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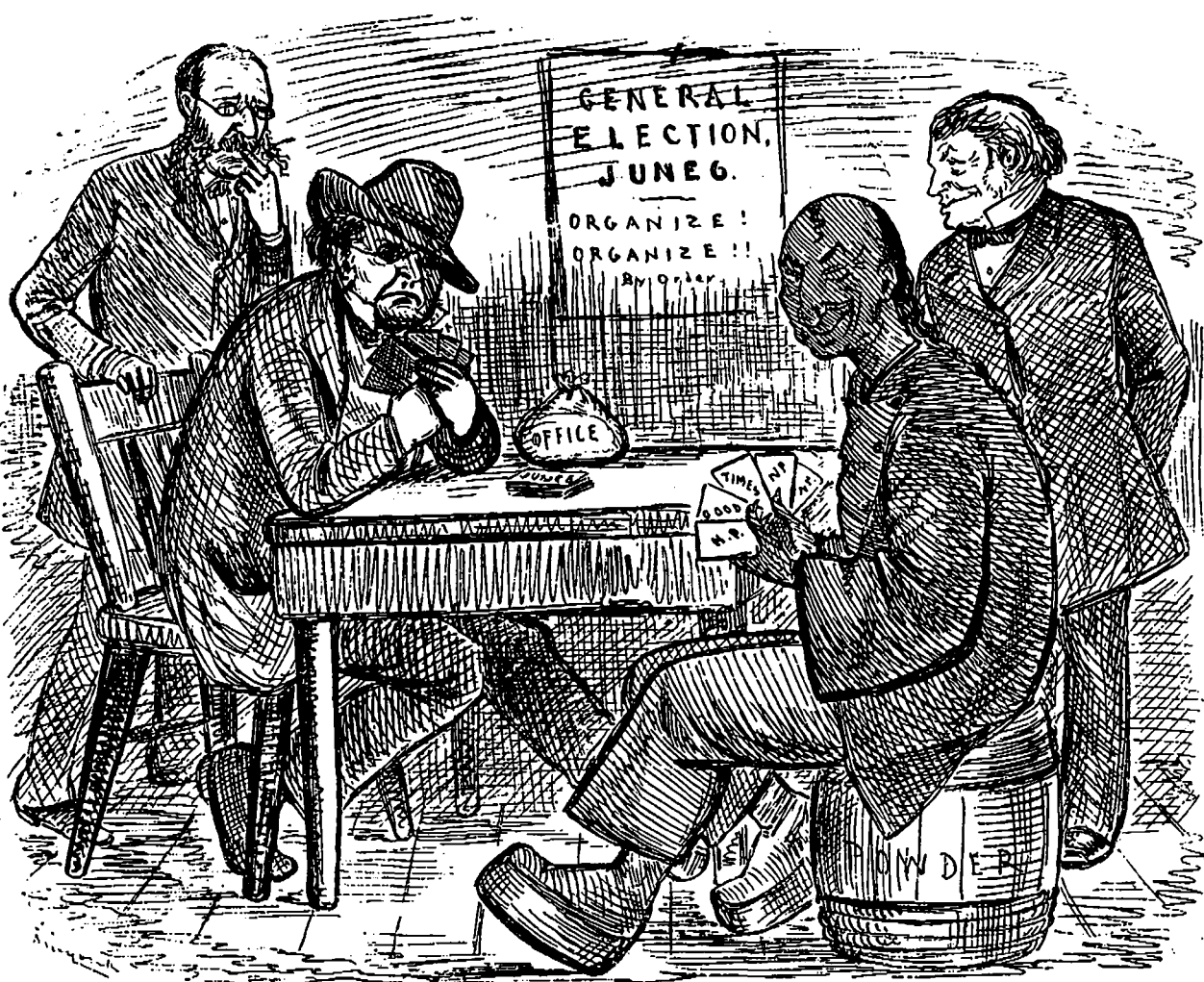


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Hath come so near creation?  
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can  
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### Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—The series of sketches here given purport to make plain the plan by which our State-crafty Premier intends to get over the difficulty of the Ontario Boundary Award in such a way as to mollify Quebec without exasperating Ontario. Mr. GRIP does not feel bound to tell how this state secret came into his possession, though his duty to the public requires him to "give it away."

**FIRST PAGE.**—It would appear that the leader of the Opposition does not hold the very best of hands in the desperate game about to be played. We judge this altogether by the expression of his face, however, and it may be that that expression is only put on for the occasion. Ah Sin, on the other hand, has unlimited confidence in his right and left bowers—the N. P. and the Good Times, while he may possibly have some more bowers up his sleeve. The 6th of June, they say, will tell the tale.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—After long-continued and pathetic appeals to Ottawa, the people of Winnipeg received the assurance of better Post Office accommodation, but the office of Postmaster-General being occupied by an unqualified duffer—John O'Connor—that promise has not yet been fulfilled. A contract for lock-boxes was some months ago given to a Toronto firm—Robert Hay's, we understand (though that would be an infraction of the Independence of Parliament Act, and therefore cannot be true),

but said boxes have never arrived, and the citizens of Winnipeg continue to crowd one another in a long procession to the general delivery wicket, and possess their souls in patience as best they can. Winnipeg mud is famous the world over, and requires no comment. It has just one feature in common with the citizens of the place—it takes a firm hold of the stranger, and sticks to him like a brother.

### The Future of Canada.

A GLOOMY LOOK-OUT.

(Globe.)

OTTAWA, April 8.

It is quite surprising with what candour prominent Conservatives speak of their party chances for the future. It is no uncommon thing to hear a Conservative member admit that "if anything should happen Sir John," or if there should be a bad harvest this year, it would be hard to tell what the political result would be. He is no longer young, and he has no successor in his party. Select any one of the three knights, Tilley, Tupper, or Langevin, and the other two would refuse to follow. Sir Hector, in some respects the shrewdest and most diplomatic of the three, has this claim, that he represents a larger Province and a much larger following than either of the others. But "the Little Jesuit" as Sir John was wont to call him, is an impossible leader of a party in Canada. He is too bigoted, too selfish, too much the man of a class and a section, too hostile to the broader and more progressive spirit of the other Provinces. Sir Charles Tupper has isolated himself from the sympathies of the better class of his own party by his recklessness and dishonesty of statement, and his shameless jobbery and corruption.

There remains Sir Leonard Tilley, less able, but in some respects more respectable, than either of the others, but utterly beggared so far as any following from among the members representing his Province is concerned. Imagine a Premier with but three supporters from his Province, and those three Donville, Costigan, and Girouard. Sir Leonard now moves around the corridors of the Parliament a lonely man, half afraid to meet, and when he does meet passing with downcast eyes and without recognition, men who were his friends and supporters in other years, but now alienated from him forever by the deception and treachery which he has practised towards his Province. He knows that he can never regain a foothold in New Brunswick, and without that he cannot lead a party in Canada. So on every side the outlook for a leader is a difficult one for the Conservative party, whose members see that the party existence depends upon the life of one man, and wonder what will become of them "if anything should happen Sir John."

(Mail.)

OTTAWA, April 10.

Almost the only thing to speculate about here is the precarious position the Opposition are in. It is well understood that Mr. Blake is far from strong, and that he does as little head-work as possible. In the event of his succumbing under the weight of the great questions he has grappled with during the session, such as the price of window panes, 9 by 10 inches, and the other heavy subjects which are contained in the 9,751 foolscap pages of returns already brought down at the bidding of the Opposition, it is plain that the Opposition must, figuratively speaking, go to the dogs. Sir Richard Cartwright's sneering style, supercilious manner, and general propensity to mix and muddle, have put him out of the race for leader in the not improbable event of Mr. Blake giving up and going to Europe again. Mr. Mackenzie's

connection with contracts of a shady character have so weighed him down that it is not likely he will enter the field. Mr. Charlton, like Goldsmith's chest of drawers, has been put to so many different uses that he cannot in the judgment of his *confreeres* take the place of Mr. Blake. Mr. Mills has irretrievably ruined himself by his lack of appreciation of the proprieties, as seen in his acting as retained counsel for Ontario in the Boundary question while Minister of the Interior. Sir Albert Smith being a knight, has no chance whatever. Messrs. Patterson and Ross (Middlesex) are considered too light weights. Mr. Laurier has too small a following, and besides belongs to the race which Mr. Charlton branded with an epithet that will rankle in the minds of the French-Canadians for many a day. Altogether the outlook for the Opposition is very gloomy. Their hopes are centred in one poor weak tottering man without backbone or policy.

MISS CANADA.—"What, all my pretty chickens?"

MR. GRIP.—"Conjure with them. Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar."

### In Memoriam.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me,  
I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,  
And you will have another friend in heaven.  
Then start not at the creaking of the door  
Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.

And in your life let my remembrance linger,  
As something not to trouble and disturb it,  
But to complete it, adding life to life.  
And if at times beside the evening fire  
You see my face among the other faces,  
Let it not be regarded as a ghost  
That haunts your house, but as a guest that loves you  
Nay, even as one of your own family,  
Without whose presence there were something wanting  
—From the Golden Legend.



### A PLUMB THAT WON'T GO DOWN.

*Peacefully Disposed Old Gentleman.*—My dear Oliver, let us calmly and dispassionately consider all the facts and bearings of that Boundary Award before you go any further.

*Oliver.*—Calmness, facts and bearings be blowed! I've got it, and I'm going to hang on to it!

In order to replenish his exhausted exchequer our Funny Contributor lately advertised, that upon receipt of one dollar he would send a sure mode by which any young man could rise in the world. Our Contributor received many replies, and the answer sent in each case was—Try ballooning.

**"Ands All Round."**

ENGLISH AND COLONIAL NATIONAL SONG.

The following poem is a striking illustration of the similarity of ideas co-existing in great minds, also of the affinities between English and Canadian poets. That both minds should at one and the same time have felt the need of an appropriate ditty wherewith to musically celebrate the auspicious 24th of May, is certainly remarkable enough, especially after the lapse of fifty-three years; that the burden and refrain of both effusions should be "drink" is still more so, and illustrates what the writer has already remarked elsewhere, concerning the remarkable affinity between poetical and master minds. This song, like the very good imitation of it by Tennyson, is proposed to be sung throughout the colonies on the Queen's Birthday—the British Lion to be the principal *basso*—and it is to be hoped that the voices of the full orchestra of the empire will drown, once and forever, this pitiful maudering humbug about Canadian National Independence.

**"ANDS ALL ROUND."**

I'll pledge my coat this very night  
To drink to Hengland! also my west;  
I'll waik out like a bloomin' friicht  
Before I'll miss this toast, I'm blest.  
May 'aris of hoak for ever live  
And toast the Queen, sir, every day!  
That man is no Conservative.  
Who'd try to take our beer away.  
'Ands all round! hooray! hold, hick, confound!  
'Them chaps wot say, "don't drink," my friends,  
So 'eres to Hold Hengland round and round.

'Eres to the loyal 'arts who long  
'Ave left their boots without a sole,  
'A' toasting it in stout or strong—  
Hold Hengland and this 'ere North Pole.  
And India, where they makes the rise  
Of Jumbos, tigers, and all sich;  
Aud this 'ere bloomin' Canada—my hyes!  
The North-West's 'were a cove gets rich.  
'Ands all round! This temperance rot confound!  
And don't you forget to drink, my friends,  
And get gloriously drunk all round and round.

'Eres to our statesmen, for they be  
The very men our hearts desire:  
The revenue they gets from we,  
Bless you, without it they'd hexpire!  
No danger but we'll get our beer,  
So long as money's wanted bad;  
'Them Scott-Act men we needn't fear,  
Cash down—the liquor's to be had!  
'Ands all round! Reformers all confound!  
Who wants reforms? let's drink, I say, my friends,  
And 'eres to the Queen and Hengland round and round.

JAY KAVELLE BOUSEY.

**There be Bar Tenders and Bar-tenders.**

QUITE A MISTAKE.

"It's a consarned shame that this eternal licker traffic should be allowed to be carried on any longer. I'll be dod durned if I ever give a vote again to either Grit or Tory, who don't go dead agin it," said old Deacon Dusenbury, the other day, to his friend, Major McGinnis, whom he discovered before a bumper of hot stuff, in the parlor of the Queen's Hotel, in the flourishing village of Aurora.

"What's the matter now, Deacon?" said the major, after tasting of the contents of his tumbler to ascertain if it was hot and strong enough,

"Why, consarn it," replied the Deacon. "I was down at the Reeve's office, and I heard the folks discussin' the Parliamentary reports, and they said the country had lost about \$200,000, all through a onssed Bar Tender. Now," continued the old man, "when the licker interest is gettin' so pesky powerful that a bar tender is allowed to beat the kentry out of sich a large sum of money as \$200,000, although I've allus voted Conservative, dod durned if I don't vote straight agin the government."

"And what Bar Tender are ye allowdin' to, Deacon?" asked the astonished Major. Faith, I never heard of any such thransaction! What's the man's name, anyhow?"

"Wall," replied the Deacon, "I didn't hear his name, but I reckon he comes from a place called Emory, for I heard them talkin' about the Emory Bar Tender. Howsenever, I don't make no difference. It's a durned shame, anyhow. \$200,000 lost to the kentry all on account of a bar tender."

It took the major, aided and stimulated by four successive "hot stuffs," two hours to explain to and convince the deacon that the "Emory Bar Tender" was for a contract, wherein Messrs Maedonald & Charlebois were, and Messrs Ondordenk & Co. now are interested.

**Antigone.**

My DEAR Mr. GRIP.—I am a worshipper of the drama and particularly of the classic domain thereof, and in that domain what especially delights me is the Greek. Yes; the plays of old Sophocles, Euripides, and last but not least, Cantharides, fill my soul with a yearning unspeakable for their revival.

I went, I need not say, to the 'Varsity the other night to see the production of Antigone, and although well pleased on the whole with its rendition on that occasion, I am sorry that I have to object to the "lines," or shall I call it the "libretto" of the play, which I am in a position to state are all wrong. A lady friend of mine, the Hon. Miss Lucretia Digandelve, who passed years in searching the orient for antique "Curios," not long ago presented me with a fragment of manuscript found by her or rather her assistants after a tiresome excavation on the site of ancient Tyre. This manuscript, though but fragmentary, gives the "ad," together with extracts of the play of Antigone in a local paper of Athens. I give your readers a free translation of the same from the original Greek. Here it is:

**"IMPERIAL THEATRE,**

ATHENS.

To-morrow evening will be produced at this theatre, Sophocles' new Musical Drama in two acts, entitled

**ANTIGONE**

OR

**THE CURSE.**

New scenery, new decorations, entire change of cast! Notwithstanding the great expense attending the production of this play, no extra charge for admission will be demanded. The old and popular prices will be sustained.

**GOD SAVE THE EMPEROR!"**

Notice from Athens *Globe*, July 1, a. m. 9354 (old Greek Computation) :—

"The play of *Antigone*, by Mr. Sophocles, last evening at the Imperial was a great and well deserved success. The author was repeatedly called before the curtain. The play opens with Laius and Antigone seated at table. C. at risk."

ANTIGONE—"What ails thee uncle? Tell thy little niece! Troubles of state of course I know you've many, Has the fierce Olivius brought down his savage legions To threaten Greece from Hyperboreal regions? Is he annoyed because we've built a foundry Or does he wish to chance the Theban bound'ry?"

LAIUS—"Nay, nay! my child I care not for sedition, I'm thinking, dear, of changing my condition. This place requires a mistress, and its master Is going to wed the loveliest—"

ANN.—"Not Jocaster!"

LAIUS—"Yes, Jocaster, tho' the Delphic oracle Has threatened me in language diabolical, And said if I should wed such a low person, Even my latest progeny there'd be a cuss on But yet I'll show that oracle I'm master! Oh, Anny! I'm dead gone on sweet Jocaster! I think I've made a strike, I should say *tufto*."

ANN.—"Oh! uncle dear, how could you ever stoop to?"

CHORUS—Io! Io! gamma, delta,  
Old Jocaster let us pelta!  
Pi, rho, sigma tau!  
Still give old Laius lots of jaw."

The first act (continues the reporter) went very smoothly and the chorus, though some of the tenors were rather weak in their upper register, still on the whole

they did very creditably. In the second act, Creon the successor of Laius to the kingdom is discovered seated on a throne. (An interval of five years is supposed to have elapsed).

CREON—"At last old Laius has passed in his checks, And now my brow his regal crown bedecks. Now is my time to gain the fair Antigone, Sometimes I fear the saucy jade is riggin' me, And then young Haemon, just for a diversion, Is sparking her. I'll kill him like a Persian, If he my secret finds—I know he's twiggin' me, Ah, here he comes! I'll let up on Antigone."

Enter Haemon, Eurdice, Ismene, Terresius, Watchmen, Fly Cops and Mounted Police.

CREON—"How now good Haemon, why enter with confusion, Has Socrates not taken his infusion? Perhaps it has not troubled his digestion— Now, what I've want?"

It's not a question

HAEMON—Of Socrates, my Lord, or poisoned tea, But what's become of my Antigone, I know you've got her stowed somewhere about, Produce her or we'll turn you inside out, Come tell us now just where this lovely maid is, Or, if you don't, we'll—

CREON—Go to Hades!"

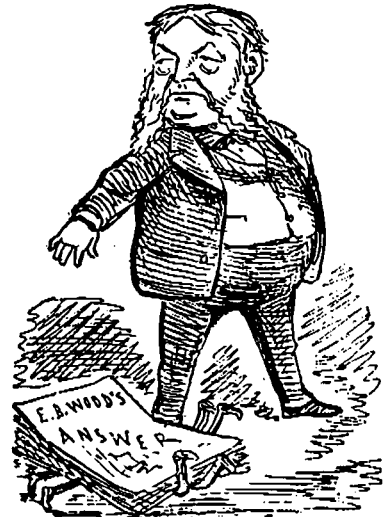
This scene (continues the *Globe*) created the wildest enthusiasm, and the plaudits of the audience rent the air when the king called in his guards who slew Haemon and the rest of the conspirators, and the act ended with a lively chorus in E minor, to the effect—

Zeta, Eta, Theta, Mu  
The Omecron, Pi  
Creon's going to put you through,  
You all have to die—  
You shall have a splendid flagon  
Of Hemlock tea apiece,  
You must keep your tongue from wagging  
If you want to live in Greece.

This is all that has been preserved of any really authentic account of the great play as it was performed on the ancient stage, and, with all respect to the Varsity text, I am sure the readers of GRIP will be interested in the above.

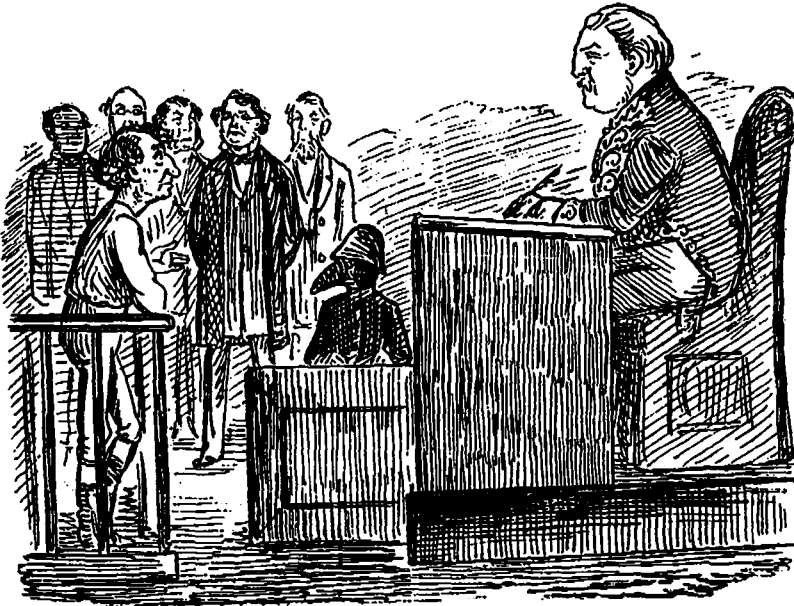
Yours truly,

DRACO S. DOOLITTLE, F.R.A.S.,  
Prof. Fossilology, Buntingtown,  
Coll. Inst. Can.



**A CRUSHING ANSWER.**

Chief Justice Wood has at length replied to the charges formulated against him, and his answer is certainly weighty, if the quantity of paper it embraces is any criterion. It consists of some four hundred odd sheets, devoted to an able treatment of all and sundry the allegations made by the aggrieved parties. The friends of the Chief Justice believe that he has fully refuted the charges of incapacity and injustice, and his argument, taken in connection with Sir John Macdonald's reproof of the unconstitutional action of the Manitoba Government in taking the matter in hand at all, has fairly discomfited the commission of inquiry.



### AT THE BAR OF PUBLIC OPINION.

CHIEF MAGISTRATE LORNE.—AND SO, PRISONER, YOU ELECT TO BE TRIED SUMMARILY?

PRISONER.—YES, YOUR WORSHIP, THE SOONER THE BETTER FOR ME. DON'T DELAY IT BEYOND JUNE, WHATEVER YOU DO!

#### Election Returns,

AS TELEPHONED TO GRIP.

GRIP.—Hello! Br-wn!! The *Globe* seems to be pretty well posted on elections. What are your private convictions on the matter, and who told you all about it?

BR-WN.—Hello! Grip! My private impression is that elections will be right on top of us before you can say Jack Robinson in Chinese. Nobody didn't tell me nothing about it. The idea of the proximity of elections was spontaneously original and "evolved," as Dr. Wild expresses it, from my own inner consciousness.

GRIP.—You forget old boy that Dr. Wild has sagely observed that you can't "evolute" a thing unless it has been first "involved." Ha! ha! Ta! ta! Hello! B-nt-ng! When are elections coming off?

B-NT-NG.—Hav'nt the remotest idea. Say, couldn't you find out for a fellow? Br-wn will tell you. He knows all about it. Guess he got the Chief three sheets in the wind and pumped him dry.

GRIP.—Hello! Bl-ke! Hello!! Hello!!! wake up old man! what 'bout elections? When are they due. State briefly their rate of approximation and give reasons for your answer.

BL-KE.—Hello! assimilate with the utmost acceleration the truth, the elections will transpire in the immediate futurity and possibly sooner. This is of course at variance with my conception of reform interests, but Brown has said it and he evidently knows, though I think myself we'll need another scandal against the government to make a success of the thing.

GRIP.—Hello! Johnny!! what date for elections? eh? come now be candid for once in your life.

SM J-HN A. McD-N-LD.—Don't know yet. Fancy I'll need a few more tall chimneys before I start the election boom. Brown is off his base on the point, and I am not sorry. When his little election boom dies out mine will begin. Twig? Bye-bye.

#### Michael James McGuffin.

A LEGEND OF CABBAGETOWN.

Long years ago in Cabbagetown  
Lived Michael James McGuffin,  
He'd say "I'm from the County Down,"  
If any man tried bluffin'  
Or wanted to scare Michael James  
He'd never swear, or call him names,  
But up he'd walk  
And coolly knock  
Out of that man the stuffin'.

Now Michael James enamoured was  
With Mary Jane Ann Moran,  
He'd broken several large sized jaws  
Of young men who, adorin'  
The lovely Mary Jane Ann, fair,  
(Struck on her shape and auburn hair),  
Had for her hand  
Made a demand  
In language most implorin'.

McGuffin had a rival who  
Was gall and wornwood to him,  
And deeper still his hatred grew  
(Although he hardly knew him),  
When Mike found out that every day  
He'd bring Miss Moran to the Day,  
And there aloft,  
Sail in a boat,  
"Be gob!" said Mike "I'll chew him!

"I'll bust his head!" said Michael J.;  
"And throw him in the gutter!"  
So when he met them out one day,  
Not one word did he utter,  
But hit his rival on the ear,  
And Mary Jane cried out, "oh dear!  
You are a tough,  
A nasty rough!"  
Quoth Michael "Bring a shutter,"

"And get some men to carry home  
Your lover. Go and nurse him!"  
And Michael J., with heart of stone,  
Did sore revile and curse him,  
"And as for you, Miss Mary Jane,  
You treated me with deep disdain,  
Oh how you've lied!  
You are a snide!"  
Said she, "I'm no such person?"

A cop dropped down upon the row  
And said, "Here, what's the matter?  
Come move on here! just clear out now  
(Or soon the gang I'll scatter!"  
But still there on the sidewalk prone  
Lay William Henry John McCrone,  
The rival who,  
Knocked black and blue,  
That Mike did sorely "bather."

Oh I who can tell the subtle ways  
Of woman in her dealings  
With men? Sometimes his hopes she'll raise,  
At others, crush his feelings!  
So Mary Jane Ann, strange to say,  
"Kungin" again with Michael J.,  
And poor McCrone,  
Cried out Ochone,  
Mavrone! or such like squealings.  
And Michael James and Mary Jane  
Got married shortly arter,  
"To hide the truth, 'twould be in vain,"  
Miss Moran proved a tartar.  
If Michael James would come in tight,  
Or even stayed out late at night,  
She'd rise from bed  
And break his head,  
Or choke him with her garter!  
McGuffin first essayed to "kick,"  
But she yelled out "Sic semper  
Tyrannus! I'll soon make you sick,"  
(You see she had a temper),  
And one fine night she and McCrone  
Did all poor Michael's savings "bone,"  
And off did go  
To Chicago,  
But Mike don't much lament her.  
"O tempora! O Mores! they  
Have left cum dignitate  
Pari passu, four pretidre conge."  
Said Mike, "They did it nate. He  
Thinks he's got a charming prize  
But when he gets both of his eyes  
Bunged up and black,  
He'll say 'go back,  
V'er not the clean votatv'!"

#### Contented Artisans.

SPARROWS.

Just opposite my dwelling, in a very quiet spot,  
A couple of mechanics have secured a vacant lot;  
They started on a building just a day or two ago,  
And the progress they are making is anything but slow.

I hear them in the morning, though 'tis scarcely break of day;  
They call unto each other, but I know not what they say;  
It cannot be a trade dispute, nor "strike," it seems to me,  
For they are always hard at work and happy as can be.

I know these workers labor for the very best of firms;  
And fancy, too, they have their lease on rather easy terms;  
Indeed, I'm not surprised to see their house so quickly grown,  
The pick of all the lumber in the city is their own.

And they not only build their house, but furnish it as well,  
They are the best upholsterers that in the city dwell;  
No vulgar ostentation in their furniture is shown,  
Their carpets and their couches are composed of softest down.

And when their house is finished, what a pleasant thing to see  
How very well the builders and their tenants will agree;  
And at the tenants' sitting, too, when happens that event,  
The owners will be happy quite with kisses for the rent.

R. CROOKENDEN.



#### QUOTATIONS FROM GREAT MEN.

"I could paint Mackenzie so black that his friends would not recognise him.—Sir Charles Tupper.



# STATE-"CRAFT."

A FARCE ABOUT TO BE ENACTED BY THE GREAT COMEDIAN, JOHN A.

## The Joker Club.

### "The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The weather is only a trifle more uncertain than a woman's temper, but it is a deal more talked about by those who suffer by its vagaries.

It is a singular coincidence, soon after Beecher publicly declared that he had been in the habit, when in Paris, of visiting Mabelle, the Parisians shut it up.

Pennsylvania is the Keystone State and its girls are very arch.—*Lowell Citizen*. We suppose in that case they excel at archery, especially with Cupid's bow.

That the trouble with the midnight cat is not so much that it cannot sing, as that it firmly believes it can, and this is certainly a great point gained on the part of the cat.

There is a man in Port Hope who has drunk hard for forty years. It is proposed to send him to Manitoba to see if the glow from his face will not modify the climate there.

With most men the shirt front is the cleanest and brightest part of their individuality, and their strongest claim to respectability is derived from the unpaid labors of their laundress.

An exchange describes a ballet dancer's dress. The description though short is about three inches longer than the dress.—*Norristown Herald*. We want things of that kind no longer.

"Do dogs reason?" Possibly not, but some dogs on seeing a boy with an old kettle and examining his pockets for a piece of cord, take a deep interest in something about a mile away.

When a man can fasten the rear button of his collar without pulling his face or thinking profanity, he exhibits a quality of patience under difficulties which eminently fits him to be the cashier for a weekly paper.

"Say, Brudder Jackson, why am your old rheumatic carkiss like one o' dem yer 'lustrated windies in St. Patrick's Cathedral in Noo York city?"

"Dunno, Boss, why am it so?"

"Cause its paneful. See?"

A certain doctor of divinity has said that every blade of grass contains a sermon, and a Cheyenne man wants to cut down the expenses of his church by purchasing a bale of hay instead of a pastor. We refrain from making a pun upon the word pastor, in order to leave this paragraph open to our exchanges.

If it takes three barrels of whitewash to cover a common sized barn, how much prepared chalk does it require to supply a female artist one week?—*Terre Haut Saturday Night*. Is the female artist as big as the barn, or is the barn as small as the woman? How can we estimate unless we know dimensions? Send along the female artist and we'll have her measured.

### Fashions for May.

"Motley's the only wear."

OSCAR'S CHOICE.—"The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."

BUNTHORNE TO LADY JANE.—"Truly I would the gods had made thee poetical."

What word in the English language possesses the greatest number of one particular letter? "Possesses?"

The "Extreme Left"—Jones when Jemima has jilted him.

Whatever may be said of Sir Charles Tupper, it cannot be denied that he is a man of tender conscience.

[Toronto (Canada) Globe.]

### A Scene of Horror.

"PETER THE GREAT," THE RUSSIAN BEAR, AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, DEMOLISHES HIS CAGE AND LETS LOOSE THE ANIMALS.

Such a scene of horror as yesterday took place at the Zoological Garden in this city, it bids fair to say, has never been equalled on the Continent. About half-past six o'clock last evening word was passed in our office that the Zoological Garden was a scene of bloodshed and horror; that "Peter the Great" the Russian Bear, an animal weighing over twelve hundred pounds, and who for the past few days has been almost unmanageable, from severe pains, from which the animal has been suffering, had broken loose from his fastening and in his rage had wrested the small bars from the den in which the leopards used to be confined, and attacked those animals. In his fierce rage the bear tore the smallest of the leopards limb from limb, and fiercely attacked the two larger ones; the struggle, as described by an eye-witness, was terrible in the extreme. The keeper wisely flew



for his life, leaving the infuriated animals to contend for the mastery as best they might; in his haste, however, he overlooked the key of the front door or gateway, which he left standing wide open, thus leaving a free passage-way to the street. The whistling of the locomotives in the immediate vicinity was drowned by the fierce cries and bellowing of the maddened beasts; cries that filled the air for blocks around the "Zoo." No one among the thousands who ranged themselves in a frightened, curious mob in the neighborhood of the Garden, dared approach nearer than the "Queen's" or "Walker's" hotels; the roofs and windows of these hostilities were crowded with spectators looking on in awe. In the midst of the fierce fray an ear-piercing roar that chilled the blood in the veins of all who heard it, rent the air and shook the very earth; it was a double roar, that sounded like dreadful thunder. The "Royal Tiger" and the "Nubian Lion" had broken loose and entered the fray, and then ensued such a scene as never before was witnessed; the animals were altogether in a fierce struggling quivering mass; now the lion upward, and, next the shaggy coat of bruin appearing, covered with blood. In the midst of this blood-curdling and never-to-be-forgotten scene, the leopards ran wildly up and down through the inner apartment, now eager to break through the crowd, at which they would sometimes stop and gaze, gnashing their teeth, until their red and gaping



jaws grew redder with bloody foam. At last a roar from the lion told the death of the Russian bear: the monarch of the forest had conquered, and bruin was no more. The roar, however, had the effect of causing terror to strike the leopards, and they at once drove through the entrance, and straight for the crowd, who by this time blocked the streets in all directions. The leopards were joined by the lion, who came madly tearing and stamping, head and mane erect, with jaws distended and eyes darting fire; it was a moment of terror and suspense; a moment of horror, fraught with fear for the stoutest heart. The crowd flew wildly in all directions, completely clearing the streets in the neighborhood of the "Zoo." We sent a re-

porter to the Zoological Garden, on hearing the news, as we have given it above. Our scribe returned a short time after and reported the following reasons for the uproar. It will appear from what follows that the thing is not so bad as might at first be supposed. Our young man visited Capt. Harry Piper, Alderman and Superintendent of the Zoological Garden, and gleaned from him the following facts. Mr. Piper said:

"Some time ago we purchased from the collection of animals at Central Park, New York, a monstrous Russian bear, which we have named 'Peter the Great,' on account of his tremendous size. Not long after 'Peter' arrived we found that he was suffering from the rheumatism, and in a pretty bad state. Peter was not the only one in the 'Zoo' which had a touch of that delicious torture; the lion likewise had it, and in fact I was just being cured of a bad case of the rheumatism, myself, by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. I found St. Jacobs Oil an excellent remedy, for it cured me in a short while, and my case was a very aggravated one. I argued that if it cured me it must be good for the animals as well. While I was thinking the matter over, a young gentleman connected with the *Evening News*, a reporter on that paper, named Mr. Going, told me of a cure performed on his ankle which had been for a long time weak and painful, and sometimes disabled him from making his reportorial rounds. Mr. Going said St. Jacobs Oil was the only remedy he ever found that did him good; he had tried twenty different liniments, and they all failed, but as soon as he used St. Jacobs Oil he was completely cured. All these things served to convince me, and I determined to use St. Jacobs Oil on the animals. I did use it, and I cured them with it. While I was giving an account of it to your informant, Captain Millett, who will be in here presently, told him how he too had been cured by St. Jacobs Oil, and the number of wonderful cures all coming together must have been too much for his mental calibre, and 'Guiteaued' him—set him crank."

Just at this juncture Captain Millett, at present connected with the Toronto "Zoo," and formerly owner and captain of a vessel built expressly for seal hunting, entered the office. Captain Millett has the honor of being the

CAPTOR OF EVERY SEA LION ON EXHIBITION IN THE WORLD,

and the gentleman who bears that distinguished honor, said: I can easily imagine how your informant became excited; Mr. Piper's experience with St. Jacobs Oil, and Mr. Going's experience with it, backed up by mine—for I was cured of a bad case of rheumatism, indeed—and all these cures being supplemented with the fact of the animals being cured, was more Oil than he could stand: he got excited, and thus he imagined the horrible story which he told at your office. The fact of the matter is this, that we have all been cured by St. Jacobs Oil down here, animals and all, and, that it is a good thing for the people that St. Jacobs Oil could be procured, to cure the bear and the lion, or, in their rage—from the rheumatism, they might have caused just such a scene as that excited personage related: however, it is well as it is. The animals are now all right, and so are Mr. Piper and Mr. Going and myself.

### "Hawkeye" Dots.

A turkey was shut up in a cellar in Clarke, Virginia, and lived five weeks without food or water. It is said that the turkey was forgotten; but we are inclined to think that is really the way turkeys are fattened for the city market.

Figures won't lie, maybe, but you can't bet on the breadth of a man's shoulders or the girth of a woman's—ha—chest, by a measure outside the dress or coat. Oh, no, they won't lie, figures won't. But a Newark cashier can make them dissemble a little.

At a high school examination, the teacher asked the son of an old ice-dealer how many ounces there were in a pound. And the boy said it depended on the extent of the crop, the length of the summer, and the heat of the weather, varying from 5½ to 11½, but never reaching as high as 16.

**Ann Tigony.**

A CLASSICAL DRAMA,

*Revised at vast expense by Mr. GRIP, Classical Dramatist, as represented in the Convocation Hall of Great Office, Adelaide St. All costumes strictly Greek, including the bare legs of the period. An ancient classical Greek sketch, the only one on this Continent, has been secured at vast expense. The cast of the drama will be sustained by the following distinguished personages:*

ANN TIGONY—*In neglect of classical undergarments, blue "chiffa" (i. e. she has a kite on), and bare legs. A second-class certificate School Ma'am.*

MISS MEANY—*Her cousin, a third-class certificate School Ma'am.*

KREON—*Autocrat of Thebes. Mr. A—m Cr—ks.*

WATCHMAN—*An Irishman, to whom it is all Greek.*

*The blind Prophet TERRESIUS. Editor of the Mail.*

*Chorus of Theban dead beats. Members of the CENTRAL COMMITTEE.*

*The Music will be strictly classical. Mr. A. Cr—ks and the chorus will perform on their own trumpets.*

Enter ANN T. and MISS MEANY.

ANN T.—Dear girl, dost thou know that in this same department Of Public Education in Ontario There is a scandal most untimely buried! One May, the boss once of the book depository, Accused of rank malfeasance?

MISS M.—Dost thou not know the head of the Department Commands that now that scandal shall we bury, Or bring its foulness to the light of day? Dost thou not fear his threat of punishment, That no one mixed up in the late dispute Shall have preferment in this same Department?

ANN T.—I do not care, the scandal I'll unearth.

MISS M.—And pray how much then will your school be worth?

ANN T.—I care not. Justice I will seek for, still; Though Kreon may decree on what he will!

*Exeunt.*

*Chorus, dressed as Ritualistic clergymen, now climb the stage, they execute a mystic dance round a tripod heaped with bank notes from which each helps himself from time to time.*

CHORAL SONG.

Many things are crooked, men, women, whiskey, books; But nothing is so crooked as the crooked Crooks! Who doth snub public opinion of the Province and Dominion! Who doth flout CANADIAN SCHOLAKS with proud autocratic looks! Who, when any post is vacant that Canadians fain would fill, Doth from a foreign shore in put a foreign claimant still. For them from day to day He works his mystic way, No matter what Ontario press, or even great GRIP may say.

ACT II. *Same Scene. Enter Mr. A—C—ks, in character of Kreon, Tyrant of Thebes.*

KREON.—I am the autocrat of all learned Thebes, The intellectual centre of Bœotia, I listen to no advice and heed no counsels! Nor care I for the Press nor for the Public! I grant Inspectorships and all good things, To Party hacks just at my own sweet will. And now this scandal of the Book Depository By burked investigation of my slaves Is buried very neatly out of sight.

*Enter Comic Watchman, in Fireman's helmet, and other unique specimens of Greek armor.*

WATCHMAN.—The scandal is unearthed, great Boss! The *Educational Monthly* and the Press Teem with most trenchant articles about it! They say the offence is rank and smells to Heaven! That the vile Book Depository business, After a sham investigation held, Has been condoned, white-washed and rewarded.

KREON.—Did not a Court of Justice sift the matter?

WATCHMAN.—A court, they say, within whose closed doors sat A deaf Grit Justice with her bandaged eyes!

KREON.—Go, find out who hath written these calumnies. Their doom shall be made sure in this Department!

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Chorus of Central Committee, playing their own trumpets, tune, "The Rogue's March."*

CHORAL ODE.

Would you describe that wonderful mystery, Known to this town as Inspector of Schools, Prized by our Central Committee's consistency, Well-paid, and quite independent of "rules,"

Pray of his ignorance be not too critical, Let him but have some good backers political, Sordid and selfish, a saint hypocritical! Yet shall he push better men from their stools.

ACT III. *Enter Ann Tigony, Kreon, Officials of the Department, Watchman.*

KREON.—Hast thou, despite our royal proclamation, This scandal of the Book Depository Rashly unburied?

ANN T.—I do own that I am authoress Of those same leading articles you hint at.

KREON.—Unfeminine creature, woman should not write! Dost thou not know our faithful slave, Wilsonius, Hath from the College Hall expelled girl student. Therefore I take from thee thy school certificate. For aught that this Department will allow thee, Die of starvation! Who will help thee now!

ANN TIGONY—*"Few, few, eye eye!"*

WATCHMAN—*She quotes the Greek original!*

*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.—*Preparation for a ministerial dinner. The chorus march about singing hymns to Bacchus, which, as this is a Temperance Serial, we do not reproduce. Enter Terresius the Prophet, and Kreon.*

TERRESIUS.—King of the Education Department! Gripe, Boss of Ravens and prophetic birds Warns thee—shout seltest thine influence to a clique! Thou lovest to flout our homeland's scholarship, Thou sittest complacent in thy high position, Shutting Prefersment's gates on all true merit, And making Educational interests The prostitute of party. Hear then, therefore, What Grip foretells, and all prophetic birds, Thy place shall be too hot for thee to sit; The party that thou servest shall find in thee A nuisance, and a noisome bait that foes Throng round, as cats throng round a cats-meat-man So shalt thou say, "Had I served Education As faithfully as I have served my party, She would not have forsaken me in my dotage."

KREON SWOONS. The dead carcass of the Book Depository Scandal is carried across the stage. *Tableau.*



WEFLECTIONS OF THE HON. C. BUFFER.

Dy'o know, it seems exceedingly curious to me to read of the agitation the Militawy authawities an labawing in England about the constwuction of the—aw—wail-way tunnel between that country and France. They awgue that in the event of the tunnel being built it would affaud a—aw—continental enemy an easy and pwacticable means of invading the—aw—Bwitiish Isles. I canwt weally help thinking, not only as a mattah of fact, but as a militawy man that these objections an wediculous in a vowy high degree. I canwt help thinking that these objoctions an, of the—aw—same patewan, as those of the wise-awaus, who expwessed theab disbelief in the utility and pwopoh weh'king of the "Isthmus Canal," because the level of the Pacific Ocean was higher than that of the Carribean Sea, (or vice versa I weally fauget which) and the consequent wash of watehs through the canal which would of caus (in their minds) pwevent any vessel making pwoguess against the coh'went, which would be so impetuous as to doubtless sweep ewovything befaw it. But these gentlemen appawntly fawgot that in the constwuction of canals, theah an such affawhs as locks made use of, to pwelude such a possibility. Faw instauce, without the necessary locks in the say,—Cawnwall Canal a pawtion of the wateh of the Long Sault wapids would wash through it with a vengeance, and the—aw—

canal would be in point of fact useless. Similah it appeahs to me, an the objections of the militawy authawities at home. A few guns of awdinawy calibre chawged with shell and directed to sweep the—aw—vists of the Tunnel, which will no doubt be built in as stwaight a line as possible, ought ceh'tainly be able to keep the—aw—combined awmies of Europe from appowching in that way; faw a tunnel must as a mattah of caus be too ce'houm-awquibed wegawding space to admit of any manœwvewing, and no column of attack could possibly stand against the point blank discharge of guns which, from the constwuction of the place, could nevah by any possibility be used in vain. Apawt fwom the action of aw-tillewy, the English end of the tunnel could be blocked up so as to wender it imp-awssible for an enemy to wemove the obstwuction, and it would ceh'tainly wequiah a dawing adwvewwaw indeed, to twy many mining expewiments in a position wheah an unswual concussion might hwing down the wwoof of the scene of opowations, when the watehs of the channel would be hest in and dwown them like so many wats!—aw—and let me wemawk heah, that if such a wemote contingency should awive as a fawweign army that should undetake an invasion by means of the tunnel, no doubt means could be found to flood the whole affawh, which I think would pwove uncomfawtable faw the—aw—enemy. I weally think the militawy people have found a ma'ahs nest—I do weally!

**Bingen on the Plains.**

A BALLAD OF EAST YORK.

BY TITANIA TOMMORDEN.

Young Hezekiah Hosea Armageddon Baines, Was of good old puritanic stock. At least I think his names So much associated with the famous Plymouth Rock.

Now Hezekiah Hosea Armageddon Baines Had conceived that tender passion which in every bosom reigns: In short he was enraptured with a daughter of old White's, Who owned five hundred acres near the pleasant Scarboro' Heights.

From the East Town Line of Scarboro' away west to the Gore, You might traverse each fair town-ship of York County o'er and o'er Without finding one so lovely, so beautiful and bright, As Arabella Susan Sarah Wilhelmina White.

His love reciprocated was by her, not so her pap, Who knew—indeed it was the truth—young Baines had scarce a "rap." But still each day a *billet-doux* young B. to her would write, Which was an aggravation sore to the haughty Mr White.

One day the youthful lovers went for a pleasant stroll Upon the beach at Scarboro' to see the billows roll, And the blue Ontario—it was a lovely sight! When who should drop upon them but the angry Mr. White.

He walked up to Arabella and he caught her by the ear, He slurr' young Hezekiah in the water 'neath the pier, Saying, "You look for my darter's hand who haven't got a cent, Git out, you wretched critter!" and up the heights he went.

The young man Baines got very wet and very mad also, And went straight to his lawyer, G. W. Badgerow, Saying, "Sue old White for damages, and then he'll have to fork Out divers ducats—sure as you are member for East York."

"Young man," said his solicitor, "I pray don't act too rash, What reason has the old man for not giving you your 'mash, Perhaps you've been 'too previous,' in other words too 'brash'?" "No, no," said Baines, "he's down on me because I'm short of cash."

The up spake his solicitor, G. W. Badgerow, "Why don't you try and raise the wind and then light away to Manitoba or still further on the Plains? Take my advice and start at once, my dear H. H. A. Baines."



TWO WINNIPEG INSTITUTIONS—THE P. O. AND THE MUD.

'Or better still, in town you'll find some 'sections' up for sale. With streams of running water (see ad.) and wood and vale, Buy one of these and plot it, call it Bingen on the Plains, Sell out and then your fortune's made.' "I'll try it," said young Baines.

Young Baines he thought it over, and to the city went, And he bought a spacious section from a very specious gent, And he made of it a city, with parks and streets and lanes, And he called the city Bingen—Bingen on the Plains.

And ever since the plan came out, each evening he takes A goodly sum of shekels in, the lots go like hot cakes! The news at last reached Scarboro—the old man White did stare, When he heard that young Baines shortly would become a millionaire.

And now a sudden change came o'er the mind of Mr. White, He thought he wasn't usin' of his daughter very right, And he shows such deep repentance, and profound sorrow feign, Regarding his conduct towards her and young Baines.

So he wrote young Baines a letter—this is the way it ran, "I now begin to see, young B., you are a fine young man When last you sought my daughter's hand you scarcely owned an acre, But now as things is altered so, why bless you, come and take her."

So Hezekiah Hosea Armageddon Baines, Sold all his lots at Bingen—Bingen on the Plains. And next week after Easter you may see a brilliant sight, At the nuptials of H. H. A. Baines and his bride, the fair Miss White.

**How to Get Rid of An Unwelcome Visitor.**

"Rheumatism," says Mr. A. McFaul, proprietor of the City Hotel, Kingston, "used to hold its own pretty well, but 'the days of that here are o'er.' St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, has completely conquered the rheumatism, and no man need suffer from it longer. I had it badly until a short time ago, but I used St. Jacobs Oil and was cured, and so can anyone be cured in a similar manner."

Consistency is a rare jewel, but, if anywhere, it can be found in Manitoba mud.

Our Funny Contributor, who is impecunious says he differs from the Cathedral Clock in this particular, that while it strikes the quarters, our Contributor doesn't.

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TRADE MARK



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FOR  
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