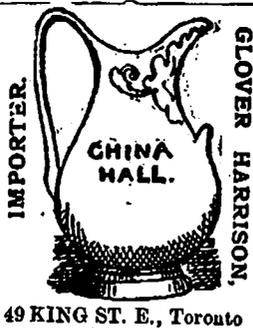


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A CASE OF "GROSS IGNORANCE."

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Editor.

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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Some time ago the Privy Council gave a decision in the case of *Russell vs. The Queen*. Lawyer Mowat said that judgement settled the right of Ontario to legislate on the Liquor traffic, short of prohibition; Lawyer Macdonald said it meant simply that neither Ontario nor any other Province had any right to legislate on the Liquor traffic at all. Accordingly the Government at Ottawa—which somehow has a high respect for Lawyer Macdonald's opinion—got up the McCarthy Act, to regulate the nuisance for the whole country. At this interesting juncture another case—*Hodge vs. The Queen*—was referred to the same august tribunal, and another decision has just been rendered. Lawyer Mowat says this last judgment endorses his opinion to the very letter: Lawyer Macdonald says it does no such thing. Lawyer Mowat says he intends to stand by the Crooks Act, and Lawyer Macdonald says he will stake his all on the McCarthy Act. Apparently both measures are to be in operation together, and if it comes to that step it will be in order to extend commiseration to the poor Publican, who will be obliged to pay for two licenses instead of one. And this is all the unfortunate fellow gets for patronizing lawyers!

FIRST PAGE.—The rural clown who blows out the gas instead of turning it off, exhibits precisely the same sort of stupidity as that displayed in the present policy of the Minister of the Interior towards the discontented settlers in the North-West. Instead of "turning off" the grievances by applying the proper mechanism—reform in the matter complained of—he is doing his best to extinguish the flame by a series of windy "pooh-poohs," cries of "Gritism," "Annexionists," and the like. This kind of folly, however, generally carries its own penalty with it, and it would be well for the Minister to remember that so long as it is not properly turned off, *the gas is bound to escape*. Only, in this instance, the language of the settlers is by no means gas.

EIGHTH PAGE.—During the contest in West Middlesex, a soft head who had been trusted with bribery money by the Tory Committee, "gave himself away" to the Grit Committee, whereupon certain members thereof, made affidavits exposing the whole affair. Immediately afterwards Weekes—the soft-head in question—published a sworn declaration, giving the lie to the Grit fellows. This declaration was prepared, it appears, by Mr. Meredith, the leader of the local opposition. The next event was the arrest of Weekes for perjury, at the instance of the makers of the original affidavits. The trial is now going on, and Mr. Meredith is defending the prisoner, but lo and behold, the "declaration" is missing, and nobody knows anything about it. Mr. Meredith solemnly avows that he has no idea of its whereabouts, and to prove his sincerity he has felt his pockets, looked under the table, and put himself to no end of trouble. Meantime the prosecuting attorney refuses to go before the grand jury without the missing document.

The *Mail* throws out a very timely hint to the opposition at Ottawa. It is that some of the charges made against the Government during recess, should be formulated on the floor of the House, and investigated. In this connection it is to be hoped Mr. John Shields is not astray in stating that the Section B. affair is to be made the subject of parliamentary enquiry before the close of the session. The sooner something is done to allay public suspicion on this matter the better it will be for the cabinet.

THE BEST JOKE OF THE DAY.

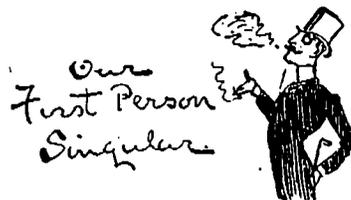
(By the Editor of the "*Mail*," Friday, Jan. 18.)

A WORD OUT OF SEASON.

Life for a political party may easily be made miserable by an organ that is indiscreet.

Christmas and twins can come but once a year.—*Bismarck Tribune*.

"Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion."—*Day's Business College*, 96 King-st. W., Toronto.



The Citizen Insurance Co's capital is increased by the sum of one dollar as a result of the libel suit against the *Budget*. The *Budget* editor rejoices over this as a "great moral victory," and declares that so long as the liberty of the press is vindicated he would just as soon pay \$1 as \$5,000—the amount the company requested. The libel consisted in charging the Co. with "reckless underwriting," and the plea put in was that of justification.

Mr. J. Davenport Kerrison, one of our best music masters, has projected a course of six lectures on the great composers from Bach (1750) to Weber (1812), the addresses to be supplemented with pianoforte recitals of characteristic works. This opportunity of gaining a comprehensive knowledge of the development of music should be embraced by every student of the piano, as it cannot fail to be highly beneficial. The lectures are to be given at the College of Music (283 Jarvis-st.) on the last Friday in each month, beginning on the 25th inst.

I read with a great deal of interest the paper contributed by Mr. A. H. St. Germain to the semi-centennial number of the *Kingston Whig*. It appears that Mr. St. G. was a Kingston boy, and served his apprenticeship in a printing office there, afterwards rising to the position of a proprietor. He is about the only surviving member of the journalistic coterie which then flourished in the Limestone City, and notes with pardonable glee that he has not even yet a grey hair in his head—which I hope may long maintain its youthful-looking locks. Mr. St. Germain has for many years been a well-known resident of Toronto, and, what is more, a well-liked one.

ECHOES FROM OSGOOD HALL.

MR. O'D.—In my opinion the plaintiff should take his case to another Court.

MR. B.—(Opposing Counsel)—Thank the Lord we don't have to act on your opinion.

MR. O'D.—Well, it don't matter whether you act on it or not—I get nothing for it.

MR. B.—You get what it is worth, anyway.

MR. O'D.—Oh! You ain't the judge of that now, Mr. B.

SCENE, *Law Office*—WOULD-BE STUDENT TO LAWYER.—"I am thinking of studying Law, and would like to get your opinion as to whether there is a prospect of success. If I do become a Lawyer I am determined to be an *honest* one.

LAWYER—Go in young man! You're sure of succeeding. Why you'll have a *monopoly*.

FRENCH SEAL.

"You might have told me what the real quality of this was," complained a lady to the furrier from whom she had bought a cape for her daughter.

"I did, madam," was the reply, "I said it was French seal."

"But look here, the fur is coming off in patches, and leaving the thing all bare."

"Just taking French leave as it were. Is there anything surprising in that?"

THOUGHTS ON THE NEW READING BOOKS
BY MY GRANDMOTHER.(Suggested by a picture in verse (not Romney's) in "The
Week," Jan. 3rd.)

This publisher so sage
His name is Mr. Gage;
He's not dead—
By the papers you may see
He's as lively as can be
To be read,

In broad spaces in the *Mail*
His "ad." tells a tale,
Don't you think?
It is surely not in taste,
And it looks like a waste
Of the ink.

But side by side with him
A publisher named Jim—
Fallala—
Is puffing readers to;
Do you think they will do,
Grandpapa?

As any mortal sees,
His "ad."s to catch trustees,
Though they, dumb,
Don't change their stolid looks
When he says "adopt my books,
Prithee come."

What funny fancy slips
From atween their juicy lips
In dumb show?
They only look so sad
And answer to the "ad."—
"Not for Joe."

But readers No. Three
All shivering we see
In the cold;
The publishers, not the books,
You can see by their looks
Are the "sold."

Now all the farmers say,
And mechanics echo ye,
"We don't see
That we want three series new,
When one as well will do
As the three."

So they're glad to hear that Ross,
The new school reader boss,
Has begun,
And will strive with all his might
These series to unite
Into one.

Though he work in pain and tears,
As with fardel of his years
Overprest,
Yer as sure as you are born
He'll set this thing forlorn
All at rest.

Then Bob and little Bess,
His dear old name will bless,—
So will ma;
And this nether world agrees
He will all the better please
Grandpapa.

From poems by FREDERICK MOCKER.



UNKISSED KISSES.

"O the rain that never falls, O the buds that never
bloom,
Woes that threaten, threaten only, joys we wait that
never come,
Many are the unshed tears, many are the un-
kisses."

I never wrote any poetry myself, but I've
read a heap of it and meditated on what I've
read, according to my usual habit when I find

anything I don't quite lay hold of. I put down
that book and pondered, "Sampson Jones,"
I said to myself, do you know what that poet
means by *Unkissed Kisses*? Is there any such
things?" I wrestled with that problem quite
a while, sent my mind running back over my
past experience and at last came off victorious
as I generally did in my intellectual musings.
That poet knew what he was talking about.
There *was* such things as un-
kissed kisses. I'd had some myself or *hadn't* had, just as you
like to put it. There's a kind of intangible
evanescence about them. A *transcendentalism*,
as Emerson would say.

I remember an evening in June when the
roses were yielding up their fragrance, and
the stars were gleaming down through the
ethereal vault of blue, and I was just turned
twenty and she was sweet sixteen; we were
standing at the garden gate, I had been saying
some poetry to her in a low tender tone (I
always was powerful fond of poetry), and then
we stood a spell and looked at each other. I
ventured a little nearer and put my arm round
her waist; her eyes, bright with emotion, were
lifted to mine for an instant and then the lashes
swept her velvet cheek. It was one of those
supreme moments when two hearts were so
brimming full that a breath almost would make
them run over, in one second more our spirits
would have rushed together at the touching
of our lips, as Tennyson says, but—there
was the sound of an opening window, and then
the voice maternal rang out on the still night
air, "Esmeralder you come right in the house,
nice time this to be out there foolin'!" This
was all I heard plain, but I guess the old lady
went on quite a while, I could hear her at it
when I was clear down the next street. After
this when I wanted to go with Esmeralda
(and I wanted to pretty bad for a while) I just
kept telling myself all the awful yarns I'd ever
heard about mothers-in-law, that was the only
thing that kept me from taking a step that
might have led to suicide or worse.

My latest experience happened right here,
while I've been writing; my wife came in look-
ing sweeter than I'd seen her since I gave her
money to buy her winter bonnet; after poking
up the fire a bit and making a few pleasant
remarks, she glided into my chair without
first allowing me to vacate it, then she put her
arm round my neck and whispered, "What
are you writing Sampie dear? You are always
writing or reading or something when I want
to talk to you; I was down town to-day, and
Sampie, I saw the *loveliest* mantle fur; so
cheap too; only ten dollars a yard; real sable."
She let her cheek touch mine just the least
bit, and stroked my hair lovingly, but I didn't
call her pet names and kiss her and tell her
she should have all the fur she wanted. She's
sitting at the other side of the room now,
working at a crazy-quilt, and her face looks as
though she might burst out crying at any
minute, saying, "Sampie, you never treated
me so before." If I was sure she felt bad be-
cause I didn't kiss her I'd feel meaner than
anything, but if it's because I didn't give her
a check—well—that's just it, you never can
tell about women, they're a sight harder to un-
derstand than poetry.

HE WAS INFLUENCED.

The boys were talking together in the base-
ment of the Salvation Army Barracks at
Barrie, the other night. They were a mixture
of sheep and goats, with the goats at the head
of the poll.

"Yes," one of the goats was saying, "it is
true. I didn't work last Sunday, and I ain't
ashamed to publicly declare it right in this
Barracks." As he spoke he spit in a corner
where the basement guard couldn't see it, and
a smile of conscious pride lit up his noble face.

"Ah!" exclaimed a listener, who belonged

to the sheep faction, "it does one good, Bob,
to hear such a declaration from you. I have
long wanted you to give up your evil doings,
and join in with us. You appear to be in a
fair way to come around."

"Well," resumed the goat, as he poked up
the fire to get a chance to expectorate, "I
can't say that it's got as far as that. But
there is no use denying that an influence was
at work to keep me from my job last Sunday,
and I'll tell you just how it was. You see I'd
laid out to go to the rink and keep a flooding
her so as to get the ice good and solid for Mon-
day. Saturday night when I left the pump I
made up my mind to do this. Well, I got in,
took off my coat, grabbed the handle—and
suddenly stopped right dead. I gave her
another grip, but it was no use. Something
came over me and I couldn't have turned on
the water if you'd given me a hundred dollar
note. So I put on my coat and left the place!
Now, there's solid gospel truth for you, and
you can make out of it what you like!"

"But what was the feeling like?" asked
the sheep eagerly.

"The feeling!" repeated the goat, "Well,
you can judge what it must have been like
when I tell you the reason I couldn't work the
pump."

"Just so! Just so! Why could you not
work the pump, my brother?" There was a
whole bottle of concentrated anxiety and ex-
pectancy in the sheep's enquiry as he leaned
forward with his face lit up in anticipation of
the answer.

"The reason was," came very slowly and
deliberately from the goat as he bit off another
section and returned the plug—"The blamed
thing was frozen up stiff!"

The sheep was absent from the subsequent
review of the corps.

RANK ATHEISM.

The *Globe* is evidently striving to deserve
the criticisms of the *Mail* as to its being a
"Dirty Atheistical sheet." In its newly is-
sued calendar Sunday is entirely left out—
possibly because the *Globe* thinks its useful-
ness is gone. This is the worst blow the
Globe has struck at religion yet.



GOOD NEWS.

JACK.—Listen here, Jim—(reads from the
Speech from the Throne).—"I would urge
upon you the expediency of providing for a
regulation of factory labor, and the *Protection*
of the working man and his family.

JIM.—Good! I never could see no justice
in protectin' the manufacturer and leavin' the
workin' man to shift for himself! Bully for
John A. I knowed he would give us Pro-
tection at last!



THE BALLAD OF LORD LANSDOWNE.

Lord Lansdowne was a noble lord—
A noble lord was he of high degree;
And he determined to go abroad,
As Governor-General of Canadée.

Now McBride is a great Fenian fighter,
With a big cocked hat and a sword by his side;
He loves old Erin and swears he'll right her,
For that sort of a man is the bould McBride.

And when he heard that the noble Lansdowne
Was a thinking of going over to see the Falls
Of Niagara, he takes and hands down
A blunderbuss and loads with powder and with balls.

He goes to Joe Smidt's situated on Niagara
Street, and fills some lobster cans with dynamite;
And he vowed and swore (altho' he was no bragger) he
Would blow up Lansdowne as high as, say, Gildroy's kite.

Now Lansdowne travelled as far as Toronto,
And a newspaper which assumes to be dimmycrat,
Said that his lordship was 'fraid to say where he had gone
to,

And that 'in point of fact McBride made him "lave that,"
All the same, his lordship went to Niagara
As he had declared to be his firm intent,
And he crossed to the States, but no dynamite or dagger
he

Got, and his lordship wasn't scared worth a cent.

And he came back all right, himself and his lady,
And Lord and Lady Melgund and the rest of his suite;
Not forgetting Ma'amselle (nee O'Grady)
The charming French *bonne* who always looks so neat.

So we'll drink success to old Lord Lansdowne,
Who went and came back from Niagara Falls;
And McBride may as well keep his dynamite cans down,
Likewise his ancient blunderbuss, charged with powder
and with balls.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—This is to inform you that it will be impossible for me to attend the approaching meeting of the House. You will perhaps think it singular that I should resolve not to go to Ottawa this session. In taking this step it may appear to some that I have not acted with sufficient deliberation. But I can assure you that in taking this step I have been actuated—as in all my public career I have been actuated—by the purest and loftiest of motives. Pressure of professional duties, and increasing private business, are among some of the reasons which have influenced me in my action. But perhaps the most cogent reason is found in the fact that Hon. Chief Justice Galt has decided that it will be unhealthy for me to go to Ottawa for some time. You will remember that during last session you were always certain of my support and co-operation. In this respect I am vain enough to think that my absence will be appreciably felt. I have been congratulated by my friends upon my record as a parliamentarian. They say that I have made for myself a name and place in history, from the fact that I am the first man who ever sat in Parliament representing a minority of votes. This is very flattering to me. Of course I only did what was expected of me as an humble member of our great party, and am not disposed to place

so high an estimate upon my senses as you seem inclined to do.

Kindly explain my absence to the "boys"
—Tilley, Carling "Tup," and the rest.
Yours as ever,
JOHN JOSEPH HAWKINS.

Your telegram just to hand I will start
for the capital immediately. You are a brick.

J. J. H.

LOST TIME.

Old Mr. Crumbley is a zealous worker in the temperance cause; he is a powerful exhorter and has wrought much good amongst the sheep who have strayed from the fold, and he rather prides himself on his flow of eloquent language and its effect on those who stand in slippery places.

Somebody put him on the track of old man Suckerbung, a confirmed toper, and he sallied forth to see what he could do to bring the old chap to his senses. He felt that his visit was a kind of forlorn hope but he was determined to make a trial, be the result what it might. Accordingly he called on Suckerbung's wife to obtain a few particulars concerning the old boozier, and he was informed, amongst other things, that the wicked old fellow had not been sober for six weeks with the exception of two days when he had been confined to his house and totally unable to procure his longed-for stimulant, and the day on which the zealous worker called, Mr Crumbley was introduced to the sinner and at once poured in a volley of hot shot. "Ah! brother," he said, "It grieves me much to hear of your conduct. Give up this vile thing; trample it under foot; put it away from you." Suckerbung was much affected. Somewhat encouraged by seeing this, the other went on; "I am told

you have only been sober two days in the past forty-two; it is an awful thought." Suckerbung groaned. "Ah! brother, I am glad that your eyes are being opened to the enormity of your sin." Suckerbung groaned more dismally than before. "Two days out of forty-two," continued the exhorter, "two days of sobriety to forty of drunkenness and ravening wickedness! it is an awful thought; an awful thought indeed." Suckerbung fetched a groan that nearly lifted the good man from his seat, and a sigh that came within an ace of blowing him through the door.

"But don't take it so hard, brother, groaning will do no good; why groan? Forty days of drunkenness to two of sobriety is a fearful thought, but why groan?"

"I was thinking of them two days wasted," said Suckerbung, and the good man went forth.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

IN MILTONIC VERSE.

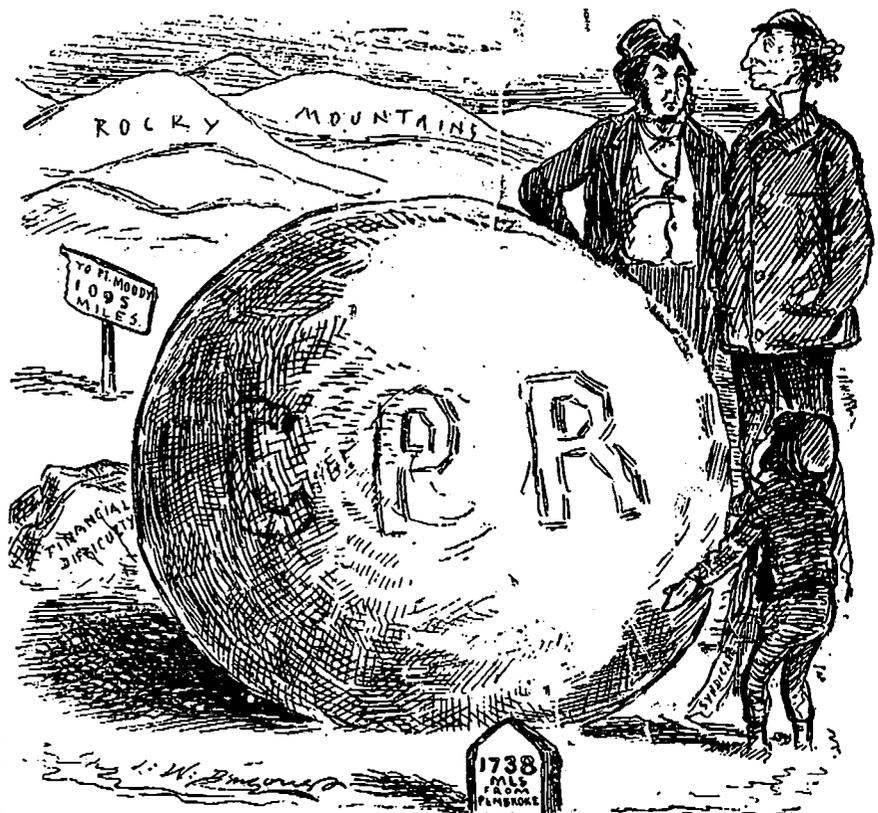
In arched recess, beneath th' ancestral roof,
The scion of a haughty ducal line
View now installed. Yet this without design
Of harsh correction—due not to reproof
Parental. He, with wholier mind to dine
On viands deleterious there, aloof
'Stablished his infant-seat: not thither crept
Had he as cowering culprit—sullen, swept
By withering glance, his gaze down-borne by frown
Of angry sire. Seemed rather he had steep
Some mead within, with soft-hued crown
Of odorous clover.* Likewise to renoun
As moral urchin he has proved his dignity—
Deep thrusting his anterior digit down
Into the savory paste, up choicest damson came.

J. B. M.

Brantford, Jan. 15, 1884.

* A circuitous method, possibly, of representing one to be "in clover."

Whenever a dentist takes the stump, he draws well.—*Ex.*



SUPPOSE WE GIVE THE LAD A LIFT OVER THE HILL?



LEGAL ADVICE;
 OR, THE DELICATE POSITION OF THE WHISKY SELLER.

LAWYER MACDONALD
 and
 LAWYER MOWAT.

(in one breath).—THE PRIVY COUNCIL HAVING SUSTAINED THE McCARTHY CROOKS ACT,

YOU WILL HAVE TO PAY ONTARIO DOMINION LICENSE FEES!



A CITIZEN'S DUTY.

I knew a man once who told me he had been young and was old.

I believed him. If he had told me that he had been old and was young I should have called for the papers on the spot.

He said he had voted at every election in our town during the past quarter of a century. In all that time he had never known a man to be elected for whom he voted. It got to be so that his vote was equal to a defeat.

Sometimes a candidate would pay him \$10 to vote for the other man.

But his heart always failed him when he got to the polls; he had an abiding faith that his luck was going to turn that year, he couldn't find it in his heart to vote against his benefactor, and so he would vote for him, and beat him anywhere from ten to 5,000 votes.

He flopped in politics every few years, but he never struck it. He beat his own side every time. His party, whichever it happened to be, tried to buy him off or ship him out of the country. But he was a true citizen, and he did his duty. He voted every time, with disastrous effect.

Last year at the election for Councilman there were five candidates in his ward, two regulars and three bush-whackers.

The man communed with himself. He felt that he couldn't live forever, and he was bound to vote for one successful man before he died, if it killed him.

He went down, and at different times during the day he voted seven times, twice apiece for each of the two regulars, and once for each of the bush-whackers.

The fraud was discovered, the election in that ward was thrown out and a new one ordered. The man went to jail, and at the new election a new man came in and beat the five men for whom he had previously repeated clear out of their boots.

The man told me that as soon as he was out he was going to run for Congress and vote for the other man, and so he would either make a spoon or spoil a horn.

While I repudiated his methods, I admired the man's persistent devotion to the duties of citizenship. Young man, vote every time, We have not yet reached a time when there is nobody to vote for. This country may run a little short on voters some time, but on candidates never.—Robert J. Burdette.

An exchange says that "Maryland has a cabbage with seventeen distinct and well-formed heads." Maryland is not the only State that can point to cabbage heads, and they don't all grow on stalks in the garden either.

The "obey" part of the marriage ceremony has been dropped by the Methodists of Canada. That's business. Many a woman has answered "yes" when she mentally resolved "no." It saves a heap of prevarication and misunderstanding.



The Royal Museum continues to provide its patrons with first-class attractions, fresh every week.

Oliver Doud Byron, the well-known and popular sensational Star, is giving us another taste of his quality after a long absence from Toronto. His piece, "Across the Continent," abounds in startling scenes, and is enlivened by many amusing specialties.

Mr. Wm. McDonell's original romantic opera "Marina" is to be produced at the Grand on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of February. Strange & Co., (music publishers, King-street, have issued several of the gems of the opera in sheet music form. We trust a marked success will attend this original Canadian production.

"When you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do," as the American tramp said when he squatted on the steps of a cathedral in the Eternal City and held out his hat.

A person in company said to another:—"You are an insolent scoundrel." To which the other replied: "Gentlemen, you must not mind what this man says; he is only talking to himself."

It is no wonder that so many people are color-blind in this country, when some of the new colors are designated as "burned cream, baked pears, crushed raspberry, scorched banana, speckled green gage, and terra-cotta." Elephants' breath, monkey's smile, and canary's birds' gasp will probably be added in the spring.

A Connecticut man has a third arm growing out of his back. O, of course, if he has no wife to attend to his back when it aches or itches, the best way is to have another arm. They are killing off the women so rapidly in Connecticut that men will be compelled to grow extra arms, or back up against the side of the house to scratch.

A porcelain manufacturer has hit upon a novel idea, ornamenting dessert plates with the portraits of the members of the family. This may be a novelty, but it won't come into general use. No one wants to see the face of a father, mother, brother or sister, all smeared over with pie, stuffing or preserves, not even their picture.

Very few people ever heard of and few ever saw a humped-back hen. Yet a hen that had been stolen in Massachusetts was identified by the hump on her back. There must have been a great responsibility resting on that hen's shoulders to have humped its back. It probably happened when the hen was overworked during an egg famine.

A correspondent wrote to a patent-medicine manufacturer:—"For thirty-five years my wife was unable to speak above a whisper, owing to throat trouble. Two bottles of your medicine completely restored her voice." The patent-medicine man published his testimonial and a month later was sold out by the sheriff.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says: "I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King-st. East either for a pad or for a treatise, etc.

THE BELLE OF THE RINK.

ON WITNESSING MISS — A FEW NIGHTS AGO.

Oh! leave the ball-room's heated glare,
And leave the hushed boudoir,
For the open rink's bright bracing air,
Its smoothly polished floor;
Where leaps the blood from heart to cheek,
Where pulses throb and bound,
Where, shod with steel, the skaters wheel,
And music in the sound.

Mark where the belle, in flashing rings,
The throng of gazers through
Flies fleetly, while each movement brings
An added grace to view.
What crescent curves, what airy spires,
What arabesques of speed,
Her fairy feet form, light and fleet,
As sweeps she in the lead.

Her snowy, ermined robe afloat
Is wanton with the wind,
A necklace clasps her pearly throat,
Her tresses blow behind;
The rose of beauty wreathes her brow,
Her dark eyes gleam askance,
At hide-and-seek on either cheek
The roguish dimples dance.

An iris from the halls of morn,
A breath of music blown
From elfin revels, earthward borne
To keep the world in tone.
She flies the flag of utter joy,
And pins her laughing faith
On aught of youth or ruth or truth
Her happy laughter saith.

Now to and fro she softly swings,
The loveliest of girls;
And now with sudden joy she springs
In meteoric whirls.
Round and round and away again,
She floats from place to place;
Till once again across the plain
She glides in easy grace.

Crown her for love, ye jealous fates!
With fairest flowers that bloom;
And as she rules the world on skates
So may she rule her home.
Soft be her lines of life as those
Her gliding footsteps trace,—
Bright be her future as the rose
That mantles in her face.

"I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late." "My dear sir," replied the lady gracefully, "no pardons are needed. You can never come too late."—Punch.

"Overcome by gas," is the headline on a daily paper. We knew these tremendous gas bills would kill somebody sooner or later.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Extract from a letter from Angelica: "Dear Henry, you ask if I return your love. Yes, Henry, I have no use for it, and return it with many thanks. By-by, Henry."—New York Graphic.

"Freddie, did you go to school to-day?" "Yes'm." "Did you learn anything new?" "Yes'm." "What was it, my boy?" "I got on a sure way of gettin' out for an hour by snuffin' red ink up my nose."—Ex.

This is the way they are said to make love in Germany: "Do you love me, Gretchen?" said a burley Teuton to the maiden of his choice. "I do," was the meek reply. "And will you be my wife?" "I will." "Then, my darling, come here and pull off my boot," and the proper relationship between husband and wife was at once established.—Ex.

"How much do you think you can get along on, my son? I want to allow you enough to make a decent appearance in society, but yet I will not countenance extravagance." "Just my idea, dad; I think, say about \$10,000 a year—and—er—expenses, you know, would be about the thing."—Boston Transcript.

Some men who were pumping water from a vessel thought to be tight found that the water did not fall, after an hour's working. One of the laborers, an Irishman, after making an examination, found a hole near the stern, upon which he cried: "Shtop boys! Sure ye'd pump the whole ocean away before the ship would float."—Ex.



BARNEY HEARD FROM AT LAST.

ERINGOBRAH TERRACE, Jan. 15th, 1884.

To the Rare an' only Bard av Freedom, GRIP.

Now don't yez be afther axiu what's become av yer travellin' correspondent all this toime, when it's yerself that knows as well as I do, that meself is just after returnin' from Rooshy philanderin' around wid the bear, an' me first cousin on the side av me aunt be marriage to wit, Misther Giniral Clay av the United States av Ameriky no less. Och musha! but he's a grate trate! an' a broth av a boy is the Giniral. Indade the only known infirmity he kin brag av is a quare paquilarity in his eyesight which was might suppose could be caused by the etarnal glare av the Roosian snow on eyes naterally wake. But in troth he towld me himself, how bein invited to dine wid the owld Czar (him they blew all to smitherens) he was so dazzled wid the honor an' glory an' glitter av the Impyrial display, that his natural eyesight was totally changed, an' ovr since he has worn a pair av rose coloured spectacles, which are a grate aid both to the sight an' the imagination. "Baron" sez he to me (they call me Baron O'Hcaowski in Rooshy), "Baron" sez he strokin down the top av his head softly, "this is the mosht A I country under the sun—the loveliest charmingest mannered, free an-aigual kind av people without any exception. Rooshy, Baron, is my bo-ideal av a country, and I want you to belave so at wanst." "Telah dipind" sez I shpakin Frinch, secin I did'nt know Rooshin. "I'll prove it" sez he standin' on his heels and shtickin his thumbs in his armpits, "Baron O'Hcaowski in this country I've dined wid an Impiror an' an Impriss, an' where do you suppose on the top av this airth, would I get a chance to do that same, except in Rooshy. Nine years ago Baron I came over here wid me microscope for the purpose av shtudying human natur an' in purshoot av that science sur, I've eaten cabbage soup an' black bread wid the woodmen who come from the intayrior on boats and rafts."

"Mother av Marcy!" sez I, "cabbage an' blackbread! is that all the workin' men av Rooshy get to do a day's work on? Ayxuse me Giniral," sez I "but don't yez think yerself now that a breakfast av fried potatoes wid a rasher av bacon, or a larrup av briled beef-stake, wid good hot coffee or tay sich as the lumbermen, an' raftsmen in Kanada get on a cowlid mornin' would kind av go down better than—that was that?—cabbage an' blackbread—Ugh!" "Oh! well you know Baron, av course to expect Rooshin boors to be actin roast beef an' mutton—wid vegetables an' mashed potatoes, washed down wid a cup of good tay, an' a cut av apple pie, an' a quarter av an hour av the daily paper ivry day fur dinner like you have in Kanady an' the States

would be too much—there's too much distinction av ranks here for that, but then, to make up for that, the nobles here get up a faste ivry once in a while, an' give 'em lots to ate in the way av charity—an' they get up soup kitchens an' sich you know." "I see sez I" like they do for the tramps an' panpers in Toranty beyant. Giniral," sez I, "The workin' folks av Kanady are away ahead av all sich patronage, they prefer a good wage and indipdince to cabbage an' black bread an' charity."

"But Baron," sez he, sittin' down an' restin' his heels on a bust av the Impiror on the mantel, "Luck at the way they take care av the unfortunate young ones that come into this wurruld be the back dure; they don't stuff them into sewers, or pitch them into old wells like they do wid you, they take them an' bring them up an' make sarvants av them. How's that?" sez he. "Very good av the Bear," sez I, "he's a right to take care av his own, but Kanady not only has orphanages for her own, she furnishes homes for all the waifs an' orphans they send over from other countries—Cead mille failthe." "Ah! but them serfs, the Americans had to go to war before they could liberate the slaves—the Czar set them free on his own accord." "Shmall thank to him thin settin' serfs free with one hand an' wid the other enchainin' the flower av the country in the wilds av Siberia." sez I, "I was more'n astonished won day I was dinin' wid the Nephew of Prince Dogonwhiski." sez he, "An' who should make the spache av the avenin' but a liberated serf." "Could'nt beat Fred Douglas," sez I, "Is it only now yer afther findin' out that a serf is a man?" sez I. "Another thing," sez he, "pull down the blind is a chune never heard in Rooshy, they lave up the windows so's the poor can look in and see the grandeur an' the music goin' on." "Very kind," sez I, "sein' the poor devils never have a chance to have music in their own homes, they allow them to look in at them, like Dives in Hades, lukin' at Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, an' the wan gulf atween them as wide as the other. Oh musha! thin, it's in Toranty yez ought to be, there's were you'll hear Mary-Ann a poundin' on the pianny in ivry second house an' both blinds an' windows up av an' avenin'." "The fact is Baron," sez he, puffin' his cigar, "I got so used to livin' in palaces that whin I wint home to the States on a visit, I got to sayin' good marnin' to the pretty house maids when I'd meet them in the hall, but my womenfolk gave me such a wiggin over it that I had to let that custem drop till I got back to Rooshy. An' theres the cholera—why they think nothin' of it here, off to the hospital wid you—cure you, pack you home again without charge. Splendid country—all bosh about Siberia—no worse than Australia, never heard of people coming back, once they got there—clear proof that it agrees with them. Knew three ladies born there—av course (he says kind av sheepishly, recollectin' he was an American) the ranks there are very distinct and marked, but the humane spirit of Rooshy thaws—" "Howld on," sez I, "Giniral, we hear enuff. Don't ever come back to Ameriky, them pink specs of yours could'nt stand the voyage, you'd get your feelins' hurt, stay an' take root in Rooshy. For my part I'm off to Kanady where there is neither Czar nor serf, only old Sir John, an' sein' he's put in the allotted threescore an' ten, why we kin afford to be courteous. *Ave reservoir*," sez I, shpakin Frinch again. So I'm after lavin' rose-colored Rooshy. Yours patriotically, BARNY O'HEA.

"Lands are measured by rods, leagues and so forth," said the teacher; "now what is a surveyer?" "A land leaguer!" shouted one of the boys.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.



CATCHING A CANDY BUTCHER.

The candy butcher took a look along the dizzy aisle, For men he had a haughty look, for girls a giddy smile. He knew his victims in one round, he sized 'em all down fine—

The hay-seed, couple on "tower" bound, mother and "baby mine."

Oranges, pca-nuts, figs and things, he sang of blithe and gay; He scattered wares but pulled the strings, so nothing went astray.

"Ha! by my troth, a tenderfoot I have this trip for sure!" He cried—for yon sat one whose suit marked him a farmed pure.

The train-boy, with his packet of prize sweets rich and rare, Drew near and gave the racket to the farmer man dead square.

"I got a prize, young fellow," the stranger said and drew Two ear-rings golden yellow—then calmly took a chew. "You told me," and he clutched the youth in iron grip

"these here Was worth about a dollar—now the truth to me make clear; You take 'em back for fifty cents—I get off at next place— Here! Whar's the coin? Ah! Compliments! Thanks fur the half-a-case!"

For the candy butcher had felt the tones of the stranger cold as steel, And he said, "I reckon I struck Bill Nye—I'd better fork than squeal;" But the festive fakir has learned to know you can't sometimes generally tell, Or always, occasionally guess right so—but get left in a hole like a well.

AN OLD COUNTRY OPINION.

A writer in the *London Standard* (vide *Mail* of last week) gives some remarkable advice to intending emigrants, especially to young men who come here to learn the noble science of farming. He advises that the young man should not accept wages from the farmer, as by doing so he would likely be required to do some unpleasant chores by his employer, and furthermore that he should have a chamber to himself, and if possible to provide himself with a chum, as he would likely find the companionship of the aboriginal hired man uncongential. Now this advice to a young man of such tendencies is good, but GRIP can offer a better. *Stay at home.*

Colorado is almost a desert, and it is refreshing to know that she even has a railroad pool.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

A man lately married was asked at the club about his bride: "Is she pretty?" "No," replied he, "she is not, but she will be when her father dies!"—*Ex.*

Many a young fop imagines that a girl takes an interest in his welfare, when in truth she is only eager for his farewell.—*Chicago Tribune.*

When asked what she had for dinner, she replied "cold tongue." And he judged by her manner that there would be some left for supper.—*Chicago Sun.*

MACHINE OILS.

Four Medals and Three Diplomas awarded at
Leading Exhibitions in 1881.

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TORONTO.

Pioneer Packing Case Factory
 Manufacturers of WOOD PACKING BOXES
 of every Description.
 All Work Guaranteed.

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 97 to 107 Duke St.,
 Toronto.



MR. MEREDITH LOOKING FOR THE WEEKES' DECLARATION.
(Study for a Politico-Historical Picture.)



A WHISPER FROM THE ENEMY.
EDITOR *Mail*.—Don't forget to formulate some of the *Globe's* "scandals" before the Session closes. [See *Saturday's "Mail."*]

EXERCISE IN ENGLISH.
TO BE READ FOR PUNISHMENT.

I rode along the stony road,
Fall's scene by me was seen;
Clad in a cloak of frieze I saw
How great the freeze had been.
The water in the pond was hard,
(In form of ice you see),
Although in that same pond I saw
Used always soft to be.
The trees of leaves were all quite bare;
And after winter's reign
Those naked branches, twigs and stems
Will each one bear again.
And as I crossed the lazy creek
The bridge to crack began,
So shortly I a-bridged my face,
And thus from danger ran.
High overhead a crow swift flew
He, as in farmyard near
A game cock smart began to crow,
Did cock his head to hear.
A tramp essayed to stop my horse;
I sayed words to that man
And felt, when quick my Irish rose,
Myself an Ire-ish man.

J. A. MESAF.

“Lo! I am with you,” is a text for a missionary among Indians to use.—*Ex.*

This Space is taken by the
QUEEN CITY OIL CO.
TORONTO.

See Advertisement next Week.

SANTA CLAUS AND THE PROPHETS.

Old Santa Claus sat on St. James' spire,
He sat on the vane so he couldn't get higher,
And he laughed and he roared as the snow swept
round
The shivering mortals below on the ground.
He watched the trembling bumper stand
At the corner trying to warm each hand
That he slapped and slapped on his ragged clothes,
Or applied the same to his ruby nose.
He watched the swells in cutters and sleighs,
He watched them all on their different ways;
And he laughed ha! ha! and he laughed ho! ho!
When he thought of wise Venmor and Moses O—
I'll teach these aspiring buffers, said he,
That wintry weather is made for me
When the cold breeze comes from my icy mouth
I'll send them down, if I choose, to the South.
For mortal I don't care a single fig,
Be he Northern swell or Southern "nig!"
Ha, ha! ha, ha! ho, ho! ho, ho!
I'll give them enough of the beautiful snow.
And he laughed and roared again and again,
And jumped from his place on St. James' vane.

The ham for a sandwich is a sort of go-between, and it is not meant that it should be respected.—*Ex.*

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.



LADY.—Oh, Doctor, my little boy is so ill, do tell me what ails him?
DOCTOR.—It's a bad case of fever, Madam.
L.—How can he have caught it? we have paid every attention to sanitary matters.
D.—Have you had your bedding cleaned?
L.—No, we have never thought of that, though we have used it several years.
D.—Then send it to N. P. CHANEY & Co.'s, 230 King-st. East, at once, they will clean it thoroughly. More diseases arise from impure bedding than from anything else.

“Shine, sir?” No! haven't dime.—*Ex.*

The ancients could beat us to death painting pictures; but just look at our frames!—*Baptist Weekly.*

“No, sir; my daughter can never be yours.” “I don't want her to be my daughter!” broke in the young ardent; “I want her to be my wife.”—*Ex.*

Manitoba wants to secede from the Dominion and become a province all by herself. She has all the facilities for freezing herself out.—*Hartford Post.*

The happy father of twins recently sent the following message to a brother living in the west: “Immense joy—we got two twins today—more hereafter.”—*Ex.*

CATARRH.—A new treatment, whereby a Permanent cure of the worst case is effected in from one to three applications. Treatise sent free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.



GENTLEMEN,
If you really want Fine Ordered Clothing, try
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