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49 KING ST. E., Toronto.



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VOLUME XXI.  
No. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1883.

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5 CENTS EACH.



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THE  
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1ST GENT—What find I here  
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What Demi-God  
Hath come so near creation?

2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can  
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## RAIL COAL. LOWEST RATES A. & S. NAIRN Toronto



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.  
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J. W. BENGOUGH  
FRED. SWIRE, B.A.

Editor.  
Associate Editor.

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

#### Please Observe.

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

#### NOTICE.

Our attention is called to the figures given in  
Rowell's Newspaper Directory representing the  
circulation of GRIP as 2,000 weekly. We beg to  
state that this estimate was furnished to Rowell  
two years ago, since which time our weekly  
circulation has increased to between 7,000 and  
10,000, with an average weekly increase of about  
100, and the paper is perused by fully 50,000  
readers every week. Intending advertisers will  
do well to take notice of these facts.

### Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The British North  
America Act vests a power of veto over Local  
measures in the Central Government, but it  
was never intended that such power should be  
used tyrannically. Neither did it contem-  
plate that the Central Government should be  
at liberty to usurp the functions of the Local  
Houses in matters specified as exclusively  
under local control. The B. N. A. Act conse-  
quently never intended that any Dominion  
Premier should deal with the Provinces as our  
present illustrious First Minister is doing.

FIRST PAGE.—HON. T. W. Anglin has duly  
entered upon the duties of his new "place."  
His principal chore will be the feeding of the  
political pig with good Grit swill, with a view  
of having it fat and docile "agin the next  
election."

EIGHTH PAGE.—They have now an Opera at  
the Zoo, performing the light operas—"Pina-  
fore" amongst the rest. The Zoo, by the way,  
is getting on famously, and promises to be a  
great success this season.

#### VOL. XXI.

Immediately before the coronation of the  
Czar, an immense stir was observed amongst  
the assembled nobility and swells in the front  
yard of the Kremlin. Soldiers and policemen  
fell back before the approach of a tall, gen-  
tlemenly-looking bird, clad in plumage of the

glossiest and most eminently respectable  
black, and wearing on his breast the Order of  
the Maple Leaf and Canadian Thistle, who  
was pushing forward through the dense masses  
of military towards the spot where the Auto-  
crat of Russia was standing, quaffing long  
draughts of 'vodki' and soda, and surrounded  
by royalty, nobility, and gentry of every de-  
scription.

"Who can he be?" asked the Czar, with  
some trepidation in his tones, "and what is  
that he is carrying? Sneezowitch," he con-  
tinued, turning to a distinguished military  
officer, "don't let him approach our royal per-  
son till you find out who he is and what he has  
got." "Aye, aye, sir," answered the general,  
and the glossy bird was pounced upon and the  
package he carried wrested from beneath his  
wing.

"Out upon ye for dastard knaves," he cawed  
in hoarse, angry tones. "An' ye know not me  
from a Nihilist, beshrew me, but methinks ye  
are but knaves of little wit; odds-boddikins,  
but an' I had ye in Adelaide-street—" "By  
the cut of his jib," whispered H.R.H. Alfred,  
R.N., "I took him to be a parson, but his lan-  
guage is unclerical. Who art thou, fellow?"  
he said, addressing the bird.

"Who are you?" yelled the other aristo-  
crats, and the Czar, taking a long and strong  
pull from his vodki flask, joined in the general  
query and asked, "Whosipoff artwitch thou-  
ski?"

"Why, you precious lot of duffers," scream-  
ed the bird, "I'm GRIP." At this the air was  
filled with crowns, coronets, tiaras, plug hats,  
and Derbies, and terrific cheering ensued.

"I'm GRIP," continued the sable visitor,  
"And I was bringing you the first number  
of my TWENTY-FIRST VOLUME, published a  
few days in advance for this occasion; but I  
feel strongly inclined to return to Toronto, see-  
ing how I have been received."

"Behold Sneezowitch," roared the Czar,  
"and knout every one who dared to impede this  
genial bird. Despatch Hotwiski and those  
who took his book from him to Siberia, and  
give me the package. Bah! what care I for Ni-  
hilists now I have GRIP? Come here, old fel-  
low, and give my wife a kiss." GRIP obeyed,  
and embraces, hugs, and so forth were show-  
ered upon him by the princesses, duchesses,  
etc., etc., present.

"Put my name down for fifty copies, and a  
dozen GRIP-SACKS when they come out," said  
the Czar.

"How much is the subscription?" demand-  
ed the cautious Dook of Edinbrog. He was  
informed.

"Let me have it for six bob and throw the  
GRIP-SACK in, and I'll take it," he said.

"We already help to keep you, your R. H.,"  
retorted GRIP, "but if you're hard up you  
can have the paper and GRIP-SACK free."

"Them's my sentiments," rejoined the gal-  
lant mariner, twanging a few bars with his  
fingers on his fiddle. "Send 'em along."

Every one present put down his or her name  
as a subscriber, and shortly afterwards Mr.

GRIP departed, leaving a handsomely got-up  
copy of the first number of the XXIST VOLUME  
of GRIP in the hands of Sandy Romanoff; and  
he now presents copies of the same to his many  
admirers everywhere.



A reader of the *Mail* writes us to know if  
the Diet of Worms might be called an Anglin  
Banquet.

Why doesn't some paper ask whether the  
Orange Bill isn't Bill, prince of Orange?

Mrs. Livermore says: "Alone, man grovels  
and woman cannot rise, but together, like two  
birds with one pair of wings, they soar heav-  
enward together." Ha! there is food for reflec-  
tion in this.

The Hamilton clergy have decided not to  
take part in funerals on Sundays. This is  
right, and if people can't time the hour of  
their "shuffling off this mortal coil" so that  
they can have a week day to be buried on,  
they had better not die at all. But some  
people are so presumptuous, and will go on  
dying, just to spite the parsons, who are com-  
pelled to bury them on Sundays this hot wea-  
ther.

Strikes of every description have been very  
prevalent during the past year, and now—no,  
nothing about baseball—those two Indians  
who whang the hours out of the bells in front  
of that clock store on Yonge-street, are re-  
ported to have struck this morning. They  
say their time wasn't properly kept.

Being in the humor for advocating the pas-  
sage of new and beneficial laws, we wish to  
have one made to do something with the  
married women who eat gingebread snaps and  
crackers in bed. If such a law cannot be  
built, we offer a piece of plate to the man who  
will invent some kind of cracker the crumbs  
of which will get soft when lain upon, and  
not convert themselves into engines of torture  
in comparison with which the thumbscrew  
and the rack were provocatives of hilarity and  
mirth.

Our readers will kindly overlook any errors  
in this number of GRIP, as a German band has  
insisted on serenading us every day this week  
at our busiest time. It was the trombone that  
knocked us out; but the performer on that  
instrument will play no more. We read some  
poetry contributed by R. W. P. to him, and  
he died—willingly, blowing one last, dull sick-  
ening thud on the trombone as he passed  
peacefully away.

It is with deep gratitude that we announce  
the fact that some of our peas and beans, sown  
six weeks ago, have at length made their ap-  
pearance, though we could wish they had  
not come up double leaved, as they have—  
about a foot apart. What has become of the  
missing links is known only to our neighbors'  
poultry. We are discouraged, but not cast  
down; still we shall give up gardening here-  
after, and go out of the business of feeding  
other people's chickens.

A youth, to whose homely but substantial  
garments the hayseed fondly clung, and in

whose immediate proximity the odor of the noble equine lingered, attracted by a Queen-street grocer's sign, "Bulk pickles, 15 cents p. qt.," stepped joyously into the store and demanded "a quart of them there pickled bulks." He was kindly undeceived, and has left the city, whose ways, he says, are ways of pleasantness, but in which the truth is not known.

A "scribe," discoursing in the Hamilton *Tribune* about the difficulty he experiences in sleeping in the morning on account of the hideous noises in the streets of the bayside hamlet where his paper is published, says, "When we want rest we will take a walk to some quiet village like Toronto, where busy, bustling sounds are unknown." Yes, he will 'walk,' (dead-head railway passes having passed away) but let him bear in mind that those policemen who tug-of-warred the hamlet bobbies so effectually across the chalk mark lately, have strict orders to arrest all tramps and vagabonds. Toronto is quiet at present, but if these Hamilton fellows are allowed to come walking over here, the Queen City serenity will soon be turned into a hideous pandemonium. Toronto policemen, watch ye the road that leadeth hither from Hamilton, and when ye see a tough, worn-out, disreputable-looking tramp legging it in this direction, know ye that it is a Hamilton "scribe," and point him back in the direction of Burlington Bay.

A law should be passed without delay compelling dressmakers to sew buttons on ladies' apparel so that they won't fly off every time the wearer sneezes. This reflection passed through our mind as we sauntered down Yonge-street the other morning. A few paces in front of us wore three girls, apparently respectable tailoresses or something of that kind. They all wore the same kind of dresses, buttoned up the back, or *meant* to be fastened in that way, but we observed that though there was accommodation for twenty buttons on each dress, there were several vacancies in the ranks. These vacancies were filled by raw recruits of every description. Number 1 girl had eight buttons missing, and the places of these articles, absent without leave, were taken by five pins, one hair-pin, which did duty for two of the absentees, and a broken garter buckle held the other buttonhole in its normal position. Number 2 maiden was, apparently, of the "if-you-don't-like-it-you-can-do-the-other-thing" style of femininity, for though four of her back buttons were somewhere else, not an attempt had been made to close the yawning apertures which gaped above her 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 11th dorsal vertebra. Number 3 girl was the best of the lot. All her buttons were gone but two, their places being temporarily supplied by a boot-lace running down in a serpentine fashion the whole length of her back. The effect was novel, though not aesthetic. Human ingenuity is, we believe, incapable of devising tortures sufficiently hideous and painful for those dressmakers who are the cause of such exhibitions as the one described (if any of our readers doubt the truth of this statement let them come with us and we will point out the exact spot on Yonge-street where we saw the three girls), but something ought to be done at once, for the matter is one before whose importance that of the advisability of throwing open the twenty feet square Gore Park of Hamilton to the public (the discussion concerning which is engrossing the most powerful intellects of the world), pales into insignificance and nothingness. Those dressmakers must go!

The pig finds a living in his pen and so does the editor. The similarity, however, ceases at this point.—*The Drummer.*



## DRIVEN OFF THE ISLAND.

NO LIQUOR LICENSES TO BE GRANTED THIS YEAR!

## SHE TOOK A SEAT.

## SCENE I.

The dry goods store of Messrs. Snide, Cabbage & Co, who are opening up with renewed splendor after their periodical failure, having paid 1½ cents on the dollar. Clerks, clerkesses, salespersons, and all, as busy as bees, pasting tickets on goods. Here is a card bearing the legend—"Cheap, only \$2.08,—with an immense 2 and a microscopic 98: There another with "Below cost" on its face, thus breaking the eleventh commandment, and here are several large placards to be gummed on the frame above the "Latest Patent Corset." These cards say "All tone," and have been pasted on the back and laid face downward on several chairs handy to those affixing them to the frames, &c. in fact, wherever there is room for them. They are very numerous, for the "All Bone Corset" is just the 'qui vive' high-falutin, je ne sais pas' caper.

## SCENE II.

Clerks (so called because they never write anything), &c., still busy. Enter a tall, gaunt female of the Sara B. type, yet, not past the age when a 'mash' is a thing of the goneby. She prices several articles and seats herself to worry the clerkesses, Ha, ha! they will be revenged.



## SCENE III.

Gaunt female rises from her stool, and sails out of the door: she has bought nothing: nay, she is sold herself, for as she wends her way

down the street rude boys point at her, polite people turn round as she passes under pretence of looking to see if a street car is coming, but they catch sight of a good view aft of the gaunt female. They smile. The famished-looking one has sat on the patent corset cards, gummy side: This is what she proclaims to the world.

## ALL BONE.

Ha! 'tis well.

## ST. JAMES'.

Oh! Canon du Moulin of Montreal,  
Whatever have you been after,  
To fill up your nave with choir-men tall,  
'Midst jeering, and frowns and laughter;  
To preach in a white and surpliced gown,  
To turn to the East—oh! horror!!!  
We fear you're a terribly naughty man,  
And will hear hard things to-morrow.

Now a surplice bears a wicked name,  
'Tis the root of all that's evil,  
'Tis worn by a church that's sunk in shame,  
And is fashioned by the Devil  
You may pray in it—oh! by all means, yes,  
But preach in it never! never!  
You must teach us our duty in sombre black,  
Or we'll leave the church forever.

And then a procession, oh! fie! for shame!  
'Tis an innovation vile;  
It rouses our anger, the very name,  
Especially up the aisle.  
You must keep to the customs of long ago,  
As our grandfathers worshipped we will  
We're conservative to the very bone  
And all that is new is evil.

F. E. DOWNES.



## GRIP'S FABLES.

FOR ALDERMEN AND THE VERY YOUNG.

## THE HONEST CASHIER.

There was Once an Old Farmer who had a Nephew who dwelt on the Farm with him, and one Day the Old Gentleman sent the Lad whose name was Willyum, to pay a Bill for him and gave him the Money to do so. But the Bill was less than the Old Man Ina-gin-ed and when Willyum had Paid it there remained Ten Cents over, and this Willyum put in his Pocket and said "The Old Hunks won't never know nothing about it, so I'd better Freeze to it," and he did so; but when the Ten Cents were spent Willyum's Conscience gnawed at him and he was Very Sad, and he vowed never more to Freeze to what was not his own; and he Suffered with his Conscience for a Long Time, and then felt better. And he grew up and became a Youth; and his Good, Kind Uncle had him made a Clerk in a Bank, which is a very High Rank in this Country, about E-qui-valent to that of a Dook in England, or a Count with a ribbon of the Legion of Honor in Fraunce. And Willyum rose and rose in the Bank till he became Cashier, and he could say "Haw, how'll y' take it, 'n go'd 'r nowtos?" just as if he owned the Bank, but the Re-mem-brance of the Ten Cents to which he had Stuck when he was a Boy was ever before him, and he was

Firm in his Determination to be Honest, and sometimes paid his Washerwoman and always Meant to settle with his Tailor and the Female President of his Hash-house.

So one Day, just at closing time, the Manager, as was Custom-ary in the Bank, came to lock up all the Bills in the safe; and the Manager kept the only key of the Safe there was, for he Believed in Honesty. But on this Day, after Counting the Bills, and there were several Rolls of a Thousand Dollars each, he went to put them in the Safe, and as he was going, he dropped a Roll and never noticed it, and it fell at the Cashier's feet, and he was Surprised; and the Manager locked up the Safe and thought he had locked up all the Rolls; and the Cashier knew not what to do, for the Bad Man was saying in his ear, "Put it in your pocket; nobody will know," but Wilyum remembered what he had suffered on account of the Ten Cents, and not knowing but that the Manager had purposely Dropped the Roll to Try him, he picked it up and took it to the Manager and told him how it had Happened: and the Manager said, "Well I am Blowed. You knew I could never Blame you, for I have the Key of the Safe, and yet you did not Stick to that Money. You must be very Flat or very Cunning, and as I think you are just Playing Off to get the key Yourself, and are Laying to make a Good Haul some day, I discharge you."

And Wilyum went forth with a Heart like cold Suet Pudding.

## MORAL.

There is a Moral to this Fable but the Printer has Mishaid it and we have Forgotten what it was



PORTRAIT OF LANSDOWNE

For use (free of charge) in such of our rural exchanges as would rival the *Globe*.

## ALL IS NOT GOLD, &amp;c.

A STORY WHOSE FOUNDATION IS FACT.

## "CHAP. I.

A large, stately house stands in the northern part of the city.

An old-fashioned reporter would term it a palatial residence. It may be one.

Ostentatious display is one of the principal features in its "tout ensemble," as an old-fashioned reporter would say. When the sable mantle of Night wraps the palatial residence in its gloomy folds, the gas is lit in the front rooms and the window blinds are drawn up, the shutters are thrown open and the furniture is displayed to the best advantage to catch the eye of the passers by, so that they may see and be envious, and know that they are very wealthy people of the "bonnet class" who dwell there.

The inhabitants of the palatial residence dispose themselves in groups (the old gentleman

and proprietor in his shirt sleeves; the rest in most 'recherche' costumes, as an old-fashioned reporter would say) in the glare of the gaslight in the front room; the eldest daughter sits down to a piano and maltreats it horribly whilst she squalls out something apparently addressed to a mon wi' a philabeg, in which she expresses herself as being desirous of knowing whether he, the mon wi' the philabeg has seen in his travels doon past the Tummel, and by Athol and the Banks o' the Gairy, anything o' her lads wi' their bonnets an' white cockades, and asseverating her determination to follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee, Chairlie, on account of his (Chairlie's) being the king o' the Hielan' hairts and bonny prince Chairlie.

All this is very nice, and the passers by look in and turn green with envy and wish they were wealthy like the inhabitants of the palatial residence.

## CHAP. II.

"Ma sent me with this," says a little boy, the son of the owner of and dweller in the palatial residence, entering a butcher shop and handing a slip of paper to the man of sirloins and rounds.

And lo! on the paper is written, "Plese give barer too pounds of nice stake."

All of which shows that the schoolmaster is abroad in some palatial residences, as an old-fashioned reporter would say.

## JUST SO.

DEAR GRIP,—I wonder if the following anecdote is amusing or not. I'll let you judge. It is about a doctor. There are doctors who can tell you what's the matter with you when you're sick, at a glance. The one I speak of was such a one. No, I am not going to tell you about the medico who ordered the letter-carrier to take exercise before he found out what his occupation was. No, no. That story's old as the hills; moreover, it isn't true, which mine is, so don't tear up my manuscript till you hear what I have to say. This doctor was uncommonly knowing, as you will see. I was sick at my brother's house. Horribly sick; bilious, jimious, and every other kind of 'ous' except impecunious, and if I'd been the latter I suppose I shouldn't have had a chance of judging of my medico's shrewdness. Well, I was sick; so bad that I went to bed,—in my brother's room. Jack, my brother, smokes like a lime kiln, and has about fifty million pipes, more or less, lying around his room. Well, in comes the doctor. Casts his eagle eye round the chamber, spies Jack's pipes, puts me down as an inveterate smoker, and determines to act accordingly. "Put out your tongue," says he. I put it out. "Horrible," says he. "Feel any nausea?" "Who's he?" "D'ye feel sick?" he asks, sharply. "Of course I do," I answered, "or I wouldn't have sent for you." "Hum," he muttered. "Young man," he continued, "I can diagnose your case to a T," and he fixed his eye on Jack's tobacco jar. "You feel a dizziness at times, and your memory seems clouded. Spocks float before your eyes, and your appetite isn't what it should be. You are nervous and shaky, and have a dread of some impending calamity. Your humptyhoodlums are convolvuli majores and the heart palpitates unrhythmically and without that 'lobe-duf' sound that rhythmic cardiac monstrosities—" "Doctor," I said, "stop, do stop; you seem to read me through and through, but what's the matter with me?" "Nicotiensis bronchomiasma with a slight touch of the—this is what's the matter with you," he suddenly said, catching up Jack's big meerschaum. "You smoke too much." And by jingo, GRIP, old man, that's just what was the matter, only you thought I was going to wind up by saying I didn't smoke at all. Sold again. Yours nicotically, W. RALEIGH.

## ODE TO SENATOR PLUMB.

## I.

Senator Plumb!  
He won't be dumb;  
He writes to the *Mail*,  
And GRIP doth assail.

## II.

He declares we are Grit  
'Cause John A. we do hit,  
(Ignoring our hits  
At the do-nothing Grits):  
He can't understand  
How it is possible that we should love our native land,  
And dare to speak our mind,  
And not be, as the party hacks are, conveniently blind.

## III.

But lo! How very queer  
That Plumb, a Senator,  
Should talk so very fast  
When the session is passed,  
'Tho' he was perfectly dumb,  
Was this Senator Plumb,  
When the Senate was passing bills  
Without reading 'em, to see whether they were good or ill!



## "AID AND RELIEF"—TO THE OFFICE HOLDERS.

SCENE.—*St. John, N. B., office of the Society for the Aid and Relief of the sufferers by the fire.*

SUFFERER (*log.*)—I called, sir, to ask when the \$80,000 still in hand is to be divided amongst the poor, as its donors intended?

OFFICIAL.—Well, sir, just as soon as we get tired of drawing our salaries for taking care of the money.

## LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

To the Editor of GRIP.

GENIAL BIRD.—I was reading the other day a list of certain flowers, together with what was said to be the meaning of each one. I noticed that several well-known plants were not mentioned at all, and I beg to forward you a short list of a few, with their language. Here they are.

Apocynum (Dog's Vane)—"You are a conceited puppy."

Columbine—"I'm dying for a dance."

Bulrush—"Don't be headstrong."

Walnut—"This is a pretty pickle."

Lint—"I'm in a scrape."

Hemp—"Well, I'm hanged."

Ragged Robin—"How seedy you look!"

Fumitory—"You've been smoking, sir!"

Live Oak—"I'm up a tree."

Colchicum—"Why are you not dancing?—Is it gout?"

Rose Unique—"You are the prettiest girl in the room."

Fly-trap—"Don't yawn."

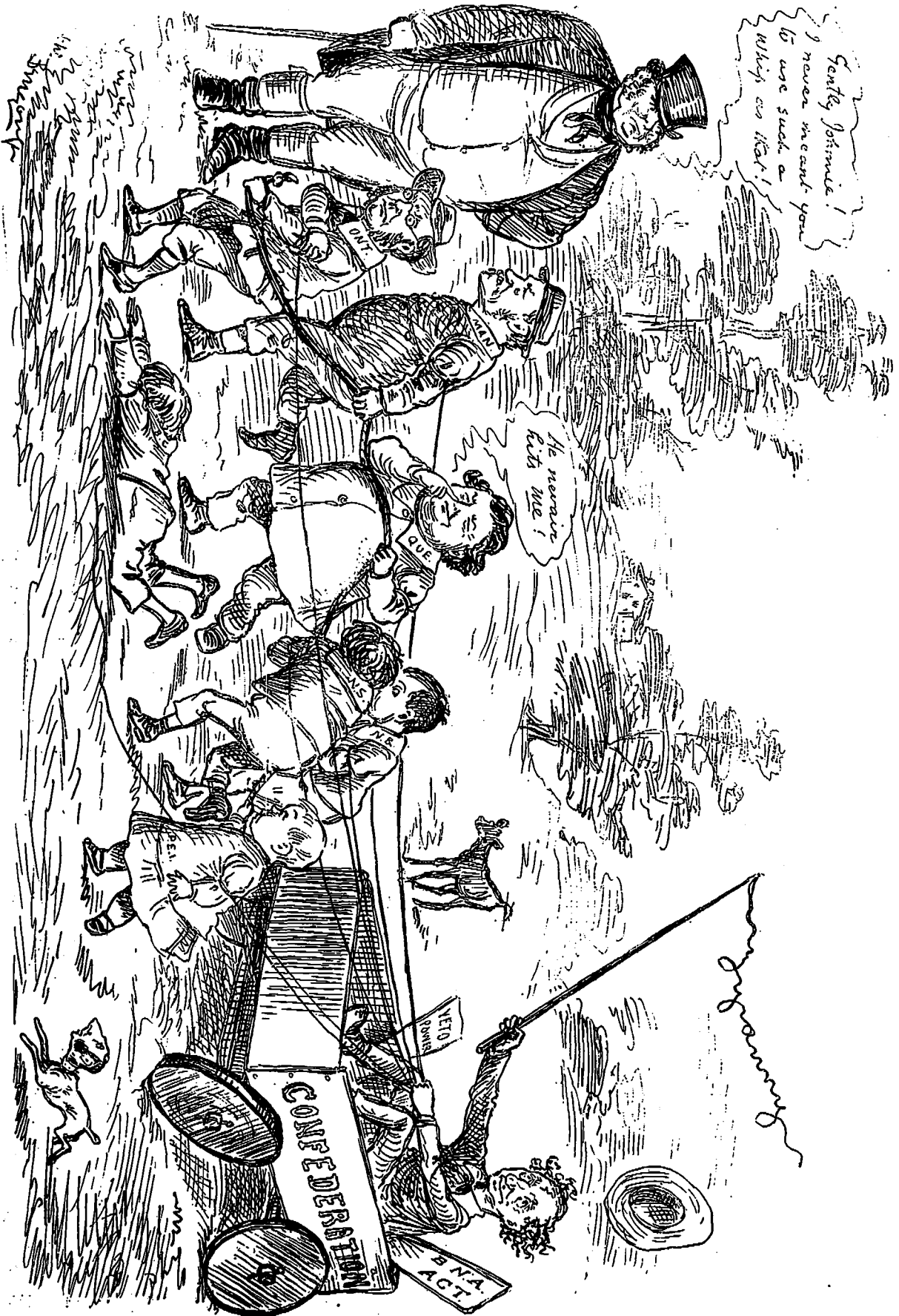
Oats (Wild)—"I hear you are a sail on us."

Nettle—"I'm annoyed."

Hellebore—"It's a deuce of a nuisance."

There, old fellow, any one can understand that.

Yours,  
EGLANTINE MOSS-ROSE.



A LITTLE TOO MUCH OF THE WHIP.





"So the world wags."

"My ma says I musn't fight with you, 'cos your famly's in trade," said an aristocratic little boy to a bigger boy, and the little story below appears to be another version of the same. I, myself, have laid it down as my rule, never to fight any one under the rank of a Quaker preacher, and if John L. Sullivan was to challenge me, I should be compelled to back out, on principle. I don't fancy it would be much of an insult to call an Arkansaw colonel a liar, however, for every man in that state over thirty years of age is a colonel, and surely they don't all speak the truth. If so, society small talk must be very insipid.

#### NOT HIS EQUAL.

"I shall not resent your insulting language," said an Arkansaw colonel to a man who called him a liar. "You are not my equal in social standing, and I shall pay no attention to you." The man slapped the colonel's face. "I shall not resent any of your slaps, for I cannot afford to lower myself to your level."

"You won't fight me, eh?"

"No, sir."

"You don't challenge me because it would reflect discredit on you to meet me on the field?"

"You are correct."

"Let's take a drink, then?"

"All right. I'm your man. Give me a mint toddy."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

\* \*

I clip the following little story of "the deadly parasol" from the columns of the *Hamilton Times*. I make this statement in order that the real author of the article shall not come down upon me like a wolf on the fold and say that I don't give him credit. I should be very happy to do so if I only knew who he is; but I don't, and he must take it out of the *Times*. Of one thing I am certain, and that is that some means ought to be taken for quietly putting the parasol fiendess out of the way, or better still, some law ought to be passed to make it death for her to carry a parasol. She is only equalled, as a public nuisance, by the perambulator-shoving female, the fat woman who occupies three seats in a street car, and always tramps on one's toes, and the lady who speaks French (best boarding school article, 'ong, 'mwor, and so forth) in public.

Vvorsee, as the latter would say, vvorseo l'eeestwore of

#### THE DEADLY PARASOL.

Why does the young lady hug her sun-shade so affectionately?

She is in the employ of a surgeon.

In the employ of a surgeon? What do you mean?

Do you not see the crutch of her sun-shade protruding from her left shoulder?

Oh, yes; I see that quite plainly.

There, did you see her gouge out that gentleman's eye?

It was neatly done.

Very; that is probably the twentieth eye she has obliterated during her walk. The surgeon will pay her for her kindness to him.

Does she confine her operations to optics?

No; sometimes she destroys a nose, and occasionally slashes a cheek. She is very versatile. She is more terrible than an army with banners.

But do not the gentlemen hate her?

Oh, no, they love and admire her; but they hate and despise her parasol.

\* \*

From the ever entertaining columns of the *Arkansaw Traveler* I take this anecdote concerning James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the *N. Y. Herald*. Anyone who is acquainted with the editor of *GRIP* will be at once struck by the resemblance between him and "Jim" in the matter of flinging money around.

#### WHAT HE INTENDED.

One New Year's day, Bennett arrived at the Union club towards night, having made many calls. He sat down in a chair, and, observing that some members of the club were presenting Peter, the venerable porter of the club, with \$5 bills as New Year's presents, he called him over, and, fishing down into one of his pockets, brought up a bill.

"Peter, my friend," he said, without looking at the bill, "take that."

"Thank you, sir," said Peter, his eyes glistening at the sight of a \$20 bill.

Bennett gazed at him for a second, said slyly, "Wait, Peter," and, diving down into another pocket, brought up another bill.

"Take that, Peter."

This performance went on for fully five minutes. Every time that the astonished Peter attempted to retire he was called, and the presentation of every kind of bill, from \$1 to \$50, went on, to the amusement of the spectators. When no more bills came forth, Bennett stopped and went away. Peter asked some of the members what he had best do with his hatful of money. He was advised to ask Mr. Bennett, the next time he came, whether he had not given him more by mistake than he intended. So the next day when Bennett appeared, Peter said to him:

"Mr. Bennett, I think you gave me more of a New Year's present than you intended, last night."

Bennett looked at him for a few seconds, not having a glimmer of an idea of how much he had given, or whether he had given anything at all.

"How much did I give you, Peter?"

"Eight hundred dollars, sir."

The position was a delicate one, but not so much so to a man with an income of a million a year as to an ordinary man. "That was the amount I intended for you, Peter," said Bennett, without a sign of annoyance.—*Freund's D. city, New York.*

\* \*

I often hear of the ruling passion being strong in death, and an instance of it lately came under my own notice. I will tell about it.

#### THE GATES AJAR.

In a certain printing office not a sabbath day's journey from Toronto, it had become the custom during the winter for all the typos to yell out "Door, door" almost as soon as that article was opened, as a hint that the chilly air was too much for their delicate constitutions, and that they wanted it shut. As people were constantly passing in and out of the composing room, the sound of the words "Door, door" were constantly ringing in the atmosphere of that room, and let me tell you that the atmosphere of a printing office is one peculiar to the place, and its like is not to be found elsewhere. No sooner did that door open than from every part of the room came, in the deep bass of the fully-grown "comp," or in the shrill squeak of the diabolical imps known as "devils," those terrible words, "Door, do-ah, doore, do-wah, dor."

It was stated by some who professed to know, that the married printers would be partially aroused in the middle of the night by their better halves monopolizing the bed-clothes, and leaving their lords and masters out in the cold; and then, so strong had the habit become, they would yell out on the icy atmosphere of night the refrain, "Door, door," and yanking their share of blanket and quilt over them, once more sink into slumber. And now comes the sad part of this story. One of the compositors erstwhile employed in the office alluded to, lay sick unto death. He had not long to live, for he was attended by four physicians, and he lay awaiting the approach of the old gentleman with his mowing machine. Silent and motionless he lay, his limbs gradually becoming more and more chilled as dissolution drew nigh. Death's icy fingers clutched him by the legs, and the chill of the touch ascended upwards to the vital organs. He was getting very cold: he appeared to sleep, when suddenly he raised himself up in bed, and glaring wildly around, shrieked in tones that will long linger in the memories of those who heard them, so unearthly and discordant was the sound, "Door, do-ah," and fell back—dead. Thus was the ruling passion strong in death.

#### SPRING

OR, THE

WAIL OF THE HOUSE-CLEANED HUSBAND.

It is cleaning time—it is cleaning time—  
What a deafening din in this house of mine!  
With a clash of pails and a swoop of brooms,—  
And a topsy-turvy in all the rooms!  
Oh! the general odor of "Brunswick Black"  
Sends a sickening thrill right down my back;  
While the Furniture Polish, which everything smears,  
Is a nuisance reducing me even to tears.  
My shattered home reeks of dust and fuzz  
Till my wretched brain is all in a buzz.  
The women are grappling with tables and beds;  
Hideous aprons on and cloths round their heads,  
They lose all respect for us (noble MAN!)  
When they're armed cap-a-pie with a broom and pan,  
In the shivery morn I start from my sleep—  
Aroused by the rattle of chimney sweep—  
I bury my head and endeavor to doze,  
But my wife sings out—"I want those clothes!"  
Of course e'en my bed is no place for rest  
All during this period of cleanly zest!

Oh! I scoff at the Poet who prates of spring—  
For a different song he would certainly sing—  
And his Muse from Spring would be rudely weaned  
If ever his house has been thoroughly cleaned!  
He'd find out (like me) that the Spring to adore  
Is the *Spring of one's mattress*—when house-cleaning's o'er!

F. J. M., London, Ontario.

#### "THEIR OCCUPATION GONE."

R. V. PIERCE, M.D., Buffalo, N. Y.: I was attacked with congestion of the lungs, soreness over the liver, severe pain in the joints, a burning fever, and a general giving way of the whole system. Failing to find relief in remedies prescribed, I tried your "Golden Medical Discovery." It effected my entire cure. Your medicines have only to be used to be appreciated. If every family would give them a trial, nine-tenths of the doctors would, like Othello, find their occupation gone.—Yours truly, L. B. McMILLAN, M.D., Breesport, N. Y.

Host (really in agony about his polished in-laid floor): "Hadn't you better come on the carpet, old fellow? I'm so afraid you might slip, you know." Guest (with a wooden leg): "O, it's all right, old fellow—thanks! There's a nail in the end, you know."—*College Journal.*

#### Could Hardly Stand on Her Feet.

R. V. PIERCE, M.D., Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir, —I MUST tell you what your medicine has done for me. Before taking your "Favourite Prescription" I could hardly stand on my feet, but by following your advice I am perfectly cured. The "Favourite Prescription" is a wonderful medicine for debilitated and nervous females. I cannot express how thankful I am to you for your advice.

Yours truly,

Mrs. CORNELIA ALLISON, Peosta, Ia.



### THE SPELLING REFORM.

Joy of a Phonetic Reformer on observing the progress of the glorious movement in St. John's Ward!



Mr. Erastus Jackson, Warden of York, gave the customary dinner at the Albion Hotel on Tuesday evening. Of course it was a great success—as great, in fact, as Mr. Jackson's wardenship has been. Everybody sang with particular heartiness the popular chorus, "He's a jolly good fellow!"

On Saturday (mat. and eve.) an event will take place at the Grand Opera House for which theatre-goers have been on the "tiptoe of expectation" for several weeks—the appearance of Miss Ruby Quinton as *Pauline* in "The Lady of Lyons," who made her debut in New York a short time ago, and is said to be a very promising actress. She will be supported by Mr. C. W. A. Dedrickson, a Toronto journalist who has had a good deal of experience on the stage.

The Choral Society, under Mr. E. Fisher, gave a fine miscellaneous concert at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening.

The Holman Opera Company have established themselves at the Zoo, where a stage and all necessary 'fixins' have been provided for the proper production of the popular comic operas. "Olivette" was given this week, before good audiences. The company is under the management of Mr. Davis, formerly of the Grand.

Mr. Thompson's Standard Company gave the "Pirates" in splendid style last week. Those who miss seeing the troupe will have cause to regret it; "Patience," as placed upon the boards by the Standard Company, was never excelled, if equalled by any troupe that has visited Toronto. Saturday matinee and Friday and Saturday evening performances of this opera.

### ON OUR TABLE.

Mr. Wm. Burgess has favored us with a copy of his new Guide Book to Toronto. The work is very neat in typographical appearance, and is edited with characteristic care. It contains all that the visitor needs to know about the city, and this information is supplemented by a large map of the streets. Price, 10 cents.

*Pickings from Puck*—a book with a gorgeous colored design on the outside, and a great mass of funny matter and pictures from *Puck* between the covers, comes to us from the office of our New York contem. Get one at your bookseller's.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS, WOULD-BE-CONTRIBUTORS, &c.

R. L. P., Highgate.—1. What is good for colic? Since we read your 'Rueful Monody' undertakers rub their hands and chuckle as we pass; what did we ever do to you that you sort us that thing?

2. We don't run a shorthand bureau. We never did run a shorthand bureau. We don't intend ever to run a shorthand bureau. We haven't any circulars. We can't send you one. Can you read? Bengough's Shorthand Bureau is at No. 11 King-street west, and is advertised in *Grip* every week. We have no connection with that Bureau. How big are you? We should like to kill you for the two-fold injury you have done us: firstly in nearly poisoning us with that Monody, which you admit to be vile trash, and, secondly, in being the nine millionth crank who asks us about that Shorthand Bureau.



### A GROAN.

AFTER PAVING A TAILOR'S HILL.

Oh! eye of mine in frenzy fine  
Roll round and round, and oh! ye muses,  
Come down in time, inspire a rhyme  
To please each one who this peruses.

I do not aim to make a name  
As one who lives, a baby-hater  
Oh! no, oh! no; that is not so,  
'Tis of the child's perambulator,

(Which is a pest that I detest)  
That I would sing in tuncful numbers:  
It makes my life a hateful strife,  
And haunts me in my broken slumbers.

For I am—well—what's called a swell,  
And in this role I am extensive;  
The garb I wear is rich and rare  
And, honestly, is quite expensive.

But what I boast about the most  
Is what I'm going to tell you now, sirs  
'Tis not my tile, but fit and style  
And *tout ensemble* of my trowsers.

They're made of light material, quite  
As delicate, in hue and so forth,  
As primrose petal; and on my mettle  
In these immaculate 'togs' I go forth.

In crowded street I often meet  
Those things, the sure result of marriages,  
Which some proud patres call perambulators,  
But which I'll here style baby carriages.

Where'er I stroll these buggies roll,  
Propelled by nursery maids, so loving too,  
Whose eyes the 'winder' of a shop will hinder  
From seeing where on earth they're shoving to.

And ere you know it their wheels will go it,  
All smeared with mud against your legs, sir;  
And a 'spodge' imprint on that primrose tint,  
They will as sure "as eggs is eggs," sir.

And though you swear and tear your hair  
As on the ruin you are gazing,  
That maid from the country with cool effrontery  
Will stare at you with cheek amazing.

Perhaps demanding why you were standing,  
(With devilish leer of imp or satyr)  
With so little 'savy' on the middle of the pave,  
In front of her perambulator.

Now, it's very trying to be always buying  
New 'trowsers' and it makes one irate,  
But it'll have to be done as long as the sun  
Stands still for the world round it to gyrate,

And perambulators of prolific matrs  
Are allowed to monopolize the sidewalk,  
Or, till, in reality, the municipality  
Give folks on foot a much more wide walk.

The law that bicyclists and likewise tricyclists  
Must take the road the same as equestrians,  
No one disparages, and baby carriage  
Should leave the sidewalk for pedestrians.

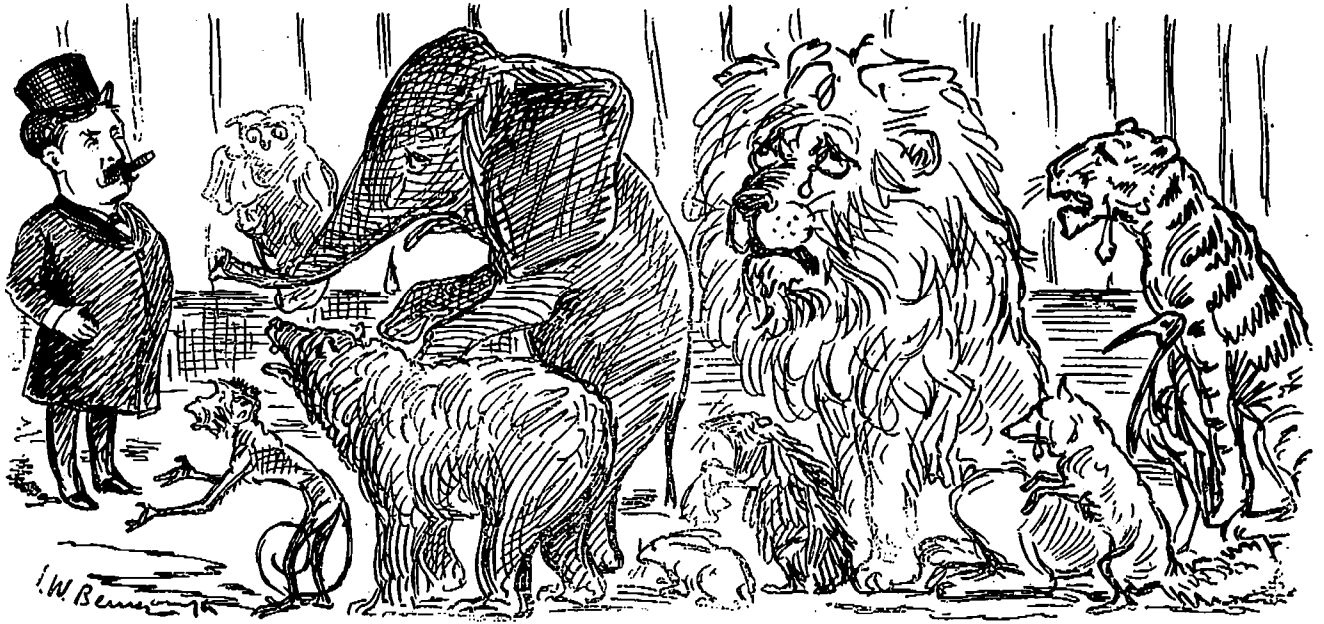
SIR KNT. & BRO. W. CRINGLE, E. A. O.  
K. T. E.

(Continued from last week.)

During the period when Sir Knight William was studying to obtain the sublime 105th degree, I own, with sorrow, that he was neglecting his patching and mending, and his customers becoming weary of the constant repetition of the answer, when they called for dilapidated foot-wear that had been left for repairs, that Mr. Cringle had been appointed delegate, (or 'delicate' as good Mrs. Cringle called it) to some meeting of some Grand Windbag, (for so what would be lodges and grand lodges in other orders were termed in the Euroclydons—Windbags—thus Sir Knight Cringle's Windbag was Windbag No. 25, and so on) and would probably be absent several days, betook themselves with their broken shoes to other cobblers less exalted than Sir Knight William, the consequence being that as that doughty little man's insight into the Euroclydonic mysteries became deeper and greater, his stock of shoes to be repaired became gradually less.

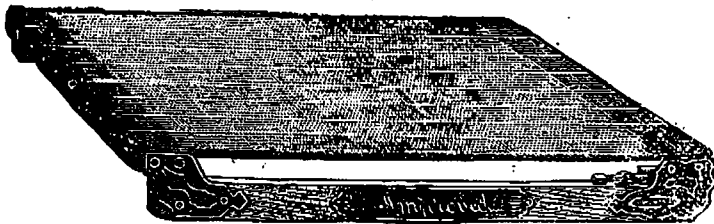
In vain Mrs. Cringle remonstrated with him, and pointed out that, instead of benefiting him, this Sir Knightly business was actually injuring him, and that every banquet brought fresh rents into the sheets from his knightly spurs, till those articles—the sheets—were by this time little but rags and tatters; Sir Knight Cringle merely told her not to meddle with mysteries, rites, and ceremonies too deep for feminine comprehension, and went on parading, processing, gripping, and banquetting till he was standing on the 83rd round of the ladder, and was just about as illustrious a little man as was to be found anywhere, for he held office, occupying the chair of Grandissimo Caracolumpy, and though it is true he had to stand on a couple of bricks neatly covered with pink velvet to enable him to see over the altar in front of him, still he could not help his diminutive stature, and he made up in pompousness and dignity what he lacked in height.

So things went on, and at length Sir Knight and Bro. (with the alphabet twice repeated after his name) William Cringle held a grand banquet upon attaining the 100th degree; but it was the last one he ever attended, for, as his degrees had been multiplying, his customers had been decreasing, till, at last, not one solitary pair of shoes had found their way to Sir Knight Cringle's bench either for purposes of re-soling, half-soling, re-vamping, patching or heeling for two weeks, and very little of anything, food or furniture, remained in the house, with the exception of Sir Knight Cringle's uniform and regalia, now very much the worse for wear, though these could scarcely be termed furniture, for Mrs. Cringle, poor thing, had been forced to sell, piece by piece, such articles as she had or else starve, while her husband was laboriously ascending the Euroclydonic scale of degrees, and suddenly the Sir Knight found himself unable to pay his windbag dues. Month after month slipped by, and save for an odd job at long intervals, but little work had the little cobbler to do,



**A TOUCHING APPEAL TO ALDERMAN HARRY.**

DEPUTATION OF ZOO INMATES.—"WE UNDERSTAND THE HOLMANS ARE GOING TO DO 'PINAFORE'—PRAY, O! PRAY, CUT OUT THE 'HARDLY EVER' BUSINESS, IF YOU VALUE OUR LIVES!"



**SPRING MATTRESSES.**

We are now manufacturing the largest assortment of **Spring Mattresses** in this market, comprising **The Woven Wire** (four grades), **Button Tie**, **Triple Coil**, **Improved and Plain All Wire**, **Common Sense** and **U. S. Slats**. Parties in need of **Spring Mattresses** will find it to their advantage to inspect our stock before placing their orders.

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and his arrearages to Windbag No. 25 were becoming of alarming proportions. The poor little fellow, goaded to desperation, and now, when too late, realizing his own folly, took to drink, and his small body, being but little stronger than his head, was soon consigned to Mother Earth.

The Grand Windbag of the Euroclydons, investigating and finding that not only was the Sir Knight's death distinctly traceable to alcohol, (a sufficient ground of itself to afford a pretext for refusing the widow's claim for the several thousands of dollars at her husband's death), but that he was a long way out of good standing in the matter of dues, peremptorily refused to pay one cent to the poor widow of the ex-Grandissimo Caracolumpty, 100° (very much in the shade) and all but More than Most Wise, Fifteen Billion times Illustrious, Venerable, Sage and Thrice Sudorific Sir Knight and (I believe) Prelate, who had perished just as all these titles were so nearly within his grasp, and passed away, evidence of the folly of a man riding a hobby to death, and neglecting the work he ought to have been doing, whilst engaged in that equestrian exercise.

Peace to the Manes of Sir Knight and Brother William Cringle of the Extremely Antiquated Order of the Knights of the Euroclydon.

**STARTLING DEBILITY,** both Nervous and General, Lack of Self-Confidence and Will Power. Impaired Memory, Despondency, Weak Back, and kindred affections, are common results of youthful follies and pernicious practices, pursued in solitude. Means of unfailling and perfect cure are suggested in large illustrated treatise, sent for three letter postage stamps. Address **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.**

**The Physical Culture Rooms**

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Explaining its three conditions, viz., Proper Dieting, Exercise, and Rest, *versus* the injury from all Patent Medicines and Stimulants.

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**A. W. BRAIN,**

SOLE AGENT  
Also Repairer of all kinds of Sewing Machines. Needles, Parts and Attachments for Sale.  
**98 Yonge Street, TORONTO.**

Very few of the elephants in these days have any tusks. You see the extensive manufacture of celluloid has made it so cheap that it doesn't pay to grow ivory.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*



**GENTLEMEN,**

If you really want Fine Ordered Clothing, try **CHEESEWORTH, "THE" TAILOR,** 110 | KING : STREET : WEST. | 110



**DR. E. G. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT,** a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay, and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea, caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse, or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box, or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by **JOHN C. WEST & CO.,** 81 and 83 King Street East (Office upstairs), Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in Canada.

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