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J. W. BENGOUGH

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.

### Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The Session is over, and the net result is something calculated to open the eyes of the country. Public money to the amount of some \$82,000,000 has been voted away, and the public debt has been enormously increased. The fast young man, Sir John, has ridden a free horse almost to death.

FIRST PAGE.—If the editor of the *Mail* were a professional humorist he couldn't be half so funny a little fellow as he is. We always laugh more at the antics of an individual under the influence of mesmerism than at the best efforts of the cleverest comedian, because in the one case we know the grotesque results are quite unconsciously produced, while in the other they are the studied efforts of art. The *Mail* man is without doubt the most laughable institution we have. Here, for example, we find him lecturing Archbishop Lynch on culture, and in the course of his lecture using language which is, to say the least of it, vulgar. All this is done, too, with the utmost sincerity. The editor has no idea that he is making an exhibition of himself; the thought that his habitual style of language is exactly the opposite of what we expect from a cultured person never enters his mind. GRIP feels, therefore, that he is doing a friendly service in letting the talented but ludicrous young man see himself as others see him.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Matters have reached a climax in Manitoba. Hon. John Norquay has joined hands with Mr. Thos. Greenway, the Opposition leader, and together they are on their way to Ottawa to present an *ultimatum* to the Government on the subject of Provincial demands. They are of course going to ask, amongst other things the abolition of the agricultural implement tax and the recognition of railway charters granted by the local legislature. But while they present the pistol on one side of Sir Charles Tupper's head, we may expect the C.P.R. Syndicate, per Hon. Peter Mitchell, or some other faithful henchman, to hold a revolver to the opposite side, and warn the minister not to give way a jot or a tittle. From past events, we

may safely anticipate how the matter will end. Of course the demand of the Railway will be obeyed; for some reason best known to themselves, the members of the present cabinet *dare not* budge without permission from the Frankenstein they have called into existence.



I went down to Ottawa the other day, just to take a look around before the House prorogued. I went, of course, to the Parliament House. "John A. in?" I asked of a doorkeeper in a sub-dyed white neck tie and claw hammer coat of ante-Rebellion design. "The Right Honorable Sir John Alexander Macdonald, Q. C., P. C., K. C. B., is in his office," said the minion of a warped administration. "I would see him, lead on." The man brought me to Sir John's private room, and I was ushered into the Chieftain's presence. He and Alick Mackenzie had just been having a round with soft gloves, and they both looked warmed up. "How're ye, John A.?" said I. "Can you give me something in the Interior?" "What Interior?" "Why the Interior, of course; you're minister you know." John A., who by this time had resumed the gloves, told me to stand up, when he at once smote me in the "bread basket." "There's something in the interior for you," said he smilingly, as I left the room in a triangular shape, of which my coat tail was the apex.

I went up yesterday to the Canadian Institute, and had an interview with Dr. Scadding. I asked him if he would like to purchase a relic of "Toronto of Old," and how much he would give for it. I explained that my funds were temporarily locked up and I was consequently short of money, otherwise I would be glad to present such a deserving society as the York Pioneers with my prize. "Let me see what you've got," said the Doctor. I took a small box from my pocket and showed him the contents. "Why, that's nothing but earth!" exclaimed he in astonishment. "Ha! but it's the same old time, historic mud of Little York, Doctor," said I complacently. The Doctor ran for an Indian's tomahawk, which I heard strike the door with a "dull thud," just as I got on the outside.

Just as the House last week was emptying out its contents, embracing Senators, hon. Members, sessional clerks, messengers, and other *impedimenta* of the country, who should I meet but Mr. Edward Blake, coming through the big gate of the "Capitol," arm in arm with McKenzie Bowell. They were both smiling audibly and laughing all over their faces at some joke, the Orange Bill very likely. "How goes Ned?" says I to the great "argyfyer." "Bully, old man," was the reply, "let's go and have suthin." "Mac," continued he to Mr. Bowell, "allow me to introduce you to Mr.—Mr.—old friend of mine," ("a most pertinacious and intolerable bore," I heard him remark *solo voce* to his friend). We went into the Russell House, took a private room and sat down. "I guess I can set up a bottle of

wine. Here, waiter, bring us a couple of quarts of Sillery! I'm blooming dry after this infernal long-winded session," said Blake, as he chucked his cow-boy hat on the table. "By Jove," said I to Bowell, "I've struck a joke, —Why is our Honorable friend like the Canada Pacific Railway?" "Give it up," said Mac. "Why, because he gets through so much quartz (quarts) and takes so much siller, eh?" was my witty reply. "How does it come Ned," said I, "that while objecting to the principle of subsidies you make a claim for a portion thereof for Ontario?" "My friend," replied the Honorable gentleman with his your-a-noble-yeoman-and-I'm-glad-to-shake-you-by-the-hand smile, "it does not follow that because I object to a certain principle that I should likewise abandon the interest. I mean, my good fellow," continued he with a certain amount of *hauteur*, "the interest of Ontario." This little example of special pleading being rather too heavy for me I helped myself to a bumper of wine, and said, "I think I'll be off." Not being urged by either gentlemen to do otherwise, I went off. Funny fellow, Blake.

### THE YEOMAN.

Thrice happy is the farmer bold who rises with the lark,  
And splits a cord or two of rails while yet the moon is dark,  
Or whack's away so merrily among the basswood trees,  
Till sounding horn doth summon him to breakfast at his ease.

How cheerily he plods along through barnyard on his way,  
To feed his cattle with chopped straw, his horses with sweet hay;  
How prudently he doth refrain from gorging them with oats,  
Such feed he knows is only good to give them shining coats.

And when to breakfast he returns, his daughter Martha, fair  
(Who uses butter for pomade to smoothe her auburn hair)  
Will wait upon her hungry 'pop' in linsy woolsey gown,  
And watch him while he bolteth quick the pork and "slap jacks" down.

Oh, happy, happy farmer! when he sits by bar-room fire,  
What tales of horses he can tell, he never seems to tire,  
How boldly now he planketh down his quarter like a man,  
And calls the bar-room bummers up to have a five-cent dram.

The announcement of the suspension of the Manchester and Oldham bank at Manchester is supplemented by the statement that "the assets are largely in excess of the liabilities." This is a kind of bank failure rather rare in Canada, to say the least of it. The Finance Minister might help along such an institution as this without running great risk of charges against his common sense, not to mention his principle. The Oldham Bank would save his bacon, as it were.



NEXT MORNING.

Yes, this is my hat, but how small it has grown!



Mr. Hughes, Public School Inspector, has, I notice, been lecturing on "Failures." What a fruitful source of subjects that little conspiracy affair is proving, to be sure!

Mr. Howard Vincent's model detective, who is on the track of the dynamiters, never carries anything about him but a whiskey flask and a pipe. He differs from Toronto detectives in that, in addition to the flask and pipe, a *News* reporter is not thrown in.

Baron Nordonskjold is getting ready to go seek the South Pole. I sincerely trust the Baron will recollect that Americans may want to take an interest in the South Pole when he has discovered it—of which eventually there is not the shadow of a doubt; and that recollecting this, he will considerably forbear bestowing his patronymic on the post office he establishes down there.

There is well raised bread and bread well raised. Londoners have been enjoying the former sort for a period, and now they are obliged to put up with the latter. This makes them sad, although it is not stated that it has a similar effect on the bread. The fact of the matter is that the bread is too well raised—unless you regard two cents on the four pound loaf a reasonable raise.

They are going on with the new Orange Hall on the corner of Queen and Clare streets in this city.

Unwary by influence,  
Unbribed by gain,  
'Tis building a big Lodge they mane.

The corner stone will, of course, be laid by Bro. Sir John, who, with tears in his eyes, will at the subsequent proceedings brokenly assure the Brethren that this is the sort of work he would like, if he could only get enough of it.

Bret Harte dictates his powerful ideas to his admiring wife, who esteems it a high honor to be employed as his amanuensis occasionally—for it is only occasionally the gifted consul-romancer deigns to engage in literary labor. His weakness seems to be that which Mark Twain regretfully confessed at a certain period in his journalistic career—he suffers from an indisposition to work between meals. It is a good thing for current literature that Consul Harte is not constantly kept in a state of exhaustion, but enjoys temporary recreation and revivication, drawing his salary. Or is it that this state of affairs is *not* a good thing for current literature?

The Armenian women, I read in an exchange, are at the wash tub all the time, and when they have washed a batch of clothes they hang them on the telegraph wires to dry. The consequence is that the Telegraph Companies are driven nearly frantic by the constant necessity for repairs to their wires. If the recent agitation in this country against overhead telegraph wires has not died out, I

respectfully call the attention of the leading agitators to this item. Here, it seems to me, lies, if not a remedy, at least a lofty scheme of revenge. It is also a very far-reaching scheme, if you will but consider it. It reaches from pole to pole.

The startling heading to a piece going the rounds of the papers is this:—

"BLUE-NOSED NAKED, AND ASHAMED.

"THE UNHEALTHY AND INDECENT FASHIONS OF THE COURT DRAWING-ROOM."

The piece goes on to explain how the low-necked robed ladies have to wait in their carriages among crowds of the riff-raff, exposed to inclement weather and more inclement remarks, on Drawing-room Day, just to go in and Kotow to Her Majesty and be stared at and bothered and all that sort of thing. The author of this item is not quite sure whether it is the ladies, or the Queen, or the Drawing-room, or the riff-raff, or the décolleté dresses, or the weather, that ought to be abolished. But he seems pretty certain that something is wrong. And I am beginning to believe he is about right.

A Collingwood paper, termed the *Messenger*, after due deliberation concludes:—"The decision (McLaren v. Caldwell) is a surprise party to us, and we are forced to the sad conclusion that the Privy Council is a corrupt and effete institution, whose decisions should be disallowed." This, of course, settles it; but, all the same, I think I may be permitted to express my pained surprise that a Collingwood editor, of all others, should be the one to call for the discharge—and at this season of the year too—of the Privy Council. No doubt it all comes of living so near Barrie. There have been moderately respectable people who hailed from Barrie. But I am persuaded that if a full enquiry had been instituted it would have been discovered that they lived out in the suburbs of the town and did not associate with the Civil Service employees or members of Parliament or policeman.

"Cough mixture" is the synonym which the able dynamiter playfully employs when writing about his little explosive. Perhaps the "cough" is a designedly adopted corruption of "g'off," a specimen of the Gaelic tongue which almost any finished linguist or employer of Irish labor will readily recognize. This is, however, not of so much importance as another suggestive feature of the facetious word substitution: "Cough mixture" for "dynamite" cannot but recall to the student of Canadian political history the "raspberry syrup" for "old rye" of a certain Parliamentary contest. I am credibly informed that in that memorable campaign the label was the only deceptive thing about the raspberry bottle, there being positively no effort on the part of the bar-tender to make the drinker uncertain whether the syrup had been poured into the whiskey or the whiskey into the syrup. A test of the dynamiter's "cough mixture" would no doubt further verify the fact that there is nothing in a name.

The Great American Showman wanted a white elephant for his Great American Show. The White Elephant, we have all been taught from earliest infancy, is so sacred in the East that no dog of a christian, so to speak, could ever secure a specimen and transport it to the other Hemisphere. But the Great Showman was also an Enterprising Showman. He, therefore, set all heathen rules and regulations at defiance, bought a white elephant and got it safely away. The intelligence of this remarkable stroke of business was no sooner nicely spread over the globe than there was clapped right on top of it the following well authenticated facts:—(1) That the White Elephant is not worshipped as a deity in the

East; (2) that, while they are not actually for sale at the grocery stores, yet you can buy one without unreasonable trouble if you have the money; (3) that the Great Showman's white elephant turns out to be a very common beast, washed with a mixture of Paris white and a flesh-coloured composition; (4) that there is no such animal in existence as a white elephant, in the literal sense of the term and the adjective. I am thankful that in this instance I am spared a cruel disappointment. I never pined to behold a white elephant. Harry Piper's, at the Zoo, was good enough for me.



A THOUSAND ROSE NOBLES,  
OR HOW THEY WOULD HAVE DONE IT IN YE  
OLDEN TIME.

"What ho! within."

The stalwart warden at the gate hearing the imperious demand from without, peeped through the loop hole and beheld a gallant knight mounted on a palfrey which champed its bit and caracoled impatiently as its master awaited the response of the varlet behind the gate.

"What ho! within," again roared the knight—Sir Gervaise Fitz-Palmgrise, M.P.—"What ho! within; marry, but methinks the sorry knave should be taught manners," and he dismounted, and picking up a cedar-block, flung it across the moat against the castle gate with all his force.

Up went the portcullis, down came the drawbridge and with many a curse, learnt in Holy Land, the Crusader clattered into the court yard and, springing from his saddle, strode into the apartments of the haughty earl—the puissant Lord Marmaduke M. Checkley.

'Twas plain the earl was at home, or at least not working on this eventful day for his pick and shovel stood in one corner and his mud stained overalls hung before the spacious fireplace to dry.

A henchman entered the oaken panelled hall and to him Sir Gervaise addressed himself. "Where is thy mistress, varlet? where is the Lady Lillian? Speak, sirrah, or thy life pays forfeit for thy silence."

"The Earl will be with thee anon, fair Sir," was the reply; "my lady Lillian is confined to her chamber as her dress has not returned from the wash."

"A murrain on the laundry mon," muttered the knight under his breath, as he cast his steel gauntlet with a crash at the other's head; "Perdition seize the moon-eyed lepers. Hie thee away, vermin, and bring me a stoup from the buttery hatch to pass the time while I await his nibs."

"The buttery is empty, Sir Knight," faltered the servant dodging the cavalier's other steel glove, "since the licenses have been taken

away from the groceries we have suffered from drouth," and he stepped aside to avoid a terrific blow which Sir Gervaise made at him with his battle-axe.

"Hold," cried the deep bass tones of Lord Marmaduke, as he drew aside the arras and stepped into the apartment, "Hold, Sir Knight, and explain thy presence here. Know ye not that I forbade thee these premises, are ye come to see my darter, till thou couldst tell down a thousand rose nobles."

"Ha!" ejaculated the knight, banging his crested helm down on the table and smashing the Earl's highly colored T. D. clay which reposed thereon.

"Ha! think'st thou that I, a Crusader, a knight who has fought for Holy Rood in Palestine—a grit M.P.—would lose my ladye love for a paltry thousand rose nobles? Thou art off thy chump, methinks, m'lud."

"And hast thou, then, the gold—the stamps—the spondulix?" enquired the earl, eagerly.



"I should snicker," replied the crusader, jabbing one of his spurs into the calf of the henchman who stood an open-mouthed and wondering auditor of the conversation. "Count that," and he hurled a leathern purse toward the earl, who seized it as it fell on the floor and poured its contents upon the massive deal table and sitting down, eagerly proceeded to do as he was requested.

This was a somewhat slow operation, for the earl was no scholar and could but count as high as twenty at a time, but at length the task was finished and fifty piles of twenty rose nobles each stood upon the board.

"Tis well, good Sir Knight," he said as the last coin was told, "the Lady Lillian is thine, she is out a-hawking to-day." ("Oh! you old liar," thought Sir Gervaise, for the varlet had given the dress-at-the-wash snap away) "but ere long she will be here. But how did'st thou obtain the wealth? Did'st—eh?" and he winked and went through the motion of picking a pocket.

Sir Gervaise's lip curled scornfully.

"Good, m'lud," he said, "I am a man of honor—an M.P., and a Knight who has fought in Holy Land. Nothing so low as the business thou hintest at for me. Nay, but thou art way off."

"How then, fair sir, did'st acquire the stamps?" asked the earl as he tremblingly shovelled the glittering piles into his dinner pail and looked them up in his oaken tool chest. "Did'st bulldoze a bank cashier?" and he looked at the other for an explanation.

"I'fackins, but thou art a crank, me thinks," replied the knight, taking a chew of plug, and expectorating in the henchman's eye. "I did none of these!"

"Then what?" eagerly asked Lord M. M. Checkley, "I, as thou knowest, am a Grit M.P.," replied Sir Gervaise. "Thou art; thou art; go on." "I was 'approached' by a member of the opposition."

"Ha!"

"I hearkened to his proposals; I pocketed the thousand rose nobles he proffered; I swore I would become a turn coat, and here I am and there's the cash and Lillian's mine."

"But thou wilt not become a Tory?" asked the earl, who was a rank old Grit himself, in a fearful state of excitement, "an thou dost, Lillian can never be thine; thou wilt not do as thou swarest thou wouldst, eh?"

"Not by a jugful," replied Sir Gervaise Fitz-Palmgrise, as he winked with exceeding cunning and laid his finger alongside his nose, "not by a jugful."

#### POOR FELLOW!

MR. GRIP, Dear Sir,—I'm in a fearful state of anguish, and have striven to give vent to my feelings in some verses which I enclose, and which explain all. Oh! if I'd only known what the result would have been, wouldn't I have pulled, and pulled, and tugged. But my poetry will tell better than anything what the matter is. Oh! it's awful. Please print the enclosed so that Susan Jane may see it. Oh! my.

Yours,  
BIG PEELER.

#### MY LAST COOK.

I am a peeler; once I know  
A much respected man;  
And that a few short weeks ago,  
Before my woes began,  
Would'st hear who played me such a trick?  
The tale is all too true,  
And left me half a lunatic—  
The cook at Number 2.

'Twas in a quiet west-end street  
She lived, no matter where;  
Her voice, just like her tea, was sweet,  
And raven-black her hair.  
She'd redder lips and darker eyes  
Than any one I know;  
And oh! the richness of her pies—  
That cook at Number 2.

She took a fancy to me when  
I strolled along my beat;  
She fed me, happiest of men,  
Till I no more could eat.  
Her master kept his table up—  
To give the man his due—  
And oftentimes I went to sup  
With cook at Number 2.

It was a merry life, I trow,  
For victuals are so dear;  
It dwells within my memory now  
That excellent table beer!  
And what I couldn't eat I bagged  
As other peelers do,  
I know that I might have been tagged  
With cook at Number 2.

Last week she cooled and, sad to say,  
She stopped my beer and prog—  
Indeed she drove poor me away  
As if I'd been a dog.  
She said that with a man like me  
She'd have no more to do;  
That she was angry I could see—  
That cook at Number 2.

What was the cause of all my woe?  
What did she do it for?  
'Twas 'cause the men from Buffalo  
Had won the tug-of-war.  
Ah! yes, they tugged us o'er the line,  
Those Yankee boys in blue;  
And now my star has ceased to shine  
With cook at Number 2.

She told me that a man like me—  
In weight two-sixty pound—  
Should be ashamed alive to be  
When by those Yankees downed.  
She called me fat and useless, oh!  
Farewell my faithless Sue;  
You are the cause of all my woe—  
Coo-cook at Number 2.

[The MS. was quite wet, evidently with tears, when we received it, and almost illegible towards the latter end. Possibly it was Susan Jane's and other cooks lavish feeding of our men that caused their defeat. Poor fellows!—ED. GRIP.]

The subscription list for the grand Lablache Opera is being rapidly filled at Nordheimer's. The performance will take place on Saturday week, and will consist of two acts of *Trovatore*, with full orchestra and chorus, and a concert programme, Madame Lablache appearing in her great role of *Aucuccia*, supported by her daughter, Mlle. Louise Lablache, Signora Stagi, Del Puente and Vianesi (conductor).



HE COULD HELP.

"Mister!"

"Well, sir? What do you want with me, sir?"

The pompous old party stopped, and looked savagely at the tattered tramp who had dared to accost him on his way to the office.

But the tramp didn't proceed to wither at the glance. He simply changed his attitude of graceful abandon, so as to bring the off shoulder into contact with the lamp-post, and then he began:

"I don't strike you, at this precise moment, as a person very likely to achieve any grand purpose in life, do I mister?"

The old gentleman's look was a unanimous verdict for the plaintiff.

"I perceive by your air, Mister, that you doubt, or perhaps I should say utterly scout the possibility of my being instrumental in furthering any movement looking towards the material advancement of the race!"

The citizen didn't answer. He seemed lost in thought, but if a policeman had been in sight, the tramp would have discovered what he was thinking about without delay.

"And yet, Mister, standing here, cogitating ways and means as to the procurement of an eye-opener this morning, an idea has occurred to me, that even I, humble individual though I be, am not incapable of becoming a small fraction in the numbers totting up the sum total of human happiness."

Oh, how fervently a certain enraged old party was that moment wishing that a brick building would fall down on a certain impudent tramp! It was simply indignation rooted him to the spot.

"Yes, Mister! I have an idea that I—even I—could lend a hand in solving a problem that is agitating a whole country at the present time."

The tramp here braced himself for a start, for he saw a chum at a distance, who might possibly have enough for a couple of drinks.

"You know, Mister, the dilemma in which the United States distillers find themselves respecting the disposal of their large overplus of whiskey—which cannot find a market and must soon be taken out of bond or stand a tax?"

The speaker whistled to his distant pal and waited for an answering signal before he added:

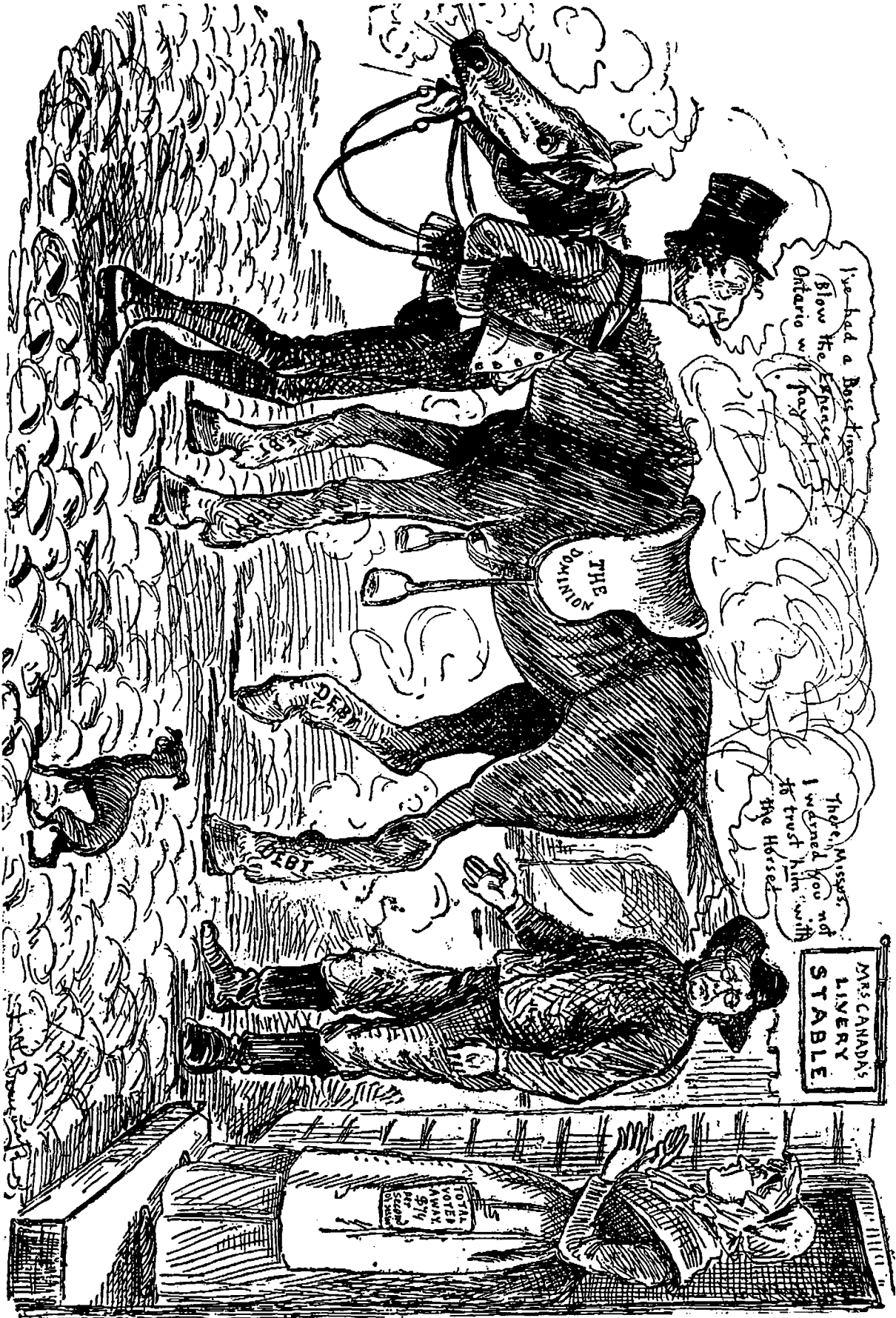
"Well, I have a shrewd suspicion that I could help the distillers—right now—on this very spot—to the extent of about a pint anyway, and if—"

Two minutes later a furious old gentleman was describing the tramp to an officer.

"I'll give you two dollars in your fist!" he exclaimed, "if you collar the impertinent villain, and give me a chance to swear him into a six months' sentence."

Lady Visitor: "Oh, that's your doctor is it? What sort of a doctor is he?" Lady Resident: "Oh, well, I don't know much about his ability; but he's got a very good bedside manner."—Punch.

BACK FROM A THREE MONTHS' RIDE.





## LETTER FROM HUDDLECOME HUDDLECOME, ESQ.

DEAR MR. GWIP.—Haw,—Being a stwanger beah, lately awived from the old countwy, and moahovah being possessed of a—haw—considerable amount of cash, I would vewy much like to get a few—aw—pointahs, as to wheah is the best place for a person of my condition to settle down in and make my home. When I left the old countwy, d'ye know, I thought of going up to the—aw—boundesspewawie, such exceedingly fatterwing weports are circulated and published ovah theah concehning—aw—Manitoba and that wegion; but in spite of the flattering tales, I find, be Jove! that the temperatwah gets down to the wediculously low degree of—aw—say fauty below zero! Now ye know, be Jove, I couldn't stand that! (I may as well tell you at once that it is my firm determination to entah into agwicultwah pehsuits and that anything in the shape of twade is obnoxious to me, and not to be thought of for a moment, hence my desiah to learn something wegawding the fawm and gwazing lands of America.)

I heah that the people occasionally stawve out in Muskoka, and that that wugged wegion is also often desolated with fowest fiah, and altogethah a most undesirwable place to—aw—settle in. Again, I heah that the old fawms, especially in the vicinity of the cities, are eithah worn out, or theiah pwices are held up to a most exhorbitant figgh, so ye see, Mr. Gwip, these places would nevah do faw me, ye know.

I have made numbeless enquirwies about Montana, Dakota, et cetewa, in the Western States, and find that in wintah the snow is 14 feet deep, and the cyclones blow the twains off the waylay twacks and demolish whole villages. I had at one time somewhat of an idea of going further south, but I vefect that occasionally the whole countwy gets deluged with watab, dwounding the unfawtunate inhabitants, and that wlots of the most sanguinary desquipation prevail in the principal cities. I have abandoned the—aw—ideah. Now my deah, Mr. Gwip, what is a gentleman in my circumstances to do? Pway ansaw, and oblige,

Yours respectfully,

HUDDLECOME HUDDLECOME,

Late of Huddlecome Hall, Hants.

[Go back to Huddlecome Hall.—ED. GRIP.]

"STIRRING INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A BRITISH SOLDIER."—The above is the title of a handsomely bound volume which we have lately received from the author. It is an invaluable contribution to the literature of history, which is so deservedly popular that the author has sold over thirteen thousand copies. We have had the pleasure of perusing the book, and frankly state that it is a well written and interesting account of the Life of a British Soldier, from a stand-point of thorough conversance with its perils and pleasures, its hardships and compensations. The author, Color-Sergeant Thomas Faughnan, tells the story from his own personal experience, with a candor and buoyancy of spirit that lends a charm to every page, which only an Irishman and a British soldier can produce. In plain, forcible language he describes the battles, sorties, night attacks and hairbreadth escapes; as well as the miseries, cold, hunger, exposure and hard vicissitude of military life while on active service before the enemy. Mr. Faughnan, who proudly bears upon his breast a whole assortment of medals, is at present in Toronto arranging for a new edition of his popular book.

Why is a—er—er—but go to the Opera House on Saturday afternoon, and you'll hear the rest of this prize conundrum, as well as Claxton's Orchestra.

## AN EARNEST APPEAL.

Young man, shun the seductive toothpick. Give up the habit, now that you are in the full strength of budding manhood, and ere it is yet too late. Put it off not a day, for every hour you delay, the fearful habit is growing on you and sapping your young life's blood away.

Dear reader, we once knew a lad as bright and joyous as a festive goat at play. The future seemed bright and happy before him. But beneath the pink exterior of his life was a cankering growth,—he was in the toils of the fearful toothpick habit. Day after day, it gnawed at the foundation of his life and soul, until the awful fact became only too apparent to his closest friends. Then, alas, it was too late. Already was he a member of the common council. Alas, it was too late forever. A hopeless, forlorn wreck, he tossed about upon the bosom of the stormy sea of life for a little while.

The proprietors of all the cheap hash foundries in town came to know him as the toothpick fiend. Perhaps, gentle reader, you may have seen him on his rounds, as he masticated a five-cent sandwich and filled his mouth with a quarter's worth of toothpicks. But the lunch route that knew him once will know him no more. His system has absorbed so much of the American forests that his strong constitution gave way, and he died a miserable death from the enlargement of the lumbar vertebrae.

Young man, take warning from this fearful example, and when the toothpick stands fragrant and tempting on the lunch counter, turn away. Yield not, even though the dainty hand of the waiter girl hold them forth to tempt you. Remember the sweet lessons taught you on your mother's knee, with the assistance of her slipper and turn away.—*Scissors.*

## HOW SHE PROPOSED.

"I don't believe in this tom-foolery about leap year," said a Sommerville maiden to her lover; "it is all nonsense. No girl could be so inmodest as to make a downright proposal of marriage to her beau."

"You are undoubtedly right," assented the young man; "the young ladies are not near so anxious to get married as the young men."

"Oh, as to that," rejoined the maiden, "I think you are mistaken. The girls are anxious enough to get married. Few of them would refuse an offer. I would jump at the chance."

"Would you really?"

"Try me and see."

He did try her, and there is another added to the list of marriages to take place after Lent closes.

## HERR YAGER'S RECEPTION OF A DUDE.

(Kentucky State Journal.)

"What is it that ruffles your usually even temper, this morning, Mr. Yager?"

"Efery tay it was something new pringed into dot world. It peen a good dings a man's don'd gan'd penfore him see vot goes penhint him games, or dot make him so crazy like a loonatic vot no sense got."

"Have you had some domestic trouble?"

"No, I got me droubles mit der old womans und Katrina."

"In what way?"

"Vell, Katrina has peen a pall on und mit vone dem dudelum fellers gomed home last night dis mornin', und him mein dog gick der head on. Aber I fix dot fence-rail feller. I achump me der ped oud und gone de schdairs down und catched him der neck by und gicked him so gwick der door oud him dinks him peen some odder mans."

"That was a rather cool reception, Mr. Yager."

"Vell, him my tog gick! Ouf a mans gick me him gick mein tog, hain't it? Ennyvay dot feller him don't some no sense haf. Him all der dimes dalk 'aw, aw,' und him hug Katrina penfore der boopies at der vjader und don'd got no plinds bulled down. Dot don't vas righd. Ouf him bug her plinds down mit I don'd gare, aber penfore dem beopies by der vinder dot peen der gamel vhat der last hair proke."

"What business is the young man in?"

"Him don'd vas enny pisneas in; und dere don'd vas enny pisneas in him, sider. Him peen a dudelum humbugger nodings. You bet mein schweed life I dot, feller mein eyes geep afder."

Clean up your back yard and heave the old tomato cans over the fence. Be kind to your neighbors.—*Ex.*

The fiat has gone forth that the size of men's pants is to be increased, and then it will be difficult to tell an honest man from a dude.—*Sunday Mail.*

We observe that the son of an Indian chief is learning to be a plumber. This will enable him to scalp people without the aid of a knife.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"There is money in hogs," says an agricultural paper. Mr. Vanderbilt now has a chance to step on the scales and realize on himself.—*Ex.*

The reason that the students of a medical college never use their dissecting knives on the cuticle of negroes is because India rubber is hard to cut, by gum!—*Paris Beacon.*

A Protestant church is to be erected in Germany, with a spire 524 feet high. We haven't learned the cost, but have no doubt that it will make the people purse-spine.—*Paris Beacon.*

A Maine girl, since her return from the "academy," has shingled the barn, the old man's hair, and the seat of her little brother's trousers. Some young fellow ought to pay her board.—*Ex.*

This is about the time of year that the city man thinks he would like to own a place in the country, and make a fortune in a few years by training dried-apple vines to climb bean poles.—*Chicago Sun.*

"I have a fresh item for you," said a man coming into the sanctum of a village paper. "Just say the backbone of winter is broken." Bang! and the backbone of the visitor was also broken.—*Middletown Transcript.*

It's pretty difficult for a high-school girl to think of something to say when she goes to write a composition, but as soon as she gets out of school and while on the way home she can say a whole newspaper full without thinking.—*Ex.*

In a court of justice not far from Williamsport ensued the following conversation not long since: Judge—"Constable hunt up the crier to open the court." Constable after an absence of a few minutes, returns and says—"Your honor the crier cannot cry to day." "Why?" angrily asked the judge. "Because," returned the constable, "his wife is dead!"

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

## QUITE A MISTAKE.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

Ah, well I remember my fair Anastasia,  
The time the young maiden was sweet seventeen,  
You might search the whole world clear from Europe to Asia,  
And find none so bright as this young fairy queen;  
She would play the piano  
With her sister Hannah,  
Sonatas of Mozart, and waltzes of Staus,  
Selections from Hayden,  
This charming young maiden,  
And raise up such a din  
All over the house.

This was long years ago, and last night at a serious  
Party of scientists, swells and their wives,  
In walked a lady, close-voiled and mysterious,  
Who looked as if she'd the most doleful of lives;  
She took post at the organ,  
I know 'twas a forgone  
Conclusion she'd play us a wail or a dirge,  
Or a wild *miserere*,  
Sufficient to scare ye,  
Like gales on "Ontary,"  
Fierce sweeping its surge.

I looked at her face, and there sat Anastasia—  
Her visage was haggard and silvered her hair!  
Ah! poor Anastasia, Oh, how can I face you?  
Your grief at my absence was too much to bear!  
She looked up and knew me,  
Said, "How do you do?" My  
Husband will shortly be here. I'll be pleased  
To make you acquainted."  
I then nearly fainted,  
A pleasant thing, ain't it,  
To be undeceived?

## MR. KRIPPS AND THE CAT.

"Is that cat in the house?"

Mr. Kripps might have made this enquiry before getting into bed. But he was a gentleman not remarkably distinguished for forethought—although in after-thought he could hold his own against any husband who ever undertook to worry a tired woman into an early grave. At least, this was Mrs. Kripps' unalterable diagnosis of the case.

"Maria, do you propose to lie there and pretend you do not hear my enquiry until, as a means of attracting your attention, I arise, have a trip-hammer erected in this room, and begin to play a select air on it with fog horn *obligato*?"

"Eh? Eh? W-wh-what, Samuel? Did you just say something? or was I dreaming?"

"If you heard me suggest the propriety of establishing a rolling-mills in this chamber as an experiment towards gaining your ear, you certainly were not dreaming. But without stopping to debate this point for fear you might lapse into somnolency while the argument for the negative was in progress, I shall proceed to put once more the original question, Where's the cat? Is she in the house? or is she out of the house?"

"Oh! (yawn) the cat, is it? (yawn) It strikes me, Samuel, that if she is *in* the house she can't be *out* of the house; while if she is *out* of the house it is not quite clear to me how she could be *in* the house. But, no matter, dear; we'll not stop to argue this point, either. So far as my memory serves me I think the cat is *out*. Now, go to sleep like a good boy, and let your weary wifey have one night's rest for a change."

"Well delivered, Mrs. Kripps! Capitally said! And that ought to settle the whole question. You happen to *think* the cat is out of the house and, therefore, I ought to feel entirely at ease! Because there is a dim suspicion haunting you that the cat is out of the house, it follows, as a matter of course, that I ought to entertain no anxiety whatsoever as to my canaries! Madam, you argue like a heaven-born philosopher, but in a matter of this kind, pardon me if I manifest a desire for substantiatory evidence, so to speak. James!"

No response.

"James!!!"

A grunt and a creak from the second bedroom down the hall.

"Ja-hames!!!"

The double-width pronunciation was not to be mistaken, and so the boy decided it was safest to halt and give the pass-word.

"Where is the cat?"

"What cat, pa?"

"I believe I am referring to the particular cat belonging to this house. Possibly you have an idea I am asking about the cat Dick Whittington owned. But really I am not. Is our cat in the house, my son?"

"I dunno, pa! I guess so! 'Taint very cold out doors enny way, and I kin let her in first thing in the morn', cos I'm goin' to git up early and go fishin'!"

"Mrs. Kripps, I suppose it would be of appreciable advantage for me to deliver the lecture just now, but I am resolved to prepare one and publish it in pamphlet shape, on 'the Heredity of Idiocy—on the maternal side,' specimens to be taken from the bosom of our family. Lucinda! Lucinda!! Lucinda!!!"

"Gracious mercy me, paw! What under the sun is the matter?"

"Briefly this, my daughter: Where is the cat? Neither your mother nor your brother appears to have the slightest idea as to——"

"The cat!! Paw, haven't you any pity? If that isn't a horrid mean thing to do! You know very well I had neuralgia this evening, and here I was just in a sweet sleep when your roars— No I *don't* know anything about the beast of a cat, and you might have guessed as much without starting and frightening the life out of a sick person and—and—and——" Bang! goes the door.

"I need scarcely observe, Mrs. K., that a more beautiful instance of filial love and respect than that just witnessed has never been chronicled in the history of happy households. Your daughter is a credit to both of us and to herself also. After this it would indeed be a skeptical one who doubted your rare capacity for home teaching and discipline, or her patient and altogether loveable disposition. Now I shall consult the hired girl as a last resort, after which I suppose I shall have to search the premises personally to ascertain whether the cat is in. I might have anticipated the eventual necessity of so doing at the outset of this enquiry—but I am living to learn. Mrs. Kripps, I am sorry to have to disturb you, but in order to reach the door it is absolutely necessary that I clamber over you, which act I shall endeavor to perform with all caution and celerity, if not grace and agility.

"If it will at all interest you to learn the results of my reconnoitre, Mrs. Kripps, I may say they were *nil*. Your hired help actually tittered when I first asked her about the cat, and that titter, madam, developed into a positive guffaw as she peeped at me passing by on my way to satisfy myself as to the correctness of her story that the cat was in the woodshed. If your husband and the master of *this* house is to be regarded as fit subject-matter for a hired help's silly merriment—, then, Mrs. Kripps, I say it is high time we had a definite and final understanding on the questions of our mutual relations. Ahem!"

"Eh? Who? What?—Oh! its only you Samuel, is it? But you did give me a scare, I declare! I was dreaming all about—but say, my dear, (yawn) did you—aw!—did you catch the cat?"

"I did not, madam, I am sorry but not surprised to have to say. There is no doubt in my mind but that the cat is in the house. I am further possessed with the shrewd idea that some member of this household has wantonly concealed the brute in the house, secretly hoping that while we are asleep she will find a way to devour my canaries. You will admit, Mrs. Kripps, that it is a poor case that I, in my own home, where I ought to find peace and contentment, and relaxation of both mind and body, am constantly made a victim of mis-

chievous persecution, not to mention cold disregard and studied neglect. If I were not a man of naturally good qualities—did I not boast christian forbearance and fortitude in a high degree—had I—but I shall postpone further comment. A snore is an argument I must utterly fail to answer. Take a decision in your favor this time, Mrs. Kripps. I have sustained with calm dignity a defeat of this kind at your hands before now. But you will repent of all your heartlessness some time or other. Yes, you will!"

"Before you go to the office, dear, I meant to ask you how about the cat. Did you find her?—I don't just remember what you told me last night. But I see the canaries are all right."

"Your solicitude, Mrs. Kripps, about the canaries does you infinite credit, permit me to say. Yes, madam, happily the canaries are all right. But it might easily have been otherwise. Yes indeed it might. I have no time to enter into elaborate explanations this morning. It satisfies me to know that for once, at least, I have been allowed to be pleasurably disappointed, while at the same time it varies your amusement at my expense, no doubt. Good-bye, Mrs. Kripps!"

"Jane, where was the cat this morning when you got up?"

"In the woodshed, ma'am, where I put her last night, as I tould the mashter. D'ye think I'd lave the baste in the house over night wid *him* to answer for fur it?"

## LETTERS TO EMINENT MEN.

TO JOHNSTON B. McNULTY, ESQ., MERCHANT.



You are an eminent man, Mr. McNulty. Did the fact ever occur to you before? No doubt it did, and you have thought yourself hitherto neglected and unnoticed. Yes, Mr. McNulty, if conceit, arrogance, and egotism combined with the grossest ignorance on any subject, save that of "turning an honest penny," entitles any one to eminence, then Mr. J. B. McNulty you are exalted indeed.

You were born some fifty odd years ago, in the north of Ireland, in the vicinity of Belfast, in which city you first commenced your merchantile career as shop boy. You were industrious, assiduous and zealous in your master's interests, and honest too (it pays to be honest) You never filched even a ha'penny from the till, not you; you knew a trick worth two of that, for Belfast tradesmen keep close and accurate accounts and their eyes are the eyes of the hawk. True, on one occasion, you were accused by a customer (a poor woman) with having serruptiously pocketed a half-sovereign that she accidentally dropped on the shop floor; but she could not prove it, half-sovercigns have a strong family likeness, and as your employer lost nothing, of course it was none of his business to interfere. Whether you were "in" the half-sovereign, I won't pretend to say. The poor woman however was "out" that amount, for a fact. Be this as it may you went on and prospered. You became a salesman, and after some time a "bagman," or more politely speaking a traveller. You visited Manchester and other manufacturing towns of Eng-

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land, and you finally concluded to pitch your tent in fair Albion, as a better field for business, for you well knew that the extreme acuteness of your native Townsmen afforded you but little scope for "sharp dealings." In Manchester you did well, and by a lucky venture in shoddy, which you sent out to "the Colonies" as "West of England broadcloth," brought your bank account up to a very respectable figure. Unluckily for such "British Merchants" as you, shoddy speculations don't "pan out." Your consignor kicked most consumedly when his own customers returned their purchases, and your victim commenced to make it warm for you. It was at this time you concluded to come to Canada, and you came, and immediately went into business again. You became a politician of course, a liberal of the out and outest. Loud were your denunciations of the Irish landlords. Deep was your commiseration for the downtrodden poor man. Your audiences have alternately boiled with rage and wept salt tears at the pictures you drew of the state of "me unfortunate County." Now let me ask you, Johnston B. McNulty, Esq., how much cash would you "put up" out of your many thousands to ameliorate the condition of your countrymen? Did you ever once since you came to Toronto let up a five cent piece on the rental

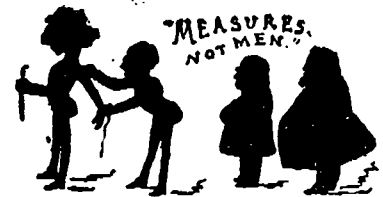
of your squalid tenants. Did you ever voluntarily raise the salary of one of your struggling "Junior" clerks encumbered with a small wife and a large family? In short Mr. Johnston B. McNulty, have you not been as exacting in getting the last cent due you as the most aristocratic of absentee landlords? Yes, you know you have. But you think by your liberal talk to blather yourself into Parliament or the local Legislature! You can't do it, McNulty. Your head, although you don't think so, is too thick; you're not the man! Go to! then stick to your cloths and calicoes and confine your ambitions to your business. You may live twenty years yet and die a millionaire. And then—But I think I have said enough regarding you, Johnston B. McNulty. I hope it may bring you to a proper sense of your true status. DANGER.

Captain Traynor, who once crossed the Atlantic in a dory, now proposes to make the trip in a row-boat. His idea, according to the opinion of an able seaman I interviewed on the matter, is to "git a row-boat and Traynor down so she'll go hunky dory." The able seaman supplemented this opinion with the additional one that there would be a good row-boat lost, anyway.

Some persons, I notice, propose to establish a Liberal newspaper in Montreal. Taken in conjunction with the circumstance that "Mr. Blake's great speech on the Orange Bill" is being printed in French for distribution in the Lower Provinces, it does not seem to me as if a Liberal paper were altogether unnecessary down there. I said a liberal newspaper, mind me. And the printer will please accommodate me to the extent of italic and lower case "l's."

According to the latest statistics, "the absence of high winds has been promotive of health." Whatever the doubts as to other persons, this may, I fancy, be accepted as true in the case of fat men afflicted with asthma and small hats.

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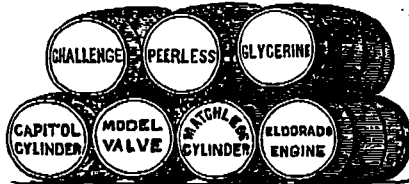


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