

SMOKE [CABLE L PADRE] CIGARS

ASBESTOS I. R. MONTGOMERY MILL AND ENGINEERS' SUPPLIES, OILS, COTTON WASTE, 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT, REMOVES DANDRUFF, AND PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR. SEE THE ADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT.

IMPORTER
CHINA HALL.
 GLOVER HARRISON,
 49 KING ST. E., Toronto.

The Greatest Beast in the Ass.
 The Greatest Bird in the Owl.
 The Greatest Man in the Fool.
 The Greatest Fish in the Quiver.

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VOLUME XX. No. 21. TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1883. \$2 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS EACH.



THE YARN OF THE G. T. R.

O, ELDERLY RAILROAD MAN, I SAID,
 I DON'T SEE HOW YOU ARE
 AT ONCE THE NIPISSING, THE MIDLAND LINE,
 AND THE WESTERN AND G. T. R.

SAY'S HE, I'M THE SAULT, AND THE NIPISSING,
 THE WESTERN AND MIDLAND TOO,
 THE W. G. B. AND THE GREAT GRAND TRUNK,
 'CAUSE I'VE EATEN 'EM ALL, BLESS YOU!

Toronto, Nov. 3, 1882.
 It has given us every satisfaction
 Respecting the copying of letters,
 it is everything to be desired.
 Taken altogether, it is far ahead
 of the pen, especially as regard
 legibility and speed.
 GOODERHAM & WORTS.

THE REMINGTON STANDARD TYPE-WRITER.
 FOR SALE AT
BENGOUGH'S SHORTHAND BUREAU,
 11 KING ST. W., TORONTO.

N. P. CHANEY

FEATHER RENOVATOR
 PATENTED RESSOLD
 257 137
 1870

230 KING-ST. E., TORONTO.

BRUCE THE PHOTO.

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

2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can
 so beautifully counterfeit nature.
 STUDIO—118 King Street West.

RAIL COAL. LOWEST RATES A. & S. NAIRN Toronto.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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J. W. HENGOUGH : : : : : Editor.
FRED. SWINE, B.A. : : : : : 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.

OUR RULE.

We invariably give due credit to all selections and outside contributions appearing in GRIP. Those not so credited are our own productions, though we are sometimes half ashamed to own to the fact.

TO WOULD BE CORRESPONDENTS.

AJAX JR.—Hardly : style played out.

JESSE, Peterborough.—Your sketch is one of the funniest things that has been sent to GRIP for a long time, and Tom Hood, who is its author, not you, doubtless thought it pretty humorous.

JAMES G., Sarnia.—His name was Chaucer, an English poet. He is dead.

J. B. G.—Send something a little less "flesh'y" next time.

NOTICE.

Our attention is called to the figures given in Rowell's Newspaper Directory regarding 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 printed by fully 50,000 reuters every week. Even long advertisers will do well to take notice of these facts.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON—Sir Leonard Tilley has increased the duty on agricultural implements, a measure which meets with peculiar disfavor from all parties in the North-West. In doing this, the Finance Minister may have benefited the Ontario manufacturers, but he has unquestionably "sat on" the struggling settlers of the Prairie Province.

FIRST PAGE—The hero of Mr. Gilbert's ballad of the "Nancy Bell," hitherto thought a whimsical bit of imagination, has found an actual counterpart in the clever Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway—who having, metaphorically, eaten (nearly) all his competitors, can parody the "single joke" of the "weedy and long" old man, as in the legend of our picture.

EIGHTH PAGE—Mr. Hugh J. Macdonald, son of the Premier, and a young gentleman of great personal popularity, was married on Tuesday to Miss Van Koughnet, of this city. We can all heartily echo the congratulations which we attribute to the "old gentleman," and it would be hard to wish anything better for the young couple than that they may always be as happy together as Sir John and the Lib.-Con. Party are.



What makes us think that Lady Florence Dixie really was wounded, is the fact that she refused to have a doctor called in.

What can one expect from a hog but a grunt? What need an inoffensive stranger expect in Petrolia but coal oil? 'Twas ever thus.

Why all this talk about a standing army for Canada? Of course we want a standing army and not one that will run away as soon as the rations begin to play out.

We rise to enquire whether the remark has yet been made that the Czar is liable to dynamitey hurry at any time? If not, we make it; if it has, we sit down again.

The Lorne Rifles, of Halton, are to have a stand of bag-pipes and six pipers for the battalion.—Guelph Mercury. Please, Sir John, will you gerrymander Halton a couple of hundred miles further away?

It is, doubtless, evidence of the Hamilton Tribune's prosperity when that paper appears twice a week double its usual size, but is it not rather queer for a journal that strongly advocates temperance to be seen more than "three sheets in the wind"?

The public must be profoundly impressed by the brotherly love which exists amongst Freemasons as exhibited by the treatment of Messrs. Westlake and Railton at Petrolia, as reported in all the daily papers, whither those gentlemen had gone to organize a lodge of Ontario masons, towards which rival branch of the order the G. L. of Canada bears an affection which it is truly touching to witness.

A barrister enters a dry goods store and after purchasing a few yards of ribbon and a couple of spools of thread, requests that the articles may be sent home, as he "really couldn't carry a great parcel like that round with him," and at five o'clock the same legal luminary may be seen cheerfully taking a blue bag along, containing several pounds of foolscap, a Webster's unabridged, half a dozen law books, an empty flask and a sandwich case, and other articles too numerous to mention, and not so much as a murmur out of him. Strange, isn't it?

An individual writes to us remonstrating with us about our P. K. Boohoo, or Society column, and we are very sad. We only did it to please society people, and here is a person angry with us because he says we mix up society people and jail-birds. What are we to do? It is not we who mix them up; they mix themselves up, and if we state that Mr. So-

and-so entertained his friends at a select party, how are we to know he intends winding up at the police station? How are we to know whether a prominent tradesman is meditating bankruptcy or not? People don't come round and tell us they are going to bust up—that is, not till they've got things settled so that they can start up again, more resplendent than ever, in a few weeks; and if our Society column is a failure we cannot help it. We modeled it on those of other newspapers, and if we can't tell some society people from jail-birds it is not our fault, but because they look so much alike—some of 'em, not all.

The *Arkansas Traveler* need not be angry with us, though at first sight it seems that he has some cause for wrath, but the fact is that (as was intimated when "Touchstone's Talk" was first introduced in GRIP) all, or nearly all, the anecdotes related in that column are gleanings from exchanges; the intimation to that effect was intended to be published in every number of the paper, but was inadvertently omitted after one or two insertions. "Touchstone's Talk," further than the comments on the stories therein told, never professed to be anything but reprints, and when the authorship of any article therein related could be obtained, it has invariably been given. The story which the *Traveler* asserts—and we now know that such was the case—to have originally appeared in its spicy pages, was related to the writer of "Touchstone," as a *bona fide* incident, and was given as such without any attempt at a "work over." We do not wish, for a moment, to strut in borrowed plumes, though some American papers do so at the expense of our feathers, and we must confess that they add greatly to the borrowers' "readableness."

ST. JUDAS' CHURCH AGAIN.

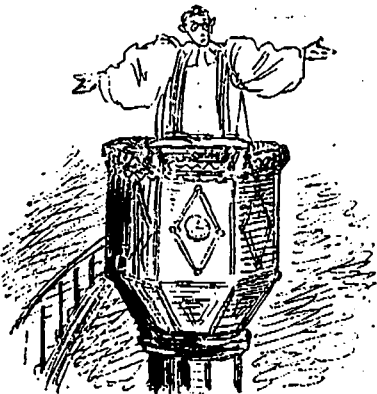
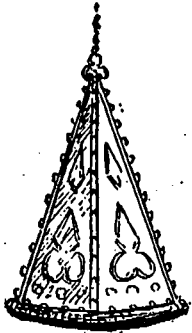
THE REV. L. JINKS RECEIVES A HINT.

"Good morning, Polliwig," I said, as that individual sauntered into my office last Tuesday, and, lighting a cigar, commenced to smoke thoughtfully; so much so, that I saw something was wrong.

"What's up? You look down in the mouth," I continued. "By the way, now you're here, you can tell me about last Sunday morning's performance in that blessed church of St. Judas' of yours. I've not been able to get at the ins and outs of it, but I hear Mr. Jinks is going to resign over it. What was it? You threw a brickbat or something at him in the pulpit, didn't you? If I wasn't afraid of getting a bad name I'd go there some Sunday myself, but it's as much as a fellow's reputation is worth to attend a service at St. Judas' nowadays." "Oh! well," responded Polliwig, "I guess there are plenty of black sheep in that flock already without you joining and making another; I haven't heard anything about Mr. Jinks resigning, but I'm told that the rector insists upon an investigation." "Investigation of what?" I asked, "that brickbat business?" "Oh! brickbat be hanged," replied Polliwig, "it wasn't as bad as that; but if you'll promise to keep mum, I'll tell you just what really did happen."

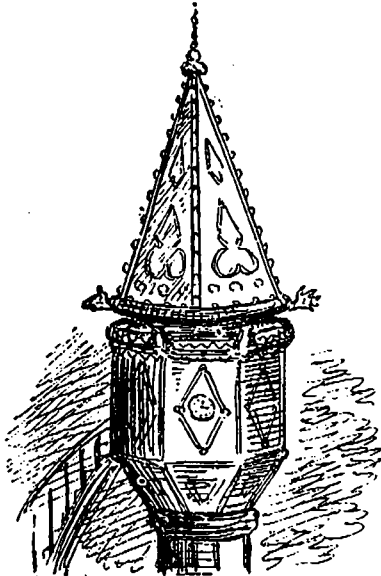
I gave the desired promise, and Polliwig continued: "You've been in St. Judas' church I suppose? well, you know it's a terribly old fashioned affair,—that is—the architectural style, you know, and when they restored and modernized some of it three years ago, they didn't touch two-thirds of it, and the pulpit is just like they used to have in England about the time that Cæsar landed there and shot Harold in the eye at the battle of Hastings." "But, Polliwig," I interrupted, "Cæsar—" "Oh! what's the odds?" he continued, "never mind the date; it's a mighty old style, anyhow, and you know what it looks like,—"

looked like, I should say,—before last Sunday, for the rector has had the top removed. You know there was a great high wooden affair, like a carved oak dunce's cap, or rather, a dunce's cap made of carved oak, only about ten feet high and the width of the pulpit at the base, hanging right over the pulpit, suspended by a chain. I fancy the ancients imagined it influenced the acoustic business, and gave the parson's voice power. Well, Jinks preached twice since that "man's widow sermon" of his, and we found out that he was a holy terror for long-windedness. Kept straight on for an hour as he'd heard 'em do in that place in Wales, Crmyllt, he comes from. You know we've only been accustomed to twenty minutes at the outside, and we, that is Bender, our bass, and the rest of the choir, determined to give his reverence a hint that a little curtailment would be acceptable. Well, after practice on Saturday night, we told old Jowls that we would put out the lights and look up and so forth, and sent him away: then we got the ladder the painters had left after touching up the ceilings, and unhooked the great oaken arrangement over the pulpit, but left it hanging in the same place attached to a cord, which we carried along the ceiling, down behind one of the pillars and brought the other end into the choir, see? Nobody could see any change and we kept the cord pretty well out of sight, though of course it was as plain as a pikestaff along the ceiling if anyone had thought of looking. By this arrangement we could lower the cover, or whatever you call it,—it resembles an old fashioned bed-room candle-extinguisher on a gigantic scale as much as anything,—just as we pleased; and so we left it for the night. Well, next morning, Sunday, Mr. Jinks mounted the pulpit, sermon in hand, just as the hands of the clock in front of the pulpit pointed to twenty-five minutes past twelve, and we agreed among ourselves to let him preach till one, sharp, but if he showed no signs of stopping then to—well, just what we did.



He's got over a good deal of his nervousness now and he was getting along at a great rate, but as the hands of the clock drew near to one

another, he didn't show the least signs of letting up; in fact he'd divided his discourse into nine heads—regular old style—and at five minutes to one he had only drawn the cork out of fourthly, so we knew what was in store for us unless we gave him a reminder. I looked at Bender, and I saw he was fumbling with the end of the cord, and by Jingo! I began to feel rather queer, and as if I wanted to go back on the whole scheme: but Miss Highsee and the whole crowd in the choir knew about the affair and I didn't want to be weak-kneed at the last moment, so I got hold of the rope too, and just as the reverend gentleman was in the midst of a burst of eloquence—for him—the clock struck one, and we let the rope slip pretty quickly through our hands,—quicker than we intended, for we were mighty nervous,—and down came that extinguisher with a run: well, I tell you, it cut off that stream of eloquence like a shot; the rector sprang up from his seat in the chancel like a flash, at the sudden disappearance of his clerical assistant, for all you could see of Jinks was his two arms from the elbows down stuck out on each side of the pulpit, like two bits of cold tallow when a candle's put out.



Old Jowls came rushing out of the vestry on hearing the clash, and the rector tore away up the pulpit stairs, and two of the churchwardens scampered up the aisle, a couple of ladies fainted, and Bender and I felt suddenly indisposed and slunk out of church, but I hear it took 'em nearly ten minutes to extricate his reverence, the curate, and when he did emerge, he was nearly suffocated from fright and want of air. "Well, I tell you," remarked, when Polliwog finished his recital, "that's a pretty serious thing. What are you going to do about it?" "I dunno, I'm sure," answered the tenor, "I'm afraid it'll bust up the choir at St. Judas', and that'll be too bad, just as we're getting along so well." "So well!" I repeated, "if there ever was a scandalous piece of business that choir at St. Jud—hold on, Polliwog," but he was off, and I saw the rector and Mr. Jinks pass half a minute later engaged in a very serious conversation which I surmised to bode no good for Messrs. Polliwog, Bender and the choir of St. Judas'.

The "course of true love" traced by letters in a breach of promise suit in New York ran in this manner: "My Darling Benny," "My own darling Benny," "My own dearest darling," "My own darling Love," "My darling Ben," "Friend Ben." And all was over.—*Ex.*

TWO DIARIES.

THE DOOK AND THE PEASANT.

No. I.

That of a very exalted personage—a dook or something.

Feb. 23.—Sprained my knee. Called in Dr. Mollycoddle, F.R.C.P. etc., etc. Shook his head gravely. "Ligamentum patelle seriously strained," he said, "danger of fluor underneath the patella."

Feb. 24.—Mollycoddle telegraphed for Sir James Flute, M.D., etc., etc. "Your Grace will be laid up for several weeks. We must be careful." Leeches, blisters, low diet.

Feb. 25.—More leeches, blisters, and diet still further lowered. Sir James and Mollycoddle thought it might be prudent to call in M. le docteur Tibbe de Fibule, the eminent French surgeon, for consultation. Three learned heads gravely shaken. "Be confined to his bed for six weeks at least." Poultices, hot fomentations, low diet.

Feb. 26 to March 15.—Getting worse. Can't walk. Physicians and surgeons talk of amputation at hip joint. "Operation magnifique," says M. le docteur de Fibule, extending his hands and shrugging his shoulders. Diet a little more generous to get me in trim for operation.

March 16.—Happened to hear that Giles, my under gardener, sprained his knee a week ago sent for him. He came. Asked him what he did for his sprained knee; said his missus had kep' a dairy of the treatment for futur' reference. Ordered him to fetch it. Here it is

No. II.

That of Giles, under gardener to the Dook, or something.

March 10.—My old man sprained his knee. Held un under poop for an hour. Made un lie quiet all day.

March 11.—pumped on t'old man's knee for a hour. nigh well. let un walk wiv a stick. give un a kowlin draff.

March 12.—old man's knee wel and he a workin'.

No. I again.

The Dook's, continued.

March 17.—Tried Giles' plan. Sat with leg under spout for an hour. Swelling going down. Hurrah!

March 18.—Told Drs. Mollycoddle, Flute and de Fibule to go to where the fire is not quenched. They went—somewhere, but sent in their bills. Total, £4,025. Stuck to the cold water.

March 19.—Well, but weak. Wish I wasn't a Dook.



Mr. and Mrs. Florence form the attraction at the Grand just now, appearing in "The Mighty Dollar," "Dombey and Son," and "Ticket-of-Leave Man." Florence's "Bardwell Slote" is one of the best things on the stage as a specimen of American comedy, and the same may be said of Mrs. Florence's "Mrs. Giffory." Don't miss the chance of seeing these great artists

A lad crawled into a sugar hogshead, and the first exclamation was, "Oh, for a thousand tongues." —*Ex.*



ON EARTH PEACE AND GOOD WILL.

1st CITIZEN.—"GOOD GRACIOUS! OLD FELLOW! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO? OR ARE YOU GOING TO THE CZAR'S CORONATION, OR WHAT?"
 and CITIZEN.—"OH! I'M NOT ARRESTED: IT'S ALL RIGHT- I'M ONLY GOING UP TO PETROLIA TO ORGANIZE A LODGE OF ONTARIO MASONS."

P. K. BOOHOO.

FLUTTERINGS IN SOCIETY CIRCLES.



The Dum-mer Street Literary and Philosophical Society gave a brilliant entertainment on Tuesday evening last. At the conclusion of the

feast of reason and flow of soul, an extempore Terpsichorean hoo-down was organized, at which Miss Kathleen O'Slatthey won vociferous plaudits for her inimitable manner of "thrashin' the flure." Col. Denison held a levee on the following morning at which a large number of participants in the D. S. L. & P. S. festivities were presented to His Worship.

Mrs. Martha Malone of 401 Lombard-St. has parted with her mangle.

The salespersons of the Silver-Gilt Iothysaurus presented Mr. Hunky, the affable floor-walker of the same establishment, with a richly chased and embossed tin bottle of Hair

Restorer on the occasion of his marriage with Miss Sukey de Virago, late head female salesperson at Brigson & Co's. haberdashery.

It is stated in official circles that the Marquis of Lorne is to be appointed viceroy of India. There is no truth in the rumor that ex-Alderman Henderson is to be his successor at Ottawa, and we make the announcement with very much regret.

Miss Smith of Courtenay Avenue called on her friend Miss Amy Joanes de Joanes, of Carlton-St., yesterday afternoon. The respective ages of the two young ladies are four and six months.

Mr. Clarence Mashdedude has discontinued his visits to the paternal mansion of Miss Bustler, since the old gentleman's bull pup has discarded its winter chain.

The off wheel in the rear rank of Master Baxter's perambulator came off on Yonge-St. on Wednesday afternoon last, as that young gentleman was taking his daily carriage exercise. Master Baxter severely sprained his left ligamentum patellæ, and it is the opinion of the three medical men who are in attendance on him, that it will be several months before the sufferer will be able to walk without assistance. As Master Baxter's age is four months and two weeks, it is altogether likely that the physicians are not far astray.

Miss Bridget O'Houlihan has lent her wash tub to Mrs. Shaughnessy of Bismarck Avenue, Yorkville.

An interesting society event came off at the Zoo yesterday, when Madame de Pompadour, the ladylike and accomplished chimpanzee, presented the Zoological Association with a healthy and well-formed son, who gives every evidence, so far as can be judged at present, of becoming an exceedingly able and fascinating Dude.

Mother and son are both doing well. We hear that the Society editor of the *News* is very much chagrined that we scooped him on this item.

GRIP'S FABLES.

THE STUPID M.P.

Once upon a time there was a Member of Parliament, and though he used to Attend regularly when Parliament was in Session, he never opened his Mouth to speak, for he was by no means a Brilliant man, for Brilliancy though an Absolute Essential in a Civic Alderman, is not altogether In-dis-pen-sa-ble in a Member of Parliament. If it was, my Dears, would not there be a large number of Empty Seats in the House? Clap your Hands, now, for this is nearly a Joke. But this Member was not Brilliant, Intellectually speaking, though he had the Good Sense to keep his Mouth Shut. It is true that he once Enjoyed a meteor-like Flash of Notoriety from having uttered a Realistic Imitation of the Bray of a Jackass during an Exciting Debate, but the Glory which he gained from this Achievement was but E-van-es-cent, and he soon became unnoticed once more. And his Constituents were wrath, and said that he was Neglecting their Interests, and they shouted aloud, "Go to: make a speech," and the Member was Sore Afraid. And it came to pass that he essayed to speak on some Question, and he was a dead failure, and sat down and groaned in spirit. Then his Constituents said, "Lo! we were wrong, and our Member was right, for though he knew himself that he was an Ass; we knew it not. Let him, therefore, Bray when he gets a Chance, for therein is his Success; but as an Orator he does more Harm than Good.

MORAL.

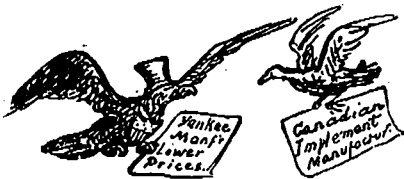
Nature has a purpose in all things, and when she made a Man an Ass she did not intend him to Speak but to Bray.

When a man is carrying home a dozen eggs in a paper bag, and one of them slips out on the pavement, he never stops to pick it up. In the hurly burly of this life, one egg is a very small matter.—*Ex.*

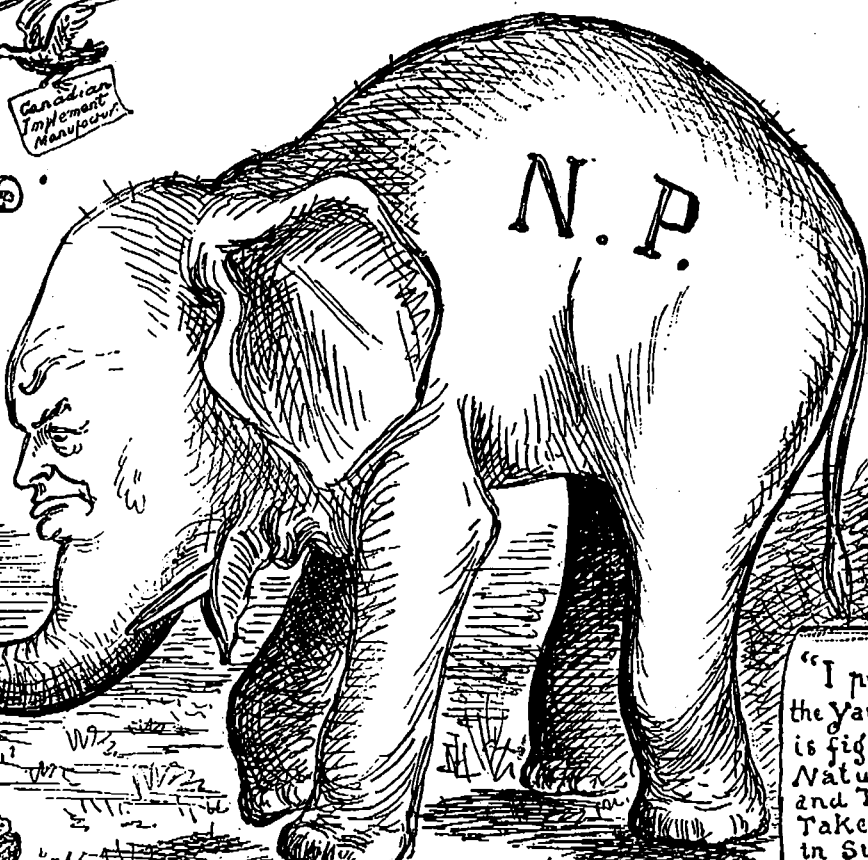


SENSIBLE.

"Is that a River, Ma?"
 "No, my child, it is the Leading Thoroughfare of this City."
 "That man who is lying on his Face—is he taking a Swim?"
 "No, my boy, he has just taken a Tumble."
 "Why does he not Get Up?"
 "Because he has got up so often that he thinks he can make as good Progress where he is."—*Winnipeg Times*



A Maternal Elephant, having come across a Nest of Tender Prairie Chickens that were Crying out for Agricultural Implements, said:



"I perceive that the Yankee Eagle is fighting your Natural Mother and Trying to Take Her place in Supplying your wants. I must Protect your Mother in Her Rights."

So saying, the Elephant Sat Down on the Nest.



Agricultural Implements. DUTY Raised from 20% to 35% per ad val.

A FABLE OF PROTECTION.

See Winnipeg Times. (Con.)



"So the world wags."

Oscar Wilde has written a play, and a great success is predicted for it on all hands, a prediction which, I am inclined to think, will be fulfilled, for with all his eccentricities, real or affected, O. W. is no fool. I admire Mr. Wilde's poetry, and there is something Oscar Wildeish about the following, though the apostle of Aestheticism didn't write it, nor do I know who did, — I didn't. It is bosh, and it was intended to be bosh, but it is pretty bosh, and a long way ahead of what is set before the public as sensible poetry. Whisht!

HER LIGHT GUITAR.

She twangled a tune on her light guitar,
A low, sweet jangle of tangled sounds,
As blurred as the voices of fairies are,
Dancing in moon-dawn dales and downs;
And the tinkling drip of the strange refrain,
Nan o'er the rim of my soul like rain.

The great blonde moon in the midnight skies
Paused and poised o'er the trellis eaves,
And the stars, in the light of her upturned eyes,
Sifted their love through the rifted leaves.
Glinted and splintered in crystal mist
Down the glittering string that her fingers kissed.

O, the melody mad! O, the tinkle and thrill!
Of the ecstasy of the exquisite thing!
The red rose dropped from the window sill
And lay in a long swoon quivering;
While the dying notes of the strain divine,
Rippled in glee up my spell-bound spine.

* *

"Spring, spring, beauti— pardon; I do not mean it. I repeat; but merely wished to remark that the following is a spring poem. Edgar Allan Poe is responsible for it, for had he never written his beautiful 'Bells,' the villainous parody would never have seen light, but the beauty of the former amply atones for the hideousness of the latter. Peruse, then, one of the

SIGNS OF SPRING.

Hear the organ with a crank—
Crooked crank!
What a world of measly melody its man and monkey yank!
How it jingles, jingles, jingles,
In th' affrighted air of noon,
While the startled heaven tingles,
And the dog's bark madly mingles
Like the laughter of a loon!
"Ting-a-ling-a-ling, tum tum,"
Drones the dreary, dreadful hum
Of the clinking caterwaulings that so copiously clank,
From the crank, crank, crank, crank,
Crank, crank, crank—
From the shrieking and the creaking of the crank!
—N. F. Commercial.

* *

The old world funny people object to the exaggeration made use of by their brethren on this side of the ocean in constructing a yarn; too much of it is objectional, but a little, just sufficient to give a spice to the article, is palatable. Certainly something was required to make anyone swallow such

A TOUGH STEAK.

A waiter in a Fulton-street dining-saloon placed a sirloin steak in front of a gentleman on Friday. "That's the toughest piece of

meat I ever tackled," exclaimed the man, as he put the ice water pitcher out of the reach of his right elbow, "and General Grant made me eat mule meat off the hind legs in Vicksburg in '63.

The man, seeing that it was useless to try to make an impression on the steak with the knife, sat back in his chair exhausted. After musing a few moments he called the waiter and asked if there was another steak in the place like the one he had before him. He received an answer in the affirmative.

"Bring it right here and two brick bats with it; reckon I'll try a Honolulu sandwich."

"What's dat, sah?"

"Goolong and get me another steak."

The waiter obeyed, and the man took a newspaper from his pocket, wrapped the steak up in it, and went to the cashier's desk with a cheque for 60 cents.

"Going to catch a train, eh?" exclaimed the cashier, "and haven't time to eat here, eh?"

"No," replied the man, "not exactly. You see, I arrived in New York from New Orleans last week, and the baggage smashers knocked the hinges from my trunk. I am going to replace them with these steaks, and I'll bet \$50 that when my trunk gets back to New Orleans there won't be a fibre of my new patent hinges stretched. I'll get square with those baggage mashers even if I do lose a square meal."—*New York World.*

VALLEY DE SHAM,

ON HIS BRETHERN OF THE OTHER SERVICES.

DEAR SIR,—You've bin and put your foot in it and no mistake by that peace in larst weak's paper about cockads in servants' hats. I've the honner to be gentleman's gentleman (plane close; no uniform) to Capting Monte Miscue, and hif you'd seen the expreshn of his countenance wen he red yure remark you'd a thort he was about to 'ave a fit. His feachures become axshally gashly, for you know in England it is honly the coach and footmen of horficers, retired and otherwis, of the Harny and Navy as is allowed to wear cockads, and betwene you an' me, thoa my marster was wonst in the former branch of the Suvvice, his manner of leaving the same wudn't have the closest investigashn, and wen he took up GRIP and his ise fell on that *Crook*, as you calls it, my word, but he thort you was agoin to make some remark about some of them in Canady as was formerly horficers in the Harny, hand who ashooms considrable hairs in corsekwens, but a good many of 'em is most friteful shy about givin of the number of thire former regiments, or in fact of hackshly saying why they was rekwested to send in thare papers, as a good many of 'em was, thoa I make no reflexhns wotsomever, and am proud to be hable to testify to the numbers of 'em as has been gallant horficers with spotless exgudgeons, so to speak; but it corse me hagnics of pashu to see fellers who ave been *competed* to leave suvvice, affeck to despise us, as is only members of a branch of another suvvice (and in some famblys the uniform—it makes me fele faint to here the word "livery" monshnd, is rely igstremely *com eel fo*), but who has no *back rekord* to be ashamed of.

My clars, that is, the gentlemen's gentlemen, is not verry numerous in this unfortnit country, but the *hother clars* to whom I refer is, I can asshure you, unkimmon kimmon.

Fathefully Yures,
VALLEY DE SHAM.

[We think "Vally de Sham" is wrong in some points, and that very few retired officers, now living in Canada, left the Service "under a cloud." Of course there are one or two who did, but what has all this got to do with funkey's cockades, anyhow?—ED.]

"Brown and his wife appear to be a remarkably happy couple," said Fenderson, who had been watching the Browns, who sat on a sofa on the other side of the room. "H'm," grunted Fogg, "it is all very well now that they are in public; if you should see them alone once, perhaps, you wouldn't think them so happy." "Oh, but I have seen them alone," cried Fenderson, "both of them; and, if anything, they seemed happier than when they are together."—*Ex.*

Young, middle-aged, or old men, sufferin from nervous debility or kindred affections' should address, with two stamps, for large treatise, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Scotch minister: "John, John, I'm afraid you are on the broad road." Inebriated parishioner: "Wool, minister, as far as I'm concerned the breadth is a' required."—*Ex.*

It has become a household maxim in Canada that Dr. Malcolm's system of treating pulmonary diseases by inhaling vaporized medicines, has deprived those diseases of much of the terror with which they were formerly contemplated. Book mailed free.

TENDERS FOR COAL

FOR THE

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF ONTARIO, 1883.

The Treasurer of the Province of Ontario will receive tenders, addressed to him at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and endorsed "Tenders for Coal," up to noon of

Tuesday, 15th May, 1883,

for the delivery of the following quantities of coal in the sheds of the institutions named (except as regards the Asylum for Idiots, Orillia, where delivery is to be effected at the Midland Railway Station), on or before 1st July, 1883, viz.:

Asylum for the Insane, Toronto.

Hard coal—400 tons large egg size, 175 tons stove size.
Soft coal—400 tons.

Central Prison, Toronto.

Hard coal—26 tons chestnut size, 74 tons stove size.
Soft coal—500 tons.

Reformatory for Females, Toronto.

Hard coal—100 tons stove size. Soft coal—500 tons.

Asylum for the Insane, London.

Hard coal—220 tons egg size, 70 tons chestnut size.
Soft coal—1,650 tons.

Asylum of the Insane, Kingston.

Hard coal—250 tons small egg. Soft coal—1,400 tons.

Asylum for the Insane, Hamilton.

Hard coal—88 tons stove size, 26 tons chestnut size.
Soft coal—1,125 tons for steam purposes, and 75 tons for grates. N. B.—200 tons of the steam coal to be delivered at the pumping house.

Asylum for Idiots, Orillia.

Hard coal—85 tons stove size.

Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

Hard coal—65 tons large egg size, 25 tons stove size.
Soft coal—650 tons.

Institution for the Blind, Brantford.

Hard coal—450 tons egg size, 150 tons stove size, 10 tons chestnut size. Soft coal—10 tons for grates.

Agricultural College, Guelph.

Hard coal—300 tons large egg size, 25 tons stove size.
Soft coal—125 tons for steam, 20 tons for grates.

The hard coal to be Pittston, Scranton, or Lehigh. Tenderers are to name the mine or mines from which it is proposed to take the soft coal, and to designate the quality of the same, and, if required, to produce satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name. All coal to be delivered in a manner satisfactory to the authorities of the respective institutions.

Tenders will be received for the whole supply specified, or for the quantities required in each institution. An accepted cheque for \$500, payable to the order of the Treasurer of Ontario, must accompany each tender as a guarantee of its *bona fides*, and two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract.

Specifications and forms and conditions of tender are to be obtained from the Bursars of the institutions. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

S. C. WOOD,
Treasurer of Ontario.

Parliament Buildings,
Toronto, 24th April, 1883.



A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

Although the month was April, the cheerful blaze of a small coal fire was not at all unwelcome to me as I sat one evening at that hour known as "blindman's holiday," and watched the strange fantastic figures conjured into existence, amongst the glowing embers, by the efforts of my imagination. I know not now whether I dropped asleep or not. If I did, what I saw had so strong and vivid an appearance of reality, that I can scarcely persuade myself that it was otherwise, but it seemed to me that, as I sat and gazed into the lights and shadows of my fire, I was conscious of a Presence in the room by my side. I turned my head, and there, in the uncertain light, beheld the strangest, quaintest old figure that I have ever seen. It was that of an old man, so old that I could not give the faintest guess as to what his age might be. Leaning on a crooked black-oaken staff, of an age apparently as great as that of the fantastic being himself, he stood, bent nearly double with the weight of an immensity of years, and stretched forth his disengaged hand towards the fire as though eager to diffuse some heat through his aged and decrepid frame. His hair hung in long, snowy-white elfin locks far below his waist, and a bead of the same wintry hue drooped in vast, unkempt masses, till the end nearly swept the floor.

"What mystic visitant is this?" I muttered, in low, scarcely audible tones; but low as they were my visitor heard them, and turning his eyes, full upon me, he uttered the monosyllable "Ha!"

There is nothing peculiarly awful of itself in the ejaculation, "ha!" but the manner in which it was exploded caused me to start and quiver with a sensation of guilty terror, and, with a feeling of "creepiness," I mustered courage to enquire who the gentleman might be, and to what I was indebted for the honor of his visit. "You are a newspaper man?" he asked. I admitted the gentle impeachment. "You are one of my most ruthless persecutors," he continued; "I am old, old, old, so old that I know not how many years ago I was born; nigh a thousand, nigh a thousand," he went on, in his shrill, quavering voice, "and yet you will not let me be; I want to rest, but you drag me forth into publicity, you and your tribe, and I know not what quiet is. Shameful, shameful, and me so old, so very, very old; ah!"

I enquired what I had done to offend him, and who my weird guest might be? "You know me, and my purpose in calling on you was to implore you to let me go my way in peace and be no more harrassed by you." "If I have annoyed you, good sir, then, marry am I sorry for it," I replied, unconsciously using the style of speech which seemed in accord with that in vogue in my visitor's youthful

days, "I fackins an' I have done thee a grievous wrong, then by my halidome do I repent me thereof, grammerey." "'Tis well," answered the old man, "and you will torment me no more then thou?" "I will not," I said, "but who art thou?" "I am a—yes, know it, young man—I am a Joke about a Mule," and as he spoke, the old, old man became gradually invisible till nothing remained to mark the spot where he had stood.

I do not drink.

I WAS THERE.

Although the last couple of nights have been as dark as hades, not a single street lamp was lit, and it was with difficulty that pedestrians could make their way through the mud, drizzly rain and total darkness.—*World*, 19th April.

I was lost in the streets of the slumbering city,
The night black as Erebus, rain pouring down.
Truly I wandered an object for pity,
Lost in the streets of Toronto's dark town.

The streets had been scraped; on each side near the gutter

The mud had been piled up so oozy and soft,
It's consistency that of bad midsummer butter,
I've reason to know, for I fell in it oft.

No sound broke the silence save off in the distance
A low, dreamy murmur on the stillness came pouring;
"Tis a peeler!" I said, "who thus proves his existence,
That sound that I hear is his sonolent snoring.

Help! help!" then I cried, in tones fattering and shrinking,

But they speedily woke up the blue coated boys,
Who seized me, exclaiming, "Are yez dhrunk? ye've
been dhrinkin',
And I'll have yez arristed for making a noise."

Aloud I protested, but things were against me,
I had fallen, my nose poured fourth volumes of blood;
"I can see," said the peeler, "as ye stand there for
ninst me,
Ye're dhrunk, ye've been rowlin' about in the mud."

"'Tis the gaspeople's fault," I exclaimed in my terror,
The streets are so dark I've mistaken my way,
Or else 'tis fair Luna who must be in error,"
"Ye're lunny yerself," did the bad bobby say.

But at length I persuaded that minion of justice
That I was as sober as he was, by jingo!
And my eloquence tempted the peeler to lust his
New Year's resolutions with a drop of old stingo.

Just to keep out the damp, and he faithfully guided
My steps in the path which led on to my home;
And if any should suffer at night just as I did,
They wont often be tempted belated to roam.

Now who is to blame for this sad state of matters
Which drapes all the streets with Plutonian palls.
When a man gets adrift, in the mud falls and batters
His face, and his pans get all torn in his falls?

Shine forth, then, ye gas lamps, shine forth as I wander,
Let the traveller nocturnal be shown where he goes;
Let the peeler sleep on, making soft muffled thunder
Go forth on the night from his sonolent nose.
Light up!

Asked a traveller in the Orient of a Pasha:
"Is the Turkish civil service like ours? Are
there retiring allowances and pensions, for instance?"
"My illustrious friend, and joy of
my liver," replied the Pasha, "Allah is great,
and the public functionary who stands in need
of a retiring allowance when his term of office
expires is an ass! I have spoken."—*Ex.*

"Doan' judge de value ob a man by de
width of de swath he cuts frew de meadow o'
life," says uncle Mose. "A saw log worf two
dollars outs a wider road dan de keeridge ob
de President, an' it wants just as much room
to tear down an old tannery as it does to erect
a nashunal bank."—*Ex.*

O, see the young girl,
In beauty rare,
Sans kink, sans curl,
Banging her hair!
And hear the young man,
At the piano there,
Hard as he can—
Banging his air.
A young mother stands,
Oppressed with care,
With slipper in hands—
Banging her heir!—*Ex.*

THE DUDEY AND THE GIRLS.

AIR—"The Magnet and the Churn."

A Dude was employed as a tailor's 'ud',
And supplied with clothes and a big chest pad;
With butter-hole geranium and glass in his eye,
He oiled the girls as they passed him by.
But, though for the girls he felt a whim,
They felt not the least of the same for him;
And they said, as they watched his antics rude,
"Is this that thing that they call a Dude?"

They call a Dude,
They call a Dude,
That piece of imbecility, lacking in virility
They call a Dude;
Then, back to his hash us, when he tries to mash us
We'll drive this loathsome Dude."

Three girls passed by on the side of the street,
With bewitching eyes and pretty little feet,
And the Dude gave a wink with his sinister eye,
And smiled on the girls as they passed him by.
But, though he imagined he had made a mash,
The sequel proved his conclusions rash,
For the maidens three faced sharp about,
And with parasol handles they laid him out;

They laid him out,
They laid him out;
Their superfluity of female ingenuity
Fore a plan which laid him out;
They belabored his cranium and smashed his geranium,
And completely laid him out.

Now, Dudes, be convinced, 'ere the day's too late,
Girls don't admire a man with a hair-banged pate;
With scented *mouchoir* and with wasp-like waist,
Such beings are but little to a true girl's taste;
She likes to see a man with a good big chest,
Not puffed and padded with a patent vest,
What makes girls angry with you Dудey cads
Is the lavish use that you make of pads,

You make of pads,
You make of pads,
Those painfully numerous for filling out the *humerus*
Things we know as pads;
By no endeavor can a Dудey ever
Find favor with a girl by pads.

Amateur artist (to the carrier): "Did you
see my picture safely delivered at the Academy?"
Carrier: "Yes, sir, and mighty
pleased they seemed to be with it—leastways,
if one may judge, sir. They didn't say no-
thin'—but lor', how they did laugh!"—*Ex.*

How to tell chalk from cheese: Endeavor
to make cheese out of some Toronto milk.
—*Ex.*

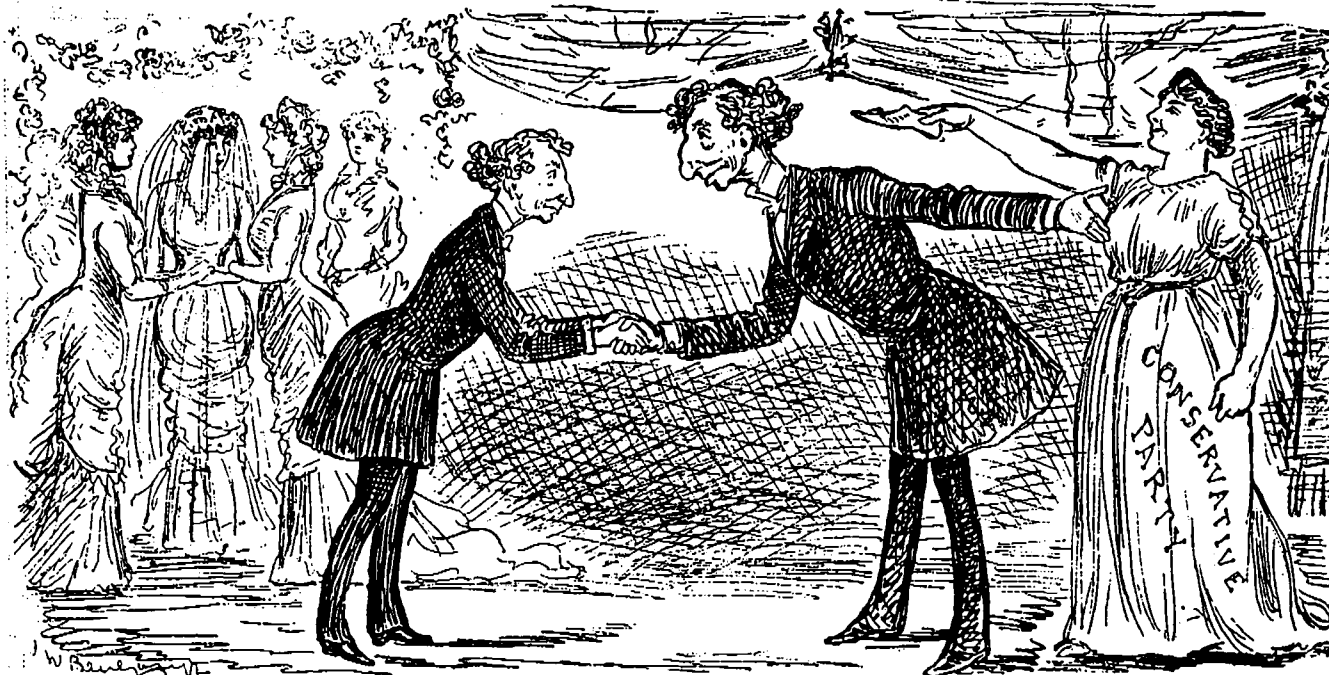


OVERHEARD CONVERSATION

IN THE ZOO.

LITTLE GIRL—"Oh! mamma, mamma, are
those what we read about in the papers. Are
those Dudes?"

MAMMA—"Hush, my dear, don't insult the
oor monkeys; they are as nature made them."



A GOVERNMENT ACT WE ALL ENDORSE.

SIR JOHN:—A THOUSAND CONGRATULATIONS, HUGH, AND MAY YOU EVER BE AS HAPPY AS W'E ARE

SPRING BEDS.



We are now manufacturing the largest line of Spring Mattresses in the Dominion, comprising the Woven Wire (three grades), Spiral Spring and Slat Mattresses in styles and prices to suit all classes. A trial of our goods will convince that they are what we represent them, and also save you from 40 to 60 per cent. We put no material in our mattresses but the very best that can be had, and give you good value for your money.

For Sale by all Furniture Dealers.

R. THORNE & CO., 11 & 13 Queen St. E., Toronto.

Motto of the rural editor: *Aut scissors, aut nullus.*—*Judge.*

General Debility and Liver Complaint

R. V. PIERCE, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.: *Dear Sir*—My wife has been taking your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pellets" for her liver and general debility, and has found them to be good medicines, and would recommend them to all sufferers from Liver Complaint, Sour Stomach, and General Debility. Yours fraternally, N. E. HARMON, Pastor M. E. Church, Elsie, Ill.

A cruel husband calls his wife "green fruit," because she never agrees with him.—*Ex.*

BEDRIDDEN AND CURED.

W. E. HUESTIS, of Emporia, Kansas, says that his wife had been sick nearly seven years, and for the last four months bed-ridden. She has been treated by a number of physicians, and only grew worse. Her attention was called to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription," which she commenced using. In one week she could sit up, and in three weeks could walk about. By druggists.

During a recent visit to Brighton, Sarah Bernhardt laid down on the beach dressed in white, when she was brusquely awakened from her reverie by a washerwoman, who picked her up, having mistaken her for a bath towel laid out to dry.—*Ex.*

NOW OPEN.

AT 11 KING ST. WEST.

Physical Culture and Exercise.

Rooms for Clergymen, Lawyers, Students and Clerks.

A. CUMBERTSON, INSTRUCTOR.

Apparatus consists of Home Gymnasium, Clubs, Dumb Bells, &c. Hours 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Please call in.

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD.

THE Domestic Sewing Machine

A. W. BRAIN,

SOLE AGENT Also Repairer of all kinds of Sewing Machines. Needles, Parts and Attachments for Sale.

7 Adelaide-st. East, TORONTO.

"I am a native American citizen, born in this country," said Mr. Muldoon, at a recent political gathering, "and if ye disbelieve it, come around home, and I will show ye me naturalization papers."—*The Judge.*



DR. E. C. 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 Spermatorrhœa, 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.

The reasons why the surgeons of the International Throat and Lung Institute, 173 Church street, Toronto, are making so many wonderful cures of catarrh, catarrhal deafness, bronchitis, asthma and consumption are: They have none but skilled and qualified medical men connected with the institute. They adhere strictly to their specialty, and they use the spirometer invented by M. Souvielle, ex-aide surgeon of the French army, an instrument which conveys the medicines in the form of cold inhalations to the parts diseased, which is the only way these diseases can be cured. They are treating hundreds of patients every month, having twelve surgeons engaged in their work in Canada alone. Send a three cent stamp for a copy of their International News, published monthly at 173 Church street, Toronto.

A. W. SPAULDING, DENTIST,

51 King Street East, (Nearly opposite Toronto St.) TORONTO, Uses the utmost care to avoid all unnecessary pain, and to render tedious operations as brief and pleasant as possible. All work registered and warranted.