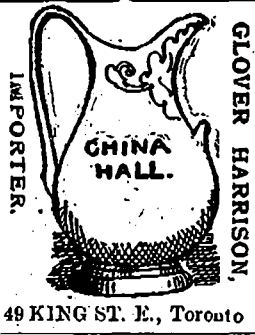


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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

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

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The lessee of Her Majesty's Parliamentary Theatre, Ottawa, opens his House this week for the regular season, and the critic has good reason to hope that the performance may be better than that of last year. A more dull and insipid session could hardly be imagined than that was. The management cannot, at all events, plead that they have no material for an interesting show. In the North-West question, the License Act, the Pacific Guarantee, the Orange Incorporation Bill, the Charlebois Investigation, etc., etc., there are abundant elements of tragedy, farce, comedy, and melodrama. GRIP buys his gallery ticket gleefully, and anticipates a huge treat.

FIRST PAGE.—His Excellency the Marquis of Lansdowne has made a brief preliminary appearance in our midst, and although his opportunities for making himself known have been limited, he has made a decided impression, and a very pleasant one. GRIP has been particularly struck with the new Viceroy's manner, and, unless that sagacious and infallible Bird is woefully mistaken, Canada has at this moment a Governor-General who combines the finished grace of Dufferin with the honest sincerity of Lorne. The Marquis is unquestionably an orator who would rank well even amongst Irishmen, and at the same time

he has a good business head. One of the pleasantest incidents of his visit to Toronto was the little episode which occurred as his carriage was leaving the City Hall, when an exuberant Irishman rushed from the crowd and exclaimed, "Give us howld av yer hand, yer Honor!" This was the very best answer which the Irishmen of Canada could give to the cowardly mouthings of the Buffalo Fenians, and as such Lord Lansdowne may accept it, as he did, with a hearty hand-shake.

EIGHTH PAGE.—MR. GRIP exceedingly regrets that pressure of business prevented him from being present at the opening of Parliament in Ottawa, as he would have given a great deal to have been an eye-witness of the affectionate meeting of the knightly financiers, Cartwright, and Tilley. The long separation must have intensified the joy with which, in any case, they would have rushed into each other's arms, and perhaps the real scene was beyond the power of pencil to depict. GRIP feels, however, that some effort ought to be made to preserve that scene in black and white, however feebly, and so he has tried to imagine what it was like.

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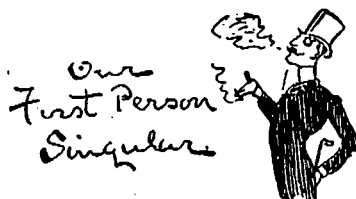
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The following letter is received from Mrs. Jas. Newton, of Richmond Hill:

Mr. S. J. MOORE, Manager GRIP, Toronto.
SIR.—I enclose check for \$23.00, amount contributed by the employees of Newton Bros., "Elgin Tannery," Richmond Hill, for the relief of families suffering from the Humber R. disaster:

Newton Bros., \$5.00; R. Walker, 1.00; W. Hamilton, 1.00; T. Hicks, 1.00; W. Brackin, 1.00; J. Brydon, 1.00; C. Whitcombe, 1.00; J. Jeroy, 1.00; J. Connor, 1.00; G. Williams, 1.00; J. Glancy, 1.00; W. Glancy, 1.00; G. Sims, 1.00; H. Shersmith, 1.00; J. Robinson, 1.00; T. Terryett, 50c.; W. Hislop, 50; J. Williams, 50; L. McKinnon, 50; T. King, 25; J. Claffy, 50; T. Cosgrove, 50; F. Claffy, 25; R. Garness, 50.—\$23.00. Collected by Mrs. Jas. Newton.

Total amount to date..... \$142.25.



The British army has adopted a new rifle. Those Africans really must be civilized.

Oscar Wilde first saw his affianced at one of his lectures. And yet there are young ladies who will persist in attending lectures!

France gained a watch trade by establishing watch-making schools. The *Globe* gained its watch-trade by throwing in a newspaper with its watches. France has a thing or two to learn yet.

I am still in search of the man who has *not* been writing on the "University Question." Specimens of this class of *genus homo* seem to be about as "seldom" as are arguments in some of the articles on the subject.

In answer to a number of inquirers, I wish to state that Sir Richard Cartwright's vocabulary of "Adjectives" and "Substantives" is not copyrighted. It would, however, be in the interests of self-preservation, before making any extracts therefrom, to consult the editor of the *Mail*, who is, I am informed, the original compiler of this great work.

Mrs. Langtry is playing in a new piece entitled "A Wife's Peril." I have not seen a sketch of the plot, but no doubt it details the dangers surrounding a professional beauty who is followed persistently by one dude, and persecuted by innumerable mashers, and whose husband is never within a thousand miles of her. Mrs. Langtry ought to be able to make a great hit in such a play.

I beg to extend to the Kingston police force my deepest sympathy in their terrible affliction. They were recently ordered to salute all aldermen who chanced to pass them on the street. And the frequency with which the unfortunate policemen are called upon to bare their heads to these ostentatious Geslers, is only surpassed by the regularity with which the average alderman neglects to attend to the people's business.

Nicholas Flood Davin and Ed. Farrar, having exhausted all their editorial resources in the way of strong language, in the fight now raging between the *Regina Leader* and the *Winnipeg Times*, have "sicked" their poets on to one another. The poetry is by no means bad, and a deal more pleasant to read than the Billingsgate that preceded it. Farrar's muse opens the fray by rehearsing the fall of Regina, which

—"Explains these mounds of stones,
They mark the place where once stood Pile of Bones."

Davin's poet is equal to the emergency, and makes at least one capital hit. Of course he sings the future glory of Regina, painting it as a polished city with parks and fountains. Referring to Farrar and his attacks on the poor water of Regina, he says:—

"The lot of one wild scribbler stands alone,
The gods in anger turned him into stone;
And by an irony Ned calls "divilish quare,"
Him made a fountain in Regina's Square;
And there he stands—no wonder you're amused,
Spouting the water he so oft abused!"

The *Mail* is perfectly right in condemning the Grit committeeman Rowland for telling lies to Weeks in West Middlesex. Lying is not excusable under any circumstances, so long as sound morality rejects the doctrine that "the end justifies the means." But neither was it right or moral for Weeks to be in possession of money for bribery purposes, as he confessed he was. Why doesn't our contemporary condemn this part of the affair? It cannot surely be from motives of party expediency? Perish the thought!

Mr. John Joseph Hawkins is no longer M. P. for Bothwell. Indeed, it turns out that the enterprising gentleman never was M. P. for Bothwell. The electors there were the unfortunate victims of a case of mistaken identity, though perhaps J. J. H. represented them just as well as the real member would have

done, and spent the sessional indemnity just as judiciously. In this connection I am glad to learn that Returning Officer Stephens did his duty in connection with the election, and was not gully of the partizanship with which he was charged.

Now that Parliament is in session I would suggest that some member on the government side ask for a little information as to the treatment of workmen by the C. P. R. in the North-west. From a letter recently received from an ex-employee of that corporation, I clip these sentences referring to their dealings with men who were not amongst the strikers: "We were turned out in the cold, without a place in which to put our heads. The hotels, shanties and section rooms all being crowded, some of the men went and put their things into a disabled car, but a clerk, accompanied by an armed policeman, drove them out, not allowing them even this frail shelter, and telling them if they said a word they would be arrested; that it was all in their hands now, and they would do their duty. But we cannot expect anything better when the likes of Egan, an Irish American, has full control. When there is a good situation on the road Egan sends to the States for his disloyal brother Irishmen to take it, and sends them passes as well."

LETTERS TO EMINENT PERSONS.

No. 1.

TO MAJOR MICHAEL WILLIAM O'RAFFERTY, T.K., C.V., B.A.

SIR,—You are the makings of a bad old man. I tell you this at the outset, so that when you read my letter you will not be carried away with the idea that it is going to be a bucketful of soft soap you're about to be treated to. As a matter of fact, sir, and I say it as one of your countrymen and a neighbor for some years, if it is a bucketful of something you want, the stuff ought to be tar, good and sticky, followed by a bag of feathers, good and white, to relieve the darkness somewhat.

But to formally and unprejudicedly give your record, let me begin at the beginning. You were born one time—I believe. The precise date, I will bet all the wealth on my clothes, not a soul in the world knows. The precise place in this city, I will bet all the coin I can borrow, not a soul in the world cares. As to the latter statements perhaps I should qualify it by excepting your parents' landlord, who is said to have lost four months' rent and had the door and cupboard of a room used for firewood, while your folks enjoyed the shelter of his select-peopled tenement somewhere on Dummer or Duchess or Stanley or Sayer-streets. But that you have been born is an historical fact. It is also a most lamentable fact. The criminal records of this city bear testimony to the former statement. Your life all along, and the impossibility of its being anything but worse, for the rest of the time, is the most handy evidence I can produce in support of the latter statement. I have given you titles, but they only go back a certain few years. Very early in life you were a T. K. From the day you stole the last bar of your poor mother's scrubbing soap and traded it with a beggar boy for a plug of nasty chewing tobacco, you were entitled to the order of "Tough Kid." One year later, just after the dawn of your eighth birthday, you clearly won the distinction of "C.V.," for you became, and have since continued, a Confirmed Vagabond, morally speaking. You used to go down to the wharf fishing with other ward boys and made it a practice to steal all the bait you could lay your hands on. If you did not have luck you stole the other boys' fish. You stole them anyway,—if the other boys

happened to be smaller than you. You then, rather than bring them home to your sick father, got whiskey for them at an unlicensed groggery—and drank every drop of it yourself. There was both a dishonest and greedy nature exemplified. When you grew old enough to gamble you marked cards and skinned greenies; you would sneak away the chips of the other players; you would act as runner for the dive; when given charge of the bar you robbed the owner of the place; and at last you gave the den away to the police. "R.S." was then your duc, and you are a Rank Scoundrel still. At last you were obliged to do a little honest work as Bricklayer's Assistant, hence the "B.A." Your assistance was of so questionable a character that every job you took only lasted one day and cost a shovel or two to your employer. Finally, after having signally failed in earnest endeavors to establish yourself in a York-street cellar, you fled to the States, taking a new name and another man's wife with you. You and she started a Private Medical Dispensary, and in a few years amassed a large fortune. Returning to this country you lived in style, got yourself a name and eventually fame. Those who now call you "Major," think you are an officer who

never smelt powder. They do not know you were a prominent leader of the Fenian invaders, and only escaped death and arrest by dressing yourself up in the clothes of which you robbed a poor widow. That was the glorious commencement of your military career. Your villainies are hidden from the world at large, but those who know you best hate and despise you and would cheerfully see you hung. I am one of such. As you see by this truthful expose of your infamous life, there is a Nemesis on your track. I will say no more to you but leave you to the justly-earned horror and scorn of a public who are now fully apprised of your vicious nature and atrocious deeds.

TRUTHFUL JAMES.

All that is cracked up to be—flour.

The board of trade—retired merchants.

"Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion." —Day's Business College, 96 King-st. W., Toronto.



OUR GRAND OLD MAN CELEBRATES HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.



HIS LAST RESORT.

The gentleman who entered the bar-room door was evidently not regarded as a good customer by the Autocrat of All the Bottles.

"Morning!"

Silence!

The nature of this one-sided dialogue seemed to imply a question of doubt as to the identity of the gentleman.

The pair eyed each other steadily for five seconds. The gentleman's look was one of overproof anxiety and longing. That of the Autocrat was as immovable as a bank vault.

"Can I have a bowl?"

"This aint no crockery store."

"I tell you I want a hookah bad."

"There's a tobacco store around the corner where they sell hookahs."

"Say, put out the whisk., old pard. I'm most dead."

"I'll lend you a brush but, but you'd want to wear it out to clean up."

"Pardner, did you ever feel good and dry? That's me this morn."

"There's water on tap at the street fountain. None here except in bottles."

"Now look-a-here, old man! 'Course I'm a little on the budge to-day—"

"Well, why don't you budge on out of here!"

"I'll ask you once again, mister. Kin I have some lick'er till to-morrow?"

"No, you can't, if I am to furnish it. But you can have some licking to-day and right now if you don't meander."

"Then here goes my last resort!" The gentleman spoke in a despairing tone and began to unpin his turned-up coat-collar.

The Autocrat was scared. Hold on, you miserable sponge! No suicide business in this bar-room. Take a drink and get out so quick that they'll have to make more new Time to collar you.

When four fingers and a margin had gurgled out of the bottle and into the gentleman, he smiled sadly, put back the pin and said: "Young man, you've saved a life."

"And would you really have cut your throat if I had'n't shoved out the lusk?" queried the Autocrat.

"Cut my throat!" echoed the gentleman with a gruesome grin. "Well, hardly, I'm not cuttin' throats just now."

"But that last resort you spoke about?"

"That last resort was to get a glass of hot water from you, swaller it and see if I couldn't imagine it made a drink of mild whisky, hot with the lick'er I had about an hour ago."

The lemon-squeezer was well aimed, but the gentleman was too near the door.

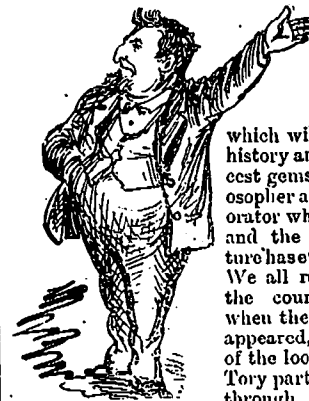
Mrs. Spiggins was boasting of her new house. The windows, she said, were stained. "That's too bad; but won't turpentine or benzine wash it off?" asked the good Mrs. Oldby.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

CHARLIE'S LUCID EXPLANATION.

Hold on, I'll explain to you just how it was. First, he offered me fifty cents for them white banties. Well, his hen flew over the fence, and another one, and the other one was mad—and the rooster, not next door's you know, but the one that fought this one, you ought to see him, all blood; and Tom, he smelt him and chased him all over the yard; he's an awful fellow, is Tom,—he's as fat! and rats! he's death on rats. Jack has a white one, and he lets him go up his sleeve and out at his neck. Well, sir, you ought to see him trot after that rooster. So, you know, he flew up on the fence—no, the other hen, I mean—and the first thing, old Cross, next door, he pitches a stone at him and it hit me. I just hate that old sneak—he's the meanest! only gave the news boy five cents for a Christmas box, and our girl gave him a whole quarter, 'cause he brought her a swell card from her beau; they stand for hours gawkin' at the back gate, Sunday nights. Well, he run into the dog's house, and we chased him out and caught him by the wings, and him cackling like mad. The dog's house is made of a barrel full of straw. One day me and Jack went in there, and smoked a lot of cane, and more'n an hour after that the dog was smoked out and his tail all singed. You ought to see the barrel blaze! and the fire engines! maybe they didn't rattle. They used to keep tar in it, not jolly Jack Tar, you know—but tar like the feathers stick on to—you know. Well, the rooster, it would have done you good to see him—he had just the fifty cents—don't know wherever he got it—you should see his head—it stuck out all over every way, looked as if he hadn't been to the barber's for a century, and his nails! sufferin' cats! they weren't no nails at all, they were claws—and his pants! you couldn't tell which was the first originals, the pants or the patches. If I was his father—only he aint got no father—only his mother, and she's dead, too—I'd make him wash his hands and pare his face and get his head clipped, afore he got a bite. I tell you what, these banties were worth more'n fifty cents.

BRIGHTEST RAYS SERENE.

It is most laughable to see the grimaces with which certain political sucklings are tugging at the Reader question in the hope of getting nourishment.

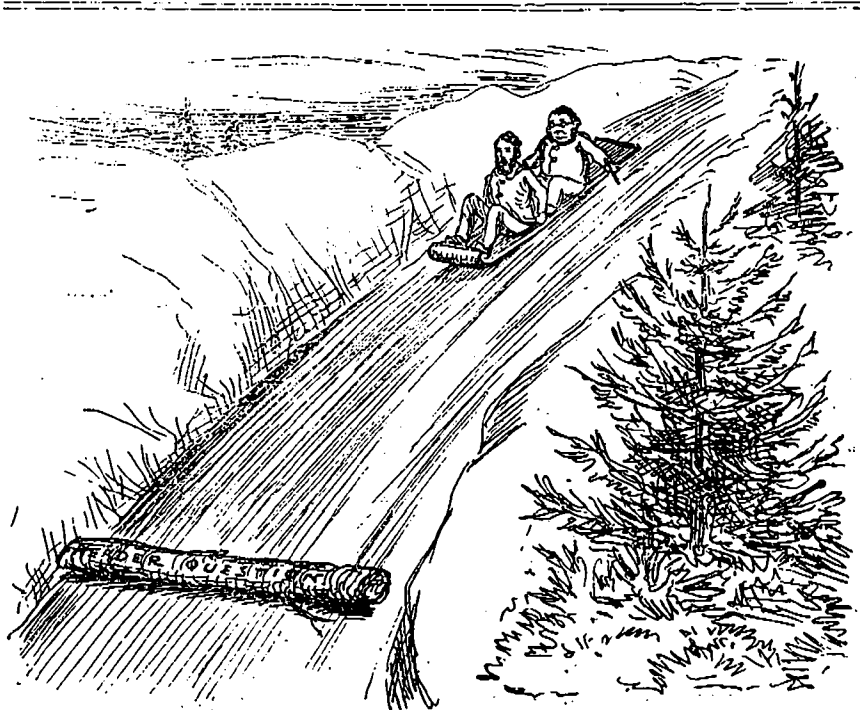


This powerful period from the *Globe* recalls several other metaphors which will go down to history among the choicest gems of poet, philosopher and backwoods orator which the world and the local legislature has ever contained. We all remember how the country thrilled when the *Globe* article appeared, which spoke of the loose fish of the Tory party sniffing outs through the Govern-

ment fence." What patriot does not feel his heart swell with pride as he recalls those memorable words of the first member of the Assembly for Dufferin: "Yes, Mr. speaker, the pruning knife must be applied, no matter whose ox is gored!" Was it not Mr. Joe Rymal who at once electrified and subdued Parliament one stormy night with the solemn injunction that "the eyes of the *vox populi*" were on the heated debaters? There might be much more cited to prove that modern oratory has a vast store of brightest rays serene laid by for the information and guidance of unborn races. But one must not hurry up the record. Able editors and other eminent persons are following beautifully the example of the distinguished Mr. Riley, whose fame as a member of the Licensed Victuallers' Association has been so touchingly embalmed in verse.—

They are doing
Blank well.

The key-note—"Wife, let me in."



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Followed by the GREAT SEN-
SATIONAL DRAMA:
REBELLION,
OR,
THE LIFE IN THE NORTHWEST.
PRICES AS USUAL

THE OPENING OF THE HOUSE.

BLAKE (a critic).—I HOPE YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE US A LIVELIER PERFORMANCE THAN YOU DID LAST SEASON, MR. LESSEE!



"So the world wags."

THE PREVAILING QUESTION.

BY STANLEY HUNTLEY.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, holding up one of her husband's scarfs, with her head very much on one side, and wondering whether she had better turn it for future wear, or cut it into patches for her crazy quilt. "My dear, I see that the democrats are opposed to having the republicans build more ships to protect the tariff. Do you know anything about it?"

"Wher'd you see it?" demanded Mr Spoopendyke, shutting his book with a bang and scrutinizing his wife carefully. "What report of a walking match did you get that political intelligence from?"

"It's in all the papers," protested Mrs. Spoopendyke. "As near as I could make out from what they said, the republican navy had run down so much that the democrats were afraid we couldn't defend the tariff in case of a war, and the English would come over here and run away with it. Though I don't see what the English would do with it, for they have all they can do in getting along with Ireland."

"Did that paper advertise the advantages of any especial lunatic asylum that you noticed?" inquired Mr. Spoopendyke, with much apparent interest in the reply. "Did it set forth the superiority of any particular style of the wooden head over the genuine article? What's the navy got to do with the tariff, anyway? Do you know the difference between the tariff and a tom-cat?"

"It's something democratic, isn't it?" mumbled Mrs. Spoopendyke, who had made up her mind to put the scarf into the crazy quilt. "When the republicans had it, it got pretty high, and I saw by one of the papers that the democrats were standing on it now, I suppose to keep it down. Really, I don't see why they don't let the English have it, if it is such a bother, because—"

"Look here!" interrupted Mr. Spoopendyke, with a groan of despair. "Have you got an idea that the tariff is some kind of an animal? Think it works on springs? Will you convey to my mind some kind of a notion of what you think the measly thing is?"

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, after deep reflection. "From all they have said about it, I got the impression that it was made of iron and stuffed with wool, though, of course I—"

"That's it!" retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, solemnly. "You know more about it than I thought you did. And I suppose you think they stand it up on one end between the two political parties, and the one which succeeds in pushing it over on the other wins the election!"

"Yes," chirped Mrs. Spoopendyke, delighted to find that she had made herself understood. "I know all that, but what puzzles me is, how the democrats can be standing on it when the republicans got their president after all. I know—"

"You know!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, unable to stand it any longer. "That's the trouble with you; you know it all! Take what you know with what you believe, and you only want a few illustrations and a lively agent to be a three-ply directory! Did it ever occur to you that the tariff might be the duty imposed on the importation of foreign goods? Did any of the papers you have been making up into bustles convey that idea to your mind?"

"Then I understand it perfectly," smiled Mrs. Spoopendyke, preparing to impart her views. "And that's the reason the democrats want it, so England won't get the Irish."

"Who said anything about the Irish and English?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "I said the importation of goods, not people! Think they send Irishmen over here in bales marked 'This end up'? Does it run in your rattling soul that our revenue is derived from canned Irishmen, or Irishmen in the original wood? I tell ye, we put a tariff on foreign manufactures, and the question now is, whether the tariff shall be reduced or not. Now, you settle down on that, and see if you can make anything of it."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, all at sea again. "We have got to make sure of foreign goods, and I suppose that is really the only way to protect them. If we didn't do that, we wouldn't have anything but—but those things that—that we seemed to be able to—to—"

"To what?" asked Mr Spoopendyke, seeing that his wife was beginning to wander, and pouncing down on her. "Don't hesitate to explain yourself. There's no monopoly of the idocy let loose on this question."

"Well," continued Mrs. Spoopendyke, thus encouraged. "If it wasn't for the tariff we'd only have American things, and in that case the republicans would win every election."

"Did that big intellect of yours extract that position from my explanation?" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, who prided himself on the lucidity with which he generally put things. "Can't you understand that the democrats want to put down the tariff so that goods will come in free, while the republicans want a tariff so as to make 'em pay? Will I have to build an annex to your head for that idea to slop over into?"

"Yes, yes," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, "that was the part I wanted to know. But, say, dear, suppose the republicans should put the tariff on the poor democrats. They haven't got anything to pay with. Why don't they let them go free so they can catch up?"

Mr. Spoopendyke looked around the room for a moment as though he expected the walls to help him out. Then he slowly drew off his clothes, jammed them solemnly into the boot bag, and with a heavy sigh dropped into bed.

"I don't care," muttered Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"It isn't often I get the best of him in an argument, but when I do he never says a word. Some men would talk all night rather than give up. To-morrow I'll put on my hunter's green cloak with beaver fur and go over and tell Mrs. Specklewottle about the tariff, and between that and the cloak I'll make her wish she hadn't said I was too old to sew for the heathen!" And revolving this scheme for the pulverization of her friend in her head, Mrs. Spoopendyke put her front hair up in little tin pans, and sunk into a gentle and refreshing sleep.—*Drake's Travellers' Magazine.*

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 either for a pad or for a treatise, etc.



The concert of the Philharmonic Society, on Tuesday night, was as usual a great success musically. "Elijah" was given.

The attraction at the Grand just now is a variety company known as the Meteors. A very amusing olio is followed by a still funnier extravaganza entitled the "Book Agent."

On Friday evening, 25th inst., the Caledonian Society will give their annual grand concert at the Pavilion. A specially attractive programme has been prepared, and amongst the stars on the occasion will be Miss Jeannie Thorburn, of New York, Miss Maggie Barr, Mr. Chas. Kelley, of Brantford, and Mr. Thos. Hurst, our popular local comique. A rare treat may be anticipated by the Sons of Scotia and their friends.

CONSIDER THE SOURCE.

"Father," said a young man, "I am surprised at you. Why didn't you knock the fellow down when he called you a liar? Had it been me, I should have spat him in the mouth."

"Yes, but you see, my son, I am several days older than you are."

"What did you do?"

"I told him that I considered the source, and right here let me say that considering the source has saved many a nose. To wisely consider the source is the acme of human intelligence. Without this disposition, our courts would be the seats of violent brawls and our medical profession would be a failure. When a lawyer, who has a well established reputation as a bruiser, arises and calls a modest and physically inferior contemporary a liar, the contemporary, knowing that forcible resentment would cause pain and the disgrace of a thrashing, but still, not relishing the idea of being called a coward, arises, and with a gravity befitting the deportment of a statesman, replies, 'I consider the source.' You bet he considers the source, and judicious consideration it is, too. The other lawyers, instead of calling him a coward, look on him as a man of discretion and quiet nerve. The doctors are pretty much the same way, and in fact I do not think that the pulpit is entirely free from it. I am a man of much experience, son, and weigh well what I say. When a man who is your physical superior calls you a liar, tell him that you consider the source. If he be of an irritable disposition, and you think that he might place a violent construction on your remark and knock you down, don't tell him that you consider the source, but go away to some quiet place where you can consider it without interruption."

A collection of stamps—Applause in the gallery.—*New Orleans Times.*

Our golden youth, and all others who get their Sunday clothes made by Cheeseworth, "the tailor," will please notice the change of address given in his advertisement on our eighth page.

A Kansas man, upon being roused from his bed at 6 a.m. to split some kindlings, indulged in heathen language, and wished something would come along and convert everything combustible into kindling-wood. Next day a cyclone came along and knocked his house into kindlings, and yet he was not satisfied. It is impossible to please some men.—*Norristown Herald.*

A SKATING ROMANCE.

On ice,
How nice.
Skate slips,
She trips.
Don't fear,
He near.
Up takes,
"Mash" makes.
Gets bold,
Story told.
Gloves off,
Both coff.
Each sneeze,
Hands squeeze.
Boys laugh—
Cry, "caught!"
A shout,
"Lights out."
Home flee,
He, she.
Reach gate,
Don't wait.
In hall,
Quiet all.
"Be mine?"
"Me thine?"
"Wouldn't dare—"
"Husband swear!"

A HAMILTON BOARDING MISSIS EXPRESSES HER MIND.

(A letter picked up in the snow.)

MAIN STREET WEST,
HAMILTON, January 21st, 1884.

DEER MISSUS MAGLACHLIN,—This comes hop-
in as you are all well wich your umble servant
is at present only down in the mouth. You
will be sirprised to here that I'm goin to give
up my bordin hous, wich would be moar like
my borden hous has given up me. this town
is all up. there ain't no more stoodints to be
had heer any moar—mister cross mister holl
and mister lucre as bin eleckted and they is
bound to do away with the hire edikashun in
the Kleejit and them the kind of studys as
brings the young men with the muneys from
the Kentry, wich the corner grocery men will
mity soon find out about their economy. heres
me as laid out ate undereed dolers on groceries
and grub of one kind or other in one yere on
my borders, to say nothin of all i run in det
for an me only wan out of morn a skor of bor-



den-hous keepers as will find their okipashun
gon. and John scott as is goin to leave the
town which theres several moar as is makin
ready to do that same if things doant take a
turn for the beter. John says as how if he
kant get edikashurial advantagis for his child-
ren like he wants in this city why hes gon



ROUGH DESIGN FOR A PLASTER CAST

TO BE PRESENTED TO THE ELECTORS OF BOTHWELL.

where it can be got which the people wont be
at the mercy of a crustree that doant no a bee
from a boots foot—nor cant hardly do no more
than spell his own name koreckly wich he
cant see the use of anybody elses children doin
any beter than his own which its not in them
to be and its not in nature to expeck the like
considerin who they come of. they do say
when there was a undereed of them there boys
and girls from the kentry an them payin of
sixteen dolers a peece for fees not to menshun
the money for their books which of itself
was a good help tords the likes of Eastwood
and Dulkan an sich gettin an honest livin, an
fine decent respacktable fellays an no mistake
if I should say it as is gettin a livin myself out
from the same individwells for bord. a und-
red of them same boys at sixteen dollars
would pay one thowsand and six undred dol-
ers for a good teacher, not to menshun the
money the old guvernors spend when they
come a visitin with potatoes to the market an
sich which they generly land themselves into
Watkinses to lay out their odd spondooliks on
flannels, why it has made a regler mery go
round in the sirkelashun of the money. but
it serves them rite when people think so little
of themselves as to eleckt men as is was ed-
ikated than thereselves to Dick Tait how much
or how little their children must learn morn
the three ares they talks so much about drivin
honest fox like me and John Scott out of the
city with his big family as would have to be
fed an clothed and earn money in the city if
they stayed here, to say nothin of the empty
houses to let which the boys wont forget to
smash every pane in the winders comin home
of an evenin i hope and pray so as their eyes
will be opened for their short sitedness for
elecktin ignoramusses to the school bord. i
had a letter from one of my old borders, he is

eching school now, and he was goin to send
his two brothers and a sister hero to bord with
me, but he says things isnt satisfactory—and
hes awful sorry but his aunts two other
nephews as was comin to finish here are goin
to Toronto so they'll all go together which will
be so much more money out of Hamiltons
pocket—When they want to get elected they
lay a herrin across the scent, and they call the
herrin Economy and they keep that herrin so
tight up to them they cant see nor smell any-
thing else—and they lead them by the nose
till they get to the end of their tether. by
an by they'll find out that their economy as
the Scriptor says tendeth to poverty. All the
fox are laffin at the idea of hamilton advancin
backward like it is. they got rid of the liber-
ary where the boys could go and learn some-
thing of an evening, now they are followin up
by gettin rid of hire Edikation by makin it so
deer that no poor mans child can get a chance
no matter how talented they are, which as i
says before serves them rite. the okshun sail
is to-morrow, when i take in the key to my
landlord. he'll get a piece of my mind. he'll
find out what his votin for Lucre has done for
him—twelve dolers a month will convince him
of his mistake.

Yours sincerely,

MARY JANE HASCH.

A company of gentlemen, who were dining
at an inn, inquired if the turkey which was
served to them was fresh. "Fresh, is it?"
said the Irish waiter jauntily. "Faith, it's
not six hours since that turkey was walking
around on his own rale estate, with his hands
in his pockets never draming what an urgent
invitation he'd have to jine you gentlemen at
dinner."

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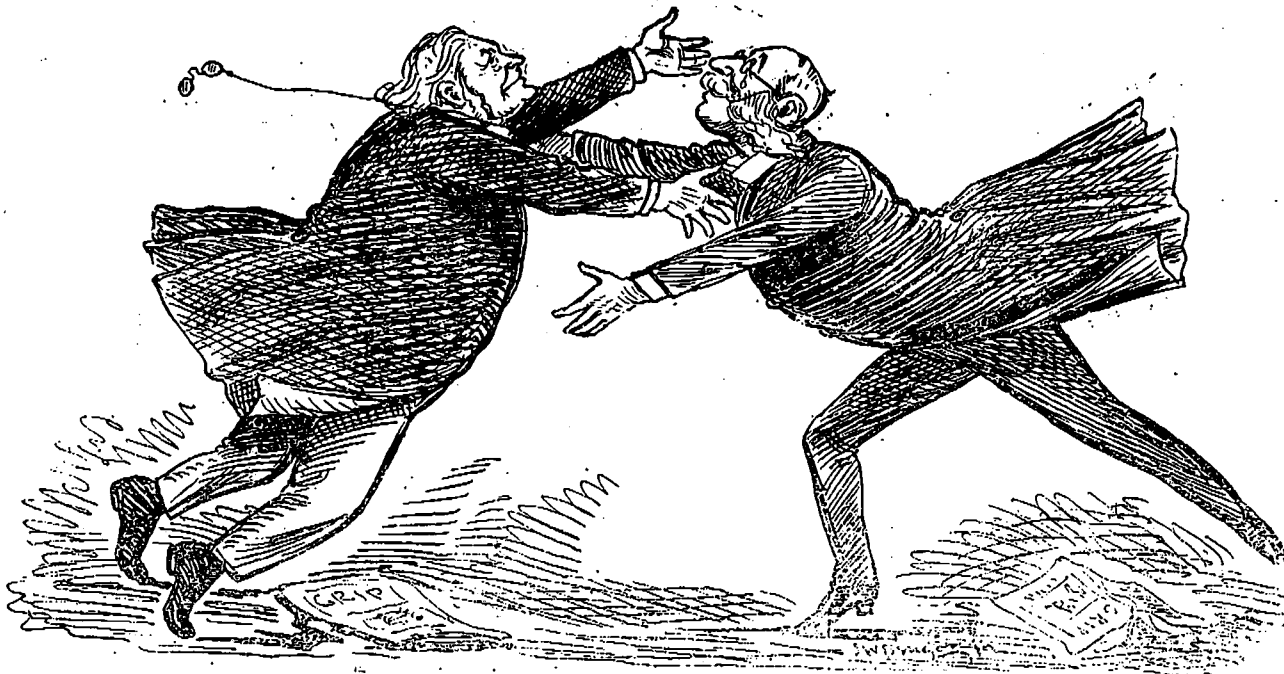
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AN AFFECTING MEETING AT OTTAWA.

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.

THE SMALL BOY AND THE PIN.

It was but a simple pin,
On a chair;
And the little boy did grin
Like a bear
When the teacher took a seat,
And in manner very fleet
Flew a half a hundred feet
In the air.
This the teacher doth annoy,
And he chants,
And no pardon to the boy
Quick he grants;
But he grabs the indiscreet
Little boy, and him doth beat
Till he rather spoils the seat
Of his "pants."

SADDEST WHEN HE SITS.

"Ah," said the nice young man with bangs,
as the little boy let him in, the other evening;
"Ah, my little man, is your sister at home?"
"Yes, she's home, but she ain't expecting you."
"And how do you know she isn't expecting me?"
"Cause I heard her tell ma that you're too mean to hire a horse and sleigh,
and she didn't expect to see a sign of you while
the snow lasted." The little boy is now saddest
when he sits.

Why is it that a young man and a young woman will sit for hours and hours together in a parlor without saying a word, and then, when it is time for him to leave, stand an hour talking earnestly on the front stoop in the still, pneumonic air?

"Boss, I kaint take dis twenty-fi' cents. It got a hole in it what's been plugged up," said a negro grocer to a customer.
"But you must take it. I got it from you last night. Don't you remember?"
"Oh, yes, I 'members. I knows dat I gin it ter yer, an' I gin it ter yer 'case I didn't want it. Ef I had wanted it I would hab gin yer some udder quarter. Git out de way an' let me cut off a piece ob bacon. Musn't stan' roun' de sto' when de customers an so rampan't to buy suthin'."

The mocking bird—boarding house chicken. Plantation philosophy: De changhi chicken 'minds me ob certain men i'se seed. He crows mighty loud and brags around 'mong the hens an' young chickens, but when a game rooster comes around, he's got business on de udder side ob de fence.

Billings met Mr. Squint. "Hello, my friend," exclaimed the doctor, "I am glad to see you. Around hunting for news I suppose. You reporters are always on the go. You are the best reporter in Arkansas. Say, I'm going to have a little gathering of friends at my house to-morrow night, and my wife, who is a great admirer of you, by the way, sends you a special invitation. Let's have a bottle of wine. Say, there, waiter bring up a bottle of Piper Heidsieck."

"I suppose you have heard, doctor, that I am no longer connected with the *Daily Bloom*?"
"No."

"Yes: I have retired from the newspaper business. When do you want me to come around?"

"Oh, any time," replied the doctor, with an evident change of manner. "Say, waiter, never mind the wine. Bring us two beers."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.



LADY.—Oh, Doctor, my little boy is so ill, do tell me what ails him?
DOCTOR.—It's a bad case of ever, Madam.
L.—How can he have caught it; we have paid every attention to sanitary matters.
D.—Have you had your bedding cleaned?
L.—No, we have never thought of that, though we have used it several years.
D.—Then send it to N. P. CHANEY & Co.'s, 230 King-st. East, at once, they will clean it thoroughly. More diseases arise from impure bedding than from anything else.

Does a cow become real estate when she is turned into a field?—*Warsaw Wasp.*

The stage-driver, in describing the steepness of a certain Vermont mountain, said that "chain littenin' couldn't go down it without brecchin' on!"

There is one theatrical manager in this country who can refuse to engage a woman without making an enemy of her. He tells her she's too young.

"Did you know," said a cunning Yankee to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and donkeys together in Poland?" "Indeed! Then it is well you and I are not there," retorted the Jew.

"Julia, my little cherub, when does your sister Emma return?" Julia—"I don't know." "Didn't she say anything before she went away?" Julia—"She said, if you came to see her, that she'd be gone till doomsday."

CATARH.—A new treatment. Permanent cure of the worst case is effected in from one to three applications. Treatise sent free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.



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