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"AND NOW, SONNY, HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO GET IT?"

I believe it has saved nearly, if not quite, its entire cost in lessening the expense of postage and stationery. We obtain better copies in our tissue letter-book from work done by the machine than from ordinary manuscript.
 J. K. MACDONALD,
 Managing Director, Confederation Life Ass'n.

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 2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, so beautifully counterfeit nature.
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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The local Balaclava has been fought and won, but Mowat's light brigade has been badly cut up. The government majority is reduced to 12—quite enough for all useful purposes. The Province may certainly congratulate itself on the issue of the battle, for it has vastly improved the intellectual make-up of the House.

FIRST PAGE.—And now that Mr. Mowat is sustained, the question arises, how is he going to get the Award which remains in the keeping of the big dog at Ottawa? Time, the champion conundrum answerer, will tell.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Tory government of New Brunswick has been defeated on a straight vote of no confidence, and Mr. Blain of the Opposition has been called upon to form a government. This defeat is interpreted to mean an end, for the present at least, of Sir Leonard Tilley's influence over the Province, and a reproof of Federal interference.



The rush for tickets amongst the subscribers to the Nilsson list was something phenomenal, but there are good seats to be had yet. The concert of the great *diva* and honorable supporters promises to be the most brilliant thing Toronto has seen for many years, and the prospects are that the audience will be worthy of the occasion. The date, we would remind our readers, is March 7th.

Mr. J. W. Bengough was obliged to disappoint the audience at Shaftesbury Hall, on Monday evening, having been "snowed up" at Mount Forest on Saturday, and the Monday trains being cancelled.

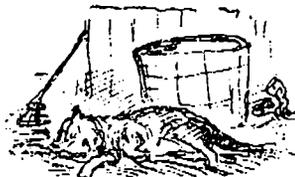
TO WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTORS.

IRA QUICKSLOW.—If we publish your sketch, which you admit was written in haste, we fear you would repent at leisure, though your story has some original features, one of them being your joke about a plumber, a thing never, we believe, attempted before. We are sorry that some of the words of your tale were "axidently" left out, as we fancy they must have been the very words that would have made your sketch a humorous one. Try if you can't rummage them up somewhere. There is only one defect in your "Canadian Romance" which prevents it being classed as humorous, and that is, there is not an atom of fun in it from beginning to end, but the absence of the words "axidently" left out probably accounts for this. We think, however, and you must not be offended, that you would succeed better as an obituary writer than as a humorist. Try and dash off something gloomy about the next corpse you are introduced to, and you might "axidently" hit on something funny. You might, we say, but we have our doubts. We speak thus freely to you, as you acknowledge yourself to be a "now beginner" in this line.

SUGGESTED BY THE COMING THAW.

Onward, health-inspector, go,
Phœbus has removed the snow.

Now, here's a back yard in the Spring.
Ah! here is the corpse of a cat; in the fall
She succumbed to old pallidus Mors' urgent call,
And was slung in this dirty back-yard.



Why! here is an oyster can, battered and flat,
That was hurled at the head of the now defunct cat,
Who was forced to respond to the scythe-bearer's call,
And to give up the ghost some time late in the fall,
And now sleeps in the dirty back-yard.



A cabbage decayed, by its small I diskiver
Breeding many a painful derangement of liver,
Lies close to the oyster can, battered and flat,
Which was used as a weapon to silence the cat,
Who sleeps in the dirty back-yard.



Here's a set of false-teeth which were lost in the snow,
And couldn't be found when they looked high and low.
Quite close to the cabbage, all green and decayed,
And suggesting appeals for the medico's aid,
Which lies close to the oyster can, battered and flat,
The instrument chosen to finish the cat
Who sleeps in the dirty back-yard.



A pair of old corsets, now all gone to waste.
One half of a scissors, some mouldy old paste,
Lies both cheek by jowl, and would make it appear
That newspaper editors used to live here,
And perhaps owned those teeth that were dropped in the snow,
And couldn't be found when they wanted them so,

Not far from the cabbage so badly decayed,
And suggesting a doctor's long bill to be paid,
Near by is the oyster can, battered and flat,
The premature end of this poor pussy cat,
Who sleeps in this dirty back yard.



But here's the inspector and nuisance detective,
Who in doing his duty's concise and effective,
He'll soon spot these corsets which some fair one em-
braced,
And even out here they still cling to the waste,
And close to the scissors, and green, mouldy paste,
Lying both cheek by jowl, and would make it appear
That newspaper editors used to live here.
He'll banish that cabbage so badly decayed,
Which suggests a long bill to a "doc" to be paid.
He'll kick out the oyster can, battered and flat,
Which ended the life of the poor little cat,
Who peacefully here we perceive to be taking
That last long, long sleep which will know no awaking,
And he'll clean up this dirty back-yard.



GRIP'S FABLES.

THE TWO MEN.

One Dark Night early in Spring, when the Brooks and Rivers were released from the Icy Fetters that had bound them through the Winter, and rushed tumultuously along, swollen by the Melting Snow, two men left a tavern to walk to their Homes several Miles distant. One of them was a Good man who never touched the Cup that cheers and makes Tight, and though he came out of the Tavern, he had only been in to take shelter from a passing Shower. The other was a regular old Beat and Bunmer, and was never happy unless he was Full up to his Clavicles, as he was on this very night. The Good man walked on briskly, and was soon a long way Ahead of the old Bacchanalian, who, when he had walked two miles or so, felt Overpowered by the fumes of the Loathsome Stuff he had been drinking, so he laid down in the ditch by the roadside, and slept soundly till morning; but the Good man kept straight on, though the night was dark as Pitch, for he knew the road and his Brain was clear. And his path led over a little Bridge which spanned the Swollen Stream, but it happened that the Bridge had been swept away by the Torrent that Very Night, and the good man, not knowing this, walked straight on till he had nothing to walk on but Air; and after he had tried to walk on the air for about Two Seconds, he gave it up, and fell into the Stream and was Drowned. And when the old Bunmer came along and saw what had happened, he Thanked his Stars that he had been so Tight that he had been forced to Repose by the roadside ere he came to the Bridge that wasn't there.

MORAL.

Well, my dears, there must be a Moral to this Fable, but as we are very busy, we must leave you to find just where it is by yourselves,

Who was the first stocking mender? Xan-tippe, who used to darn old Soc.—*Ex.*

DISILLUSIONED ;

OR,

THEY ALL DO IT.

As I sat one evening pondering over many things, basking in the genial warmth of a bright coal fire, I was startled by the sudden apparition of a queer little figure standing before me on the hearth-rug. On his head was a little conical red cap ; his body was clothed in a tight-fitting suit of some glossy material, and on his feet was a pair of long, pointed red shoes, turned up slightly at the toes, and in his hand he carried a slender wand. His hair



was neatly tied in a long queue behind, and he stood before me for several seconds before he spoke. At length he did so, saying in a strangely shrill though not unpleasant voice, "Ha ! ha ! would you like to be astonished ?" at the same time skipping on to a chair and sitting down upon it with his legs crossed. "My dear sir, whoever you are," I replied, "I am astonished already ; where the mischief did you come from ?" "Ho ! ho !" the mannikin laughed, "never mind ; but if you want to be surprised, follow me," and he jumped off the chair and pirouetted towards the door. I felt that I was unable to resist the desire to accompany him, and in a few minutes we were in the street. Waving his wand over me twice or thrice he exclaimed, "There now, you are invisible. We will have some fun." In front of us was a lady, and as we followed her I could not but notice what a beautifully shaped foot and ankle she possessed. Such symmetry I had never or seldom seen before, and I gazed long and admiringly at the beautiful member. My companion glanced into my face and seemed to read what was passing in my mind ; for he chuckled to himself and muttered, "Sly dog, sly dog ; but wait. We will go home with her." I was about to demur at this, when I recollected that I was invisible, and we accordingly followed the lovely feet to the residence of their owner. Presently she stopped at a very fine house, and opening the door went in. We slipped in, of course unperceived, and accompanied the lady to her boudoir. Here she threw herself into a low chair, and murmuring, "Thank Heaven ! at last. I thought I should a-died," wrenched her beautifully neat little boot off, and thrust it with a sigh of relief into a corner



of the room. My eyes fell upon the foot, now divested of its outer covering, and I staggered back in horror and amazement. I behold a hideous, lumpy structure, on which were numerous knots and bumps. "Corns," whispered my guide. "But how does she get

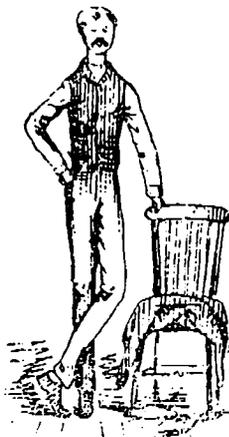
that"—indicating the foot, "into that ?"—indicating the cast-off boot. "That," he re-



plied, "is one of the things no fellow can make out, but—they all do it. Come," he continued, "we will go and see something else." We were again in the street ; advancing towards us came a tall, magnificently built young man. As he passed us I could not help turning to admire his splendid physique.



"What a figure !" I said to my companion. "What a torso ! What a model of grace and strength combined ! What a development in the lower limbs ? Is he a demigod ?" My guide chuckled to himself and said, "We will go with him, I know him." We turned and followed the Apollo, who we just overtook as he was closing the door of his residence. We accompanied him to his dressing room. "Phew !" he exclaimed, "it's fearfully hot. There goes," and he pulled off his overcoat, "and there," off came his undergarment ; "that's more comfortable." Ye gods ! my Apollo was converted into this—"and now



I'll get these confounded things off," he continued, rolling up his urther apparel, and divesting his legs of a pair of things that looked like this—"now I feel better."



My companion grinned, and as I turned to express my dismay he said, "That's nothing : they all do it. Come along." Once more we were outside the house : a carriage whirled by ; in it was seated a young, fair girl ; her glossy hair hung in profuse masses down her shoulders far below her waist. I gazed in



rapture at the bright glow of health on her cheeks, and I caught a glimpse of a dazzling row of pearly teeth as she opened her rosy lips to smile at a passing acquaintance. "How beautiful !" I ejaculated, "how lovely !" "Come then," whispered the mannikin, "be quick, jump inside." As he spoke I found myself in the carriage, which presently stopped at the home of its fair occupant. She alighted, entered the house, and, with us, unseen, at her side, repaired to her toilette table. In two minutes the glossy wealth of tresses hung over a chair back ; the snowy teeth reposed in a tumbler of water ; the swelling bust was placed on another chair, and a plunge of the face into a basin of water entirely removed the blooming tint of health, and before us sat a woman at least fifty years of age, with a few



scattered grey hairs adorning an otherwise perfectly



BARE POLI.

I was horror struck and felt faint, seeing which my little cicerone whispered, "Let us go ; that's nothing—they all do it."

(To be continued.)

Madame Modjeska writes to a Cincinnati newspaper that her name was once spelled Madrzejewska.—*Ec.* Once was enough.



THE MONTREAL DIOGENES.

BRANDY.—I DON'T SEE ANY BETTER MAN (TO APPRECIATE THE SALARY).

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

TWO REPORTS THAT GOT ENTANGLED.

It was a happy thought of the editor of the *Swizville Snorter* to publish a report of a sermon every week. It was the earnest wish of that individual to please all classes of subscribers, and have peace and harmony in the community, and he determined to do it at any cost. He had always made the Police Court report, humorously dished up to the public, one of the chief features of his paper, but as some of the unco' guid were somewhat inclined to frown at it and to assert that such a matter was not one for levity, he determined to introduce the sermon business to counteract the effect of this Police report. The worthy editor of the *Snorter*, however, could never have reckoned upon such a terrible accident as occurred to these two reports, the Sermon and Police Court, as actually took place; how it happened was never discovered: but that the type got fearfully mixed up there was no doubt. Of course it was an accident, but it was one of a horribly exasperating nature to the worthy editor, and the few hairs that a life of journalism and a termagant wife had left to him fairly danced with horror when he glanced over his paper on the following morning and read these extraordinary statements: "The reverend gentleman took his text from the city by-laws, and remarked that the case before him was one of the worst that the Apostle Paul ever referred to in any of his epistles: when we read those words, breathing nothing but the purest and most holy sentiments we feel like saying to any unbeliever who doubts their inspiration, two dollars or twenty days. The prisoner, who appeared to be recovering from the effects of a prolonged debauch, was led down from the dock by Constables Ananias and Sapphira, of whom we read, and whose terrible punishment should be a warning to all who say to themselves, sez I, shure as my name's Mike Moriarty, ye'z darn't say black's the white av yer eye, d'ye mind; wid that yer wurrrship, he up wid his fish and knocked me into the sea of Galilee: lot us then picture to ourselves the calm waters of this sea, gently murmuring on the shore on which shtands Peggy O'Dohohue's groshery: 'By the powers,' sez I, 'av ye don't lave the flure to me it's the walls av Derry I'll be afther thumpin' out av ye, ye blagyard. Wid that, yer wurrrship, he said my brother Barabbas

was a robber, yet the infuriated multitude insisted on the release of this man, who had lain in prison awaiting Tim Doolan to come and bail him out. His worship remarked that he would not accept bail, but if the eloquent preacher was of opinion that the use of fermented wine was sanctioned by scripture, though there is nothing positive to show that it was of the same nature as that manufactured by the man that keeps the grocery, who deposed that both prisoners entered his store in an advanced state of intoxication, and insisted on dancing a hornpipe on the trap door above the ladder leading to the cellar. This door gave way, and Jim, the biggest of the prisoners, fell through into the wine-producing countries of the present day. We have no means, he continued, of satisfying ourselves on this point, if the wines spoken of produced a 'Simple drunk, your Worship,' said the Sergeant-major. The prisoner, not having the necessary shekels, was sent down for ten days remarking as he was led away that he could do that on his ear, which, to judge from appearances, would hold a quart, or at most three pints, though the firkins of Scripture would probably contain a great deal more; they were made of a very dark red clay, porous and very strong, like the butter we get at our boarding-house; it was a terror, sir, and that was one reason why I refused to pay the bill, and for which refusal I am now before you." When the editor had read this far he uttered a terrible yell and swooned away, and it is feared that his reason is threatened. Forty prominent church-goers stopped their papers, asserting at the same time that the insult offered to the clergyman in the report quoted was quite sufficient reason to excuse them from paying up their back subscriptions, many of whom were two years in arrears. It is to be hoped that matters will be satisfactorily explained, but at present appearances are against such a thing.

STILL ANOTHER ECHO,

THIS TIME OF A VERY USEFUL DESCRIPTION.

DEAR GRIP,—I have read with interest your accounts of two very strange echoes. Now let me tell you of one in this city. This echo is to be conversed with in a room in a house, the landlady of which lets furnished and unfurnished apartments. The chamber in which the echo resides is a large, unfurnished one, and struck me as being particularly damp and cheerless

in appearance; however, I was anxious to obtain a room of some kind, and [accordingly, preparatory to taking this one, I put a few questions to the landlady, our conversation taking place in the room of which I speak. I am particularly liable to catch cold, and of damp I have a righteous horror, so I need not say that I look upon this echo as one placed in that apartment specially to warn intending lessees of what might be in store for them if they happened to take the room. "It's large enough," I said to the landlady, "but what a singularly cheerless room it is, 'm." Hardly had I spoken, when from one of the corners came a mystic voice, "Rheumatism." I was startled, but the landlady apparently heard nothing, or if she did she wilfully stopped her ears, like the deaf adder, and heard not the voice of the echo, speak he ever so much to the point. "Oh," she answered, "all empty rooms look cheerless, but when you get your furniture in its present aspect will not plague you." Again the voice, "Ague, ague," fainter at each repetition, as though it would intimate the condition of a sufferer after each attack of that malady. "What is that?" I asked sharply of the woman, "do you hear nothing?" She asserted that she did not, and then, womanlike, fell back upon that unfortunate feline who is so often, and often wrongfully, blamed for what it was never guilty of. "It must be the wind, or the cat, ah! that's what it is." She could not fool that echo, though, whose voice I immediately heard, "Catarrh, that's what it is." These warnings, as I took them to be, were having a decided effect on me, and I was anxious to go, so I enquired what the rent of the room would be. I was informed, and demurred to the amount, giving as my reason that I thought it was too high, though I was really glad that I could find a reasonable pretext for backing out. "I wouldn't let any one have it for less," replied the landlady, "if he was to beg for it on his knees," raising her voice to its highest pitch in her indignation as she concluded her sentence. Echo again came to my rescue and fairly shrieked out, "Sneeze, sneeze." This was sufficient for me, and I turned to go. The lady said in somewhat more mollified accents, as I was about to leave the room, "I am really anxious to let this apartment, sir, and if you won't take it, I hope you will speak to your friends who may want a room, and get them to rent it. I trust you will use your influence, sir." I was about to promise that I would do so, but Echo's suggestion, "Influenza," induced me merely to say that I would see what I could do.

I am ready at any time to declare as to the truth of this story.

Yours in the bonds of A. and S.
VERAX.

FOUND WANTING.

I know a maiden, she's divinely fair,
With dreamy eyes of limpid, heavenly blue,
With fleecy, floating clouds of sun-kissed hair;
Nose slightly *retroussé*; mouth quite too-too
Bewitching, and too sweet not to be kissed
(If kissing even less her life entails),
And yet I've often seen her play at whist
With unkempt finger nails!

She is *petite* in form, and when she speaks,
Her voice, like music sweet, salutes the ear
Like Heavenly chimes from soft-toned silver bells,
And yet, despite her voice, she's fond of beer;
And oft, at table when, with gentle air,
She stops her little brothers in their strife,
I've seen her calmly, coolly, take her chair
And eat fish with her knife.

—W. C. NICMOL.

PLEA FOR CARROTS.

Why scorn red hair? The Greeks we know,
(I state it here in charity),
Had taste in *Beauty*, and with them
The Graces all were Karitat.
(College papers please copy.)

"THEN THEY RODE BACK, BUT NOT THE SIX HUNDRED!"



Touchstone's Talk.

"And so the world wags."

What to wear at a masquerade, it is often a matter of considerable difficulty to decide. There are a multitude of things to be considered, not the least of them being the effect of the *tout ensemble* of the costume when complete. Below is a short conversation on this subject:

THE EVE OF THE BALL.

The orb of day had sunk into its halo of golden light beneath the grand old hills which skirt the western confines of Missoula Gulch. The gathering shades of twilight were fast enveloping the spacious mansion of Dennis Mulcahy, when his beautiful daughter, Angelina, entered with queenly grace the luxuriantly furnished drawing-room, and with that negligence which only caste can give, threw herself upon the downy cushions of a three legged Windsor chair.

The stalwart form of Reginald Harcourt O'Reilly darkened the door, and the fair young girl sprang to his side and was quickly enveloped in those strong, brave arms. Her fawn-like eyes gazed into the depths of Reginald's, and as he imprinted a kiss upon her low, broad brow, she asked with tender pathos:

"O'Reilly, wud ye be takin me to the ball mask?"

"Bedad, an ye'll niver be over wid yer foolshin'; faith, and what wud ye be a wearin'?"

"Oh, Regie, me nabor, Missus Maloney, has been tellin I'd luk butiful in the charackter uv the leading lady in the howly Bible!"

Reginald's noble features were suffused with crimson as he held her from him and said:

"Get out wid ye now; divil a bit wud they let ye in!"

She meant Martha at the well.—*Butte (Mon.) Miner.*

* *

I think that I have seen, somewhere, a joke about a plumber. I may be mistaken, though I am positively confident I am not. Now that spring is so very distant I think a parting shot at this industrious mechanic will not be out of place, so without further ado I will introduce

THE PLUMBER.

He sees no fun in the summer sun,
But he sits at home and grins,
Forgotten, despised; but he's not surprised,
And chants: "He laughs who wins,
They may pass me by with a scornful eye,
But there comes a time full soon
When many a score shall beat at my door
In vain at morn and noon;
They shall beg and pray in an abject way
And crave my aid as a boon!"

There's a frost; and the thaw is a time of awe,
When the water spouts and springs,
And the summoned plumber's a tardy comer,
And always forgets his things;
At the flood and cascade he is not dismayed,
But says with a cruel smile,
"Well, s'elp me Bob! this 'ere is a job
As will take me a tidy while:
Just do what yer can while I fetch my man,
It's only a couple o' mile."

And he goes away, and who shall say
When his time of return will be?
But soon as he comes he cuts and plumbs
And soldiers with frowns and glee;
And the job that is done at the set of sun
Wants doing next morning again.
The work of a stamp that he does not scamp
Is the bill, as you'll note with pain;
It is full and complete on a lengthy sheet,
But as soon as it's paid you're fain,
While the water squirts and hisses and spirts
To stifle a wish to brain,
And send for relief to another thief
To cut it off at the main.

We have no opinion as to whether or not Slade will whip Sullivan. He Maori may not.

GRIP'S CLIPS, &c.

The first mention of the use of salt provisions in the Navy is to be found in the passage descriptive of Noah taking Hain into the Ark.

King Lear is a great character, but if you should ask us what king is in most men's mouths at the theatre we should sav King Clovis.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

An Eastern merchant who never advertised was found lying dead on the counter in his store the other day. It is thought the body had been lying there for several days before being discovered.—*Duluth Tribune.*

A Boston young lady of wealth and position has astonished "society" by cutting and making her own wedding dress. She also intended to make her own wedding cake, but the Board of Health interfered.—*Philadelphia News.*

At a teachers' institute recently held a distinguished professor promulgated the doctrine that when addressing a school the teacher should always stand upright with one finger along the seam of the pants. But some teachers don't wear pants.

A Frenchman claims that he has invented a system by which he can cause three and two to make six. This invention is not original with him, however. It was first discovered by the American government while negotiating with the Indians.

He had a very rubicund face, suggestive of a dissipated life. As he was walking up the street a gentleman remarked: "That fellow is so highly colored that he reminds me of a chrome." "He reminds me more of an engraving than a chrome," remarked a bystander. "How so?" "Well, you see, an engraving has a glass in front of it, and a chromo hasn't.—*Texas Sitings.*

"And have you had no other sons?" asked a curious lady of a bronzed old sea captain. "Oh, yes, madam. I had one that lived in the South Sea Islands for nearly a dozen years." "Really? Was he bred there, and what was his taste—the sea or the land?" "No, madam, he wasn't bred, he was meat—leastways the natives ate him; and as for his taste—the chief said that he tasted of terbacker."

An Impresario once Approached a Mule and offered him Advantagous Terms to Become a Prima Donna.

"Alas," quoth the Mule with a Sigh, "that is an Impossibility, for though I have an Ear for Music, my Voice is sadly Attuned."

"But you can Kick," inquired the Impresario.

"At kicking," admitted the Mule, "I am Positively Peerless."

"Then," exclaimed the Impresario, "you have the Highest Qualification of a Prima Donna. Consider yourself Engaged.—*Denver Tribune.*

"But, mother, must I with Mr. Smueckle dance, and he so very old a man?"

"Old man! Have I not myself in my single days often and much with him danced, and myself never about his age troubled."—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

OUR PROGRESS.

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists.

IN HIS MIND.

"At a demonstration of Thought-reading given by Mr. Stuart Cumberland in Hamilton a few evenings ago the local correspondent of the *Globe* proved to be a very bad subject. He could not concentrate his thoughts on a pair of overshoes he had hidden. *Globe* correspondents are incapable of concentrating their thoughts on any thing.—*Spectator.*

"I'm a *Globe* correspondent: would you please to read my mind?"

"On a proof of your ability to do so I insist."

"Well, yes," said Mr. Cumberland, "to do so I'm inclined. But how, sir, can I read a thing that really don't exist?"

"Give proof," the correspondent cried, "my mind please don't abuse."

"I don't mean to offend you," said Mr. Stuart Cumberland.

"So step aside and somewhere hide this pair of overshoes. And let your—well, *mind* be just as calm as though you were in slumberland."

The agent did as he was told; the overshoes he hid, Or said that he had done so: then asked where he'd secreted 'em.

The reader of the mind, at first, seemed puzzled, yes he did, And the agent chuckled hugely to think that he'd defeated him.

"You're beaten, Mr. Cumberland; but really now I've sold you, For I don't know where I hid those shoes; them nowhere can I find;

They're *nowhere*." "Oh! if that's the case the thing is as I told you, And the overshoes are *nowhere* for—you hid them in your mind."

GIVE US FAIR PLAY.

In 1869 Lient. S. M. Saxebey, R. N., predicted a great storm would happen in England in October of that year. The storm struck America at the time given, but did not pass over England. The people of America, however, were generous, and Saxebey was immortalized by the storm that ever since has borne his name. Prof. Wiggins predicted not a *Saxebey*, but a second-class storm on Feb. 9th. This was very destructive in the British Islands, and actually crossed America at different points. Will the Americans treat their own as generously as we treated the Englishman?—*News.*

Not long since a family moved into a village out West. After a week or so, a friend of the family called on them and asked how they liked the locality. "Pretty well." "Have you called on any of the neighbors yet?" "No; but I'm going to if there's any more of my firewood missing."

An Indianapolis genius evolved from his mighty brain a novel amusement. It is a soap bubble blowing, and it has taken a powerful hold upon the belles and beaux of that city. The only danger arising from this intellectual sport is that those who participate in it are liable to be hit on the head with one of these iridescent globes and have their brains dashed out.

(Scene) The dining-room of the Royal George, at Wintonington-on-Sea. Irascible major to head waiter, who has for some time been sputtering and breathing down his neck in his endeavor to whisper some confidential communication: "Go away sir? You are drunk, sir! Go away, I say!" Head waiter (who is thus, not for the first time, charged by the major with inebriety): "Oh, werry well, major, I'll go fast enough; but it's the party from the 'air dresser's as is waiting in the 'all"—(crescendo)—"the party as comes to rub in your 'air-dye, you know; an' he says shall he be a-goin' on with your good lady while you're finishing your meal?"

The "Golden Bloom of Youth"

may be retained by using Dr. pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a specific for "female complaints." By druggists.

BABY MINE.

NO, NOT MINE, THANK THE STARS!

The writer of the following verses left for Central Africa immediately after he had finished the poem. Any lady, therefore, who is desirous of interviewing him will only waste time by coming to look for him round this office. His place knoweth him no more; but what is our loss is the African gorillas' gain—[Ed. GRIP.]

I know that I shall catch it
From the ladies,
Who would brain me with a hatchet,
Or a spade is
Just as handy for the same;
There is nothing in a name,
Though a good deal in an aim
When getting blades.

Now my story I'll continue
If I may;
Not a long yarn will I spin you,
But I say
That I mortally detest
That horrid little pest
In bib and tucker dressed,
Baby-ba.

I'm a bachelor, you know,
Now you "sabby"
Why I hate those babies so.
Ain't I shabby?
What *caz* there be to love
In that babe you call "a dove
And an angel from above?
It's a babby,
A flabby, dabby, slabby
Little babby.

For appearance I'm a stickler,
You must know;
And I'm painfully partick'ler,
And so,
When in gorgeous raiment drest
I object to having messed
My dark coat and spotless vest,
White as snow.

But when in my gay attire
I'm arrayed,
(And myself I much admire,
So it's said);
Some mother in my lap
Plumps her darling little chap
With its long clothes and its cap,
And 'pandies red."

And she says, "the little duck!"
(Little brute!)
My tie he wants to suck,
Oh! so cute!
And in his childish freaks
Paws me all about the cheeks,
Making great, moist, dirty streaks,
Black as soot.

And he clutches at my hair,
Sweetly greased,
With his hands, a flabby pair.
(I'm so pleased!)
And he does so much annoy,
Tho' I simulate my joy,
That I wish the little boy
Was deceased.

I suppose I was a baby
Long ago.
But my *mere* was not a gaby,
That I know,
Other people to annoy
With her darling little boy,
Quite dampling all their toy,
No, sir, no.
I'm off.

OVERCROWDED CARS.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP,—I do not often write to the papers, but you are always so sympathetic and so desirous, I am sure, to correct an evil, that I feel but little hesitation in stating my case to you, for I have a real grievance. I am a lady, and I frequently ride on the street cars, and I wish to know whether there is not some law limiting the number of passengers. If no conductor was permitted to take more people on his car than sitting room can be found for, I think it would be a very good thing, for it makes me, really, so uncomfortable to step on a car and finding it full, to see every male thing in it looking at one another and waiting to see who is going to stand up. I would not mind standing *one bit*, if I had my seal skin cloak on every day, but one

can't always wear those warm things, can one? And then some men do make themselves so unpleasant when they give a lady their seats: It was only the other day that I entered a car on Yonge street; all the seats were occupied and at first no one seemed inclined to rise. At last a stout, elderly man, who had been drinking, I'm sure, got up, saying, "Take my seat, mum, the youngest must stand, of course," and I am not a day over twenty-seven, I assure you. And then this most objectionable person kept up a running fire of remarks during the whole journey. He was so rude. He would say, "I'm thankful my legs are pretty strong, and not like the bean poles you see these days." And two young bank clerks blushed, oh! so red, and tried to shuffle their legs under the seat. And then the horrible man said, quite loud, "If I had feet like some people I should think standing was easier than sitting," and all the ladies looked so very uncomfortable as they tried to pull their dresses over their shoes. Wasn't he just horrid? and then he added, "but I always respect age, and my seat is at any old lady's disposal." I felt as if I could have scratched his nasty red, blood-shot eyes out, for he looked directly at me as he said this, and I'm not a day over twenty-seven I assure you. And then when a nice young man offered him his place he said, "Keep your seat, young feller, keep your seat, I know it is hard work being on your legs all day behind a counter," and the young man looked so angry, for I don't believe he was a shopman at all, but quite respectable.

Now don't you think there ought to be more street cars, and when one is full, a little flag should be hung out at the end, and then there would be fewer stoppages, and the cars could go quicker and make more trips, for, of course, horses are made to run and would not mind one bit; and the little flags would look quite lively and pretty?

Yours very sincerely,
SOPHIA FITZ BUNYAN.

P. S.—Please make a picture of the horrid man who was so rude. I do not think it was any excuse for him, his being tipsy, do you?

POLICE STATION SKETCHES:

OR,
GRIP ON THE PROWL.

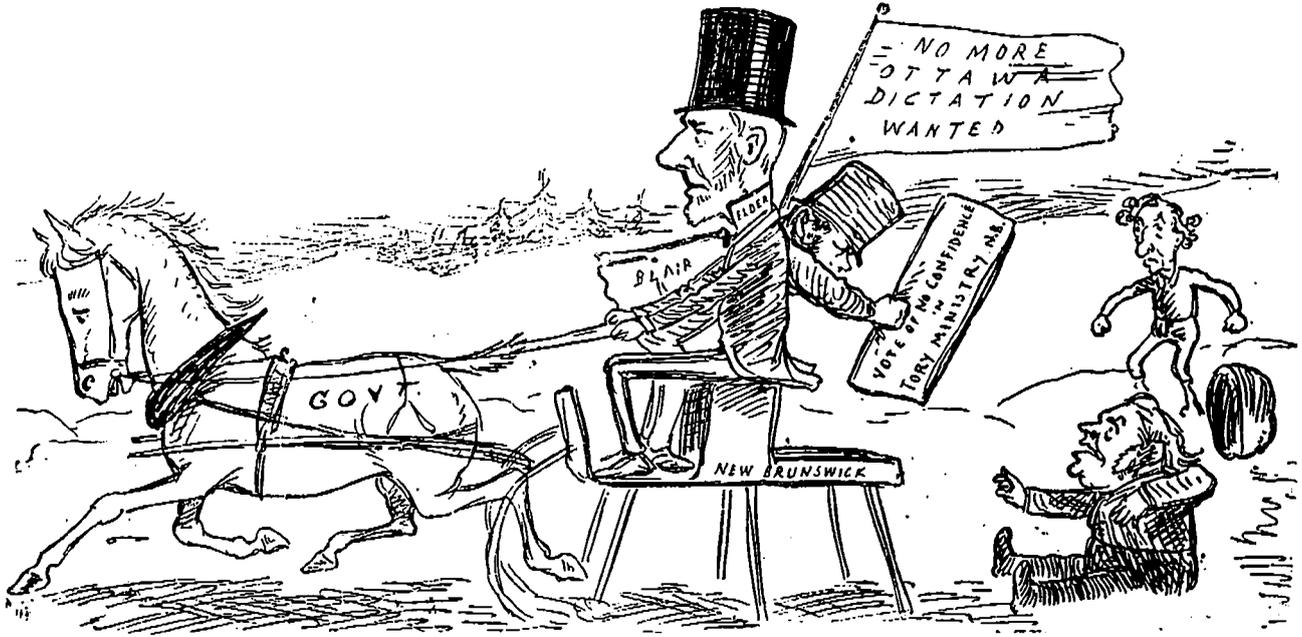
A representative of GRIP occasionally takes it into his head to wander about the city at strange hours, and, visiting, as he does, all manner of places, occasionally hits on something which is diverting. He dropped into No. 1 Police Station the other night at about 11 o'clock, and not many minutes afterwards was introduced to

THE SWEET SINGER OF HAMILTON, *et al.*

Constable Jimpson (we will say Jimpson) was about tuckered out as he entered the station, having in tow a miserable—nay, not miserable, for the smiles that illumined his countenance proclaimed that he was feeling particularly happy—dilapidated out-at-elbows individual, who was deeply laden with a heavy cargo of the curse of Canada. He broke out every now and then into short snatches of what would have been melody if they had not been precisely the opposite, and regarded his capturer with a maudlin leer as he was waltzed up to the railing and ordered to state his name. "I'm a street slinger 'f Hamil'on," he replied, snatching his hat off his head, and banging it down on the table. "I'm a sheet slinger 'f Hamil'on: They tell me (hic) y're true but I'll still b'lieve—" "Shut up," shouted the Sergeant, "what's your name?" The captive eyed him profoundly for several seconds, then said, solemnly, "I'm the sleet stinger 'f Hamil'on. an' donyeforgit. Darlin', I am g-goin' rolled, silv—" "Hould yer

whisht," interrupted the officer, "give us yer name, or, by the piper, I'll make yez." "Don' I t-tell ye," replied the warbler, "I'm the meat slinger 'f Hamil'on: We are nac f-fou, we're nac th-that fou, but—" "What's your name?" yelled the sergeant. "I'm th' meat spinner 'f—" "Oh! give us a rest. Take him below, constable," said the sergeant, and the sweet singer of Hamilton was accordingly conducted to his apartment, where he fell asleep in his endeavors to do justice to "The sight'ngale nighed fr' the male poon's rays." Not long after his departure two detectives entered with another prisoner, who was also decidedly under the influence, but who was decently attired, and bore other marks of respectability about his person. "What's the charge?" asked the sergeant. "Carrying concealed weapons," replied one of the detectives, producing a strong cord, to which was attached a thick, hard substance, resembling petrified leather, and with which he gave the table a whack that split it from end to end. The prisoner pricked up his ears on hearing the charge and faltered out, "Carr'n consheled weap'ns: why, I thought that 'twas larsh'ny. Say, misher, misher serg'nt, thatsh not conshe'd weapon." "Well, what the mischief is it, then?" queried the officer. "Looks to me like a slung shot and a pretty murderous one, too." "Ha, ha," laughed the youth, "that'sh good one on ol' Bouncer." "What are you talking about?" asked one of the detectives, "who's old Bouncer, and what is this implement?" "Why," answered the prisoner, "Bounsher's my lan'lady, keeps hash-house where (hic) where I board. I'm med'cal stud'nt; This thing here's a cat-trap." "A cat-trap; he says this thing's a cat-trap," cried the sergeant and the two detectives and the constable on duty, in a Gilbert and Sullivan chorus, "He says this thing's a cat-trap." "So tish, so tish" expostulated the student. "Lishen to me. Bounsher's my lan'lady, said that b'fore. Well, th' cats noy me, this cord" picking up the alleged lethal weapon—"hash big hook on th' end of it and tish beefsteak—" "Beefsteak! what beefsteak?" yelled the four officers again, "Thish is (hic) beef-beefsteak; (indicating the substance at the end of the string,) took it off the table yesser day at dinner: thish beefsteak's b-bait (hic) c-cat-bait, catch th' cats from m' window and haul 'em up and 'xterm'ate them." "Good Heavings," ejaculated the sergeant, aghast, "release him at once before it gets into those confounded papers. Who'd ever have thought it? Beefsteak," and he swung the string round sharply, and the steak coming in contact with the constable's head, it felled him to the floor where he lay deprived of sense or motion for several minutes. "Go away, my man" continued the sergeant, "and if that's boarding house beefsteak, may, may heaven protect you." "Thatsh nothing, thatsh nothing," said the released culprit, as he slid out, "why, that's tender for B-Bounsher." And he wended his way to the quarter in which that lady's victims find "all the comforts of a home."

INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.—It is not generally known that Lord Howard, of Effingham, sent a despatch to Queen Elizabeth in which he gave the news of the defeat of the great Spanish Armada in 1588, and which quite equals in brevity the "veni, vidi, vici" of Ju. Cesar, or the Peccavi (I have Scinded) of Sir Charles Napier. Lord Howard's despatch consisted of but one word which conveyed the desired information, and that word was, "Cantharides"—(the Spanish fly.) Even though it may sometimes be blister be ignorant, any one should blush and become rubefaciant to remain in ignorance of such facts as these.



SMMAY TILLEY LOSES HIS HOLD.

GRIP'S SKETCHES

OF BEINGS WHOM EVERYBODY KNOWS.
THE AMATEUR SAILOR.



There's a certain class of beings that one never can mistake, I mean the yachtsmen, amateurs, who cruise about the lake, You may know them by their language you can't mistake their dress;

Wherever you may meet them, if you're not the veriest dunce, You can never make an error in spotting them at once;

And when he 'comes aboard' the car our laughter he may earn By relating 'how he very near came being left astern.'

He never *upsets* anything, 'capsizes' it is what
A mariner like him would say aboard a three ton yacht
If he consults his watch to see what hour the dial tells, It's never eight, or twelve or four o'clock: oh! no, 'eight bells'
Is what the hardy seaman would call it. If you meet Him quite by accident, and stop his progress in the street,
He'll say, "Look here, you land lubber, I don't want any rows, But just be careful how you steer: don't come athwart my bows."
Now, ten to one, this selfsame youth could not, for all he's worth, Tell a halliard or a bowsprit from a turnip in the earth
A few short weeks ago: and why he seems to think it grand To despise and underrate the things he sees upon the land,
And even to forget their names, the silly, half-grown lout, Is a thing that I can't understand, it licks me out and out.
I really cannot understand why anyone takes pride In telling how he feels a pain within his starboard side. Perhaps all day our hero toils with crossed legs; he's a tailor, But behold him in the evening; ain't he every inch a sailor?
Just twig that knowing hitch he gives his trousers in the rear, Tho' why a sailor does this he has not the least idea. This sketch is long enough, and so I'm called upon to stop, And the subject of the sailor—amateur—I gladly drop.
To be continued.

ARTHUR'S MARTHA.

Young Arthur looked up from the album of photos, "Please Martha, play something," he plaintively sighed, "And what shall I play for you?" fair Martha answered. "Oh! something operatic," the bank clerk replied.

A musical lady of quiet demeanor Looked round on the youth with a whimsical gaze, And laughingly said, "be it gladsome or solemn, "I will be operatic whatever she plays."

The youth, where he sat on a red velvet sofa, Rolled his eyes in surprise and enquired, "Why so?" "Because," said the lady of quiet demeanor, "I will be a selection from 'Martha,' you know."
MARY, St. Thomas.

HE COMES.

And now that day is drawing near, That day so sad, so fateful, When in our sanctum will appear That individual hateful. He'll come, as sure as Judgment day, And in the doorway bobbin', He'll smile, "I've just dropt in to say I've seen the first spring robin."

CONSUMPTION CURE.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir,*—Death was hourly expected by myself and friends. My physicians pronounced my disease consumption, and said I must die. I began taking your "Discovery" and "Pellets." I have used nine bottles and am wonderfully relieved. I am now able to ride out.
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IT STANDS AT THE HEAD.

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The other day a New York policeman arrested another member of the force on the charge of being a suspicious character.—*Exchange.* This looks as if the New York police were getting some sense at last.



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"The International News."

Write enclosing stamp for a copy of the above, published 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 Canada and the United States by the Spirometer (invented by M. Souville of Paris, ex-aid 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 successfully treated by letter addressed International Throat and Lung Institute, 173 Church Street, Toronto, or 13 Phillips Square, Montreal.

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