


SMOKE [CABLE L PADRE] CIGARS

IMPORTER.



CHINA HALL.

GLOVER HARRISON,

49 KING ST. E., Toronto.



The Greatest Bear in the Air.

The Greatest Bird in the World.

The Greatest Fish in the Ocean.

The Greatest Man in the Forest.

IMPORTER.



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VOLUME XX.
No. 20.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1883.

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THE PARLIAMENTARY GROSVENOR CAPTURES THE RAPTUROUS MAIDENS!



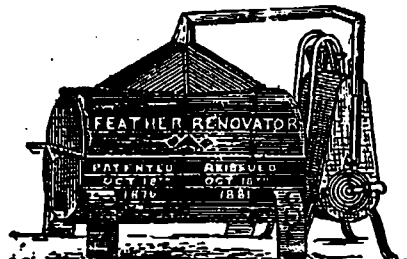
TORONTO, Nov. 3, 1882.
It has given us every satisfaction respecting the copying of letters, it is everything to be desired. Taken altogether, it is far ahead of the pen, especially as regard legibility and speed.
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230 KING-ST. E., TORONTO.



1ST GENT—What find I here
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What Demi-God
Hath come so near creation?
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
STUDIO—118 King Street West.

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J. W. BENGOUGH Editor.
FRED. SWIRE, B.A. Associate 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.

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.

OUR RULE.

We invariably credit all selections and contribu-
tions.

All other articles emanate from the editor-
ial staff of GRIP.

NOTICE.

Our attention is called to the figures given in
Rowell's Newspaper Directory representing the
circulation of GRIP as 2,000 weekly. We beg to
state that this estimate was furnished to Rowell
several years ago, since which time our weekly
circulation has increased to between 6,000 and
10,000, with an average weekly increase of about
100, and the paper is perused by fully 50,000
readers every week. Intending advertisers will
do well to take notice of these facts.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The Orange Incorpora-
tion Bill has received the six months hoist,
and the brethren are consequently in open
revolt against Sir John and the Government.

FIRST PAGE.—Sir John has brought in a
Bill in which he extends the electoral suffrage
of the Dominion to women—a measure of re-
form which, if carried to a successful issue,
will be the crowning achievement of his career
as a statesman. The ladies, who naturally an-
ticipated a long, hard fight for the ballot, will
be as much delighted as surprised if they ac-
tually get it without striking a blow.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Peter Mitchell, M.P.,
has been declaring in the House that the N.P.
has been of no benefit, so far as his constitu-
ency is concerned; whereupon there has been
a commotion, as it is unprecedented for a sup-
porter of the Government to speak in this
fashion. The fact probably is that Mr. Mitchell
never did believe in the N.P.—for he, like Sir
Leonard Tilley, Sir Chas. Tupper, and the
other Lower Province men, lived all their lives
in the faith of Free Trade or Revenue Tariff,
and only converted themselves at the eleventh
hour for political purposes.



Jokes about maple sugar should be sent in
not later than the 23rd inst.

Mr. Blake and his more prominent followers
voted solid against Orange Incorporation. It
is now in order for the French Bleus to walk
across the House and take seats in the true
Conservative party.

An Arkansaw newspaper, the *Lincoln County
Lance*, in a news paragraph, says, in all good
faith, that John Howard Payne, author of that
grand old song, Home, Sweet Home, died in
New York the other day and was buried with
great honors.

It is with deep gratitude that we thank the
Philadelphia Sunday Item for the information
that Sir Walter Scott wrote "Lalla Rookh."
One by one the Americans are removing the
delusions under which we have been laboring
for so long. Thanks, *Item* of 15th inst.

Among "household hints" in an exchange
we find the following: "If the chamber carpet
is dusty, throw snow over it and sweep quickly
and thoroughly." As June and July are
months that are usually very prolific of dust,
this hint will probably come in very useful.

Still no sign of the coronation of Aleck of
Russia coming off when advertised, though the
Peterborough Examiner urged the advisability
of the ceremony taking place some time ago,
and as much as hinted that it would be the
proper caper not to postpone the affair any
longer.

Local freight rates on the C.P.R. at Winni-
peg have jumped from \$8 to \$14 per car on
building stone—"and this," quoth the corres-
pondent, "is but the beginning of sorrows."
Now what the Government needs to do, is to
send up a strong detachment of "Mark Tap-
leys," to teach the people how to extract the
fun from this sort of thing.

Apropos of the discussion at present going
on between several of the States of the Union
as to which contains the nicest girls, we sub-
mit the following:

'Missouri girls are sweet; we'll strive to show
No soury misses come from state of Mo.;
The reason why their sweetness all surpasses
Lies in the fact that they are all Mo.-lasses.

"If illness is the cause of his retiring from an
arena which, with his instincts and habits,
must be to him what the water-washed towers
and brine-born air of Venice were to the young
Foscari, our regret deepens into a pang. The
blood-horse self-strained falls in sight of the
goal." This is not a gleam of moonshine on
the prairie, but a little clipping from Mr.
Davies' *Leader* on the retirement of Sir Chas.
Tupper. It expresses our sentiments to a T.

We take this opportunity of requesting
those post office employees, who read our
Pecks, *Sun*, and other American exchanges be-
fore placing them in our drawer, to be kind
enough to occasionally lend us those papers
for half an hour or so before they peruse them,
as we like to glance over them occasionally
ourselves on the morning of the day of their
arrival. We shall be happy to return our

papers to the employees alluded to as soon as
ever we have had a glimpse of them. There
is nothing hoggish about us.

In the *Hamilton Spectator* of the 12th inst.
a reporter piles on the agony pretty steeply in
describing a detective's wedding in that city
on the 11th, and assures us that the sun was
"coyly commencing to climb above the west-
ern horizon," on that day; we are not told
how high old Sol had risen before he discovered
his mistake and skipped over to the east and
began "coyly climbing" over again, but
nothing wrong was observed about his move-
ments around here, and we should doubt the
veracity of the reporter's statement had it ap-
peared in any other paper but the *Spec*.

An exchange says, "Neither Babylon,
Rome, Athens, or any of the other much-boast-
ed cities had a decent house drain, a gas jet,
a door bell, a grate, or knew how to make oyster
soup. You didn't lose anything by waiting."
Don't know about that. Where there were no
drains, gas jets or bells there would be no
plumbers, gasfitters or bell-hangers, and where
oyster soup was unknown the probability is
that church social oyster stews of one fish and
a half to a pint of juice were never seen; so,
on the whole, the advantages and disadvan-
tages are about evenly balanced.

In reply to "Oiborn" who writes to ask
what classes of people are permitted in Can-
ada to put a cockade on their flunkeys'
bats, we would say that no one under the
rank of a retired second-hand clothes deal-
dealer can do so with propriety, though
we believe there is no law governing the
matter in this country. An editor's coach-
man is entitled to his master's cast-off trousers,
and can legally claim them if it can be proved
that his employer has a second pair; the in-
ferior male menials of newspaper men are not
bound down by any law as to what they should
wear, but may assume the cockade in their
hat if they choose.!

Nearly every paragrapher on the American
continent has had something to say about that
body that was recently dug up at Pompeii, and
each has tried to explain why its hands were
placed on its stomach; some ascribing cucum-
bers as the cause, others favoring the idea of
boarding house and restaurant pie, and so
forth. The antiquarians have now discovered
that they were in error as to the position of the
hands of the late Pompeian, and that those
members were really placed behind the body,
a little below the small of the back. This
strengthens the conviction we have always en-
tertained, that the corpse is that of a youth
who had just had an angry interview with his
girl's old man. As the vital spark, however,
was quite extinct when the gentleman was dis-
covered, no really reliable information can be
hoped for from the party himself.

The *Hamilton Tribune* of April 13th quotes a
biographical sketch of John Brown, the Queen's
late henchman, from the *Court Circular*,
which is made to say, "In 1749 Mr. John
Brown entered the Queen's service, and by his
careful attention, steadiness, and intelligence
he rose in 1858 to the position of the Queen's
personal servant in Scotland, which in 1864
was extended to that of constant personal at-
tendant on her Majesty on all occasions."
Thus are integrity, honesty and nationality
(when it is Scotch) ever rewarded. Here we
see a poor uneducated man rise in one hundred
and fifteen years to a position of trust in a
royal household. This example should encour-
age us to lead better lives, and who knows but
what, in another couple of hundred years or
so, we might have charge of the key of the
royal beer collar too. Ah!



A FALSE ALARM.

Young ladies should be very cautious about what they wear in these days of Nihilism, Socialism, Fenianism, Rheumatism, and every other kind of 'ism' that the whelps of the Evil One indulge in.

What causes me to make this reflection is a little affair that happened a few days ago, and which might have resulted far more terribly than it did. Even as it was, it should prove a warning to those of the gentler sex who are "highflyers after Fashion," like that dear old soul, Mrs. Boffin, in "Our Mutual Friend."

The incident was as follows: A rather charming young lady was passing down the street, beautifully dressed, and with a bustle whose exuberance was the cynosure of many eyes. I don't know that "cynosure of many eyes" means anything particularly gorgeous, but I see the expression very often, and I rather like it, mainly, I fancy, because I scarcely understand what it implies. We are all more or more—there now, I was going to branch off into a discourse on Metaphysics or something, when I pulled up, finding I was diverging from the young lady and her bustle, the latter, as I have intimated, being a very *prononcee* (beat that if you can) one. She glided swiftly along the crowded thoroughfare, and all seemed bright and serene, when a marble, rolling out into her path, insinuated itself beneath her dainty boot (No. 8). Without a moment being granted her to make up her mind, her feet whirled aloft, and, obedient to the laws of gravitation, sat sat abruptly and heavily upon the sidewalk, when Pop! Pop! BANG! I went something. "Dynamite!" yelled a fat man, turning pale and starting off at a rapid gait. "Infernal masheen!" shrieked a dude, melting away like a man with a constable after him. "Fire! fire!" vociferated the crowd; someone rushed to the nearest alarm box, and in a few seconds the brigade was on the spot, and prepared to squirt anywhere or at anything. Great was the excitement; the young lady still remained on the sidewalk in the position assumed in the first act, an occasional Pop! going off like a minute gun at sea. Somehow the dreadful sound appeared to emanate from the immediate vicinity of the young lady, and a policeman ran towards her, saying, "Hold her. She's a Fenian. It's No. 1," and so on. Someone now assisted her to her feet; the policeman changed his mind and did not arrest her; the Fire Brigade took their departure, and the crowd began to disperse, and soon all was quiet once more.

Oh! I forgot; yes, of course, I have omitted to state what occasioned all this turmoil and confusion. Well, it was that bustle. The young lady was of an ingenious turn of mind, and she had stuffed it with those blue and purple india-rubber balloons that children play with, and members of Parliament squeak with when they are tight. I mean when the balloons,

not the memb—bah! letitgo. When a heavy body is suddenly pressed down upon an inflated bladder or an india-rubber balloon, it—busts.

Now I think I've spun this out to about a column, so I will stop. Bye-bye.



THE DENTIST AND THE DEVIL.

A WEIRD, WILD, UNFLESHLY THING.

It was in the month of August,
When no chilly wind nor raw gust
Blows, but sultry was the weather, and I pondered sadly
musing,

Poor was I and, therefore, friendless;
Though my wants seemed well nigh endless,
Fortune with a rigor bendless ever favors sweet refusing.
In my office I was sitting,
Through my fervid fancy flitting
Many an awesome wish befitting demons, devils, imps or
what not,
For I thought how luckless I was;
Fors, whose office to mine nigh was,
Had so many clients, patients, what you please, but one
I got not.

All my money I had spent in
Advertising and inventing
Schemes to bring the price of rent in, and my office was
a neat one;

Many a jaw of spotless molars,
Loops, bicuspides and rollers
Which had cost me many dollars made my stock a most
complete one;

Round my shelves in beauty winning,
Stood those teeth upon me grinning,
Till, to every jaw I pictured countenances sly and fox-
eyed;

"Tell me then," I cried, "will never
People call me dentist clever,
Or shall I end up for ever all my woes with nitrous oxide?"

Give me gold, ye imps of Hades,
(Place I would not name to ladies,
Hotter far than Spanish Cadiz,) come before me now and
barter

For my soul; I will not haggle;
Gold in never emptying bag!
Buy it; now—from Tophet struggle—make a small bid
as a starter."

Hardly was the silence broken
By these words, so rashly spoken,
When I straight received a token that my prayer was to
be answered;

For upon the cupboard shelf in
Which I keep my stock of delf, in
Furthest corner sat an elfin, dressed in black with hat
like mansard

Roof upon his head, he spoke and said "Good sir, your
prayer is answered.

Gold is yours, or, what the same is,
Forth upon the wings of Fame is
Now being borne your gallant name; is this a Bargain?"

"Tis," I muttered,
Iust of gold my mind bewilders
Any thing I'll do for gilders,
Now I live in fear and trembling lest my bread should
not be buttered."

"Then," replied the goblin, "merely
To make sure you speak sincerely,
Write upon this parchment clearly, in the best blood of
your arteries,

That you sell, for what I give you,
That which will so long outlive you;
Sign; I really won't deceive you; this the compact of
the barter is:

Give your soul, you're just as heal-ly
Without it, and you'll be quite wealthy;"
Here he came with gliding, stealthy step and pricked my
epidermis;

Forth the glowing blood came welling;
In I dipt my pen, and spelling
Full my name, with rapture swelling, said, "That my
cognominal term is."
Reading this the elfin leered
And straightway he disappeared
In a flash of azure flame and left behind an odor sul hu y:
"Oh! what crime have I committed?"
Then I cried when he had flitted,
"This is worse than murder, arson, aye, 'tis sinful as
Biddulphery."

Still I felt my spirits plastic
Growing light and more elastic,
"I am no ecclesiastic," then I yelled, "it does not mat-
ter."

Then there came a rapping, rapping
As of fifty patients tapping
On my office door and cap in hand I opened to the clat or.
There upon the stairway landing,
Was a crowd of patients standing,
Every one of them demanding me to give my best at-
tion;

Some had toothache and neuralgia,
Tic and darting odontalgia,
Causing headache, (cephalgia,) and too many thing: to
mention.

Soon my rooms were overflowing
With my patients, coming, going,
And my tees there was no knowing for the dollars pour-
ed around me;

And their number ne'er diminished,
For, as soon as one I finished,
Swift the armchair was replenished till the number did
astound me:

From their mouth the teeth came popping,
And I delf, round them hopping,
Pulled and wrestled, the molars dropping, till in drawn
teeth I was wading.

All my floor was littered thickly
With the teeth I draw so quickly,
And a gory odor sickly all the office was pervading.

Still they came, yet thicker, thicker:
Round I hopped now quicker, quicker,
With no time to get a liquor, which I wanted and I sigh-
ed for,

Yes, a draught of ale or porter,
Half-and-half, or rye and water,
I would fain have paid a quarter,—nay, I thought I could
have died for.

Higher grew the pile of ees, sir,
Earned by forceps, probe and tweezer,
Till the teeth rose to my knees, sir, as I cast them on the
floor,

"Will their number never languish?
How I"—here I broke a sang—"wish
I could rest," I cried in anguish; then there came from
out the door
Voices saying, "No, your days of loafing will return—no
more."

Then, immediately thereafter,
Burst a peal of fiendish laughter,
Shaking every beam and rafter in the building, fiendish
shrieking,

Shouts of devilish voices rident,
Howls from throats of goblins strident,
Mocking tones which said "Oh! my dent-ist, your mes-
ter
now is speaking;

Would you sell your soul for money?
How particularly funny!
Now you've got it, ain't it honey; oh you foolish, foolish
fellow."

Then I shrieked, "Give back my soul, sir,
Here, these dollars, take the whole, sir,
And get back to that dark hole, sir, whence you came;
go back to—" hullo!

Here I woke, in daymare screaming,
Verily I had been dreaming,
And the perspiration streaming flowed in floods from
every pore;

I had been somnambulistie,
And with science most artistic,
I had, in my dreaming mystic, wandered all about the
floor,

And from every showcase jawbone,
I had drawn, like dental sawbone
As I was, each tooth comprising all my stock, and, s. d.
disaster,

I had mixed the teeth and drugs up
With the stuff that hollows plugs up,
And had filled my mugs and jugs up with these things
and Paris plaster.

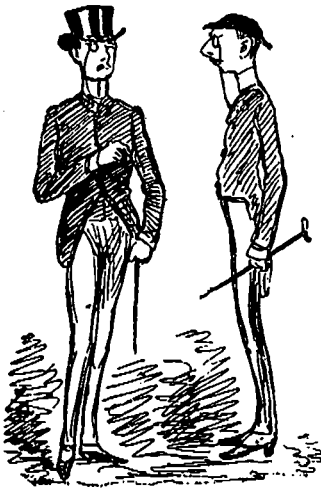
MORAL.

Dollars worth of stock I'd shattered,
Teeth and drugs all round I'd scattered,
But, methought, it little mattered as I was not boo'ed for
Hades;

Ye who meditate on evil,
Try and steer clear of the Devil,
Who's a most unyielding master and as black as blackest
spade is;

And if Fortune seems to flout you,
Keep your brains and wits about you,
And though dollars seem to scout you, it may be naught
else but seeming;

Keep your hearts up; ne'er appealing
To those imps of tricky dealing,
And you will not have that feeling that I had when I
was dreaming.



CONVERSATION

OVERHEARD BETWEEN TWO DUDES.

1st Dude—"How are yah, old fellah?"

2nd Dude—"Aw-aw: tol'ble, aw."

1st Dude—"Did y' wead that 'bout fellah ovah in England, ah, potting donkeys and selling 'em for food? Bah! Disgusting bwute, eh?"

2nd Dude—"Novah wead anything, y' know, but what's harm 'f eating donkey. Clean beast, y' know. Why not?"

1st Dude—"Bah Jove, ah, y' know, thank Heaven I ain't a cannibal, aw, anyhow."

ST JUDAS'S CHURCH AGAIN.

THE REV. MR. JINKS TACKLES AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

"Say Pollywog," I said as I met the illustrious tenor of St. Judas's hurrying along the street, "hold on a moment: I want to ask about that church of yours: It seems to me it is nothing less than a bear-garden now a-days. What's all this about Mr. Jinks breaking down in his sermon last Sunday? I hear you had something to do with it: You and that blessed choir up there are becoming the talk of the town, let me tell you." "My dear fellow," replied Pollywog, "it wasn't my fault if Mr. Jinks did collapse; and he certainly did: It's his own fault." "Well, how was it?" I asked. "You see I was talking to him on, let me see, yes Tuesday, a week ago. I find he's not half a bad fellow when you get to know him, only so confoundedly shy and bashful at first; and I enquired, quite innocently you know, for I'm a great thirster for information, whether a man might marry his widow's sister. You know there has been lots of talk about the legality of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and I wanted to get Mr. Jinks's views on this other subject. His reverence thought over the matter for a little time, and then said he could not give a decided answer just immediately, but as he had several authorities on the subject at his lodgings, he would look it up, and probably consider the matter and give his views from the pulpit, which he did, last Sunday morning; or rather he gave some of them, till he broke down."

"But Pollywog," I asked, "what made him break down? Some of your games, I suppose, and I do say it's scandalous the way you and Miss Highsee carry on; if she had a grain of decency about her she would never show herself in that church again after that surplice business." "Oh! humbug," answered the unabashed Pollywog, "mistakes will occur in the best regulated choirs and churches, and St. Judas's ain't any exception. But I was going to tell you about Mr. Jinks and his sermon, I forget his text, but I know he quoted from

that leaf in the prayer book about a man not being allowed to marry his grandmother and so on, and he drew particular attention to the fact that nothing was said about it being illegal for a man to marry his widow's sister. I tell you, old fellow, he was getting along swimmingly and quite eloquently for a new hand and a mighty bashful one as a general thing, till somehow he caught the rector eyeing him rather curiously and he seemed to jib a little. However he went on and demonstrated his subject, saying that there was no law against this marriage in England or Wales, that's where he hails from, and quoted from the Talmud and the Koran and what not, and I tell you he was making quite an impression. But presently his ear caught sounds of tittering and he saw several people doing their best to keep from laughing, and he seemed a bit disconcerted and blushed: Miss Highsee was shaking with devotional emotion, I presume, and all the members of the choir were, more or less, affected. But Jinks, Mr. Jinks, I mean, kept right along, though he seemed to fancy that something was out of kilter somewhere: He glanced down at his surplice, but that was all right and orthodox, still as he went on with his sermon, I could see that the rector was getting impatient and looked like a man sitting on a bent pin, and Mr. Jinks noticed it too. Then, all of a sudden, as if it had just struck him, as was, no doubt, the case, the fact seemed to come home to him that



when a man's wife became a widow, why her husband at that identical hour became a corpse and couldn't marry anyone! Well, well; poor Mr. Jinks: he hemmed and hawed when he made this discovery: tried to explain: failed: smiles increasing all round the church, and at last he fairly gave way and sank back in the pulpit, and the Rector gave out the hymn. I haven't seen Mr. Jinks since Sunday, and I hear he's confined to the house, but what's the matter with him I don't know—and I don't care much to call round and enquire.

Well, old man, I must be getting along: ta-ta!" and off went the redoubtable Pollywog, as he caught sight of Miss Highsee half a block away.

RAILWAY MONOPOLY.

Our lively contemporary, *The World*, has had some articles lately showing that the Grit government at Toronto, as well as the Tory one at Ottawa, has aided and abetted railway monopoly, and in this connection wonders why GRIP has not attacked Mr. Mowat as well as Sir John. For the same reason, dear *World*, that you have never done so until within the last few days—viz., because the matter has not come to the surface in a form to attract attention until now. GRIP detests monopoly, whether of Grit or Tory origin, and will go as far as *The World* in condemning Mowat for the neglect of duty which permitted the Grand Trunk to lay its grasping claws on the Great Western and Midland systems. The guilt of this neglect is only short of the turpitude of

such a "bargain" as that with the C.P.R. *The World*, indeed, hints that a member of the Local Government was actually concerned in these recent Grand Trunk schemes. Let us have his name! Trot him out, and see how gleefully GRIP will roast him for the delectation of all haters of monopoly and despisers of Cabinet wire-pullers!



A STRANGE DREAM.

It was a most extraordinary dream that I had the other night, and impressed itself so vividly on my mind that I am inclined to think there must be something in it. However I will relate it and my readers can judge for themselves. I may say that I imagine the cause of my vision to have been something I had witnessed on King-street, Toronto, on the afternoon preceding the night when I had the dream.

Methought (that being the correct way, I am told, to relate dreams, visions and so forth) that I wandered along the deserted street of some City. It was familiar to me, and yet it was not, but I succeeded in recognizing several landmarks which convinced me that the street was King street and the city was Toronto: But what a change! A long, crooked line of monuments stood in the middle and near the sidewalks of the thoroughfare, and as I drew near I essayed to read what was written on them: and I made out such inscriptions as the following, "Sacred to the memory of Patsy Finnegan, drayman, his horse and wagon, who vanished, April 20th, 1883, through a hole just about here. Their end was holy."

"In memoriam, Job Plodder, policeman. He fell asleep on his beat on the night of the 19th April, 1883, and was wholly swallowed up by a cavernous abyss which yawned at this post."

"This monument is erected by the sorrowing friends of a street-car full of passengers, and the driver and conductor of the same, who disappeared through an immense rift which suddenly opened in this neighborhood, in April, 1883, and were never since heard of. They had paid their fares."

"This stone marks the spot where William Smith suddenly slid through the earth without any warning or preparation for his awful fate. O! Willie we have missed you."

"This obelisk is placed here to remind posterity that Mary Anne Blobbins struck out for China, per beeline, from this identical spot, A. D. 1883.

One moment we saw her the street upon,
The earth gaped wide, and she was gone,
Hollow, hollow, hollow."

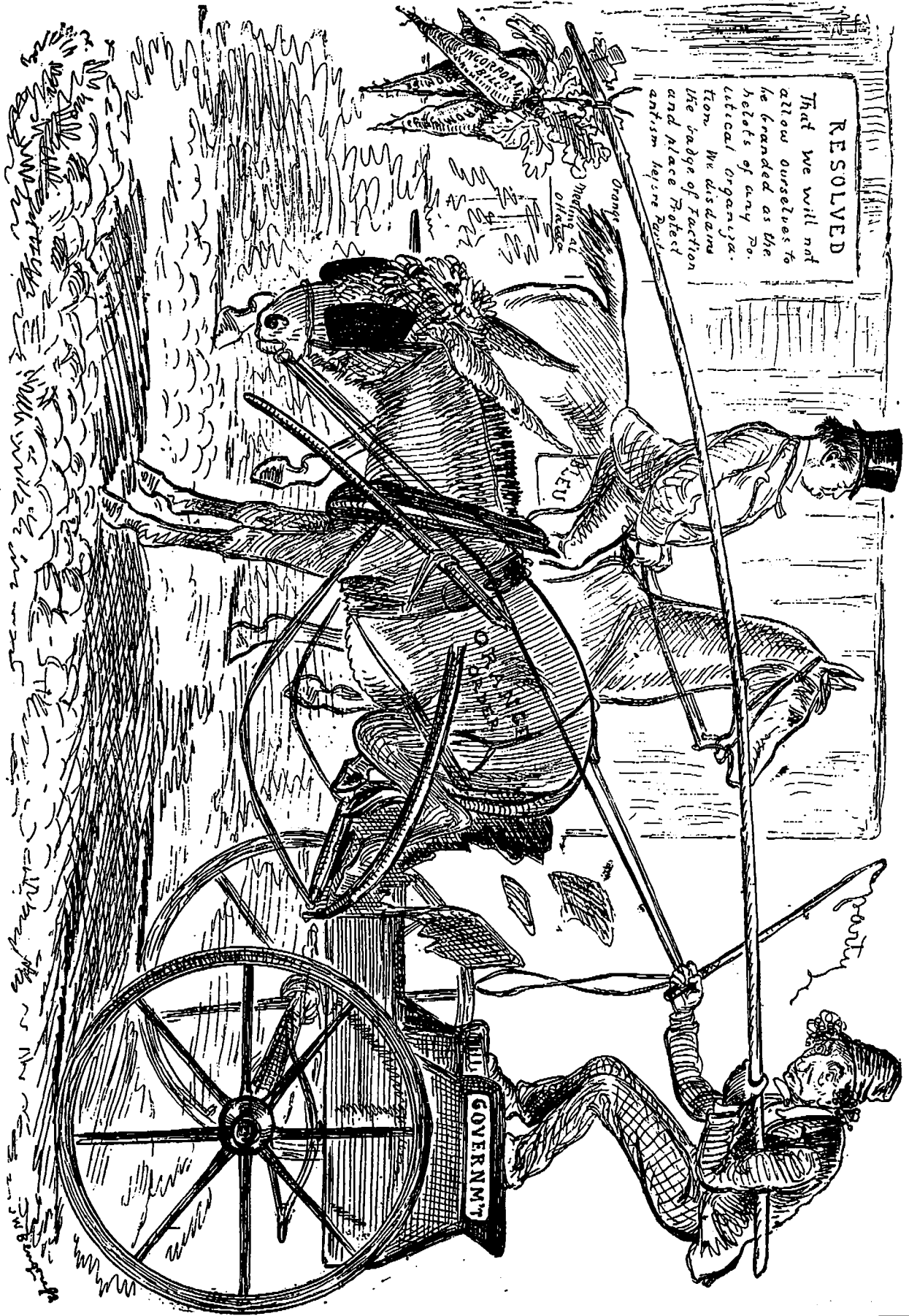
There were several more of these monuments whose inscriptions were of similar import, and methought it was very strange, and as I was wondering about the matter, I woke.

A new edition of "Every Man His Own Poet" defies the avenging gods. Ajax has to take a back seat.—*Ex.*

RESOLVED

That we will not allow ourselves to be branded as the hells of any Political Organiza- tion. We disclaim the badge of Faction and Race Prejudice and are proud of our anti-race Prejudice.

Orange Meeting at Chicago



AT LAST THE ANIMAL KICKS!



"So the world wags."

Young man, don't try to be funny in any language you don't understand; it is a reckless proceeding, and will assuredly bring you to grief. It was this kind of foolishness that got the hero of the following little anecdote into trouble. Give ear and hearken unto what happened to

THE MONKEY BARBER.

"Where is the Monkey barber?"
 "He's lait up from fooling mit a Ing-lish choke—dot kind of a rittle vere von vord means choost der same und also someding deefrent, already. Dere comes in a man und to me he says, 'You peen marrit, ain't it?' 'Yes,' I says, 'A leelle, vonce.' 'Vell,' he says, 'ven is your vife not a lady half der time?' Tell, now, I peen bizzy too much to vaste much dalk on such nicker minsdrel dings, so I says, 'I gif it up right away.' 'Your vife is in der daytime a lady,' says he, 'but not at night, because effery night she is a-bed.'

"Dot monkey barber he had to vent und fool mit dot choke. He goes right away afer to der peer saloon und sees der enchineer from der corner arout, und says to him, 'Your vife is no laty, und I can broof it.' Dot chentleman he vent on choost like a bile-drifer, und chumped on der barber's negk und chucked him arout undil der barber vos in four or sife blaces at once. He sent for me, and so soon I reckerulized him I sayt:—

"Ah, ha! I dolt you so. If you fool yourself mit some puns you peen sure to gatch fire."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Just the same, only different, was the young Englishman's mistake, who, whilst airing his French, seems to have put his foot in it.

IT WAS A SLIP.

"Never go to France unless you know the lingo."—A young Englishman found himself seated at dinner next to a pretty and vivacious French damsel, to whom, by mistake, the butler had given no bread. Said the gentleman, innocently enough, "Voulez vous partager mon pain, mademoiselle?" "Il faut d'abord, monsieur, que je demande la permission a maman," replied the lady. The Englishman wondered why materfamilias need be consulted in so simple a matter as sharing a roll, but was presently informed that he had put his foot in it, as "partager mon pain" meant in French nothing more nor less than house, home and wellock. He left France next day.

People have different ideas as to what an insult is,—no doubt a little thickness of skin is found useful to that class of beings called commercial travellers, drummers, or bagmen, and the gentleman spoken of below would appear to have been a pachyderm of no mean order. Read.

KICKED HIM, BUT COULD NOT INSULT HIM.

"That man to whom you sent me insulted me," said a young drummer, who had only

been a few months in the business, to his trainer, in a large house in this city.

"Insulted you?" reiterated the trainer, with an expression of contempt almost sufficient to make the novice sink into the floor.

"Were you never insulted!" timidly responded the young man.

"Never, sir; not even during the period of my novitiate, which I passed through very rapidly, and I have been twenty years in the business."

"That is very strange," said the novice, sceptically.

"Very strange if you don't understand it," ferociously observed the old drummer. "I have been often badly abused. I have been ordered peremptorily to leave the premises. I have been frequently knocked down for standing on the order of my going, and several times I have been unceremoniously kicked down stairs," but "he continued, gazing fiercely and triumphantly at the young man, "I have never been insulted. The moment a drummer feels himself insulted, he is no longer fit for the business."—*New York Star.*



"Muldoon's Picnic" at the Grand all week to laughing audiences.

Col. Bain, "the silver-tongued orator of Kentucky," lectures on Temperance to-night (Friday) in the Central Presbyterian Church.

The performances of the Philharmonic Society on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings were highly successful. The *Rose Maiden* was given in capital style, with Miss McManus, Mrs. Baxter and Messrs. Warrington and Taylor as soloists. In the *oio*, Miss Ryan, contralto, was well received. Mr. Bradley, Mr. Schuch, and Mr. Sims Richards acquitted themselves with their usual ability. The audiences were large and enthusiastic.

This (Friday, 20th) evening the Eichberg String Quartette reappear at the Pavilion in their captivating entertainment. Those who were present on a former occasion will not need pressing to again listen to the splendid performances of these young ladies. Miss Mason will appear as usual in solos, and an additional attraction is added in the person of Miss Minnie Dwyer, a young elocutionist who bears a high reputation in the West.

Miss Maud McCutcheon, assisted by Mr. Lauder, pianist, Miss Howland, soprano, and Mr. J. F. Thompson, baritone, will give a select concert at the music rooms of Messrs. Mason & Risch, King Street West, on Saturday afternoon. A rare treat may be anticipated, and a large audience will, no doubt, be present in recognition of the brilliant talents and many musical services of Miss McCutcheon.

Weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption, and kindred affections, cured without a physician. Address for treatise, with two stamps, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

JUST THE THING FOR PICNICS.

Johnston's Fluid Beef spread *a la* butter upon thin slices of bread makes the most delicious sandwiches. Pic-nickers make a note of this. No more stale meat and dry bread. Take your pot of Fluid Beef with you and make the sandwiches as required.

GRIP'S FABLES.

THE HUMORIST WHO FOUND HIS SPHERE.

A Young man who felt that Nature had intended Him for a Newspaper Humorist, sat down and wrote a few Articles in his most Racy and Brilliant Style, and then wended his Way through innumerable Stanches to the Sanctum of an Editor, to whom he handed his Productions and awaited his Verdict. The Editor who chanced to be perfectly Sober, glanced over the Manuscript and returned it to the Author, mercly saying, "Won't do." The Youth, who had read what some Fools had written about Editors, inquired, "Will it do if I ask you to Come out and take a Drink?" Whereupon the Editor rose and Kicked his lay down Stairs, at the Bottom of which he lay lamenting his Cruel Fate. And as he lay there Groaning, a Fine looking Man clad in Black came past and inquired what was Wrong. And the Youth told him all, nor hid anything from him. Then the Man in Black said, "Let me see your Articles;" and when he had glanced over the Manuscript he said, "I engage you on the Spot at an Enormous Salary. You are the Very Man I have been looking for for a Long Time to write Pieces for my Paper, for though I am an Undertaker I am also the Editor of the *Funeral Gazette*, and I want to introduce a Style of Writing that will make people anxious to Die, and I think your Humorous Sketches are the Very thing, and with a few Changes they will do for Obituary Notices of some Stiff, as well.

And the Youth was engaged on the Spot.

MORAL.

As this Fable may come under the same Head as the Articles of the Youth, we will leave the Moral till some other Day.

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.

Random notes:—An editor's ten-dollar bank bills.

The *Transcript* of Portland, Maine, smilingly enters its forty-seventh year of newspaper prosperity.

The man who egotistically says: "I'm nothing if not critical," is usually found to be extremely hypercritical, and less than nothing.

A bird let loose in Eastern skies glibly warbles: "The poor man with ideas of poverty is no worse off than a rich man with a poverty of ideas."

An exchange says the best thing to give an enemy is kindness; but that depends on the enemy's size.—*Toledo American.* And greatly on his science.

It is said that much of the recent prosperity in the South is due to the slipshod manner in which all Northern drummers play poker.—*Nashville American.*

The Cincinnati dude makes a great effort to carry his arms in the shape of a horse-collar. He carries his legs in the same shape without effort, thanks to eccentric nature.—*Enquirer.*

Secrets of the confessional: "is it a sin," asked a fashionable lady of her spiritual director. "for me to feel pleasure when a gentleman says I am handsome?" "It is, my daughter," he replied, gravely; "we should never delight in falsehood.

"Women's rights!" exclaimed a certain benedict when the subject was broached. "What more rights do they want? My wife bosses me; our daughters boss us both, and the servant girl bosses the whole family. It's time the men were allowed some rights."

WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH.

All the humorists are not dead yet, as will be seen by the following which was sent to us by some genius who is too modest to give his name. We have been hankering for a long time for something that would give GRIP an impetus and rush its circulation up into the millions, and this is the very thing. The sketch which accompanied the *morceau* is faithfully reproduced, and we are happy at last that we have got a regular, out-and-out *Punch* joke to give to the public, and we give it entire, exactly as we received it, picture and all.

DEAR SIR.—The following conversation took place on the train between Port Hope and Belleville.

CONDUCTOR.—(To a woman who was traveling with her son), "Ticket please!"

WOMAN.—"How much for us two to Port Hope?"

CONDUCTOR.—"Three dollars."

WOMAN.—"My son is only 11 years old."

CON.—"He is a pretty big boy for that age. Won't take him."

WOMAN.—"Well, that is all he is."

CON.—"Well, he is the biggest eleven year older I ever saw."

WOMAN.—"Well, my children were all large."

She got him through.

Comparative size of the parties



AN AGONIZING DILEMMA.

Even at this day I cannot refrain from blushing when the memory of a certain event recurs to my mind.

At the time of its happening, I was about twenty-five years of age and bashful to a painful degree, and keenly sensitive to ridicule. Yet I had so far overcome my natural timidity as to fall deeply in love with Constance Grey, and to impart the state of my affections, with much hesitation and many stammerings, it must be admitted, to that charming young lady, and though she would not just then give her consent to our speedy union, which I urged as well as I was able, nor, in fact, would she actually acknowledge me as an accepted suitor, still I fancied it was only her sense of the propriety of waiting a little while, that caused her to withhold her consent.

Constance was the third daughter in a family of five girls, and to my mind, of course, far surpassed her sisters in beauty, though none of them could be termed in the least plain. I was all the more eager to gain her consent to my proposal as I was not altogether unaware that a certain Frank Porter was a constant visitor at the house of the Greys, and I fancied I was not far wrong when I suspected that he, too, was a victim of the charms of the fair Constance, and that she was not altogether in-

different to him. And so matters stood when the unfortunate little *contretemps* occurred which I am about to relate.

I was staying for the summer months at a small seaside town some dozen miles or so from the garrison depot of Newcastle, between which places was a connecting line of railroad. The Grey family resided two miles nearer to the garrison town than I did, at a village through which the railway ran. I state these facts to make the further incidents of my narrative more plain.

There was to be a large ball at the garrison town, given by the officers of the regiments there stationed, and I was invited and was going, as also were the Misses Grey, though they had stated their intention of leaving home on the morning of the day of the ball, and spending the day at Newcastle. As matters turned out, however, something had happened to cause a change in their arrangement, as will be presently seen.

On the day of the ball I had been out for a long, solitary ramble along the sea-shore, and having sat down on a high rock at the end of a ridge which ran far out to sea, the better to muse, loverlike, on my absent charmer, I failed to notice till too late that the tide was coming in, and when I *did* become cognizant of that fact, I was already surrounded by water and my retreat out off for the time. I had no fear of being drowned, for I knew that the waves never covered the rock whereon I was perched, but then—the ball; the delay—that was what goaded me to desperation, for the last train at night for Newcastle left at 8 o'clock. However, I sat down, and resolved to take things as philosophically as possible, and, to make matters short, I was released by the out-going tide just in time to rush to my lodgings, thrust my evening garments into a small valise, throw a light overcoat on my arm, and jump into an empty compartment of the train as it was moving out of the station, making up my mind to dress in the railway carriage, and leave the final touching up till my arrival at Newcastle. "I shall be safe from intrusion," I said to myself, "as this train never stops until it reaches Newcastle, so here goes," and I proceeded to divest myself of my coat, vest, and inexpressibles, preparatory to donning the costume in which I resolved to utterly annihilate the lovely Constance. Horror! in my haste, on leaving my rooms, I discovered that I had failed to put my dress unmentionables into my valise, and as I stood, slenderly equipped in my one solitary linen garment, cursing my fate and everything else, I became aware of the fact that the train was stopping. My nerves, never of the firmest, refused to do their duty, and by no endeavor was I able to resume any of my attire, so, thrusting my discarded everyday raiment into the valise and throwing my overcoat over my legs, I sat down in a corner of the compartment and awaited, in a perfect agony of suspense, further developments, inwardly and fervently praying that no one might enter my carriage.

But, alas! no such good fortune was in store for me. No sooner had the train stopped, and stop it did at the village where dwelt my fair enslaver and her family, than I heard feminine voices outside, and then the hated tones of Frank Porter say, hurriedly, "All right, girls; here's an empty carriage; come along, look sharp," and the door was thrown open and in trooped four of the five Misses Grey, Constance being one of the number, and Mr. Frank Porter, all in ball-room attire! "Hallo! old man," exclaimed that detestable individual, "you here? Why you look warm; what's the matter?" and all eyes were turned upon me as I sat cowering in my corner. "Hope you don't feel chilly, Miss Constance," he continued to my enslaver; "Mr. Simpson" (to me) "kindly lend me your overcoat to throw over Miss Grey's shoulders, will you?" In a paroxysm of distress I clutched that article

and wrapped it more tightly round my limbs, and I could see that I sank twenty degrees in my dear girl's estimation by thus refusing to let the coat go. But what *could* I do? and how was I to get out of my predicament? Surely never mortal suffered as I did during that fifteen minutes' ride to Newcastle. I could not fail to observe the wondering glances that the party cast toward me, and I learned afterwards that they, one and all, concluded that I was either in a beastly state of intoxication or else that I had suddenly become demented. In what other way was the fact of my being coatless, and yet with an overcoat tightly wrapped round my legs to be accounted for? And Mr. Porter's jests and would-be facetious remarks only added to my mental perturbation.

Should I, I thought, take the fellow into my confidence and tell him all, and get him to hurry the party away immediately on the arrival of the train at Newcastle? But, no; the last I should ever hear of this matter if I did so, for Mr. Porter was by no means the kind of an individual I should choose to confide so delicate an affair to, and I resolved to hide my time and trust to good fortune for escape from my predicament. I might as well have trusted to a Will-o'-the-wisp.

The train stopped at Newcastle, and out jumped the officious Frank, past me. I was, unfortunately, on the side where the platform was, and my refusal to rise to allow the ladies to pass was, doubtless, taken as an additional evidence of my inebriety or insanity, and Constance gave me a particularly withering glance as she crushed past me.

"Oh! Miss Constance," exclaimed that brute Porter, "why didn't you bring your cloak or a wrap? The idea—but here, you *must* have something round your shoulders between this and the carriage; here, Simpson," he said, hurriedly, to me, "give us that overcoat; hang it, man, what a churl you must be," and he snatched the garment from my legs, and there I was, as I made a dash to recapture the coat, in the middle of the party of ladies in a costume in which no gentleman exhibits himself in public! more especially when that public is largely composed of the gentler sex.

Oh! if that platform had only opened and swallowed me! The eyes of everyone in the station were drawn in our direction, for that fiend, Porter, instead of hurrying the girls away, stood roaring with laughter, and his asinine hee haws could be heard for miles. As for me, I made one grab for my overcoat, dived back into the train, and returned by it to my seaside lodgings within half an hour.

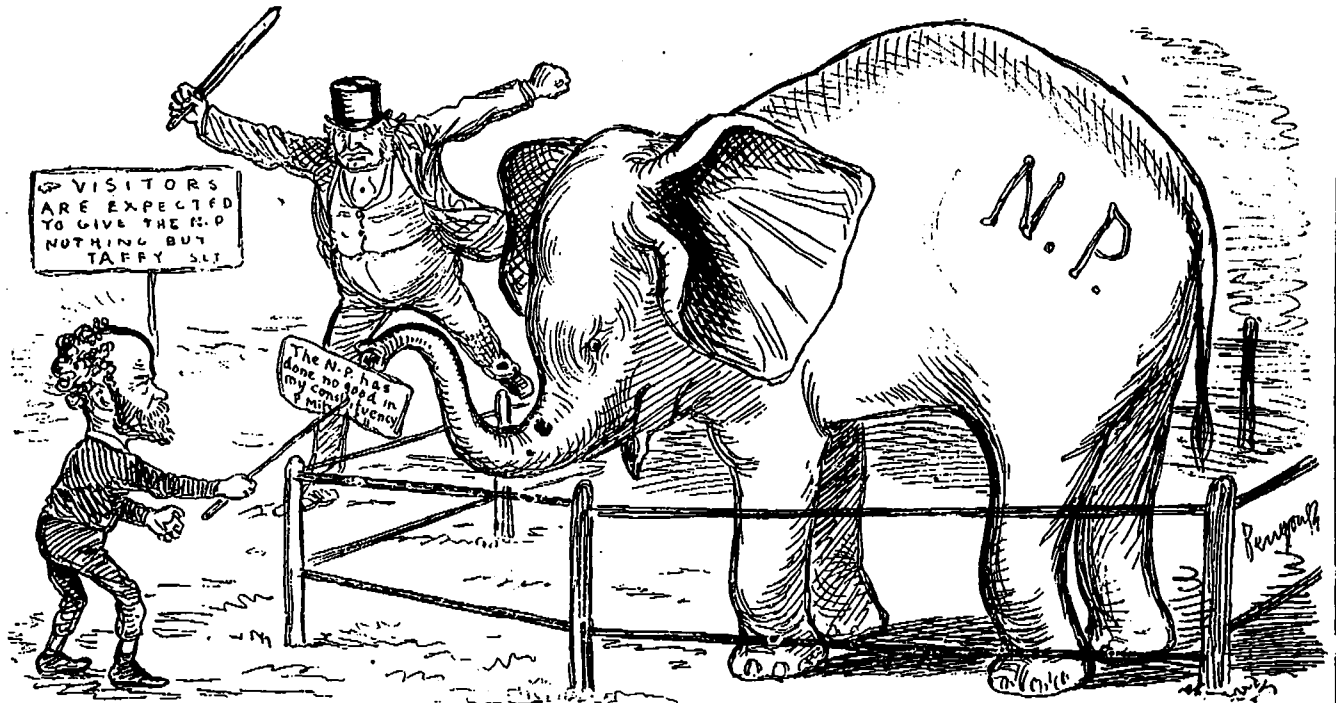
And from that day to this I have never had the courage to face the Misses Grey, and, in fact, I left the neighborhood within a week after my degrading exposure, and only heard from a friend, sometime afterwards, that my conduct in the railway carriage had been looked upon as evidence of a shattered intellect.

Constance married a brewer named Blobs.

AN IDYL OF THE STREET.

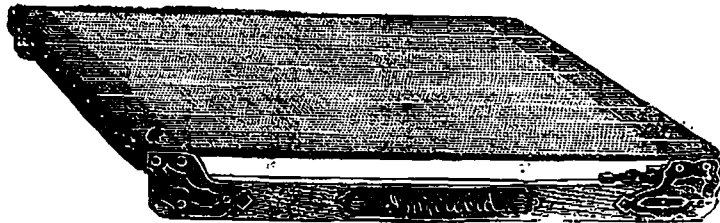
Girl on a ladder,
Mopping of a winder;
Long comes a man,
With no one nigh to hinder;
Climbs up the ladder,
Puts his arm around her,
Smacks her on the mouth—
A forty horse-power sounder—
Naughty man!

The girl turns round
With a sudden chop,
Reaches for the man
To use him for a mop;
Gets a good strong hold,
No one near to hinder,
Goes right ahead
Mopping off the winder—
With the man!
—Cincinnati Drummer.



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Any man is a fool to know more than his wife, and to try and hide that knowledge from her.—*Ex.*

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A satirical convict says he was sent to prison for being dishonest, and yet he is compelled every day to cut out pieces of paste-board, which are put between the soles of the cheap shoes made there, and palmed off on the innocent public as leather.—*Ex.*



Dr. E. G. West's NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay, and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea, caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse, or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box, or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 81 and 83 King Street East (Office upstairs), Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in Canada.

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