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CINGALESE HAIR RESTORER! PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT. REMOVES DANDRUFF, AND PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR. ALL THE LADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT.

IMPORTER.



CHINA HALL.

GLOVER HARRISON,

49 KING ST. E., Toronto.

The Greatest Beast in the Ass.



The Greatest Bird in the Owl.

The Greatest Fish in the Outer.

The Greatest Man in the Fool.

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\$2 PER ANNUM.  
5 CENTS EACH.



NATURAL EFFECT OF "CULTURE."

THE HAIRDRESSER (a reader of the "MAIL").—DON'T BE IN A HURRY, BOSS; JES' WAIT FOR VER BETTERS. PER'APS YOU'RE NOT AWAR' DAT DE "PREDECESSORS OF DE HAR'DRESSERS WERE DE BARBER-SURGEONS OB DE NORMAN KINGS AN' DE COMPANIONS OB SCHOLARS IN DE FLORENTINE RENAISSANCE!"



Toronto, Dec. 11th, 1882.  
Thomas Bengough, Esq., Toronto.  
Dear Sir.—We have now had the Type-Writer purchased from you in our office for four months, and find it works very satisfactorily. We could not get through our correspondence without it.  
Yours truly,  
WELLS, GORDON & SAMPSON.

THE REMINGTON STANDARD TYPE-WRITER  
FOR SALE AT  
BENGOUGH'S SHORTHAND BUREAU,  
11 King St. West, Toronto.

N. P. CHANEY.



Feather Renovator.

230 King-st. E., Toronto.



BRUCE THE PHOTO.

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

## RAIL COAL. LOWEST RATES A. & S. NAIRN Toronto.



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FRED SWIKE, 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  
particular to send a memo. of present address.

### Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Gilbert and Sullivan's  
new opera, *Iolanthe*, lets in a flood of light on  
the secret of Sir John A.'s success as a states-  
man. There can be no doubt he is the coun-  
terpart of *Strephon*, whose powers were due to  
his fairy origin. At all events he exercises as  
irresistible an influence over the Lords and  
Commons as the operatic hero is credited with  
doing—and our Canadian Peers can most truth-  
fully sing the chorus about "carrying every  
bill he may wish."

FIRST PAGE.—The editor of the *Mail* should  
be cautious about slinging around his eru-  
dition in the columns of a daily paper. His  
reading on the subject of hairdressers is no  
doubt vast, but the publication of the facts of  
the noble origin of that worthy class may have  
a bad effect on some hitherto obliging trades-  
men by making them feel "uppish."

EIGHTH PAGE.—The movement for the  
union of the various branches of the Methodist  
body is still going on, and is pretty certain to  
result in the accomplishment of that design  
very shortly.

#### A WRINKLE.

A gentleman at a theatre sits behind a lady  
who wears a very large hat. "Excuse me,  
madam; but unless you remove your hat I can  
see absolutely nothing." Lady ignores him.  
"Excuse me, madam, but unless you remove  
your hat something unpleasant will happen."  
Lady ignores him again. Gentleman puts on  
his own hat. Loud cries from the audience,  
"Take off that hat! take off that hat!"  
Lady thinks they mean her hat, and removes  
it. "Thank you, madam."

The difficulty of distinguishing a "society  
swell" from a waiter, owing to the similarity  
in dress, is causing trouble in New York city.  
The waiters are exceedingly annoyed over the  
matter.

#### THE LAUREATE'S LATEST.

DEAR MR. GRIP:—I send you copy of my  
new poem. I am beginning to think I made  
a mistake in my figures in my estimate of the  
number who returned from the Valley of  
Death. Somebody blundered, at any rate, for  
since I wrote the "Charge" I have been ac-  
costed by fully 1015 veterans who took part  
in that memorable event. They must have  
been there, for I do not think the British sol-  
dier capable of uttering a falsehood. More-  
over, every man Jack of them suffered from  
the effects of the Russian gunpowder smoke,  
which made them so terribly dry to this day,  
that all they wished for was something to  
drink my health with.

Yours fraternally,  
ALF. TENNYSON.

#### THE NOBLE LEGION.

Down to the valley of death,  
Sweeping like a stream of fiery lava;  
Rode six hundred warriors, history saith,  
At Balaklava.

Six hundred gallant braves the saddles sat in,  
Bent on earning death or deathless glory;  
Shouting, the few of them who could quote Latin,  
"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!"

Those gallant hearts in whom their country trusted  
Rushed on the Russians, and, rushin', the Russians  
busted.

There in that gory vale,  
In two shakes of a lamb's tail.

To that scene of slaughter and devastation,  
With headless Russians strewing their gory track,  
Six hundred troopers rode: at a moderate computation  
About two hundred or one-third of them got back,  
(Or so we used to think in days gone by;  
But now, methinks, that figures sometimes lie.)

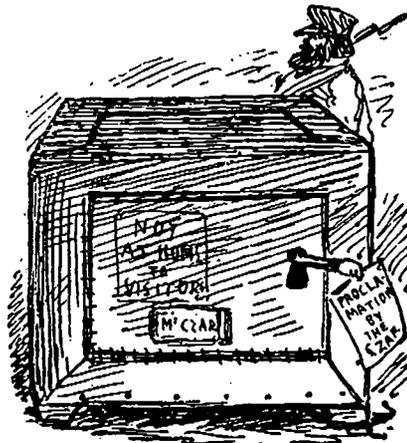
When shall their glory fade?  
Never!

What, never? Never!

Why not?  
Because those survivors will live for ever!

Death, who rides the pale white steed,  
Has failed to lay those warriors low,  
Their cord of life he cannot sever.  
And, if we credit what we read,  
Then men may come and men may go,  
But they live on for ever.

And when I meet a warrior grim  
And hoary,  
And get a chatting unto him,  
He'll point to mutilated limb  
And spring that story,  
That old, old tale,  
Which ne'er grows stale—  
Of reminiscence gory—  
Of Balaklava, and the charge they made,  
He and his comrades of the Light Brigade!



ST. PETERSBURG, Feb. 7.—The Czar's mani-  
festo in reference to his coronation says:—  
"We are determined not to perform this  
sacred rite until the feelings excited by the  
crime to which the late Czar, a benefactor to  
the people, fell a victim, have had time to  
calm."



The Canadian Shorthand Society is arrang-  
ing with Miss Churchill, of Boston, to give an  
elocutionary entertainment under their auspi-  
ces next month. Miss Churchill's impersona-  
tion of "Widow Bedott" is pronounced by  
press critics to be a superb piece of acting.

Gilbert and Sullivan's latest comic opera,  
*Iolanthe*, which has met with such immense  
success wherever performed, is now being  
presented at the Horticultural Gardens by the  
Rice Opera Company, a performance taking  
place each night this week with Saturday  
matinee. Mr. J. F. Thomson, the manager,  
has spared no pains nor expense in fitting up  
the stage and proscenium and in making all  
the alterations which are necessary to a thor-  
oughly good representation of the work.

#### MARRIED WOMAN'S PROPERTY ACT.

"THERE'S BOUND TO BE A ROW."

*Impecunious Husband to Wife* (who has prop-  
erty)—As a last resource, my dear, I come  
to you to see on what terms you will discount  
a small bill for me to pay the quarter's rent.

*Wife*.—Well, I'll let you down at 40 per  
cent., but remember, if you fail to meet the  
bill at maturity, I have it in my power to make  
a bankrupt of you, so consider what you are  
about. (*They retire to dinner.*)

#### ADVICE TO THAT SYNDIC.

Oh? Mr. B—h, oh! Mr. B—h,  
Pray tell us that 'tis not the truth,  
As things would seem to indicate,  
That twenty-four good men and true  
Reposed their confidence in you,  
And joined you in a syndicate.  
And now those men who in you trusted,  
Declare their confidence is busted;  
Up, up, your honor vindicate!  
Give up those stamps without a sigh,  
Before you eat more humble pie  
Than ever any Syndic ate.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Can you account for the milk in the cocoa-  
nut?" CYNTHIA writes to ask. Partially, my  
dear, partially. Several theories about this  
matter have been sprung by other philoso-  
phers besides ourself, but the one which seems  
to us to hit the thing about right is that it was  
not a milkman to whom the construction of  
cocoanuts was entrusted.

LEDGER says:—"I want to be a leading  
member of society and hold a prominent posi-  
tion in the church. Will you map out a course  
of life for me by following which I may attain  
my desire?" If you want our advice you must  
make a clean breast of things to us. An open  
confession is good for the soul. Now, how  
much are you going to let the bank in for, and  
what will be the amount of our "divvy" if we  
undertake to advise you?

"Uncle Ben," said old Bob, "Here's dat  
\$10 what yer lent me about a year ago."  
"Brudder Bob, I is greatly surprised at de  
course what yer self is now takin'." Fore de  
Lard I neber spected ter git dat money again,  
an' I'd dun thought I had gin the money ter  
yer." "Ef dat's de case, Uncle Ben, I'll jes  
put it back inter my pocket. I always make  
it a rule neber ter disappoint a man."



## ART IS LONG.

## CHAP. I.

Yes, Rudolph Mapleson's great work was nigh completion at last, and the fame for which he had striven for the past three years was almost within his grasp. For three long, weary years he had toiled without ceasing on his great statue of the "Dying Prussian Soldier," representing a noble warrior whose life-blood is slowly ebbing, vainly endeavoring to raise to his parched lips the bottle of water hurriedly pressed into his hand by some kindly comrade; in the other hand a pistol is still grasped, as though the dying soldier would sell what little life remains to him as dearly as possible. Rudolph has striven to reproduce every detail with consummate accuracy, and his soul has gone out into his art. More than fame, aye, far more to Rudolph, depends upon the reception of this statue by the public; and the young sculptor trembles as he thinks how much lies in the power of the critics of the press: Success means the hand of Maude Guinivere Bumbash; her heart he knows is already his; failure would be, would be, well, failure, and no Miss M. G. B. for him, for her father is a haughty old aristocrat descended from a long, unbroken line of hack-drivers, and will tolerate no alliance for his family with one who could have, in the bright dictionary of his adolescence, any such word as "fail."

With trembling heart, though with a hand as steady as a billiard marker's, Rudolph puts the finishing sculptures to his warrior, and dispatches him to the International Art Exhibition.

## CHAP. II.

Three days afterwards Rudolph Mapleson sits in his studio, holding in his hand a copy of the morning *Kettle-drum*. Rapidly his eye scans each column till it is arrested by the account of the Great Exhibition, in which is a list of all the works of art, pictures, statuary, big pumpkins and beets, etc., and swiftly his eye runs down the page till it strikes the following paragraph:—"No. 203 in the catalogue is a statue by Rudolph Mapleson, of Blimborough. Subject—'Policeman Drunk on his Beat.' The young artist has made a bold attempt, but scarcely does his subject justice, probably from his inability to thoroughly study it in the original, as the incident sculpted must necessarily be an uncommon one. The inebriated constable is depicted in, to our mind, an impossible dilemma. So overcome is he by his potations that, madly as he thirsts for yet another horn, he is unable to raise his bottle to his mouth. The revolver which he holds in his right hand is ready to let daylight into any one who may be rash enough to try and capture his flask. Mr. Mapleson should endeavor to copy nature with more fidelity than is shown in his present attempt." With a deep groan Rudolph drops the *Kettle-drum*, and picks up the *Screecher*. "Mr. R. Mapleson exhibits an elegant bit of statuary, his subject being, apparently, some person returning from a masquerade at which his girl has given him the go-by. The figure is attired as a Roman emperor, and lies in a semi-recumbent attitude, the moment chosen by the artist being that in which, overcome with grief, the

masquerader hesitates between poison and the pistol as a means of ending his awful agony." Rudolph covers his face with his hand and weeps like a singed monkey. Presently he recovers himself and turns to his third and last paper, the Metropolitan *Bed-Bug*, a sheet devoted to art, science, and literature. Yes, there on the third page are the Exhibition Notes; amongst them Rudolph reads: "Statuary, No. 203—Volunteer with the delirium tremens, by R. Mapleson. The unfortunate defender of his country is about to despatch a snake which he sees in a black bottle with a shot from his revolver. The young artist has faithfully reproduced the jim-jammy expression in the features of his hero, which seem convulsed by terror of the imaginary reptile, and inward reminders that he has taken a dose of salts."

This is all, and Rudolph Mapleson goes forth into the night and is heard of no more.

Maude Guinivere Kiddlefub, *nee* Bumbash, purchased the statue, and her numerous offspring have high old times painting it in the spring. It has now had fifteen coats—receiving from three to five each season (Maude has been wedded eight years)—and is about to receive another of a very tender and precious greenery-yallery tint.

## SNOWSHOVELIKINS.

Hear the peeler in the street,

Silent street,

As he wanders philosophically pondering on his beat,  
As he ponders ruminatingly upon his snow-clad beat,  
And we hear the ponderous pounding of his Number 16

feet,  
Of his feet, feet, feet, feet, feet, feet, feet,  
The grinding and the pounding of his feet.

And the people, ah! the people who don't live up in the

steeple,  
But inhabit city houses before which lies the snow,

How they start up in affright

In the watches of the night,

And make resolves, next morning, to shovel off the snow,  
To shovel and to wrestle with and overcome the snow,  
Which has snowed, snoded, snoded, snoded full many a foot

of snow.

Hear the tinkling of the bells,

Front door bells!

As the bobby pulls the wire and pathetically dwells

On the subject of the "beautiful," and leeringly he tells  
Of the summons he has got for you, and how you'll have

to go

Before the "beak," the magistrate, and talk about the

snow,

The crystalline, the beautiful, the unsuspecting snow.

Hear the city clock strike nine—

Fatal nine!

As you fumble in your pockets for a dollar for the fine  
Which will be imposed upon you for that snow upon the

street,

Which the lynx-eyed bobby saw as he was strolling on  
his beat,  
And which hindered him in planting his rhinocerosian

feet,

Which impeded the free motion of his behemothian feet,  
Of his feet, feet, feet, feet, feet, feet, feet,  
The pounding and the crushing of his feet.

Hear the swearing of the swearers

Of the fined,

As he gives the icy atmosphere a little of his mind,  
As he leaves the court-room door  
A dollar poorer than before,

And he swears the sweetest swearing any swearer ever  
swore,  
Because he did not shovel off the snow before his door;

And he longs to grasp the poet by his long unbarbered  
hair,  
Who said the snow was beautiful, he'd like to have him

there;

He feels that he could mash him and hurl him on the  
street,  
And crush his poet's soul out with the trampling of his

feet,

Of his feet, feet, feet, feet, feet, feet, feet,  
With the stamping and the kicking of his feet.

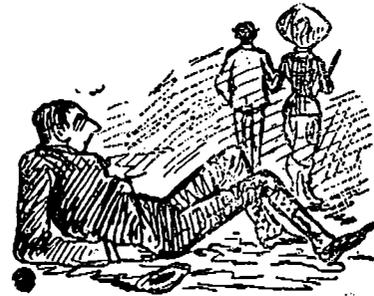
If you would escape his doom,

Take a broom

And sweep sufficient snow away to give pedestrians room  
To rhythmically promenade upon the boarded street,  
And musically plant thereon their big or little feet,

Their feet, feet, feet, feet, feet, feet, feet,  
To sling about their big or little feet.

In Boston a boy is amenable to the law  
for using a bean-shooter.—*Exchange*. We  
suppose it is considered sacrilege to put beans  
to any such use in Boston.



## GRIP'S FABLES.

## THE MASHER AND THE GIRL'S BROTHER.

In a certain City, which shall be Nameless, there dwelt a Masher. A Masher, my Dears, is a thing which may be described as a Moral Spittoon, and his mission on earth is to pester respectable Girls with his nauseous attentions and to receive the Scorn and Contempt of all real men. Now this Masher was an athletic Masher, and for hours he would swing ponderous Clubs, and raise gigantic Dumb-bells, till he had a Biceps that looked like a Ham, and this he would feel and say, "I can win any galoot that objects to me as a Masher, so let him Beware," and he made a Dummy figure of a man stuffed with Sawdust and hung it up, and pounded it, and he could knock it out in one Round every time. And he cried, "John L. Sullivan, I'm after you." Then he would hit the Dummy in the Eye and feel Good. And it came to pass that one Sabbath Evening at the close of the Service, he stood outside the Church Door to make a Mash, and the Yawps and Squabs, two kinds of Hobbade-hoys, looked on him with Awe, saying, "Look out and don't try to Mash the Slugger's Girl, for he measures 17 inches round the Biceps, and 45 round the chest, and can lick Sullivan and Mace and his Maori all at once," and they turned Pale at the thought. When the Ladies came out of Church, where they had been singing Hymns and sizing up one another's Hats and Clothes, the Masher spoke to a Beautiful Girl with whom he was not acquainted. And she gave him to understand that she would prefer his Room to his Company, but he persisted in his Annoyances, and would not leave her. But a little Fellow walked up out of the Crowd, and touched the Slugger and Masher on the shoulder and said, "A Word with you." He was only a little Chap, and perhaps weighed about 119 lbs., but he was full of Courage, and Wiry as a Leopard that cannot knock spots off himself. And the Masher said, "Begone, or I'll Flatton you out." But the little Chap would not bego, and he said, "That is my sister," and he hit the Masher between the Eyes, and he fell down and wept. Then the little fellow sat on him, and Whaled the Everlasting Interior out of him, till he cried for Mercy, and bellowed like a Bull of Bashan. And when the little Chap got through, the Masher's face looked like a Strawberry Ice, and he was carried home and did not leave his couch for three weeks.

## MORAL.

It is one thing to knock out a dummy figure and another to stand up before the Righteously Indignant; and no one who would persecute a defenceless female can ever have one Ounce of Pluck, even though he weigh a Ton.

Some men have tact. Said a bridegroom who didn't wish either to offend his bride or die of internal disturbances: "My dear, this broad looks delicious; but as it is the first you have ever made, I cannot think of eating it, but will preserve it to show to our children in after years as a sample of their mother's skill and deftness."

## WHAT HE WANTED.

"This is a newspaper office, isn't it sir?" asked a sallow-faced pimply cheeked, cadaverous, gaunt, foot-in-the-grave young man, opening the sanctum door and pausing. "It is," we said. "Look at my tongue," he continued, thrusting about nine inches of a substance resembling a decomposing fungus out of his mouth, and stepping towards us. "Look at that." "Good heavens, sir," we exclaimed,

recoiling involuntarily, "this isn't a hospital. What dy'e take us for any way?" "Wait till I tell yer," replied the warmed-up-corpselooking party. "My liver's out o' jint; my left lung's par'lized; my heart only beats when it takes a notion; my kidneys is mighty small putaters; my gizzard—" "Hold, hold," we said, "what is all this to us?" "What do we care whether you're suffering from hydrocephalus of the diaphragmatic aponeurosis or the pip, or the botts, or—what in

thunder d'ye want, anyhow?" we roared, our righteous indignation being thoroughly aroused. "Keep cool, sir, keep cool," responded the dead-come-to-life: "I was told this was a newspaper office, and I thought as I required such a thing—" "Such a thing as what? A newspaper office?" we gasped. "No, not 'zackly," replied the visitor, but I thought you might furnish me with a patent inside!"



## THE CHASE AFTER CHANCE.

It is humiliating to a Canadian journalist—especially to one residing in the Province of Ontario—to be obliged to raise his voice in protest against a flagrant and well nigh universal outrage against the plain law of the land. Yet such a duty is now incumbent on every journal that pretends to have the welfare of the community at heart—the duty of denouncing the further toleration in our midst of the evil spirit of gambling which has sprung from the London Masonic lottery. How it came to pass that the handful of Masons in that city were permitted to deliberately over-

ride the law of the country, is a matter which the authorities will be called upon in due time to explain—and lacking a perfectly satisfactory excuse (which we boldly say cannot be given) we trust those authorities, whether Grit or Tory, will be visited with condign punishment at the hands of all respectable voters on the first opportunity. However, the illegal proceeding was permitted, and for weeks and months the people of the country were excited by an appeal to their cupidity and greed, which in thousands of cases proved irresistible. At length the shameful

business came to a head and burst, scattering the virus of gambling in all directions. The infection has "taken." Lotteries are now all the rage, and unless prompt measures are taken to put the law in force, we are doomed to witness an exhibition which no patriotic Canadian can look upon without disgust and shame. We demand the immediate intervention of the officers of the law to stop this scandalous traffic in chance before it grows another day. We make this demand in the name of decency and in defence of our country's good name.



# THE FAIRY STATESMAN.

(Grand Chorus of Canadian Peers.)

Grits and Tories  
Dim their glories,  
Giving an ear to all his stories :

Carrying ev'ry Bill he may wish,  
Here's a pretty kettle of fish !  
Kettle of fish ! Kettle of fish !

M. J. Flanagan

## Touchstone's Talk.

"And so the world wags."

I hear a great deal of talk now-a-days about adulteration, and there is doubtless plenty of room for improvement in this respect. The unfortunate milkman comes in for a goodly share of chaff on account of his alleged propensity to mix matters, and in many cases he deserves it, though I knew an honest milkman once. Alas! he is dead! But to my story.

## HIS LORDSHIP'S MILK.

A certain nobleman residing some five miles from the sea, having a large family of young children, was very particular about the quality of the milk imbibed by these young sprigs of nobility, and made a point of tasting this beverage every morning before it was handed over for nursery consumption. One morning, Jennings, the milkman, called as usual, but just as he stepped into the back hall-way, he recollected, with horror, that he had omitted, by some strange oversight, to—water his milk. Glancing into an apartment adjoining the passage, he beheld a bath filled with some beautifully clear, sparkling water. "Fortune favors the brave," he said to himself, "here's my chance," and he transferred some three quartis or so of the water to his milkcans and blessed providence for its timely interposition in his favor. He then announced his presence, and having delivered his daily three gallons, or whatever the quantity was, went on his way rejoicing. He had not proceeded far, however, when he was overtaken by one of his lordship's servants with the information that his presence was desired in the library. He returned to the mansion and was ushered into my lord's presence. The nobleman sat at his table, and before him stood the measures of milk. "Ah! Jennings," said his lordship, "milk's not quite up to the mark this morning." "Very sorry, m' lord, what might be the matter with it?" "Why it appears to be—ah, slightly diluted," replied the descendant of a hundred earls. "Why, m' lord, the cows do drink a vast o' watter these times," replied Jennings, "may be that have summat to do with it." "Ah! possibly, possibly," replied his lordship, "but do—ah—your cows, Jennings, drink—that is—ah—are they partial to seawater as a beverage? That water in the bath down stairs is brought from the sea every morning for her ladyship's bath, and ah—you probably see what I mean, ah?" Jennings was more careful thenceforward in his selection of his diluting medium, though it cannot be said that he entirely reformed.

The Burlington *Hawkeye* man is, apparently, not partial to tripe. Well, I can hardly blame him, though tripe, properly cooked, is by no means to be despised by a hungry man. The consumer, however, must be hungry to really enjoy this comestible. This is what the *Hawkeye* says about the matter:—

## WHAT TRIPLE IS.

Occasionally you see a man order tripe at a hotel, but he always looks hard, as though he hated himself and everybody else. He tries to look as though he enjoys it, but he does not. Tripe is indigestible and looks like an India rubber apron for a child to sit on. When it is pickled it looks like dirty clothes put to soak, and when it is cooking it looks as though the cook was boiling a dish cloth. On the table it looks like glue, and tastes like a piece of oil silk umbrella cover. A stomach that is not lined with corrugated iron would be turned wrong side out by the smell of tripe. A man eating tripe at a hotel table looks like an Arctic explorer dining on his boots, or chewing pieces of frozen raw dog. You cannot look at a man

eating tripe but he will blush and look as though he wanted to apologize and convince you he is taking it to tone up his system. A woman never eats tripe. There is not money enough in the world to hire a woman to take a corner of a sheet of tripe in her teeth and try to pull off a piece. Those who eat tripe are men who have had their stomachs play mean tricks on them, and they eat tripe to get even with their stomachs, and then they go and take a Turkish bath to sweat it out of the system. Tripe is a superstition handed down from a former generation of butchers, who sold all the meat and kept the tripe for themselves and the dogs; but dogs of the present day will not eat tripe. You throw a piece of tripe down in front of a dog, and see if he does not put his tail between his legs and go off and hate you. Tripe may have a value, but it is not as food. It may be good to fill into a burglar-proof safe, with the cement and chilled steel, or it might answer to use as a breast plate in time of war, or it would be good to use as bumpers between cars, or it would make a good face for the weight of a pile driver, but when you come to smuggle it into the stomach you do wrong. Tripe! Bah! A piece of Turkish towel cooked in axle grease would be pie compared with tripe.

There is a vast difference in the manner of a man who wants you to do him a favor and one who does not, and no one has a better opportunity of proving the truth of this maxim than the newspaper reporter; but he is a very green hand at the business who swallows all the taffy people would fill his mouth with, and the old hand can discover the presence of a murine rodent directly the effusive seeker after a favor opens his mouth, and either snubs the latter or pretends to take it all in, as seems best to himself. In the following little anecdote is seen

## WHY HIS MANNER CHANGED.

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 say 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*.

## GRIP'S CLIPS.

To be a good swimmer the mouth should always be kept shut. Women are seldom good swimmers.

"Gin ruins genius," says a contemporary. Yes, but genius ruins a good deal of gin, so it's about a stand-off.

The "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce cures "female weakness" and kindred affections. By druggists.

The mania for adulteration is so great at present that a fellow can't buy a pound of sand and be sure that it isn't half sugar.

A genuine American Indian is a great sensation in Berlin. He is outranked only by the brand of Limburger cheese in vogue in that country.—*Duluth Tribune*.

Some scientists now observe that even a clam has parasites. He would have observed as much before if he had ever noticed the crowd around a free chowder.

An Irishman in France was drinking with company who proposed the toast "The land we live in." "Ay, with all me sowl, me dear," said he, "here's to poor owld Ireland."

"Little Robert Howard of Houston, Ga., mistook his brother's foot for a rabbit and shot away three of his toes." Had he seen his brother's ears the mistake would not have occurred, but, unfortunately, a high barn hid them from view.—*Nomadic Nonsense*.

PHELPS, N. Y., Feb. 13.—Prof. Brooks reports that the telescopic observations of the sun yesterday morning revealed an unusual outbreak of spots, covering nearly the entire equatorial region in addition to numerous large single spots with well defined penumbra. *Exchange*.

Photographers, get out your traps,  
And artists get your easels,  
Astronomers, alter your solar maps,  
Sol's got the measles.

A Louisville negro, after stealing a gentleman's chickens one night, took them back the next morning and sold them to him at his front gate. "You see," he said to his wife, "I didn't want to deprive a gen'lman of his chickens, you know. Dey was his'n, you know."

A chap in Harrisburg is getting ready to fight a duel whenever he is insulted. He can split bullets on the edge of a hatchet sixty feet away.—*Exchange*. This is all very well, but the chances are it won't be a hatchet he will fight the duel with; makes all the difference.

A VIOLENT SUNSET.—Hearing the loud report of a gun from the castle, an old body from the country enquired as she walked along Princess street, Edinburgh, with her son, what the sound was. "Oh, I suppose it's jist sunset," was the off-hand reply. "Sunset?" exclaimed the old woman, with open-mouthed astonishment, "Mercy me! dis the sun gae doon here w' a bang like that?"

A spruce and conceited young Mr.  
Fell in love with another chap's sr.  
With his sweet little cane,  
At the end of the lane,  
He met and he fain would have kr.  
But he trod on her train,  
At the end of the lane,  
And a slap on his face made a br.

## DECEIVING IN LOOKS.

"Doctor," said an Irishman to a physician, in a prohibition town, "I'm sick, sor, an' don't ye think that it's a little whiskey and quinine that I nade, especially as I shake wid the chills?"

"Yes, I think so," said the doctor, after looking at his tongue, "whiskey and quinine."

"Say, doctor, I'm a mighty decavin' man in my looks, an' I'm jist half as bad as I seem. Jest let me have the whiskey, an' I'll do wid-out the quinine till I get worse."—*Arkansas Traveller*.

"Throw Physic to the Dogs, I'll None of it."

We do not feel like blaming Macbeth for this expression of disgust. Even nowadays most of the cathartics are great repulsive pills, enough to "turn one's stomach." Had Macbeth ever taken Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets" he would not have uttered those words of contempt. By druggists.

As "Perfesser Wiggins" storm is now several days overdue and all is serene, the United States navy may safely come out from under the bed.—*News*.



## OVER THE RAIL OF THE CAR.

A FACT.

AIR—"Over the Garden Wall."

Whenever you ride on a Yonge street car,  
Beware of the joggly road;  
The safest place for your body, by far,  
Is inside with the rest of the load.  
For the street is rough, and even inside  
You feel that you don't too glibly glide;  
And I laughed till I thought I should split my side  
At a scene in a Yonge street car.

The conductor was standing outside the door  
At the rear of a Yonge street car;  
And his face a look of perplexity wore,—  
Nothing strange on a Yonge street car.  
With slippery platform and road so rough,  
To keep on his feet he had more than enough  
To do, and he found it remarkably tough,  
Aboard of this Yonge street car.

The car had stopped for a passengeir  
Who got on the Yonge street car;  
The conductor started to take the fare  
From those on the Yonge street car.  
But just as he started, the car did too,  
And with no motion and little ado,  
His feet slipped up and away he flew  
Over the rail of the car.

He landed, head first, in the crickely snow,  
Out of the Yonge street car,  
His feet waved wildly in air, oh! ho!  
As he fell from the Yonge street car.  
Twas a comical sight, and one to make  
The passengers laugh at the little mistake  
The conductor made when he took that break  
Over the rail of the car.

Be careful, now, when you go to ride  
Up town in a Yonge street car;  
Make a bolt for the door, and hurry inside  
Ere the horses start off with the car.  
For if you don't, a like fate you'll meet,  
And, losing your head as you lose your feet,  
You'll land kerslap in the snow on the street,  
Over the rail of the car.

## SLUGSBY'S BOY HEARD FROM.

MISTER GRIP DERE SUR,—I seen in last week paper you got me in grip, and i dont think its fair play to make me out a newsence and old Spiffins is worsn i am an a regler ole bald-headed rooster and i dont care shucks for him: he didnt hurt me for a cent an ill stick him as full of arrers as quills upon the fritful porkerpine. (Milton.) Shaw, wot do i care for ole Spiffins. im goin to be a jesse jams boy nex munth an see if me an ole Spiffins doesnt have some regler old high-handed outrages an ill lynch the ole fraud higher than Hamanhang Mordeky. my paphe say i may do as i darn please he say an im making a gay ole fringe for my outlaws close outen his liver pad, you bet ill be some pertaters an ill scare Spiffins so she wont rede no tracks to me an this i swear with my strong rite hand on the handle of my excalibur like nites in the olden times. ill tech em to call me that newsence slugsbys boy. mister grip dere sur you was onst a boy yourself, an ill bet you was a bully outlaw an if you like ill take you in my gang, an i gess you an me can salt ole Spiffins till he wont know his bible from a sirkess poster. anser please. adress, captin leonardo slugsbys gang cave three nere the mounthin fastness.

Yures in the bonds of  
outlawery and blud,  
abijor slugsby.

## THE BEAT ROUTE QUESTION.

MR. GRIP, as he stated his intention of doing in last week's issue, continued his interviews with several parties on the above question, and received opinions on the matter from several members of the constabulary.

P. C. BLAZER said: "Well, it's rather hard when a fellow has a regular supper route mapped out, to have to leave that beat and work up a fresh line. The beat I have been on for the last few months is an excellent and somewhat exclusive one. I am musically inclined and the family at No. 365 are invariably out on Thursday evenings, and I have found it a pleasant means of whiling away a few hours to drop in and rehearse 'Pry'thee pretty maiden,' 'The nightingale sighed for the pale moon's ray,' and so forth, in the drawing-room with pianoforte and housemaid accompaniment. If I am changed to some less aristocratic beat, I shall miss my music, and I hardly consider it would be fair. Moreover, the old gentleman at 365 keeps an excellent cellar, and I think things ought to remain *in statu quo*."

P. C. BELTER remarked: "Yes, I'm of opinion that a frequent change would be advantageous. There is too much noise on my present beat and I can't get a wink of sleep till some time after midnight. I was not always a policeman and have moved in good society, and I am disgusted with the familiarity of some of the lower classes, and shall report that attorney's daughter at head quarters if she persists in winking at me. Such people should not be encouraged. I was an officer myself in the Foot Dragoons once, and to tell the honest truth I think the service is going to the devil."

P. C. GILES: "Blow me, but I 'ardly know what to say; Canidy ain't 'ome hany more than 'ome's Canidy, and they do 'ave a rummy notion of some things out 'ere in this bloomin' country, blow me if they 'aven't. Some people appears to think as us fellers is their servants. A man don't grow to be six foot 'igh to be a servant, hunless he goes into a menyal position and puts on a flunkey's livery, which I scorns the notion, and has for that great hovergrown helephant at 231 Belgraverstreet, I low me hif I don't punch 'is 'idgeous, grillas 'ead if he interferences with me and Loueesa. We hain't servants, thank 'eving; we're for horny-men, sir, hornymment, and has for flunkeys, vy, I despises of 'em. Vy, blow me hif a hold lady t'other day didn't harsk me to 'old her bloom-in' kids wile she run hafter 'er 'at vich 'ad blown horf. Some peoples' himperence licks me, blow'd if it don't. Hany'ow, I don't care much 'ow the thing's settled, as I've received flatterin' purposals from a lady vich shall be nameless, and I don't know but wot an heloement mayn't be on the taypiss pretty soon. Good day; 'spose you don't 'old the price of a pot of 'awf an 'awf?'"

This ended Mr. GRIP's labors, and as there seem to be as many for as against the scheme of changing beats, he leaves the matter to those in authority to deal with the question, feeling that he has done all in his power to lay the opinions of those most nearly concerned before the general public.

## MUST HAVE STATISTICS.

"You have called me a frol," exclaimed a gentleman, addressing a determined looking man. "Now, sir, I want to know upon what ground you base your insulting accusation."

"Upon the ground that you ain't got no sense," replied the ungrammatical accuser.

"That's all right, then. A man must have statistics when he fools with me."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*



## WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE.

CHAP. I.

High was the revelry in the ancient hostelry of the Valley City; there was no particular occasion for festivity, but the fact was none the less patent that the boys in the old, time-stained parlor-bar of the inn were whooping her up right merrily.

Desmond Villers was on his bridal tour, a tour which was to take in all the cities of the world which were famed for their gaiety and mirth, and Dundas had been the second one he had struck since he and Gertrude had been made one in the metropolis of the west, London. (Ont.) He and his bonnie bride had visited all the objects of note in the City of the Vale, and since his arrival three days previous, his life had been one unceasing round of hilarious jollity and reckless dissipation. All the lions of the giddy and frivolous Valley City had been visited: the paper mills, gasworks, odorless excavating company's extensive establishment, aye, even the unpretentious coffin factory had not been neglected, and after a long, lingering study of the old masters on exhibition in the town hall, the bridal party had returned to their cosy retreat, the Auburn Bullfrog, and had given themselves up to the worship of the god and goddess of high old times, Bacchus and Baccy.

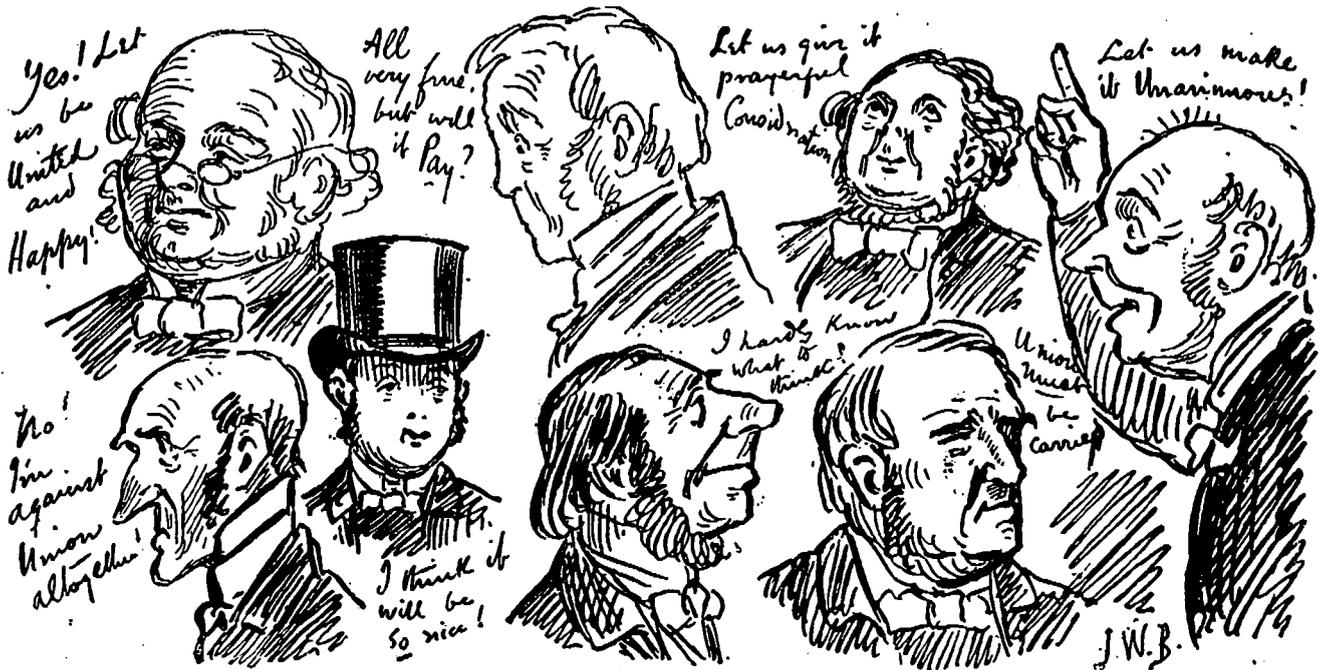
High in his jewelled hand Desmond held aloft the glittering wassail bowl, as toast after toast was quaffed. Sunshine faded into twilight, and twilight into dark and sombre night, and as the city clocks boomed forth the hour of midnight, the loud laughter resounded through the now deserted streets of Dundas, where but a few short hours ago, a gay and glittering throng had hurried by on errands of business and pleasure.

As the town hall chimes pealed out the hour of two, Desmond and his peerless bride, the former in a state of profound unconsciousness, were put on board the eastern bound train and ere long steamed into the manufacturing centre of Ontayreco.

Unable to walk, save with a vague degree of vacillation and uncertainty, Desmond was conveyed by the constable on duty at the station and a porter, and deposited with his own and only in a richly caparisoned hack, and driven to the chief hotel of Canada's pride. (In my mind.)

CHAP. II.

"My head, my head," came in thick, husky tones from the silken draperies of the couch in the bridal chamber of Antoine Morin's castellated hotel, at the hour of 8.30 a.m. next day. "Water, water! I fear me I have got the jim-jams, Gertrude dearest! I have dreamt the whole night long of naught but green leopards and pale blue mangel wurzels with



**METHODIST UNION.**

STUDIES OF A FEW HEADS OF THE SUBJECT.

horns and wings and such." "Say not so, Desmond," she replied, "mine host's reputation for concocting an eyeopener is widely known: methinks that could'st thou swallow a quart or so of some of his cock-tails thou might'st sink into untroubled slumber and be better anon." "Nay, get me but a glass of water, I am dry and parched with thirst," and Desmond moaned and pitched un- easily till the richly stained wood-work of the \$3.50 bedstead groaned and creaked withal. Gertrude touched the silver bell—(4 for \$) at any plumber's, and summoned the obsequious host, to whom she made known her lord's de- sire, and the order for a goblet of water had not been given two hours ere it was obeyed. Gertrude filled a goblet to the brim with the limpid fluid and approached her liege's bed- side. But horror! no sooner had he cast his inflamed and bloodshot eyes upon it than he uttered a fiendish yell, and springing from his couch, shrunk into the furthest corner of the apartment. "Good my lord, what ails thee?" queried Gertrude, aghast and fearing she knew not what. "I've got 'em, I've got 'em, I've got 'em," yelled Desmond. "Got who-which- what?" asked his affrighted wife. "The horrors, the blues, the jim-jams, D. T's," screamed her spouse. "Look, look at 'em." Where, oh! where?" sobbed poor Gertrude, piteously. "In that glass in your hand, I tell you. Behold yon monster in that water with fifty million legs, and yonder fan- tastic orange-colored alligator with crimson wings and forked tail, hey! but tis awful," and beads of perspiration stood upon his brow. "Hold!" exclaimed the beautiful though trembling girl, a sudden thought striking her, "Knowest thou where we are, dear Desmond?" "Where we are?" he answered, his teeth chattering with fear, "why where we were last night, of course, in Dundas." "Ha! I see it all," shouted his wife in joyous accents, "nay, we are in Hamilton; we came whilst you were—you were—you were asleep." "Saved, saved, saved," howled Desmond, "then those beings that I see in that crystal goblet are not the dire phantasmagoria of my fevered brain; they are not precursors of an attack of the jimmy-jamsies, nay! they be realities, and I thank thee, my darling, that thou tolddest me that yonder was but Hamilton water. I live again."

"Golden Medical Discovery" (words regis- tered as a trade-mark) cures all humors, from the pimple or eruption to great virulent eating ulcers.

Baltimore claims to have the champion mean man. She can have him; we've got enough second-rate ones up here to last for some time.

A MEAN MAN.—A tall, slab-sided individual walked into a well-known lunch room in the city the other day and took a seat. When the attendant came for his order, he gave it as follows:—"All I require is a bowl of boiling water—be sure it is boiling—and a slice of bread—a good thick slice." The girl stared, but obeyed the mandate, at the same time de- positing the cheque—"Pay at the desk—1 cent"—on the table. Then this fiend drew from his pocket a little pot of Liebig's Extract, and proceeded to brew for himself a bowl of beef-tea, seasoning it from the free cruet-stand on the table. When about half through his frugal meal, he beckoned one of the waiters to his side, saying, "The room is oppressively warm; would you oblige me by raising one of the windows?" His request was obligingly complied with, and he proceeded to stow away his soup. Presently he looked suspiciously around, rose stealthily, grabbed his hat, and was gone—through the open window and over the garden wall, leaving his 1-cent cheque on the table. It was afterwards discovered that the Liebig's Extract had been pilfered from a neighboring druggist. If this is not a specimen of practising economy, we want to hear of one.

Since the year 1863, Dr. J. Rolph Malcolm, of 35 Simcoe-street, Toronto, has made a speciality of treating bronchitis, consumption, asthma and other affections of the throat by the inhalation of vapourized remedies. Book mailed free.

**IT STANDS AT THE HEAD.**  
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**Domestic Sewing Machine**  
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Herbert Spencer says the coming American :to be very powerful. The coming American will certainly have to be very powerful if he is to earn enough to pay the coming American taxes.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



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, result- ing in insanity and leading to misery, decay, and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa, 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.

"The International News."  
Write enclosing stamp for a copy of the above, publish- ed at the International Throat and Lung Institute, monthly. It contains a treatise on the symptoms, causes, and this new and wonderful mode of treating catarrh, catarrhal deafness, bronchitis, asthma and consumption, also letters from patients, showing a few of the many wonderful cures that have been made in all parts of Can- ada and the United States by the Spirometer (invented by M. Souville of Paris, ex-aide surgeon of the French army) and the medicines prescribed by him and the surgeons of the institute. Consultations and a trial of Spirometer free. Parties unable to visit the institute can be success- fully treated by letter addressed International Throat and Lung Institute, 173 Church Street, Toronto, or 13 Phillips Square, Montreal.

THE Provincial Election will be upon us soon, but, in the midst of all the excitement and bustle incident thereto, men must eat, and women as well, and by trying to eat with unsound teeth, Dyspepsia is in- duced. A stitch in time saves nine. Both before, during and after Election go to  
**A. W. SPAULDING, The Dentist,**  
51 King Street East, ..... **TORONTO.**