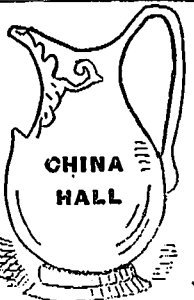
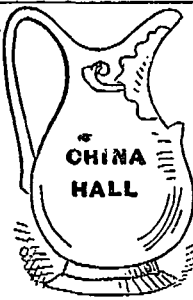


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VOLUME XXIV. No. 10.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 7TH, 1885.

\$2 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS EACH.



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GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to
S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest heart is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the Fool.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald..... Aug. 2.
- No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
- No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 13.
- No. 4. Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
- No. 5. Hon. H. Mercier..... Dec. 20.
- No. 6. Hon. Sir Hector Langevin..... Jan. 17.
- No. 7. Hon. John Norquay..... Feb. 14.
- No. 8. Hon. T. B. PARSONS..... Mar. 14.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—Sir John Macdonald has put himself on record as in favor of "compensation" to the liquor dealers in the event of total prohibition coming into force in Canada. Sir John has probably not given the matter any thought, and spoke the committing words because he felt that he must say something pleasant to the ears of the delegation, and could think of nothing else at the moment. But there are two sides to this demand for compensation. As Mr. Burgess forcibly puts it in his pamphlet:

"The public conscience is being awakened, and the cry of COMPENSATION is gradually being answered by the cry of RESTITUTION. If a Dr. and Cr. statement be made, with compensation on one side and restitution on the other, not all the accumulated wealth of the distillers, brewers and liquor-sellers will be sufficient to pay one mill in the dollar of the balance which will stand against them; while the broken hearts, the blasted characters, the tens of thousands of lost souls, will for ever stand as a condemnation of the traffic, which no human agency, no future good, can ever atone for."

FIRST PAGE.—The Commissioners appointed to look into the Chinese question have reported in due form to Parliament. Their conclusion is in effect that John Chinaman is not a bad fellow after all—quite as good as his neighbors in the same department of life—and that on the whole he has thus far been a benefit rather than a curse to Canada. He is not such an unmixed blessing, however, that the Commission can recommend his free and unrestricted entrance to the country; they think it would be wise to limit him in due time—which apparently means after the C.P.R. has been finished. The interesting Mongolian is meantime presented by Mr. Chapleau in the character of a good citizen, and it remains to be seen whether Miss Canada will

take his extended hand. As a sequel to the Report of the Commissioners (which, by the way, cost \$25,000), the Provincial Government of British Columbia have just re-enacted the anti-Chinese Bill by an almost unanimous vote.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The vote of censure moved by the Opposition in the Imperial House failed by the narrow majority of 14 votes. Mr. Gladstone has decided to remain in office, and continue at his thankless task of fixing up the Soudan. The verdict of Parliament is virtually a condemnation of the ministry—a "damning with faint praise" exactly illustrated in the alleged Irishism, "Not guilty, but don't do it again."

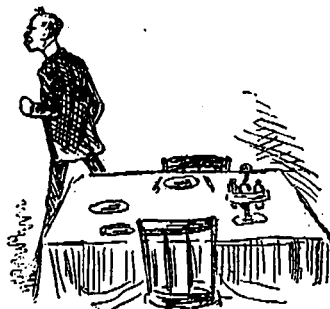
GRAMMAR, A LA MAITRE D'HOTE.



POSITIVE—WAIT.



COMPARATIVE—WAITER.



SUPERLATIVE—GET IT YOURSELF.

Economy is the road to wealth. Economizers requiring clothing, furnishings, hats, etc., by buying at R. Walker & Sons, save what may form the nucleus of a fortune.



"For Queen and Country" is the title of a four-act military drama, written by Mr. John A. Fraser, jr., expressly for the annual entertainment of the Queen's Own Rifles, which comes off at the Grand Opera House on the evening of the 12th inst. The fact that the play is by a Toronto writer who is pretty well known in literary circles naturally evokes much interest in the forthcoming performance. Having been privileged with a glance at the manuscript, Mr. GRIP is in a position to assure his readers that the work is excellent, not only in literary finish, but—what is perhaps quite as important—in adaptability to stage requirements. Unless we are much mistaken "For Queen and Country" will play even better than it reads, and it is well known the opposite is nearly always the case with the work of young play-wrights. The piece has been cast follows:—

Nora and Beryl Dangerfield, Mrs. A. K. McIntosh; Lucy Melville, Miss France Ross; Mrs. Major Elliott, Miss Ethel Small; Paul Gerard, Mr. W. G. Nelson; Squire Gerard (his uncle), Mr. Fred. Walker; Dooley O'Dowd, Mr. J. Crean; Lt. Burton, Mr. Walter Haight; Capt. Blackly, Mr. Frank Eddis; Corsen, Mr. Ernest Langtry; Surgeon, Mr. Higginbotham; Recruiting Sergt., Mr. C. J. Townsend; Corp. Scott, Mr. Dan Dow.

The attraction at the Grand this week is really an attraction, being Sims' great melodrama, "In the Ranks." Large audiences are the natural consequence.

Mr. Montford, at the Museum, is giving his patrons a taste of blood and thunder melodrama of the old Bowery school, by way of variety. Those who have a taste for the sensational are advised to see this typical play.

THE BOB-TAILED CAR.

A NEW HONG TO AN OLD TRINE.

Air—The Low-backed Car.

When first we got them street cars,
The by-law it did say—
Each one would have a conductor,
Upon the rear to stay,
But when the road got booming
This man was seen no more
Upon the rear, to stop or steer,
Or give change at the door.

Oh! confound the old bob-tailed car!
I say it's too thin by far,
That a man must go tearing,
Hulloing and swearing,
All to catch on a bob-tailed car.

Now, what I'd like to know is,
What's the use of making laws,
If you ain't going to enforce 'em?
Where's the good of saying—"because
In the States some cars don't have 'em!"
Well, that's not the point you see—
Keep your bargain with the public.
Here's where the shoe pinches me—

When I go for to catch a car,
I don't want to run so far,
With the whole street a-hooting,
And whistling and tooting,
To stop that there bob-tailed car,

And then as soon 's I'm seated,
The driver turns his eye;
And through the window glares at me
To pay up and look eery;
And should I have no small change,
I have to stand and wait
Till the driver he gets ready,
And meantime I lose my seat—

All for want of a conductor;
And a baby that's lost its "mar,"
Gets knocked down and run over,
While for change I palaver,
With the driver of a bob-tailed car.

BANG!

THOUGHTS ON THE OPENING OF THE HOUSE BY THE DEMOCRATIC EDITOR.

Bang! That goes the first eternal cannon,
Now Hizzonor, I reckon, is gittin' in his coach;
Wall, I should like to know what's the use to keep
a-famin'
The flaming fires of liberty, or trying to approach
Anythin' like freedom, anythin' Democratic.
When round the country's neck sich millstones are
'lowed to hang.
As Aidekongs and Body-Guards, and gew-gaw 'risto-
cratic—
Confound that beastly battery! that's another cannon
—bang!

Bang! now Hizzonor's got down to what the guard is;
Shoulder humps! present humps! and shoulder
humps! again.
The weather's mighty cold, and I think it rathar hard is,
To keep them soldiers out thar so long, it is a sin;
But I suppose they like it, each poor benighted critter,
It seems a mighty "loil" thing to hear the rifles
clang
When he comes to the "present," though the wind is
nipping bitter—
Hallo, thar she goes agin! another cannon—bang!

Bang! Now Hizzonor has got among the ladies,
The kornals and the majors, and the military "staff";
The latter don't have much to do, 'cept draw upon their
pay days.
But never mind that now, for see! Hizzonor's hat is
off:
He stands and reads his little apocch 'bout this and
that and the other;
But nobody there hears or cares what is the long
harangue
Oh! boys, it's 'nuff to make a man git up and cues his
mither—
Number one gun ready! Number one, fire! Bang!

Our Own at Ottawa.

Lord Gumboil—Open-mouthed Amazement—Lans-
downe's Good Taste—More from Huggins, M.P.
—Sunday at Home—Liquor on the Shelf.

OTTAWA, Feb. 28.—Took a walk to Rideau
Hall to-day to see the tobogganing and other
national pastimes that go on there every Sat-
urday. Celebrities of all kinds to be seen
there too—latest importation is Lord Gar-
moyle, alias Gumboil, whose affections have
been decided to be worth £10,000 to the young
actress who lost them. Probably affections
are best part of him—don't think any Canadian
girl would give £10,000 for all the rest of his
lordship. Funny to see members from "way
back" going down the slide—full of "agricul-
tural prejudices"—don't like "shooting Nia-
gara"—eyes stick out—hats fly off—hands
clenched on sides of toboggan. Young Eng-
lishmen make point of going down. One of
them told me—"Turned woun'd to speak to
Smyjthe, you know, who was steering—wascal
staw'd bofoah I had time to shut my mouth
—couldn't shut it till we got to the bottom, by
Jove!" Lansdowne very affable—Huggins
says he's finest conversationalist he ever met—
asked him what Marquis said—"Gad, come to
think of it—can't remember anything he said
—believe I did all the talking myself!" Only
remember one thing he said to me—"Haven't
looked twice at *Punch* in last six months—
don't seem to have any relish for it since I've
taken *Grip*." Remarkably fine taste for an
Englishman.

Huggins was out this forenoon.

Monday, 23rd.—Laurier insisted on discus-
sion about short line railway from Montreal to
sea coast—Government wouldn't discuss—
moved adjournment—Laurier and Langeller
reminded them of promises—said Quebec
wouldn't stand any more nonsense. Langevin
looked very cross but said very little—strong
"ultramontaine"—has to support Pope and
"Pope's road" whatever Quebec may say.
More Section B—Pope tired out—"Sit down
and I'll give you all the papers you want."

Tuesday.—Cartwright worrying Pope about
Census—said it was "deliberately and fraudu-
lently falsified for a purpose"—purpose, to
give preponderance to Quebec—ruled out of
order—went into *Hansard* all the same. Pope
insists on counting everybody that ought to be
in country—Cartwright says should only count

those that are there—Mitchell abusing Grand
Trunk again—down on 'insolent railway cor-
porations"—thinks they should be taught a
lesson by House—pretty rich that from the
"Herald angel."

Wednesday.—Kranz's resolution to compen-
sate brewers and distillers when we pass pro-
hibition. Wells thought tobacco did more
harm than alcohol. Orton said prohibition
was destroying Christianity. Fisher said time
enough to discuss compensation when we had
prohibitory bill—debate adjourn'd.

Thursday.—Foster gave lecture on Kranz's
motion—even flow of eloquence—level elo-
quence—almost flat—House agrees to shelve
question. All very well to shelve it now, but
what's to be done on Batty's bill to prohibit
and compensate? Suppose will find some way
out of that too. Government must take re-
sponsibility—then we've got 'em whichever way
they go. Charlton addressed congregation—I
mean House—on Sunday Excursions Bill—
highly instructive. Chapeau in reply quite
humorous—thinks everybody ought to be al-
lowed to rest on Sunday, just as hard as he
likes—on steamboat or on rail, or anyhow—
moreover, held bill *ultra vires*—let Provinces
look after Sunday—bill thrown out.

Friday.—Chapleau's resolutions to raise pay
of Civil Service Examiners to \$600 one of
them getting \$2,800 a year already in Library.
Blake, Mulock and Casey worried him.
Chapleau always cross with Casey—tried dig-
nity racket—no use against cheek—Casey re-
ferred him to Langevin and Caron for lesson
in politeness—Chapleau too mad to risk reply.
McCarthy's bill about "Carriers" passed second
reading—partly *ultra vires* too, perhaps! Mc-
Carthy ought to be a Grit—always trying to
reform something—don't get much help from
his party—will have to reform the party some
of these days—nice job he'll have too.



A POSER.

Sunday—Scene, Toronto—An actual fact.
(Mamma has been reading about the Israelites
asking for a king).

Ethel (who is an adept at "grab")—What did
they ask for a king for, mamma; didn't they
have any Jacks?

A LAY OF THE LIBRARY.

Anathema be to the evil day
And likewise Maranatha, too,
When my love took wings and it fled away
To that demoielle dressed in blue,
With eyes of a mixture of green and grey
But decidedly azure hue.

So airily, fairly, lovely she,
And so softly susceptible I,
No wonder she soon made a conquest of me

And certainly didn't half try.
But I'm easily vanquished, as one may see,
And I'm also uncommonly shy.

But daily my eyes on this beautiful lass
In the Library known as Free
Will fall; and no wonder it came to pass
That she utterly flattened out me.
Alack! well-a-day! and also alas!
My woo is most awful to see.

For she heeds not the depth of my lover-like sighs
And repays me with never a look
As I pour out my soul thro' my languishing eyes
When I go for a Library book.
She jots down the number with little surprise,
And hangs up my slip on a hook.

Yet I try every stratagem I can devise
To detain her most rapturous figure,
But she sees through my art, I can tell by her eyes,
Which are blessed with remarkable vigor.
But she heeds not my looks and my desperate sighs
Any more than if I were a nigger!

Then I pick out a book that I know isn't in
Just to watch her as, going to look.
She walks with the grace of a Persian queen
In search of the absent book;
(Which I know isn't there as I'd carefully soon
The red ticket so visibly tuck.)

No word will she speak save what business demands
As she comes back again—so fair—
And she says as she puts back the slip in my hands,
"That identical book isn't there."
And whilst I am choosing another, she stands
With a slightly contemptuous air.

Oh! peace, beating heart: trembling flutterer be still;
Oh! fates, what on earth shall I do?
My love, unrequited, is making me ill,
And my appetites leaving me, too.
Such tender enotious my bosom do fill
All caused by that maiden in blue.

Oh! Library Board, please pity my case
And choose some less beautiful maids
Your present enslavers, so fair, to replace,
With their bangs and their frizzes and braids.
Get some spectacled spinners with beautyless face,
Ere my figure to nothingness fades.

Or make a new by-law preventing such men,
Such susceptible creatures as me
(That isn't good grammar—'tis a slip of my pen)
From entering the Library Free—
Until this is done, and then, only then,
Will my heart again passionless be.

SHEEPSHANKS' LOVE.

I.

"Good night, sweet Julia: may an angel's
slumbers be yours."

Such was the parting benediction of Adel-
bert Sheepshanks, as he pressed the fragile,
yielding form of Julia Grandpere to his manly
bosom and bowing his graceful figure into two
sides of an equilateral triangle, prepared to
take his departure. Julia was his own and
only love; that is, with the exception of her
fortune, himself and his own magnificent
whiskers, which latter were a pair whose
glossiness and beauty were the envy of all the
young lah-de-dahs of the city—Toronto.

Our gallant knight, then, having invoked
those blissful slumbers of which we have
spoken, departed.

The full, fair moon was now far up in the
sky—a solitary light twinkled here and there
from a window—the streets were deserted and
not a sound could be heard save the echo of
the lover's footsteps and the occasional mur-
murous snore from the mouth of some weary
policeman. Adelbert wandered on; he was
too happy to sleep—too romantic to retire to
his chamber. That very evening he had been
accepted as the affianced of the lovely Miss
Grandpere, and he was even now turning over
in his mind the manner in which her fortune
might be invested to the best advantage. Yes,
he was very romantic. He walked down to
the Bay and made sundry ejaculations to the
sleeping moonbeams on the bosom of the deep.
He was, however, somewhat too near to the
opening of a sewer and he retired, his mind

still occupied with thoughts of Julia, her fortune and his whiskers.

Happy thought! A serenade! True, he was unable to twang the light guitar or discourse sweet melody on a lute, but he could sing. He could and he would. What his voice lacked in tone he hoped to supply in pathos. Love is ever impulsive, and in a few minutes Adelbert stood beneath the window of his Julia's chamber from which the dim light of her lamp was struggling with that of the moon. Why, wondered Mr. Sheepshanks, has not that night-blooming Ceruus yet sought her pillow! Does she sleep, I wonder?

Let us see!

II.

For some little time after Julia and her lover had parted she remained at her boudoir window gazing at the stars and thinking fondly of Adelbert and his darling whiskers. Upon retiring to her chamber, she found the window open and her room alive with mosquitoes. The curtains had been that day sent to the laundress, and her maid had omitted to replace them with others. Here was a terrible state of things—for Julia had one of those fair, thin skins of which all tasteful and gourmandizing mosquitoes are particularly fond. She was, moreover, somewhat tenacious of her beauty—what young lady is not? and the idea of her face being covered with the bites of those horrible little insects was not to be entertained for a moment. She would defeat the enemy, and, victory secured, would retire to rest. Julia was of a scientific turn of mind, and had perused most of the deeper works on science to be obtained at the Free Library, and she recollected having read that the burning of aromatics would put to flight the most voracious army of mosquitoes, and she mentally thanked her stars that she had eschewed the lighter works of fiction and pored over those which had thus been of so great use to her.

She accordingly took her basin from the stand, decanted quietly to the dining-room, emptied a decanter of very fine old Monongahela whiskey into it—then sought the family medicine chest and added a goodly portion of essences, among which, by mistake, she poured a few ounces of castor oil and a phial of assa-fetida. A bunch of pennyroyal deftly crumbled into the basin completed a compound worthy of Hecate, and the valiant Julia again returned to her chamber resolutely bent on a war of extermination against her blood-thirsty enemies. She placed her basin upon the table and applied a light to its contents. Instantly a low blue flame spread over the surface of the liquid from which arose a wreathed column of odoriferous and nauseating smoke. Hark! what is that? Hist! From the street below came the sound of vocal melody.

"Ari-lise, my o-ow-own, mi-hy serweet,
The pa-hallid moo-hoon-beams gerheest."

sang a voice:

"Tis but some drunken reveller on his homeward way," muttered Julia, her attention being drawn to the basin from which the flames mounted higher and higher as the burning compound became, each moment, more and more offensive. The flames seemed likely to outdanger the house—the smoke was producing a deadly sickness; when, at last, the frightened maiden seized the basin, rushed to the window, poured out the blazing contents, which, coming in contact with the air, instantly ignited throughout and fell in a flowing sheet of flame. This most unfortunately occurred at the precise moment when the serenading lover, with eyes upturned and mouth wide open, was giving melodious articulation to the lines:

"Loo-look outupo-hon the sta-hars, love,
And sha-hame them with thi-hine eyes."

He saw, it is true, the fiery stream, as it emerged from the window, but mistaking it for the purple light of love, he stood motion-

less and received it fairly on his head, on his whiskers and in his mouth. His serenade was cut short in a moment. The note of song was changed to a shriek of agony as the anorous Adelbert shot like a meteor through the little garden in front of the house with the faithful old watchdog clinging to the after part of his inexpressibles, and leaving in his wake a lambent train of flame.

The half-suffocated Julia, alarmed at the fearful cry of distress that arose from beneath her window, stood gazing at the swiftly retreating figure which she, however, failed to recognize; but concluding that her burning aromatics had routed some intending burglar, she closed her shutters and inclined her rosy cheek upon her pillow.

III.

Need this harassing tale be further continued? Nay, let us draw the painful relation to a speedy close. Early next morning the barber's scissors and razors removed the last vestiges of the unhappy Adelbert's once glorious whiskers. Shorn of these appendages he was indeed a Samson without his locks; he was positively helpless. Moreover, he could never bring himself to believe anything else but that his "baptism of fire" had been an intentional insult on the part of his faithless Julia. He renounced her from that instant, and she, determined, with true feminine resolution never to give way, professed to be immensely relieved at the termination of the engagement. "What" she said, "is a bare-cheeked fellow like that to me? Tut, tut! I can get as many a looking lover any day from amongst the beardless Trinity college students; but whiskers I want and whiskers I will have;" and she got them too, for a Hungarian nobleman soon fell a victim to her charms, and she fled with him and his whiskers—which were fully twenty-one inches in length—the property, however, as it afterwards turned out, of the manager of the Grand Opera house, from the ward-robe room of which place the Hungarian nobleman, *alias* Chivoy Slimmers, a former property man, discharged for intemperance, had purloined them.

Stung to the quick by the disgrace heaped upon his family, old Mr. Grandpere brought an action for breach of promise against the luckless Adelbert Sheepshanks, who, in default of the necessary \$25,000 damages awarded the plaintiff, was escorted to the large institution over the lovely Don where he still pines and laments his unhappy fate. —S.

TO THE TRADE.

Messieurs "The Demonstration,"—
You say you want compensation,
For being compelled by the nation,
To renounce your peculiar vocation.

"Twere useless the fact to disembody,
You must have been in a tangle,
Thus in Ottawa all to assemble,
In *propria persona* so humble.

Sir John,—well, I can't help admiring,
His graceful and easy retiring,
Quite out of the range of your firing;
And his speech too,—how very inspiring!

Like him, I make frank proclamation,
It is *just* you should have compensation,
For the ruin—the desolation—
The woe you have wrought on the nation.

You have lain in wait for the weak,
You have crippled the brave and the strong;
You have broken the hearts of the meek,
While their cry has arisen, "How long?"

When children were fainting for bread,
You have taken the father's last dime,—
To wretches who better were dead
You have sold that which braced them for crime.

You fill our asylums and jails,
You widow the once happy wife,
Make orphans with "Liquors and Ales,"
And sap our young national life.

Messieurs!—if there's justice above,—
On the earth,—or the regions below,
Compensation be sure you shall have,
If not *here*, why then—*THERE*—when you go.

But meantime, for our own preservation,
For our own and our children's salvation,
And for the true weal of the nation,
We'll—aw—alter the situation.

JACQUES ALR.

MARCH.

BY OUR PRIZE ESSAYIST.

The unfortunate name of this month has brought much woe and sorrow into the world, and it has been the direct cause of one ghastly murder at least. For years and years and years the funny man of the Hamilton (Ont.) *Spectator* used to publish, on the fourth day of this month, the following joke, which was always kept ready set up in type:—"Now is the time for winter to March 4th." The public bore with this heaven-inspired humorist for over a quarter of a century, in the hope that he would die a natural death, but as he persisted in living, he was called on one night by a posse of vigilantes who forced him to drink a glass of water. So he died.

March takes its name from Mars, the god of War, and the author of the stirring battle song, "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."

A classical schoolmaster came to grief through the name of this god, or rather because he insisted on making jokes on that name. He would order one of his pupils to read some Latin sentence in which it occurred, and would then say, "Now, parse Mars." This play on the words *pas* and *mas* seemed to him to be so excruciatingly funny that he exploded one day during a fit of laughter, and "parsed" away to the other world, thus becoming a free and accepted "ma-son," and a *pas*-t master at that.

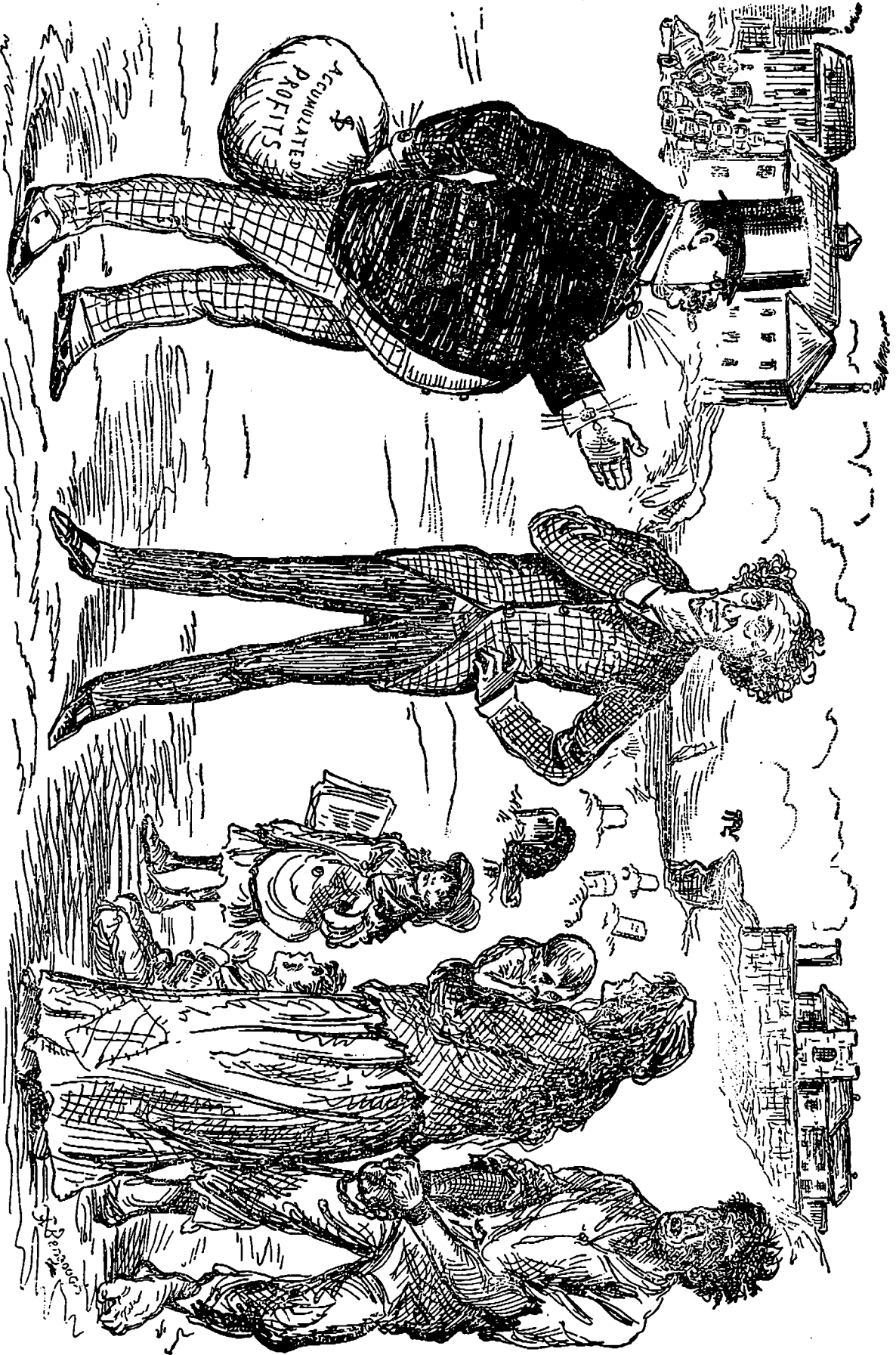
The old saying, "As mad as a March hare," would seem to indicate that those animals suffer more from mental aberration during this month than at other times, but *ma chere amie*, Miss Fizzygig, contradicts this, and states that the quotation given arose from the fact that very high winds prevail during this month which loosen the bangs of Matilda Jane in the kitchen, and blow stray hairs into the soup, butter and other edibles, causing great violence of temper amongst those called upon to partake of those viands. This gave rise to the expression, "He's as mad as a March hare can make him."

When March comes in like a lamb, it is said to go out like a full-grown sheep, with tremendous gales blowing saddle-ly from all fore-quarters of the globe.

There are no other facts in connection with this month which would prove interesting to the reader so this instructive essay must be brought to an abrupt close.

A ROCHESTER man offers \$200 for the discovery of a new comet. Just as if anybody were dissatisfied with the present assortment of comets, or wanted a new brand! There is no earthly use for such meddlesome persons as this. Comets would be legitimate objects of search if you could eat them or use them for stove wood. And then it is a fact you very rarely hear of a fellow who discovered one taking it around next day and showing it to his friends. But what sort of a one does this Rochester party require—with a tail or without a tail? Young or old? Baldheaded or red-haired? Dead or alive? And how does he know but what, even if he does specify the kind, an unscrupulous sky-scraper will palm off on him some old, second-hand specimen doctor-ed up to look respectable for the occasion? I have no more faith in comet-finders than in comet-seekers, or in comets themselves. I could worry along through life without any of them.

WHOS ENTITLED TO COMPENSATION?



ECHOES FROM THE NURSERY.

I.
My youngest hopeful, Ned'lum,
Can raise an awful bel'lum
In the darkest dead'lum of the night;
Oh, softer is the brick'lum,
The stone-yard of the stick'lum,
Than when he gives a kick'lum in a fright.

II.
My oldest born, Jack'lum,
Has lately got a knock'lum
Of using my tobacco'lum till he's sick
I might punch him in the head'lum,
Or roll him off to bed'lum,
But like his brother Ned'lum, he can kick.
—H. JOVENAL.

MELANCHOLY JACQUES ON THE DUDE.

A dude—a dude! I met a dude if the avenue;
A silly dude;—a most conceited blockhead!—
As I do live by toil, I met a dude;
Who sucked his cane, and basked him in the sun,
And ogled all the ladies with his grin;
With good broad grin, and yer a silly dude,
"Good morrow, dude," quoth I; "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not dude till I have put on corsets";
And then he drew an eye-glass from his poke,
And looking through it with lack-lustre eye,
Said, very softly, "She's the proper soot!
"Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags;
The last that passed was ugly as my cane;
The next that comes may be a very angel.
And so, from hour to hour, we fade and bloom,
And then, from hour to hour, we fade and fade,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The silly dude thus comment on the girls,
My toes began to itel like chilblain'd toes,
That dudos should be so deep-nonsensical;
And I did kick, sans intermission,
That dude for half an hour: Oh, noble dude!
A worthy dude! skin-tights the only wear.

WHERE I WON MY WIFE.

A CONCISE CONFESSION.



My name is Fernando
Fallow; profession, bank
clerk. I am en route to
Halifax to meet a rich
uncle who is on his wa-
tery way from Albion's
shores. I have great ex-
pectations. Therefore I
am happy. We arrive
at Montreal. All is well.
We proceed. Why this
slackening of speed, this
darkening of the air?
Heavens! We are
stuck in a snow-drift.
Worse. We are buried
in the snow. Horror!!
Can we get out? We
cannot. What is to be
done? Make the best
of it. We do so. I have
no travelling friend. I

cast about for some one to chum with. Shall I seek comfort in the company of men? I will not. My company shall be that of the female fair, if opportunity offers. There are six of the gentler sex in the car. Five are already engaged. The sixth is alone. I haste to her side. Eureka! She has no travelling companion. I seat myself, and comfort her in a bank clerk's best tones. Need I say she is beautiful and amiable. We are soon the best of friends. The hours pass. She reveals her name, Daisy Dove. It will become her. She is a daisy. She is a dove. I bless the snowstorm. The hours still pass. I ask how long it will be before we can be released. I can get no satisfactory reply. It may be hours. It may be days. Do I regret this? I do not. I can stay weeks with Miss Daisy Dove by my side. On my part friendship is ripening into—dare I say it? I will—love. I see indications of a similar state of affairs on Miss Daisy Dove's part. I am happy. What care! I for snow blockades? I am thankful they visit the earth. I tell her of my expectations. I learn that she also has ditto. I note a flush of hap-

piness that rises to her face. This is encouraging. We are informed the train may be able to proceed in a few hours. Shall I lose the company of this sweet girl? I must not, I cannot. I become desperate. Without her the world will be a blank. My mind is made up. I will propose. It is a little rash, I know; but "nothing venture, nothing have." I summon up the requisite courage. I remember we are not alone in a woodland dell or shady lane. We are in the midst of a number of impatient passengers. Here goes. I whisper the all-important question. Her face is covered with blushes. She does not repulse me. She toys with her wraps. I strain my auricular organs to catch her reply. It comes, a tiny, trembling "Yes." Joy! Joy!! The snow-bound train is transformed into an Elysian field. We are happy. I am not yet content. Another darling thought enters my brain. I see a minister sitting not far from me. Could I but obtain a license, I will urge an immediate marriage. I ask Daisy. She raises no objection. I leave my beloved one's side and make enquiries. Luck is with me. I find a portly notary who has a license in his pocket. He explains that he always carries them with him to be ready for exigencies. What care I for explanations. I have the license properly filled in. I make my way to the minister and state my case. The good man's face beams with smiles. He is more than willing. The news spreads. We are surrounded by the passengers. Best man and bridesmaids are chosen. I am supplied with a temporary wedding ring. Minister. Reading. Promises. We are married. Bliss! Unutterable bliss!! We receive congratulations from all, accompanied with many little presents. Two hours pass. The train is released. We go on our way rejoicing. You know all. Good-bye.



CATECHISM.

Proud Father (to Johnny just home from Sunday school)—Now, my dear, can you tell me who named the animals?
Johnny (promptly)—Our godfathers and godmothers, in the—!
[Exit pa suddenly.]

THE ANATHEMA OF THE SHIRT.

We talk of progress, of change, of reform, in this nineteenth century of ours; we wish, by all that's uncomfortable, that somebody would reform the modern night-shirt—even if the new article were patented.
What an abominable garment it is—in appearance, fit, suitability, comfort, warmth, coolness—everything.
First of all, in appearance. Why forever during the conscious hours of night should one

suffer the mental worry of knowing that one has on a garment the most unsightly of any yet invented? Everybody knows how, when in night attire, he is unexpectedly visited by some masculine chum, he involuntarily nervously endeavors to conceal the ungainliness of the raiment by clutchings of the folds, posings in various attitudes, draggings at some or other parts of the villainous article. How he feels altogether *distrail*: feels, if he happens to be well built, that the hateful thing conceals the fact; if the reverse, enhances his imperfections.

And this must necessarily be so with such a gown—a great formless piece of cloth, six foot in diameter at least at the bottom, with thick scratching seams from neck to ankle, possessing no pretensions to a fit about the shoulders or anywhere else, and utterly regardless of any harmony between its own dimensions and those of its wearer.

Then, as to its comfort: did any night-gown ever yet stay in its proper place? Did it not always heap itself into an uncomfortable lump in the small of one's back or under the nape of one's neck? And, if they could be computed, what myriads of times have human beings, during their life-time, tossed restlessly on their sleepless beds, in futile attempts to replace in a more comfortable position this irritating so-called shirt—now laboriously heaving themselves up upon their shoulders and heels and endeavoring, by inserting an arm, (which, by the way, never can find that lower hem), to get the bottom of the thing down to its proper place; now trying to seize this same lower hem with their toes, and so replace it—a process which invariably resulted in cramp in the leg.

The fact is, it is absolutely impossible for this erratic robe to keep its place.

Thus much of the masculine article: what of the feminine? Where would have been Aphrodite's chances of the prize of beauty had she appeared before Paris in a modern night-dress? Would any of the judges of the fair-formed Phryne have acquitted that lovely damsel had she stood at the bar concealed in a robe which not even her ingenious counsel could have manipulated? Did poet ever describe the garment? Did painter ever depict its outlines? Did sculptor—?

We have said enough. Next month we shall carefully scan the fashion plates to see if some enterprising *costumiere* has taken our hint and given us a dress that shall not only be comfortable to wear but also pretty to look at.

HUSBAND.—It is no good going anywhere but to the Golden Boot, 206 Yonge-street, for boots for our boys. They always fit and wear well.

REVENGE.

Jones was extremely fast in youth.
And gave his passions license!
And of the claims of faith and truth
Had not a very nice sense.
It happened in a later day,
When prematurely ailing,
The nurse engaged with him to stay
Had known his early falling.
And then a dire revenge she had
On that offending traitor—
She took and burned his liver pad,
And sold his respirator.

—R. C.

COMPELLED TO YIELD.

Obstinate skin diseases, humors of the blood, eruptions and old sores are cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, which purify and regulate all the secretions.

HALF HOURS WITH THE POETS.

Sir A—T—y—n.

MARY ANNE.

Oh, green, pale Mary Anne,
Oh, bilious Mary Anne,
What lends your cheek that marvellous hue,
That sort of washed-out greenish blue?
Whence borrowed you that crystal dew,
Which trembling from your virgin nose
Seeks on your handkerchief repose,
And coyly hides itself from view?
From the way-ward onion-peel
As you cooked the evening meal,
You have caught a lingering scent;
Still, the perfume seems to steal
Through the air with hair-oil blent.
The very sniff with which you seek
To rouse the echoes ere you speak,
Is like the dinner-whistle sounding
It's soulful call to chops and steak.
'Tis yours when candle-lighted morn
Your beauteous form from sleep hath torn,
Adown the steep back-staircase bounding
The hapless boarders to awake.

II.

Oh, green, pale, Mary Anne,
Oh, bilious Mary Anne,
Come down, come down, without delay;
Undo thy curl papers, sweet fay,
Bring in the steaming coffee-can.
Across the dingy table-cover
The kerosene lamp sheds its ray
Dimly lighting up the scene.
Nay, never turn thee from thy lover,
Thou wilt not surely say him nay?
Oh, be as thou hast ever been!
'Tis half-past seven, Mary Anne;
My early breakfast I await.
Bring in the steaming coffee can,
Or I shall be confounded late.

—L. G.

PAPER ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

(Not read before any institute.)

My neighbor is a reliable man, and so he comes and borrows from me. He borrows the very things I want myself. For instance, when the snow has to be cleaned off the sidewalk, he wants my shovel, and he sends in for my hoe when my potatoes are ready to bill. The other day I tried to reason with him on Free Trade, and the tariff, and such things, meaning that he could draw his own conclusion and not borrow the snow-compelling implement till spring time, but that he might have the hoe for the balance of the winter. But he is thick and didn't take the hint. Quite the opposite. "Your facts," says he, "are quite accurate, but your conclusion is not defensible. We produce one article and the Americans another. Well and good, I admit that." I inwardly didn't admit that he produced anything, but I am a man of peace, and looked up at the sky in the place where a clock might be in order to bring him to a sense of the brevity of time.

"We," he went on, "on the other hand do not produce one article and—our neighbors do—you admit that?"

"I do indeed," said I out aloud, before I could stop myself, "and I don't know," I went madly on, "whether I am more sorry that we do not than that the neighbor in question does."

"What neighbor do you mean?" said he, hotly. "I spoke of the Americans and of the raw material—pianos. How do you jump from generals to particulars in that illogical way? Perhaps you are not well to-day?"

"Oh! yes, I am," I said, "well enough to scoop off the snow if my shovel is to be got. What I meant was this, wouldn't it be better if the Americans produced all their own shovels—I mean pianos—and we produced hoes enough to last for ourselves?"

"There is something in that," said he, looking up at the clock—or where it should be, "You should have been a finance minister, you would have made a fool of them all, you would."

He was gone. I wanted to say to him "Why couldn't the Canadians make a treaty with—say

the South—so that they could have the hoes in our winter and we get their snow shovels in theirs."

After my scheme for paying off the National Debt is accepted I will bargain with the Government for this idea.

HENRY JUVENAL.

We live in the days of anomalies and incongruities. For instance: They have a "Home" for friendless old women up in Barric. Among the privates is one who is stated in the annual report to have received during the year "three night-caps." This, to be sure, wasn't much to encourage the old woman's tipping propensities. But think of it in a charitable institution in a Scott Act county!



MENDICITY AND MENDACITY.

(Scene—Near the Queen's Park; a beggar is preparing to enter the gates leading to a large house, whose owner is well known for his kindness to the poor; approach one of the unemployed.)

Unemployed—Dae ye think a puir man could get a bit bite up at that hoose?

Beggar (wishing to frighten him off)—A bit bite? Atweel, aye; juist gae up an' ye'll get a guid yin—fræe the dug!—Glasgow Bailie.

FOUNDING A FEMALE COLLEGE.

HOW MARK TWAIN PROPOSED TO DEVOTE HARD-EARNED GAINS TOWARDS A WORTHY EDUCATIONAL OBJECT.



Florence.

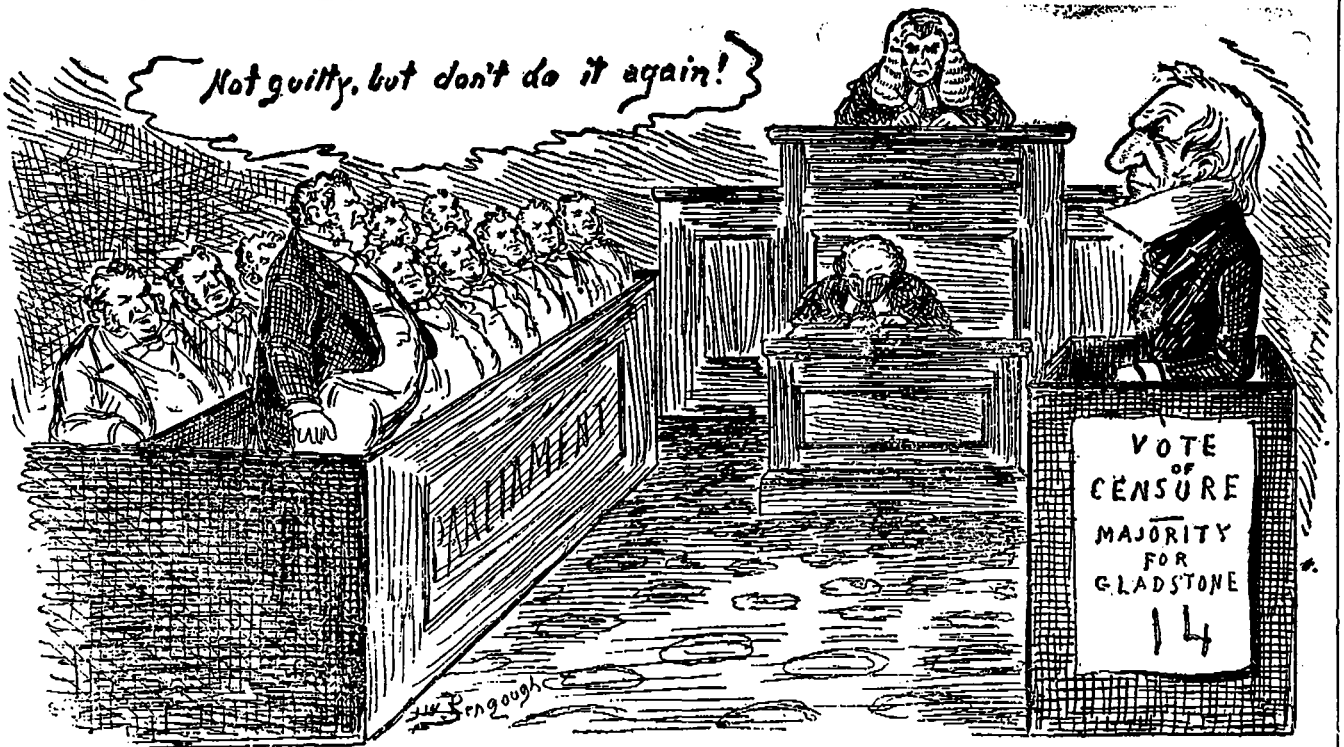
WHEN a committee from a Woman's Progress Association called on Mark Twain the other day, they found the eminent ex-steamboat-pilot looking through copies of *Punch*, and doubtless cogitating how he would crush rival candidates for the Premiership of Modern Maniacs.

The spokes-lady unflinchingly stated the object of the deputation, which was to induce the ruthless roysterer to found a college for the Higher Education of Intellectual Young Women.

Mr. Twain said, in broken tones: "Mr. Chair—that is to say, Ladies and Gen—I mean, My Good Women, it affords me no inconsiderable pleasure to be with you on this memorable and auspicious occasion. If there is anything that stirs my naturally sluggish nature into wild enthusiasm, it is to be asked my opinion as to the agricultural outlook in this fair America of ours, wherein we move, live, have our being and regularly copyright our works and bank our percentages. Yes, fellow electors, ever since I boldly embarked on the stormy sea of agricultural journalism, I have devoted stated intervals of 'leisure to a contemplation of the vast possibilities before this great nation of ours, if cordwood were only cheaper and the farmers piled it with less marked attention to constructing large holes in the pile. Often and often have I lain awake nights, when the baby was in a thoughtless mood, and groaned under the pressure of the despot's iron heel, with eggs at twenty-five cents a dozen! How frequently has an unconquerable frenzy taken possession of me to burst with one mighty effort the clanking chains of the oppressor, and bring down the price of cheese to something like a decent level! Look, my countrymen, at agitated Europe! Direct the camera of your instantaneous impression machine in your mental photograph gallery on wretched, ignorance-steeped, besotted Boston! Resolve the Congo question in your unsuspecting minds! Turn your gaze towards anti-semitic Chicago and Cincinnati! Think of the vacant chairs and empty cradles in the land, and weep for grief-stricken surviving relatives, heart-broken mothers, and over-stocked furniture dealers! Picture the unsatisfactory state of the Canadian copyright laws and pity me with pitiful pittance, so to speak! But let us not dwell for too long on this gloomy picture! The cloud-capped horizon will yet clear! The darkest hour of the morning is the hour you fail to get up at and consequently miss the early train! Let our mottoes be, 'Work! Work!' 'Organize! Organize! Organize!' 'Please keep off the grass!' 'All are cordially invited!' 'No conversation with the man at the wheel!' 'Bills printed while you wait!' 'What is home without a mortgage!' I might go on in this strain indefinitely, Mr. Speaker, for I am thoroughly aroused. But I fear I tire you. Farther, I see that several other brethren are down on the programme for addresses. Thanking you once more, Christian friends, for this tangible token of your good-will, and assuring you that I shall ever wear your gift with pride tempered with the consciousness that I do not deserve it, and that only in the most extreme destitution will I ever attempt to pawn it, I remain, yours in haste, Mark Twain."

Then the spokes-lady, after casting her eyes about the room in search of empty bottles, mildly suggested that perhaps Mr. Twain would now give the deputation an answer as to whether he would or would not found a College for the Higher Education of Intellectual Young Women.

"By all means! by all means!" briskly responded the reputed author. "I was really forgetting that little matter under the excitement of the moment. I entirely approve of the project and feel deeply gratified at your thinking of me in connection therewith. There is but one thing that stands between my wish and my ability to found this college. It is the banks. From early infancy, when I surreptitiously rifled my little brother's tin money-box, I have been taught to respect the banks. I grew up with a great fondness for these institutions. In fact, so great a hold did it have on me that I once, in company with a select party of mounted friends, endeavored to take possession of a nice bank out in Nevada; but the officers had several objectionable backed up with improved fire-arms, and so we reluctantly desisted from our efforts to per-



GLADSTONE'S NARROW ESCAPE.

suade them to give us the bank. Now, the banks have all my money; and I really haven't the heart to withdraw it and cripple them. They put up with me nobly when I was crowding them with deposits, and I feel it would be the basest ingratitude to forget all this kindness and start a run on them now. Pray excuse me on this occasion. Bring out a stronger candidate. Have a talk with some other distinguished public benefactor of untold wealth and large ideas. If I had the cold cash in the house, a dray should be hired at once and a large load taken to the residence of each of you. But I cannot, cannot strike this cruel blow at the innocent and confiding banks. Kindly overlook this emotion and let me say farewell. But stay! A thought has just seized me. If I cannot give you the money in current coin of the realm, I may perhaps contribute it in another shape. I shall write you out an order on an eminent Toronto publisher, John Ross Robertson. He has been pirating my books for a number of years. If he honors the order and deals fairly with you, you ought to realize enough to found a first-class college, with a tall tower and iron dogs on the door-step."

The committee, without a word and with one accord, immediately withdrew.

The college scheme has been temporarily abandoned.

T. T.

ONLY.
 Only a dude in tightest pants
 Pacing Toronto's streets;
 Only a dude with eye-glass raised,
 Ogling the girls he meets.
 Only a bit of orange peel
 Lying so careless there;
 Only a dude stretched helpless,
 Uttering a dudish swear.
 Only a copper on his beat,
 Who thinks some funny thinks;
 Only a dude murmuring big D's,
 As they class him with the "drunks."
 —TARIO.

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