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J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

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

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The C.P.R. Loan Bill has been carried by sheer force of Government influence. The Opposition has been crushed by a majority which was as innocent of reason and argument as the veriest wooden land-roller. This of course ends the matter so far as the House of Commons is concerned, but it may turn out that in this case Mr. Arnold's theory will be verified, and the "squashed" remnant be found to be right and the majority wrong. As yet the people have not learned what the Quebec members received for their vote, and there are rumors that some of the other provinces expect compensation for this beautiful piece of self sacrifice. Time will tell the story.

FIRST PAGE.—The Syndicate business having been disposed of, the Budget is now on the carpet. For the benefit of readers who have not time to wade through the long reports, we condense the arguments *pro* and *con* in pictorial form. The whole question seems to concern that irrepressible tramp, "Hard Times." He is back again. Sir Leonard disclaims all responsibility for his return, on behalf of the Government—declaring that the old rascal's peregrinations are in accordance with laws which are beyond the control of even so powerful a Cabinet as the present one. Sir Richard, in reply, taunts the Finance Min-

ister with accepting at last a sound doctrine often laughed at when uttered by the Opposition. But he holds that the return of Hard Times at the present juncture is not the result of natural law, but of the vicious N.P. and the extravagance and bad management of the Government in the departments of public works, North-west lands etc. etc.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Now that the Syndicate Loan is an accomplished thing, the attention of this Province is being directed to the comforting fact that the C.P.R. will certainly not do us any good, however much it may benefit Quebec or any other Province. It would have been worth the while of the Ontario members to have talked this over before voting for the measure, but of course "Patriotism" is all our noble representatives take into consideration—Patriotism, with a big P. and "casual advantages." The opinion of "Bystander" on this subject—as on every other—is well worthy of attention, and that opinion we have quoted on the eighth page, with a little sketch by way of illustration.

THE BY-LAW PASSED.

The Whiskey Grocer's got to go,
His fate he cannot shirk it;
The Council's passed the By-law, though
They cutely tried to burk it.

The world is moving on 'tis clear,
And—as might be expected—
The traffic in old rye or beer
Is less and less respected!

Yes! brothers, there's another nail
In Rum's fast-closing coffin,
Long may this better mind prevail
And Law's strong sinews toughen.

But in the hour of triumph show
That temperance is your motto,
And give the grocer time to go—
Be generous—you ou'ht to!



TOO MUCH AT ONCE.

HOW A TREASURE WAS SAVED FROM THE REMORSELESS WASTE-BASKET.

Fortunately, it is impossible to misrepresent for more than a day at a time the views and course of a journal enjoying the largest circulation in Canada.

Readers of the *Globe* will, of course, well remember the able article from which this beautifully rounded period has been culled. Most of them, no doubt, have dreamed of it regularly during the past week or so; not a few have caretully and reverently pasted it in their little scrap-books, and we cannot believe that there is a solitary one of them who does not fill in his spare time wondering how this country can ever run off the track with such statesmen-journalists as the writer of the article acting as the Nation's Brakesman. *GRIP* does not wish to detract from the un-

questionable merits of this powerful production—far be it from him. That is to say, of course, the wish, not the article. On the contrary, he proposes to show that in its original state this thoughtful editorial was even more of the purest-say-serene order than as it has appeared. Persons who may feel inclined to doubt the possibility of this are respectfully but firmly invited to peruse the article in its pristine beauty, when the scent of the sanctum was still upon it, and before the MS. had passed under the eagle eye of the editor-in-chief and shot the rapids of his paralyzing pen and scarififying shears. The *Globe* manager's strict orders to the editorial staff (probably you do not know it, but it is a fact) are:—"Never miss a chance to puff the paper;" and so, when the new young man, who was told to write up something about the *Globe* and its relation to the Grand Trunk, sat him down on his luxurious nail-keg, he decided he would fulfil instructions to the letter or fracture the hoops. This is what came of his noble resolve:—

THE *Globe* (ONLY \$7 A YEAR) AND THE GRAND TRUNK (SEE TERMS TO AGENTS,

The unblushing effrontery of certain contemporaries who seek to asperse the honesty and independence of the *Globe* in the discussion of Canada's railway interests, would be laughable were it not so pitifully foolish. But fortunately etc., etc. (See excerpt above.)

Every fair-minded man in the Dominion must admit that *The Globe* is extremely liberal in its railway views. And not only in its railway views but also as regards its rates of subscription to clergymen and to school teachers.

It is utterly false to assert that this journal is in anyway the servant of the Grand Trunk Railway. On the contrary, the railway is a servant of *The Globe*, for you can buy this journal on the train and also, it may be added, at various bookstores in this city—see list in another column.

This journal is and ever will be unpurchasable as to its influence, but will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of subscription price,

We challenge our culumniators to point to a single instance in which *The Globe* averted from the path of right and duty, or charged more than a living profit for job-work.

Now is the time to bring on your proof! Now also is the time to subscribe!!

We cheerfully invite criticism of our railway opinions in the past, and are prepared to stand or fall by the verdict of a discriminating public. Kindly remember, too, that one of our job office mottoes is, "Bills printed while you wait!"

Our opponents may have access to our files at any time, while the same privilege, as regards our poster specimens, is cordially extended to all parties desiring horse-bills.

The Globe's assailants cannot, we fancy, make much of their onslaught on the integrity of this valuable and widely-read paper. But, on the other hand, many agents are making a fortune as *Globe* canvassers.

There is no possible use in obscure sheets like the *Mail* and *Montreal Herald* essaying to draw a red-herring across the scent. A truth-loving and discerning public will support us so long as we continue the unbribed and unbiassed exponent of the good and true.—and give away valuable watches to subscribers for our weekly edition.

The editor-in-chief, having satisfied himself that space was limited, sorrowfully told the young man, and advised him to re-write and boil down. "Those puffs," he approvingly observed, "are beautifully sandwiched in. But it's too much at once. Spread 'em over three or four articles. You want to fire out these things in chunks, not in a whole heap."

But the young man's spirit was crushed and he let the editor-in-chief write his own stiff. Then he gave GRIP his copy, and GRIP gave him his sympathy and a line to the Mayor. Thus comes it that another precious literary gem glints and glistens from the upper right hand corner of GRIP's bejewelled diadem.

LITERARY REVIEWS.

The Minority and the remnant; or, How to Obtain a Seat in Parliament. By J. J. HAWKINS, M. P.

In this publication, advance sheets of which we have been favored with, the author discusses a subject with which he is well qualified to deal. In fact, it is doubtful if any other living writer is so well able to present this matter as Mr. Hawkins. He occupies a position to which no politician has ever before attained, namely, that of representing in Parliament a minority of his constituents. To all those, therefore, who contemplate entering the arena of politics this work will be invaluable. It contains ideas and suggestions, which, if faithfully carried out, will certainly secure the election of any aspirant to political place and power.

The Poetry of the Senate. By J. B. P.

There are those who hold the opinion that on true poetry could emanate from such a staid and practical personage as a Dominion Senator. A perusal of this little volume will convince anyone of the erroneousness of such a view. Upon every page of this, the author's latest literary effort, are stamped unmistakable evidences of the genius. The first poem in the collection, and which we will reproduce, is very appropriately entitled

THE SENATE.

When politicians at the polls are lost,
When on a stormy sea they're toss'd,
What is it shelters them from every blow?
The Senate.

When for the party long they've fought,
When with danger dread their seats are fraught,
What is it sweet relief has brought?
The Senate.

When your election's been contested,
When by judges and jury sorely pestered,
What is it has you so much rested?
The Senate.

The value of "special cablegrams" as a means of keeping us Atlantic people promptly apprised of doings across the ocean was never more powerfully illustrated than in the *Mail* the other day. Its "special" conveyed the intelligence that it was rumored Mr. Courtney would be offered the editorship of the *Times*. In the same paper was an associated press despatch stating that Mr. Courtney had declined the position, which was being temporarily filled by the sub-editor!



THE INDIAN RISING AT REGINA.
Lt.-Gov. Dewdney's organ on the defensive.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

IN MILTONIC VERSO.

Unto familiar fiction list: not glad
The strain, nor grateful, which for burden fell,
Domestic penury, past parallel
Adopts. Thro' larder this contest, which had
Become devoid, depleted. It doth tell
Of canine ill-conditioned, dull-eyed, sad;
Callous its ring, with cruel curtness speak
Of matron (not uneld), where she did seek
The swift enforcing of a gracious bent—
Straightway would her unselfish purpose wreak,
Full rude denied, and of humane intent,
Quite balked—left was no vestige her to greet
Of wonted meal for mongrel palato meant,
Osseous remnant of the juicy meat.



GRIP'S GREAT GIFTS.

UNHEARD-OF, UNPARALLELED, MAGNANIMOUS,
MAGNIFICENT MUNIFICENCE!!—A GREAT
CHANCE TO WIN FAME AND FORTUNE!!

Prepare, politicians!—See here, scientists!
Rally, readers!—Look up, ladies!—
Come, children!

GRIP has evolved a startling, soul-stirring scheme. His great aims in life all along have been to diffuse knowledge the world over, and have subscribers pay in advance. The assurance that he has largely succeeded in both these heaven-born missions is indubitably his. Thanks are right here conveyed respectfully to his *alma mater*; to able editors who use predatory shears and dishonest paste-pots; to bookstores; to bloodthirsty but forbearing politicians; to the spread of a sounder commercial morality among people who take the leading journals; to the Salvation Army; aye, and even to his implacable foes, the *Globe* and *Mail*.

Now, having disseminated all this knowledge over the earth he yearns to test its lasting character—its staying powers, as it were. To this grand end he propounds the following questions coupled with princely rewards of merit:—

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the stimulant of the *Mail* editor during election times? How is it administered to him most safely? How so as to secure the maximum of ferocity and the minimum of sense and reason? [N.B.—No use to try "Thumb's *ode de vie*" or "Lye's lightning liver looser." Guess again.]

Date and occasion of the last square, up-and-down Parliamentary Election? Probable date and occasion of the next? [Note: The first North Simcoe (Cook-McCarthy) contest is positively barred. GRIP wants to spare guessers all possible disappointment. Nor is it, in struggling with the latter half of this question, necessary to explore the future this side of the 38th century. Fairness and caution rule in this competition.]

3. The term "the organ"—Is this a synonym for the *Mail*, invented by the *Globe*, or is it a synonym for the *Globe*, invented by the *Mail*? When first employed? How often so far? How many times before *Mail* and *Globe* are amalgamated? [Competitors are warned not to carry figures over on to the second line of foolscap paper].

4. Who is the author of the beautifully rounded phrase, "Hurl the Government from power?" [Remember, neither Nicholas Flood Davin nor Ned Farrar will be accepted as an authority on this disputed point.]

5. Ascertain the precise relationship between the editor of the *Globe* and Sir Boyle Roche? [This is pretty rough on Sir Boyle's more immediate descendants, but sentiment must give way to cold facts in this all-absorbing contest.]

6. Is it tact, trickery, bribery, fox-cunning, Bleu support, Archbishop Lynch, *Globe* opposition, good crops, solid statesmanship or pure bull-headed luck which keeps Sir John in power? [There is plenty of room to guess here, but maybe the competitor who goes outside all this stands the best show!]

PREMIUMS.

To each one who sends in an approved answer to two of these six great political logogriphs will be presented a brick house with iron dogs on the doorstep, hired girl and all other modern improvements, including a first-class mortgage. Let no one be afraid to go in for this offer. GRIP can find enough houses of this kind to go all around. It must be understood, however, that successful competitors will have to come for their houses. Even the f.o.b. terms must not be asked. The winner of the house may call around for it with perfect confidence. Just tell the party who lives in it, or any one who says he owns it, that it's all right—GRIP will settle. See?

To everyone (this is a great chance for invalids and cripples) forwarding the solution of three problems, a position in the Civil Service at Ottawa is promised. Now, do not pooh-poo this proposition. GRIP gives his word of honor that he can and will redeem this promise just about as promptly as every member of Parliament does a like one when it is not one of his own relations who is in question. Is not this reassuring?

To everyone arriving at a correct diagnosis of four of the critical cases there will be made out a free pass good for a year on any of the Northwest railways which are waiting for the completion of the Canada Pacific, with a view to vigorous competition. The value of this railway permit must be experienced to be appreciated. It really must. But GRIP scorns a matter of expense in this business. He can stand it, if the railways can.

To each scholar whose knowledge enables him to elucidate five of these powerful puzzles, an appointment as license commissioner will be graciously conferred. The scholar will be given his choice of office under Mr. Mowat or under Sir John. Any little difficulty as to

precedence will be speedily settled by GRIP himself. Don't anticipate a scarcity of commissionerships. Between the two governments there ought to be a job for every successful aspirant. If there is not, more must be made—that's all!

To each victorious wrestler with six able-bodied mysteries goes a watch, *Globe* pattern, postage, duty and a month's repairs paid in advance. The repairs will of themselves be a serious item of expense. But GRIP knows nothing of expense when Good is the object.

To each profound thinker who grasps the true inwardness of five and a half of this series, is due and will be granted a presentation to the Editor of the *Mail*. It will be given at a favorable moment between articles, and powerful restoratives will be on hand in case of emergency. Should it happen that his Excellency is not in at the first time of calling, a trusty attendant will point out where he last sat and may perhaps also be prevailed on to exhibit his favorite pipe and oriental spittoon. The visit will, therefore, be by no means without its reward.

To the select few who by learning and precedence are enabled to collar the whole batch of conundrums are to be awarded three inestimable boons, namely, the freedom of GRIP office in a snuff box, a chip from GRIP's basket, and a portrait and biographical sketch in the GRIP SACK, immediately after their election to the Senate.

CONDITIONS.

You can take your own time to submit the answers. This is too Grand a Scheme for the imposition of restrictions likely to result in undue haste. No awards will be made until all competitors have had an unquestionably fair show. A few days or months or years are nothing to GRIP. He's bound to be patient when such grave issues are at stake.

No charges will be exacted for storage of answers while others are *en route*.

The only fee required is in the case of winners of the watch. These fortunate persons will please send \$2 as a guarantee of good faith—in the watch. The reason for this is obvious. If it isn't, it will be the fault of the watch, presumably.

Answers must positively be delivered by competitors themselves. GRIP cannot bring himself to trust the Post Office Department after the way the Government have been acting of late.

P.S.—It may perhaps be necessary to state that GRIP has fixed this thing up with Crown

Attorney Fenton. Crown Attorney Fenton is a gentleman, though a lawyer, and appreciates GRIP's power and influence—and cartoons. Summoned to GRIP's presence, he had no hesitation in finding the Statute (2nd Wm. I. Cap. 4, Sec. 9) which pronounces this grand prospect perfectly legal. Now, *savants*, to work !!!

TRIOLETS.

(See *The Week* for 7th Feb'y, 1884.)

TO HER MALLET.

Mallet, oh! so light!
Owned by maiden tall,
Held she thee aright,
Or didst thou, in spite,
On her toe alight,
Not on croquet ball?
Did she scream with fright?
Did she fainting fall?

Mallet, oh! so light!
I detest you—Go!
Had you any right
Basely to requite
Her,—my heart's delight?
You, she trusted so,
Look at her sad plight,
She has stabbed her too!

TO HIS RAZOR.

Razor! by thy strop,
Didst thou ever cut it?
Cut the downy crop
On his lip? But stop—
Didst not rather lop
From his lip a bit?
Did he call a "cop?"
Cry "murder!" Have a fit?

Razor! I'm afraid
He can't trust thy edge!
Thou hast him betrayed
With thy glittering blade.
When he sought thy aid
He had signed the pledge;
Was, ever gash you made,
Sober as a judge!
ERIC.

THE BAR-KEEP.

BY A BUMMER.

The bar-keep, the bar-keep, he works on the crowd!
His conduct is vile and his language is loud,
But yet he will sway them as Orpheus of old,
With his hot "Tom and Jerry" and whiskey straight cold.

He can tell in the morn by the look of your eye
That you are impecunous and albeit dry;
He can tell by your husky and whiskeyfied cough,
That you are not the customer to stand him off;
No matter the money that with him you've spent,
No matter his big till contains your last cent,
He knows you're a bummer, a boozing old wreck,
So he'll gently though firmly catch you by the neck,
And wipe with your clothes his elaborate floor,
And then he will fire you straight out of the door,
But although his foul place with filthy air reeks,
I still will continue to feed the bar-keeps.



YANKEE CHEEK.

The national spirit which leads our American cousins to assume that nothing outside of Yankeedom can possibly amount to anything, is worthy of some admiration. It has done much, no doubt, to make the Republic respected abroad; and if Canadians had more of the same self conceit their country would be all the better for it. But of course the individual Yank makes himself ridiculous occasionally by his assumptions. Hanlan is coolly spoken of as an "American" because he happens to be a better oarsman than anything the U.S. can produce. And now the Ottawa correspondent of the *N.Y. Sun* speaks of GRIP as "the Canadian imitation of our *Puck*," notwithstanding the fact—well known to all intelligent newspaper men—that GRIP was circulating all over the Dominion for years before the first number of *Puck* appeared.

PECKS AND CAWS.

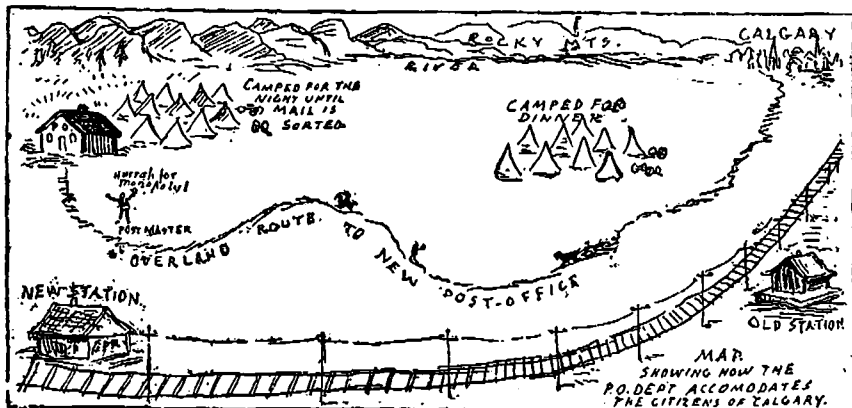
The Decline of Man: Positive, boom: comparative, bust; superlative, bum.

"We must," says the man who prints the *Stouffville* paper, "have wood to keep our fires going, and if those parties who expect to pay for subscriptions in wood do not care to bring it in now, if they would do the other thing it will help us to get wood elsewhere."

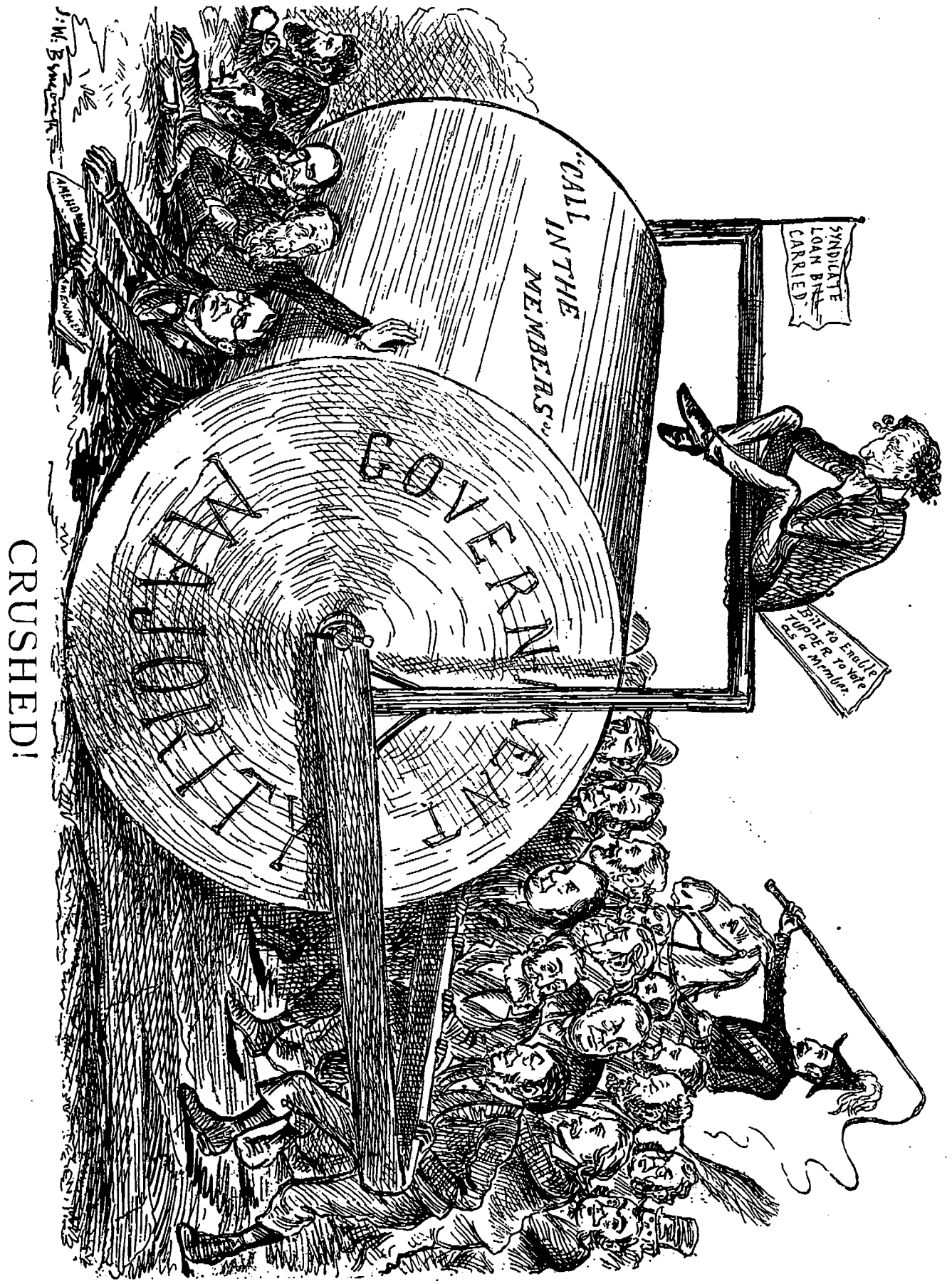
"Doing the other thing," of course means bringing the wood in later on. But how is that going to help the poor editor any? It may force him, etc., etc.: Yet here he is giving the whole business away and putting his neighbors on their guard! Desperation ought to be tempered with cogence.

There is a theory that the dreadful monotony of life on board lightships is apt to drive the men who man them mad. You might wonder how it is this theory does not apply in the case of Civil Service Employees. But remember that as regards the lightship mariners there is presumably some little material for the mania to work on.

The able musician critic of the *Globe*, who forecasting the reception of *Marina*, solemnly remarked: "Much will depend on the manner in which the work is presented," is not the only prodigy on the Toronto press. The *Mail* man who indited this powerful local may come forward also:—"The city postmen during the past week delivered 122,720 letters, of which 4,226 were registered, and 38,612 newspapers."



A Citizen of Calgary, N. W. Territory, sends us the above sketch, which ought to be interesting at least to Hon. John Carling, Postmaster-General of the Dominion. It appears that to shut the anti-monopoly mouth of a certain gent in Calgary, the Government have rented from him a building to be used as a P.O. This building happens to be some miles from the business part of the town, and near the new station of the C. P. R. The inconvenience and annoyance of this arrangement is sufficiently well brought out in this map.



CRUSHED!

J.M. B.

GRIP'S PRINTING HOUSE.

(From the Toronto World, Feb. 22, 1884.)

A SPLENDIDLY EQUIPPED ESTABLISHMENT ON FRONT STREET.

COMMODIOUS, WELL-LIGHTED AND SUPPLIED WITH EVERY FACILITY FOR PRINTING AND ENGRAVING.

The GRIP Printing and Publishing Company have settled down in their new and commodious premises at 26 and 28 Front-street West, and can now boast with pardonable pride of having the largest and best equipped establishment of the kind in the Dominion of Canada. The building is admirably adapted for the purposes to which it is put. It has five flats and a basement, the dimensions of each being 40x120 ft. It is well and substantially built and supplied with all the latest improvements in the way of ventilation, fire escapes, hoists, conveniences, etc.

Entering off Front-street, the visitor finds himself in the business office, which is fitted up in a new and improved style. The young and energetic manager, Mr. S. J. Moore, has a private room, nicely furnished, and supplied with electric bell communication to every part of the building. The clerks have separate compartments, somewhat the same as in banks. A nicely painted placard informs you what department of the business the clerks are devoted to, so that there is no trouble in knowing where to go. The office is roomy and well-arranged, and the furnishings are of the best.

The composing room is on the second flat and occupies the full breadth and depth of the building. Large windows in the front and rear supply it with an abundance of light, and the ceiling is high. All the type-setting is done in this immense room. When it is stated that there are over twenty tons of type in the room, all of which is more or less handled every day, the public can form an idea of the amount of work carried on there. Here, as in every other department, there is no crowding for space, and one is struck with the order and cleanliness that prevail. A compositor can put his hand on the style of type he wants in a moment, and everything is so handy and convenient that work is expedited much more speedily than it otherwise would be. A practical man would at once put it down as a model composing room.

The press room on the third flat next claims attention. The idea of having presses any place but on the ground floor or basement is something new, but it is found to work well. The room is as clean as it possibly can be kept. There are no less than eighteen presses on this flat, and they are kept running pretty much all the time. A section of the room has been partitioned off and has been christened by Manager Moore the novelty museum as it contains some machines of a most unique description. Among other specialties the company manufacture the paragon black-leaf counter check book for use in stores and other business places. The book is worked off on a little press which prints, cuts, perforates, numbers, folds and delivers 5,000 an hour. With this wonderful machine an order that took a fortnight to fill can now be filled in a day. The company operate two of these presses, and hold the patent for Canada. Another wonderful machine is the label press, which prints, cuts and delivers a quarter of a million gummed labels a day. Next to it is a press which prints in two colors at one impression 25,000 sheets a day, doing the work of ten ordinary Gordon presses. These machines are all automatic and print at a terrific speed, at the same time turning out cleaner and better work than the slow-going machines seen in old-fashioned printing offices. It will be seen that the company's press-room is no small affair.

Up another flat you find a department that

has not another competitor in Canada. It is where zinc etching is done. By this process, lithographing or printing from wooden blocks, both very expensive, is dispensed with, and brilliant and well executed work can be done at a reasonable rate. The artist's work is transferred to a plate of polished zinc, which is then subjected to a treatment with different acids, the result being that in twelve hours the plate comes out a perfect counterpart of the original drawing. With this specialty, which no other house in the Dominion possesses, Mr. Moore says they can compete in colored labels, wrappers, every description of railway printing, etc., with the best establishments on the other side. This is something to be able to boast of, and already the company are reaping the reward of their enterprise by obtaining orders which were formerly filled in the United States.

The above is enough to show the public that the GRIP printing house takes the lead in their business. Their facilities and equipment are complete for doing everything and anything, promptly and in the highest style of typographical art. Besides doing the Ontario government printing they do the work of a number of legal and commercial firms and large corporations, as well as publish several periodicals for outside parties. GRIP itself is also being advanced at a rapid rate. The circulation has been increased over 3,000 during the past few months, and new subscribers are coming in at the rate of over 100 a week. An enlargement to sixteen or twenty pages is contemplated at an early date. With a capital of \$100,000, and ably and energetically managed, the company are bound to succeed.

AN EXPENSIVE BRIDAL TOUR.

Sam Kinsley was musing on the beauties of benefits and big houses in the National Theatre yesterday morning when a tall, lean, lanky man ambled up to the box-office window and remarked:

"Say, be you the boss?"

Sam replied that he was the boss of that particular locality at any rate.

"Say, is this heer a play house?"

"It is," replied Sam.

"Say, of mo an' Suse come here ternight kin we git in?" continued the man.

"If you pay your way you will be treated like any other patrons," responded Sam.

"Say, kin we hev seats an' see the actors an' hear the moosic an' everything jist like ennybody else?"

"Of course."

"Then, pard, gimme two bids fur a dollar an' make 'em right down inter ther front row whar ther man with ther big ho'n sits, an' don't yer forgit it," said the man.

"The seats you allude to are one dollar each," said Sam.

"A dollar apiece!" ejaculated the man. "Then Suse don't see no actin.' I've been a payin' fifteen cents fur fi' cents wuth er ice-cream an' a buyin' erbout half a dollar's wuth er candy every day an' doggone my cats if I avall ther expenses of this heer bridle tower by er payin' two dollars fur th'ater tickets. Tralaloo, kurnel. I'll jist git Suse a pictur' paper an' let ther actors git erlong thout me the bes' way they kin."

And as he slid out of the lobby he pulled a big piece of chewing gum out of his pocket and stuck it into his jaw like a man who was at peace with the world.

Mr. Jones, although he is of a very sanguine temperament, has days when the world is all hollow and his doll stuffed with sawdust. One of these occurred to him recently when he put on his winter overcoat and started out to catch the next car. He caught the car; also caught his foot in the door, and was shut up by the

driver, who, when he saw his mistake, released him so suddenly that he was shot into the lap of an old lady who only had breath enough left to exclaim—"Mercy sakes alive man! Take me money, but spare me life?" Jones apologized, and then smiled at one or two whom he knew, but there seemed a coldness and constraint on the part of the passengers and a determination to avoid him. "Board of Health ought to be informed of this," said a red-faced man angrily, "it's a criminal offence that's what it is, for a fumigated patient to leave the hospital and go about in public! Have you no regard for the health of the community!" and he covered his face with his handkerchief. "Good Heavens! what do you mean?" demanded the alarmed Jones. "I mean, sir, to protest against your presence in this public place, carrying an odour of camphor and other disinfectants, which show that you are an escaped fever patient. It is absolutely outrageous, sir!" "Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Jones hysterically "He-he-he!—fever patient—escaped. Ho-ho! Because I forgot to take some lumps of gum camphor out of the pockets of my coat—disinfectants—ha-ha-a-a!" The disgusted passengers left the car, and Mr. Jones put his feet upon the cushions and laughed softly to think what a joke he had to tell Maria when he got home. But who knows what a day will bring forth! Jones was going down to the post-office a few hours later and as he walked airily down Griswold-street, thinking of the rise in dried apples, he twirled a natty cane he carried and sang with a voice up to concert pitch a line from one of his favorite war songs—"Let me like a s-o-ho-l-dier fa-a-all!" Some ladies were passing, and they looked at him with that admiration he always excites in the female breast, and he raised himself on tip-toes, swelled out like the impressario of an opera troupe, and in a voice several octaves higher, warbled—"Le-het me like a s-o-ho-l-dier fall." Then he stubbed his toe on a step-ladder, on which a small boy was washing windows, and it climbed all over him, and the soap and water extinguished all his martial valor, and when the hook and ladder company rescued him he only uttered one word which seemed to be a Welsh combination of m's and n's. Mrs. Jones was sitting at the parlor window knitting a pair of plain silk ear muffs for a Christmas present to Jephtha when the ambulance drove up with his remains; she counted fourteen "thread under, thread over"—then she went to the door and identified him "And you promised me you wouldn't touch a drop of anything to-day," she said in a four-volume voice, as she looked up and down the street. "Take him round to the coal-shed, driver, and leave him there till he sobers off." Poor Jones!—*Detroit Free Press.*

The *Yonkers Statesman*, with infinite bad taste, writes up the "Women's Wear" business. But when women swear we thought they should be left out in the cold of utter obscurity, and not paraded in the newspapers.—*Chicago Sun.*

"Here," said an excited man entering a grocery store, what kind of a chicken was that you sent to my house? It certainly wasn't the one I ordered." "Great Scott," exclaimed the grocer, "if that boy hasn't made another mistake. He went and gave you one of those gutta percha ones that we kept especially for boarding-houses. Did the paint boil off?"—*Chronicle-Herald.*

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.

TO ENRY HIRVING.

And thou hast come and gone,
Great 'Enry! vamoused the ranche!
Oh 'Enry Hirving, would I had thy pouch
Together with the boodle it contains!
From thy three nights' engagement,
And at thy matinee raked in,
Beshrew me! 'Enry! but I'd have a time,
And in the words of the immortal Bill
I'd make Rome howl! at least I'd hire
A coupe and disport myself around
The city for a week or two,
Buy me an ulster with otter fur bedecked,
Raiso Hail Columbia, and the action take
Of an expatriated Yankee crook,
To this extent, no more. For 'Enry,
Packed from pit to dome the house
Was filled with dons and dudes
And brilliant ladies fair,
Who came to see the greatest actor act,
And whacked their duets up like little men,
Albeit scarce one man in every score
Who looked on thy long train and lanky form
Could tell the difference if thou hadst transposed
The plays that form thy brilliant repertoire.
In sooth their notions of the 'Ebrew Jew
Or Louis No. XI. are most crude,
But yet, as 'Enry Hirving heads the bill,—
'Enry who is the pet of lords at home
Where royalty doth deign to do him honor,
He must be just the cheese and so we'll go,
Altho' we'll have to stand the King-street tailor off.
Thus say the nobby youths. But, 'Enry Hirving,
Be not too proud at filling up the house,
Albeit the entrance fee was kept so high—
For should a nigger minstrel troupe appear
And raise the prices, ay as high as thine,
Methinks the minstrels still would fill the house;
Such are the varied tastes here in Toronto
Which runs in drama clear from nob to nigs!



REMINISCENCES OF HOWTON LITTERY SASSIETY.

BY JAY KAYELLE, EX-PRESIDENT.

PAPER I.—ON THE DEBATE.

Yes, sir! Littery sassieties were all the go, an' we were bound to go it with the best of 'em. We weren't goin' to play second fiddle to no blamed institution, you bet! So me an' a lot of the fellows laid our heads together, and putty soon we organizes ourselves into a sassiety fur littery and mewchal improvement puppuses. They fixed me in President; Tom Jones, vice; Jennie Jute, second vice; Sam Boil, Secretary; an' Tim Halloren, Treasurer. Tim was no great shakes, but we pinto him so as to secure the Catholic vote, as it were. The girls? why, of course we had to have the girls—the girls were the best part of the program. The rest were the orjunge. Well, we made out a stavin' program. Fust and foremost, we agreed that we'd all stick in a quarter an' hire a pianny—then we'd get Ada Sims an' Carrie Todd to play us a duet, if they'd stop gigglin' that long. Minnie Fly was a howlingale—we'd get her to sing a solo; an' Sam Boil he'd get off one of his comic readin's, or a rippin' sea-song, or suthin', an' then we'd have a debate. We'd an awful time gettin' a subject; suthin' new, you know; suthin' all the littery sassieties in the kentry hadn't been holdin' forth on fur the last century. Finally we struck ile. "Resolved that all men are born free an' equal." Me an' Tom Jones were voted on the 'firmative an' were just

considerin' like who we'd get on the negative, when up starts Jake Hopkins way down at the far end of the school house, an' says he, kind of squeaky like, "I move an' second, that I'm your man fur the negative." Well, sir, you could have knocked down every mother's son of us with a feather. You know what Jake is like—seven feet in his boots, all run up to seed like, his pants too short, his cuffs crep' up to his elbows, and a hat that could hold a good peck potatoes, stuck fast on the back of his red head. That's Jake. Well, the committee looked at me, an' I looked at the committee, an' then we all took out our handkerchers an' blew our noses you'd a' thought we'd got the cattarh bad. The girls giggled right out, but I stood up an' called the meetin' to order, an' said, keepin' on blowin' my nose, that I had much pleasure in announcin' that Mr. Jacob Hopkins was unanimously 'pinto on the negative. Then all the boys hoorayed, an' a coon behind kept jerkin' my coat tail an' sayin' "Ask him to say the benediction, Pete," an' I had a tough old time a yankin' that youngster outside the schoolhouse. We'd no end of fun that night after Jake went, an' all that week if we'd meet any of the fellows we'd see each other grinnin' a block off; seemed the fun was in the air like. Well, Friday came at last, an' we were all up there in the schoolhouse, me an' the members an' the orjunge,—all but Jake. We thought he had backed down sure 't we felt dissapointed an' said that was too d. We waited an' waited, no Jake! Finally the clock got a quarter past time, an' we had to open the ball with "Ella Ree." Whew! didn't that girl squeal! The boys clapped an' anchored her an' she give us another, "Wait till the clouds roll by." You never heard sich cheerin' an' clappin' an' heel-clammerin' all your born days. Then one of the fellows recited "Bingee on the Rhine," an' his mother an' sisters, they'd come to hear him, an' I'm blowed if they didn't sit an' weep all the time. Then I got up an' says I "Ladies an' gentlemen, when I was a little boy an' went to school, the very first thing I done,—that was all the length I got when the door opens an' in walks Jake. We didn't know him! He was dressed to kill in a bran noo bottle-green dood suit, biled shirt an' red silk necktie, a howlin' swell, you'd better believe; an' his red head all clipped an' smellin' of cheap shampoo. I sung dumb, an' for a minute or so ye mighta' heard a pin drop. Then somebody said "Why, it's Jake!" an' I tell ye sir, a cyclone circulation' up street wan't no circumstance to the racket that began then. The boys cheered, an' thundered an' clapped like mad till he got up to the platform an' sat down 'long side of the secretary. After that we got on right spry, everybody's spirits was kind of up like, an' kind of happy. By 'an by it cum Jake's turn on the debate. I seen he was all of a tremble an' a moppin' of his forred all the time, but at last he got up on his feet an' says he, "Mr. Ladies, President and Gentlemen" an' then he stopped short an' took a handkercher out of his coat pocket, an' turned it over an' shoved it in again. Then he looked up at the ceilin' an' down at his dood pants an' the cold sweat cam out in little pools all over his neck, an' all the time his arms were hanging down like the arms of a rag baby. Next he outs with that handkercher again, an' this time he mopped his head all over like it had been ninety in the shade. But by Jove! if he didn't strike an attitood after that it was nobody's business. He stuck one thumb in the arm-hole of his vest, an' shot out the other arm full length so suddint that his fist landed right in the eye of the 'firmative, an' the other members ducked an' run right to the other end of the platform. He went for them then! He clutched his handkercher an' walkin' up to the desk, he brought his fist down like a sledge hammer on the little ink-stand, smashing it flat an' sending the ink a-crawlin' all over the dek, an' sappin' in his

handkercher. He didn't see that though, he was too took up with the debate. "I deny it," says he "All men are not born free and equal. Dye mean to say that the man that's born in Persia under the Emperor Bismarck is free? no sir? He's a serf of the first water. D'ye tell me that the Czar of Rooshia was free when he surrendered to the first Napoleon at Sedan? Didn't Roscinko shriek when Freedom fell on the plains of Marathon. No sir! all men are not born equal neither. Aint some men born with a silver teacup in their mouths? Wasn't Washington, the grand father of his country, born with a hatchet in his mouth? Was he free to tell a lie? No sir! the cherry stones would choke him." By this time Jake was warmin' up nicely, an' kind of oratorial like; he lifts the handkercher off the desk an' wipes his nose a little, an' twirls it gracefully over his face an' I vum, the very next minute he was like a painted savidge! You see he was so took up about his argifyin' that he didn't notice that his handkercher was soakin' in the ink all the time. I seen them all grinnin' like fiends there in front of me an' I begun to suspect some devility. I knew his speech was all O. K., solid facts of history that couldn't be disputed, an' I knew if he'd hold on like that he'd sweep all before him an' bring in a verdict for the negative; so what they sat snickerin' there for I couldn't make out, till I hitched my chair more to the front an' craned my neck round so's I could see his face. I saw it, an' you bet I vacated that chair mighty quick, an' made a bee line fur the side door, where I doubled up in the open air an' roared. Then the secretary he slipped out after me an' he roared, an' the vice with his handkerchief to his face like he had toothache. Finally out plunged Jake, tearin' mad, his noo dood suit all over ink an' his face like a sandwiched islander's. The uproar inside was something never to be forgotten—an' to this day I can't help laughin' when I think of that night Jake was on the debate.



Joseph Murphy, the popular Irish Comedian is appearing in his well-known role, at the Grand. Mr. Boucicault's modesty should prevent him from calling himself the greatest of Irish Comedians, while Joe Murphy is on the stage. Go and see him, and tell us if you can, wherein Dion excels him. At the Royal Museum, the fun is being kept up by Skiff & Gaylord's combination—a troupe whose reputation is long established. Matinees every afternoon at 2.

The Royal Handbell Ringers and Glee men, from London, Eng., are again performing at the Pavilion. Those who were present at their former concerts will be glad to renew the treat, and all who delight in sweet music should go with them. They remain until the end of the week.

Why talk about turning the *Great Eastern* into a restaurant and hotel. One objection that will naturally suggest itself is the trouble a fellow would have hunting up the bar-room.

A Barrie editor has received a sample copy of a horticultural paper "which is adorned with a colored plate of a new strawberry." The editor, as he reflects on the color of his nose, is uncertain whether to regard the request for "a notice" as an insult or only a little joke.

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MILLIONS FOR THE PRIVILEGE!

WHAT WILL SHE GAIN BY THE PACIFIC RAILWAY? MERELY, AS IT WOULD SEEM, THE GRATIFICATION OF STARING LIKE A COW AT THE PASSING TRAIN.—BYSTANDER, in *The Week*, Feb. 23.

GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

NO DANGER.

Fire Marshal—I very much fear sir, that additional means of egress will have to be ordered for your church.

Pastor—And why so, my dear sir?

Fire Marshal—In case of fire it would be impossible to get the congregation out alive.

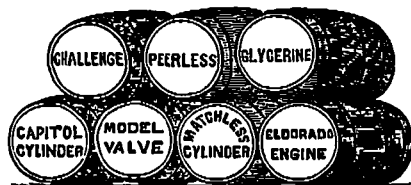
Pastor—Oh! You are mistaken—very much mistaken, I could empty this church in three minutes.

Fire Marshal—In three minutes! How?

Pastor—By taking up a collection.—*Philadelphia Call*.

Corporal (instructing company)—“If you capture a man while on duty you should pon him in the sentry-box. Now, Private Wachhuber, what would you do if the prisoner would not go in?” Wachhuber (with a self-satisfied smile)—“Oh, but he would go in.” Corporal—“Yes, but if he would not go in, what then?” Wachhuber—“Why, the sentry-box would have to be enlarged.”—*German Joke*.

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IN THE KITCHEN.

“Mamma, where’s the lead you put in those biscuits?”

“Where is the what?”

“The lead, mamma.”

“What do you mean by asking such a question?”

“Oh, nothin’, only papa said he was goin’ fishin’ this mornin’ and wanted some of your biscuits for sinkers.”—*New York Journal*.

Henry Clay, the American statesman, never liked to see dumb animals worried, and once, passing down an avenue, he descried a crowd, at sport with a billygoat. Mr. Clay drove them away, and, as they scampered, Billy, seeing nobody but Mr. Clay within reach, made a charge at him. Clay dropped his cane, and caught his goatship by the horns. The goat then took to rearing up, being nearly as high as the tall Kentuckian himself, and he had to pull him down again. This soon became tiresome. Clay could conceive of no way to clear himself, so in desperation he sang out to know what to do. One of the smallest of the crowd shouted, “Let go and run you fool!” Clay always maintained that, though he signed the Treaty of Ghent, yet that ragged boy knew more than he did.

“Yes,” said Byenesmonkey, “I’ve gone and made an ass of myself. I’ve watched my girl and caught her flirting with young Mr. Tawmus when I might have gone along in blissful ignorance of her falsity.”—*Boston Post*.

Baron Platt once visited a penal institution, inspected the treadmill with the rest, and being practically disposed, the learned judge trusted himself on the treadmill, desiring the warden to set it in motion. The machine was adjusted, and his lordship began to lift his feet. In a few minutes he had had quite enough of it, and called to be released; but this was not so easy, “Please, my lord,” said the man, “you can’t get off. It’s set for twenty minutes; and that’s the shortest time we can make it go.” So the judge was in durance until his “term” expired.

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