



The gravest beast is the Ass.
The gravest bird is the Owl.
The gravest fish is the Oyster.
The gravest man is the fool.
J.W. Bennett

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NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Eight per cent per annum upon the capital stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches, on and after Tuesday, the First day of June next.

The transfer books will be closed from the Seventeenth to the Thirty-first day of May, both days inclusive.

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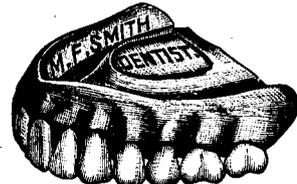
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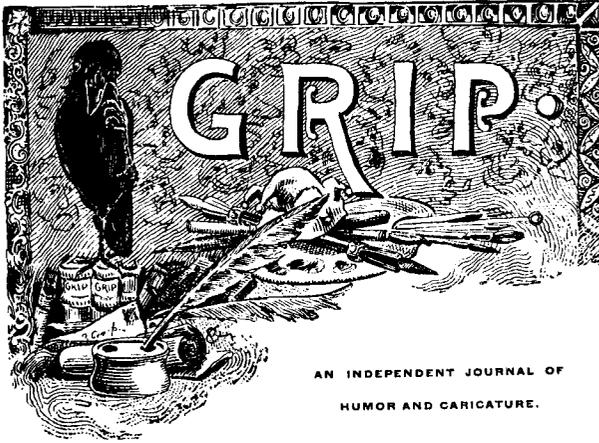
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J. W. BENGOUGH EDITOR.

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Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date on the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

Comments on the Cartoons.



HOW IT MAY END.—If the influential London papers may be accepted as speaking the mind of our mother Britannia on the present fishery trouble, we need look for nothing from Great Britain excepting advice, and that advice such as we are not likely to act upon. These English journals calmly tell us that we have nothing to do but give in to the American claims, whether we are in the right or not, if we want to end the difficulty. To be sure, we might just as well give ourselves away as be given away by our honored parent as in times past—but this thing of sacrificing our rights on all occasions, to accommodate other people, no longer meets the approval of the Canadian people. It is manifest that the colony relationship is now impracticable. We must enjoy all the rights and privileges of a Nation in one form or another, and if we cannot be an independent nation, having due guarantee of our liberties, then we can at least be an important portion of the American Republic—and this alternative, in the opinion of probably a large majority of Canadians, would be distinctly preferable to our present nondescript and contemptible position.

THE WHITEWASHING JOB.—Mr. Dalton McCarthy has fittingly signalized the house-cleaning season by doing a job of whitewashing for the Government in the White-Bowell-Jamieson case. The majority report, which exonerates the parties charged from all blame, and to use a *Nail* expression, “makes Mr. Bowell’s sterling integrity stand forth in greater relief than ever,” is a document which in every paragraph ignores or defies the truth—if the sworn evidence is to be taken as such. That this lawyer-like concoction is unhesitatingly signed by the majority of the committee is but another proof of the moral obliquity of the present Parliament. Mr. McCarthy is rapidly destroying the good reputation he has hitherto enjoyed. No character is scorned by the public more than a political “tool.”

SPAIN’S NEW KING.—No doubt the new Baby of Spain is a dear ‘tittle tootsy-ootsy, but when we read of the solemn gathering of statesmen and dignitaries in the ante-chamber to hail the youngster as their ruler, it makes us laugh. If Castelar and all the other brainy fellows have found it impossible to govern Spain to the satisfaction of the people, what reason is there to suppose that this little atom of royalty, simply because it is royal, will succeed? To the believer in government of the people, by the people, for the people, this whole King business is supremely absurd.

A WARNING.—The *Globe* has got hold of a confidential circular issued by the sec’y of the Conservative Union, in which it is stated

that the fate of the Party, in the coming general election, *absolutely* depends upon the voters’ lists. This fully justifies all that has been said as to the real motive of the Government in passing the Franchise bill, and gives the *coup de grace* to the pretence of “uniformity.”

MINISTERIAL AID.—Wonder how the immaculate Mr. Beaty is getting along with that charter dicker? The kind and generous (and pure-minded) Government gave him till June to make a little something for the Boy, and the time is drawing to a close. No doubt the Boy is getting anxious.

SOCIAL TONGUE-SLIPS.

DID SHE MEAN IT?

Hostess.—Oh! good evening, Mr. Daftby, I’m so glad to see you; but I hear you have not been well lately; I *am* so sorry.

Daftby.—Yahs; I had a seveah cold in my head, y’know, Mrs. St. Cyr; vevy unpleasant, y’know.

Hostess.—Oh! I can sympathize with you for I have suffered very much from a cold on my chest, which was never stronger since I had that fever. Strange, isn’t it, how a cold always seems to attack the weakest spot?

Daftby.—Well—ah yahs, I s’pose so—ah! [*Doesn’t see it though.*]



IN consequence of the success of Mr. George Belford’s dramatic and humorous recitals, and the widely expressed desire that another opportunity should be given the citizens of Toronto of hearing this gentleman, before his return to England, he has been induced to hold another recital in Shaftesbury Hall on Monday evening, May 31. An entirely new programme will be presented.

THE selection of soloists for the June festival has been definitely made, and will include Fraulein Lilli Lehmann, the great German operatic singer, who created such a *furor* in her two recent visits to Toronto; Mrs. E. Aline Osgoode, whose performances in oratorio in this city have been among the most satisfactory ever presented; Miss Agnes Huntington, a most charming contralto, whose singing here last year was characterized by the greatest artistic elegance and completeness; Mrs. Gertrude Luther, whose conscientious singing in “The Rose of Sharon,” and “Mors et Vita,” has secured her this important engagement, completes the list of lady vocalists. The gentlemen singers are Mr. Albert L. King, tenor; Mr. Max Heinrich, baritone; and Mr. D. M. Babcock, basso, all of whom are in the front rank of festival artists. In addition to these, the following instrumentalists have been secured: Herr Otto Bendix, pianist; Mme. Chatterton, harpiste; Mr. Frederic Archer, organist, and Mr. Henry Jacobsen, violinist. From the enthusiasm and proficiency shown by both the adult and children’s choruses, Mr. Torrington is confident of a brilliant success.

THE Bible is to be printed in shorthand, and even then it will be too long for the average man to get a chance to look into it.

(All Rights Reserved.)

Willie Fulton the Radical.

WILLIE FULTON lived up 'mang the Gleniffer braes,
In a wee flow'ry spot o' his ain ;
Peculiar was he in his words and his ways,
Yet surely he lived not in vain.

His stature was sma', but his heart it was big,
And upright the race that he ran ;
And tho' for lang years he'd to delve and to dig,
Yet he lived the true life o' a man.

His look had the true Apostolical grace
That's pleasant e'en now to recall ;
And maist o' folk said when they looked in his face
That they couldna help thinking o' Paul.

The same kind o' spirit which dwelt in John Knox,
The true martyr spirit was there,
That would have gone out to the deserts and rocks
For freedom to do and to dare.

I canna tell a' that was writ on that face,
'Twas a volume to study and scan—
A guide to our incomprehensible race
On a new and original plan.

A kind o' judicious, synoptical face,
Closely written, and a' underlined ;
A living comment on the whole human race,
By Faith, Love and Hope undersigned.

A face very far frae the common, I ween,
Nae doot ev'ry word on't was true,
And a' lichter up by twa fathomless een
O' caum deeply beautifu' blue.

His garments were russet, braid Scotch was his talk,
Yet pith in each word as it fell ;
His air and his manner, yea his very walk
Was a guide and a sermon itsell.

His words had the true gowden ring o' richt :
The thing that he thought he would say,
Each word bolted oot, no afear o' the licht,
And into a' hearts found its way.

And nae sentimental bit-body was he
Wi' little else in him than talk ;
Nor was he forever ambitious to be
The big Bubbly-Jock o' the walk.

He fought wi' misfortune for mony a day,
And triumphed by courage and skill ;
He put a "stout heart to a stey staney brae,"
For mighty was wee Willie's will.

He was nane o' the kin wha would sit doon an' greet
When a stumbling-block cam in the way,
"That gar'd me," said Willie, "aye spring tae ma feet
And meet e'en the deevil half way."

When fortune at last found out Willie's abode,
He still bore his struggles in mind ;
And thought the best way to be thankful to God
Was to lessen the woes o' mankind.

The truth for its ain sake to Willie was dear,
And by it he'd stand or he'd fa' ;
What he said, what she said, for jest or for jeer,
He simply cared naething ava.

Whate'er was the matter, whate'er the dispute,
He saw the true point o' the thing ;
And straight to the centre his arrows he'd shoot,
And killed mony lees on the wing.

And Willie was truly religious indeed,
And when a' religions he'd scan.
He placed that one always the first at the heid
That had maist love tae God and tae man.

That he had his fauts and his failings, nae doot,
For ocht that I ken may be true ;
But while he was living, I ne'er found them oot,
So I'm no gaun to hunt them up noo.

He had his ain crochets, as maist o' folk hae,
But little the waur was for that ;
For instance, when titled folk cam in his way
He sturdily kept on his hat.

Willie didna believe that the hauf o' oor race
Ready saddled and bridled were born,
The other hauf booted and spurred, by God's grace,
To ride them and laugh them to scorn.

And oh, what a pith in the dialect he threw !
When he spake to the serfs o' the land,
It seemed as if manhood enthroned on his brow
Waved o'er them a magical wand.

For manhood boon a' things did Willie revere
And scorned ev'ry kind o' a lee ;
And still to my bosom his mem'ry is dear
For a noble o' nature was he.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.



A CHANGE OF MOOD.

Johnny.—Aunty, can I have 'nother piece of cake ?
Aunty (an ex-schoolmarm).—Of course you can, but—
Johnny.—Well, I mean, may I ?
Aunty.—No.
Johnny (aside).—Darn grammar, anyway ?

ACROSS THE BRINY.

GRIP's energetic and much esteemed President, Mr. J. L. Morrison, is among the happy number of those who are "taking in" the great Colonial Exhibition. At least, our representative man soon *will* be, as he has just sailed from the American shore, and carried with him so many good wishes that we feel confident of his safe arrival. Amongst other important messages, Mr. M. carries GRIP's Profound and Loyal Respects to Her Majesty the Queen, and her interesting family, and if Her Majesty always treats visitors as they deserve, she will put the best room at Buckingham at the disposal of Mr. Morrison.

POINTERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

DEAR GRIP :

SIR,—All through Ontario divers bodies of town and township Councillors will be sallying out next week on their annual tours, to see what is required in the way of repairs to municipal works. They will be met with many and earnest petitions to do "something for us."

It seems to us, then, that this would be a good time to fire off on a defenceless community a new and original plan looking towards economy in local public expenditure.

We're making, going on as we have been going on, a mistake of the most gigantic dimensions, and it costs money. We know it. It's as plain as a full-cloth overcoat. This business of putting in a fresh lot of mayors, and reeves, and town and township councillors each year, is a frightful blunder.

Tell you why.

Take the case of a town about the size of Lindsay, for instance. Vote in twelve men mighty good and strictly true. These fellows start in to improve about their several localities. They go out—most of them—at the end of the year. Put in another twelve. These improve and go out, too. Keep this sort of thing up for years, if you like. These improvements cost like the mischief, and there's so much of it to be done we never get ahead.

Now take our plan—as yet unpatented.

Put in your mayor and twelve councillors. Keep 'em in office for, say twelve years.

Look at the result!

First year they set to work and make improvements at the public expense all about them. Second year improve again—but not so much. Third year there's nothing to be done that'll benefit themselves, and I'll be hanged if they'll do anything for anybody else. Clear case of enforced economy, don't you know?

Or, have three councillors only—one for each ward. Make them perpetual, or as nearly so as possible—the nearer the better. Make the north ward fellow represent the east, and the east ward man the south, and so on.

Now let the ratepayers carefully consider the outcome of this arrangement.

The east ward representative would turn a deaf ear to petitions from the north. The south ward delegate will have no confidence in expressed opinions that the side-walks in the east ward need renewing. The north ward man will not consent to spending money in his constituency (the east) unless the south ward healer can persuade the east-by-north partner to give an equal amount somewhere else. It follows that they'll never agree—and spend no money.

Fine scheme, isn't it?

FRANK DOBBIN.

LINDSAY, *May 11th*, 1886.

COL. MELTON MOWBRAY'S VIEWS ON GEOGRAPHY.

MY DEAR GRIP,—Knowing your interest in all matters of serious import, I, for one, wish to make a most serious protest against and suggest a remedy for the dull and uninteresting manner in which geography is taught in schools.

Even though I am an old man, and, according to your biography, you are a devil, neither of us, I am sure, have lost our keen interest in the youthful idea while still in the shooting stage, or, to be technical, "gallery;" and surely both of us can recollect those dry and dreary lists of "chief cities," and "principal productions," so painfully toiled over and so soon forgotten in our early youth: those lists which we have so materially altered since then—for you in your perennial flights and I in my desultory readings know that the chief products of Quebec and Montreal, for instance, are *not* split peas, moccasins, and maple sugar, but are in reality smallpox, floods, Riel questions, and Custom House seizures; those of Ottawa are, as we *now* know, civil servants and the Senate; Toronto, the Salvation Army, bad whiskey, and horse-car strikes; Niagara, the Falls, hotels, and cab drivers—and so on *ad infinitum*.

Now, my dear GRIP, to remedy this unintelligent study I propose to send you, from week to week, a little something which I trust may be of some benefit to all concerned; and should the idea be taken up by the authorities who compile the First, Second and Third Readers, I trust it may be to our mutual pecuniary advantage. I am, my dear GRIP, yours ever devotedly,

MELTON MOWBRAY.

CALF LOVE.

SHE burst on his sight like a star in the ball-room,
'Mid a myriad of beauties who circled in light,
But hers was the beauty eclipsing the whole room,
She shone with a splendor most brilliantly bright.
He gazed for a moment, her glory enthralled him,
And deep to his heart ran love's soul-stirring pain,
And fondly he came to her beck when she called him,
Though fooled, still he followed the charmer again.

Her bangs and her ringlets excited a feeling
That came to his soul with a start of surprise,
And gave to his spirit the mighty revealing
He could only exist in the light of her eyes.
He fell off his grub and his clothes hung about him
Like sacks on a scare-crow, in bag and in fold.
When he walked down the street all the Hebrews would tout him.
To buy a "noo shoot" and to sell them the old.

Her red lips could charm him to concerts and dances,
Where the sweet candies be and the shivering ice cream,
Her mirth-loving eye had the softest of glances;
He lived like a man in a high, holy dream.
A halo of glory encircled that maiden,
And all her surroundings were fragrant and trim;
Her old shoes he worshipped, her foot-prints he prayed in,
And, oh, to be near her was heaven to him!

He asked her to walk, when the daylight was dying
Away in the west, with a bright crimson glow;
Her answer came quick, as the wind-harp's low singing,
As softly she murmur'd "No, Samuel, no!"
"And young man," she added, "go home to your supper,
I'm sure your mamma is expecting you soon,
Put your feet in hot water, your head in a poultice,
For now it is nearly the full of the moon."

WIN.

A SCALY LOT OF "SMALL FRY"

FOUND IN A FISHING NET BY OUR IN-SEINE CONTRIBUTOR,
GASPER ROWE.

THEY will get Uncle Sam into a broil with his stew-pidity.

A question for de-bait.—The Fishery Question.

Canada's warning to Brother Jonathan—Be-weir!

Now is the time for the finny-uns to use their pikes.

As soon as Capt. Kenny "smelt" powder he ske-daddled.

Would not the Prince of Whales be the most appropriate arbiter in this scaly piece of business?

One of our M.P.'s cannot go to the U. S. because they don't allow Anglin within three miles of the shore.

Frye had better be put in a Herring Safe fastened with a Chubb-lock until after the ex-salmon-ation into the fishery affair has taken plaice.

If it comes to war Uncle Sam may get bait and then eel be satisfied.

It is wrong to hake-use the skipper of wrong until he is proved gill-ty.

If you have had su-fish-ent of these barb-rous jokes I will say

FIN-IS.

A PROBLEM IN METEMPSYCHOSIS.



I.

Who are these pretty
people here,
This youth gallant, this
maiden dear?
And who this chubby
urchin, pray,
With cherub wings and
scant array?

II.

Ah! know you not?
Have you ne'er met,
While wandering by some
rivulet,
Or through some shady
coppice green,
A maid demure with
bashful mien?

III.

"And what," you
ask, "do they
do here,
This youth gallant,
this maiden dear,
While these two chub-
by urchins play
A flute and harp in
scant array?"

IV.

I'm blest if I know,
but it's something
like this:—
He says he's hers; she
says she's his.
And the question now
that bothers my
muse
Is which is which and
who is whose?



THE BULWARK OF LIBERTY.

A WEIRD POLITICAL STORY.

JIM JECKLE lived in Dabwick, Seeneso Co. There was nothing remarkable about Jim, except, perhaps, that he was a Young Liberal, *not* baldheaded; but Jim owned a dog, a wonderful dog, whose noble actions set this tale a-moving. Jim's dog duly received the name of Gip, but the great after event herein recorded caused him to become known as Tearem. Jim took considerable interest in things political, and instructed his dog so faithfully in true Reform principles that before that dog was a year old he could smell a Tory through a stone fence, and could chew a Liberal Conservative's boot heels off with the earnestness of an M.P. seeking a railway charter. Jim had an uncle, one Rufus Sollett, who practised law. At this time uncle Rufus had no particular political leanings; he preferred to sit on the fence and scoop in the fees from clients of both parties. He was a frequent visitor to nephew Jim's house, and Gip and he were good friends. Uncle Sollett was reputed to be rich, and nephew Jim expected to inherit his leavings. Matters went on in the usual course until Sir John Macdonald, at that time Premier of the Dominion Parliament, passed a farcial Franchise Act, framed for the express purpose of giving employment to large numbers of needy lawyers to act as Revising Officers, whose special duty it should be to revise off as many Reformers' names as possible, and revise

on the same number of Tory names, just to level the lists, from a Conservative point of view. Mr. Rufus Sollett made application for the post of R. O. for Dabwick, and was duly appointed, because, as Sir John put it in his letter of appointment—"you possess no political bias, which is of importance; further, you have not an iota of that thing called 'conscience,' which is of infinitely more importance." Revising officer Sollett felt much flattered at this mark of esteem. Gip soon realized the change in uncle Sollett's belief. He sniffed and growled around the R. O., and occasionally snapped at his pants, until that personage—knowing his importance as a Government official, and dreading the results to the country should he be attacked with hydrophobia—insisted that Gip should be instantly chained up. Time passed on. The voters' lists were made up, and Revising Officer Sollett took them home to "cook" at his leisure; as per instructions from Ottawa. When this process was completed, he set out one fine morning with the precious document safely ensconced in his coat tail pocket. He felt very happy. He had succeeded in revising 210 Reformers' names off the lists, and had added a like number of new Tory names. His great liking for Jim Jeckle prevented him striking his name off, and he determined to call and see Jim and acquaint him of the fact. Once within the house uncle and nephew were soon in the midst of a terrible political fight. Gip crept in unobserved and lay quietly beneath the Revising Officer's chair. There was something about Gip's bloodshot eyes that betokened no good to the occupant of the chair above. A motion by the R. O. caused the coat tail containing the precious document to fall upon the floor. Gip was soon inspecting it. As he sniffed around it and he began to understand its character, his hair stood on end with indignation. The fight between the male politicians still kept up. Gip determined to have a share in it, and went for the Revising Officer in such a biting, sarcastic manner that a portion of his pants and leg proper came away in the excitement. It would have taken a large Parliamentary *Hansard* to hold all the "remarks" made by the Reviser on the floor of that house at this juncture. Whilst uncle R. O. Sollett was remarking and nephew Jim sympathizing, Gip improved the opportunity by seizing the valuable, conscientious document and proceeding to a quiet corner to chew it up. This he did with the greatest gusto, and not all the heated eloquence of the Revising Officer, or the remonstrance of Jim, could make Gip release his prey. Uncle Sollett looked on until Gip had commenced upon the last sheet, and then skipped out, just in time to save another severance of his anatomy, for Gip looked ferocious enough to devour the lawyer himself next.

Revising Officer Sollett fell into deep disgrace with the Conservative party, and was in due course removed from his high and mighty office. When the Dabwick Reformers heard the glorious news they held a mass meeting and presented Gip with a silver collar bearing this inscription, "Tearem: Bulwark of our Liberty." Jim didn't get his uncle's money. It went to the Home for Poisoning Dogs."

TITUS A. DRUM.

A CANNY Scotchman said, on hearing that Uncle Sam proposed to fight it out, "I think he'll mak-a-raal mistake if he does."

THE captain of the Lucy Adams says he didn't do it on porpoise, but had-dock-asion to get bait either by "hook or by crook." He said he had no idea that he had been shad-owed.

(MONT)REALISTIC ART CULTURE.

It seems there lived—well, quite a while ago—
Some individual named Michael Angelo ;
Who made things like these poor Italians sell,
Plaster of Paris images, and busts as well,
Perhaps he was Italian too—but I can't tell.

Any way, he must have been a wicked man ;
He actually modelled after Nature's plan !
Copied her to the letter line for line !
Made legs—beg pardon—*limbs* like yours or mine,
And reproduced the human form divine

Without a stitch of clothes on ! "oh ! oh ! oh !"
Well may you groan ; he put not even a stocking
Upon the limbs ; trunk, arms, all were bare !
Bare, cold, white marble—fact, the whole affair
Just as the Great Creator made it—there !

I beg your pardon if I made you blush,
I do regret your modesty to crush,
But, while about it, let me tell you all
Down in the Exhibition at Montreal
There's been—*apropos* of this—oh, *such* a squall !

Two marble copies of this Angelo's,
Some naughty man did wickedly expose
The sculptor's masterpieces I believe—but, oh !
You could'nt think of looking at them, you know,
Excepting from behind your fingers—so.

The Montrealers now stand a good deal—
They're fresh from their own special sculptor—Small-pox,
But shall they who resisted vaccination
With such pock marked success, be made to feel
Uglier by contrast of this incarnation
Of pure ideals—oh, 'twas a cruel hoax !
Montreal can stand the plague—but high art, no !
Not the ideals of this Angelo !

WHAT IS IN A NAME !

No one can call in question the political True-bluedness of the editor of the *Ingersoll Sun*, or of any other genuine Tory editor—particularly at this critical period in the country's affairs, when all eyes are turned to Ottawa, and another job at printing the Franchise Act Voters' Lists is on the *tapis* in every rural Tory sanctum.

But this young man so far forgets what is due to the Great Conservative Party, not to mention the Premier's nationality, as to begin a leading article with the Chief-tain's name spelt "Sir John A. McDonald." The only reasonable excuse which this well-meaning but thoughtless journalist can offer is, that he had in mind the Coming Chief, the *Rising Sun*—who doesn't spell his name *MacCarthy*.

It will be well with the young man if he can make this thing right before it is reported to headquarters, and the Departmental subscriptions are summarily stopped. And he had also better be sure there is no yawning libel suit abyss in his pathway over this *lapsus penneae*. Many a decent, honest man, perhaps in his neighborhood, may be on his very list of readers, is named McDonald. It is not safe, therefore, to recklessly fool with a reputable patronymic by mixing it up with that of profligate politicians in this fashion !

A MUCH NEEDED REFORM.

MR. GRIP :—

DEAR SIR,—I trust you will do all in your power to aid me in the furtherance of an object which I have in view, seeing that I have the welfare and the peace of mind of a large number of my fellow-creatures at heart. My scheme is to organize a society for the extermination of all writers guilty of making use of the following quotations and

expressions. One cannot pick up a paper without running across one or more of them, and it is high time that the writers who use them were put quietly out of the way. I would suggest that the mode of death be the compelling of the offenders to take a draught of half a pint of fluid from the Yonge Street slip, as death would be instantaneous and painless.

Here are a few of the objectionable sentences and words :

"Waiting, like Micawber, for some thing to turn up."

"Like Oliver Twist asking for more."

"'Make a note on't,' as Cap'n Cuttle says."

"Wee, sma' hoors ayont the twal."

"His occupation, like Othello's, is gone."

"No doubt," "however," and "nevertheless."

"Gotten," "gents," "sales ladies," "mine host, the genial and affable Jim So and So," "our prominent fellow-citizen," "luscious bivalves," etc., etc., etc., etc.

"'Twas ever thus," "long felt want." "Folded their tents like the Arabs."

And all quotations whatever from Pianofore, Patience or the Milkado.

No doubt there are many, many more objectionable phrases, which, if sent to Coventry, would cause the occupation of their quondam users to be, like Othello's, gone ; but, nevertheless, a beginning should be made, and it is to be hoped that newspaper publishers will, as Capt'n Cuttle says : "Make a note on't" and forbid such words and quotations to be used ; however, I shall hope for the best, and shall be satisfied if those who make use of the expressions given are put an end to ; I don't wish to be like Oliver Twist, asking for more ; I have long thought over this matter, and have wished something could be done to check these odious writers, but finding that in so doing I very much resembled Micawber, waiting for something to turn up, I ventured to mention the matter to you and to ask for your powerful co-operation in suppressing the nuisance, having once gotten which, I shall, no doubt, obtain my object and fill a long felt want ; nevertheless, I expect some opposition, of course ; however, I shall persevere in my object, for no work of reform was ever yet undertaken without meeting with resistance from those to be reformed. "'Twas ever thus."

Your friend and admirer, s.

EASY RIDDLES FOR THE YOUNG.

WHEN a table-girl at a restaurant gets married, how does she resemble a member of the Customs Department ?
By becoming a tied waiter.

AND what day in Lent would be most appropriate for her wedding ? Hash Wednesday.

IF Pullman cars are run on the proposed elevated railway, what diseases may be expected to increase ? Those of a Pullman airy nature.

WHEN the Attorney-General takes a matter into his most serious consideration, why is it like the extreme tip of a brindle bull-pup's tail ? Because that's the end of it.

AND why would it be a very serious thing for the *Mail's* Nor'-West correspondent if he should be taken ill ? Because he couldn't be cured being a Ham already.

[We don't exactly see this : it seems to us that the gentleman mentioned is very often too fresh altogether, and would stand a little curing.—Ed. GRIP.]

WHY is John L. Sullivan's nose like the *Mail's* ? Because it's a slugger's head organ. s.



"HAVE YOU GOT ANOTHER JOB FOR ME, BOSS?"

THOSE HORRID COMBINATIONS.

THE PURCHASE.

THE young lady's name was McGuster,
And she got in a terrible fluster,
When she heard that her mar meant
To buy the new garment
Called a *Red Flannel Duplex Adjuster*.

THE TRAGEDY.

The young lady's young man was McTruster
And she laid her fair head on his duster;
But her "fair head" was oiled,
And his duster was spoiled,
So he broke his engagement and cussed her.

MELTON MOWBRAY.

THE McCULLOUGH STATUE.

THE following conversation occurred in the Elysian Fields recently between the shade of Virginius and the shade of John McCullough.

McCullough—"Ah, glad to see you, dear boy. You were useful to me during my life. I played you to full houses."

Virginius—"Delighted to be of service, I'm sure. You've done me a good turn, too. Your impersonation of me has made me so popular that the Americans are going to set up a statue of me in Mount Moriah cemetery."

McCullough—"Sorry to dispel the pleasing illusion, my friend, but it is to be a statue, not of *you*, but of me in your character."

Virginius—"O come, now—that's a little too much. The Americans are of course barbarians, but I don't think they are such fools as to erect a statue to a man merely because he could imitate a man to whom they erect no statue. No, John, I won't believe that of them."

And adjusting his toga the noble old shade strode away to make his daily apology to his daughter for his fatal misconception of her preference, ever and ever so long ago.—*S. F. Wasp*.

Wife (putting down a novel)—"I wish that I could speak some foreign language, I wouldn't much care which one."

Husband—"I find it to be an advantage."

Wife—"What?"

Husband—"Speaking a foreign language, of course."

Wife—"You speak a foreign—"

Husband—"Yes."

Wife—"I didn't know it before. What language?"

Husband—"English. England is a foreign country. What's the matter with you?"

"I AM preparing for the spring," as the cat said while watching a mouse-hole.

MR. EDGAR has accomplished the feat, proverbial as a test of legal acumen—of proving that WHITE is black. For particulars read the evidence in the Prince Albert Colonization Co. case.



HOW IT MAY END.

Britannia.—O, IF HE'S RIGHT YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE IN; AND IF YOU'RE RIGHT YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE IN; SO DON'T BOTHER ME ABOUT YOUR FISHERY TROUBLES. DON'T YOU SEE I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL?

Miss Canada.—WELL, MAMMY, IF THAT'S HOW YOU FEEL, DON'T YOU THINK I'D BETTER JUST MARRY HIM AND GET RID OF HIM?



WHAT THEY ALL GO FOR.

Mother.—Well, dear, did you have a successful hunt for arbutus?

Daughter.—Yes, ma, Gus and Harry proposed within fifteen minutes of each other.

Mother.—I'm glad you had such a pleasant afternoon among the flowers. Your sister must go next time.

AIRLIE'S REMARKABLE DREAM.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—The comfort o' ha'e'n yer fireside tae yersel! The comfort o' gawn hame tae yer ain hoose i' the e'enin' without the fear o' yer mither-in-law afore yer eyes! Hech, mon! I just felt that saft, an' in sic a pure an' heavenly frame o' mind after the exit o' the auld leddy, that after ma wife had rowed up the clock an' gane awa up tae her bed, I actually grew poetical, an' rasin' ower for pen, ink an' paper, I sat doon, intendin' to write oot a skreed o' the finest poetry ever written in ony language. Feeguratively speakin' ma fit was in the stirrup; I was maist in the saddle—Pagawsus was champion' the bit an' pawin' tae be aff, an' careerin' awa on the hichts o' Parnassus—the ink was in ma pen, ma heid cockit, ma e'e fixed on a cobwab i' the nor-wast corner o' the ceilin', makin' believe it was the muse an' me castin' sheeps-een at her like. Ideas flashed across ma brain like electric gleams loupin' frae horizon tae horizon; I shifted ma e'e frae the cobwab tae the paper—I tuk anither stölm o' ink, in anither meenit I nicht hae made masel immortal an' a fit subject for anniversary resurrectionists, but at that supreme moment a saft, warm hand was laid kindy on ma shouther, an' a kindly Scotch voice said, "Dinna!"

As oot flew the licht in auld Alloway kirk when through the window the immortal Tam encored the dancers on that eerie stage, sae vanished the licht o' poesy frae ma mind at that solemn word; in a moment a' was dark, an' turnin' ma head, I saw by the flaffin lowe o' the fire—**BURNS!**

"Lord bless me!" says I, jumpin' up in nae sma' fricht, for wha could mistak that manly feegur, that pooerfu' broo, the wunnerfie smile o' that eloquent dark e'e.

"It's only me, Airlie," says he kindly; "sit doon, man, sit doon. I've just pairted the curtain that hings atween

us, an' oot for twa-ree meenits tae gie ye a word o' freenly warnin'. Dinna do't, Hugh! Dae anything but that! Hap yer heart up weel oot o' sicht, keep 'thochts that breathe an' words that burn' for a less thankless world; droon oot that divine fire that burns but not consumes; bid the angel within you be silent, for, ane let her voice be heard an' woe betide ye gin ye dinna ever after lead an angel's life! Luk at your humble servant, wha was fule enough tae write a bit sang oot o' the fulness o' his heart, for Scotland an' for humanity. What a reward is mine! Mair than a century an' a quarter sin I had dune wi' this pur earthly clay; sin I settled the last score wi' the judge o' a', an' yet, an' yet, ahint that curtain that hings atween the leevin' here an' the leevin' there, I can hear the yearly wranglin', the wurrin' an' growlin' o' the human jackals that are never tired o' gnawin' at ma pur defenceless banes. Lord, man Airlie! canna they let me lie? Canna they find enough tae dae in this busy age o' your's without aye howk howkin' awa at ma grave? Canna they let the folk sing ma sangs without yearly remindin' them that the author was a drunkard, an' a blackguard, an' a monster o' licentiousness? Oh tae be as mythical as Shakespeare, or as auld as ma freen Homer inside the coortain there! an' the meanness o' the thing is, that there's nae gettin' even wi' sic critics. There's nae chance o' *their* dust bein' rakit up year after year—they may sleep in peace; sic desecration is reserved only for the grave o' genius, for the spirits wha come to earth but ance in mony centuries, an' wi pens dipped in their ain hearts' bluid, make us laugh or greet at will; wha hae gien the world the purest intellectual pleasure, an' whose sangs come ringin doon through the dusty din o' the ages, pure an' sweet as the lilt o' the lairock, i' the dewy dawn o' a simmer mornin'. Na! na! Airlie, gin 'after life's fitful fivvir' ye wad sleep weel—dinna daur tae prove yersel a genius—gude nicht!" Wi' that he raised his hands, an' liftin' some inveesible coortain, he lookit doon an' stappit ben!

* * * * *

"Bless me, Hugh! what dy'e mean sittin' there snorin', wi' the cat on yer shouther—gin ye dinna gang tae yer bed at night hoo are ye gaun tae get up i' the mornin'?" Such was the question ma wife put tae me as I opened ma een an' saw her stannin' in her nicht goon in the doorway. An' heavy was the sich I gae as I got up an' shuk aff the cat—but I didna tell ma wife o' ma dream—there's nae use castin' pearls afore—eh—weel. Yours truly,
HUGH AIRLIE.

COLONEL BOWSER encountered a distinguished-looking stranger in the smoking car, and after sitting with him for a time opened conversation by saying:

"Pardon me, sir, but are you not a devotee of some of the sciences?"

"Yes, I follow a very difficult profession."

"Of what nature, may I ask?"

"Well, it is my profession to improve the human understanding."

"How, pray?"

"Well, if you must know, I am a chiropodist."

COUNT TOLSTOI, the Russian novelist, has turned shoemaker. In this country, to judge from current literature, a great many shoemakers have turned novelists. —*American Exchange.*

NO LONGER MISSED.

"TELL me, Henry, will you miss me?"

Said Miss Araminta Brown.

"Nay, but do not dare to kiss me,"

She pertly added with a frown.

"Men were ever false; perfidious,

The old love they oft forget,

And their vows seem sacriligious

When transferred to some new pet;

I tell you all this, Henry, for I'm going to leave the town.

"I'll go; you ne'er will miss me," said Miss Araminta Brown.

"Oh! cruel Araminta,

Why do you doubt my love?

I think it is a sin to

The silent stars above!

The gentle pallid Luna,

Each one could tell you this

That morning, night, and noon, ah!

You I will surely miss."

"Don't be so sure; I'll tell you why I'm going to leave the town—

I'm going to get married," said Miss Araminta Brown;

"And when I'm Madam Robinson, I don't think you'll insist,

To 'Miss' me any longer, for by no one I'll be 'Missed.'" B.

OUR POLITICAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT.

FEELING the need which has arisen of late amongst our political friends for such goods as those enumerated below, we have made arrangements by which we can supply at the lowest prices for cash any goods on the list. Note our leading features.

A special line of Consciences. For M.P.'s interested in railway charters or line construction we have the Darn The Public Conscience. This article is of superior

make, and is guaranteed not to heed in the slightest the philippics of clergymen, paid or unpaid, the warnings of the press, or the comments of the people. Its principal advantage is that it has a blind side to its action which cannot get out of order.

For land-grabbers we have a splendid article known as the Look Out For Number One. Its action, which is very simple and self-lubricating, prevents its owner from diverging into the paths of right when he can better himself by doing otherwise. Excellent for those who have been brought up good. And this desirable conscience in this line is our The End Justifies the Means. This has been specially manufactured for the use of Revising Barristers. Those having any kind of an honest conscience already will find no difficulty in adjusting our article. It is self-fitting, and at once takes the place of the old conscience. The only lubrication needed for its successful working is an occasional drop or two of Favours From The Chieftain. Amongst other goods we have a new and improved Whitewash mixture, concocted on the latest known principles. Its chief ingredient is Refusal On The Grounds of Public Inexpediency. We anticipate an enormous sale. Another specialty is a large number of Planks suitable for the erection of a Reform Platform. As at present no such platform is in existence, these Planks should have a ready sale. The Planks are the work of the Young Liberals, and only need the nails of Parliamentary Power to make them into a solid platform. For other goods see our mammoth illustrated catalogue, \$3 per year, post-paid.

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Mr. D. M. Babcock, Boston.

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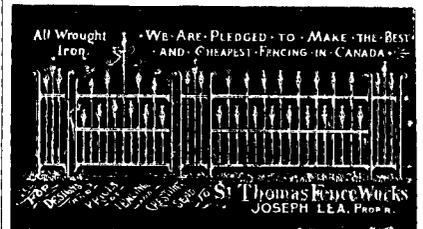
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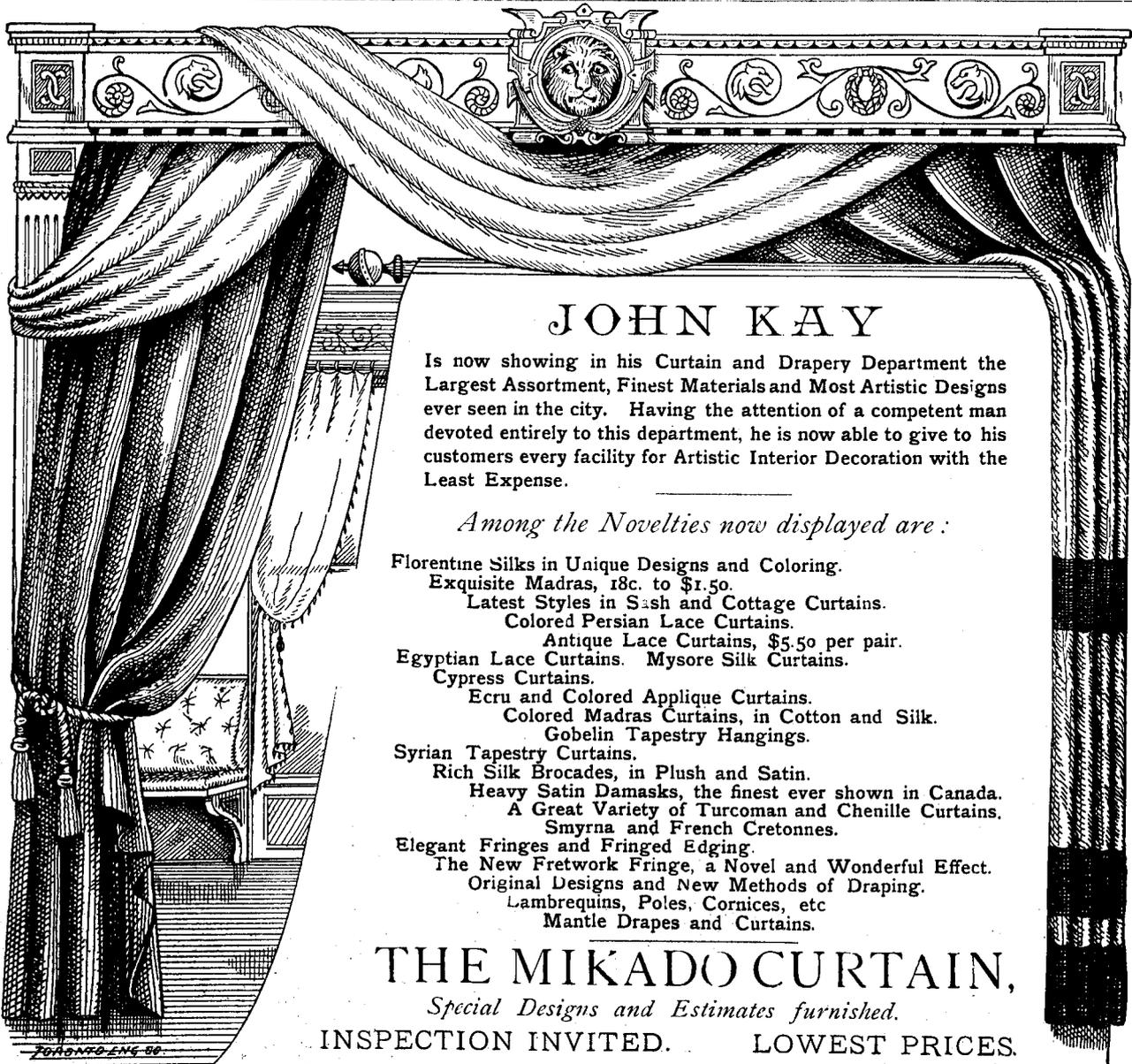
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The new Pullman Buffet Sleepers now running on the Grand Trunk Railway are becoming very popular with the travelling public. Choice berths can be secured at the city offices of the company, corner of King and Yonge Streets and 20 York Street.

J. E. PEAREN,

535 YONGE STREET, TORONTO,

Importer of Granite Monuments and Italian Marbles. And manufacturer of Monuments, Mantles, Furniture and Heater Tops.

Estimates given in Building Work.

Use LAUT'S SECRET BLEND At 55c.

Ask your Grocer for it, or send direct to JAMES LAUT, Importer, Toronto, Ont.

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Is the best Canadian Coal Oil in the market

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BRYGE BROS.,

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READY! READY! READY!

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Photo Art Studio, 118 King Street West.

CATARRH, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever. Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby the above diseases are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet, describing this new treatment, is sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 306 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.—*The Star.*

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5 GOLD MEDALS Awarded in the Dominion in 1883-4 for **PEERLESS** and other Machine Oils.
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T Greatest inducements ever offered. Now is your time to get up orders for our Teas and Coffees, and secure free of cost a handsomely engraved Tilting Water Set, Cake Basket, Dinner Castors, Goblets, Napkin Rings, etc., etc. Finest Quadruple Plate. Send us your name and P. O. address and we will mail you, free of cost or postage, our 30 page Illustrated Catalogue, that explains all and contains much information of great importance to tea consumers. Address, THE ONTARIO TEA CORPORATION, 125 Bay Street, Toronto, J. A. McMURTRY & Co., Managers and Props.

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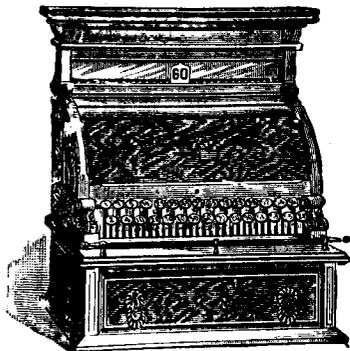
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Prices guaranteed lower than elsewhere for the same goods.

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All work first-class. Teeth \$8 per set. Vitalized air for painless extracting. Fine gold filling and gold-plate work. Corner King and Yonge Streets.



Sample Room Upstairs. Crests, Monograms, Medals, Seals, Visiting Cards, Invitations, etc.

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Imperial Cough Drops. Best in the world for the throat and chest. For the voice unequalled. Try them.

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The above-named Institute was established in 1872 for the relief and cure of all Nasal, Throat and Lung diseases. Marvellous success has been achieved in the cure of **Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption** and all kindred affections.

A new remedy has been discovered for the cure of Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness in from one to two weeks by the continuous antiseptic treatment. We do not publish the names of our patients cured or resort to bunkum cuts to induce others to take our treatment. A guarantee given in every case undertaken, and no case undertaken unless there is a moral certainty of generally benefiting or effecting a cure. Address all communications to **Dr. Kennedy, Director of Institute, 173 Church Street, Toronto.**



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Fine Cambric Shirts, with three Collars, \$1.00 each. Fine French Cambric Shirts, cuffs separate, with three Collars, \$1.50 each. To be had only at the popular **Gents' Furnishing House**, 165 Yonge St. **J. PATTERSON**, Proprietor.

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WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

Easy terms, on monthly instalments, or a big discount for cash. We manufacture 4 different kinds. Please call for our catalogue and prices before going elsewhere.

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PIANO MANUFACTURER,
(Late of Octavius Newcombe & Co.,)
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— THE —
LEADING UNDERTAKER
239 Yonge Street.
TELEPHONE No. 931.

LOCK-JAW

AND



**Phagadenic Ulcer of the Upper Jaw,
Ulceration of the Bones,
Cured in Two Weeks.**

Miss Matthews, whom this cut represents, is now at service 203 Beverley Street, Toronto. She has been for three years a victim of the above diseases, and got no relief from her home doctors. She came to Toronto, went to the hospital and was treated there for two months without any relief by a so-called medical expert, who poses as such frequently in our courts, in and out of this city. Under this professor's care the disease spread, a number of her teeth fell out, the bones of the jaw continued to decay, and her life was in imminent danger; in fact the right side of the upper jaw was a mass of rotten bone and decaying flesh. In despair the girl came to **Dr. McCully**, Director of the Medical and Surgical Association, 283 Jarvis Street, Toronto, put herself under his care and was cured in two weeks, never having had to take a dose of medicine. The doctor by operation removed the diseased bone, broke the lock in the jaw, and disgusted some of the Hospital doctors who had the pleasure of seeing the case after recovery and admitting the fact. Reader, another Hospital case comes out next week, and we have still a number more to publish from than antiquated and venerable institution, where the mills of the gods grind slowly but the undertaker's grist is sure. That institution should be called the medical experimental farm. We cure diseases of the blood, bone and skin. remove tumors and cancers, cure chronic ulcers of every part of the body, cure all diseases from the follies of youth (male and female), diseases of women in every stage, straighten crooked limbs and crooked backs, cure fits, paralysis and every kind of nervous disease.

Mention this paper. Address,

S. EDWARD McCULLY, M.D.,

MEDICAL DIRECTOR,

*Medical and Surgical
Association,*

283 Jarvis Street,

TORONTO, - - ONTARIO.

TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS CO.

The fourth annual meeting of the shareholders of this Company was held at its offices in this city on Monday, the 10th instant. Owing to the absence in Ottawa of the President, the Hon. Edward Blake, the chair was taken by the Vice-President, E. A. Meredith, LL.D. A large number of the shareholders were present, including Senator McMaster, Hon. Alex. Morris, Q.C., M.P.P.; Wm. Elliott, Geo. A. Cox, Robert Jaffray, W. H. Beatty, A. B. Lee, J. J. Foy, Q.C.; J. G. Scott, Q.C.; A. T. Fulton, J. N. Lake, and others.

Mr. J. W. Langmuir, the Manager of the Company, was appointed Secretary, and read the third annual report, as follows:—

REPORT.

Your directors have pleasure in submitting their fourth annual report, together with the usual financial statements showing the operations of the Company for the year ended 31st March 1886.

The results of the past year's business, as well as the increase that has taken place in all the main departments of the Company's work, are not only highly satisfactory, but in the opinion of your directors show very clearly the necessity that existed for the establishment of a Company authorized by law to accept, in a corporate capacity, the responsible positions of trustee, executor, administrator, and other important offices of a like character, which formally had to be entrusted to private individuals.

The income derived from the various branches of fiscal work is fully detailed in the profit and loss and other statements herewith submitted. It will be observed that the whole of the preliminary expenses connected with the organization of the Company, as well as all the current annual expenses of every kind, have been paid off, and out of the past year's profits your directors have declared a dividend of eight per cent. per annum on the paid-up stock, and have added \$5,000 to the reserve, carrying forward the balance of profits to the credit of profit and loss, to be dealt with as the shareholders may decide.

Realizing the vital importance of maintaining a thorough, continuous and systematic inspection and examination of the Company's books, securities and records, and of keeping the directors fully acquainted with the details of the business done by the executive, a special committee, selected from the directors who are not members of the executive, was appointed in the early part of the year for the purpose of devising the best method of accomplishing those objects. After much consideration a most effective system of inspection was recommended and carried into effect, and your directors are much indebted to the special committee for the thorough manner in which their important duties were discharged, and for their comprehensive and practical suggestions.

The directors would not be justified in closing their report without expressing their entire satisfaction with the manner in which the large, varied and complicated business operations of the Company have been conducted during the year by the manager and his assistants.

EDWARD BLAKE, President.

Toronto, 8th May, 1886.

The Vice-President, in moving the adoption of the report, and the Hon. Alex. Morris, in seconding it, congratulated the Company on the continued and growing success that has attended the Company in all its various operations during the year, and drew attention to the great increase in the general volume of business, and particularly as regards the trust estates which have been placed in the Company's hands.

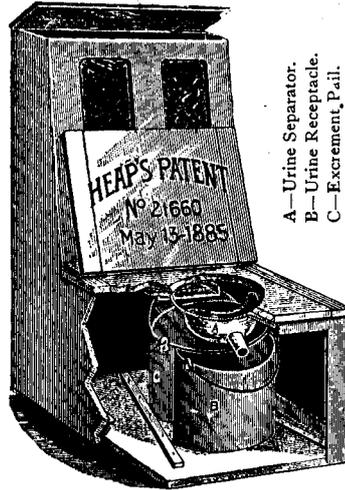
A resolution of thanks was passed to the President, Vice President and Directors, as well as to the Manager and staff, for their zealous and careful discharge of their duties during the year.

The following shareholders were elected directors for the ensuing year, viz:—Hon. Edward Blake, Q.C., M.P.; Hon. Wm. McMaster, senator; Hon. Alex. Morris, Q.C., M.P.P.; E. A. Meredith, LL.D.; B. Homer Dixon, Robert Jaffray, George A. Cox, Wm. Gooderham, J. G. Scott, Q.C.; J. J. Foy, Q.C.; A. B. Lee, Wm. Elliott, Jas. MacLennan, Q.C.; J. K. Kerr, Q.C.; Amelius Irving, Q.C.; T. S. Stayner, Wm. Mulock, M.P., and Wm. H. Beatty.

The new Board of Directors then met and re-elected the Hon. Edward Blake, President, and Mr. E. A. Meredith, LL.D., Vice-President.

A Special Silver Medal Awarded at Toronto, 1885.

F Over 16,000 in use. Awarded 16 First Prize Medals.



A—Urine Separator.
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Earth of Ashes
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FOR INDIGESTION. EXTREME DEBILITY,
BILIOUS HEADACHE,
SHORTNESS OF BREATH, KIDNEY DISEASE,
PAIN IN THE BACK, Etc., Etc.

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I hereby certify that I have examined the component parts of the Digestive Pills, manufactured by the Company presenting them and I can recommend them as composed of the most useful articles in use. They cannot fail to have a good effect.

SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO, 11th February, 1886.

W. W. MOORHOUSE, M.D.

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