


EL PADRE, EL PADRE, EL PADRE,

IMPORTER.

 CHINA HALL,
 GLOVER HARRISON.
 49 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

quip.

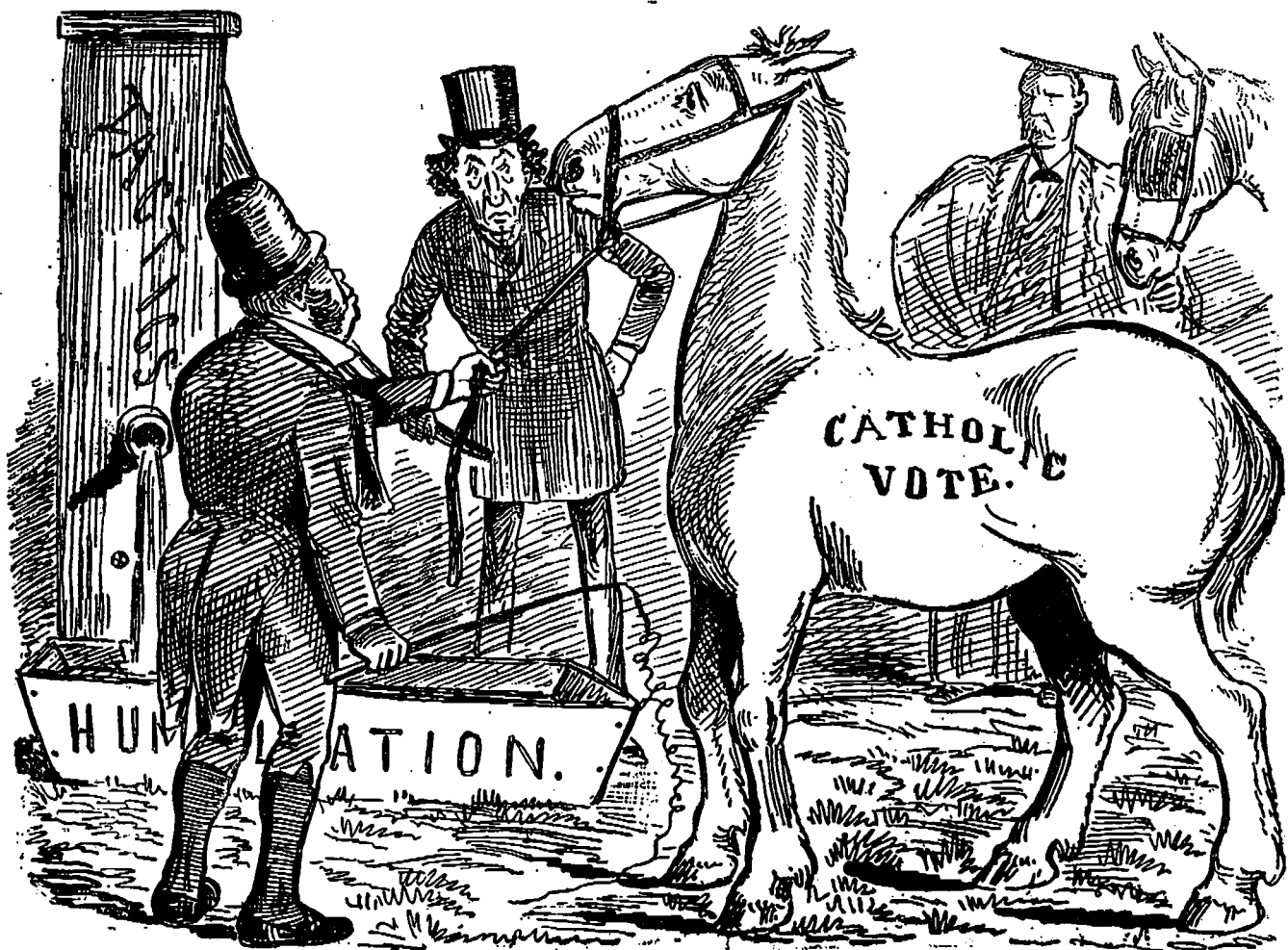
The Gravest Beast is the Ass.
 The Gravest Bird is the Owl.
 The Gravest Fish is the Oyster.
 The Gravest Man is the Fool.

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BRUCE THE PHOTO?
 THE GENT—What find I here
 Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
 Hath come so near creation?
 AND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can
 so beautifully counterfeit nature.
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The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the Fool.

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Head or tail? The coin is in the air, and will come down with a resounding smack at five o'clock next Tuesday afternoon. Meantime, let us all possess our souls in patience, and let us hope our country may never have cause to regret the day, whichever side comes uppermost!

FIRST PAGE.—There are many indications that the exceedingly candid and childlike attempt made to catch the Catholic vote by the appointment of Mr. John O'Donohoe to the Senate, will largely fail of its object. It is incredible that many Irishmen of ordinary intelligence, who had made up their minds to vote the Grit ticket on other grounds, can see any reason for changing their base in the fact that a gentleman, who happens also to be Irish, has got something fat for himself. On the other hand, it is easy to believe that many intelligent Irishmen who would otherwise vote the Tory ticket, may be so enraged at the plain hint that they are a "purchasable commodity," as to mark their ballots the other way. It is easy, as the proverb says, to lead a horse to the water, but it is another matter to make him drink.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Clarke, who spoke at Mr. Hay's meeting in the Colosseum, declared that it was the intention of Blake's party, if returned to power, to cut off the head, the

tail, and the legs of the N. P. animal; and Mr. Edgar, who followed, declared that Mr. Clarke had correctly stated the Grit platform if the head meant the coal tax; the tail, the bread tax; and the limbs respectively the duties on necessaries of life and manufacturers' raw material. The able Mr. Phipps, who worships the animal in its present shape, is greatly exercised at this murderous policy of the Opposition, but, unfortunately for the country, public events take their course notwithstanding that gentleman's protest, and if the Grits get in, off that head, those tail, and them legs, will assuredly be lopped.

In a late issue we had occasion to comment upon the coarseness of some American newspapers in their allusions to Guiteau. *Appropos* of this subject, we have just received from an "enterprising" Chicago firm an atrociously engraved picture representing the scene at Guiteau's execution, with a circular offering to "live" newspaper men electrotypes of this cut for publication in connection with the account of the hanging.

The Government deserves credit at all events for shortening the period of election excitement, which unsettles business more effectually than any other single cause. On next Wednesday morning it will be all over and done, and people will regain their accustomed good sense, which they appear to have deserted for the time being.

During the course of the present contest Mr. GRIP has been favored with a good many letters expressing opinions upon his utterances by pen and pencil. In two or three cases these criticisms have been against him. The first writer objected to a certain cartoon, the meaning and point of which he had entirely misapprehended. The second correspondent did not descend to particulars, nor attempt to show that GRIP's statements or pictures were in any degree untrue, but simply "called names" like a silly partizan as he no doubt was. The third writer was a respectable manufacturer of Hamilton, who took exception to our picture representing the position of the working man under the present tariff as not in accordance with facts. Our cartoon implied that the working classes are really worse off now than they were before; this correspondent alleged that they are better off both in wages, comfort, and consequent happiness.

If Alderman Clarke's figures are correct, GRIP is certainly wrong, and is willing to make the *amende honorable* to all concerned. Mr. Clarke says the average increase in cost of living is only 12 cents per day, while the average increase in wages is 25 cents per day. GRIP says these figures are not trustworthy. The cost of living has increased more than 12 cents per day, and wages have not been raised all round to the extent of 25 cents, because we happen to know of honest working men in

this city who haven't received one cent of increase in their wages. Mr. Clarke's rejoinder that such men are not worth the increase is very good as a platform joke, but is really no answer at all to the flat contradiction of his theory.

Mr. J. Burr-Plumb is going into Parliament again after all—at least he is a candidate in one of the Wellingtons, and, like all other candidates, sure of election. His valedictory address is therefore repealed in the meantime. The House of Commons could hardly get on without this Hon. member, who, though merely human and therefore apt to make mistakes, is certainly one of the most intelligent and scholarly men in Canadian public life.



Dr. Strathy's Pianoforte Players' Classical Club Concerts took place last Friday and Saturday in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens. They were, artistically, an immense success. The class played the Grand Symphony of Beethoven (C minor) No. 5 complete, in a style that astonished and delighted every one, notwithstanding its difficulty of performance. The same may be said of the class's performance of Beethoven's "Egmont," and "Prometheus," Mozart's "Figaro" and "Titus," and Rossini's "Semiramide Overtures." The audience also enjoyed the Lawner set of waltzes and Dr. Strathy's new National Lancers. All the above pieces were played with 28 hands, forming quite an orchestra. The Piano solos by Miss McCausland and Miss Bell were delightfully rendered. Miss McCausland's brilliant playing is well known. Miss Bell, who played for the first time in public here, charmed every one with her rendering of the fine solos she gave from Chopin, Schumann, and Bach. The singing of Mrs. Morris was as usual very fine, showing great flexibility of voice in Rossini's brilliant "una voce," and in Dr. Strathy's new waltz song, M.S.S. This composition is not yet published, but we hope will soon be, as it is not only a very beautiful composition, but admirably adapted to show off a brilliant singer's capabilities. Dr. Strathy deserves the thanks of our musical people for inaugurating a species of performance which is not only new in Canada, but, we believe, rare anywhere, and we hope the success of the first will encourage him to go on with the series as proposed.

HEATED POLITICS.

WIFE.—O John, dear, you've been and tumbled in that tub of water I carelessly left at the door! I'm so sorry I—

HUSBAND.—I haven't done any such thing. I've been up at Hay's meeting up in the Colosseum, and they had a mighty hot time there, that's all!

Our Funny Contributor hopes that if the electors are going to vote for *pair* candidates they won't forget him, as his creditors are getting very anxious.



"DE OLE MAN OB DE SEA."

Dis, sah, is de name ob a story I see a-been readin', an' I swar it is de mos' parabolical an' to de purpose I hab ober cum across. I found it in de 'Rabian Nights Entertainment, an' though I read it years ago when I was a little barefooted cuss on de sidewalk, still I neber saw de moral ob de tail till dis mornin'. It's all about a savage sailor who am takin' a constitutional to himself, when all of a sudden like, he comes on an old man who am moanin' in very great distress by de wayside; his old limbs am given out, his stomach am caved in, an' in fact he an gone generally. Now most sailors an Good Samaritans by nature, an' he couldn't play de preist an' Levite anyhow, so de po' unsoftikated Sinbad shivers his timbers, hitches up his tarry pants, an' swearin' like a trooper to hide de pity in his face, hoists him up on his back an' totes him along. It's all very well fo' a little, but by an' by de ole fellow begins to sit down awful hard on po' Sinbad's shoulders, he gets heavier an' heavier every step, an' shouts at him to "gee up!" for a lazy ole cuss, an' at last Sinbad discovers that it ain't an ole man, but an' ole monster he am tackled with, an' he can't neber get rid ob him any mo', no matter how he wriggles, an' shakes, an' lies down, an' rolls ober. Now sah, de very just remark I makes when I reads all dis is—de writer ob dat ar parable hab been dere—sho, and he knows how it is himself. He calls dis heah monster "de ole man ob de sea." Kase why? dat am parabolical, an' means dat ole man brought po' ole Sinbad who was de real man ob de sea, into a sea ob troubles. But de real christian an' surname ob dat ole monster am DEBT. Yes sah! he am DEBT. An' de man who shoulders debt out ob pity fo' himself or anybody else, gets de ole man ob de sea on his back, an' by the time he gets through with him, he finds de best years ob his life am gone and he an neber de same man again any more. Gettin' rid ob debt is like climbing up a greasy pole, but gettin' into it is like slidin' down de same. De easiest thing in de world an' mighty pleasant too. De ole Adam within you, po' weak soul, feels de want ob dis or dat comfort or what he calls necessities, but you haven't de stamps just den. Maybe it's something to eat, or to wear, or a house fo' to live in, or a subscription fo' de new church, or you borrow to extend yo' business, all very good in dere way if you kin pay fo' dem. But you can't; an' de old man keeps moanin', an' yo' has a mighty dou ob pity fo' yourself, an' you hab a fair income, an' de prospects are good, an' everybody is so accomodatin', an' so willin' to wait for de balance, dat you wilt under all dis sunshine, you am like de rat dat keeps smellin' de cheese in de trap, till he forgets all about de spring; and in a moment ob weakness you take de ole man on your shoulder, an' straightway you am a gone coon. De moment a man takes de future on trust, his prospects vanish, he gets out ob work, dere am a change

ob government, he gets sick, or de wife hab triplets, or his customers don't pay up, an' den de ole man gets lumpy, an' gibs him a prod now an' den kase his step ain't so springy, an' den dere comes a daily knockin' at de do'. "Am dat you, Sam?" "No, it am de bill." "Well, I hain't got de money, so you can't come in." An' so on, et cetera, *ad repealatrandum*, as de purfessor would say. Just about dis time you come across a piece in de paper dat says, "De happiest man in de world is he who, when a knock comes to de do', can tip up his heels on de table, throw back his head and, conscious of owing no man, can sound the fearless clarion cry, "Come in!" Golly! how you envy dat ar man! an' you den an' dere register a solemn oath dat if you am spared in health an' strength to get rid ob dat old inky-bus dat am keepin' your nose to de grindstone all dese years, may the old debbil fly out of sight with you once an' forever, if you eber get into de clutches of debt again. S'help you Jerusalem! Tell you what, sah! its something terrible, de struggles ob a man wid de monster Debt on his back. He may as well try to run a race with a necklace of mill-stones round his neck, as try to get along any way at all. He is de Ishmael ob society, his hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him, and as dere am neber a good shower dese days but a pcession of water carts is sure to follow, so every thing comes together to the man who is in debt; kase why? his arm am paralyzed, an' his back broke, an' his legs ready to gib out with the intolable burden he totes along, an' he am discouraged when he sees de swindler an' de criminal get mo' mercy from de crowd (an de man who is unfortunate enough to hab de ole man ob de sea on his back, 'Course all dis time I see understood to be speakin' ob de honest debtor. De dishonest man who takes de ol' man on his back a purpose, makes no bones about it, he doan hab no sich melancholy experiences. He stands straight up all de same, it don't hurt him any, an' where de honest man goes stoopin' an' staggerin' along with shame on his face, an' a burnin' pain in his heart, swearin' like de bery debbil at his own helplessness, an' only supported by his own integrity ob purpose, to sooner or later annihilate de monster an' become once more a free man; de dishonest buggar, when de ole man kicks, just squats down in his tracks, an' says, "dig away ole man, if you kin stand it I kin," an' dere he sits, and dere he rots. An' yet for de Lawd, as far as I can see, dat man am mo' respected by dis heah institution dey call society, dan de man who denies himself all he might enjoy in order to accomplish his grand aim, freedom from Debt. Now I knows bery well what you's laughing at. You is sayin' to yo'-self, dat ar niggah hab been dar. Ahem! Dat's so!

JAY K. WASHINGTON WHITE.

THE SENATE.

We have good authority for stating that there is not the least foundation for the report that D. Sheppard (commonly called among his friends "Doc Sheppard") has been offered a Senatorship by Sir John Macdonald. It is needless therefore to contradict the statement that the honor was declined in consequence of the recent appointment of Mr. O'Donohue to the Senate. The report must have originated with some malicious Grit who is obstinately blind to the merits of the high principled, cultured, and eminently loyal gentleman who has recently been added to the Senate.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Quite true, but it is just as true that putting the cup to the lip is the cause of many a slip.

THE NORTH POLE'S REVENGE.

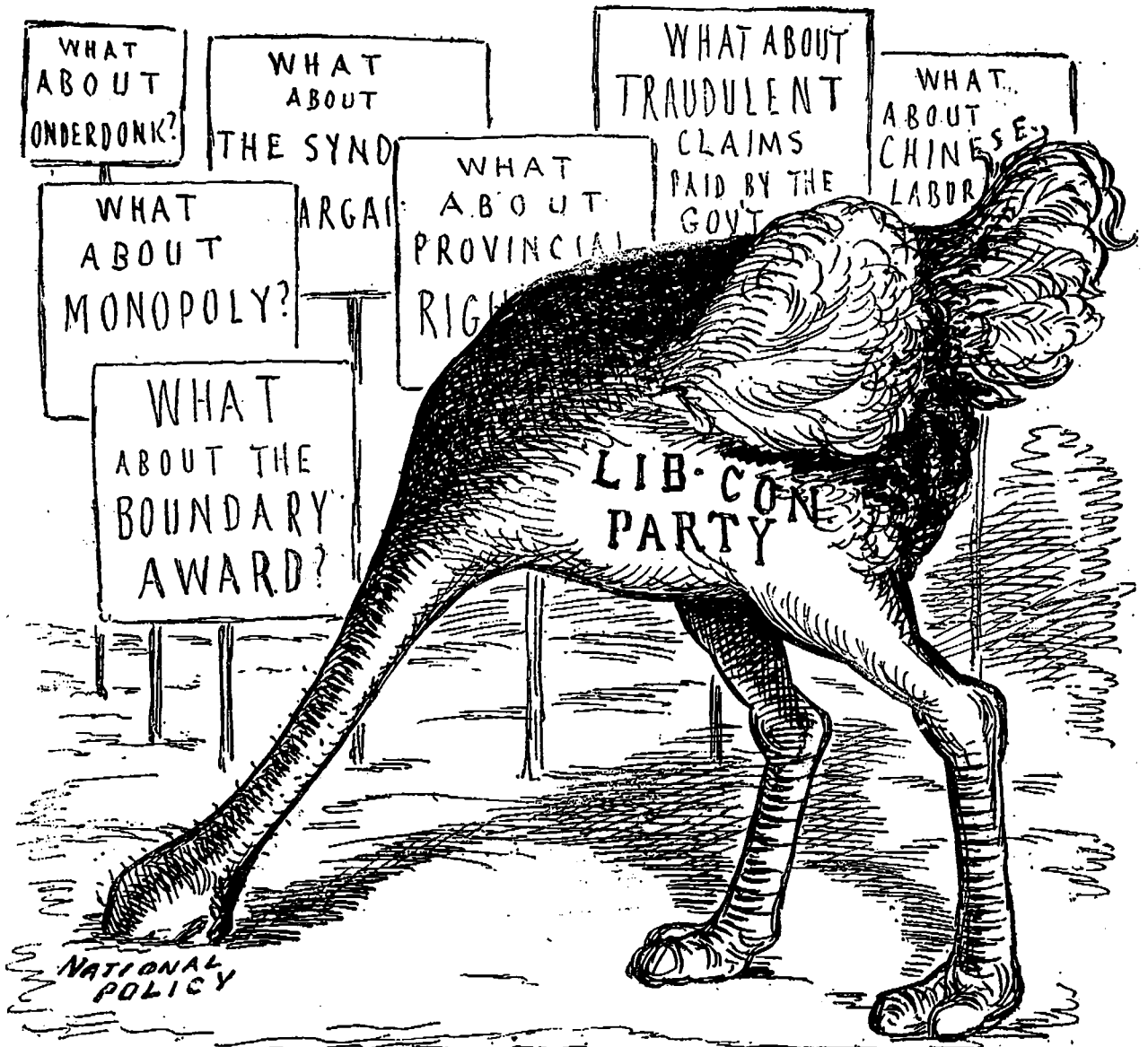
(An extremely long metered version of a pertinent fact or two bearing upon Arctic explorations.)
The Pole expeditions have caused the globe's axis its former position to shift, And sent the once firm-rooted flag-staff of winter and darkness adrift!
So Poles have been shy of the Russian inquiries, historians say, Avoiding Siberian mines, with the Czar and the devil to pay.
The pole can't be found, that's a fact the more evident, obvious and clear, As from expeditions in search of it always the statement we hear;
Beyond Norway's pineland there grows neither tree nor substantial shrub, (All, ages ago, pined away) for to stick as a peg in the hub.
Thus, further on North, he must needs be a very dull confident soul Who looks at the ninetieth degree for a flag-staff or even a Pole (The Poles were cut up and divided as long as a century ago, By Austria, Russia and Prussia, as every school boy must know.)
The place of the pole is deserted, yclept, "Arctic region" of yore:
The axis ran out, o'erheated and worn at the never-greased bore. As seen in the light of the 16th of April's aurora borealis, Since when, by mad Boreas bored, we can tell what a boreal gale is.
The waters have lost their staid level, the river its bank overflows, And man's habitations are swept by cyclones when old Boreas blows.
The ice-bergs of pole-land and Greenland's dread glaciers, vast ice-fields, high steeped, With numberless sea-dogs—and ice-bears and walrussees peopled, Are decking the ocean, and earnestly bent on a tropical move, Which Arctic migrations the polar environs untenable prove.
If bound for the Mediterranean lands, the old classical soil, These Normen might kindly therein a most serious and sanguine turmoil;
And many a Spaniard, Italian, a Turk, or a Klepht of new Greece May look for a bite, or a hurt, or a squeeze, or a scratch in his fleese.
Those birdings of prey with two heads and with beaks most rapacious, Who swallowed the Poles and the Jews in their stomachs, so wondrous capacious, Will find to their sorrow that preying on nations will nevermore pay.
And rush into annihilation in utter despair and dismay. The people aroused, while protecting themselves from some more deprivation, Will send them to Greenland's congenial climate for 'cool contemplation,
Thus ridding their countries of every ruinous, useless contrition, The nations will crown their good work by a great Monopole-expedition.

C. P.



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

The Robinsons, having determined to act upon the *Globe's* suggestion—that while the price of butcher's meat is so high, prudent families should endeavor to get all the sustenance they can from the inferior cuts—determine to test the stimulating qualities of a horn.



THE TORY OSTRICH AND THE GRIT SIDE ISSUES.

JOTTINGS.

When she is *iron*, then both are *one*.
 One who is often in the *blues*—The dyer.
 The dyer cannot get on without his *liner*.
 Net profits—Those which the fisherman makes.
 The ang'or works by *hook*, the shepherd by *crook*.
 A merchant is like a divinity student when he *takes orders*.
 The brandy drinker's face, by and by, gets branded with it.
 The painter like the epicure is mindful of his *palette* (palate).
 An unailing cure for the *bowl* complaint. Total Abstinence.
 G-i-n, gin. A snare, a trap. A very good name for the liquid so called.

Many a one performs on the *pipe*, who yet cannot be properly called a musician.

Sometimes people get a *legacy* which has a foot at the end of it. The latter is not a drawback, for it is propelled by the former, and it makes the receiver move on.

A picture represents Sir John A. with a bar of hard soap in his hand, extolling the virtues of the said article. A dish of *soft soap* would be more suitable. The gallant knight, it is well known, makes great use of the latter.

ODE,

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO BISHOP SWEATMAN, BY AN ADVOCATE OF POPULAR RIGHTS.

Worthy Bishop, Reverend Sir,
 Since GRIP does not deem it vital
 To "My Lord" you, and confer
 An unmeaning, spurious title,

Don't you think in days like ours,
 'Mid democracy's upheaval,
 Bishops have not quite the powers
 Of the period mediæval?

Fettered then in speech and thought,
 Ignorant of arts and letters,
 The "mere laity" were taught
 To obey the priests, their betters.

And the Bishop, through his fold,
 Lord of laic squire and yeoman,
 Had his way quite uncontrolled,
 And accountable to *no* man!

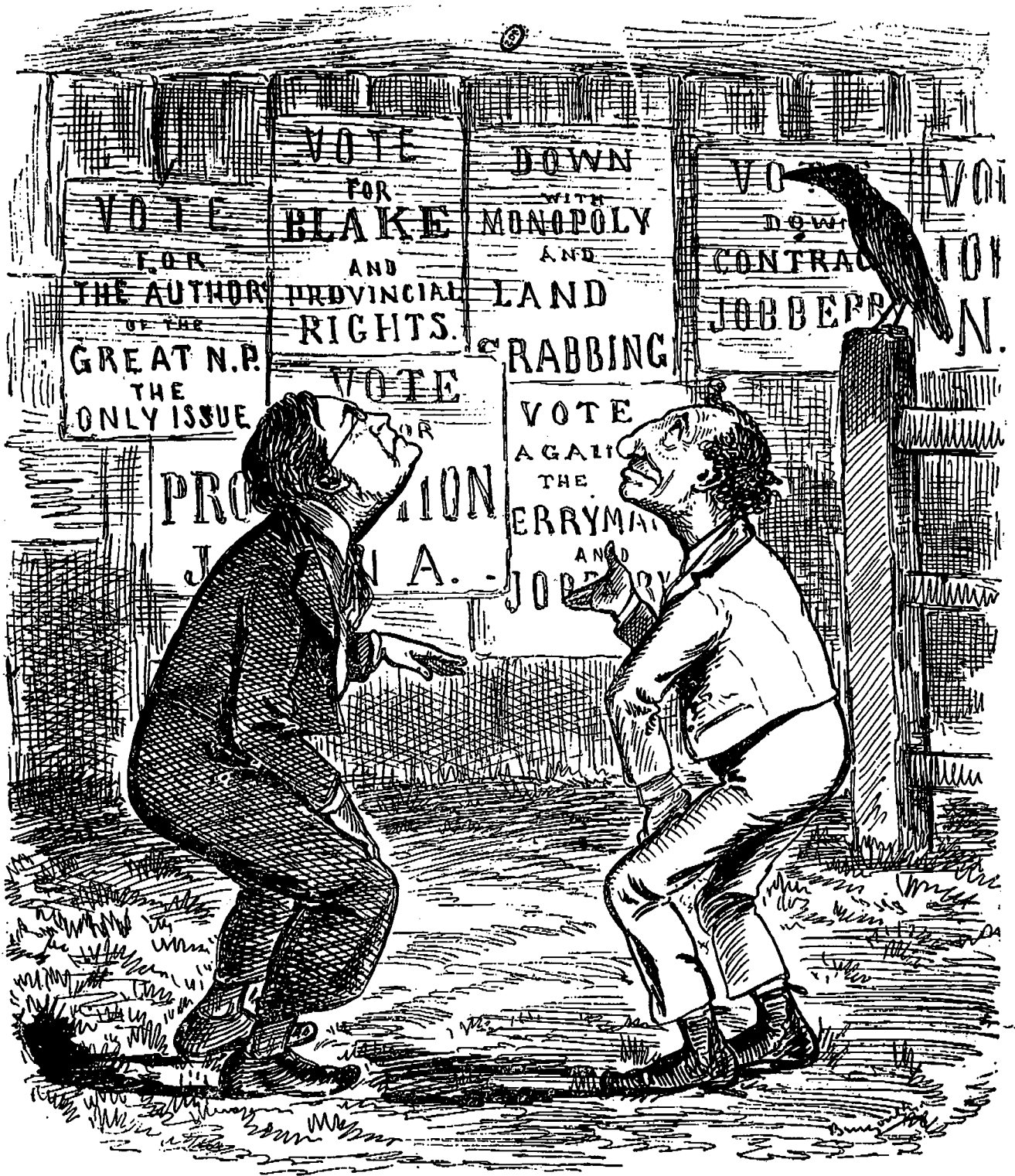
Bishops now before they send
 Men to care of souls and steeple,
 To this question should attend:
 Will the parson suit the people?

Parsons should be chosen, *not*
 Spite of those who pay their wages!
 So says one, whom, having caught,
 They'd have fined in former ages.

For to teach the people should
 Have a voice to choose their parson,
 Is a crime the cleric would
 Look on as deserving arson.

Then, good Bishop, let the names
 Quickly have your approbation,
 As the pastors of St. James,
 Who will suit the congregation.

LAV I Cuss.



HEAD OR TAIL?

[A question to be decided on the 20th.]

JOHN A.—HEADS I WIN; TAILS YOU LOSE!



I-deal life—That of a gambler.
Seal hunters—Monogram collectors.

The State of Ireland—By no means a United State.

Vested Interests—Your watch, toothpick, penknife, etc.

The Orange Sentinel is said to be sleeping on the ramparts. O'Donohoe said so.

The best joke of the season—John A. promising to find a seat for Mr. Plumb.

A Mammoth undertaking—Mr. Thompson trying to be elected in East Toronto.

If the Conservative Candidate in East Toronto is elected it will be by a Small majority.

Mr. Edgar, though a lawyer, is engaged just now in quite another business, viz., that of pressing Hay.

The Orange difficulty—Slipping on the peel of one, and while picking yourself up trying to look unconcerned.

Zola has written "Nana," "Nana's Mother," and "Nana's Daughter;" it is now in order for some one to write "Nana's Grandmother."

Our Funny Contributor's face beamed with satisfaction, when, lately, a man in Lindsay complimented him on his improved appearance—getting stout, etc.; but when the man added a request for a quarter to treat a crowd, our Contributor's lack of faith in human nature returned, and he remarked that he was a political agent and couldn't do it.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Mistress—"Forgot it? Why, I told you to impress it on your mind." Bridget—"It was on me moind I put it, mum, an' me moind went astray wid it."

They talk of changing the name of Green Tree, Pa., to Duffryn Mawr. Why not simply alter the spelling thus: (Grwyn Trwye?—*Philadelphia News*.

"I want a little change," said Mr. B. to her husband yesterday. "Well," was the heartless response, "just wait for it. Time brings change to everybody."

Of a miserly man, who died of softening of the brain, a local paper says: "His head gave way, but his hand never did. His brain softened, but his heart couldn't."

"A fellow must sow his wild oats, you know," exclaimed the adolescent John. "Yes," replied Annie, "but one shouldn't begin sowing so soon after cradling."

An esteemed exchange says there are seventeen red-headed girls in a neighboring town, and lets himself out of trouble by remarking that they are all belles.—*Lowell Citizen*.

Polydipsia is the Boston name for thirst. When suffering from polydipsia the Boston man calls for spiritus frumenti and then washes it down with protoxide of hydrogen.

"You are as full of airs as a music box," is what a young man said to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."

Daniel Webster used to say that the great interests of this country were united and inseparable. He doubtless had reference to the corn crop and whiskey manufacture.—*Lowell Citizen*.

"Some men are fortunate in their friends," remarked young Brown; "now there's Smith; he never has any trouble in borrowing \$5, and I couldn't raise a loan of fifty cents if I tried."—*Boston Star*.

A Boston man has paid Mr. Gaugengigl \$500 for his picture, "La Refugie," and the last two syllables of the painter's name represent his method of expressing his satisfaction at the sale.—*Lowell Courier*.

"My dear son," exclaimed old Mrs. Jenkins last evening, "I wouldn't go out without something over me. Put on your overcoat or your cardamon jacket, or you'll catch your death of ammonia."—*Lowell Citizen*.

It is understood that Eli Perkins rode Apollo, the horse that won the Derby at Louisville on Tuesday. In the pictures and statues Apollo is always represented as carrying a lyre.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Secretary Chandler paid \$100 for a cup of coffee at the recent Garfield Memorial Fair in the rotunda at the National Capitol. The coffee was excellent, but the Secretary of the Navy didn't pass his cup a second time.

There is some talk of making Gen. Robert C. Schenck a candidate for Congress, in the new Third District of Ohio. He is a good man to have in Congress, he so thoroughly understands the value of a pair.—*Boston Post*.

"Violet, dearest, do you play that tune very often?" asked Hugh Montessor of his affianced. "Yes, pet, and when we are married I'll play it all the time." Then Hugh went out and shuddered himself to death.—*Stuebenville Republican*.

Mr. Kreuger, the inventor of an alleged flying machine, recently committed suicide, and if he was a Christian he knows more about flying now than when on this earth. The difficulty is, he can't return to utilize his newly acquired knowledge.—*Norristown Herald*.

HE'S LEFT WHO COMES TOO LATE.

The train departs at half-past eight;
The traveller runs apace;
He yet may reach the station gate—
It closes in his face!
He sees the train slide down the track;
He curses frax his fate,
And mutters as he wanders back—
"He's left who comes too late!"

At 6 the dinner's smoking hot;
The wine foams in the glass;
The soup is boiling from the pot,
Which deftest waiters pass.
The wine is flat; the soup is cold;
The diner comes at eight—
You see the old, old story's told—
"He's left who comes too late!"

A maiden holds a heart in thrall—
He cherishes a glove,
And sighs to gain her, that is all!
He does not tell his love,
And some fine day the cruel mail
Bears as a dreadful fate,
Her wedding cards—then let him wail—
"I'm left, who came too late!"

—*Boston Advertiser*.

A PAIR FROM MARK TWAIN.

We submit the following pair of jokes make the best brace to be found in Mark Twain's sayings or writings. If any one can offer better ones we shall be glad to publish them:

Speaking of Ingersoll's lecture on "The Mistakes of Moses," he said:

"I wouldn't give a cent to hear Ingersoll on Moses, but I'd give \$10 to hear Moses on Ingersoll."

In the preface of his "Tramp Abroad" he says: "I'm going to try to keep statistics out of this book, but I doubt if I succeed. Figures stew out of me just as naturally as the otter of roses out of the otter."

DISCOURAGED HER.

"Is this the place," she asked, as she wandered down by the Fairmount dam, "where a young lady—a beautiful young lady—fell into the water last season, and was rescued by a gallant young man, whom she afterward married? He looked at her carefully, estimated her at a square 47, with false teeth, and said: "Yes, ma'am, but I don't know how to swim."—*Philadelphia News*.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR GIRLS?

"Well, Belle, how are you fixed for the college championship?"

"I've got fifty on Harvard, Amy, but I do hope Princeton will win!"

"Why?"

"O, they've such a sweet little fellow that plays back-stop."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

THE REASON HE WROTE IT.

"I write this," says Mr. Nelson de Pew, of Napiersville, Quebec, Canada, "to say that, after suffering six years with rheumatism—accompanied with the most intense pain with which anyone could be afflicted—I have been completely cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. I thus write because I consider it my duty so to do, and because I wish to publish to suffering humanity the wonderful efficacy of the Great German Remedy. When I remember that during the six years in which I was bedridden with this awful disease, I tried all kinds of remedies, and expended a large amount of money with doctors of all schools, and underwent all kinds of treatment, the feeling of gratitude at my marvellous recovery impresses me to give the widest publicity to my case."

A. W. SPAULDING, L.D.S.,

(Demonstrator of Practical Dentistry in the Toronto Dental School.)

HAS OPENED AN
OFFICE AT 51 KING STREET EAST,

(Nearly opposite Toronto Street.)

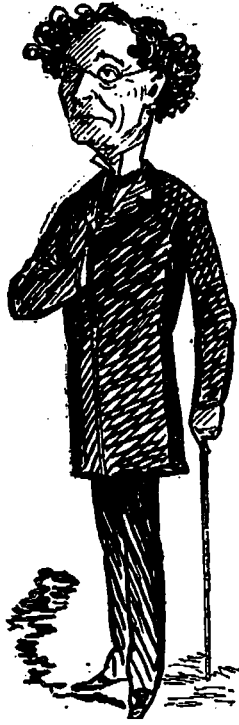
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RELIABLE PROPHETIC PORTRAIT OF
THE NEXT PREMIER.

TEARS FOR EGYPT.

To MR. GRIP.—SIR,—The hot tears are running down my cheek, my heart is heavy, and my breath comes in hysterical gasps. I must give my sorrow words, and into whose tender bosom shall I more fittingly pour my griefs than into yours, O great master of the emotions!

Sir, I weep for Egypt. Do not tell me O learned doctor, that I might as well let Egypt do her own weeping, for I am persuaded that never before was that historic mystery thrown upon the pages of letter-press with such overpowering effect as in *Varsity* this week, by the genius of the renowned and altogether too too poet of the electric light century, "Huron."

Listen, sir, for a moment to the mournful numbers, and then say if you can forbide the scalding tears from flowing, nay will you not rather join me in that sad pleasure, and in the touching lines of "Huron" bewail dead Egypt's misery. List, oh! list!

"Sleeping, dreaming, and silent,
By the great sea."

You perceive, sir, that Egypt no longer talks in her sleep, she is "silent," if "sleeping" and "dreaming."

"Dead, and hushed in hot vapors."

Dead, sir, dead! though "sleeping, dreaming, and silent." Wonderful figure! powerful allegory! And, sir, the "dead, sleeping, dreaming and silent" Egypt is "hushed in hot vapors" and in the midst of our sorrow we cannot fail but derive comfort from the consciousness that being "dead," the "hot vapors" won't hurt her, don't matter a cent, in fact. To proceed,—

"Ruins Ionic and barbaric,
Hushed in repose."

How dreadful! Yet knowing the ruins occasioned by barbaric wire fences how can we withhold our pity, or cease to be thankful that the necessarily powerful oburgations incepted by such ruins are "hushed in repose." We may also stop to consider which is the

happier, the "ruins" hushed in "repose" or the "sleeping" etc., hushed in "hot vapors." It appears to me that "repose" has it.

And, sir, how ought we to congratulate ourselves that we are not the lotus leaves which "Huron" so recklessly drags into public notice. Listen, I beseech you, sir:

"Nubian temples of Isis,
Nubian streams,
On whose dead breasts in the midnight,
The lotus leaf dreams."

Sir, the dead breasts of a stream, albeit a Nubian stream, must be anything but a comfortable place for the dream of a lotus leaf. But that is not the worst of it:—

"Pyramid, temple, and obelisk,
Shadowy stand,
As ones that there in the evening
Point with the hand
Into the night and the future,
Over the sand."

Horrible! most horrible! it is beyond endurance. Always nervous and excitable, it really is almost more than my imagination can bear, to attempt to realize what the effect must be of those

"ones that there in the evening
Point with the hand."

I beseech you, sir, with your magic powers conjure away the horrid vision. Dead! dead!! dead!!! all dead. O Egypt, can I fail but mourn for thee! Can all the arts of thy necromancers, even of the wise men who rivalled Moses in the courts of thy Pharaoh, ever restore thy life when "Huron" has taken such pains to assert the fact of thy death?

"Rivers, where never a ripple
Dies on dead shores."

(which is lucky for the ripple, at least, if not also for the people of the neighborhood.)

"Where the dead East to the new world
Opens her doors."

Most marvellous! most wonderful! The dead East opening doors! *Mirabile dictu!*

"Dead, all dead, but their memories,
Sheathed in their rest."

though, sir, we must admit that "Huron" uses a rather intangible and therefore not very promising kind of mummy cloth, if we consider it in relation to comfort.

"Dead to all else but thy slumber,
Child of Earth's morn,
Swathed in thy dream of smoke vapors."

Unhappy Egypt! not only "swathed" in "rest," but also "swathed" in "dream of smoke vapors," gently contemplating, as it were, the delightful results that Capt. Marryatt describes as arising from the science of fumology, by which you can tell what your neighbor has for dinner. Is this what "Huron" would insinuate? And is dead Egypt only in a trance, a sort of syncope, in fact, in which, while unable to act herself, she yet knows all that is going on around her, is "wrapped in contemplation" as in another variety of cerecloth, and looks yellow, as a properly-constituted mummy should, from the effect of the "smoke vapors" of her "dream." Ah, no! that is not what he means, for he says:

"Sphinx-eyed in scorn,
Till the hot levanter of ages
Husheth his storm."

Poor Egypt! no one to put the pennies on her eyes at her decease, and so people can see she is "sphinx-eyed." Could "cross-eyed" be worse? And so she must remain, poor thing, until the "hot levanter" levants, and she can be at peace to follow "Huron's" impassioned adjuration:

"Strange mummy of all the world's phantoms,
Ghost of antiquity,
Draw closer the cloak of thy darkness;
Land where no tree
Shades the red heat from the sand bars
Down by the sea."

Ah, dear MR. GRIP, I am sure that by this time the tears are running down your cheeks as they are down mine, and that if dead Egypt finds herself unable to "draw closer the cloak of her darkness" over her "rest" and "smoke vapor" swathing, you will be quite ready to help her to do it, especially in view of the

"red heat from the sand bars,
Down by the sea."

Yours in very low spirits,

MARA.

THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS (ONT.)

BY HUDGE GIN SEW.

VOL. I.

Ralph Abercrombie was ruined. Yet at five-and-twenty even ruin does not take all the zest out of existence to one who has never known a headache nor a heartache, is well-dressed, and is possessed of a reserved capital of fifty cents. So Ralph walked down King-street as gaily as if rich enough to purchase at will the most expensive luxuries from its glittering stores. Suddenly his career was arrested by one whom he had not met for years, when they were pupils at the same school. "I know that you are ruined," was his friend's greeting. "Last night you risked and lost your last dollar at the Faro bank in Jarvis-street, you have neither energy nor strength to work, but if you will join our society you may at least be enabled to live in comfort for the rest of your days." It was arranged that Ralph should dine that evening with his friend at the Rossin House; next day they proceeded by railway to Paris, where Ralph was introduced to the Society of the Six Recluses. They lived together in a large house some miles from the village, its garden surrounded by a high wall which effectually secluded the society from observation or intrusion. The house was neatly but not luxuriously furnished, the garden well stocked with all manner of vegetables and fruits; the six brethren lived in entire seclusion from the people of the neighborhood. Ralph was kindly received, and for a year lived a monotonous but not uncomfortable life; once a month he was despatched to the village store to procure supplies, this being the only communication held by the society with the outside world. At length an epidemic of typhoid fever visited the neighborhood of Paris; one after another the brethren were attacked and died, the last to succumb being the brother who had introduced Ralph to the community. He informed Ralph that he should inherit the property of the brethren, all of which he was at liberty to dispose of at pleasure, with the exception of the contents of the iron safe in the basement storey, the key of which he wished to have buried with him.

VOL. II.

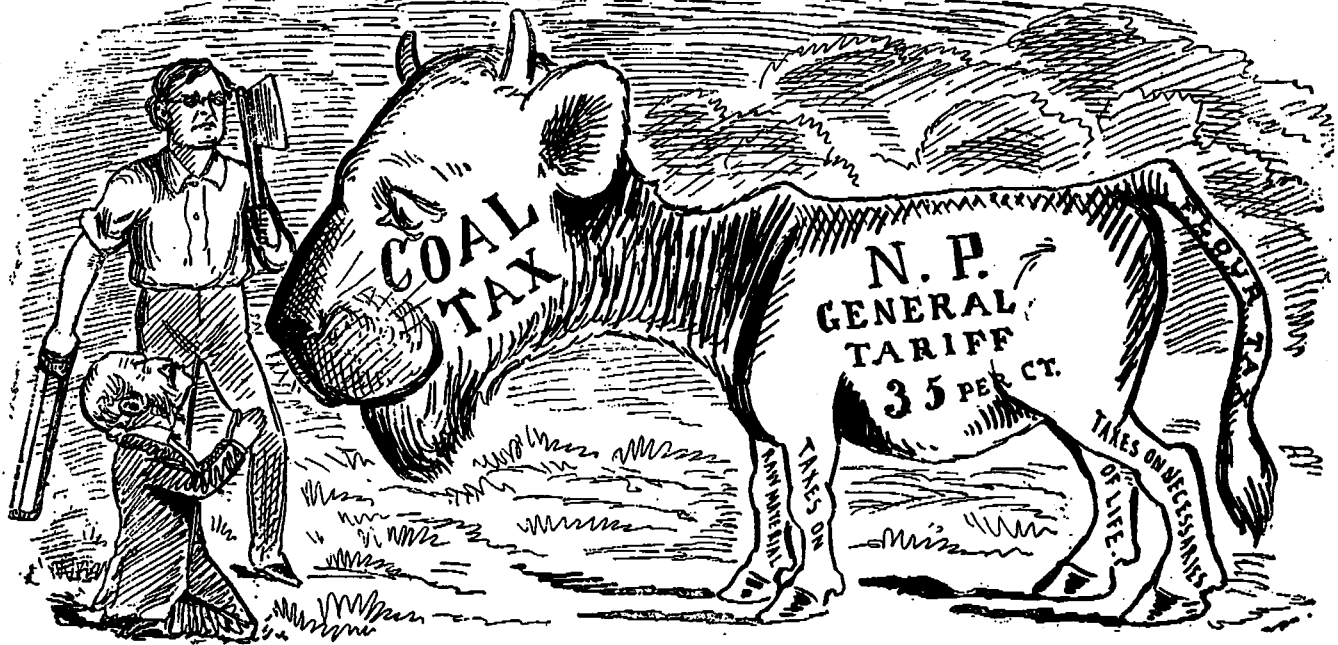
After the solitary and monotonous life of these strange recluses, Ralph was glad to return to the city. He found plenty of ready money in the local bank deposited in the name of the society, to which he had no difficulty in establishing his claim. But the mystery of the iron safe was forever in his thoughts. Contrary to the request that its key might be deposited in the grave of the last survivor of the community, Ralph had kept it in his waistcoat pocket with a constantly increasing longing to use it. At length he could not help descending to the basement, as if in obedience to an impulse superior to his own will; he drew forth the key; almost at a touch the iron door of the safe flew open. Ralph found a morocco case containing a miniature in ivory representing a young lady of very exquisite beauty and richly dressed, sapphires and diamonds sparkling amid her golden hair, ruby-eyed serpents coiling round lovely arms which were bare to the shoulders. With the portrait

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THE CLEAR GRIT POLICY.

BLAKE.—OFF COMES HIS HEAD, TAIL, AND LEGS, IF I ONLY GET THE CHANCE!

was a gold key and an envelope sealed and addressed, "To the Lady of the Lilacs, introducing Mr. Ralph Abercrombie."

Vol. III.

The Lilacs was the name of a handsome villa in the neighborhood, whose occupant was hardly ever known to stray beyond her own beautiful grounds. Thither Ralph hastened, and unlocking a side door found himself in a richly cultivated garden, where the air was laden with the perfume of all manner of exotic flowers, and where he was received by a beautiful girl who told him that her mistress had for some time been anxiously awaiting his arrival. At the porch of the villa Ralph was received by the original of the miniature, who gently reproached him for being later than she had expected, an instrument resembling a telephone having informed her that the iron safe had at length been opened and the golden key and portrait in possession of Ralph. Their marriage took place that evening, and Ralph enjoyed every happiness which love could give him joined with wealth, a beautiful home and every luxury of the mind and the senses. A year passed like a dream; on the anniversary of their wedding, the Lady of the Lilacs informed her husband that she must leave him for the space of twenty-four hours. As he valued her happiness she implored him not to enter a locked closet which opened on their room. He promised; the Lady of the Lilacs left him with a parting kiss, but again curiosity was too strong for his fidelity to his word. He unlocked the closet; it contained a table with a curiously shaped flask of wine, the cork of which darted out when he touched it, and the foaming and flashing liquor had such a delicious odor that he could not resist drinking it. A strange feeling of dizziness came over him; he seemed to be passing through some strange and terrible dream, and now he seemed to see his wife, but the Lady of the Lilacs was dressed in widow's weeds; a crape cap covered her luxurious tresses, and in her hand she held a bunch of withered lilacs. When Ralph awoke he found himself in the house of the recluses beside the iron safe, which was open, but the key and the miniature were gone. He lost no time in making his way to the Lilacs, but the windows were closed, the garden gate locked, and over the door was the inscrip-

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tion "To Let." So he resumed his solitary life, once more a recluse, and was known in the neighborhood as the man who never laughed. Not even GRIP's most elaborate pleasantries could induce him to smile. But he is not the last who has found that the bottle has power to annihilate the most perfect conditions of domestic happiness.

"Whose ale is this!" asked our Funny Contributor of the popular bar-tender of the Benson House, Lindsay. "Cosgrave's," replied James. "Then," said our scribe, "when I go to Toronto I'll pay Mr. Cosgrave." James smiled a ghostly smile: but our contributor doesn't come that game again.

The Spirometer.

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