

IN PREPARATION.

“THE GRIP-SACK.”

A New Midsummer Annual, to be issued by GRIP Printing & Publishing Company, under the editorship of J. W. Bengough.

The GRIP-SACK will be uniform in size with “GRIP’S Almanac,” and will be filled with original humor, profusely illustrated with engravings, embracing several full-page pictures in colors.

The first number will be ready in July.

Price, - - - - 25 Cents.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH, Editor & Artist. S. J. MOORE, Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON AND FIRST PAGE.—Mr. GRIP, whose province it is to reflect public opinion, feels himself bound to devote two pictures to the all-absorbing topic of the week in political circles—the Government’s Bill for the re-distribution of seats in the House of Commons. On the first page is given the Ministerial view of this measure. The Government claims that the object aimed at, namely, an equalizing of population to the average of 21,000 to each representative, has been fairly realized, and that any incidental advantages the new deal may give to either party are accidental. In support of this contention it is pointed out that two Conservative constituencies have been wiped out altogether. The Opposition view is given on the centre page, and the picture may perhaps be left to speak for itself. The Bill is looked upon as a deadly assault on Ontario, with the unmistakable object of crushing that Province’s influence in the Dominion to accommodate the Bleus of Quebec. Other details of the measure, such as the clause abolishing “one day voting,” and the other, throwing the returning officers’ duties into the hands of irresponsible persons, are denounced vehemently by the Reform leaders and press.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is well known that the mania for speculation in Manitoba—like necessity and some Division Court lawyers—knows no law. The sketches here given fairly illustrate the height or depth which that mania has reached.

Hanlan’s latest triumphs have scarcely caused a perceptible ripple of emotion of any sort in Canada. We have long settled down to the opinion that a boat race with Hanlan in it is *minus* the only element of attraction in a race—uncertainty as to the winner. The rest of the world are, no doubt, now of the same mind—and Edward may as well come home and nurse the baby.

The Grand Trunk has at last gobbled the Great Western—and *vice versa*. “If they accommodate the public as well or better than before,” quoth Mr. Whyte, “I do not see that the public need object to the fusion.” Certainly not, Mr. W., but *will they*—or rather, will *it*? Fusion generally ends in con-fusion.

But we are pretty well past feeling now in Canada. We have become hardened to this game of monopoly, and if our brethren of the grab will only leave our coats on our backs and an occasional square meal, we will be content.

Ode to Professor Goldwin Smith,

ON READING HIS LATE LETTERS ON IRELAND, AND THE TRENCHANT COMMENTS IN THE “IRISH CANADIAN.”

Ye bold British Canajians
That in those Toronto ragions
Still keep up your allegiance to Erin’s emerald shore:
To *me bouchal*, Patrick Boyle,
Come listen one and all,
And if the wit be small, let the whiskey flow galore!

For Pat’s shillelagh whacks on,
Agin Goldwin Smith the Saxon,
Whose pen writes sharp attacks on the Oirish Land
League cause,
He recommends coercion
To work the League’s subversion,
And Oireland’s re-immersion, in blood, by Penal Laws!

Och! he once used his pen’s rigor
In pleading for the nigger,
Restrained by *Eynn’s* stern rigor from murder, rapine,
rape:
And was quite humanitarian
For the poor oppressed Bulgarian,
For Afghanistan’s barbarian, and the Kaffir at the Cape!

But for the Irish peasant,
Condemned to toil incessant,
That the Law’s gripe, ever present, may consume his
hard-won pay,—
For the landlord’s pride and pleasure!—
Make more fat the rich man’s treasure!—
For the pauper self evicted, has he not a word to say?

Would he take “trial by jury”
From the land, from Cork to Newry?
Without which I’m very sure he couldn’t face the *Globe*
secure!
While an army, marshalled gay,
Guards the ships that bear away
The food our landlords covet, from the thin hands of the
poor!

You, to clinch on Old Oireland’s fetters!
You, a liberal man of letters,
To support the vile abettors of the wrongs we most abhor!
Pray, pray alter your opinion
Ere you come to the Dominion,
Or beware both Grit and Fenian, Misther Goldwin
Smith, *asthore!*

C. P. M.

Our Funny Contributor says he is not aware that lumber has risen in price, but is painfully conscious of the fact that board is up.

Jocular Jumbles.

Is the bonus given to fishermen a fish bone-us?

When a goat is put in pound, is it a pound of butter?

What sect uses the choral service most? The coral-in-sect, probably.

When a census-taker asks an old maid her age, her rage will show itself very quickly.

When you eat your fill o’ peanuts, are you eating your philopene nuts just the same?

When a new territory wants to join the Union they annex it, and an exit if it goes out again.

Did our first parent resemble a fog because he was Adam *pere*? A damp air, see? Mist-air-cous, ain’t it?

Can the lives of Bacon, Hogg, Sow-ty, and Pig-gott be considered, in a litter-cl sense, bi-hog-rapical?

As Wine Harbor, N. S., is a rich gold mining district, it is probably a good place to get Golden Sherry.

A question for quid-nuncs.—Should all tobacco chewers, when they die, be sent to the bottomless spit?

The idea that a lost dog should come under the head of shipping news as “A Lost Bark,” is cur-wrecked.

What is the difference between a certain ingredient of soap and the *New York Ledger*? One is a strong lye and the other’s a weak-ly.

CHARLIE—“Do you know, Clara, why that stocking is like a numeral?”

CLARA—I don’t take any stock-in such figurative conundrums, why is it?”

CHARLIE—“Because its one u-nit.”

A young man was relating a story very badly in Lamy’s hotel, Amberst, N. S., the other evening, and one of the listeners remarked, at the conclusion, that it was “like an impeccunious uncle. “How so?” said one of the party. “Because it is a very poor relation.” And then there was solemn silence and a popping of corks.
J. S. K.



SKETCHING THE LIONS.

[“A Prize of \$25 will be awarded for the best sketch of the Lions in the Zoo. Contest open only to amateurs.”—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*
Gamin.—Oh, pshaw, that ain’t fair, you’re a professional!

A Song of Canadian Independence.

[Respectfully altered from the Poet Laureate's "Drink, my friends," except that, being intended for the forthcoming Elections, *hacchanadian Sentiment* is omitted, as inconsistent with our Canadian Election Laws.]

Again the strife on worn-out party lines,
For potty, trite, and personal interests, see!
As each old war-horse of the hustings pines
For fight of Tweedledum with Tweedledee!
The good old rule suffices for their hour,
Their life's ambition ends where it began!
Canada last: first, Place, Party, Power!
Take all you get, and keep it if you can.
But nobler aims shall yet the Place-man's greed confound!
For Canada's Independence, hope, my friends,
And pass your GRIP all round.

With generous love for the old mother-land
We mind, to us, her sons beyond the sea,
She gave each privilege we asked ere while—
The free gift that can come but from the free!
Grateful her help our years of nonage own,
The Past with which our future's hope began;
Not less her sons that now we stand alone,
And bid the Boy be father of the Man.
For manlier aims shall yet throw leading-strings aside!
For Canada's Independence, hope, my friends,
And read your GRIP with pride.

The Tories in their camp, without a cause,
Their only bond, one statesman of the past,
Whose mind and manners have from all the applause,
With which great men are greeted at the last
Our Kingston Beaconsfield; but who can win—
Opponents, sway debate, when he lies dumb?
And Tory issues, grown at last too thin,
Die, like Niagara, with the Poet Plunk?
But national pride shall soon each lower aim confound.
For Canada's Independence, hope, my friends,
For GRIP subscribe all round.

The Liberals, with Brown, Baldwin, Lafontaine,
For National life at every step fought well,
But somehow, hardening heart or softening brain,
Have marred the Organ's wit, the Leader's spell!
"Whom the gods kill, they mult of common sense,"
Was said of old, and in this case it fits.
Thy lack of "Light and Sweetness" so immense,
Most unmagentic Leader of the Grits!
For fire of national will shall soon mere Party fads confound.
For Canada's Independence, hope, my friends,
And great GRIP's praises sound.

The flunkey race, with "Fanning's Etiquette,"
With Knight and Bishop, each a sham "my Lord;"
With shoddy swell and ladies' Parson-pet,
Exempt from taxes, we can not afford!
Our cause the idle non-producer hates,
Pomp, pride, wealth, superstition, when they can,
Accuse and curse the coming hour that waits
The equal sway, the hope of man for man.
That hour shall Fraud and Flunkeyism confound.
For Canada's Independence, hope, my friends,
And get your GRIPs gold-bound!

My Creditor.

Who fills my life with thoughts so sad,
And makes me wish I never had
Become indebted to the cad?
My Creditor.

Who, smiling when I wanted cash,
Produced the shukels—Oh so rash—
And now prowls 'round my skull to wash?
My Creditor.

Who in the morning early rings,
And news quite stale so briskly brings?
"My note's o'er due"—thus blandly grins,
My Creditor.

Again at noon-time who appears,
And wild reiterates his fears,
And mops his crocodilian tears?
My Creditor.

Who, when the sun has calmly set,
Still fills my soul with mad regret,
Calls my attention to that debt?
My Creditor.

Who always keeps my steps in view,
Lest off I skip to pastures new,
And to my shadow sticks like glue?
My Creditor.

Who fills this world with Cimmiann gloom,
As if for two there were but room,
And dunning were the popular "boom"?
My Creditor.

Shakespearean Mottos for Toronto Celebrities.

FOR MR. G—N—R—N.
"O good old man, how well in thee appears,
The constant service of the antique world:
Thou art not for the fashion of these times—
But poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry."
—As you like it.

TO MR. COLLECTOR P—N.
"The times have been
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
But now—"
—Macbeth.

FOR THE PACIFIC R—Y SYNDICATE.
"If I had a mind to be honest I see Fortune would not
offer me: she drops booties in my mouth."
—Winter's Tale.

FOR MR. E—D—R—E.
"Naughty and sour to those that loved him not,
But unto such as sought him, sweet as summer."
—Winter's Tale.

FOR PROFESSOR G—N—S—TH.
"Now the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor
make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is
a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to
sea, that their business might be everything and their in-
terest everywhere, for that is it that always makes a good
voyage of nothing."



Mr. Torrington, to whom the citizens of Toronto already owe a great debt of gratitude for his earnest and persistent devotion to the cultivation of a taste for high class music in our midst, has determined to try the effect of an orchestral concert. The performance will be given at the Pavilion on the 9th inst.,

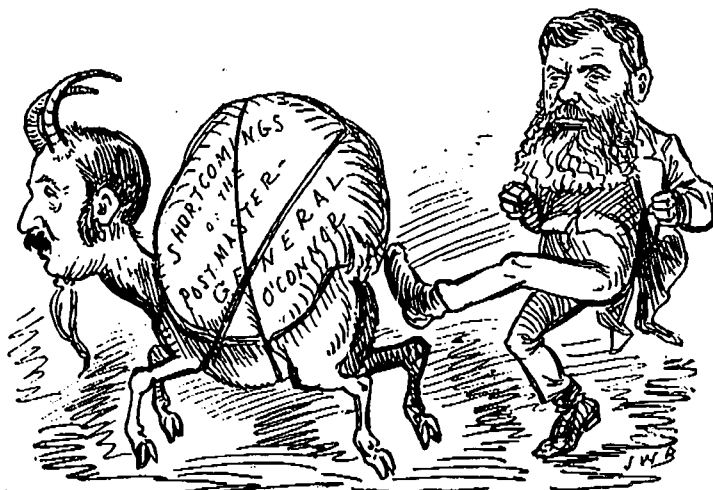
and a very fine programme has been arranged. Several of our leading soloists, with the addition of an accomplished baritone of Montreal, will also take part.

Large audiences greeted the Guernsey-Listemann Company on Saturday, at both performances. The orchestra fully sustained their high reputation, while Miss Guernsey proved herself worthy of their artistic society, by the exhibition of dramatic and elocutionary ability superior even to that of Mrs. Scott-Siddons. Miss Barnes, the solo vocalist, was also well received.



A base-baller—A baby.
Hum bug—a mosquito.
State craft—Royal yachts.
Is London, Eng' a Chinaman?
Passing things—Railway trains.
Ill-gotten gains—Physicians' fees.
Job lots—Land sold in paper towns.
Waxed ends—a dandy's moustache.
A cross poodle is a pugacious animal.
Animals consider the new wire fences barbarous inventions.
The best puff for the north-west lands—The locomotive.
Is a country where the women are in excess of the men, a miss-governed land?
"Tis but a little faded flour," as the lady remarked when told she had a creamy complexion.
"A feeling reply"—that of a boy being thrashed when his father asks him if he has had enough.

Our Funny Contributor, speaking of his religious convictions, says that the denomination he has most respect for just now is a ten dollar bill.



A CONTEMPLATED WRONG.

IT IS REPORTED THAT THE POSTMASTER OF WINNIPEG IS SOON TO BE DISMISSED. THAT IS, HE IS TO BE MADE A SCAPEGOAT FOR THE BLUNDERS OF THE INCOMPETENT POSTMASTER-GENERAL, TO WHOM MISMANAGEMENT ALL THE TROUBLE IN THE WINNIPEG OFFICE IS ATTRIBUTABLE.

A Perfect Cure for Baldness.

All ye who are bald-headed men,
Come listen to my lay,
It is the story true of one,
They call Marcellus May:
Now if you'll read,
As you proceed,
You'll find the very thing you need,
So don't despair
Of growing hair
As easily as hay.

Marcellus is a handsome man,
With figure tall and slight,
With gorgeous whiskers and moustache;
But on his life's a blight,
For he is galled
At being bald,
The thought of it makes him appalled;
It makes him swear,
This loss of hair,
Which, reader, is not right.

The other day he read the *News*,
And saw a certain ad.
Which cheered his heart and made him smile,
With joy he felt so glad.
"No quacking lies
They advertize,
Such business *News* men all despise.
This must be true,
By all that's blue
I'll try it! Yes, by Gad!"

Now this advertisement ran thus—
(Of course 'twas not in verse,
'Twas only writ in common prose,
In sentences right terse)
"I have a cure,
Both swift and sure,
For baldness. I will send
The recipe
For 50 c.
R. U. T. S. my friend.

"If my directions followed are,
A cure I'll guarantee,
Within three months a head of hair
On baldest pate shall be;
Box 29
P. O. mine
Address is, drop me there a line,
And so.
The whole expense;
I'll send it postage free."

Marcellus wrote at once and mailed
The soc. required,
Next day he got the recipe
Which he so much desired.
And now 'tis well
That I should tell
What may proclaim a dreadful sell,
But read and see
If it should be
Among the sells retired.

"Take water salt, and every night
Before you go to bed,
Rub carefully and well into
The bare place on your head;
The hairs will thirst,
The skin they'll burst,
And through they'll come, a few at first,
To get a drink,
Then quick as wink
You seize each like a thread.

"Then to prevent them slipping back,
You tie in each a knot,
And after they are all secured,
You water well the spot,
And in this way,
From day to day,
Your hair increases, Mr. May;
Salt freely use,
And if you choose,
The water may be hot."

JA. KASSE.

"They have got the drop on me," as the man said when he was about to be hanged.

Our Fanny Contributor, upon arriving home after a year's absence, received from the inhabitants of Lindsay a cordial welcome, especially from parties to whom he owed money, who never expected to see him again. Our Contributor, however, begs this last class of friends not to be too sanguine, as his ship is not in yet. The ship our contributor alludes to is courtship; as our Fanny Man is on the look-out for a rich wife, this opportunity to secure a first-class humorist is one not often met with in Canada. Heiresses are requested to take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

Knuckle-Dusters.

Although the Rule of Terror has been found to be an error,

Yet we see it often practised with dismay,
And the criminal disgraces of the people in high places
Are overlooked provided they can pay.

Can we blame an honest tradesman whom we know is free
from guile,
When he asks for information,
From the "Guardians of the Nation,"
If an innocent appliance is a knuckle-duster vile?

Can we blame the shrewd detective for lurking in his store,
When the order is completed,
And the article secreted,
And the stranger softly shadowed from the door?

"We must exercise our duty," oh! the words are very sweet:
"The Act is so explicit,
And the chance—we mustn't miss it,"
Can we blame the wise detective for his action on the street?

No, we will not blame the tradesman, nor the culprit,
nor the "Cob—"
Tho' the victim long may languish in the jail—
We will stop our ears alike to imprecation and to sob—
For the lawyers may release him—upon bail.

"I owe de coal loans," remarked a St. John colored barber, when he borrowed a scuttle of coal from his next-door neighbor. "Yes, and I'd like to have it *scant* back immediately," replied the loaner.

The Joker Club.**"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."**

It is a well-known fact that a grindstone sometimes explodes into fragments. Marble, we fear, is hardly safe for sculptors to use, as we noticed a placard in an art gallery, the other day, evidently intended to warn visitors of danger, which read: "Parian Marble Busts."
—*Yavocob Strauss.*

When Straddle's wife asked him to buy a twenty-dollar hat, he somewhat emphatically said: "I think you are about as near a fool as you can get," and then did not know what in the world she meant when she came and put her arm around his neck and got as close to him as she could.—*Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.*

"The ha-ha-happiest, me-me-m-merriest three," said poor Mr. Sayistlow looking in on the sanctum, "the merriest tree that gug-gug-grows is the ha-ha-haw-haw!" And he dodged the paste-pot and scampered down stairs 'a great deal faster than he could talk.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

What is this coming? It is a doctor. Why does he smile? He smiles because he can afford to. He vaccinates with the pure virus only, at 50 cents a prod, and the work isn't half as hard as the bovine gets in inside of a week. Does the M. D. make much wealth? Well, we would smile—but we are not a Dr.—*Lockport Union.*

The cast iron bull dog, which will soon begin to do duty as a savings bank for the children, is more intelligent than a collection box. He refuses to operate upon anything else but solid coin, or to waste his gastric juice on a button, whereas a collection box can't tell the difference.
—*Springfield (Ill.) Register.*

What is fame? Something that you can win by carrying a bunch of shingles up a ladder and tacking them on the roof, when you might have made just as much money by peeling shavings from a board on the work bench. The people who persist in walking and working in the upper strata of the world's industry have a harder time and no more pay, but then, they win fame, do you see?—*Springfield (Ill.) Register.*

From Miss to Mistress.

She who fails Mrs. to change from Miss,
Has Mr. chance of wedding bliss.

But she who changes Miss to Mrs.
Has solved the Mr.'y of kisses.

When a Miss Mrs. to kiss a Mr.y,
A Miss is Maid in modern history.

Tho' a Miss, 'tis said, is as good as a mile,
When a Miss misses Mrs. Misters do smile.

Unexpected Succor.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE OF SHIPWRECKED VOYAGERS.

At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 30th of last December, the steamer *Moravian*, of the Allan line, bound for Liverpool via Halifax, while on her way from Portland to the latter place, ran ashore on the southwest point of Mud Island, some fifteen miles from the town of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. A stiff breeze was



blowing at the time and a heavy surf running, and the situation was one of peril. It was found that the forward compartments had filled with water, and orders were given to lighten cargo while preparations were made to land the passengers on the Island, with a supply of food and clothing. The landing was safely effected, but the cold was intense and some of the party were severely frostbitten. On the ship's manifest was a consignment of St. Jacobs Oil, which the Toronto House of A. Vogeler & Co., of Baltimore, Md., had just shipped to Francis Newberry & Sons, London, to fill English orders. The part it played in the catastrophe is described in the following article, which we quote from the Yarmouth (Nova Scotia) *Tribune* of January 18th:



"The passengers and crew of the wrecked steamer *Moravian*, during their brief encampment at Mud Island, suffered severely from exposure to the weather, and some of them were severely frostbitten. Fortunately, among the lading of the ship was a package of proprietary medicines; more fortunately still, the bulk of these consisted of St. Jacobs Oil, and by the prompt and liberal use of this invaluable remedy, the parties were speedily relieved and all unpleasant after consequences averted."

Says *Nomus*—

If Burnaby with his balloon
Can roam the air at will,
The man who lives up in the moon,
May get a Cockle's pill.

The great bear and the little bear,
And all the starry daughters,
Will now look out for sandwiches
With Apollinaris waters.

"I suppose you get up early to set a good example to the rising generation? Oh, no, not at all! The rising generation doesn't need any example. It's the generation that doesn't rise that I want to influence."—*Yonkers Gazette.*



THE NEW NURSE FOR THE IRISH CHILD.

GLADSTONE (to Dufferin).—HERE, TAKE HIM AND HUSH HIM UP, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE!
(AND IF THE NEW NURSE FAILS, IT'S A HOPELESS CASE).



REFLECTIONS OF THE HON. C. BUFFER.

Aw—I have been questioned a good many times of late as to my opinion regarding the idea of having Canada—aw—represented in the British parliament, and as to the—aw—propriety of mixing ourselves up with the—aw—foreign affairs of Great Britain. It is argued by some that in dealing with European—aw—other powers' complications may arise that will produce serious consequences to our interests here, that if a state of hostilities should follow any disagreement between England and some other country, the war would very probably have a detrimental effect upon our commerce, et cetera, and that therefore we have a right to have a say in matters that so materially affect us. This is all very well, as far as it goes, but we must recollect that we are, after all, a dependency of Britain, and that we expect to have her—aw—support in case of any trouble on the part of filibustering waiders or other irresponsible invaders, and that likewise we expect that we shall be—aw—protected free of cost to ourselves, so far at least as the Imperial troops and—aw—munitions of war are concerned. So I really think our interfering in any way with the action of Great Britain's "foreign policy" would be highly injudicious and lead to consequences that would not be looked upon by any means with a favorable eye in—aw—Canada. If we insist upon interfering with the home authaw-

wities; in anyway powers they may take into consideration the propriety of putting their—aw—Downing-street finger into our pie, a proceeding that I don't think would be much relished by us, however patriotic we may be. I am, as the lawyer says, strongly of opinion that the less we have to do with the legislative executive powers in England the better for the preservation of the good feeling between us and the—aw—old country. Everything in our relations with England goes smoothly enough. We excel in—aw—loyalty, so much so, in fact, that our spontaneous—aw—demonstrations excite surprise in the breasts of the—aw—old country folks, and I think, I do really, that we better remain as we are, retaining our wretched sentimental enthusiasm for "the Crown," for when we begin to mix the Crown up with the—aw—legislation of Mr. Gladstone or Lord so and so, the "divinity" which the "divine William" weds to as appertaining to royalty is not quite so apparent, as when looked at from a distance. Familiarity, as everybody is aware "breeds contempt," hence possibly the great amount of "radical" or democratic element so—aw—offensively prominent now in England, which the pleasing glamour (if I may be allowed the expression) regarding royalty seems to be—aw—dissipated to a very great extent. Therefore I can't help thinking that we are all right now. We are good, loyal subjects of the Crown, which is a—aw—source of pride and pleasure to us, but let us not aspire too high, and assume the *aut Caesar aut nullus* line of action, for powers the old country may "come down" on us, and we, the most loyal, it is said of all Her Gracious Majesty's loyal subjects, will be inclined to frown upon the crown and scepter, and cry like that old woundhead Cromwell "Take away that bauble." Yes, things are all right as they are—at least that is my opinion—it is indeed.

During the summer season the ice man is the most devout worshipper. He goes to serve ice every day.

The Bugler.

A TALE OF NIAGARA CAMP.

With a Moral.

"Blow, bugle."—*I empyson.*

A sturdy lad yet in his teens
Was Roderick Macdougall,
And in the gallant "and Queen's"
He blew the E flat bugle.
When on review and "marching past,"
'T would do you good to hear the blast
That Roderick blew
When on review,
Upon his E flat bugle.

Now, young Macdougall everywhere
Was highly complimented;
For, any operatic air
That ever was invented
Young Roderick could play at sight;
And out at camp most every night,
La Trovatore
Or Pinafore
Delighted all the tented.

Now this was creditable to
Young Roderick Macdougall,
In being so well able to
Discourse upon his bugle;
But bugle music night and day,
"Tattoo," "Lights out," and "Reveille"
Does hardly suit,
When p'raps to boot
You've fed on rations frugal.

But night or day he'd never tire,
And still his bugle sounded;
His "Halt!" "Lie down!" "Advance!" and "Fire!"
Kept the whole camp confounded.
He'd vary regimental "calls"
With airs sung at the music halls
Of Roderick
The men grew sick,
And wished him shot or drowned.

Before the morning gun had fired
Its usual round at sunrise,
Would Roderick, but half attired,
Begin to blow! So unwise
It was of him to wake the men
With bugle blasts; and it was then
That Corporal Blue
Of Company 2
Said, "let us have some fun, boys!"

The boys turned out, and with a shout
They seized the young musician.
And brought him by the shortest route,
With soldierly precision,
Down to Niagara river's brink,
And gently dropped him in the "drink";
And then each scamp
Went back to camp
And said they had been fishin'.

So scared was Mac, he swam away
Until he did a plank seize,
And just about the break of day
Was picked up by some Yankees—
Some boys in blue, who in a boat
Espied poor Roderick afloat,
And pulled him back,
For which kind act
They were repaid with "thanky'es."

Up spake the coxwain of the boat,
A man both tall and lanky;
His voice and manners did denote
Him what he was—a Yankee.
He said, "I first did calculate
You dodged the sentry at our gate,
So dust and run
You son of a gun,
I guess you're slightly cranky!"

Then Roderick made for his camp
As fast as he could totter.
His uniform was very damp,
His boots were full of water.
But Sergeant-Major Cunningham,
Who saw the bugler running home,
Had him soon caught,
And straight he got
Ten days from Colonel Otter.

MORAL.

Take warning all ye soldier boys
By Roderick Macdougall;
Be sure you don't make too much noise
In blowing your own bugle.
Don't think that anyone much cares
To see or hear your fancy airs.
Your valve keep shut,
Or off your nut,
You'll go like young Macdougall.

See OAK HALL'S Stock of Children's Suits. OAK HALL sells Clothing at Rock-bottom Prices.

MACHINE OILS.

Four Medals and Three Diplomas awarded at
Leading Exhibitions in 1881.

McCOLL BROS. & CO.
TORONTO.



ON THE STREET.

Bootblack.—Before I tackle the other one, sir, I'd like to sell you a lot in Brandon.



AT OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

Miss Smith.—Pass the butter, please.
Mr. Jinks.—Excuse me till I get this town site sketched out.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

Smart little girl.—Don't give up the biz.,
Grannie; Syndicate it and buy yourself out!

THE REAL ESTATE MANIA.

When the males in a Winnipeg church had to sit in their furs one Sunday last winter, it is presumed they listened to the sermon with wrapped attention.



KNOW THYSELF.

Special Canadian edition of this Great Work now placed on the market. Contains word for word of the American edition. Paper 50c.; Cloth, \$1.00, post paid to any address on receipt of price. Agents wanted. J. S. ROBERTSON & BROS., Whitby, Ont.

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.)

Having had over nine years experience in the practice of Dentistry, six of which have been spent in Toronto, he is prepared to do **FIRST-CLASS WORK**, and at reasonable rates.

By adopting the Latest Improvements in appliances, he is able to make tedious operations as short and painless as possible.

As he does not entrust his work to students or assistants, but does it himself, the public may rely on it always being done as represented.

Office Hours, 8-30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

Evening Office at Residence, Jameson Avenue, North Parkdale.

TENDERS FOR COAL
FOR THE
PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF ONTARIO, 1882.

The Treasurer of the Province of Ontario will receive tenders addressed to him, at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and endorsed "Tenders for Coal," up to noon of

WEDNESDAY, 17th MAY, 1882,

for the delivery of the following quantities of coal in the sheds of the institutions named, on or before the 1st of July, 1882, (except at the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, where delivery is not to be commenced until 1st August), viz:—

Asylum for the Insane, Toronto.
Hard coal, 900 tons large egg size, and 175 tons stove size. Soft coal, 400 tons.

Central Prison, Toronto.
Hard coal, 400 tons small egg size, 25 tons chestnut size, and 35 tons stove size.

Reformatory for Females, Toronto.
Hard coal, 100 tons stove size. Soft coal, 500 tons.

Asylum for the Insane, London.
Hard coal, 200 tons large egg size, and 60 tons chestnut size. Soft coal, 1,250 tons, for steam purposes, and 150 tons for grates.

Asylum for the Insane, Kingston.
Hard coal, 800 tons large egg size, and 10 tons chestnut size. Soft coal, 300 tons.

Asylum for the Insane, Hamilton.
Hard coal, 88 tons stove size and 25 tons chestnut size. Soft coal, 1,200 tons for steam purposes, and 100 tons for grates. N.B.—200 tons of the steam coal to be delivered at the pumping house.

Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.
Hard coal, 60 tons large egg size, and 20 tons stove size. Soft coal, 600 tons.

Institution for the Blind, Belleville.
Hard coal, 400 tons large egg size and 200 tons stove size.

Agricultural College, Guelph.
Hard coal, 275 tons large egg size, and 50 tons stove size. Soft coal, 80 tons, for steam purposes, and 20 tons for grates.

The hard coal to be Pittston, Scranton, or Lehigh. Tenders are to name the mine or mines from which it is proposed to take the soft coal, and to designate the quality of the same, and, if required, to produce satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name. All coal to be delivered in a manner satisfactory to the authorities of the respective institutions.

Tenders will be received for the whole supply specified or for the quantities required in each institution. An

accepted cheque for \$500, payable to the order of the Treasurer of Ontario, must accompany each tender, as a guarantee of its bona fides, and two sufficient securities will be required for the due fulfilment of the contract. Specifications and forms and conditions of tender are to be obtained from the Bursars of the Institutions.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
S. C. WOOD,
Treasurer of Ontario.
Parliament Buildings, Toronto, May 1st, 1882.

The Spirometer.

THE INTERNATIONAL THROAT AND LUNG INSTITUTE, 75 Yonge street, corner King and Toronto. A body of French and English physicians are in charge. Great reformation in medical science. The Spirometer, the wonderful invention of Dr. M. Souvielle, of Montreal, an ex-aidé surgeon of the French army, which conveys medicinal properties direct to the seat of the disease, has proved in the leading hospitals of Europe to be indispensable for the cure of catarrh, catarrhal deafness, bronchitis, asthma, and lung disease. Dr. Souvielle and a body of English and French surgeons and physicians are in charge of this, the most scientific institution on this continent. We wish country practitioners who have not sufficient practice to distinguish the different forms of lung disease to bring their patients to our institute, and we will give them free advice. This institute has been organized by this body of scientific men to place Canada in a position to compete on scientific views with any part of Europe, and to protect the people from the hands of insignificant men. Dr. Souvielle's Spirometer and its preparations were invented after long and careful experiments in chemical analysis and use in hundreds of cases to prove its effects. He has the sole right in France, England, the United States and Canada. Last year over 1,000 letters of thanks were received from all parts of Europe, Canada and America for the wonderful cures performed by the Spirometer. Hundreds of the leading people of this country given as references. Write or call at the International Throat and Lung Institute, 75 Yonge street, corner of King, Toronto, and you will be received by either of the surgeons. Consultations free to physicians and sufferers. Call or write, inclosing stamp for pamphlet giving full particulars free.

"Speaks for itself"—The Photograph.

M. Quad of the *Detroit Free Press* has a sharp chin, he gives pretty sharp "chin" also.

Anyone attempting to pun on Brown's Troches will be apt to make an atrocious pun.

OAK HALL, 115, 117, 119, 121 King-St. E. Full Assortment of Men's and Boy's Clothing.

W. H. STONE { Yonge Street. } FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Telephone 219 Connection.