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No. 17.

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J. W. BENGOUGH, S. J. MOORE,
Editor & Artist. Manager.

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

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"Grip" Printing and Publishing Co.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The tone of assurance
in which the *Globe* announces the intention of
the Government to bring on the general elec-
tion immediately after the present session, con-
vinces us that its "unquestionable authority"
for the statement can be no other than the
Premier himself. Indeed the *Globe* itself de-
clares that in making the announcement it has
done the work of a regular government organ.
The *Mail* would have a right to feel cut had
Sir John seen fit to make his confidential com-
munication to a paper belonging to the Op-
position, but as it is there is no cause for com-
plaint, as the *Globe* some time ago declared
itself to be the organ of no party. The Premier
deserves credit for using the Independent press
on great State occasions like this—that is if he
did really authorize Mr. Brown's paper to make
the announcement.

FRONT PAGE.—For appropriate comments on
the subject of "Spring Openings" our readers
are referred to the ladies who do the shopping
this month, and for ornamental variations on
their comments, apply to the heads of the
households who furnish the purses.

FIFTH PAGE.—This cartoon, which we copy
from London *Funny Folks*, sets forth the
Closure question exactly. Gladstone's measure
is intended to "smooth the way," and the
state of the road makes it absolutely necessary.
No amount of howling and yelling on the part
of the "dogged" Opposition will make the
country believe the traction engine to be a
foreign monster.

**Grip Printing and Publishing
Company.**

The inaugural meeting of the Board of
Directors of this Company was held on Tues-
day, the 7th inst., for the organization of the
Company. The charter of incorporation, granted
under the Joint Stock Companies' Act, was
read. The Directors were all present, namely,
J. L. Morrison, Geo. Clarke, J. W. Bengough, S.
J. Moore, and Thomas Bengough. Mr. Morri-
son was elected President and Mr. Moore sec-
retary of the Provisional Board. A number of
By-laws regulating the affairs of the Company
were adopted, and arrangements were made for
taking over the business of Messrs. Bengough,
Moore & Bengough. The Secretary reported
that stock to the amount of nearly \$28,000 had
been subscribed, and it was decided to make
calls according to terms of prospectus. Mr. J.
W. Bengough was appointed editor of *Grip*,
with sole literary and artistic control of the
paper. Mr. Moore was appointed Manager,
and the Quebec Bank, Bankers for the Com-
pany.

The first annual general meeting of the
shareholders will be held in Toronto, on Friday,
21st of April next, timely notice of which will
be given through the press.



A "SOFT MONEY" FABLE.

One day as an able Finance Minister was
walking abroad, he came across a poor man
who was laboring upon a public work.

"Well, William" said the Minister in a pleas-
ant voice, "and how are you getting along?"

"I am doing good solid work, sir," replied
William, "every stroke of my pick enriches the
country."

"True," responded the Finance Minister,
"and I hope it is also enriching yourself."

"Well, sir, I regret to say it is not," replied
William sadly. "I was paid my wages for last
month in bank bills, and on presenting them to
my grocer, I was informed that the bank had
just broken, so that I lost all my wages, though
the country received the full results of my
labor."

"That was very sad indeed!" remarked the
Finance Minister, with deep sympathy. "Let
us hope you will have better luck next month!"

"Thank you, sir," responded William "but
it would suit me still better if you made some
arrangement by which labor would be paid for
in some medium more sure and certain than
bank notes. What's the reason I couldn't be
paid in Dominion notes, with the security of the
whole country to back them?"

The Finance Minister looked very thoughtful
indeed, and walked slowly away without answer-
ing the question.



A far greater audience would have assembled
at the Grand Opera House on the occasion of
Mrs. Owen Flint's entertainment, if the music-
loving citizens of Toronto had been familiar
with the name of Miss Nora Clench, which in
the advertisements was modestly given in sub-
dued type. This young lady—or rather little
girl, for she is only about thirteen years of age,
is a marvellous performer on the violin. She
is a daughter of Mr. Clench, barrister, of St.
Marys, who is himself a good violinist. Miss
Nora has had the advantage of tuition under
some of the best teachers available, amongst
them being Remenyi, who is enthusiastically
proud of her genius, and considers her an or-
nament to the Dominion. Her playing is dis-
tinguished for purity and depth of feeling, and
has a large measure of that peculiar quality
which marks the performance of the great Hun-
garian violinist. We hope this gifted young
Canadian may visit Toronto again shortly,
when we feel sure she will receive a welcome
such as she deserves.

At the Royal, Mr. Herndon and Company
are playing a round of popular pieces, amongst
them being *Rip Van Winkle* and *Touffles*. The
audiences have not been so large as the perfor-
mances deserved, though it is safe to predict a
rousing house for the regular Saturday matinee.

Editor "Passing Show."

Sir,—Don't you think it would be a good
idea for the proprietors of our two Opera
Houses to pool their interests, and give us just
one first-class theatre at popular prices of ad-
mission—say 75c., 50c., and 25c., according to
position. We venture to say it would be mone-
y in the pockets of both gentlemen, and if I mis-
take not it's money they're after.—Yours,
AN OLD STAGER.

Toronto, Mar. 7.

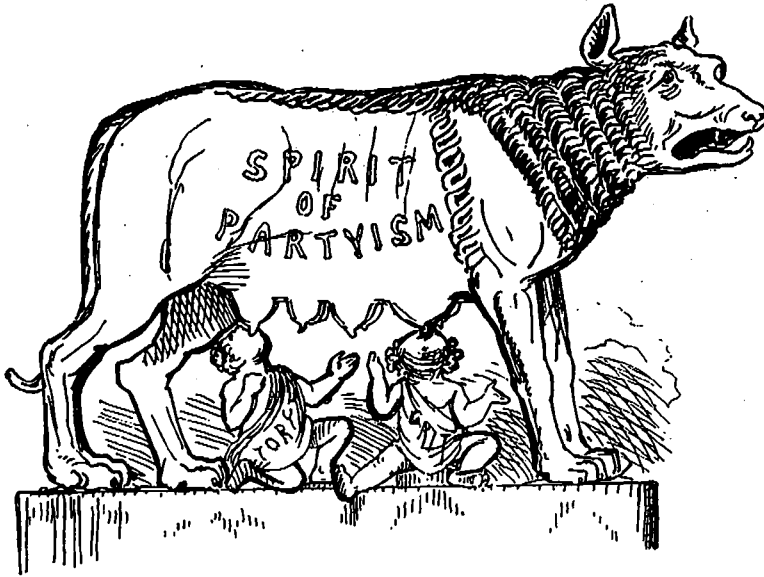
Conceive him if you can.

Professor Daniel Wilson, President of Uni-
versity College, has refused certain young lady
undergraduates of the University admittance
to lectures in the College, on the ground that
it would interfere with the discipline of the
institution. One of these young ladies, an un-
dergraduate of the third year, with high stand-
ing in first-class honours in Classics, has applied
for and been admitted to lectures at Queen's
College, Kingston, whose liberal-minded Prin-
cipal, Dr. Grant, in sympathy with the practice
of some eminent American and German Uni-
versities, sees no very alarming impropriety in
the attendance of young ladies at the regular
lectures of the College.

Conceive him if you can,
This matter of fact old Dan,
With his notions antique,
And his masculine pique,
This girl's bete noir old Dan,
Who won't let them learn,
In our College halls stern,
Because of the awful,
Outrageous, unlawful
Results he can discern,
Of such a modern plan,
This behind the times old Dan,
This very dogmatic, by no means Quixotic,
Not very co-education Dan!

CUBERS.

The offer of \$5,000 to the inventor of a
"humane cattle-car" has brought out 700
models, none of which come up to the mark,
however. What seems to be wanted is a car
carpeted with Wilton, furnished with mirrors,
and roomy enough so that all the old cows can
have lower berths.



ROMULUS AND REMUS, THE POLITICAL TWINS.

(DESIGN FOR A BRAZEN GROUP TYPICAL OF CANADIAN POLITICS PROPOSED TO BE ERRECTED IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE, OTTAWA, BY THE MUNIFICENCE OF MR. GRIP.)

O'Toole on the Boom.

WINNIPIG, MANITOBY, March 1st, '82.

MEATHER GRIP,—Shure an' it's mesilf fales loike shakin' yer fish, me boy, I'm in sich shpirts. "An' f'wath is the raison?" sez ye. Howld yer whisht, an' I'll till ye the sacrit from wan ind to the odther. Shure an' wasn't I in Ould Oireland a few wakes forinist Decimbar, a warruckin' on me bit av a place. But me sowl was put out av me betwane lan' laguers, an' lan' lords, an' that ould divil, Gladshstone. Ye darsent call yer nose yer own fur fare av bein' clapped into some bashlite or anodther. "Bad sorau to it!" sez I to mesilf; "I'll imigrate to some place wher wan kin live dasent an' quite loike." An' shure I made up me moind to go to the Shtates, whin wan day I was in Lim'rick I got howld av a copy av the Markis av Lorne's spache at Winnipig, an' it changed me iday at wance. So I wint home, an' I sez to me wife: "Judy," sez I, "ye'd bether pack up the childer, fur I'm goin' to imigrate to Canada be the nixt shtauer."

"Och, Larry, jewel," sez she, "an' don't go loike a good man. Shure we'll all be drowned in the say, or aten be thim wild cannibals, the Canajins."

"Cannibals!" sez I. "An' f'wath d'ye mane? Shure an' they're no more cannibals than yersilf!"

"Och, yes, Larry," sez she, "the praist sez so."

"Bad luck to him thin," sez I, fur I was gittin' mad, "an' it's tellin' lies he is!"

Me ould woman hild up her fishts. "Och, honey," sez she, "an' a wicked man ye are to shpake av the praist loike that. I hard him say they wuz cannibals wid me own ahrs, an' he sod there wuz lines an' toigers an' odther wild bastes as thick as yo plaze."

"I don't care if there wuz a millin lines," sez I, "I'm goin'; so pack up yer duds, an' nono av yer chat, or I'll line ye, yo ould blather!"

Shure an' she kipt moighty quite afther that, me lad, an' it wuzn't more than a wake till we got on the shtauer, bound fur Quebic. We rached the ind av our thrip in the latter part av Novmber, an' ather spindin' a few days viewin' the sanery, we shtarted fur the Quane City. It's moightily plazed I wuz wid it, an' I soon flt loike wan av the citizins mesilf. But

I wuzn't there long till I hard iviry wan shpakin' av lots in this, that an' the odther city in Manitoby; an' to foind out f'wath it all mint, I jist wint to wan av the sales. Bliss yer sowl! I wuzn't hardly in whin the faver shtruck me, an' I wuz biddin' away loike mad. I got howld av a quarther av a dozen lots in as foine a city as I ivir hard till av, an' home I wint, feelin' loike an imperor.

"Judy," sez I, as I thung me cap in the carner, "Judy, I've spikilated!"

"Wirra, wirra!" sez she, "an' it wuz a sorry day whin we lift the ould sod. F'wath'll the childer do now?"

"An' f'wath's the matter?" sez I. "Is any wan goin' to ate ye?"

"F'wath's tho matter?" sez she; "an' d'ye nade t' ax that an' ye gone an' turned proteshtint?"

"Proteshtint!" sez I; "an' who's turned proteshtint?"

"Didn't ye say jist now," sez she, "that ye'd spikilated?"

"May the divil spikilate ye!" sez I; "shure wid yer toigers an' proteshtints ye'll be the dith av me. It's makin' me fortin' I am; that's f'wath I mane bo spikilatin, so git in ordther, fur we shtart fur Manitoby nixt Chewsday."

Will, to make a long shtory short, we rached hare six wakes ago, an' I shtarted out to foind me lots, but shure it wuz no aisly job. At lasht I axed a gentlman at Portish Lapperairy if he cud till me wher I'd foind thim. He winked wid his lift oye, an' sez he, "Ye'r sowld, me lad. Thim lots av yours ain't worth tiu dollars, so ye may rist aisly about thim." Shure I didn't belave him at furst, an' I sarched fur a wake ather thim, an' I did foind thim, too, but the divil a tint as much wuz widin twinty moiles av thim! "It's sowld ye are, shure enough," sez I, an' I flit loike kickin' mesilf fur bein' sich an omadhaun. But I didn't wape long, fur an iday saized me, an' I turned auctionare. Bliss yer sowl! an' it wuzzent a wake till I had Judy an' the childer dreshed in silks, an' mesilf marchin' up Main-Strate wid a shunoke-shtack hat on me hid an' me thumbs in the arm-hovls av me visht. It's a made man I am, an' I'll soon be an im pee. Judy sinds her besht respiks to ye.

Yours obadiently,

LARRY O'TOOLE.

Results of Travel.

SCENE—*Aesthetic Club, London, England.*
Pots of lilies. On table, *Ruskin's Stones of Venice, Rosetti's Poems.* On walls, *pre-Raphaelite Murys, Giotto's O, &c.*

DRAMATIS PERSONA—*Aesthetes awaiting Oscar Wilde's return from America.*

Rosetti—Our delicate apostle, concrete emanate of all the spirituality of the beautiful, returns to-night. Let us all hail.

[Enter Oscar hurriedly.]

All—All hail.

Oscar, brusquely—How do ole fels? Shake! Silence prevails.

Oscar continues—What, no'er a chin? Pull down your vests. Let us smole a smile. Nominate. Dwey tagers? Pick me-up? Cobbler? Smash? Say!

Symptoms of uneasiness among the aesthetes.
Oscar, boisterously—What, silent all! and silent still? Du tell. O, hunky dory!

Aesthetes make for the door, exclaiming—He is possessed by a Yankee devil!!!

In Anticipation of a Change in the Tariff.

GRIP to Sir John—Never say die! Polly put the kettle on, we'll all have tea. Hip, hip, hurrah!

"Established industries should not be hastily interfered with" *Vide Mr. Mackenzie's speech.*
"Whistle and I'll come, Tilley, my lad."

OAD TO THE BIG WHAIL.

Composed while kamly gazin into his voolominous joz, and a feelin' of him occasionally.



WHAIL! jiganatik and prodjus animile!
How sick yu must be of bein' gazed at

By countless multichoods of kewrius fokes, And havin' pins and things run inter yu! Eksaggerated sardeen! I How very dri Yu must be after bein' wet so long. But I forget. Yu air defunk—ek-Seedingly so—and never wosten agen Kin wag yure elefantine tale. Nor snort, nor pranse a round az formerly of yonr. Yu air a tremenjus broot and no mistaik, And inust a had to go outside to turn Around without a steppin' onto yureisf. How okwerd must it be to gro so big And phat, that yu don't kno whot to do With yurself. But nevertheless, I bet Yu was a giddy burd when yung And had a good time permitously A swishin' round with that there tale, and blow'n Hole buketsful of water thru yure knose, And chasin' littler fishes round the bloo. Bloo see. I wonder wot yure age might be, And ef yu knode the whail wot swollered Jonah; Or praps yu was a juvenile, and not Arrovo onto diskreshun which akounts For yure bein' here ez ded ez eny klum. Yu went ashoar down inter Noyv Skosha, And got left, wich was foolish for So large a whail. Yude probably kno better ef Yu got annuther chance, wich probably yu wont. Stoopenjus kriter! yu must waz ez much Ez Mister Baxter in his stoking feet And mil' whot lodes of korsits yu will maik, And guse-oh and St. Ja.—I bez yure parding— My mistaik. Yu never hurd of *herf*. I wish I hadnt. I wish I saw yu wen Yu hed the Boys Home in your mouth wich happened lately, and must have ben a grate And glorious site, and worth a quarter eny da. O mighty and orful beast, and has it cum To this; that yu are stuffed with ha and hawled About the country for a sho. Alass! How are the mitey fallen, and wot are we A kummin' to!

SCHANTON.



“THE SCOTT ACT IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.”

AT “STRAW” WHICH SHOWS HOW THE WIND BLOWS IN THE VICINITY OF ST. JOHN, N.B. SCOTT ACT DETECTIVES MAKE A NOTE OF IT.

Mrs. Sniffin's Adventure with a Dramatic Elocutionist.

“It's perfectly himpossible to get a bit o' peace or quietness in Mrs. Arassall's boardin' ouse with the hincessant soreechin' o' that hodions Hamanda Larkins, as seems to think erself the Supreme Madonna o' the country, but I don't wonder if she complains o' sore throat, such screamin' must be very hagger-cavat-in' to the vocal corns and cartridges.

“As to 'er boastein' about runnin' hup to E flat, which 'as no connection with singin' in my hopinion, I remarked in my most hysterical manner, that though no light-weight now, when I was 'er hage I could a'run hup to henny number o' flats, and wouldn't o' thought I 'ad no call to boast on it either. And she, that himpertinent, bust out with 'er silly giggle right in my face.

“But I must say, as she was pretty nimble on 'er pins, the other hevenin', wich all 'appened through a slit in my tongue, as the sayin' is, for 'avin' fallen asleep on a sofy, I was waked hup all on a suddint, by 'earin' a man's voice shoutin' in the most voracious manner, 'Awake, arise, ring the alarm bell.' I feelin' that dazed like, I 'ardly knew what I was doin', jumps hup, throws hopen the window, and rings the dinner-bell vociferously, shoutin' at the same time 'fire' till I 'adn't a whiff o' breath left.

“Such a promotion as there was, with people rushin' in and draggin' hout the furniture, and throwin' buckets o' water all bover Mrs. Arassall's carpets; and, to clap the climate, as the sayin' is, participatin' all o' Miss Larkins' yeast-settle china right hout o' the window, though it wasn't much loss in my opinion, bein' about as full o' cracks as 'er own voice is. Just wen the hagation was at its 'lighth, down comes a young man, as 'ad arrived the previous hevenin', and asks wot in the world there was such a row about, as there was no fire, only 'im a practicein' o' 'is rheumatic hexecution. With that they all seemed perfectly satisfied, and quietly aspersed. But it wasn't no sort o' hexplanntion in my hopinion, as I don't care 'to be livin' in the 'ouse with a hexecutionist, though I must say, much more like a lunatik, with 'is long 'air parted in the middle, and a wild roll in 'is heyos.

“Well, I makes hup my mind to watch 'im, and the very next mornin', jest wen I was readin' a letter from John Cesar—I 'ad better hexplain that John Cesar is my boy at Hoxford, and is quite a gascal scholar—I 'ad my 'art nearly analyzed by 'carin' these words spoke in a sepulchral tone: 'My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.'

“And, lookin' hup, I saw that lunatik, wrigglin' 'imself into ball sorts o' haptitudes, and 'is heye, as the poot says, with a wild infuzenzy rollin', wile 'e goes on a sayin'—

‘Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.’

“Hup to that time I 'ad stood as if prefixed to the spot, but now, rememberin' that lunatiks could be 'eld with a steady glare o' the heye. I fastens my troptic on 'im, at the same time superstitiously stealin' round the room in the direction of the coal grate, with the hintention o' seizin' the tongs. Till then, 'e 'adn't hobserved me, but now says, pointin' 'is long finger at me, 'Whence and what art thou, hexecrable shape?’

“Says I, feelin' my nervous sistem fortified by a pair of tongs with a live coal in the hend o' them, 'I'm no more a hexecrable shape than you are.' With that, 'e screams hout, 'The woman's mad! an', seizin' the piano-stool, dodges round the room as if 'e 'ad got 'old of a galvanic battlement.

“Of course I didn't mean to 'urt 'im, honly to 'old 'im at bay, as the sayin' is, till 'eip arrived, but, just at that moment, my foot tripped hover a darned patch in the carpet, an' the way them tongs went flyin' through the hair, just lightin' hon that lunatik's 'ead, and bringin' 'im down with a crash, nearly vtrified me on the spot; an' I'm sure the blow that piano-stool gave 'im must 'ave halmost stove in 'is ribs, an' by the time I 'ad regained my hequal-iveryman, that coal ad' begun to make a regular consteration in 'is shirt-front.

“Of course I didn't want 'im to burn hup, an' 'im a lyin' there as frigid and 'eipless as one o' them 'igh hact statues, so I seizes a large hantiquarian as was standin' in the bay window, an' I pours the 'ole contents hover 'im. I soon distinguished the flames in 'is shirt-front, but it did go to my 'art to see the lizards and

gold fishes and hall them hother reptiles wrigglin' habout so huncomfortable through not bein' hin their native helement.

“By that time there was a crowd collected, an' they picks 'im hup and lays 'im on a sofy, sayin' 'ow I 'ad murdered a 'armless young gentleman, as was only practicein' 'Macbeth to recite in the hevenin' at a church sociable.

“‘Well,’ says I, paragorically speakin', 'I've spread a shelterin' wing hover that church sociable.’

“But it did give me a turn seein' 'im lyin' there lookin' very murdered, dead wite, an' a large cut in 'is forehead, so I leaves them pickin' the gold fish an' lizards hout o' 'is 'air and whiskers, an' goes to the kitching to make 'im a poultice.

“When I returns I finds 'im beginnin' to give a few feeble wriggles, an' at last 'e sits hup an' says in a very weak voice, 'Is that a dagger that I see before me?’

“‘No,’ says I, 'its a poultice o' soap an' sugar, though some do 'old as sweet hoil is better for burns, but in my hopinion soap an' sugar is more drawin'.

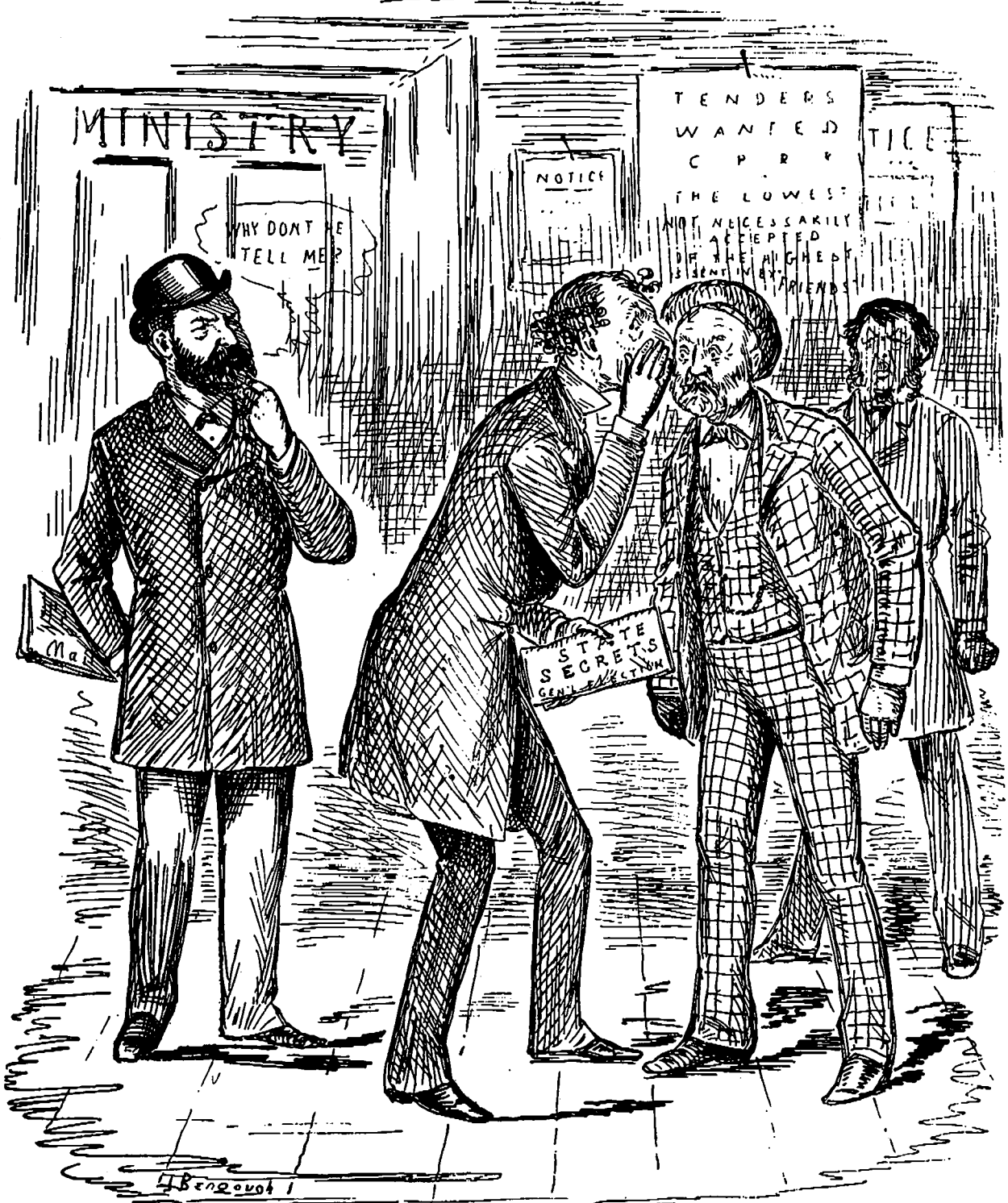
“Then,' says he, 'avin' the rulin' passion strong in death,' as good old David says, 'Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.' But they pays no 'eed to 'is demonstrances, an' poultices an' bandages 'im hup till 'e looks like a becalmed mummy, though not nearly so brown in complexion.

“But I must say as 'e is a good-natured young fellow, and larfed quite 'earty this hevenin', wen I was a sittin' by 'im bathin' 'is damaged brow, an' hexplainin' 'ow it all 'appened, so as I might hexterpate the label on my character.”



LETTER FROM THE OTTAWA LOBBY To the Manitoba Ministry.

DEAR PALS,—I am sorry to report that since my last letter I have made great progress. After a long and tedious wait—I am of course stopping at the Russell and you will have to bring in supplementary estimates to a large amount to settle my bill—I at last got hold of John A., and prevailed upon him to promise to show me where he kept his grindstone. After a few weeks of additional dilly-dallying, he directed me to the Axe-Grinding department, and handed me the key. I was so pleased at having succeeded in my mission that I retired to my hotel and rested for a fortnight. I then went to the department in question, taking my axe with me. On entering the room I found the grindstone in first-class condition—evidently been out of use for a long time. I got fresh water in the pot and took off my coat to go to work, when I made the startling discovery that the handle of the grindstone had been removed. I learnt that Sir John keeps it locked up in his desk. After another month's wait I got the key and as you have already heard, my axe has been ground. Yours, patiently,
J. BR N. RO.—Y.



"PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL."

SIR JOHN.—WE INTEND TO BRING ON THE GENERAL ELECTION RIGHT AWAY—MAKE HASTE AND ORGANIZE OR YOU'LL GET LEFT. HUSH! NOT A WORD TO BUNTING OR THE MAIL!

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The average young man cannot hold thirty pounds of iron on his knees for twenty minutes, yet he willingly kills himself trying to hold 140 pounds of girl for two hours.

A prisoner at South Bend, Ind., tried to commit suicide the other day because the Warden seemed to feel above him in society. This is evidently going to be a dreadful summer.

Few parents would believe it, but it is nevertheless true that their boys in college had much rather win a medal for swinging Indian clubs than the prize for the best essay.

New York Commercial Advertiser: In China they punish adulteration of food with death. The more we think of these benighted heathens, the more we are convinced that they must go.

The London *Telegraph* doesn't believe that the hanging of Guiteau will alone suffice, and the *Courier-Journal* suggests that five or six base ball clubs be hung with him. Why not?

"Gath" has gone to Florida, where he will no doubt hunt out the biggest alligator he can find and interview him, to see if the animal has a mouth that can rival his own.—*Boston Post*.

The Sprague divorce case is settled without his proving her unfaithful or she proving him a great brute. Just as well. The public understand all that either could wish to prove.

The *Steuben Republican*: "It is when an actor attempts to make an extempore speech that we fully realize what a horrible effect the scandalous grammar of Shakspeare has had on him."

Tom Thumb has had it announced that he gave his wife \$7,000 worth of diamonds on her late birthday. That's pretty good for a little shaver who had to mortgage his home six months ago.

The *Courier-Journal* can't see why twenty Michigan men armed with axes should run away from one bear. If the editor of the *Courier-Journal* had been there he might have comprehended it.—*Boston Post*.

John R. McLean, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, has contributed \$250 to the Harrison revival cause now in progress in that city. He ought to. His paper has done much to make a revival necessary.—*Buffalo Express*.

The two friends were talking about theatres. "How wide is the stage opening at Music Hall?" asked one. "Well, I don't know exactly," said the other, "but it is just the width of a Gainsborough hat on the seat in front."—*Lowell Citizen*.

Precocious children—"I know," said the little girl to her elder sister's young man at the supper table, "that you will join in our society for the protection of little birds, because mamma says you are very fond of larks."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

The *Toronto World* hits off Northwest speculation in these lines:

"I scoop, thou scoopest (he scoops,
Thus sings the Winniepegger,
"We scoop, you scoop, they scoop,"
And who'll be left a beggar?"

It cannot be too frequently stated that strangers are not allowed to carry concealed weapons in this city. They do not vote here, and they cannot expect to enjoy all the privileges of citizenship on a fifteen minutes' acquaintance.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Perhaps our people do not sufficiently appreciate street railroads. The late Mr. Ko, Chinese Professor of Harvard, being asked once what he had seen in this country that pleased him most, in contrast to the mode of life at home, promptly replied, "horse cars."

The Poet.

"Is the literary editor out?" asked a rather subdued-looking young man, as he gently opened the door of the editorial rooms and peered furtively into the apartment.

"You bet he's out," replied the trotting-horse reporter, "somebody sent in for review a book on how to compute logarithms, and the literary editor is allowing the full effulgence of his radiant brain to illumine that little work just now—you'll see a daisy notice of it in the paper next Saturday."

"What I want to know," said the mild-looking young man, "was whether—"

"Oh, I know what ails you," interrupted the young man, who once attempted to convince the editor that Iroquois was of more value than a protective tariff, when it came to keeping British gold in this country; "that table-cloth collar of yours and the little thimble hat on your head gave away your racket to me, the moment you turned into the home-stretch so that I could get a good look at you. Unless you are a ringer, and trotting out of your class, you have in the right-hand inside pocket of your coat a poem, which you would like to have printed in Sunday's paper. It is written on foolscap paper, in a very plain hand. All this is dead-certain, and we are prepared to bet seven to four on it any amount. Am I giving it to you right?" and the biographer of Goldsmith Maid smiled affably.

"You are certainly correct, sir," said the young man, "and if you would be so kind as to—"

"Don't say any more," was the response. "I can see by the way you score down for the word exactly what class you are in. Just plant yourself in the corner over there and hoot forth your madrigal or song-and-dance, or whatever it is. I can pipe you off from here, all right."

The young man looked somewhat surprised, but took the position indicated, and read as follows:—

Ah! ne'er can I forget that happy day
When you and I—not thinking it amiss,
And no one seeing us who might betray—
Each to the other gave a rapturous kiss.
I felt the passing pulses of your heart,
Responsive like an echo to my own;
Your dreamy eyes and dewy lips apart
O'erwhelmed me with a thrill I ne'er had known.

Since then, I know not whether thou hast kept
The kiss I gave; nor whether, in my nightly rest,
Dreaming, thy arms have wandered while thou slept,
Seeking again to fold me to thy breast.
I only feel that thou art strangely changed;
As thou wert warm, so art thou calm and cold;
While I, unconscious why thou art estranged,
Burn with the passion I gave thee of old.

"It reads pretty smooth, doesn't it?" said the self-constituted critic to the law reporter.

The latter individual nodded assent.

"But that's just the kind of gruel that's easy to write," continued the critic. "Almost anybody can grind out slush like that—something that will rhyme every other line, and not shift its gait. I could make a pretty fair bluff at it myself."

"Allow me to suggest, sir," said the mild young man who had been doing the reading, "that poetry is the flower of the soul—a tender plant which thrives only where genius exists. I may venture to assert that no person, unless gifted with the true poetic fire, can write verses."

"Well, my ponny-sucker," replied the exponent of turf law, "just to show you how far from the pole you are trotting I will give you a little exhibition of speed. Gimme a pencil somebody."

The pencil was produced, and the trotting horse reporter began to write. In a few minutes he had finished.

"Now this stuff," he said to the poet, "is in just the same metre as yours. Every other line rhymes, just like yours, and it tells the story exactly as well." He then read as follows:

Ah ne'er can I forget that summer night
When I went up—not noticing the pup,
Nor thinking that the little brute would bite—
To the front gate—and latchet lifted up.
I felt the passion pulses of my heart
Responsive to the bulldog's savage bark,
I braced myself and got a running start,
And showed a 2:10 clip across the park.

Since then I know not whether thou hast kept
The dog tied up; nor whether you imagine that
At jumping gates I have become adept,
Or can move on the fly, like midnight bat.
I only know that I am not a chump;
No steeple-chase for me, my bonnie lass;
I nevermore will leave you on the jump—
When bulldogs deal the cards I always pass.

"Well," said the poet, in a hesitating manner, "of course that isn't bad—for a parody—but in the essential points of poesy it is hardly equal to my verses."

"Perhaps not," replied St. Julien's friend, "but there is one place where I lay over you."

"Where is that?"
"My verses came out of my head and yours were stolen."

"It's a cold day when the trotting-horse reporter gets left," said the law reporter to the managing editor later in the day.

"That's so," was the reply, "and that reminds me that it must have been pretty chilly around Rochester, N. Y., last July. I sent him down there to report a big race on the Fourth, and he never showed up in Chicago until the 8th. He said he got left."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Chicago Tribune: The people of Alaska, who ought to be contented and happy, do not seem to know when they are well off. With whiskey at fourteen cents a quart, and neither a city council nor a supreme court to worry them, these skin-clad aliens are clamoring for a government.

"The distress among the poor is something awful this winter," said our Funny Contributor to his domestic the other morning; "I have just given a poor tramp his breakfast." "La sir!" answered the servant, "I gave that man his breakfast an hour ago." Our Contributor sighed as he saw the tramp disappearing in a precisely opposite direction to that which he had directed him to look for work.

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BY THE EDITOR OF THE *Mail*.

CHAP. I.

"I can a tale unfold," etc.
—*Shakespeare.*

'Twas a wild and stormy night. The wind roared and howled round the Parliament Buildings, and the drifting snow whirled in fleecy clouds through the deserted streets. 'Twas a night in short

"Fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

[The printer will please put this and other quotations in nonpareil, and indented so as to attract attention to my aptness at citation and wide range of reading. I flatter myself that there are mighty few Canadian journalists that can sling in more quotations to the column than the writer. But to resume:]—

The debate was over. The members had gone to their respective houses and hasheries. Silent was the chamber that but an hour previous had re-echoed with the tenorant, brilliant rhetoric of a Lauder, and the fiery, impetuous eloquence of a Morris,—the logical statesman-like utterance of a Meredith on the one hand, and resounded to the ruffianly brawlings of a Fraser, the sniveling, tremulous tones of a Hardy, and the impotent truculence and blasphemy of a Mowat. Long had the discussion been waged, and at every point had the imbecile and disloyal creatures on the Ministerial benches been worsted by their able and patriotic antagonists; though, insolent in the strength of numbers, they had been enabled to snatch a seeming and shortlived triumph by brute force.

Now, in the Executive Council Chamber they were consoling themselves for crushing humiliation inflicted upon them, by a banquet worthy of the palmiest days of Lucullus. Choice viands bestowed the board, and wines of the costliest vintages sparkled in richly-chased goblets.

Good brands of liquors and cigars,
Good stabling and attentive ostlers.
—*advt.*

Needless to say that the plundered taxpayers of Ontario sustained the burden of this reckless extravagance under the head of "unforeseen, and unprovided for." Oliver Mowat paced the apartment wrapped in thought and a heavy overcoat, arresting his steps at frequent intervals to drain a copious draught of the liquor he needed to nerve him to his desperate purpose. The unesthetic and brutal Fraser had thrown off all restraint and was revenging himself upon his absent opponents by unscrupulous jests. Before him lay a copy of the Orange bill unfolded, which, with a degree of incredible malignity he used at intervals as a cuspidor. A pile of registered letters which contained remittances from settlers and lumbermen, lay opened upon the sideboard. Messrs Wood and Pardee having had a dispute as to which should have the opportunity of appropriating their contents, were settling the matter by a game of euchre, accompanied by frequent accusations of foul play and aburgations which made the messengers shudder.

Suddenly the Premier,

"By merit raised to that bad eminence."
—*Milton.*

stopped, and turning to Fraser remarked in a deep hoarse voice.

"Our plan is working favourably, methinks. Its consummation must be hastened.—Not another month must elapse before—"

"I tumble," said Fraser. "Tumble" is a very coarse expression which is only used by vulgar and uneducated people. They would not even have known what it meant in the

Twelfth century. They would not know even now, in Rome or Florence—which goes to show how much superior the cultivated Italian is to the Canadian who spits on the floor and sneers at Oscar Wilde.

"I tumble," he repeated, "we are ready."
"Your trusty Land Leaguers will not fail us?" said the Premier.

"No, they have been seoured by appointment of two additional messengers, and our promise to pass a resolution of sympathy with the Cause of Ireland, and to hoist the Green flag on the Lieut.-Governor's residence on the 17th. We can count on them."

"And the Agnostic contingent?"
"Ah, they are impatient for action—the *Mail's* Saturday articles have roused their indignation to fever heat, and they only wait the signal. Let me but flash the word over the wires, and Sir John Mousseau, and the *Mail* fiend shall fall beneath their daggers. Ber-lud!"

And the blood-thirsty Commissioner of Public Works emitted a Satanic chuckle over the anticipated success of his fell devices. This was improper on his part. We may be charged with a morbid scrupulosity in such matters, the cynical may sneer at our views as impracticable, but nevertheless we must put on record our solemn conviction, that assassination, as a means of accomplishing a political object is decidedly wrong. That is, it is wrong on the part of any mere nineteenth century upstart like Mowat! When a Ruler by Divine Right, born in the Imperial purple, finds it necessary to thin out the Opposition benches it is over so much different. They used to do these things in Rome and Florence quite frequently.

CHAP. II.

Amid immeasurable wastes
We walk this arid earth,
Of people of congenial tastes
There is too great a dearth.
Who culminates his natures wealth
Will ne'er lugubriate by stealth.

—*Oscar Wilde.*

"Why thus moodful, Augustus?" queried Elvira Tavistock of her lover Augustus J. Swinkerton, as they strolled along the classic slopes of Parkdale, in sweetest soul communion.

Augustus hove a sigh and lapsed into thought. "Creighton and Lauder have been moving for more returns," he remarked sadly. He was a civil service employee and wore an eye-glass and yellow kid gloves.

Elvira stopped short, withdrew her arm from his and looked him in the face.

"No, Augustus J. Swinkerton," she said emphatically, "You do not deceive me by the subtle sophistries which are characteristic of the representatives of a corrupt government seeking to evade popular indignation. You are a Grit, Augustus, and even in your hours of dalliance your long continued habits of mendacity will assert themselves."

A flush suffused the cheek of the youth as he responded, "What have I done Elvira, to deserve this at your hands? To you, at least, I have been true as the Russian to the Pole.—Ah, Elvira if you only know!"

"Then you are concealing something from me, cruel, cruel Augustus!" and the maiden sobbingly threw her convulsed frame upon his bosom as he chewed a clove to conceal his emotion.

"Get up, Elvira. The local reporter of the *Telegram*, anxious to pander to a depraved public appetite for sensations, looms in the near distance. Even now he seizes his trusty pencil, and produces his note book,—Oh this is too much!"

"Then you will tell me?" she said, bracing up suddenly.

"Yes,—anything—everything. Let us take refuge in yonder friendly refreshment room, whither the *Telegram* fiend being impecunious dare not follow us. Alas! foiled! foiled!

Have a stew, or dost like 'em in their native rawth?"

"Oh, you are too good, too kee-nd," she quoth innumarously,— "But the secret, Augustus—the terrible secret which so weighs on you!"

"Hearken thou, idol of my soul. There is a deep laid plot! There is treason in the air! The leaders of the Government have sworn that ere another month Ontario shall strike for independence. Even now Gen. D. D. Hay is on a bee line for the western boundary, to hoist the standard of revolt, and dare the Manitoba land scoopers to come on."

"Oh, this is indeed, quite too muchly awful," said the maiden, in accents suffused by oyster stew. "But it must not be. We must save the country from civil war. But how—how? Ha! I bethink me of a plan. Yes, this very night will I see Creighton, and have him move for returns, and put a series of questions to the ministry which will reveal to the world their dark designs. He is young and chivalrous—he will do it—he shall—he must!"

And the brave girl, without stopping to finish the oysters, dashed out of the restaurant, hailed a passing street car, and was gone before her lover had time to realize her object.

Presently a thought struck him which caused the cold perspiration to stand in beadlets on his brow.

"Heavings!" he muttered, "if they find out I've given them away I shall be frod, sure pop."

He was so overcome that he sort of drifted out into the street in a mechanical way, forgetting to interview the cashier, and broke into a heedless, absent-minded kind of a run on getting outside.

(To be Continued.)



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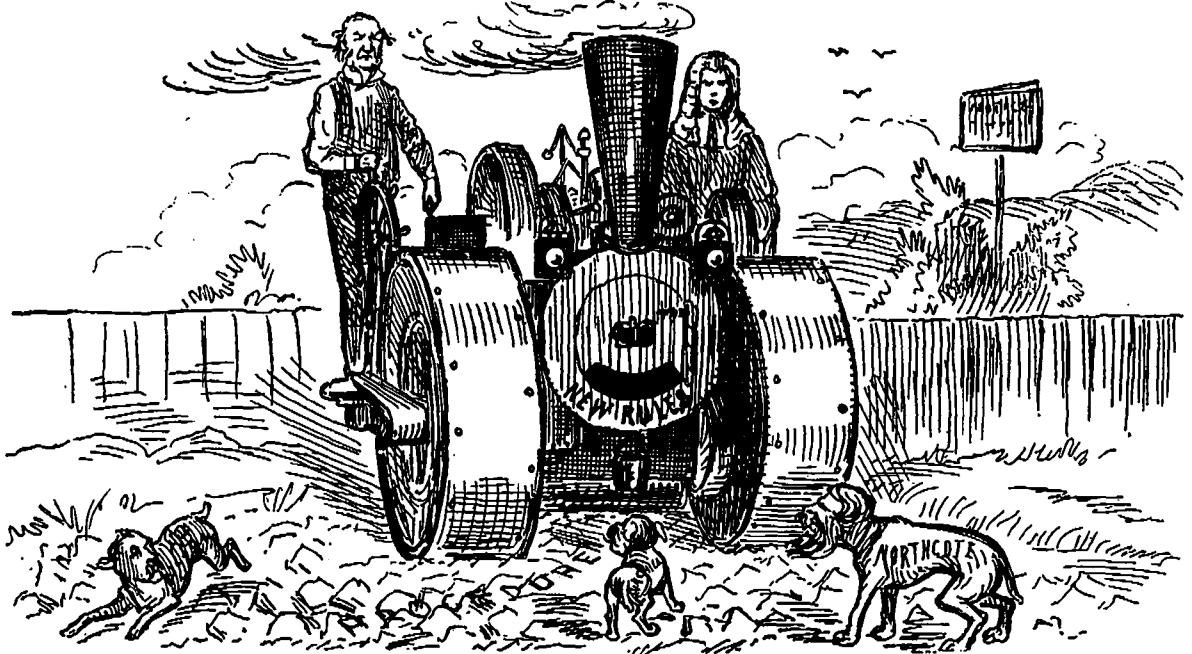
During the past seven years Germany has sent 10,000,000 corks to this country to squeeze our women, and thousands of gallons of Rhine wine to make our men tight.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

Whenever you read of a city boy 14 years of age going West and killing twenty-six Indians and fourteen grizzly bears in one week don't you believe it. That's too many Indians by at least three.

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New York fashionable circles have lately been convulsed by the discovery that many of their most favoured swells are in the habit of *renting* their dress suits, finding it easier to pay \$5.00 a night than to shell out \$60.00 at one fell swoop.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Montreal swells can beat this, as it is well known that the fashionable parties of the season have been attended by many of the *jeunes dorees* attired in *borrowed* raiment, for which they *did not pay one cent*, as it was supplied by obliging friends. One young journalist, when asked if he had attended many of the balls this winter, replied, "No, but my dress clothes have been at them all."

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Certainly a strong opinion, said one of our reporters, to whom the following was detailed by Mr. Henry Kaschop, with Mr. Geo. E. Miller, 418 Main St. Worcester, Mass. "I suffered so badly with rheumatism in my leg last winter, that I was unable to attend to my work, being completely helpless. I heard of St. Jacobs oil, and bought a bottle, after using which I felt greatly relieved. With the use of the second bottle I was completely cured. In my estimation, there is nothing on earth so good for rheumatism."

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