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### EDITOR'S NOTE

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

### PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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BENCOUCH BROS.

The grabeast is the Ass; the grabeast Bird is the Owl; The grabeast Fish is the Oyster; the grabeast Man is the Fool.

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No. 25.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1881.

\$2 PER ANNUM.  
5 CENTS EACH.



## TENDERS FOR COAL, 1881

FOR THE  
PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF ONTARIO.

The Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities for Ontario will receive tenders addressed to him at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and endorsed "Tenders for Coal," up to noon of

Wednesday, 18th of May, 1881,

for the delivery of the following quantities of coal in the sheds of the institutions named, on or before the 1st July, 1881, as follows:—

#### Asylum for the Insane, Toronto.

Hard coal, 900 tons, large egg size, 225 tons stove size; soft coal, 350 tons.

#### Central Prison, Toronto.

Soft coal, 650 tons; hard coal, 30 tons Chestnut, 25 tons, stove size.

#### Reformatory for Females, Toronto.

Soft coal, 500 tons; hard coal, 100 tons, stove size.

#### Asylum for the Insane, London.

Soft coal, 1,350 tons for steam purposes, 150 tons for grates; hard coal, 180 tons large egg, and 80 tons chestnut.

#### Asylum for the Insane, Kingston.

Soft coal 1,200 tons; hard coal, 100 tons, small egg.

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J. W. LANGMUIR,

Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities.

Toronto, May 2, 1881.

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# BLOSSBURGH COAL SHIPPED DIRECT FROM MINES TO ALL PORTS AT LOWEST RATES. A. & S. NAIRN, Toronto.

Literature and Art.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or compositions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care of Gaur Office.

The Rentz-Santley troupe of blondes, under the management of M. B. Leavitt, are performing at the Royal this week.

Signor Salvini's farewell representations before his departure for Europe will take place at the N. Y. Academy of Music on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, May 9, 11, and 13, with a matinee on Saturday. He will appear in "Othello," "The Gladiator," and "Macbeth."

A most generous reception has been given to Mr. Arthur Sullivan's sacred drama, "The Martyr of Antioch." The praise is well deserved, but again the charges of plagiarism are made; one bit, it is said, might have been taken bodily out of "Carmen." Mr. Sullivan's health is far from being good.

Frederick A. Bridgeman, the artist, is also a hero, it seems. He saved from drowning the lovely daughter of the Marquis du Montier, who was bathing in the Bay of Biscay. Mr. Bridgeman is a pupil of Gerome; when a lad he was an apprentice to a bank-note engraving company in New York.

Mr. George Gayler, having received from Mrs. Barney Williams the drama of the "Connie Soogah," will revive it for the season of 1881 and 1882. Mr. George Clarke, who is now playing at the Madison Square Theatre, will sustain the late Mr. Williams' part of Corney McGrath, the jolly pedlar, with all his original songs, dances, jigs, &c.

To the British Museum treasures are added a specimen of ancient glass, a very fine and perfect Roman glass bottle, found at Colchester during the present year. It is of a sea-green color, uniform throughout, about seven inches high and ten inches in diameter, the body cheese-shaped, with broad flat mouth, finished off with a thick lip and the usual ribbon style of handle which characterises Roman specimens.

The management of the Grand Opera of this city, writes a Paris correspondent, have positively engaged Clara Louise Kellogg for May, June, and July next, at 60,000 francs (\$12,000). As she will not have to sing more than eight times each month, this is equivalent to \$500 per night. Miss Kellogg was offered a three years' engagement at the Opera, but as the vacation granted annually was to be limited to two months she would not accept the engagement.

Messrs. Aldrich and Parsloe are at the Grand Opera House, in "My Partner," written expressly for them by Bartley Campbell. This simple story of true love is cleverly told from beginning to end, and there is a mixture of genuine pathos and humour that keeps the audience laughing through a rainbow of tears during the performance. No American drama reaches the heart of the people so completely, or leaves such a lasting impression. There is no meretricious sentiment or awkward effort at sensationalism in the effect, and the cleanliness, health, strength, and beauty of the work recommend it at once to admiration. The part of Joel Saunders in the hands of Louis Aldrich, becomes a creation of dramatic strength and beauty, worthy to be placed beside the best delineations of our time. Mr. Chas. T. Parsloe has become well known as the best Chinese character impersonator. His Celestial ways and pigeon English are a source of much merriment, and are evidently a close study of those Mongolians who immigrate to our land. Of the various actors who have undertaken to personate the Chinaman, Mr. Parsloe is a long way in the lead.

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Literature and Art.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Miss Anna Louise Cary said recently:—"I never put on tights without thinking of a story told about me by a wicked newspaper man some years ago. It said that a party of ladies were praising me up in a parlor one morning and saying how very particular I was in dress and action—'so unlike the general run of those opera singers,' said one of the ladies, and, turning to a gentleman, she said: 'By the way, Mr. Jones, you were at the opera last night. How was Miss Cary dressed?' 'In tights!' was the answer, and the conversation changed."—*New York Mercury*.

Mr. John Burroughs, in his "Notes of a Walker" in a recent number of *Scribner's Magazine*, described the delight with which he heard a stray English sky-lark, which had evidently either escaped from a cage or was a survivor of those which were liberated in Long Island several years ago. He suggested that there was "no reason why the lark should not thrive in this country as well as in Europe." Acting on this suggestion, Mr. Charles R. Rowe, of Cornwall, England, an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Burroughs' writings, has sent him a number of English sky-larks, which arrived in New York on Saturday last, and have been forwarded to Mr. Burroughs at Esopus on the Hudson, where they will be set free.

One of the ladies of the "Fun on the Bristol" company has quite a history. She is billed as Kate Castleton, and she used to be a serio-comic singer in the variety theatres. Her real name is Riley. Some years ago she was married to a man of that title who had something to do with the forgery of a check for \$64,000 or some similar figure, and who actually got the money on it before the signature was discovered to be false. He was afterward tried and convicted, however, and has spent his time ever since in Sing Sing. He comes down a couple of months hence, and his wife, who has been exceedingly loyal to him throughout, is looking forward to that occasion with a great deal of joy. Every day that the law allows prisoners in Sing Sing to receive visitors, she has been on hand during the entire term of her husband's incarceration. Miss Castleton is a pretty woman and rather a sweet singer. She earns \$75 a week, but will probably retire from the stage as soon as her husband is free again.

The Toronto Opera Company are to be heartily congratulated on the success of their presentation of "The Pirates of Penzance." With perhaps one exception—that of the company which played at the Pavilion last summer—the opera has never been rendered in a more artistic manner in this city. Miss Pepworth's *Mabel* was entirely worthy of a professional, both in singing and acting, making due allowance for her natural nervousness and "stage fright" during the earlier scenes on the first night, and her excellent soprano was splendidly supported by Mr. Donnison's tenor. This gentleman proved himself to be a most accomplished vocalist, the quality of his voice at times recalling Brignoli. As an actor, however, he did not exhibit any perosity. Mr. Robert McConkey played and sang the part of the *Pirate King* in an acceptable manner throughout, making a decided hit in his rendering of the principal solo. Mr. McConkey's lower notes are somewhat uncertain and his words indistinct, but his voice in the upper register is full and strong. Mrs. Titus, as *Ruth*, was very natural and effective. The chorus, which was made up of pretty girls and nice young men, sang in excellent time and tune; nor must we omit a word of praise for the *Policemen*, who were led to victory melodiously by Mr. Robert Mitchell.

**TO BUSINESS MEN.**

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

**Answers to Correspondents.**

*Our Specially Impertinent Reporter, Montreal.*—Yes, you may engage the suite of rooms at the Windsor and remain there to represent us permanently. Your last letter is in our hands, but is unavoidably crowded out this issue.

*R. W. Phillips.*—We cannot assist you with either facts or figures, but unless you wish people to say, "the mountain was in labor and has brought forth a ridiculously small mouse," we advise you to make out your case very completely and to hasten the publication of the pamphlet.

*W. McCreck.*—You think us disloyal to our native city in that we have devoted more attention to the Mayor of Montreal than to you. We deny the inference whilst we plead guilty to the fact. Remember, Mr. Mayor, you have no foolish quarrel with the City Council, and—so far as we know—you never write poetry, at least you have never offered any for publication in GRIP.

*Alex. McKenzie.*—We sincerely wish you a splendid trip and a speedy restoration to robust health. Thanks for your farewell letter. Yes! we will look after Edward in your absence, and put on the brake if we see him in danger of becoming too erratic. Will mail Grip regularly. May you live for ever, most worthy signor.

*James McShane, Montreal.*—Served you right, James. If you are a non-resident how could you expect to retain your seat at the City Council? By the way, where do you live? Some people say in Boston, but we can hardly credit that statement. We suspect it must be some of your political opponents who are publishing these sensational reports about you.

*W. E. Gladstone.*—Your cable was duly received, reading, "Cartoon admirable—Punch has rarely excelled felicity of idea or accuracy of likenesses—forward hundred copies for self, fifty for Bright—mail paper regularly—can I do anything for you?" We are greatly flattered by your approbation of our work. Thanks, most noble William, we require nothing personally; but only settle this miserable Irish business and Grip is your friend for life. Our annual subscription is ten shillings sterling. For how many copies do you wish to subscribe?

**Rejected Addresses.**

Although my heart was scorched and tough,  
And punctured like a biscuit,  
One word from her was quite enough—  
I was an (\*) it.

Teacher:—"John what are your boots made of? Boy—"Of leather." "Where does the leather come from?" "From the hide of the ox." "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?" "My father."

**Old Favorites with New Faces.**

No. III.

*Duett.—Hon. E. Blake as Little Paul Dombey; the "Globe" as Florence.*

*He.* "What are those wild Grits saying  
All the whole session long?  
Whisper, my title's not paying!  
Him that the change was wrong.  
Not in your columns only,  
Crowd they and gird at me,  
But even Grip, who in wit stands barely,  
In cartoons with my fame makes free."

*She.*—Because they are but deploring.  
Your genius of force intense  
That constantly keeps you soaring  
Sky-high above common-sense—  
Too high for a party leader—  
And that thus from the things you say,  
You have frequently proved reader,  
In scarce a comatous way!

*Both.*—No, no no, 'tis some idle prater,  
Who talks for mere talking's sake,  
And Canada holds no greater  
Statesman than Edward Blake.  
The fame of John A. shall dwindle,  
And his dupes who to vote made bold  
On the Syndicate; blamed boss swindle,  
Get sacked by the land they sold!

**The Winking Minister of Customs.**



This is how Hon. Mr. Bowell looks when the American wheat is imported in bond, to be exported as flour.



This is how the hon. gentleman appears when the aforesaid wheat is ground and sold in the Dominion.



And this is his appearance when the lordly grinders-in-bond export flour made from Canadian wheat, and thus euchre the Government out of the duty.

**From the Member.**

DEAR JACK,—Here I am at home again, a pretty used up community. After devoting myself to the interests of my country, running the risk of brain-fever with the effort of understanding parliamentary speeches, to say nothing of introducing the females of my family to fashionable society at the Capital, once returned to my own place I looked for rest, and expected to repose for a time in peace and happiness. The night I came back to my native town was a proud one for me. The band, accompanied by an enthusiastic number of my admirers, was at the station, and welcomed me by playing (the lord only knows why), "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Naturally I was flattered, and felt that my own "puddle," though small, was not half a bad place after all, and craved forth my appreciation of the attention of my constituents in a neat little "impromptu" speech I had learned off by heart on the train coming from Ottawa. I could do no less than invite these friends of mine, numbering somewhere over a hundred and fifty, to refresh themselves at my expense at the best hotel in town, and again my ardor I quite forgot to limit my hospitality to beer, I expect there will be the deuce of a bill to pay. However, I don't grudge that so much; but have you ever shaken hands with over a hundred and fifty men; if you have you will understand how it was I was convinced the following morning that I had inflammatory rheumatism all down my right side, and sent for the doctor immediately. His visit relieved my anxiety and gave the local papers (the Dr. is a chattering old idiot) subject for editorials, the headings of which were respectively, "A Martyr to his Country," "Our Popular Member Prostrated from Overwork," "Badly Seared," "Afraid to Meet his Supporters," etc. As I walked down street the same afternoon, the Opposition made the most of the doctor's visit. The hand-shaking is not the worst thing I have to endure; friends and foes put me through the most awful catechism as to what speeches I made, how often I addressed the House, what bills did I support, how many of their boys will I get situations, and the questions regarding the working of the N. P. have set me almost distracted; indeed I have felt that if the letter "i" was inserted between the N and P it would describe what it gives me every time I am hard pressed. I did not, as you know, make any telling speech in Parliament, and it is so hard, strange to say, to make people understand how much greater the influence of a silent member is who quietly gives the Premier the cue to take in his speeches, points out to the Minister of Railroads what routes will be most desirable, and smooths away the objections that refractory M. P.'s occasionally have to following their leader. The consequence of all this is that I am beginning to feel worn out, and every man I see coming to speak to me takes the form of an interrogation point on my mental viscera, and sends a disagreeable tremor down my spine. I find rest and pleasant companionship absolutely needful, so I am writing to you, old fellow to come with me for a jaunt somewhere. Make no excuse of business, put country before self-interest, and think how frightful the loss to the ship of state if I collapsed from too great a strain of mind and body. Throw away dull care, put a cork-screw in your pocket, and let's off to the Nor'-West. You can combine business and patriotism—by serving a sufferer for his country, and buying cheap land in Manitoba for yourself; you can make a good spec if you feel inclined. Telegraph answer.

Your faithful friend,

LUCIUS PENCHERMAN, M.P.,

Down's County.

P.S.—The girls don't seem to have benefitted from their visit to Ottawa. Their mother tells me they have put on all sorts of airs, and are of no use in the house, while all the girls in the town are madly jealous because Mary and Jane shook hands with the Queen's son-in-law.



**King Konking Holds the Key!**

"A government of the people by the people for the people shall not perish from the earth!"  
 - (Author died before Garfield's inauguration.)

**Lines to a "Plant"**

*Suggested by a Visit from a Collector.*  
 Dear shrub whose praises are unmeasured,  
 Whose beauty scarce admitted,  
 Accept the tribute of my tongue,  
 One pen how'er unfitted.  
 While rhymers strive in ceaseless ways  
 To eulogize my neighbors,  
 Until there's scarce an untraced phrase -  
 'Thou'rt w- thier then labors.  
 The rear contrasted seems less bright,  
 The fir's stem no slimmer;  
 The magnolia's aroma slight;  
 The dahlia's lites much dimmer.  
 The jealous tulip bites its lips,  
 The pansy sinks to earth,  
 The aster teels its wealth's eclipse,  
 And droops before thy worth.  
 "What's in a name?" No creed of mine,  
 These time-worn words unfold;  
 Much worldly wisdom lanks in thine  
 Beloved marigold!



**His Deliberate Choice.**

Alexander III, proprietor and sole editor of Russia, has missed a fine opportunity of proving that he is not an ass. The people of his Empire asked him which he would do—take a pen and sign his name to a document granting the common blessings of civilization to Russia, or live for a little while in a chattering dread and then be blown into atoms by a bomb-shell. He deliberately chose the latter. The world may now watch its morning papers for the usual big headlines over the Russian news.

**Our Representative Man—  
 AT HOME, Thursday A. M.**

*Most Worthy "Grip":*  
 The office boy whom you have sent up for my account of the press trip to Collingwood yesterday finds me in bed. You will have to postpone it to next week. They had crackers and cheese on the special car going up, and H. Jolliness Mumford was very attentive to his guests, consequently I feel more or less broken up this morning and can't do the subject justice. I will get up a nice little thing about it for next week, which one of your artists can illustrate with sketches of Gregg, Mumford, G. A. Diner, Freed, Hudgson, Capt. Campbell, etc. Meantime I have only to say that the Great Northern Transit Company have a line of the finest propellers I ever elapped an eye on, and control a clean route from Chicago to Ogdenburg. I should like to take a trip to Chicago this summer (as your Representative) on such a boat as the Manotolin for instance. But I will talk to you about this when I come downtown. *Au revoir* for the present; I must have another little snooze.

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.



**Pope in the Musk-g-Muddle.**

We understand that Sir Charles Tupper is on his way home, if not already at Ottawa. We are delighted to hear this, not only because it indicates that he is restored to health, but also because perhaps he can do something to help his unfortunate colleague, J. H. Pope, out of the mud-hole he has fallen into. Though it isn't exactly a mud-hole, either; strictly speaking it is a muskeg-hole—muskeg, being a certain sort of mire, about the consistency of porridge, which is sometimes used by shrewd contractors when building embankments for an easy-going Government. Muskeg, however, is as bad as ordinary mire for beginning the hands of a Cabinet Minister, and poor Mr. Pope appears to be thoroughly covered with it. To descend from the symbolism suggested by our sketch, we trust Sir Charles Tupper will be able to get the Acting Minister of Railways out of the unsavoury mess he appears to have got into by paying the contractors on Section A, C. P. R., a large amount of money on a claim which (if the facts are properly given to the public) certainly looks like a fraudulent one.

**Our Book Shelf.**

We have been honored with a copy of Senator Macpherson's latest pamphlet in defence of the Government at Ottawa. The worthy author undertakes to prove that our rulers are prudent and economical. The Tories say he has succeeded admirably; the Grits pronounce the pamphlet a parcel of sophistry and bush. The respectable citizen must read the pamphlet for himself.

*The Intellectual Development of the Canadian People*, by Mr. J. G. Bourinot. This is a neat and tasteful reprint of Mr. Bourinot's admirable series of papers contributed to recent numbers of the *Canadian Monthly*. The author has brought together the results of extensive research, and has given us a book well worth of attentive perusal by every Canadian.

*Gauges' Practical Speller*.—This little work, which belongs to the Publishers' Educational Series, is intended for the use of schools, but will also be found a very handy adjunct to every business man's desk.

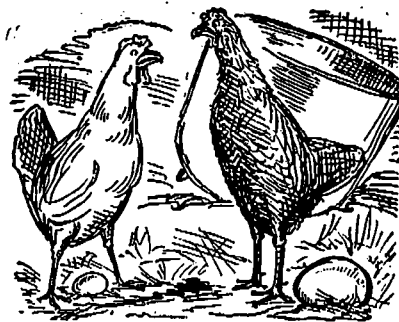


**A Mystery of St. James'.**

Ne'er to his sacred duty doth he pass,  
 E'er (Sabbath nights) he hath turned off the gas;  
 This action many fail to understand;  
 It is not bashfulness that moves his hand;  
 But simply that the lamps are useless quite,  
 For he himself's a shining pulpit light.

**The Power of Music.**

In days of old,  
 As I've been told,  
 When earth was young and mellow,  
 A player came,  
 Orpheus by name,  
 A very clever fellow.  
 And on his lyre,  
 Which could inspire  
 Such tones, you'd almost fear it,  
 He struck a note,  
 A sportive goat  
 Pricked up his ears to hear it.  
 A louder strain,  
 And all the train  
 Of birds and beasts excited,  
 With leap or bound,  
 Came crowding round,  
 And stood entranced, delighted.  
 The mighty oak,  
 His rootlets broke,  
 And marched along so proudly,  
 And hand in hand  
 A sapling band  
 Rushed on, applauding loudly.  
 The very stones  
 Heard the sweet tones,  
 And bounded from their places,  
 And rolled along,  
 A motley throng,  
 With rapture in their faces,  
 O ancient day!  
 Now passed away!  
 Orpheus has no successors;  
 The slender twig  
 Don't care a fig,  
 For the most skilled professors,  
 And sharps and flats,  
 Like dogs and cats  
 Tear our poor souls in pieces,  
 'Till the sweet maid,  
 Who kindly played,  
 At length more kindly ceases.



**No Room for Egg-otism.**

*Philosophical Hen*.—O, shut up your enckle! I regard a big egg as a sign of a weak intellect under the present state of affairs. When people begin to sell eggs by weight instead of by the dozen, it will be time enough for respectable hens to exert themselves. Meantime, small products for small encouragement is my lay!



CUTTING THE APRON STRING!  
OR, THE "TRUE POSITION" MADE PLAIN.

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

A young man from one of the back towns came in to buy a present for his girl last week. His wondering gaze being fixed by the gorgeous display in a dry-goods window, he entered the store and bashfully stepped in front of a pretty young lady behind the counter. "How much are these?" he inquired, pointing at a pair of hand-ornely wrought, nickel-plated garters in the window. "Seventy-five cents," replied the young lady sweetly, handing out the articles in question, and blushing slightly. "I think they are a kinder pretty, don't you?" inquired the young man, anxious for somebody else's opinion. "Very," replied the young miss; "they are the latest style." "Everybody wears them, don't they?" continued the young man. "Almost everybody," said the young lady, affecting an unconcerned air. "I was going to get them for a girl that I know," said the young man, somewhat nervously. "Do you think she would like them?" "I should think she might—I don't know," returned the young lady, blushing again. "Well, I don't hardly know myself," said the young man, taking one of the dainty articles and examining it closely. "You don't suppose they are too large, now, do you?" "Why—!—I," stammered the young lady, the blush growing deeper. "They seem sorter big like," continued the young man, not observing her confusion; "but, of course, I wouldn't be certain. She's middlin' size, but not very fat, and mebbe these would be a little too loose. I should think she was just about your business, an' if these would fit you, of course they'd fit her. Now just suppose you try them on, an' if—"

"Sit!" exclaimed the young lady behind the counter, in an awful voice that lifted the young man's hat on the end of his hair, "you are insulting!" And she swept away to the rear of the store, leaving the bewildered young man standing in dumb amazement, holding in his hands what he supposed was a beautiful pair of bracelets. And when one of the men clerks came and explained his mistake, the young man from the back town struck a direct line for his team, and in a very brief space of time was tearing towards home at a rate that threatened to irretrievably ruin the old family horse. He won't buy any bracelets until he's married.—*Philadelpia Chronicle.*

HOW FASHIONS CHANGE.

"It's twenty years since Jinks was won."  
Quoth Mrs. Jinks, reflectively:  
"My fery hair he wouldn't bear;  
It seemed a flame prospectively."  
"But now my Jinks is all my own,  
He's full of tender passion;  
He loves the glare of my red hair—  
Thank to the latest fashion!"

OCCIDENTAL SLANDER.

And she wrote in a handwriting clerky,  
And she talked with an emphasis jerky,  
And she painted on tiles  
In the sweetest of styles,  
But she didn't know chicken from turkey.

A MIDDY'S JOKE.

Dr. Foord Clark, a young sea-going surgeon, and an enthusiastic servant, arrived in port a short time since as the surgeon of the British ship, *John o' Gaunt*. The ship was from Calcutta. The voyage, says the *San Francisco Chronicle*, of January 20, was long, and it was so monotonous as not to furnish to the active intellect of the young surgeon all the phenomena that the *servant* could crave. One of the midshipmen determined to improvise some phenomena for him. At first he contemplated a sea-serpent, but as sea-serpents are becoming very common, and are a good deal of trouble, he finally determined on the electric light, occasionally seen by unusually tough shell-backs aloft in the rigging of ships at sea, and which is

known as St. Elmo's fire. He got the Mate's bull's-eye lantern, and on a very dark night he climbed aloft, lit it, and made it fast at the mast head. Descending, he rushed into the cabin, and announced to the Doctor a remarkably well developed case of St. Elmo's light. The Doctor bounded on deck, examined the light, made a sketch of it, and finally the midshipman boldly volunteered to go up and interview it. He went up, blew out the light, and descending, told the doctor he had touched the flame with his finger, when upon he instantly received a tremendous electric shock, and St. Elmo's light disappeared. Dr. Clark found the depraved young man's pulse at 102, so he put the midshipman's arm into a sling, put a whiskey sling into the midshipman, and put the midshipman and both slings in the sick bay, and thereafter, during the rest of the cruise, and as a premium innocently paid to a case of very atrocious wickedness, he prescribed to the young hero who had blown St. Elmo's fire out of the Mate's bull's-eye lantern daily rations of tobacco and grog. Upon the arrival in port of *John o' Gaunt*, Dr. Clark wrote a very abstruse account of the matter, which was published in an evening contemporary, and he also forwarded to the *London Graphic* a much more detailed account of the phenomenon, together with water-colour sketches of it which he had made. The doctor having subsequently sailed as surgeon of the *Zelandia*, Thomas Y. Powles, commander of the *John o' Gaunt*, to whose knowledge the perpetration of the joke had come, also in a communication to the evening contemporary "gives the whole business away," not to raise a guffaw at the expense of a young gentleman whose requirements as a physician and as a scientist are admitted by both bodies, but that the joke that theedium of a long voyage and the excellence of its own inception and execution made pardonable may not serve as a false beacon for other scientists.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

As Mr. Francis Brod Harto might have woven it into a touching tale of a Western gentleman in a red shirt:

Brown, o' San Juan,  
Strange I'm Brown,  
Come up this mornin' from Trisco—  
Ben a salin' my speer-stacks down

Ben a knockin' around,  
Fer a man from San Juan,  
Partly considerable frequent—  
Jes' catch outer that streak o' the dawn!

Right thar lies my home—  
Right thar in the red—  
I could sloop over, stranger, in po'try  
Would spread out old Shakspeare cold dead.

Stranger, you freeze to this: there aint no kinder gin-palace  
Nor no variety-show lays over a man's own rancho.  
May be it hain't no style, but the Queen in the Tower o'  
London  
Aint got naathin' I'd swop for that house over thar on the hill-side.

Thar's my ole gal, 'n' the kids, 'n' the rest o' my live-stock;  
Thar my Remington hangs, and that there's a guddle-cake be'mlin'—  
Fer the two of us, pard— and thar, I allow, the heavens  
Smile more friendly-like than on any other locality.

Stranger, nowhere else I don't take no satisfaction  
Gimme my ranch, 'n' them friendly old Shanghai chickens—  
I bring the original pair I'm the States in eighteen-hifty—  
Gimme them, and the feelin' of solid domestic comfort.

Ver parding, young man—  
But this landscape a kind  
Er flickers—I low 'twas the po'try—  
I thought that my eyes had gone blind.

Take that pop from my belt!  
Hi, thar—gimme yer han'—  
Or I'll kill myself—Lizzie! she left me—  
Gone off with a partner man!

Thar, I'll quit—the ole gal  
An' the kids—run awa!  
I be darned! Howsomever, come in, pard—  
The griddle-cake's thar, anyway.

—H. C. Bunney in Scribner.

ABOUT LOVE.

Mr. Factandfancy has noticed—  
That the boy who is most afraid of the girls  
is the first to be corralled into matrimony.  
That the little boys prefer boys to girls.  
That they soon change, never to go back to their early love.  
That the little girls love the girls best.  
That they don't get over their preferences as soon as the boys do—some of them never.  
That women love the men because they love everything they have to take care of.  
That men love women because they can't help it.  
That the wife loves her husband so well that she has no thought for other men.  
That the husband so loves his wife that he loves all women for her sake.  
That the married man is apt to think himself all-killing among the fair sex simply because he has found one woman fool en ough to marry him.  
That homely husbands are the best. They never forget the compliment paid them by their wives accepting them.  
That homely wives are the truest. They know how to make the most of what they have.  
That the man who marries late in life does well.  
That the man who marries young does better.  
That the man who never marries is to be pitied.  
That the woman who marries does well.  
That the woman who does not marry does better nine times out of ten.

Where was she when he spider? and where will she beetle he sees he again?

A tramp will not go away empty handed from a good man's door if he can reach an overcoat from the hall-rack.

When yesterday I asked you, love, one little word to say, your brother interrupted us; so please say yes ter day."

Teacher—"What are the principal races of men?" "Sinart boy at the foot of the class—" "Go-as-you-please races, mum."

The leading journalists of America are to meet in convention this spring, having for their object the elevation of journalism in the United States.

Secretary Windom is entitled to the thanks of an exasperated public. He has ordered that the coinage of the three cent nickel piece be discontinued.

A gentleman asked a Cincinnati belle if there was much refinement in that city, and she replied, "You just bet your boot—we're a cultured crowd."

Those people who hold Jupiter responsible for the bad weather would probably blame Mars if one of the children fell off the fence and broke his neck.

A New York man has discovered an "invisible soap." It is the same article that small boys have used in their morning ablutions from the most remote periods.

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling a patient's pulse, "that you consider me a humbug." "How odd it is," responded the patient, "that you can so accurately tell a man's thoughts by feeling his pulse."

A newspaper man went fishing yesterday and he came home with nothing but a little half-pound bass. "Is that all you caught?" asked his friends. "That's all," he replied. "How many bites did you have?" "One," exclaimed the fisherman, and the whole crowd dried. "He's found! He's found! Here is the honest fisherman!" He'd have had fifty invitations to drink in ten minutes if a small boy hadn't broken through the crowd and said: "See here, mister, you gave me a bogus nickel for that air fish." And now that crowd has no faith in human nature.



**The Montreal "Herald" and "Gazette."**

The *Herald* was a mighty man,  
As mighty as could be,  
And yet the eight-page great *Gazette*  
Was mightier than he—  
At least its Editor, you know,  
Sir Thomas vowed the fact was so.

The world is wide, but oh! how sad,  
Not wide enough you see  
For two such great, such mighty men  
To live in harmony,  
They jeer'd, they chaff'd each other—oh!  
I thought, 'twas naughty boys did so.

One day the great *Gazette* was sick,  
His trembling lips were blue,  
For "party exigencies" made  
Him say what was not true.  
The crisis came—to be exact  
When he was forced to own the fact.

He writhed—he cried, "Pull down the blinds,  
Shut out the light from me;  
I want no prying eyes to mark  
My pain, my agony."  
But time passed on—his hide was tough,  
At length he grew quite well enough.

The *Herald* man, with naughty glee,  
Had probed his *confreere's* sore,  
And at each wild contortion, he,  
The *Herald* laughed the more.  
This was unkind—one ought to know  
'Tis wrong to kick a fallen foe.

So when the great *Gazette* grew strong  
"Deep vengeance," was his cry,  
To catch the *Herald* on the hip,  
He strove most earnestly.  
At length there came—or so he thought—  
A chance, and at the chance he caught.

One Manson failed—that's nothing strange,  
But Manson was M. P.  
For Brome—"Ha! ha!" the *Herald* cried,  
"Here's fraud and bribery!"  
He used the cash for buying votes  
'That should have paid his business notes."

Fierce then, the great *Gazette* he drew  
His sword—I mean his pen,  
And vowed the *Herald* was beneath,  
The scorn of honest men;  
So scurilous he was, so base,  
He shamed the Editorial race.

"You say he wronged his creditors,  
Can you prove the fact with ease;  
Then prove it,"—Said the *Herald*, "we  
Will prove it when we please."  
Then swelled the great *Gazette* with ire,  
And soon he dubbed his *confreere* "liar."  
"Ha!" quoth the *Herald*, "ha! ha! ha!  
You called me 'liar,' see  
Your foul abuse goes home to roost  
You paltry thingamy,  
You 'party exigency' hack,  
Go wash your conscience white—Tom Black."

Thus waged the war, 'twas very sad,  
'Twas pitiful to see;  
The *Herald's* knuckles should be rapped;  
The great *Gazette*—why he,  
Should learn at least this truth, "Alack,  
The pot can't call the kettle black."

GARDE.



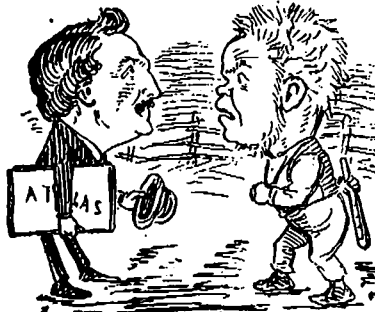
**Journalistic Geography.**

Schoolmaster.—Now, can any boy tell me what is the difference between a Globe and a World?  
Pupil (ex newsboy).—Two cents on the morning edition, sir!

**How to Deliver an Atlas.**

A Drama in Three Acts.

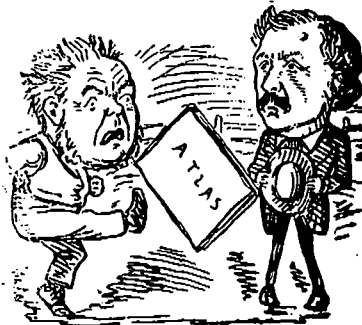
ACT I.



Agent.—I have called to deliver the Atlas for which you subscribed. It will be twelve dollars and a —

(Tableau.)

ACT II.



Subscriber.—O'll taich yez to ax me for twilve dollars, yo thafe av the world!

(Tableau.)

ACT III.



Subscriber.—I beg yer pardon, Misther O'Rafferty; shuro, be me sowl, I didn't know yuz wor Oirish!

(Tableau.)

**Slashbush on Confederation of the Empire.**

It was a peaceful Sabbath afternoon, and a quiet and happy calm pervaded the Slashbush homestead. The old man had dropped off in a sleep on the parlor sofa, having vainly attempted to keep himself awake by perusing "Fox's Book of Martyrs." The parlor itself had a very somnolent tendency. The two peacock feathers, placed saltierwise over the mantelpiece, hung their heads drowsily, and the two white china dogs, with black ears and red eyes, on either end of the same, seemed to be transfixed in a trance. The ancient sampler on the wall, emblazoned with a duplicate alphabet in "Roman" and "Italic," and the naive

and age of the maker thereof, presented a peculiarly subdued look, however brilliant the original coloring of that work of art might have been, and the window curtains being kept down to insure the carpet from the fading action of the sun's rays, the Slashbush chamber of state was not of a very lively character. Yes, old Mr. Slashbush slept; not so with Gustavus, who sat with his sister Almira in the kitchen. He seemed very depressed in spirit, and a troubled look over-spread his intellectual visage.

"Almiry," said he, "I was never so disappointed with any public man in my life. I can scarce believe it. And a Reformer, too! Why the oldest and most fossil Tory would not dare to propose such a dangerous measure. I did not think it of him. I didn't indeed."

"Who on airth is troubling you now?" asked his sister, staring abstractedly at "Christian" with his bundle in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

"Who? Why of the 'people's Edward.' It is he to whom I allude."

"The 'people's Edward?' Land sakes! Who's he?"

Gustavus smiled faintly. "Such is fame! But stay, you are but a woman, Almiry. I allude to the Hon. Edward Blake, Q. C., and his idea of Imperial Confederation. He would have Canada to have representatives in England, and that we should interfere with matters of state there—which interference would be reciprocated by them, to use a mutual expression I once saw in the "Sporting Column" of the *Mail*, by "shoving in their own" here when not desired. Imperial interference with our affairs is just what we should avoid. We are exceedingly patriotic now, and will remain so as long as our own Government is untrammelled. But once the Colonial Office, or any other "bureau" at home, commenced dictating to us you would see our 'loyalty' growing beautifully less. What?" continued Gustavus, warming up, "what does he want anyway? We are free enough now, and have got enough to do minding our own affairs. If we are to have a say in bringing on foreign wars and so forth, of course the Home Government will expect us to contribute our share of the expenses. Yes, and perhaps men—Almiry, just fancy," and Gustavus raised his voice in the excitement, "just fancy me being torn from home, and made to wear a bob-tail red coat, and a helmet as big as a small sugar kettle, in the jungles of Africa or India! Just fancy—"

"Dad bob your duration long tongue, can't you even keep it quiet on the Sabbath?" roared old Slashbush, whose nap his son's remarks had disturbed. "Durn ye, ye ought to travel with a circus side-show. You all-fired critter, shut up!" Silence once more reigned supreme in the Slashbush household.



**The Bond Street Scour.**

Rev. Dr. W—d.—Keep right on, my boy; you're nobly fulfilling prophecy, though you don't know it.

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VOL. THE SIXTEENTH, No. 25.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 7TH MAY, 1881.



GORDON B.—YOU MAY DANCE TO MY MUSIC IF IT SUITS YOU ; BUT REMEMBER, THIS IS NOT AN ORGAN.

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