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



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.
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 BENGOUGH BROS.

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

VOLUME XVI. No. 17.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH, 12, 1881.

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Literature and Art.

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

Teaching his Daddy.—The joke illustrated by Chas. Keene under the title of "Badinage," in London Punch of Feb. 26th, is a reproduction *verb et lit.* of a joke in Queensland Punch, published at Brisbane, Australia, several months ago.

We have received from the publishers, Munn & Co., New York, a copy of the *Scientific News*, a very attractive 32 page sheet, finely illustrated. It is devoted to the practical sciences, and contains matter of the greatest interest to those who like to keep abreast of the world's work.

Prof. Reynolds, the great mesmerist, occupied the Royal Opera House during the early portion of the week, giving his amusing entertainment in Biology. The present attraction is Miss Helen Coleman, who is the only lady representative of the successful comedy character, "Widow Bedott," in Nasby's play of that name. The piece is highly amusing and cannot fail to please those who have a taste for eccentric comic acting.

Miss Genevieve Ward is now recognized as the most brilliant and powerful actress on the American stage. She has made a particularly successful hit in her impersonation of *Stephanie* in "Forget-me-not." The critic of the Philadelphia Item declares her performance to be one of the most notable dramatic events of the season. Manager Conner has secured this great star for a brief season at the Royal, commencing Monday night.

The *Whitehall Review* says:—"Lord Beaconsfield has another novel which, it is possible, may see the light ere many months have elapsed. It was planned and partially written some years ago, and is so near completion that it might be prepared for publication almost immediately. The story deals with political affairs, but with circumstances more recent, and perhaps, therefore, more universally interesting, than those touched upon in "Endymion."

The late Mr. Sothern's comical contrivances were endless. His pockets, in addition to the piece of soap which for years he carried about in order to startle unwary friends by marking their looking-glasses so as to give them the appearance of being cracked across, were always full of labels marked "poison" and so on, and these he affixed whenever an opportunity afforded on likely objects. On the railings of a London square he saw a newly-painted board with the inscription, "None but led dogs admitted"; out came one of the endless supply of labels, and passers-by were astonished for a few days to read, "None but mad dogs admitted."

The entertainments given by Prof. Reynolds, the English mesmerist, at the Royal this week, were not so well patronized as they deserved to be. The Professor, however, was highly successful in his experiments, especially upon a certain aspiring young gentleman of the city, whom he put through a particularly amusing "course of sprouts" on Monday evening. The young man, who burns for newspaper fame, rushed into print next day, and told the readers of the *World* how he had hoaxed the mesmerist. The article had the effect of diminishing Tuesday night's audience, but Prof. Reynolds had his revenge, for, having met the *pseudo* reporter in the presence of several friends after the performance, he demonstrated the reality of his influence in the most unmistakable manner, and received a frank apology from the smart young man and the promise of a public retraction of the published statements.

TO THE ADMIRERS OF "GRIP."

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MR. J. WHYTE, of the "Mansion" Saloon, 69 King Street East, offers for sale by tender his famous set of GRIP Cartoons, with or without the frames. The cartoons are complete from may 24th 1873. Can be seen at a glance. The highest or any tenders not accepted unless satisfactory. Tendere received up to the 1st of April. Tendere to be addressed to

J. WHYTE,
69 King St., East, Toronto.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

FIRST AND SECOND B. A. EXAMINATIONS.

Intending candidates are reminded that their names and addresses, accompanied by certificates of good conduct, must be sent in to the Department of the Provincial Secretary for the first B.A. Examination on or before the 31st of May, 1881, and for the second B.A. Examination on or before the 31st of August, 1881.

The first B.A. Examination will be held on Monday, the 18th July, 1881; and the second B.A. Examination will be held on Monday, the 24th October, 1881.

Copies of the list of subjects in which candidates will be examined for the years 1881 and 1882, respectively, can be obtained on application to the Department.

The University authorities have intimated that the regulation for Degrees in Law are at present under revision, but copies of the revised regulations are shortly expected, and due notice of their receipt will be given to intending candidates in the usual way.

ARTHUR S. HARDY,
Provincial Secretary,
Provincial Secretary's Office, Toronto, 18th Feb., 1881
12-3-81.

Phonographic Publications.

ISAAC PITMAN'S PUBLICATIONS.

Compend of Phonography	\$ 05
Exercises in Phonography	05
Grammalogues and Contractions	10
Questions on Manual	15
Selections in Reporting Style	20
Teacher	20
Key to Teacher	20
Reader	20
Manual	50
Reporter	90
Key to Reporter	30
Reporting Exercises	20
Phrase Book	35
Railway Phrase Book	25
Covers for holding Note Book	20
The Reporter's Guide, by Thos. Allan Reid	60
Self-culture, corresponding style	35
The Book of Psalms, corresponding style	75
The Book of Psalms, cloth	75
Common Prayer, morocco, with gilt edges	2 80
The Other Life, cloth	50
New Testament, reporting style	2 50
Phonographic Dictionary	1 50
Pilgrim's Progress, corresponding style	55
Pilgrim's Progress, cloth	90
Aesop's Fables, in Learner's Style	20
Pearls from Shakespeare	75
Vicar of Wakefield	60

EXTRACTS.

No. 1. Ten Pounds and Other Tales, cor. style	20
No. 2. That Which Money cannot Buy, &c.	20
No. 3. Being and Seeming, My Donkey, A Parish Clerk's Tale, &c., cor. style	20

SELECTIONS.

No. 1. Character of Washington, Speech of Geo. Canning at Plymouth, &c., with printed key, rep. style	20
No. 2. Address of the Earl of Derby, on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, etc., rep. style	20
No. 3. Max Muller on National Education, &c.	20

FOR SALE BY
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Literature and Art.

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

We are pleased to quote a few sentences from an appreciative letter lately received by Rev. C. P. Mulvany from the distinguished American poet, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, referring to Mr. Mulvany's recently published volume of poems:—"I have read your volume of poems. They are spirited, agreeable, learned, in a word, good reading, which so rarely happens among the multitude of books of poems sent me. At rare intervals I get an agreeable surprise, and such a surprise you have given me, for I find your poems fully worthy of the terms I have applied to them."

Political allusions are greatly in vogue on the stage during the pantomime season, and very pleasant it is, no doubt, to the actor to be cheered by those whom his "hits" please, and not unpleasant, perhaps, to be hooted by those amongst the audience who feel themselves politically hit. Some, however, are not content with hissing and hooting, but go the length of menacing the offending actor, and F. J. Stimson, for his hits in the Manchester Royal Pantomime at Irish obstruction and Home Rule vagaries, has been threatened by an irate Nationalist, who has "taken his measure" for a coffin.—*Liverpool Lantern.*

Some shrewd local showmen of London, Ont., with a keen perception of the ghoul-like appetites of certain classes of the people in that vicinity, have hit upon a magnificent scheme for making money. They are going to "dramatize" the Biddulph tragedy and perform it on the stage! The *Advertiser* gives a full synopsis of the "five acts" into which the piece is to be divided, and announces that the "Biddulph Tragedy Dramatic Company" will consist of from eighteen to twenty characters, "among whom will figure in reality the veritable Johnny O'Connor, Wm. Donnelly, and Mrs. Mary O'Connor." The other characters will be assumed—the real Mr. Carrol having, we presume, declined to take the part of first murderer—although the chief assassin is somewhat libelously to be called "James Carrol" in the programme. The circumstances of the whole shocking affair are to be re-produced with a realism which would disgust even Zola, and the details of the trial are to be gone through with stage representatives of the judge, counsel, witnesses, etc. We presume that the authors will be literal enough to make the play six days long, though it is not going to be tedious, as we are told Mrs. O'Connor's evidence "will afford considerable amusement, as the old lady will have her part off to perfection."

The *Advertiser* does not accompany the announcement of this contemplated outrage on decency with any editorial protest, from which we infer that the moral sense of that hitherto respectable journal must have become woefully blunted. If the authorities of London really intend to permit this "Dramatic Company" to consummate their idiotic (though financially promising) project, that city will deserve to lose the respect of all right-thinking persons. Nothing more scandalous than such a stage representation could well be conceived, short of the butchery itself. But with reference to this tragedy, London seems to be a good deal like the little boy who made the immortal boast, "We've got a skunk under our barn!"

The Voice of Spring.

(AS HEARD BY A NERVOUS INVALID IN ULTIMO MIANO.)

Whir—tro—rr—oo—oo! balloo—ree—cc,
Ping! ring—arrng—ring!
Do! do! oh! do! wheeze—wheeze!
Ah chee! oh chee! ding—a—ding!
Bum—boom! bang! boomerang—ring!
Hurdy-gurdy! Beautiful Spring!

TO BUSINESS MEN.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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

Answers to Correspondents.

J. H. D. E., City.—Thanks for the suggestion. Will probably appear shortly.

Grip's Book of Oddities.

No. II.



HIS oddity also belongs to the *genus bore*. His sphere of action is not, however, the public platform; it is the editor's sanctum. He is a literary man—so he says. He has been connected more or less with all the leading journals of London, Paris, and New York. His articles used to be in frantic demand amongst the editors of those cities, and used to command handsome prices. He never condescends to explain why he voluntarily sacrificed all the brilliant opportunities

of cosmopolitan journalism, and all the refinements of the highest English, French, and American society, and deliberately took up his residence in a little Canadian town. Nor does he ever—though loquacious and confidential to a fault—let us know how he came to drop the writing of high-priced *feuilletons*, and satires *a la* Thackeray, and confined his masterly brain to the drudgery of puns—perpetual (and poor) puns. He has an aroma of stale whiskey about him; perhaps that explains it. We know it is whiskey that usually brings down high literary genius, and undoubtedly whiskey has been an element in the literary oddity's career. It was probably because of his fondness for the wine of the nobility that the publishers of *Punch* refused to give him the editorship, although it is just possible that he never saw Fleet street in his life. Poor soul! He has some good points about him after all—though they are not often in the jokes he brings in. We would be even glad to see him—occasionally—if he smelled of better whiskey, and didn't stop too long.

An Impromptu.

What can I wish you that you are not now,
My ripe, my modest, oh! my matchless Plumb?
Why, when I listen to the stuff you talk,
Then, through the session, I could wish you—dumb

Skates are good things in their season, but avoid flounders.—*New York Commercial*. There is no objection to a kneel, while putting on the fair one's skates.—*Yavocob Strauss*.



Mine Host.

The exigencies of journalism make it impossible that its votaries can avail themselves of all the goods things that are going, otherwise Grip would have absconded with his ebony wings and sailed away to Ottawa last Saturday, to be present at the dinner given by Senator Boyd in honor of his friends, the newspaper men of the Capital, and to which Grip was courteously invited. Nobody will require more than a glance at the sketch alongside of these lines to convince him that nature intended the hon. Senator to preside at dinner tables and conduct feasts of reason and flowings of soul. Not that the picture does justice to the "grave and reverend seigneur"—for it would be impossible to transfer to paper the merry twinkle of the eye and the unctuous humor of the countenance which characterizes this typical Irishman. Of course the affair went off with perfect *eclat*; the guests departed in the best of spirits—but not the liquid variety, for Senator Boyd doesn't require any artificial aid to jollity, and his table was innocent of anything in the shape of stimulants. When the time honored chorus

"For he's a jolly good fellow"

made the welkin ring on this occasion, it was something more than mere formality—it came from the singers' hearts. Mr. Boyd is a gentleman of wealth and talent, and in entertaining the members of the press he was complimenting a profession which his own pen has graced. Long may he live!

Fair Marion.

The band struck up a dreary waltz,
I claimed fair Marion for the dance,
Her face was lit with happy smiles,
Her dark eyes thrilled me with their glance.
Around her dainty waist I stole
My willing arm,—her graceful head,
With all its wealth of golden hair,
Drooped o'er my shoulder—and I led
Her bright and radiant through the throng
Of graceful dancers sweeping by,
But none so graceful in the room,
None danced so well as Marion Bligh.
As lightly as a fairy thing,
She floated in the dreamy whirl—
A goddess in her peerless grace,
And yet a blushing, radiant girl.
Her dear eyes shone with happy light,
She whispered, "Charlie, this is bliss
The music good—a perfect floor—
Oh! would that life were all like this."
I felt her shiver as she spoke,
She faltered—flushed a rosy red—
A look of anguish crossed her face,
And then she gasped, "Oh! oh! my head."
And I, half frantic at the sight,
Look'd on aghast—my heart stood still—
Recovering quick, I wildly cried,
"Oh! tell me, Marion, are you ill?"
She smiled a faint, wan, sickly smile;
"No! no!"—then came a pettish frown,—
"Not ill, but quick, oh! take me out,"
For all my back hair's coming down.

GARDE.

"What are the Wild Winds Saying?"

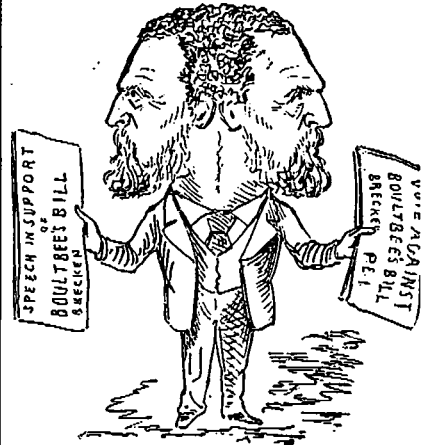
The evolution theorists will be after Dr. Wild with a club, and not a ministerial "club" either. He dares to assert that out of a giant race have been evolved the present pigmy humanity, while evolution demands faith in the possibility of the greater evolving itself from the less. This is a severe blow to my revered progenitor, protoplasm. I blow about protoplasm because protoplasm blow me. Dr. Wild blows about giants. Intellectual giants may get wild by and-by and blow upon him. Query: Is it all anything else but "blowing," anyhow?

Disappointed.

A sad-eyed maiden sits alone,
A beauteous maiden fair and sweet,
Her tresses bright in the fire-light shone,
She sighs as she looks at her slippered feet!
With voice of love
She cries "No, no,
I can't go in the snow and sleet,"
A lover calls, "Oh dearest girl!
My only love, 'tis time," he said,
"To start." And as he smoothed each curl
That clustered 'round her lovely head,
She says, "Ah, no,
I cannot go."
With tell-tale glow her face grows red.
What means that guilty blush? Oh say,
Have other lovers tried their suits
Successfully? "False girl away!
I'll tear my love out by the roots,"
She said "Don't go;
If you must know,
I've lent Johanna Jones my boots."

Funny Conloquy.

Witty Wood-Dealer to Cheerful Coal-Dealer, (slyly).—"I hope the *colon* its way to the city will be the means of bringing a *period* to the present high prices of coal. It's not a *bitumen* care the *weigh* you keep it up.
C. C. D. to W. W. D. (more slyly).—"I'm quite in a *cord* with you! *Wood* that it were so. To *beech* sure the poor *maple* through the winter, even if *oak*-asionally they have to *pine* in the *coated*, especially if they have *fers*.
W. W. D.—"Ha! ha! you're very funny, but I'm *ash*-ured I've got the best of you by a *grate* sight.
C. C. D.—"Grnte sita? *Anthrcite* you mean!
(Both, Ha! ha! he! he!)



An Unquestionable Janus.

MR. LOOKING-BOTH-WAYS BRECKEN, M.P., P.E.I.
You've no doubt often heard it said,
It's hard to please two rival parties,
And so it is unless your head
Is double-barreled like mine, my hearties.
For Boutlee's Bill I boldly spoke,
And so I'm solid with the rummies;
I voted 'gainst it—what a joke!
I'm solid with the temperance mummies!
To catch both sides there's nothing wanted
But conscience seared and honor blunted!

Domestic.

It was just ten minutes after twelve last night when Mr. Golitenham took off his overcoat, sat down, and observed to Mrs. Golitenham, "My dear, I've been so full—"
"I know it," said Mrs. G., calmly.
"You see, my dear, we're taking stock and (hic) I'm so full—"
"I perceive it," said Mrs. G., as she went to the front door to lock it.
"My dear, I was going to say that (hic) we've been taking (hic) stock, and I've been so full of business that—that—" Mr. Golitenham meets the unchanging look of his partner and faintly smiling says no more but retires to his chamber.



That Aggravating Jack.

Oliver.—Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! He's got my Beaver Award and he won't give it to me!

Slashbush on the Local House.

Gustavus Slashbush stood at his chamber window in the uppermost storey of the old homestead, looking out on the cheerless aspect of the surroundings. The circuitous road in front of the house leading to the town line whereon the aspiring village of Tamraverse stands presented a peculiar, uninviting looking highway in its saffron and vandyke brown coloring, and the stumps in the new clearing seemed like the wet and weary sentinels of some outpost, standing in the bare and brown spots from which the snow had melted. Apparently disgusted with the dreary outlook Gustavus descended to the kitchen where his sister Almira was busily engaged in preparing a floury admixture, shortly to be converted into the toothsome and oleaginous doughnut.

"Did you ever see such weather in all your born days, Almiry," asked Gustavus, as he watched the dripping water from the roof coursing down the kitchen window, "and so changeable; yesterday it was snowing like all possessed, to-day it's thawing and likely to rain, and no doubt to-morrow it will be down below zero, changeable enough in all conscience! Nor is it," continued Gustavus meditatively—"nor is it at the weather alone need we to look for continual changes. People seem to be striving now to change everything, they do indeed, Almiry."

"Well, I guess we've jest got to take it as it comes, it don't fret me much, anyway," replied his sister, as she dropped each succeeding doughnut into the pan.

"Almiry, you are a woman and have not a proper idea of the magnitude of the question; but I can tell you there is one change, which, though but as yet darkly hinted at, is a most serious one, and that is to abolish the Local Legislature and to do all the political business, local and otherwise, of the country through the Government at Ottawa. Why, Almiry, if such a thing should be accomplished we, the people of Ontario, or to use the language of one of our most eminent statesmen, "the greatest Province of the greatest Dominion of the greatest Empire in the world," would entirely lose our individuality, be known simply as Canadians, and classed in common with the pea soup-swilling habitaw of Quebec, the Sisco chasing, codfish catching New Brunswick or Nova Scotian, the blizzard blighted Metis of Manitoba, or the boulder blasting, quartz crushing creatures of British Columbia! No, Almiry, Never! Notwithstanding the sneers of the Mail that the "Curse of Beaverocracy" is upon us, we will show the world that the people of Ontario must and shall have their own legislature and their own government. What's the use of talking about building a new Parliament House in Toronto if there is to be no assembly to legislate in it? Away with such a degrading and humiliating thought! No, Almiry, we

must keep up our Lieutenant-Governor, we must keep up our (or his) aide-de-camp. Society itself demands it, and would materially suffer if we had no Government House to cultivate and nurture a proper degree of refinement and culture amongst us, and that we may be no longer stigmatized as being "rough, raw, and democratic." Why, Almiry, we wouldn't hardly know that there was a volunteer in the Province the whole winter if we hadn't to parade a "guard of honor" at the opening and closing of the House. What would be the use of the "Body Guard," or the Toronto Field Battery if they had not—"

"Gustavus," interrupted Almira, "father's comin' up the lane. I hear him cussin' and its rainin' cats and dogs. Hurry up and git ready to fetch in his passels. You know what he told you last time. Great snakes, here he is now!"

Gustavus hurried on his boots and out of the door to take the parcels from his dripping and irate parent.

At the Rink.

"The sky is clear, the weather's gay,
The ice is keen and smooth to-day;

Let's to the rink and show our style
Before the masses for a while."

"Thus spake the rink bore to his mate,
"We'll show the natives how to skate."

"Agreed, my chum," quoth number two,
"The double roll we'll neatly 'do.'"

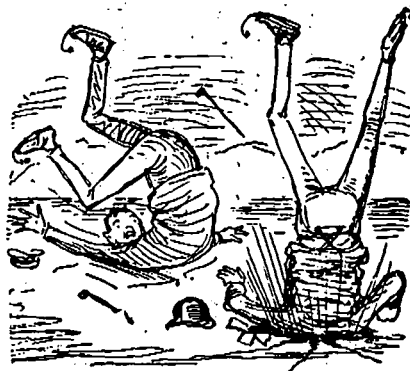


They did the roll with airs and graces;
Observe the pride upon their faces;

The figures cut by these two swells
Evoked enthusiastic yells.

Their twists and turns were full of skill,
Nor dreamt they of a sudden spill.

But all at once a snag they struck,
And this is how they seemed to look:



A moral this catastrophe
Doth teach, and here we add it free:

Rink showers-off, surcharged with gall,
Remember, pride must have a fall.



"Government Aid."

Needy Person.—Would yer honor give a poor man a little help; I have a wife and family, and I'm out of work, and coal and flour is dear, and we're just about starved, sir—"

Finance Minister.—Starved! Nonsense!! Why, I've just reduced the duty on coconuts by fifty per cent.!

Captain Giddy's Explanation

BEFORE THE MONTREAL BOARD OF STOCK BROKERS IN REGARD TO A RECENT OCCURRENCE.

Which I wish to remark, and my language is clear,
That for ways that are crooked and tricks that are queer,
The course of the Jew is peculiar,
And somewhat erratic I fear.

Which we had a fine game, and the Jew took a hand,
It was Tennis—the same he did well understand.
But he did not use common politeness to me and the rest
of the band,—
Which is why he was properly tanned.

For the Jew got a note from a friend in the west,
Inviting myself and a few of the rest
To play at the game they call Tennis,—
But the same he did hide in his vest.

When I heard of his meanness, my rage it was great,
And altho' being peaceful (a row's what I hate),
I could not help telling this Israelite,
I should much like to smash in his pate.

Then the Jew he got mad at the words that I said,
And boasted around he'd on me put a head,
So he walked down the street for to finish me,
But I pretty near killed him instead.

As I came from the Board with my stock-book and stick,
I met this young Israelite, oily and slick,
And he charged me with his umbrella,
So I thought I'd best finish him quick.

Then I went for that Jew in a way that was great,
And rained down the blows on his black, curly pate,
'Till you'd think he had been through a sausage machine,
He was in such a terrible state.

When the Jew got away he called names that were bad,
And threw chunks of ice like a very small kid,
And said in the courts he would sue me
Because had I call'd him a cad.

Which is why I remark, and my language is clear,
That for ways that are crooked and tricks that are queer,
The course of the Jew is peculiar,
And somewhat erratic I fear.

Suicide.

Mr. Hague, General Manager of the Merchants' Bank, has been running amuck against the shipping trade of Montreal. He says the history of the trade is a record of failures, disasters, and suicides. Garr does not often concern himself with these commercial questions, but it seems to him that disasters and failures crop up pretty constantly in the history of banking, and he has heard of the suicide of bank directors, and even of bank managers. Grip does not think Mr. Hague's reference to suicides is in good taste, even if facts warranted it, which they do not; but what is to become of us all if a trade is to be oried down because a member of it has at some time or other unfortunately committed suicide?

To Sir C Tupper Feb 11, '81.
 We beg to call your attention to the fact that there is no clause in the Syndicate Contract to provide against the possibility of Unjust Discrimination against Ontario, and enclose draft of such a clause which please insert before the Bargain is Ratified.
 Toronto Board of Trade.

2. Feb 12, '81
 Toronto Board of Trade.
 Gents your suggestion is most Reasonable. Draft of Clause received and Agreed to.
 Sgd. C. Tupper

3. Feb 15, 1881.
 Contract Ratified WITHOUT Clause as proposed

4. Feb 16, '81.
 To Sir C. Tupper:
 How comes it that you have not inserted the Clause to secure justice to Ontario?
 Tor. Board of Trade.

5. Feb. 17. 81
 Toronto Bd. of Trade:
 Gents
 Of all sad words of tongue or pen
 The saddest are it might have been -
 Your request came too late.
 Sgd. C. Tupper.



MESMERISM, OR THE SCIENCE OF BUY-OLGY.

PROF. SYNDICATE.—“You observe, ladies and gentlemen, I found these subjects susceptible to the “influence,” and they are now completely under my control!”

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Roderigo, the Bandit; or, Tiz He! Tiz He!!

(From the *Yonkers Gazette*.)

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

CHAPTER V.

Ajax wuz sittin on the frunt stoop ov hiz cassel rapt in thort, the gaulin raze ov Sol wuz hessin among the drupin urbs, an the royl king wuz rubbin the swet of his forrid with a hank-recher wicli mus a cost a doller cauze the thur-momitor dont make no distinkshuns.

Suddintly, an az if by magick, the clatter ov a charger iz hurd frum without the cassel fentz an the king lept to hiz fete like a pop-corn, an with evry liniment ov hiz face curld with frite he sung out "Tiz he! tiz he!!"

If the reeder will retek it wuz the same sentiment that Hebe Angelia shoutid, an you wood think ware tha wuz both so aul-fired sertin about it that it mus a bin he. But wuz it he? an if it wuz, hoo wuz it anyway? Ahar! the kombat depens, let us ravel the mystery.

CHAPTER VI.

Twuz moonlite on the plazzer; the sof zefers wuz gambolin mong the sunflowers, baskin in the dewy glebe, an over orl there wuz a swete hush like a haf ded baby. Hebe Angelia wuz sippin the bam ov the danety hollyhorx cluserin in the foles ov the gentle gras-plat.

Orl at wuntz a manly figger huv in site, a purple velvit vest glissened in the starlite, a melodeon voyce remarked, "Me own, me own!" an the nex mimit Hebe Angelia wuz hidin her blushes on a galant nek.

"Hast pined for thine Roderigo, me own candy anglit?" he ten'erly sung out.

"How canst the askest me that crewil question?" she wisperd, lookin' out ov the nuberhood of his watch poket like a burd takin a anglewurm from itz mother.



"Nay, forgiv me the base calermy, cherrybin ov me life," he answrd, clingin to her with both arms, like a pumpkin vine. "I art blind not to see the hanker in them creamy eyes. Cum to me, swetics of swete swetes, an tell me I art forgiv."

She seme to be as kum as possible, but she crep in n'er the eyes ov hiz chin an' lay there like a cole pancake.

Suddintly she histed her hed out of its nestlin place, and openin her sorrill lips, an with a voyce like a bag-pipe away orf, sez she:

"This mus' be par'dice!"

With one spring he wuz a milcawa from her, an feelin in hiz pokits. Spicion wuz in hiz glowin eye, an he kep a sayin to hissel, "Kood I be sich a puttybed az leve them dice in 'my weskit!" But he kooden fin em, an feelin better he wakt to ware she wuz sportin herself agin a silver stachoo of Genural Bonypart, an sez he:

"Seuse me, I had a kink in my bak, but it iz orl over now, and"—

Wot more he wood sed wuz drown in a soun of hevvy boots trampin tords the dore.

Like a scared squirl, she lung her arms up to the sealin an shoutid:

"Fly! me nobil warryer, fly! tiz he! tiz he!!"



CHAPTER VII.

Itz about time to settle this nere biznis. Itz gittin mernottinus, an nobody noze wether itz the same he there tizin about, or wether thares vauw: heze. Letz sort em out.

To kum rite out an hit the nale on the hed, Ajax wuz down on Roderigo, an Rod wuz downer on Ajax. Ef Hebe had died wen she had ther mezels, flured bin no trubble, but she didout, an' now Ajax wuz sorry he hadent helped ther mezels stid of sponin fore dolluz for paten' medicinz to help Angelia.

Ajax knowed that ef Roderigo married the gal thayd lay planz to smuggil on the krown ov Spane, an Roderigo knowed about the same thing, an so his hart went for Hebe with much purchizin, an wenever he smelt a rat Ajax wood go for Rod with hiz bran new kowhlid boots to the same ekstent.

So you see the ment in the cokenut. Ef ether wun hurd the uther kummin, or the swete miuks ketched site ov approachin foolsteps, thare wuz-ent any quicker way ov bringin on a stu than singin out, "Tiz he! tiz he!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Twuz nite; silenz wuz ovryware ekeep wen a treetode wood koo in the korn pach, but az a generl thing it wuz stillern that. To be shure thare wuz an owl krokin the wolkin now an then, but the welkins ust ter that, an besides you woodent be abel to prove it wuz nite unles the owl showed up.

Pritty sune a winder wuz hysted, an a still smorl voyce trikeled out, sayin': "Hisst!"

For a wile everything hissted, but bime by Hebe Angelia (for she wuz the voyse) poked her hed out ov the casement, an seen a movin form below she wuz jus about to sing out "Tiz he!" but she see wot a goose she wuz makin ov herself, an she shut up.

Time krep along, an so did a dork figger, witch kum up behine Angelia, an befors she had a fare chants to skreoch, clapt a klammy han over her mouth, an all wuz rapt in mystery.

Wat menes theze strange going on? Did Roderigo fly when Hebe sang out to him or did Ajax kam his frownz, or wuz it all a dreme or wot? It iz lef for the historyan to ansor.

CHAPTER IX.

That time Ajax threaten to go in an tan-Rod he change hiz mind. A suddint strategy lit in hiz hed an he went an hired the cook to hint to Angelia that an lopotment wood be a good idee. Angy wuz delighted an sent a note to Roderigo sayin if he wood be under the balkinny at ten oklock she wood jump out to im. The cook showd the note to Ajax before sendin it, an Ajax arrange to be on han, chop up Roderigo, katch Hebe wen she lit, an then splane the joke at his leshur.

But the cook tole Roderigo an he got in the cassel by a secret allej, and so it wuz that he

happen to kum in an muzzle Angelia jus in the nick ov time. In a few swete wurds he made himself reckonize, an after kissin her a kuppler duzin times he wispered a fu words an with jint but low chuckles they went to the kornor ov the room an drag the silver stachoo ov Bonypart over to the winder.

Then the lite-harted made poked her wavin tresses out the winder an in tonz az sof az a man wurin with an overshoe on she shoutid:

"Artist thare, my dearest Rumyo?"

"Na, Julyet, was I not, I was not Rumyo!" floted up to her in a speech that seem like peach juice.

"An the dust not quale?" sez she.

"Quale?" he hollared furiously; "in the proud Maxikin ov yuth tharz no sich wurd az quale. Cum, cum to theze baronyil armz out-stretchin now to klutch thee!"

"I cum, Rumyo, I cum!" she sung out, but oh my kuntrymen, wot a fall wuz thare, for she lied about it, an stid ov cummin herself they showed out the stachoo, an it fell on Ajax, an if a mash potatee wuzent wuth more it mus a bin mitey mene potatee in the fust place.

KONKJUSHIN.

The reeder will remember that in the openin chapter thare wuz sunthlin sed about Hebe hevvin a bruther. Weve kep mum about him becauze it wuz ment to fetch im in rite here, an prove him to be Roderigo, an forbid the bans. But az we hadent raked in emny other chap to marry to Angelia, itz better to let the bruther stay good an ded, than fetch him in an condem the gal to ole madenry. So heze ded—jus az ded az if hed ben kild plum in the openin chapter. The reeder kan rely on this.

An so our story enz. Ajax never nu wot hit im, but Spane mus hav a king, an so to save hiz kuntry Roderigo akseptid the han ov the fare Angelia with the krown an keze ov the safe, and so till the nex row kum up the kuntry wuz smooth az a beever's tail, an the luvin pare drank in the swete peace ov them that haz no konshinse, an thare daze wuz alwaze like a cent ov nu-mode straw.



A COMPLIMENT FROM JERSEY.—We welcome with fraternal grip, Toronto's humorous journal, *Grip*. From the title page to the colophon, it is brim full of fun, and with this lighter vein of good natured humor, runs a broad stream of aggressive satire at the follies of the day, political, social and nondescript. *Grip* is the *Charivari* of the Dominion, and fearlessly attacks evil, vice and corruption in every form. It is no respecter of persons, and goes for peer and peasant, officials high or low alike, using the shillalah of sound argument and the keen blade of ridicule or sarcasm. It is an illustrated weekly, and in this form the graver is as efficient as the pen is trenchant. Its cartoon of "The Syndicate Giant" in the current issue, is a capital hit, and the vignette on the "Canada Navy" is a good natured jeer at the recent gift of the training ship, *Charybdis*, by the Queen. *Grip* has secured a firm hold on the affections of our brethren across the lakes, and is rapidly getting his fingers in his button holes of the universal Yankee nation. Success to him, and may he stick.—*Burlington N. J. Enterprise*.

Florence: "Oh, granma, isn't it terrible? there's a live dandelion out in the back yard!" Grandma: "Oh, gracion! how careless those circus people are. What shall we do?"—*Meriden Recorder*.



The Ideal Member.

Mr. Grip.—And so, that is your idea of the correct attitude of a member of Parliament, as illustrated in your Bill? He musn't act in the capacity of an advocate with the government on behalf of any of his constituents; he, in fact, can't move hand or foot to help anybody, no matter how just his cause? It strikes me that is rather a humiliating position to put a member in; in fact under such an act his "usefulness" would indeed be "gone."

Hon. E. Blake.—True; but you observe in this position he cannot take a bribe!



Lam-Tum.

My name is Augustus de Fred,
Of bank clerks I'm known as the head,
I have taught them all how
To "do" Chesterfield's bow,
And daintily work for their bread.
I'm æsthetic in many a way,
In art quite *dilatant*,
In my room I now hang
Some Old Masters (by Prang),
Two plaques and a Japanese tray.
I am short—I am sorry to say—
I'm a blonde, just as fair as the day;
I've an aquiline nose,
And I pay for my clothes
In a leisurely sort of a way.
And of course I am deeply in love
With a girl who has eyes like a dove.
She can sing like a lark,
And adores her bank clerk;
Oh, she acts like an angel above.
I saw—move in the toniest set,
With its daughters I dance the racquet,
Do the rockaway, too,
And the *valte a lents deus*.
Or, aw, anything else. I'm a pet.

**The Legislative Symposium.
No. III.**

There was a good attendance at the last regular weekly gathering of the Symposium, prior to the prorogation of the House. For some minutes the members sat in comparative silence waiting for some one to make the first joke and give them a chance to order their beverages.

"Now gents," said the Symposiarch, "don't be backward in coming forward. The brethren are not in a critical mood to-night, and any kind of a pun will pass."

No response.
"I propose a change in the programme for to-night," said McMaster. "Instead of imposing a fine for every joke, let each member be compelled to make one or suffer the customary penalty. Then we shall get along faster."

"Your proposal is fraught with suggestiveness," said the Symposiarch, "and with the consent of the members, I shall put it in force immediately, calling upon the brethren in the order in which they are seated."

"It is only fair that the Symposiarch should lead off," said Young. (General murmurs of assent.)

"Well, all I have to remark," replied the Symposiarch, "is, that Ireland is in a beleaguered condition, (groans) Mr. Sinclair!"

The gentleman addressed relapsed into profound thought for a quarter of a minute. Then he raised his head and looked hopelessly round. Then he passed his hand in a bewildered fashion over his brow, and finally gasped out, "Why is a—a— Why is—I mean what is the difference between—oh, hang it all—order your drinks—I never made a joke in my life, and I can't do it now."

"That's precisely my fix," said Gibson, of Huron, who sat next in order, "so that the waiters may as well bring on cigars."

"Now we're getting down to business," said Dr. Boulter. "This new rule'll fetch 'em."

"Now," said McMaster, "supposing a well were to fall in upon the workmen engaged in digging it, what pre-historic people would they remind you of? You all give it up, of course. Why the ancient cave dwellers—(caved-wellers.)"

"McMaster, that wasn't fair," said Bishop, "you had it all cut-and-dried when you proposed the new rule."

"Mr. Bell!" said the Symposiarch. "Who is the most unreliable member of this House on a division?"

"Well, propound!"

"Boulter, of course."

"Won't do," said the Symposiarch, "heard it before. Give your orders gentlemen, and Mr. Meredith, please make a pun."

"U-pun what?"

"Oh, anything."

"But I don't," replied Meredith.

"Don't what?" asked the Symposiarch.

"Owe anything!"

"You'll pass! Next; Mr. Springer!"

"I'm your man. I've got a good one. What is the reason that young Irishmen leave their homes in such numbers and cross the briny Atlantic to push their fortunes in the new world, many of them ultimately succeed in rising to positions which—"

"Mr. Symposiarch, I rise to a point of order," said Pardee, "we want a joke and not a second-hand stump speech. The honorable member had better save all this eloquence for the next election."

"Now you just let me tell it my own way, will you?" said Springer. "Where was I; let me see;—oh, yes, I was talking about the Irish emigrants who come out to this country and what I want to know is why they leave home?"

"Well, why? Nobody ever guesses conundrums."

"Why, because they don't want to pay rent," said Springer, triumphantly.

"Really now," remarked the Symposiarch, "with every disposition to take a liberal view, I must say that I cannot see the slightest humor or point in that observation. It won't pass, Moses."

"No, no, of course it won't!" said several of the member. "Fill 'em up waiter."

"It think it's a pretty good joke," said Springer, grumblingly, "only perhaps I didn't state it as I had it in my own mind, because Pardee put me out. Oh, I know now—the answer is, because being Land Leaguers they wish to quit the pay-rental roof. How's that?"

"Come now, that's not so bad, Moses," remarked the Symposiarch, "only your explanation comes a trifle too late. You're stuck."

"Pardee ought to pay it, then," said Springer.

Mr. Badgerow on being called upon, commenced with his inner self for a few seconds and then queried why the front name of the honored Symposiarch resembled a beast of burden? Answer—Because it's Samuel, (it's-a-mule.)

The Symposiarch—"There is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. Whether that point has been passed, I shall leave it with you to decide. We will take the yens and nays on the question whether that is to be regarded as a joke or not, and in the event of your judgment being in the negative, I would venture to remind the members that our cellars contain rare and expensive vintages, the cost of which would constitute a penalty adequate to the enormity of the offence."

The vote stood 12 yeas to 10 nays, and Badgerow shuddered at his narrow escape.

Pardee came next in turn and remarked that the decision just rendered was clearly unjust.

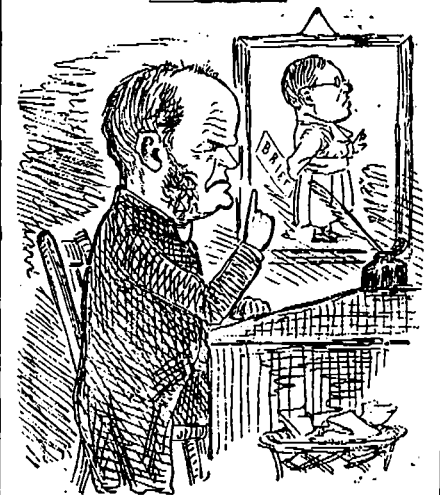
"Why so?"

"The mule question should have been decided by the nighs." (Hoarse laughter.)

Ross having failed to come to time, greatly to the satisfaction of the party, Hardy was next called on and his effort was as follows:—

"Why is his Satanic majesty favorable to the Land League? Because he's a gnome-ruler."

It elicited loud applause and was voted the conundrum of the evening, and after a night-cap, at the expense of Cascadon, who was not in a punning vein, the party broke up for the session.



The Charlottetown Editor to His Pen.

Oh! graceless pinion, oh vile quill of goose!
I hurl my malediction on thee from my heart!
Thy wayward scratchings, often gross and wild,
At length have got me in a pretty mess!
Here have I just returned from county jail,
Yes, jail, where in default of paying fine—
One hundred dollar bills and fifty more—
Imposed upon me by relentless Court
Because of thy vile scribbling of libels
Against one Stewart, whom thou, grimy quill,
Well knowest as a decent gentleman:
Yes! prison bars have held this stuntily form,
This *clot* and this white tie have known a cell,
And for the space of nigh two mortal hours
Have I behind the felon's grating glared!
It seemed two years, the while my counsel ran
And scoured the city for the solid cash,
Wherewith to satisfy the monster Law,
Which would not look at promissory notes,
Or cheques, or anything but ready pelf!
Oh Pen, thy inky substance ought to blush,
That thou hast brought the master all this shame!
Henceforth write truth: abjure scurrility:
Write no more lies for filthy party ends:
Speak strongly if thou wilt but do not lie,
Else I will tear thy feather from thy shaft
And hurl thee where my money-fine hath gone,
Into the blackness of oblivion!

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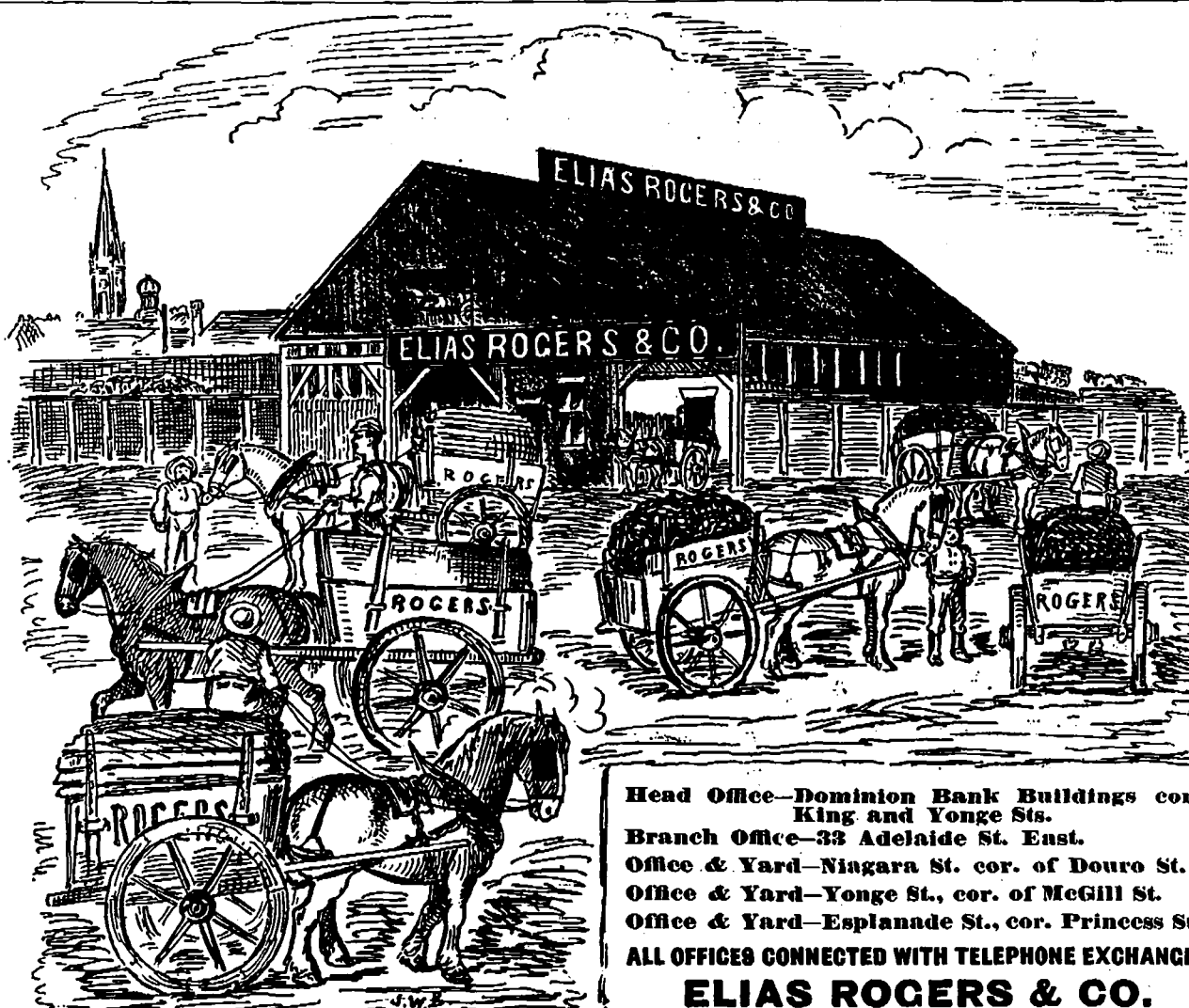
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