.—Price 25 cents.

Harmless.—A young lady recently asked her fellow "why his arm was like the moon?" and when after due deliberation, he answered "Because it is under a cloud," he was told that the resemblance was that—like the moon—it was only half round.



### GEN. MOWAT'S MARCH PAST.

(THE WAR SONG OF THE CONVENTION.)

Six thousand five hundred in a', in a',  
We've come through the cauld and the snaw, the snaw,  
We're jolly Grit delegates, fine and braw,  
Six thousand five hundred in a', in a'.  
Tho' we're "hayseeds" and "hawbucks" we've aye  
din the job,  
An' we've filled five columns of they big *Glob*,  
The Tories, pair bodies, we'll drive them awa',  
We're six thousand five hundred in a', in a'.

*Chorus of Hawbucks.*—Six thousand, &c.

Did ye'er see the like of the *Mail*, the *Mail*,  
It said we look frae a jail, a jail,  
But naething mair said when the editor saw  
Six thousand five hundred in a', in a'.

Tho' we live on salt pork and have grease on our boots,  
We hae siller in plenty to buy broadcloth suits,  
So the saucy *Mail* rooster may e'en stop his craw,  
At six thousand five hundred in a', in a'.

*Chorus of Hayseeds.*—Six thousand, &c.

And hawbucks and hayseeds will a' hae a vote.  
A fact that the *Mail* man neglected to note,  
I feth I am thinkin' he's made a *faux pas*,  
And was rather too fresh with his jaw, his jaw.  
For each Hawbuck and Hayseed frae East to the West  
Will cherish the compliment in his ain breast,  
And at the next voting he'll hear a hurrah!  
From six thousand five hundred in a', in a'.

*Chorus of Hawbucks and Hayseeds.*—Six thousand, &c.

### OUR ROYAL MOTHER.

In connection with the ceremony of decorating the heroes of the Egyptian war we read :

"Then came the Duke of Connaught; and when he had stepped up to the dais, and had saluted his Royal mother in military form, the Queen, in pinning the medal to his breast, leaned forward and affectionately kissed him. The moment must have been a proud and happy one on either part; and, as a tender episode in a ceremony graciously formal in its general character, the action had a deep interest for all beholders."

Proud day for you, sonny, to be kissed by the Queen of England for being a good boy, even though she is your own mother! You see, sonny, that's why we like her. She ain't a bit like one o' them stick-up, strike-me-all-of-a-heap Queens, what wears their crowns at breakfast, and goes to sleep in their ermine cloaks, with strings o' pearls and diments all over her shouthers. She's a rare good 'ooman, as lives a pure life, does her best to bring up her children properly, and ain't too proud to cry when her poor sailors, or soldiers, or coal-minors, or any other unfortunates is in trouble. That's why we love her, boy. And you can tell your big brother, Wales, from me, that's Jack the Giant-Killer, that of he wants to get into the hearts o' the people and be the greatest monarch of his day, he'll folly the ex'cellent example his mother hev set him, both now and ever after'ards. Amen. "Long live the Queen! Hooray!"

The residents of Givens-street complain that only a portion of that thoroughfare is given, on account of an unsightly fence which protrudes from the property of a certain individual.

### To the Editor of GRIP.

DEAR SIR,—I am a gentleman and I write for gentlemen. On editorials I may take upon myself to say that I am immense. The following "Ed" I wrote for the *Globe* as a stock article for a possibly approaching Conservative convention. To my surprise, however, it was refused as being "a little off" in high tone. It is too bad that it should be lost, and I therefore send it to you, trusting you will insert it.

Yours in the cause,

MARTIN H. McFHEENIGAN, P. E.  
(Professional Editor.)

P.S.—I have a fine lot of anti-Grit ones in stock, for *Mail* or other Tory papers, which I will sell cheap for cash.

M. H. McF., P. E.

If there is any class of our Canadian fellow-countrymen that is entitled to the respect, esteem, envy, and admiration of the journalist, or indeed of all who have the welfare of our country at heart, that class is the horny-handed sons of toil, the free, the enlightened, the sturdy and stalwart yeoman. It has been among the many great and praiseworthy missions of this paper, from its first inception to the present day, to show to the world that the manly tiller of the soil is the backbone, the sinew, the nerve, the brain, and the main strength and support of our glorious and free country, for free it is, and shall be, at least in the premier Province of Ontario, notwithstanding the besotted incubus of a false and French-ridden monster and his following of time-serving, unscrupulous traitorous, mendacious, purse-proud caricatures of second-hand-made knights, and bass-wood aristocrats, that hold the reins of government in the warped and crooked administration at Ottawa. An administration that, by using all the diabolical

cal devices inseparable from their cunning and cruel nature, have long sought, and still seek, to deprive us, the people of Ontario, of our autonomy, our rights, and even our well-defined boundary. Our readers will see, then, that we have no unfriendly animus in showing them what description of people make up the aggregation of the semi-barbarous hordes that infested every nook and corner of our defiled city yesterday, pending their visit to hear the insane blatherings of the contemptible catiffs who have the brazen hardihood to appear on the rostrum at the Tory Convention to-day. Observe that old "hayseed" from the 14th concession of Garafraxa, his coat of homespun was taken from the back of a half-frozen patriot prisoner after the sanguinary battle of Gallows Hill in '38. The bluar-eyed, sodden old relict of the Family Compact days, prizes it—yes, actually prizes it, as the aesthetic modern maiden prizes an old left-handed sugar bowl as cracked as herself! See his fockle-faced, red-haired, snub-nosed daughter Sal! She has only one eye! All the boys on the town line cry out in derision as she passes by, "There goes the one eye love!" She walks down the street, raising her ponderous cow-hide-shod feet, as if she was crossing over the prostrate logs of a cedar swamp, and swings the pre-historic carpet bag containing her Dad's four days' rations of pork and corn cake (which he has brought in to save hotel expenses) so wildly, that even the newsboys fly from her in dismay. Again, let your attention rest for a moment on that young man; he is a farmer's son; the glorious blessing of the franchise has been bestowed upon the ungrateful wretch by a too paternal home government. He has his store clothes on, and sports a massive brazen chain shackled on to a galvanized watch of now bedimmed lustre. The weather is cold, yet he keeps his overcoat unbuttoned in order to show his metallic make up to the admiring multitude. He thinks he is quite exquisite, and could pass anywhere for a city swell. He is mistaken. He is a hawbuck and a Tory all over. On his arm hangs a girl, cinnamon-scented, brazen-faced and banged. Her roseate hair is anointed with butter, and she therefore smelleth not of amber. Traces of last fall's mud are clearly manifest on her ill-shaped boots, and her *tout ensemble* is highly suggestive of untimely returnings from village strawberry festivals. She casts sideward glances at the shop windows as she passes by, to admire her dowdy reflection. Her father, it is needless to observe, is a Tory of Tories, and was at the battle of the Windmill during the rebellion, and acted as deputy assistant hangman of the patriot Pole Vanshoutz. We give the above as a fair sample of the Tory gathering to the convention, but space forbids us to go into further details as to the characteristics of these uncanny hordes as a whole. Suffice it to say, that the Chief of Police has instructions, which doubtless he has carried out, to swear in 500 special constables to look out for these gentry, a large portion of whom have bivouacked in the Queen's Park to economise their expenses in lodging while in the city; so a word of warning may not be out of place here to respectable citizens, and we would strongly advise them to give a wide berth to the mob of ignorant, drunken, besotted and dangerous country roughs who are now inflicting us with their presence on account of the pitiable Tory fiasco now unfortunately convened in the city.

Do stump orators in attempting to propagate their opinions, render themselves offensive by the excessive use of railery?

Would it be mortar-fying to the collectors of bric-a-brac in classifying hod-carriers among the list of sub-lime professions?



THE CAUSE OF THE TIGHTNESS IN OUR MONEY MARKET.

SIC FUT, EST. ET ERIT.

OR, THE SOLEBORN OF LOVE.

Emptiest are hearts that love filled most  
And laid at beauty's dazzling shrine;  
The flirt ere long them o'ertost,  
And all their precious worth was lost—  
It trickled off, like wasted wine.

That man whom passion cannot move,  
Bowed once, with maddest worship bold,  
Before the car of idol Love—  
The juggernaut that o'er him drove,  
And crushed his life and left him cold.

The tenderest had will kiss the frost  
That blacks with Ma(r)tin all her Day,  
The whitest bread makes yellowest toast,  
And brickbat hearts were fired the most  
With love when they were softest clay.

Her stalk's most bare, that erst too fair  
Gave all its blossoms to the wind—  
Insinuating, devious,  
He won them with the *coolest* air,  
Then took his leave(s)—he didn't mind.

Again, the man who "cannot feel"  
Gets plunged into the deepest woe,  
(Behold you wary worldling kneel  
A sudden with a rapid "Oh!"  
While all in vain the slippery peel,  
Insinuating to the heel,  
Waylays the heedless archin's toe.)

Your *knowing* blade, your man of steel,  
Who plans thro' life unscathed to go—  
His *son's* distracted by a *peal*  
Of witching laughter soft and low;  
Swift, as one shot, whose senses reel,  
While friends in vain cry: "Hold! hello!"  
He headlong flies for woe or weal  
Down to the *swar's* depths below,  
And, from that *guttural* lass, you know  
There sounds an everlasting "O,  
Marie! *mar re, mi, do, oh do!*"

E. T.

Note—Distract—"to turn different ways at once."—  
*Walker's Dictionary.*

BOB BOOBIE ON A DEPARTED MILLIONAIRE.

Blue blood is awful demeratic. We don't think no more of a man if he's a lord and his feyther wur a chimley-sweep, than we do of a chimley-sweep if his feyther wur a lord.

"NO PUBLIC REQUESTS."

Well, now! O'ny to think! He come to Canada quite a boy, so to say, he got rich out'n her, and when he dies he don't leave her nothin', not even a good wish. Now I'm for fair an' square all round, an' I b'lieve as when a fellor makes his will he shud first and fore-

most take care o' his wife an' children. But I also b'lieve its his solemn dooty to remember his country. An' if Canady wa'nt Sir Hugh Allan's country I don't know what makes a fellers country. Here he lived and here he cum to be buried, which shows as he luk'd upon it as his hum. But there ain't the first mention o' that 'ere fact in his will. Now when a man thinks how much he owes to edication, religion, good morals, good roads, good lightin' an' good fun; how mis'able he'd be without the advantages of 'em all, an how little better than a Red Injun he 'ould feel if there wa'nt nothin' but just what he could do for hisself to depend on in the matter o' civilization and preparation for the better lan' where, in Christ'en charity, we hope Sir Hugh's gone, it stan's to reason as he owes suthin' at least of his worldly goods to the land in which he himself located.



WINNIPEG'S GROWTH.

*Paterfamilias.*—Whow! how Winnipeg must be growing! Here I read that the building operations during the year have amounted to \$4,447,712. Most astonishing! most—

*Hopeful Son.*—(Home from the Prairie City for the holidays)—Not at all, governor; look at the soil of the Nor' West—everything's got to grow!

A FEW REMARKS.

"'Tis a cold, cold world," says the poet. The thermometer says so too.

A writer on natural history tells a wonderful story of a dog running at the top of his speed and a cat sitting on its tail. On its own tail, we suppose.

An exchange tells of a talented young lady who is preparing herself for a lawyer. Wonder who the lawyer is, and how the preparations affect him.

It is said that the first virtue is to restrain the tongue even though you are in the right. Yes; it's easy enough to restrain the tongue when you find yourself left.

"Will you come out to the gate this evening?" he asked. "Well, Fred," she replied, with a slight shudder, "I suppose I could, but I'd rather you'd come in to the grate."

A young gentleman at boarding school wrote home to his parents as follows: "This institution comprises a good many scholars, besides two cows, three pigs, and six teachers."

A new corset has been invented warranted to reduce every waist to fairy-like dimensions. A good agent is wanted to undertake the sale of it. No doubt it will prove very profitable to the undertaker.

"There's papa," cried Bessy, "stamping the snow from his boots outside." "How do you know?" asked her mother, "Perhaps it's some one else." "No," replied the child, "I'm sure it's papa. He has the stamp of a gentleman."

A team of horses and a heavily loaded lumber wagon passed over a tough little fellow while going into a barn the other day, without breaking his bones or injuring him in the least. The tough little fellow was in the barn cellar.

"What is it makes the car go?" asked little Willie, whose wondering eyes had never rested on a freight train before. "What is it makes the cargo?" repeated his father impatiently, "why, it's what goes into the car, of course."

A correspondent who signs himself, "A Lover of Animals," says we might sit at the feet of a horse and learn humility. So we might if we only had the time to spare. The best and quickest way of getting humiliated is to sit at the feet of a mule. Hind feet understood.

It is said that cannibals object to eating the flesh of a man that is saturated with tobacco. Seems to us these cannibals are getting a little too fastidious about their food. Next thing we know they will object to eating the flesh of a good wholesome, health reformer because it reminds them so much of chopped straw and water.

A correspondent signing himself "Dyspepsia," says he will be compelled to remain a bachelor all his life because he can't find a girl that knows how to make good brown bread with plenty of bran in it. This is too bad, but we can't blame the girls. Evidently "Dyspepsia" himself is not able to make a bran mash.

Something to boot—"Of course," said the bashful suitor, "I feel that I have gained an inestimable prize in the affection of your lovely daughter, but is there not a dowry—a little settlement—in short, to speak brutally, can't you give me something to boot?" "No," replied the fond father, "you have given me that;" and when the young man unexpectedly sprang from the porch over the front gate he realized that he had.



“PERSUASION.”

JOHN A.—NOW, SIR, JUMP ON TO THAT OTHER SEAT, OR YOU CAN'T HAVE IT!

## The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

### OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The summer is over, the winter is come.  
In the House of Assembly what is to be done?  
The streams bill and boundary question alone,  
Can only be settled by the high court at home.  
On the floor of the House, when his Honor came down,  
With the Masters-at-Arms and Clerk of the Crown,  
The first that came in was the Irish Brigade,  
And left all the others quite out in the shade.  
His Grace the Archbishop, in robes and pink cap,  
Was followed by others to fill up the gap.  
When a voice in the gallery exclaimed, don't you know,  
That is the old chap that runs this side show—  
Then up came the Hardeys and Pardees, you know,  
Who are both active members in running this show.  
They fauned and they fussed around this good man,  
And the Sheriff of Prescott, he too kissed his hand.  
Up starts little David with a sling and a stone,  
Who will fight for the boundary if he stands alone;  
While the Premier in silence looks on at such asses,  
And smiles in complaisance behind his gold glasses.  
There is the Clerk of the Chamber, so blithe and so gay,  
The smiles of the ladies he cannot repay.  
The guns they did fire at the sound of the bell,  
The session was open, you could easily tell.  
The Queen's Own came marching so gallant and gay,  
To keep off the Fenians in case of a fray.  
Next up came the Guards, with their helmets so bright—  
Some said in the crowd the Colonel was tight—  
This proved a delusion, as everyone says,  
For it that was the case he should have thirty days.  
The speech from the throne was read with good grace  
By His Honor the Governor, dressed up in gold lace.  
The crops of potatoes he told them were good,  
And during the short session they were sure of their food.  
The fracas being over, the band it did play;  
The tune it struck up was Patrick's day.  
When Frazer and blazer, and his motley crew,  
Kept time with the music and entered the Zoo,  
When Harry the Piper amused them with slang,  
And showed them the monkeys and orang-outang;  
The whale in the closet he told them was dead,  
The history of which had gone out of his head.  
The session being over the election comes on,  
Will leave the Reformers not so very strong;  
The Marmon question will be their defeat,  
And will leave the old Tories once more on their feet.

—Lachute Watchman.

### JOSH BILLINGS'S GUIDE TO HEALTH.

Never run into debt, not if you can find anything else to run into.  
Be honest, if you can; if you can't be honest, pray for help.  
Marry young, and if you make a hit, keep cool and don't brag about it.  
Be kind to your mother-in-law, and, if necessary, pay for her board in some good hotel.  
Bathe thoroughly wuns a weke in soft water, kasteel soap, and avoid tite boots.  
Exercise in open air, but don't saw wood until you are obliged to.  
Laff every time you feel tickled, and laff once in a while any how.  
Eat hash washing days, and be thankphill if you have to shut your eyes to do it.  
Hold the baby half the time, and allwuss start the fire in the mornings and put on the tea kettle.  
Don't jaw back—it only proves that you are az big a phool az the other phello.  
Never borrow what you are able to buy, and always have some things you won't lend.  
Never git in a hurry; you can walk a good deal further in a day than you can run.  
Don't swear; it may convince you, but it iz sure not to convince others.  
If you have dauters, let yure wife bring them up; if she has got common sense she can beat all yure theorays.  
Don't drink to much nu sider, and, however mean you be, don't abuse a kow.  
Luv and respect yure wife onny how; it iz a good deal cheaper than to be all the tim wishing she was all the time different.  
Don't have onny rules for long life that you won't break; be prepared to-day to die to-morrow, iz the best creed for long life I kno of.

Keep yure hed cool and yure feet dry, and breathe thru yure noze az much az yu kan.  
Don't be a klown if yu kan help it; people don't respect emny thing mutch that they kan only laff at.

If you kant have half a loaf take a whole one; a whole loaf iz mutch better than no bread.  
Don't miss emny phun, not if you have to go ten miles out of yure way to find it.  
Don't keep but one dog; there iz no man but a pauper able to keep three.

NOTE.

By trying to follo the above guid to health and happinez the Billings family has bekum what it iz.

A square game.—Chess.

Boss air.—The tune the cow died on.

Vulgar fraction.—Breaking the peace.

A bad sign.—Any sign you cannot read.

Constitutional question.—Have you got the goat?

A crowl thing.—The embroidered Christmas present.

Beware of the man with whom everybody and everything is "all right."

Putting the right foot foremost.—Kicking out an impertinent busybody.

If forty yards make a fur-long, how many will it take to make a fur-lough?

Latest news.—Irish intelligence. Very little in the market or elsewhere.

Natural inquiry.—Will the music of the future be led by a lightning conductor?

A house-maid, while perusing a popular novel, suddenly lost her place. *Quit*: thinks she was hardly used.

A gentleman in Montreal calls his youngest son "Mr. Parnell," because he "agitates" at the table, and the next boy he calls "Mr. Biggar, his assistant."

"*Je t'adore! Je t'adore!*" he murmured softly. But she had an eye on another chap, and making-believe she did not "comprend" French, she told him to shut it himself.

A certain pianist, of Montreal, played a cradle song and sent his audience to sleep. Nothing abashed, he said afterwards that it was the finest compliment he ever received.

A certain lady of the same city—behind her back they call her Mrs. Partington (everybody knows her, she has figured in *Quiz* before)—drives out seldom now because her new team of horses are "so spirituous."

Why he wore them.—The late Professor Skoda, one of Vienna's greatest surgeons, had, until within a year or two before his death, worn garments of a most unfashionable cut—the trousers were baggy and the coat was most ingeniously ill-fitted. His friends often joked with him about the matter, and Skoda bore it good-naturedly, without, however, making any explanation. One day a friend observed that he was more stylishly clad than usual. "This is an unlooked-for pleasure, Skoda, said he, "to see you for once properly dressed." "Say no more," returned the surgeon gravely; "he who has made my clothing for all the years you have known me did not, it is true, give it a fashionable shape; but he let me have it long before I had achieved success, and he never pressed me for money when he suspected that I was pressed for it myself. How would you behave, my friend—leave such a man for one who merely cut cloth in a different shape?" "But why then do you leave him now?" inquired the friend. "He is dead," said Skoda.

Why is a drunkard like a bad politician?—Because he is always poking his nose into measures that spoil the constitution.

German friend: "De picture you haf bainted is most putifnl; dere is only von vord in de English laucknidge vich describes it—and I haf vorgotten it.

At a restaurant. Diner: "Here, waiter, I say, confound it, this game is too much so!" Waiter, blandly: "Beg pardon, sir, but you're mistaken, sir. It's the other gentleman's fish at the next table, sir.

'Too thin—Farmer Jenkins is one of those men who will never be hanged for their extravagance. His son, a University graduate, hadn't been home a day before he asked him why he didn't feed the horses more—they looked so wretchedly thin. "None of your college nonsense," retorted the old man sharply. "You're thin, aren't you, and your mother she's thin, and I'm thin too; but we all get plenty to eat. Same way with the horses. The fact is thinness runs in the family."

### "BECAME SOUND AND WELL."

HATCHER'S STATION, Ga., March 27, 1876.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.: *Dear Sir*—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good. Yours truly, THOMAS J. METHVIN.

Drunken tramp: "Got to go (hic) to Barnet to-night, gen'lmen (hic). Could you kindly spare a poor fellow (hic) a bit of baccy?" First friend: "We are non-smokers." Tramp groans, and then moves slowly on his way. Second friend, loudly, struck with happy thought: "We are also teetotalers!" Tramp, looking round with a grim: "(Hic) Perhaps you're veg—(hic) vegetarians too?"

Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—or antibilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

## EARS FOR THE MILLION!

Foo Choo's Balsam of Shark's Oil.

Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the only Absolute Cure for Deafness Known.

This Oil is abstracted from a peculiar species of small White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as *Carorodon Rondeletii*. Every Chinese Fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing were discovered by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1470. Its cures were so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for over 300 years no Deafness has existed among the Chinese people. Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at \$1.50 per bottle.

## Hear what the Deaf Say!

It has performed a miracle in my case. I have no unearthly noises in my head, and hear much better.

I have been greatly benefited. My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

"Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation. Write at once to HAYLOCK & JENNEY, 7 Dey-street, New York, enclosing \$1.00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing so."—EDITOR OF MERCANTILE REVIEW.

To avoid loss in the Mails, please send money by REGISTERED LETTER.

Only imported by HAYLOCK & JENNEY Sole Agents for America. Dey-st., N.Y.

## BARNEY IS INDIGNANT.



**B**EDAD! I declare to ye, sur, it's petticoats an' a pollynase I'd be afther deckin' meself in out av compliment to the wimmin, if it wasn't for the terror av bein' nabbed by the police fur disguisement av me purson. Sure an it's dead an' buried in me youth I'd be twenty times over, afore I'd live to see the day whin I'd be ashamed av belongin' to the male ginder. But it's thankful I ought to be that I niver belonged to the medical ginder, fur thin bedad I'd have no hope av meself at all, at all. Bad cess to the durthy spalpeens, sure an' if it wasn't fur the expinse av a ticket to Kingston, it's meself id go down an' wallop the whole lot av thim medicals fur bringin' the name av mankind into disrepute wid their contemptible canthrips.

But it's meself that's losht in amashement at the wonderful ingenooity dishplayed in the plan they tuk to get the girls banished out av the medical college, widout renderin' thimselves liable to the lash av the law. They cudn't scare them out wid a dishplay av their shupayrior talints—the girls could bate them there. Nayther dursht they be anything but civil, seein' some av them had brothers who could handle a horse whip, so they hit upon the manly, glorious, pious, an' immortally characteristic plan av blushin' them out av the class-room. Whooray for the Kingston medicals!!! The bowld brave fellows!!! They couldn't drive out the girls by any means, until sayzin the Axcalibre av black-guardism, they routed them with ribald laughter, an' thin petitioned the faculty not to let thim in agin!

We are tould in howly writ that we are quarly an' wondherfully made. That sur, is exactly me own sentiments. A human body sur, is acknowledged to be the mosht perfectly beautiful known work of Almighty God, an' declared to be a fit temple, whin kep clane, fur the residence av the Holy Ghost. An' I howld that any professor, medical or otherwise, who cannot see so much of wise design, an' rare artistic beauty, in even the sin destroyed ruins av sich a temple, as to cause him to handle even the wrecks of it reverently, an' with manly gravity, he is totally unfit to be in the position of a teacher of young min an' wimmin.

More'n that, whin such a wau takes advantage av his high position to pander to the latent depravity in half-fledged human nature, by coarse allusions an' prurient anecdotes, he is—between me an' yourself private, if I war to put in plain English what I call him, it's yourself he'd have hauled up for libel wid damages enough to pay the expinse av resurectin' a whole generation, to say nothing av the moral tone av GRIP bein' lowered be the

publication av such Shakesperian epithets as 'ud express my notion av his character; so to save trouble an' costs, fur the prisint, I'll just call that particular spade—a—a—shovel.

An' we'll charitably suppose that nayther professor nor student who tuk part in the characteristic proceedin' iver had any mother or sisters av any account worthmintonin', an' therefore cudn't be supposed to understand how vulgarity could so offend the sinsibilities av well brought up faymales, who thought no harm av studying the same subjects as Aspasia, Florence Nightingale, an' hundreds av others had done afore them, wid a view to alleviatin' the sufferins' av womankind an' airnin' an honest livin' at the same time.

Many's the good woman earned her diploma of midwifery under Professor Simpson av Edinburgh—(God rest his sowl), but meself has got to learn that he iver uttered anything in his tacin' that a gentleman could not spake, or a lady listen to. Nayther did he think it above him to spend his leisure aventin' hours, in preachin' the gospel av purity an' peace to the wretched and poverty stricken dwellers in the dens av the Cannongate.

What shtrikes the public mosht forcibly because it shtrikes home, in this affair is, that these same vulgar rowdies are the future doctors who are to prescribe for and to be tuk into the mosht delicate confidences av our wives and daughters, and sur, this knowledge is anything but pleasant, and furnishes a very strong argyment fur the education of ladies as doctors to attend to their own sex.

There can be no doubt whativer that the way the medical faculty have indorsed their rowdy manifestations, by shutting out faymale students for the future, from the advantages av co-education in medicine, will redound to the glory av Canada, an' shew to the world that where self-respect tries to howld her own wid vulgarity and low-breedin', self-respect must go to the wall, an' it is to be hoped that Canadians abroad will be immensely flattered whin complimented on the subject.

In grate humility, yours,  
BARNEY O'HEA.

WAR SONG OF THE DELEGATE.  
FOOLED.

Along the slippery, rainy street  
She walked with dainty step and neat,  
While peeped from 'neath her dress two feet  
'That, sure to say,' is just and meet,  
Were only number two  
Around her form and head was thrown  
A rubber circular—a groan  
Escaped me that I did not own  
That form divine, for I alone  
Did envy each dumb, senseless stone  
Kissed by her shoe.

I said unto myself, " Ah hid  
Those rattling rubber folds amid  
Is a sweet face whose smiles would rid  
My heart of pain and dumbly bid  
My hopes arise.  
Ah! yes, 'twould ease my heart of pain  
To walk for days out in the rain,  
E'en though my ploddings were in vain,  
And notly seek a glance to gain  
From those dear eyes.

I lied me to the unknown maid,  
And all the while her form surveyed:  
And now my heart was half afraid,  
Again 'twas bold, again dismayed—  
O paragon of maids!  
I still more urged my anxious pace,  
And summoned all my airs of grace—  
I knew not which end was my base,  
When I glanced 'round and—saw a face  
As black as ace of spades!

DICK DUMPLING.

Is it within the *range* of reason to designate the coal merchants of this city, in enhancing their prices, a lot of self-headers, whose action may be termed a *burning* shame against the *grate*-fulness that has hitherto prevailed?



ROYAL.—The Ideal Uncle Tom's Cabin Company is doing a splendid business with its double Toppies and double Marks. The play is really well acted, and the specialties are very attractive.

GRAND.—Emma Abbott is warbling nightly at this house, assisted by an able company. On Saturday evening the engagement will close with *Il Tratoro*.

The *Messiah* was given in fine style by the Choral Society on Tuesday evening, under the practised baton of Mr. Fisher.

Are the difficulties which children run into a *crystallization* of the suddenness with which their eyes ability can give way?

Anxious Mother: "Anna, how many times must I tell you not to lower your eyes when you are talking with a gentleman? Indifferent daughter: "As many times as you please." A. M.: "Well, I don't want you to do so again." I. D.: "Why not?" A. M.: "Because you have no lashes to speak of." I. D.: "Then why do you speak of them?"

How to make yourself offensive—Tell a "middle-aged young lady" that its wonderful how young she looks; ask a milkman for a piece of chalk; say to an editor that you can't find time to read his articles if he persists in making them as long as his ears; tell the dear children that you want them to enjoy themselves as much as possible, but they mustn't go out doors nor make the least bit of noise in the house; be patient, persevering, courageous, cheerful, unmoved by taunts and sneers, and thoroughly conscientious and unswerving in your determination to spend all these long winter evenings in learning how to play on the fiddle.



## THE RETURN FROM THE CONVENTION.

Wife—Aha! you old deceiver! What did you mean by telling me you were going to Toronto to attend a Convention? But I've found you out! Here the paper tells it all—you went to get free whiskey!!

Delegate speechless.



GOV. BEN. BUTLER GOES IN FOR REFORM.



A nod thing—A curt bow.  
A Sergeant De Ville—A butcher.  
Poor fare—Third class railway tickets.  
Lush-ious things—Wine, whiskey, ale, etc.  
“Something’s up”—as the man said when he saw a balloon ascending.  
A fly sheet—a newspaper used as a kite also, a section of “stick ‘em alive oh!”  
“Stop my paper,”—as the man begged of a friend when his note was going to protest.

A PRESSMAN’S EPITAPH ON GORDON BROWN;  
“Long have I run a leading race,  
But sorely pressed gave up the chase:  
In fiercest type the Grits will storm,  
Since I’m dismissed without a form  
Of explanation. Yet I fear;  
The *Globe* no longer is my sphere.

Our Funny Contributor, speaking of the late dinner to the attaches of the *Grip* Publishing Co., and noticing that one of the principal articles on the table was a magnificent stuffed raven, says: that this was not fare, and calculated to give the company ravenous appetites, not speak of the danger of giving *Grip* the gripes, and setting its professional punster crowing.

Young men, and middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses send three stamps for Part VII of Dime Series Books. Address **WORLD’S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION**, Buffalo, N. Y.

A hot one for chilly uns—To what extent has the sale of Peruvian bark diminished since the late South American war terminated all bitterness of feeling?

Young Mrs. Funnigram having peculiar ideas of her own, and hearing so much against the uncomfortable aesthetic chairs of the period, decided to furnish her cosy parlor with very commodious and delightful easy dentists chairs. But she confessed to her husband that the scheme was a failure, as she could never sit in one of them for more than half a minute at a time. “How is that?” asked he. “Why, you see,” she explained, “every time I sit down I am so enraptured to think that I haven’t got to have a tooth out that I am compelled to get up and dance for joy.”

WHAT THE WIDOW TOLD ME.

The widow came running through snow and sleet,  
Not the highest drifts could have blocked her;  
In my best rocking chair she found a seat,  
And in that same she rocked her.  
A terrible story she had to repeat,  
Of a sad-faced man she met on the street,  
Who looked so depressed from head to feet,  
His appearance really shocked her;  
Till he came to a sign, new painted and neat,  
“Come Buy Nice, Cheap, Green Apples to Eat,”  
When he brightened all up with a smile so sweet,  
It might have seemed that he mocked her:  
“Now my suffering babes shall have bread and meat,”  
He said, and she added with whisper discreet,  
“The man of course was a doctor.”

**CONSUMPTION.**

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 161 Pearl St., N. Y.

(Established 1854.)

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Getting a World Wide Reputation.

About 150,000 bottles of medicine and 3,000 spirometers, the invention of M. Souville, of Paris, and Ex-alde Surgeon of the French army, have been used by physicians and patients during the last year for the cure of catarrh, catarrhal deafness, bronchitis, asthma, consumption in its first stages and many diseases of the head, throat and lungs, and nearly half the above amount during the last three months showing a great increase in the demand. Consultation with any of the surgeons belonging to the Institute free. Poor people showing certificates can have spirometers free. Write enclosing stamp for pamphlet giving full information to either of the Canadian offices where competent English and French specialists are always in charge. Address, International Throat and Lung Institute, 13 Phillips Square, Montreal, P. Q., or 173 Church street, Toronto, Ont.

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