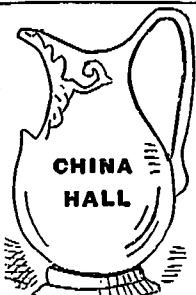


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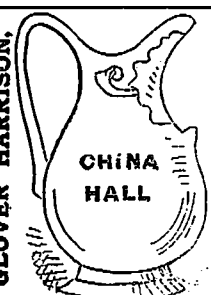
CHINA HALL

GLOVER HARRISON,

49 KING ST. E., Toronto



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IMPORTER.

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VOLUME XXIV. No. 12.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 21st, 1885.

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GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company
of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.
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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH *Editor.*

The gravest Boat is the Jar; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with
Grip once a month.)

- ALREADY PUBLISHED:
- No. 1, Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald... Aug. 2.
 - No. 2, Hon. Oliver Mowat... Sep. 20.
 - No. 3, Hon. Edward Blake... Oct. 18.
 - No. 4, Mr. W. R. Meredith... Nov. 22.
 - No. 5, Hon. H. Mercer... Dec. 20.
 - No. 6, Hon. Sir Hector Langevin... Jan. 17.
 - No. 7, Hon. John Norquay... Feb. 14.
 - No. 8, Hon. T. B. PARDEE
- Will be issued with the number for..... Mar. 23.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—Headmaster Gladstone is in a peck of trouble with the boys in Dame Europa's School. At the present moment his attention is chiefly concentrated on the obstreperous Russian boy—a great, hulking mischief-maker, who is evidently intent on disregarding the rule as to tooting the Afghan line. Alexander appears to want thrashing, and we hope that if it comes to that Mr. Gladstone will give him something he will not forget for several ages. Indeed, Mr. GRIP is inclined to the opinion that Europe would be improved by the abolition of Russia altogether, as that power seems to have no mission in the world beyond grasping for territory to add to the possessions she has proved herself incompetent to govern.

FIRST PAGE.—The old, old story of Protection is being told again at Ottawa. The millers, whose requests it would be fatal (in the opinion of the Finance Minister) to disregard, have levelled their "persuader" at the devoted head of that functionary and demanded an increase of 15 cents per barrel on flour. The very thought of 65 cents duty on this prime necessity of life makes the flesh of the Maritime Provinces creep, and Sir Leonard knows this very well. According to reliable information from the Capital, the astute Minister proposes to get out of the difficulty by bribing the Maritime Provinces members to permit the robbery of their constituents, by lavish promises of "aid" to local objects. We are glad to note that this scandalous proposal meets with little favor. Peter Mitchell denounces it roundly in the terms it merits—and other representatives from the East are reported as "reluctant" to yield. They should come out emphatically in opposition to it, if

they would prove to the country that virtue still lingers in their vicinity.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Mayor Manning is popularly supposed to be on friendly terms with the owner of the Grand Opera House, and the latter gentleman in turn has, no doubt, a good deal of influence with the enterprising manager of the Institution. Now it has struck us that Mr. Mayor might request Mr. Manning to intimate to Mr. Sheppard that leg shows and all their attendant evils might very well be dropped hereafter from the programme of the Grand. They offend the susceptibilities of the best friends of the theatre, and their advertising matter is unquestionably demoralizing. Mr. Sheppard naturally keeps his box-office in view in making engagements, and his judgment in bringing such attractions cannot be questioned so far as receipts are concerned. If the gentleman who empties the cash-box is willing to sacrifice a little, *pro bono publico*, we have no doubt his manager would be perfectly willing to adopt the new policy.



THE CHIEF VICTIM.

How comes it that we hear no word of sympathy with our uncle Solomon Isaacs? His business is the one that will suffer most by prohibition! *Compensation for Solomon!*

OH, DAMOZELS! OH, MORES!

[The Rentz-Santley Company had a full house last night. Five ladies present.—Daily paper.]

Of all the males that walk the town,
I no'er a single one have known
Whose moral sense
Was so intense,
Whose feelings were so quickly hurt,
As those of Fyfurshame McWirt.

He called it horrid, called it rude,
When nurse brought him his first-born nude.
'Gainst low-cut dress
He warred sans cesse;
Street urchins clad in pants and shirt,
Were gall and wormwood to McWirt.

The sight of naked boys who swim,
The soubçon of a female limb,
And all of such
Distressed him much.
At least he so would oft assert,
And who'd know better than McWirt?

McWirt he scanned the boarding o'er,
And careful read the words it bore,
Which loudly spoke
Of dance and joke,
And song and maids of scanty skirt—
Then pondered long and deep McWirt.

"I long have held the present age
Receives instruction from the stage.
There's little wrong
In dance or song
Or joke," quoth Fyfurshame McWirt;
"I'll risk the maids who shun the skirt."

The damsels sung, the damsels danced,
Their limbs in winsome rhythm pranced;
Their bosoms heaved—
Will 't be believed?
No signs of being sorely hurt,
Betrayed our upright friend McWirt.

Nay, rather did his sparkling eye
Quite other sentiments imply,
No hint of bile
Was in that smile;
That gentle rippling did begirt
The cherry lips of McWirt.

His buxom laugh was to the fore,
First was he in the loud "encore."
'Twas sadly strange
To note the change
In one who was so quickly hurt—
(Or feigned to be so) as McWirt.

Could you but know what visions fair
Entrance your husband slumbering there;
What heavenly sights
Of maids in lights,
Your wrath were great, your language curt,
Oh, Mistress Fyfurshame McWirt!

The morning meal was scarcely done,
When quoth the wife—"When will men shun
These evil sights
Of maids in lights,
And give applause
To girls in gauze?
The world were better, I assert,
Were half the men like my McWirt!"

PASSING SHOWS.

THE CANADIAN ETCHERS.—The beautiful art of etching is being revived these days, and we are proud to know that Canada is doing her share in the good work. The first exhibition of works by the Canadian members of the Etchers' Association, supplemented with specimens by the leading European masters of the needle, opens to-day (21st) at the Art Rooms, King Street. The collection will well repay a visit, and we hope the artists may be encouraged by a liberal patronage until the closing day, April 4th.

Our Own at Ottawa.

Our Own all broke up—Has Collected Himself a Little—Huggins' Diary Again—Monthly Budget—Figurative Speeches—Athletic Orators—Traps to Catch Premiers.

OTTAWA, March 14.—You have already heard by wire the cause of my silence last week. I was foolish enough to let myself be taken down the slide at Rideau by a greenhorn. We came down fast enough, but it took some time to separate us after reaching the bottom, and to sort out the debris belonging to each. I have barely recovered my usual individuality of feeling—indeed I am not quite sure yet about my nose and a few fingers—but I think I am pretty unanimous now.

I had my usual look at Huggins' diary to-day, but the whole of it for two weeks would be too long—so I only send on the most interesting items.

Tuesday, 3rd.—Budget Speech from Tilley. Brilliant effort of imagination—claims that it costs us no more to pay thirty millions a year of taxes than it did to pay twenty-four millions—says country is prosperous and cotton operatives are enjoying a well-earned holiday after years of productive toil—believes they're enjoying it hugely. Farmers are rich and happy with wheat at 70 cents a bushel, and wool at 18 cents per lb. We spend three times as much on public works as in '78—but it all goes back to the people

and enriches them. Members can't believe this by dividing it amongst the 211 of them. Surplus of twenty millions in five years very versatile item. Take it from actual taxation—gives total expenditure. Take it again from expenditure—gives real taxation. Real taxation, therefore, forty millions less than actual taxation! Wonderful mastery of figures—why didn't he prove there's no taxation at all? Could do it just as easily by same process. Cartwright's speech very figurative too—not a patch on Tilley's though—running up against facts at every step—facts awkward things—don't bother Tilley a bit—Cartwright lacks mental and moral agility.

Friday, 6th.—Tom White went for Cartwright. Tom could write nearly as interesting a novel as Tilley—evidently in training for same duties. Tilley not ready for change yet. Can say like western mayor: "Nobody has any idea how *erroneous* the duties of this office are till he has tried it!" Paterson in great force—report on Maritime manufactures a source of endless fun for him. Then took serious turn—"arraigned" Tilley and John A.—left 'em in the dock—trial still going on. Paterson's style most impressive—countenance rather fierce—voice calculated to strike the ear of the whole nation. Boys all stay in to hear him—lots of enthusiasm going. Impression on our side that he "busted 'em" pretty well.

Tuesday, 10th.—Tupper, jr., on the stump—style very like the old man's—"as the old cock crows the young cock learns." Kept it up gamely—made a very creditable "cock-a-doodle doo"—considering how little there is in the condition of Nova Scotia to crow about. Forgot to mention that the Blue-noses are agitating to get out of Confederation—away from blessings of N. P. Charlton followed. Been looking uncomfortable for days—far better now—as well as could be expected—hope to see him around as usual very soon. Made good speech—chuck full of information—boys forgive him for Sunday lecture now.

Thursday, 12th.—McLellan—"Ruler of Canuck Navce." Pours oil on troubled waters—with a little barts horn in it—smooth, fluid, way of talking—speech runs pretty easy—and pretty thin. Mills followed—far more lively than usual. Always sound is Mills—and can be piquant enough when he likes. Made lots of fun out of factory in London—operatives consisting of proprietor and his son! Curran replied—Irish orator—talks a lot with his mouth—and a deal more with arms, shoulders, eyes, hair, etc. Favorite gesture crouching and swinging arms like a man about to take standing jump—most athletic speaker.

Friday, 13th.—Professor Foster—lecture on arithmetical view of N. P. Thought New-Brunswick never so prosperous as now. St. John folks don't seem to think so—want annexation they say. Davies, of P. E. I., followed—lively boy, Davies—full of enthusiasm—made a big mark already. Set nice trap for John A., and caught him. Read part of annexation manifesto—"supposed there was no harm in that kind of talk—free country and all that." Sir John says "Its only High Treason!" "Oh! that's serious—let's see who the rascals are who signed it. What! 'D. L. Macpherson, S. L. Tilley, secretary annexation league.' Why the Rt. Hon. gent. is an accessory after the fact!" He summons traitors to the Privy Council! It's awful—surely he'll indict them at once! Johnny hasn't been caught out so cleverly for a long time.

THE BEST COMBINATION.

The best combination of blood cleansing, regulating, health giving herbs, roots and barks enter into Burdock Blood Bitters—a purely vegetable remedy that cures diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys.

A REAL ESTATE AGENT.

"Where can I find a real estate agent?" asked a watery-eyed man, with a blue nose, a plucked buffalo coat, Number 11 shoe packs, of a GRIP reporter at the Union station last Saturday.

"Oh, most anywhere on King-street," was the reply of the funny person.

"I'd like to see one, I vow I would," mused the stranger.

"Indeed! From the country, I suppose?"

"Wall—yes—I'm from Manitoba."

"Oh! got some land to dispose of?"

"Nary a foot. Yet," said the bison-clad man, meditatively, "I would like to see one."

"May I enquire why? There ought to be plenty of real estate agents where you come from," said the astonished picker-up of unconsidered trifles.

"That's where you're all wrong. There's fellers there selling towns and farms and sich. Land agents they call themselves. I bought a farm from one of them fellers last spring on the Saskatchewan. One half of it was muskeg and hillers and the rest gravel. The place ain't no account, except as a gravel-pit. If a railway is ever built they may want it for ballasting the track. No, stranger, what I want to see is a real estate agent—no shyster, d'ye see?" and the man from the west drew out of the recesses of his mangy surtout a plug of black strap, took a "chaw," and moodily strode up in the direction of King-street.



THE BITTER CRY OF CRITICIZED KINGSTON.

Oh! oh!! oh!!! we girls do feel so bad! The youth and beauty of Kingston has been insulted. Oh! Mr. GRIP, dear, sweet Mr. GRIP, how could you let that wicked and falsified story of our beautiful "Tableaux Vivants" be inserted in your darling paper! Didn't you know when you got that *dreadful*, FEARFUL, AWFUL account that it must have been written by a very naughty bad man who did not belong to Kingston? Any one belonging to our city (dear old hole) would have praised us—our dear, sweet "Newsie" and our blessed darling "Whiggie" *always* do (we would not give them dances if they didn't, you know). Oh! that naughty, naughty man, and did he go and call our Iphigenia "dusky?" Well, what if she was? We don't care how those old Greek women were complected. Why! they died long ago, and if they were made into mummies must have "dyed brown." Oh! my little sister says the Greeks only mummied Egyptians, but, Mr. GRIP, it happened so many years ago that the mummies may have forgotten their native language. (Item, we are not sure what "mummies" are but think they are wandering and "dusky" Arabs.)

"Rising Sun Stove Polish," indeed! We suppose that stupid man thought he'd take a

"rise" out of our Cleopatra; he doesn't know us—we never, never feel a "snub." We are all perfection in tableaux and out of them. All our dear mamas say so, and our little brothers too. If Orlando did look queer, well, poor little boy! how could he help it? It's his misfortune, not his fault.

How dare anyone abuse our Hamlet? Why, is he not in our dear volunteers, and can he not shoot quite straight? Just think of that, "Grippie," love!

We have never been cut up before, and we don't like it one bit, not one weenty, twenty bit. Oh! don't let him do it again!

All of us girls cried, and the boys swore awful swears. And really, you know, all our dresses were of the *very best* Canton flannel.

Now, good-bye, sweet, dear "Grippie."

I am, your devoted,
"KINGSTON GIRL."

TA PHAIRSON'S PICTER.

"Who owns that picter?"
"I" said McPhairson,
"I am the patron,
I own that picture."



"Does it do any harm?"
"Yes," said Alexander,
"It raises my dauder,
It does lots of harm."

"What harm does it do?"
"It's too big for the wall;
It eclipses them all,
It's bigger than two."

"Does Ta Phairson deserve it?"
"Not that I know of;
He's done nothing to blow of,
And I trust you observe it."

"Who'll pull it down?"
"I" howls Alexander;
"It's a vile gerymander,
I'll pull it down."



Then up spake Sir John:
"O, cease all this jother.
Let's cut it in two,
And end the arlo;
Put the head in one frame
And the legs in the other!"
So spake Sir John.



FEMININE ARGUMENT.

Oh! should I live one hundred years, I never will again attempt to argue matters out with my Maria Jane; She's but a simple country girl, but I can plainly see, That my Maria Jane in argument's ahead of me. It's strange how rustic females can get things down so fine,

And argue, though they never saw a geometric line; And never heard of Euclid, and all the same to them Is *reductio ad absurdum* and a well wrought theorem. Maria said she thought an average hen was very cute, Far more so, as she plainly said, than any four-legged brute.

"Maria Jane!" I loudly cried, "how foolishly you talk; A hen's an idiot, for it tries to hatch an egg of chalk. A hen will sit on crockery eggs and try to hatch 'em out, Which proves she is a simpton with nary shade of doubt.

D'ye think that I could fool a cow—the bare thought makes me laugh— And make her try to give her milk to a lifeless iron calf? D'ye think a mare could waste her love on a foal made out of wood?"

And M'rier Jane demurely said she didn't think she could. She said she saw that I was smart, and so I told her then. That the cutest creatures on the earth, the only ones, were men.

"Just look at me," I proudly said, "in me behold a man. A creature made in heavenly form, and on a wondrous plan:

D'ye think that there exists a man or girl who could fool me?"

And M'rier merely hummed and hawed, and giggled out "Te-he!"

Her laugh was rather strange, I thought. However, we were wed, And then I saw the foolishness of what that day I'd said. Marier Jane was beautiful, and many a poet sung His rustic praises of her charms; they called her "fair" and "young."

I thought so too; I—, a man, whom nobody could fool, But soon I found that I had been in Marier's hands a tool.

For three days only had elapsed when every fondest dream Was put to flight; I found that all things are not what they seem.

I found Marier's teeth were false; her hair was not her own; One leg was cork, her dainty waist was due to stiff whalebone.

Her beautiful complexion, so rarely pink and white, Was owing to a lot of drugs applied at morn and night. Marier lost the bottle once of wash she used to use, And then I saw her freckly face all wrinkled like the deuce.

One eye was glass; in fact my wife, whom I should have adored, Was one huge, made up, padded mass; a most gigantic fraud!

I reasoned with her; asked her why she had deceived me so, And she replied, "I'll tell you, John, if you must really know;

Just call to mind a few weeks back when speaking of the hen, You said the cutest things on earth were what are known as men;

You said a hen was quite a fool to be so taken in By crockery eggs; and that a colt of wood no love could win

From mother mare; but you, you fool, with sense to plainly see, Have been more badly fooled than they, for you were fooled by me;

By me, all falso from head to foot; how cute you are! I can See nothing half so gullible on earth as you, you man."

ANTE-POSTHUMOUS LETTERS AND DIARY.

(Continued.)

Feb. 14th.—Met Mac on the street to-day—asked him why he didn't publish that two-column article—said it was published in a condensed form that week it was sent in. I didn't quite understand him, but went to the office and looking over the file with him he pointed out an article which I certainly read but did not recognize as mine. It consisted of about a quarter of a column—"condensed" with a vengeance, and only bringing me some seventy-five cents. Mac can do a mean trick when he likes—however, beggars mustn't be choosers. As we were coming out of the office we met Miss C—, and I could not but see the impressive smile with which she greeted Mac's salutation. It has ever been the fate of genius to be neglected.

Feb. 16th.—Sent in an application for the editorship of the *Mail*, but my offer was declined on the ground of my well-known Grit proclivities. My landlady brought me up a *Telegram*—and pointed out to me among the "situations vacant" an ad. for a boy to carry parcels, and said I might get as much as would pay my board anyway! Such insolence! A boy, forsooth! But as I owed her three week's board I said I would see about it. A boy! Great Caesar! Does a beard necessarily constitute a man? I set my teeth resolutely together, and looked over the "ads." I noted one which, temporarily at least, I thought might suit me. It was, "Wanted, a few smart penmen—*extra pay*—for two weeks only." I went and found that I would be required to address 500 letters in an hour, for which I would receive five cents, but if I could address only 300 in that time, I should receive only three cents; besides, I had to take the names out of the directory. No, by Jove! literature is at least a shade better than this.

Feb. 19th.—Aunt Jane has just gone—she brought me in butter, eggs, a home-made loaf and a chicken, and wanted to know if I'd be home in time for the ploughing. My landlady instantly took charge of the above—but nothing will ever convince me that that leathern fowl we tried to chew at dinner-time was the tender, plump chicken I saw in Aunt Jane's hand. No, siree!

March 1st.—Am sick of journalistic work and go back to the farm to-morrow—Cincinnati affords me a noble precedent. Farewell, visions of fame! dreams of coming into the city, and stepping at once into positions of honor and influence! Farewell, oh vision of myself sitting sole autocrat in the sanctum of a newspaper office, and controlling, guiding and directing public opinion! A long and last farewell to poverty, privation, suffering and insult! I go where there are ever buckwheat pancakes, fresh eggs and sweet milk for breakfast—lashings of pork and beans with pie for dinner—and the farm when the old lady departs this life.

Such, Mr. GRIP, is my diary and letters. If anyone has anything to say or find fault with, let him speak now, or forever hold his peace.

Ever yours, in kind remembrance,
OLIVER FORESTALEM.

AN AWFUL WARNING.

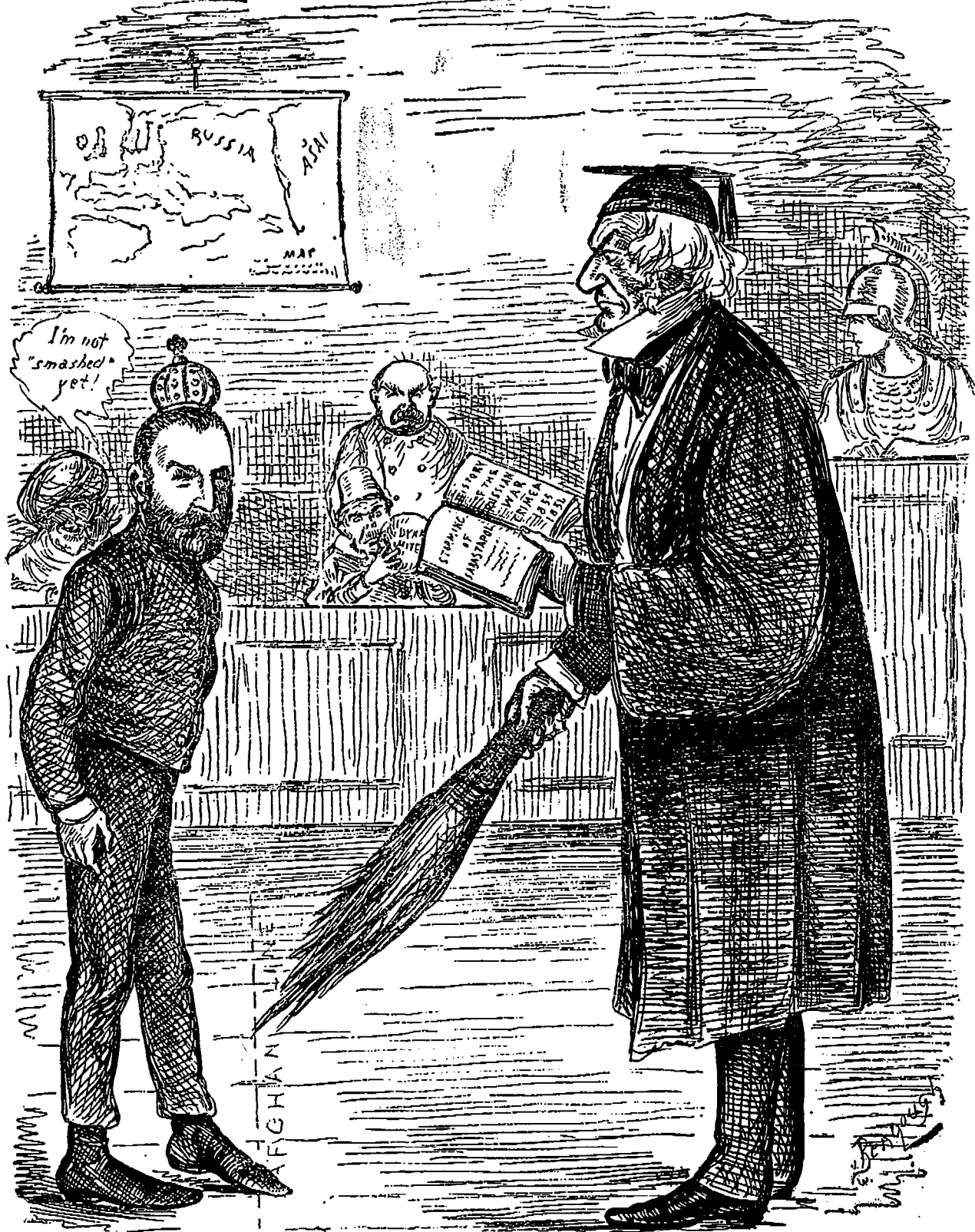
BY OUR NEW REPORTER.

A most tragic occurrence, and one which bears a moral on the face of it, took place in Hamilton last week. That quiet hamlet was jogging along much as usual—slower if anything. The people ate and drank, were being born, married and buried, all unconscious of the terrible lesson that was about to be read to them on the sin of carelessness in writing. It was afternoon, the weather mild comparative-

ly. The afternoon train from Toronto had dashed shrieking into the station, the mails, passengers and freight had been duly delivered, and once more the Colossus of roads had fled shrieking and snorting on his way. The people in the village some three-quarters of an hour afterwards were suddenly startled by the apparition of an enraged bull, who, having slipped his cables somewhere in the suburbs, with tail erect and horrent hair came charging through the streets, like another horned individual seeking whom he might devour. In an instant the streets were cleared. Loafers who from time immemorial had propped up the gables of the corner groceries (licensed) suddenly vanished; business momentarily came to a standstill; doors were shut and hastily bolted; the streets were silent and deserted as at the present day those of the resurrected cities of Herculaneum or Pompeii, saving for one individual who, all unconscious, came stepping forward to his doom. This individual, strange to say, was not a woman, but a man. He was attired in a Government uniform of navy blue cloth, with scarlet collar; on his head he wore a blue cap with scarlet band, and a scarlet line denoted the outside seam of his trousers. He carried under his left arm a leathern bag suspended from his shoulder by a strap also leathern, and in his hand he bore a card which he perused with such close attention that he did not notice the unusual silence of the streets, nor the cause thereof. The bull bellowed, but so engrossed was he in spelling out the writing on the card that he heard it not. People from their top windows, seeing the danger of the man, shrieked at him like all possessed to beware of the bull. In vain!—he was bound to master and possess himself of the contents of that card, and he was blind and deaf to all else. Twice he ran up against a lamp-post, but he only rubbed his bruised nose and read on. Meantime, the bull careering wildly up the street, suddenly came to a full stop. For a moment he seemed to be unable to believe his senses as he saw that scarlet collar moving serenely towards him. But it was only for a moment. The next, with waving tail and horns ploughing the street, he bore down upon the unfortunate man who, before he had time to lift his eyes from the card, was tossed up, and thrown, limp and insensible, across the telegraph wires, while from his unconscious hand the post card he had been so intently perusing fell fluttering-like a snowflake to the ground below. The poor fellow was a letter-carrier who, being slightly near-sighted, was unusually puzzled that afternoon over the contents of this post card, which he was anxious to deliver. The body still hangs in its airy position, pending the decision of the courts to decide whether the postal service or the telegraph company shall bear the expense of removal. This is another awful warning to people who will persist in carelessly writing on post cards, instead of writing all they want to communicate to their friends in a clear, legible hand, so that the letter-carrier who runs may read. There can be no doubt but that the careless writing on the card was the primary cause of the man's death. To say that his own inquisitiveness—but—speak no evil of the dead.

NOTHING adds so much to the appearance of a man as a fashionable hat. R. Walker & Sons have opened out their spring importations direct from the manufacturers of London and New York. Very low figures charged at this house.

HUSBAND.—It is no good going anywhere but to the Golden Boot, 206 Yonge-street, for boots for our boys. They always fit and wear well.



DAME EUROPA'S SCHOOL.

HEADMASTER GLADSTONE.—Now then, Alexander Romanoff, if you don't keep the other side of that mark I'll have to chastise you again!

EGYPTIAN QUESTIONS.

"James," said Mrs. Junket to her t'other half, "do those Mohammedans keep any festi-vals the same as we do?"
 "Well, I guesso," replied Jom. "They have periodical high jinks, just as we have our carnivals and Lent, and so on—especially those Egyptian fellows."
 "Well, what do they call their time of festi-ty?" asked Mrs. J., thirsting for infor-mation.
 "The Mahdi Gras, my dear," replied the truthful James.

"I should imagine that the shores of the Red Sea, or rather one of them, would be a good spot to strike for to obtain jewellery," ventured young Idlewyld to his fiancée, Laura Gumdrops.
 "Why so, Chawlie?" asked Lolly.
 "Because it would be a good place to get a Trinkitat."
 Wedding postponed.

"Yes, children," said old Pomposo Bluff, as he stood with his back to the fire, and his coat-tails elevated, "yes, these desert war-riors show themselves to be plucky fellows, and—"
 "They've lots of sand, haven't they, papa?" piped little Tommy.
 "Quiet, you slangy young rascal," replied old Pomposo, resuming, "as I was saying, they are fine fellers—"
 "Fellahs, papa," interposed Miss Marian, home from college, "fellahs, they are called; they are the fellahs, you know."
 "Fellers, I say, fellers, minx," replied her parent, hotly.
 "Marian means that those fellows you call fellers are fellahs, father," explained Marmaduke Alonzo, rising six feet and twenty-two.
 "Oh, I see! Well, these fellers who are fellows and fellahs are not only brave, but they are cunning and strategic; they have many spokes to their wheel—"
 "Most felloes have, dad," once more piped the incipient punster, Tommy.
 "Go to bed, you young monkey," rejoined the author of his being, pushing him out of the room. "These Arabs," he continued, "are strongly communistic and socialistic; they—"
 "Aren't they Nilists, papa?" enquired Maude Ethel, *et al.* 14.

Pomposo frowned darkly. He scarcely knew whether his little daughter was following in the footsteps of the depraved Tommy or not. However, he resumed once more:
 "Like the Turks they have little respect for their aged parents; in this they somewhat resemble you, my children, I am sorry to say. The Turks would not think twice before plac-ing their parents in a sack, and casting them into the Bosphorus."
 "Pa," piped Tommy's shrill treble, as the door opened and a head appeared. "I know where a Turk would be going who was about to put his father into a sack."
 "Where would he be going, you disobedient young scamp?"
 "Going to Bag-dad, papa," was the reply, and Pomposo, abandoning all hope of con-tinuing his discourse, strode out of his house and went to his club.

THE DRY-GOODS TOUTER.

"One thing struck me as being very strange, when I was in Canada: I observed men in all kinds of weather (it mattered not if it was the most bitter and inclement day in December, or the hottest of the dog-days), pacing up and down in front of the large drapers' establishments, or 'dry-goods stores,' as they are termed in Canada, and endeavoring to inveigle the passers-by into the establish-ments to purchase the wares, whose excellency

they never ceased to extol."—Extract from letter of heavy British swell travelling out in this bloomin' wooden country.]

LO! THE POOR TOUTER.

VERSICLE I. (*Lugubrious.*)



Cold was the wind and therein was descending
 As out on the sidewalk the poor touter walked,
 And in a monotonous drawl never-ending
 To those who were passing he dismally talked.

(*And these were his words.*)

"Walk in, walk in and buy,
 Our trouserings are complete,
 And if you need a suit of tweed
 You'll find our goods a treat."

VERSICLE II. (*Doleful.*)

Hot was the sun as it beat on the city,
 Scorching its rays and Hadesian the air,
 As I passed through the streets and was flooded with pity
 To see, at his post, the poor touter still there.

(*And this is what he was saying.*)

"Step in, step in and see
 Our shirtings and our pants;
 Of coat and vest we keep the best,
 And now's your only chance."



VERSICLE III. (*More dismal.*)

Down came the rain from the flood-gates of heaven,
 Deep was the dark Torontonian mud;
 And I walked through the streets at a quarter to seven
 And there stood the touter defying the flood.

(*And still saying at intervals.*)

"Here's the place, you'll find,
 For oil-skin coats and caps,
 Umbrellas, and, in all the land,
 We can't be beat for wraps."



VERSICLE IV. (*Funereal and gloomy.*)

Piercing the breeze—forty-eight below zero—
 Again past that store I was taking my way,
 Stark on the sidewalk, a martyr, a hero,
 Frozen to death, there the poor touter lay.

(*Let the tears flow like rain.*)

And on his lips these words,
 In icicles of beauty,
 "'Twas warm inside, but I friz and died
 A martyr to my duty."

(*His soul had gone aloft.*)



SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

TORONTO, Mairch 14, 1885.

DEAR WULLIE,—I mann tell ye aboot ma braw noositiation in Tam Tamson's halesale warehouse. I declare tae ye, Wullie, I didna' ken whether ma heid or ma heels was upmost when I gaed in there. Sick a great muckle

ark o' a place, I lost masel' in't twa-ree times the vera first day I was there. I had tae gang trauchlin' up fower pair o' stairs tae get tae the tap o' the buildin' wi' a bundle o' claith, an' when I cam doon again I was that tired I thought I wad just sit doon a wee intill a bit roomie atween the office an' the door like. The vera moment I sat doon, a bit laddie, he comes up, an' begins haulin' awa at a rope hand ower hand for a' the world as gin he'd been aboard a ship. An' losh, Wullie! a' at ance the furc lifted an' I was hingin' atween heaven an' airth, like Mahomet's coffin. I jaloused some devility or ither, an' seein' the laddie a kind o' lauchin', I grabbit him by the throat an' nearly thrapped him.

"Ye innp o' Sautan," says I, "let go haud o' that rope—I'll learn ye tae mak a fulc o' a man alder than yersel!"—an' I shuk him till I cud maist hear his banes rattlin'. But up gaed the fure a' the time, an' I maist fainted when I fand mysel' at the very tip-tap storey just whaur I had come doon frae that very meenit—an' the meenit I let go haud o' the laddie, he flew doon the stair cryin' "murder" at the tap o' his voice, an' sayin' there was a madman tryin' to kill him i' the elevator! In the twinklin' o' an e'e, aboot a hunder clerks, salesmen, porters, an' gude kens a' wha' cam flooin' up the stairs, some wi' sticks—some wi' pokers, tva-ree wi' revolvers, an' bringing up the rear was Tam himsel' as white as a ghost, an' wi' a penstickin' ahint his lug. Weel, I just waited for the hale crood o' them tae get up an' then I staps oot frae the little roomie—an I says tae Tam, says I, "If I had thocht Tam, that ye had brocht me in here tae mak a fulc o' me like this, I wad rather sellt books frae door tae door a' the days o' ma life."

Tam's face grew as black as a thunner cloud. "Why! what infernal nonsense is this, Airlie?" says he, rather soor-like—an' I noticed that a' the clerks, an' the poker, an' revolver men began slinkin' ane by ane awa doon the stairs, wi' maist onnaterel gravity o' coontenance.

"Ye may weel ca't infernal nonsense," says I, "for a little devil like that, tae hiest a decent man like me up i' the air an' laud him against his will just at the tap o' the stair I cam doon frae."

I saw a kind o' a bit smirk in Tam's e'e—an' says he, "Is it possible, Airlie, that you have never been up in an elevator before?"

"An elevator?" says I, wi' the greatest astonishment.

"Of course," says Tam, "don't you know that's the elevator—if you didn't want to go up why did you go into it?"

"Me!" says I, for I saw the mistak' I made, "Lode Tam, I thocht it was a little bit roomie wi' a chair in't an' I just gaed in an sat doon in't."

"Oh, well! that's all right," says Tam, "but there's one thing I would like to say, and I hope you won't take it ill. We'll drop the old name of 'Tam' in the warehouse if you please."

Weel, noo, I was a wee thocht nettled at Tam sayin' that; but I thocht it was ma duty tae dae awa wi' any notion o' disrespect—that me ca'in' him "Tam" might hae bred in the minds o' the clerks. Sae I waited till Tam—I mean Maister Tamson, had gano oot tae his lunch atween ane an' tva o'clock, an' I gangs awa into the office an' sits doon on Tam's an' chair, and tellt the clerks tae pay attention tae me, for I wantit tae say something tae them an' didna want tae be interrupted. The auld book-keeper shoved up his spectacles on his broo' an' glowered at me as gin I'd been a warlock, an' a' the clerks turned roon', an' after luckin' at ane anither, lucked strait at me. Sae I sat still, an' twirlin' ma tva thooms tae keep ma mind easy-like, I says: "Ma fraens, I was fear't the day, when ye heard me ca'in' Tam—I mean Maister Tamson—Tam—"

that ye wad think I was disrespekfu'. Sae I thought it was ma duty tae say that sae far frae bein' disrespekfu'—it was clean the opposite—in fact, I hae an' estraordinar' respect for Tam—Maister Tamson, I mean—because he is a self-made man—an' likk mase', sise frae naething. I kent his grannie weel—she made potted-head, an' sellt bread in a little auld hoosie, an' keept a wee drap on the sly likk for special customers. Tammie was a little toozic headed creature in a lang blue daidlie, an' strippit blue cotton breekees in thae days, an' when his mither gaed oot washin' he used to come doon an' hide wi' his grannie till his mither came hame at e'en. We lived next door tae Tam's—I mean Maister Tamson's, grannie, an' Tam an' me wad gang harryin' birds' nests, an' playin' truant frae the schule, an' sometimes Tam's grannie wad come oot after him wi' a stick an' wallop him hame afor her, an' tell him he wad come tae the gallows yet. Tam had a sister an' she workit in the cotton mill an' marrit a drucken neer-do-well, an' his brither, weel, he was little gude, little ill, in fact Tam was the only decent one o' the hale lot, an' I daur say the grannie left him a well-filled stockin' when she de-ed, sae ye see I canna but respect Maister Tamson—an' what I want tae say tae ye a' is this, that gin any time I should mak a slip an' say Tam instead o' Maister Tamson, ye maunna be followin' ma example, because, bein' an auld fren I'm a kind o' preevileged like—an' tho' I ca' him Tam it's oot o' nae disrespek. Frae this day oot I'll try tae ca' him Maister Tamson just as ye dao, but I thoekt it better tae gie ye ma reasons for respekkin' him the way I dae."

Wi' that I maiched oot wi' an air o' great dignity, an' began soopin' up the warchoose flure. I'll tell ye mair belyve.

Yer brither,
HUGH AIRLIE.

AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.

RURAL DELL.

Dear Mr. GRIP,—Can you give two interesting but perplexed girls any idea how to get a sort of general synthesis—no, that's not the word, syn—syn—oh, now I've got it, synopsis of the politics of the day, so that we could learn something without reading through miles of newspaper columns. Can you mention any paper that would give us a sort of general smatter which we could skim over while we were curling our hair or dressing for dinner—not that we like politics, far from it, though strange to say we've often been told we are considered very politic girls. We must inherit that from Pa who is member for Rural Dell. The fact is we want him to take us to Ottawa this winter, we had such a lovely time last year—and if we could show him that we knew something about his business affairs he mightn't be so hard to coax into taking us. Pa does get so mad when we ask questions, and says he can't see any return for the money he spent on us at Madame Letour's finishing school. He quite forgets all the friends we made, it is horrid of him; besides, if he'd only look at us with any other man's eyes he'd discover that we're two as stylish girls as you'll find anywhere, and I am sure it's nicer to have stylo than politics, but as we're sure to meet politicians we really ought to know what they're about; it's so awkward to find out of an evening that you've been flattering up an M.P. on the wrong side, who's been calling Pa names the night before. No, we don't like politicians, though you wouldn't believe how complimentary some of even the quite old ones can be. We do like the clerks in the mail service. They are awfully nice, almost—yes quite as nice as bank clerks, only there are not so many of them; and it would be just too smart for Mary and I to know how to get round the powerful old political heads and make

them advance some of those nice young fellows who find it so difficult to live on their incomes. Such a nice womanly way to influence their lives unseen and unknown, and without a trace of those horrid women's rights and blue-stocking ways. Mary and I wouldn't be blues for anything, but it is quite "chic" to talk as if you had an idea of what other people's ideas are. So, please, Mr. GRIP do be kind enough to help us, and say in a few words what politics are, the difference between a Tory and Grit, and if they are all villains, and which is likely to be in power longest; and in the shortest possible space tell us all about everything—and if you know if there will be many dances at Rideau Hall and whether it would be better to have trains or wear short dresses, for Mary and I are determined to be up in it all, and in all the slaug phrases like "brawling brood of bribers," etc.

Yours with respect,
A politician's daughter,
JANE PENCHERMAN.

P. S.—Is there any chance of your coming to Rural Dell. Pa would be sure to ask you up to the house. He is always so polite to newspaper gentlemen. It's a wonder to me he gets so abused. I suppose that's one of the political mysteries girls can't understand. Can you solve it for us?



NO DANGER.

Mrs. Mulligan—Yes, it's quite true, Mrs. Johnson, that some boys turn out fast young men, but my Tommy is safe.

Mrs. Johnson—What makes you think so?

Mrs. Mulligan—Why, he's a telegraph messenger boy!

THE CHURCH OF ST. ANANIAS.

When I happen to be in the sacred precincts of civilization and society, I invariably make it a rule to attend the morning service at "St. Ananias" every Sunday. This is owing not to my religious zeal—which is not great—but to the fact that it is correct and fashionable to listen to the Rev. Mr. Blatant's sermons.

From my rather regular attendance at this synagogue I have got to know a number of the flock, and in my thirst for details of other people's affairs I have acquired considerable insight into their private lives. For instance, I know that Mr. and Mrs. Nero have their eldest daughter for sale to the highest bidder. Some day Miss Nero, who is very pretty, will be sold at the very altar where she and her parents worship each Sunday. I admire Mr. and Mrs. Nero's good, sensible, business ideas, and respect their abject veneration of wealth.

Mrs. Flaunting is a matron who comes into church each Sunday with either a new bonnet or some marked alteration in an old one. Mrs. Flaunting's arrival is always accompanied by a subdued whispering among the females who have the happiness to view her passage up the aisle. Can I accuse any of the ladies of jealousy or envy? Are those whisperings, which always take place when Mrs. Flaunting arrives, about her bonnet? No, I say, they cannot be. Remember "St. Ananias" is a church, and these good ladies always come to worship, so it must be positively ridiculous to accuse them of thinking of such a thing as a bonnet. You don't agree with me? Well, all I can say is that my insight into the female mind is greater than yours, and I know that ladies are above such vulgar feelings as curiosity.

One character in St. Ananias is that white-haired old reprobate, Rakely. His very presence in the place is a slur on its character. See how the odious old wretch ogles every pretty girl that passes his seat. The old villain wears a wig and dyes his mustache, and at the last dinner he was at, they say his front teeth fell out at dessert. What does he go to St. Ananias' for, I wonder. Does he want spiritual comfort? I am afraid not.

There is a young girl who sits in a pew in front of mine. She giggles at everything from the beginning to the end of the service. Rev. Mr. Blatant sometimes looks at her with a most severe expression on his saintly countenance, but it does no good; she is totally devoid of reverence.

I would sooner look at the giggling damsel, however, than I would at the Venoms. Mr. and Mrs. Venom are all sweetness and holiness itself, when the eyes of the congregation are directed on Mrs. Venom's bonnet or new sacque, but I have heard sad tales of their happiness at home. One morning Mrs. Venom came to church with a red scar on her forehead; it has always stayed there, and so has an ugly tale about Mr. and Mrs. Venom stayed in people's remembrances. The good Christian people of St. Ananias are too severely and consistently religious to let scandal die out.

Miss Enavey, who sits directly under the commandment "Thou shalt not covet," turns green whenever any of her friends appears to a better advantage than she does. She is not poor, but she is ugly, and she hates every pretty girl whom she sees, that is, in secret. She is very lavish in her terms of endearment whenever she addresses one of her pet aversions.

Our dear rector, Mr. Blatant, what can I say of him? Of course there is only one answer to that question. Is it possible that a minister of the Church of England can be anything but good and holy? Of course not. But then again people will talk. I have heard from some malicious person that Mr. Blatant is an ass, a conceited and dogmatic ass, this evil being said. Also I have heard that Mr. Blatant has vices. Of course I don't believe it. Can that story about his college days be true? Perhaps one had better not answer questions like that. They involve too much. Some discontented people say that Mr. Blatant never visits the poor in his parish. Don't say anything about the poor; the curate can look after them. It is his work. Mr. Blatant has higher missions. Rev. Mr. Blatant is truly a meek man. He has never been known to contradict anyone, when out of the pulpit. But for all this he is a good business man, and there is nothing he likes better than to get hold of the executorship of a rich estate.

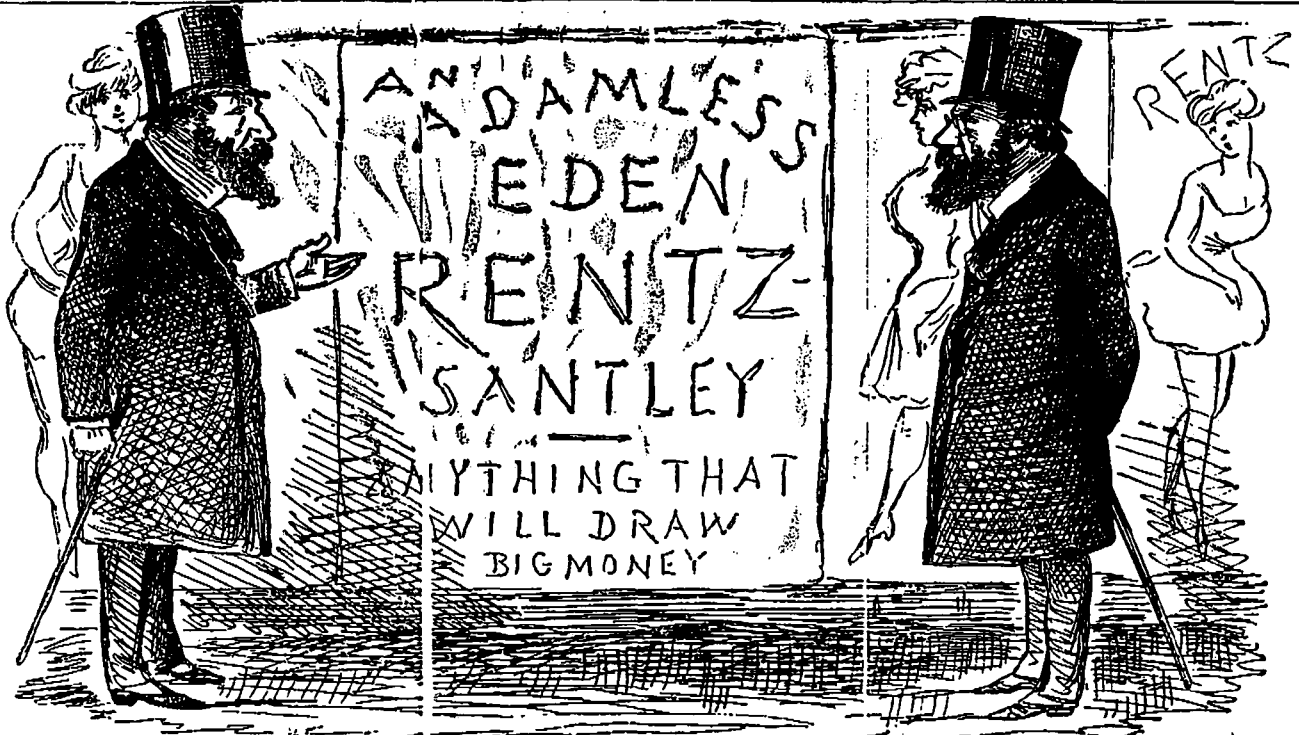
The curate is a dear little creature, with a beautiful smile and lip. He is very clean and neat, and parts his hair beautifully in the middle. I know of no other distinguishing characteristic of the curate of St. Ananias.

A. C. M.

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THE MAYOR TO THE PROPRIETOR OF THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
 "AS GUARDIAN OF THE PUBLIC MORALS, I CAN'T PERMIT THIS SORT OF THING IN FUTURE, MR. MANNING."

"I AM informed," says Mayor Manning, in his municipal message, "that in some municipalities the authorities manage to get rid of the habitués of their jails by having them sentenced to imprisonment in the Central Prison for a term. If such a course were adopted here there would be fewer inmates in the city jail during the winter." True, Mr. Mayor, and blessings on you for the felicitous idea! But did it not occur to you at the same time that if there were fewer committed to the Central there would be all the more sent to jail? This is a thought that of course would never have been inspired but for your argument that if more were sent to the Central there would be all the less in the jail. I do not want to harass your Worship with astruse problems in social science at the very outset of your Worship's promising career—that is, always provided your Worship's promising career did not terminate on your Worship's election to office. But perhaps your Worship will permit me to further suggest in connection with this grave question that if all commitments were to the Central there would be none to the jail; and vice versa, if all commitments were to the jail— But I perceive I am bothering you and will drop the subject for the present.

HIS SAD MISS.

Bartley Campbell, who began life as a newspaper reporter, has made within five years \$250,000 out of his plays.

What a solemn lesson to aspiring young journalists to resist the insidious fascination of play-writing! Poor Bartley! The really successful newspaper men of this country ought to share with him, even if they strain the banks in so doing.

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