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The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool



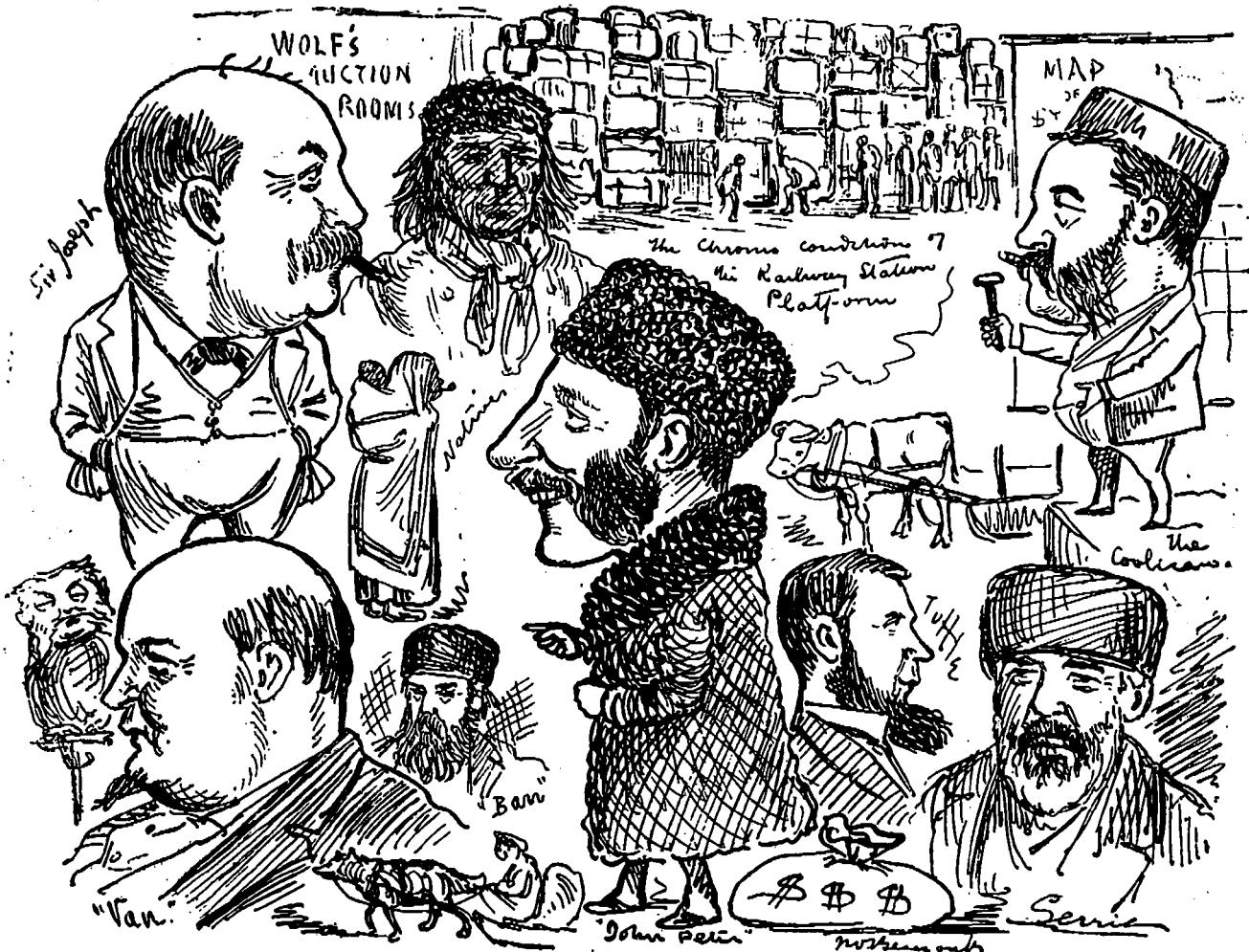
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1ST GENT—What find I here?  
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god  
Hath come so near creation?  
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can  
so beautifully counterfeit nature.  
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The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the Fool.

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**Cartoon Comments.**

**LEADING CARTOON.**—The *Globe* continues to "go for Tupper" on account of the many notorious jobs laid at the door of that minister, but the opposition in Parliament have as yet taken no action to have the various charges investigated, and the session is likely to slip by without anything having been done. It will certainly be an outrage on Tupper if the leaders of the Reform Party make mention of his alleged acts of corruption on the hustings at the forthcoming election, if they fail to bring the same before the proper tribunal in Parliament, and have the truth of those charges substantiated. But, aside from party considerations, it is the duty of Mr. Blake to take this step. If Sir Charles Tupper is guilty of the jobbery with which he is openly charged, it behooves the country to know it, for in that case he is not fit to remain in office; if he be innocent, an opportunity ought to be given him to make that manifest. In his present attitude Mr. Blake is a complacent witness of an outrage on Magna Charta.

**FRONT PAGE.**—Everybody will recognize these sketches, for if everybody is not already in Winnipeg, everybody is on the way or preparing to purchase tickets.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Mr. Jos. Rymal (Liberal), and Mr. Alonzo Wright (Conservative), both old and popular members of the House of Commons, make their final exit from public life with the present session. GRIP seizes the

opportunity to call them before the curtain and pelt them with bouquets, for they are both "jolly good fellows."

The *Winnipeg Sun* says:—"Bengough has long made sport of the Manitoba blizzard, but the latter has had its revenge. He started yesterday to keep a lecture appointment in our western suburb, Portage la Prairie, when out of the sunny sky there suddenly came a wind that blew the snow banks over on to the track and blocked the wheels of the cars. There was no lecture in Portage la Prairie last night. The other passengers felt that they had a Jonah on board."

Good for the Manitoba blizzard! "Revenge is sweet," and, therefore, why shouldn't the M. blizzard have something sweet as well as anybody else? It isn't often M. blizzard has such a good chance as that of the other day, when he caught J. W. in his crystal net. And the *Winnipeg Sun* man is glad. He says, "out of a Sun-ny sky there suddenly came a wind." Now, we want to know who hired that wind? It looks suspicious, to say the least of it, because we would naturally expect the *Winnipeg Sun*, if it is like other suns that we know of, to warn that wind, make it soft-hearted so to speak, and a soft-hearted, properly brought up wind could not be guilty of such a cruel act as that of blocking the way before the people's favorite, our own Mr. GRIP. A wind with any proper feeling would have cleared the track, had it been blocked, and would have carried the news beforehand to Portage la Prairie that their long-looked-for pet was coming at last, and then it would have whispered into the ears of all the pretty flowers that, in summer, deck those fertile plains, and begged them to do their best to scare up a wreath wherewith to crown the hero of the hour, when he should arrive among them. But this was a bitter wind, a bad-tempered wind, a *Winnipeg Sun* wind, at least so the *Winnipeg Sun* says, and it blocked up the track, stopped the cars, disappointed the Portage la Prairie people, and made "the other passengers feel that they had a Jonah on board." How bad that must be! We hope we shall never feel as if we had a "Jonah on board." We are not big enough to try the experiments whales may be equal to, and so we never expect to feel like those unhappy passengers to Portage la Prairie, who travelled in company with this Jonah. We wouldn't mind travelling with him, though, for all that, even if the cars did get snow-blocked. Are we, or is it the *Winnipeg Sun* that is mixed in grammar? Does the "he" of the *Sun*, who "started yesterday to keep a lecture appointment" mean the "blizzard" or "Bengough?" We "only want to know, you know."

GRIP regrets to see that Mr. Belford has published a *brochure*, a Toronto litterateur and a civil servant being joint editors; in which, by bringing together a number of isolated passages from the Old Testament, an attempt is made to prove the Bible to contain grossly immoral writing!!! Even sceptics and agnostics will see the folly and indecency of such an absurd insult to common sense and right feeling. GRIP does not advertise this "frightful example" of Philistine stupidity, by mentioning its name.



**STARTLING NEWS FROM MANITOBA!**

MISS BRIDGET O'ROONEY—(who has been reading a *Nor'-West item*.) The saints save us, mother dear, listen to this! "It is a great mistake to suppose that every young woman who comes to Winnipeg is sure of a husband. The city is full of maidens waiting for an offer." The lyin' spalpeen! I know there's a chance for purty wans, and go I will!

**The Charge of the Land Grabbers.**

BY A DISGUSTED CITIZEN.

At the door, at the door, at the door thundered,  
Thundered with shout and roar, "Grabbers" five hundred!

Some one was going to sell  
"Ontario and Qu' Appelle"  
Stock that they love so well—  
Greedy Five Hundred!

Shortly the hour arrives, doors open! in they dived,  
Each one in vain contrived

To lead the vanguard.  
Like hungry hounds they act  
When in the passage packed  
In their "Contention Act,"  
Heated and angered.

Like howling maniacs, tearing clothes off the backs  
Of those upon whose tracks

They were close following!  
Smashing the window out,  
Lord! how they howl and shout,  
Exchanging clout for clout,  
Hooping and hallooing.

One would, to see them there, think that upon a "tear"  
Each of these gentry were,

Such were their actions!  
For the Subscription Book  
Surging their way,—they look  
Like men at Donnybrook  
Fighting in factions.

Forward the Scallawags! out on the pavement flags  
Stand several funny wags,

And the Reporters,  
Taking the whole thing in,  
Mid all the noise and din,  
Shouting "go in and win"  
Greedy rip-snorters!"

Such a disgraceful scene surely was never seen,  
At least has never been

Seen in this country!  
But tho' they rushed in pell mell  
They got not "Ont. and Qu' Appelle,"  
It was indeed a "sell."  
Which they deserved full well  
For their contemptable!  
Blackguard effrontery!

**The Antigone.**

The *Antigone* was a success after all; we did not pay much heed to those "prophets of evil" who foretold disaster, still we knew that difficulties greater than those which have ruined many a professional performance attended the preparation of the *Antigone*. We congratulate the gentlemen upon the happy result of their labors.



### WEEFLECTIONS OF THE HON. C. BUFFER.

D'ye know I thinkit is high time faw—aw—somebody who has cntwol of such undehtakings, to pwoceed at onco to seouah the pehmenancy of the—aw—Island in fwont of Towonto. A few moah bweezes like that of last week, and the "eastewen gap" will be enlawged to such an extent that the hawbeh will be—aw—in point of fact, no hawbeh; and, moahoveh, it is evident if some pweasoution be not taken, it will be only a mattah of time, and a vewy shaut time, indeed, to wash the whole—aw—sand bank, up to—aw—say Mimico. It is a most extwao'dinary thing to me that the citizens of this place should faw yeahs coolly stand and contemplate the destwuction by the wolling billows of Ontawio of the only safe gawd, and defence of the hawbeh, without which Towonto would no longer be Towonto. If some the'ty odd ye'as ago pwopeh cwiba or bweakwateh had been placed along the line of the eastewen paution of the then peninsula, theah would not be the eweh-widening "gap" so indicative of its ultimate destwuction, nor in fact would theah likely be any gap at all, except dug out faw the accommodation of ma'wnehs. If a bweakwateh had been built at wight angles to the line of the Island, say from the mat'ah west of Ashbewige's Bay, it would obstwuct and hold all the *debutis* sand, et cetera, swept from the shoah by the eastewy gales, and, at the same time, pwoctect the wateh unstable and wandewing soil of the—aw—Island. Ya'as—I he'ah that the apwoximate oost of the pwojected awangements faw the hawbeh is set down at five hundred thousand dollahs, of which the City is to pay pant and the Genewal Gov'ment pant, which is a—aw—vewy wighteous awangement; but the payment of twice five hundred thousand dollahs, even if it came out of the City Tweasuwry, should not pwevent the people of Towonto from insisting that the desiwed we'ek should be gone on with fawthwith, and, at least as soon as the weathaw will peh'mit in the spring—ya'as, indeed, I would e'ghe upon owah good people—"without wegawd to cwreed an cullah," as they say wegawding political mattahs, the great necessity of immediate action in this—aw—much wequihed unde'htaking, faw look at the di'ah consequences inevitably following the destwuction au paut destwuction of the Island, and it does not appeaw to me to be a vewy wemote contingency! The—aw—Island goes fi'rst, then the whawfs and esplanade with the elevatohs, railway tracks, depots, stations, and, in fact, in a shaut time the wateh line of the city will be as faw inland and wepwezent the gwaceful seh'pentine outline, which so delighted the autistically-inclined seh'jo'hnehs heah, in the beginning of the centuwry, as shown in the sketches and wateh coll'ehs, in possession of that vewy respectable and intewesting society the—aw—Yank Pione'ahs. I wewally think that something should be done at onco au the above dweadful condition of affairs may be awived at. Ya'as, I do, indeed.

"Were you ever a lawyer?" said a friend to our Funny Contributor. "No," replied Our Contributor, "but I have often been called to the bar." Our Contributor adds that "Theodore Hook made this reply many years ago, the joke was *hooked* from him."

### The Yarn of the Lake

BY MATELOT.

["Ottawa, March 27.—Mr. Guillet introduced a bill to extend certain provisions of the Seamen's Act of 1873 . . . and to provide for the collection of the wages of seamen and other persons employed on board vessels trading on the inland waters of Canada, in a summary manner.—*Daily Paper, Dom. Parliament Report.*"]

We thank ye, Mr. Guillet, for your good and timely bill, it is just the thing we wanted here, our wages for to get, The way it stands to-day, sir, regardin' of our pay, sir, Is hard upon us sailors who've to face the cold and wet.

The law that we are under must be a lawful blunder, The Master and the Servants' hact on shore may be all right, But with us upon the water—I'm sure it hadn't orter Apply to us at all, I think. In fact I'm sure I'm right.

For a long time we've been grievin', and I'll tell ye now the reason Why the M. S. Act won't work with us, as with those on the shore, And I'm sure that Grit or Tory, if they listen to my story, Will not leave poor Jack in such a fix as he's been heretofore.

If I ship on board a schooner in the month of March or June, or Any time you like between the spring and fall, I dumps my bag in the *fo-castle* and with the work I 'ra's'le, But do I know who owns the craft? Why, blow me, not at all.

If in the fall we "strip" her, perhaps the noble skipper Just "tops his boom," and takes the train away for foreign parts, It was he who did engage us, but he hasn't paid our wages, And who are we to look to? It's enough to break our hearts!

And often the intent is, of him *non est inventus*, (As the lawyers say), to leave us in strange place without a dime, And the owner of the craft, sir, whom we may be looking after, May be spekulating in town lots on the Assinaboine!

If a mortgage there is on her, then our wages is a "goner," Unless we've cash and time to stay and "carry on a suit Against the mortgagee, sir, but for lack of lawyer's fee, sir, We have to leave our pay behind, when off to sea we "scoot."

Where "marine" laws are in force, sir, we takes a different course, sir, We seizes of the vessel, or at least part of her gear, Some times we rises rancour by takin' of an anchor, We sells it and we get out pay, and then the vessel's clear.

Why, folks they must be dreamin', to think that us poor seamen Can tell the proper owner of the craft wherein we ship! Or that we'd be foreseenin', that on her was a "lien," It's the vessel we've to look to after we have made our trip.

So good luck to Mr. Guillet! let's take each glass and fill it, And drink success unto his bill, likewise his own good health, And we'll have another glass, men, when our wages bill will pass, men, A hopin' he'll be happy with a bucket full of wealth.

### Unhappy Thoughts.

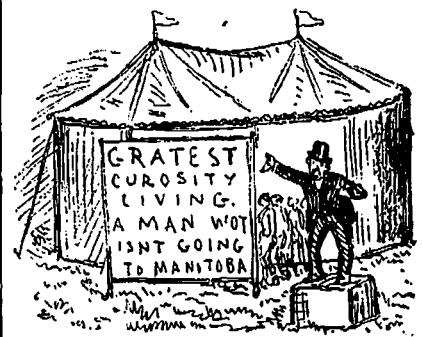
CHAP. IV.

THE *Antigone* AT THE UNIVERSITY, AND THE "RIVALS" AT ST. JAMES' CATHEDRAL.

To the truly primitive philosopher it is before all things gratifying to see how completely Mr. Crooks' ideas as to the way in which educational matters should be arranged, are carried out by the *English* young gentlemen whom he from time to time selects to teach Oxford ideas, to our "raw, rough, and democratic" University students. The University of Toronto, as everybody knows, needs funds in the worst way for the most necessary purposes. She has to run her chariot on the highway of learning, with, so to speak, the most bottailed arrangement of professional steeds. Each Professor combines several subjects, to teach each of which adequately, would exhaust one competent lecturer's abilities; for instance, the Reverend Principal, as everybody knows, combines the chairs of cookery and education! Well qualified as he is to do justice

to either, it is impossible that he can do justice to both, and it is important that he should be assisted by two lecturers, say one, on the palmontology of Boarding-house Pies, and one on Pre-historic Hash. In view of these pressing needs, does it not seem a pity that three thousand dollars should be expended on a dramatic spectacle which will last but a single night? even if the "Greek Play" was certain to be a success, which, for many reasons, is far from being the case! There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and when young gentlemen aesthetically arrayed as Greek Princes, undertake to spout long speeches in Greek, any hitch in the feminine get-up, or any blunder in the Greek will make the performance anything but sublime. Of course the amiable Professor of Classics will take the leading Young Lady's part. Unhappy Thought! He will have to shave off his beautiful whiskers! The play does not contain an old woman character, otherwise that *role* might be effectively sustained by the Minister of Education.

At dinner at our boarding place there was quite a discussion about the probably successful nominee for the vacant Rectorship of St. James' Cathedral. The young lady pupil at the Normal School, is a habitual worshipper at the Cathedral, and modestly expressed a hope that Bishop Sweatman would accede to the wishes of the congregation, and of Protestant Toronto in general, by appointing Rev. Mr. Rainsford. "But," said she, "Bishop Sweatman says he is too young." Unhappy thought. What is the value of a rule that won't work both ways? Bishop Sweatman is quite a young man himself! But our landlady's daughter, who is High Church, and has not improved her temper by fasting all this Lent, wanted to know what the congregation had to do with it. It was their duty humbly to obey his Lordship the Bishop. She only hoped his Lordship would appoint some good *Catholic*, who would change the St. James' services into something like dear Holy Trinity, and have the prayers sung only by a choir of boys in "white albs plain, and place an eleemosynarium on the saccharium. I did not quite understand the meaning of all these fine words, but Miss Monica, that is her name, says that if the St. James' people do not obey the Lord Bishop, his Lordship (Miss Monica takes in the *Dominion High Churchman*, and, like that spirited journal, never loses a chance to say "My Lord") his Lordship the Right Rev. the Bishop would remove his "throne" to some other church, thereby constituting it the Cathedral. Unhappy thought! how much Canadian bishops might gain in dignity and usefulness by ceasing to hanker after an absurd, illegal, and utterly un-Canadian title! More unhappy thought! a bishop who tries to crush the independence of a Toronto Protestant congregation, had better remove his "throne" to an institution not very far west of Trinity College. There he will find plenty of estimable persons who sit on imaginary thrones, and take much delight in gracing themselves with titles of their own creation.



A HINT FOR HARRY PIPER.

**Wayside Gleanings.**

BY A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.  
SHABBY TEETOTALERS.

In a pretty little village in Ontario, which bears the name of a great European capital city, there is an hotel, quiet, clean and well-conducted, and withal (a great consideration with commercial men) has a *good table*. The proprietor is a man who, once seen, is long remembered, his individuality being most marked. To say he is an old man is to understate the case; he bears the appearance of antiquity, and forcefully reminds one of the period of the deluge. His movements are slow, his form erect, his bearing dignified, and, as he walks through his domains he looks like a man "born to rule," at least, his own household. He wears an exceptionally large collar, clean and white, and, to use a common expression, "he has no end of no-c." This latter feature has occasional "paugs of hunger," and so is fed with an occasional pinch of real Scotch—Sandy's delight. After being thus indulged the nose seems to bear the appearance of satisfaction, and, if it could articulate, would say:

Knows he who never took a pinch?  
Knows he the pleasure thence that flows?  
Knows he the titillating joy which my nose knows?  
O, nose, I am as proud of thee,  
As any mountain of its snows;  
I think of thee and feel the joy  
A Roman knows.

This man, take him for all in all, is a model landlord; and his house, take that also for all in all, is a model hotel. If all other hotels in Ontario were as well conducted, we poor commercials would be able to spend more time in the blissful embrace of

"Tired nature's sweet restorer—balmey sleep."

One thing struck me, and that was, though this was a licensed house, alcoholic drinks took a very subordinate place. This is certain, no man would be led into temptation to drink who had not the desire to do so. I remarked upon this peculiarity to the landlord, who replied, "I don't care much to sell it, and for what I sell I might almost as well run a temperance house; people can have what they want if they ask for it, but I never ask them to buy." "Well then," said I, "why keep it at all? why not run a temperance house?" He replied, "I did so for some time, in fact we all did, for the Temperance Act was in force." I intimated, "Then you made a virtue of necessity." "O, no, by no means," he responded, "for the next election defeated the Temperance Act!" "Then you again took out your license?" "No," said he, "I did not, I wanted to keep on a temperance house, and should have done so, but for the temperance people themselves." "How so?" I inquired; to which he replied, "I thought to compensate myself for loss of profit on drink by charging five cents extra for dinner; my neighbor, across the way, took out a license and had all the drink trade. I expected the temperance people would give me their support—and so they did, by putting their horses in my stable and their waggons in my yard; but when the dinner-bell rang they went across the road to save a petty five cents, because there they paid 25c., and I charged 30c."

"Well, that was rather mean and shabby," I replied, "they might have made so small a sacrifice for their principles." "So I thought, but they didn't," said he. "I then tried charging a cent or two extra for stable accommodation. Some then began to bring their own feed for their horses, and others 'put up' at my neighbor's, but they came to my house for dinner."

I asked if that arose from the fact that he had begun again to charge 25c. "Just so," replied he, "now you know why this is not a temperance house, and why I sell drink; I do so in self-defence, and because temperance people are so mean and shabby."

It is not often I hesitate to announce myself a temperance man, but I must confess I did so in this instance, contenting myself by saying "I did not think all temperance people were alike, that I had found some very noble and generous men among them." This fact he readily admitted, but remarked, "They are a shabby lot about here."

This is not the only case I have met with of a similar sort in my travels. In some, I was not surprised temperance people did not support them, my only surprise being that non-temperance people did. They were untidy and unclean, and altogether innocent of comfort, but in the one selected none of these disqualifications existed. The house was attractive; the landlord, a character whom Dickens would have revelled in, and, withal, possessed of a disposition to promote temperance principles, or, at least, not to counteract them. There is, at least, to my knowledge, one licensed house in Ontario which would not have existed if temperance men had been true to their principles.

**Sorrel-Top.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S DAUGHTER."

(Concluded.)

Matters were apparently in a very nice way at the termination of our last, and Herbert was so pleased with himself and everything in general, that he actually had the courage to ask the mother to let the dear children stay another week; but in so doing he made a fatal mistake. The mother, delighted that Uncle Herbert should take such an interest in the little darlings, at once consented. If our bank clerk could only have foreseen the events of the next few days, how he would have cursed the inspiration that made him stay the immediate departure of those children.

After the kissing, etc., had been got through, a day or two of ecstatic bliss followed, too delightful for anything—to last in fact; for one evening while Herbert was urging Miss H—to name an early day when she would place her hand and heart (and dollars) in his keeping, she tragically intimated that she had promised her papa, for some unknown reason, not to marry for two years. Here was a dilemma. He could wait two years for the hand and heart, but the dollars he felt he must have immediately. His fiery headed *fiancee* could only direct him to her dear papa for any amelioration of the dread delay. Now, Herbert wasn't so foolish as he looked, and turned his mind toward devising some scheme for, as he muttered to himself (unfortunately in the hearing of Tottie, "getting the better of Sorrel-Top's old man." So, putting his wits to work, he concluded that about the best thing he could do would be to drop a note to old Mr. H—, sympathizing with him on his illness, and requesting to be allowed to sit up with and care for him—in fact he wished to be allowed the same share in the care of him as one of the family. The letter, when finished, Herbert thought, would move the heart of a stone, and he calculated that in the lonely watches of the night he would have ample opportunity to talk the old gentleman into the belief that it would be a monstrous thing to die and leave his daughter unmarried and unsettled in life, and to suggest how glad he would be to take care of her if her father should be called away.

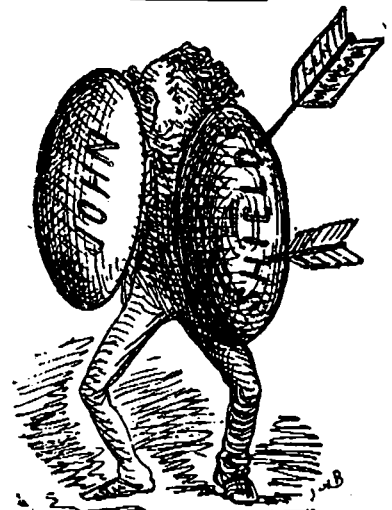
Just as he finished, some of "our fellows" called for Herbert. "Something good at the Grand," they said. And, being near eight o'clock, he hurriedly folded up the sheet, placed it in an envelope, directed it, and laid it on the table with other papers till he should return. He left Tottie and Daisy playing in the room, and telling them to be good and not touch anything, he joined the party and sallied forth in

high spirits—so soon, alas, to turn to deepest gloom.

He had no sooner gone than Tottie, who had heard the remark about getting the better of the old man, proposed to Daisy that they should help him. So, taking up the unsealed letter they added to its contents several of the slips of paper on the table. The innocent little dears were not going to see their uncle fail, if slips of paper with writing on would help him.

Gay was Herbert as he came home that night and mounted the stairs to his fourth-story chamber; pulling the bell, he handed the servant who answered it the letter to be posted. The next morning when he called to ask how Mr. H— was, the door was slammed in his face, and returning to his home to think over whether he should discharge the servant who did so, immediately on his taking possession, or give him a month's notice, he found a letter awaiting him in the handwriting of his "Sorrel-Top." Hastily tearing it open he found himself informed that neither Miss H— nor her father were interested in knowing the exact amount due on his spring suit or his last pair of patent leathers, that his washing bill would have looked better had it been receipted, and that as for getting the better of Sorrel-Top and her old man (which remark, it appeared, he had, in an absent moment, scribbled on the back of one of the aforesaid slips), all Miss H— could say was, that if her hair was of a light auburn tint, it suited her and need not further interest him.

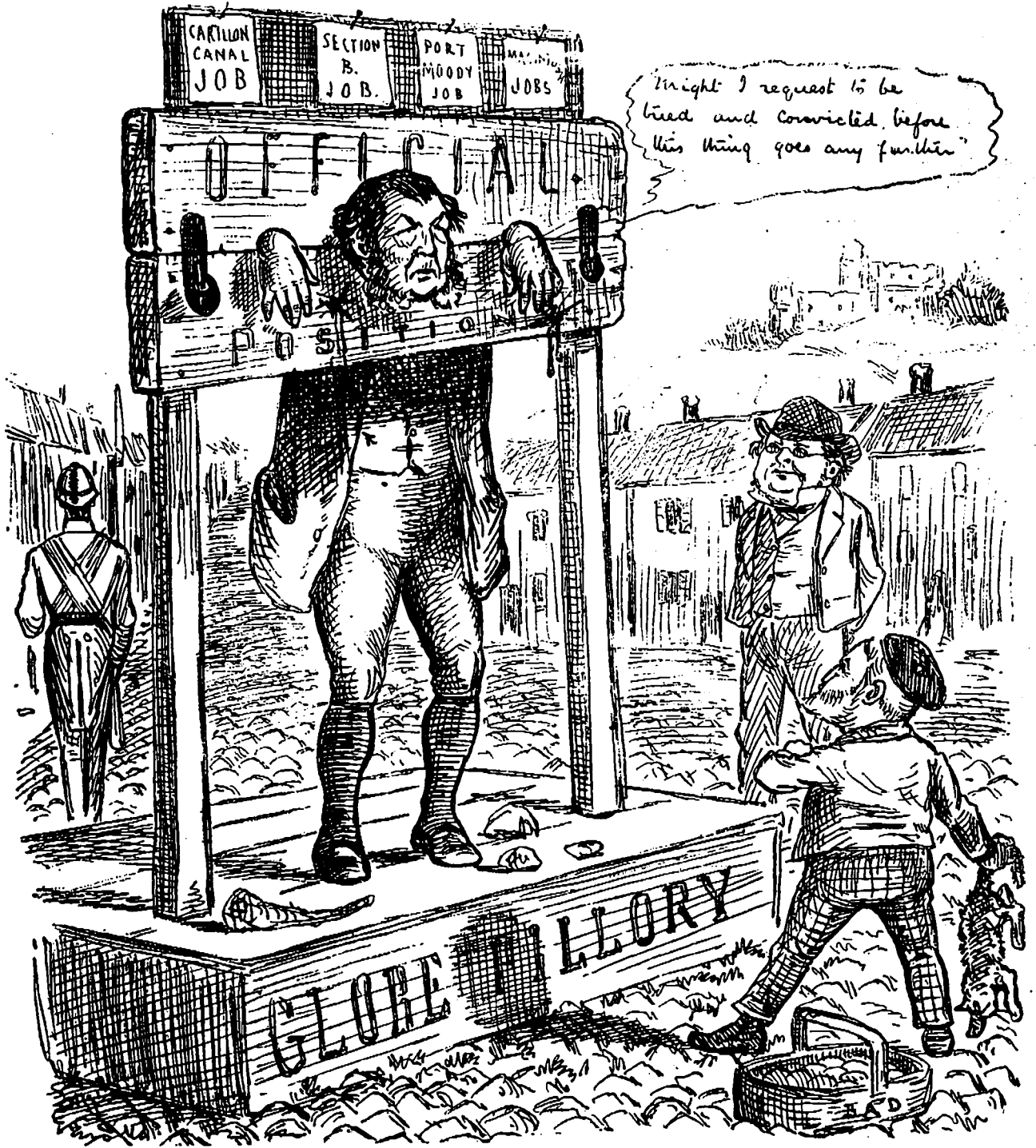
Poor Herb! He collapsed utterly. The haunts which knew him once will know him no more. From being one of the jauntiest and dressiest of B. C.'s, he fell till he became one of the shabbiest and most widely known bank presidents on the Continent, and continued to descend till he eventually married the dark-haired daughter of the projector of a new colonization company, and disappeared in the Great North-West.



JOHN A. PROTECTED BY HIS BRAZEN SHIELDS.

[For full particulars apply to Col. Hewson.]

"I understand that you told in a store that I wasn't a man to be depended on," said Hickenlooper to Wigglesworth, as they met the other morning. "T'aint so," promptly denied Wigglesworth; "what I said was that you were a tergiversationist." "Oh, well, that's quite another thing," responded Hickenlooper; "I'm much obliged to you for your good opinion," and he shook Wigglesworth warmly by the hand and went away.



MAGNA CHARTA SUSPENDED;

OR, PUNISHMENT BEFORE TRIAL.

## The Joker Club.

### "The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Last words of Webster: Zythepary, zythum.

There are some promising young men who are not careful about keeping their word.

A gamecock ought to be good eating. Does not the poet say "the bravest are the tenderest?"

"My wife," remarked Fitznoodle, "is fairly crazy over the fashions. She's got the delirium trimmings."

Ma—"Oh, Tommy! how did you get your hands so dirty?" Tommy—"Don't know, unless it was wipin' 'em on me face."

A Russian proverb says:—"Before going to war, pray once; before going to sea, pray twice; before getting married, pray three times."

What is the difference between an old tramp and a feather bed? There is a material difference. One is hard up, and the other is soft down.

"My daughter," exclaimed a fashionable mother, "is innocence itself. You can't say anything in her presence that will make her blush."

A quiet young man from Shanghai  
Indulged in a piece of mianc pai;  
His life work is o'er  
His form here no moer  
Will visible be to the air.

A Somerville shoemaker advertises to make temperance boots and shoes, or, in other words, boots and shoes that are never so tight as to be disagreeable.—*Somerville Journal*.

Not long ago a small boy refused to sit by his sister's side at church. "Why do you object?" his mother asked. "Oh, you know, people might think we're married!"

Grammarians are puzzled over the question whether "mumps" and "measles" are singular or plural. They often look singular but that is no criterion on a question of this kind.

At the opera in Dublin a gentleman sarcastically asked a man standing up in front of him if he was aware he was opaque. The other denied the allegation, and said he was O'Brien.

A sweet and tender young woman is loved by both Christians and South Sea Islanders; by the former as something to marry, and by the latter as something to eat. And undoubtedly she is very nice, take her either way.

One by one the beautiful legends of the world are fading into nonentities. It is now said there is no race of tailed men in Borneo. Perhaps they didn't put the premium lists high enough and the men wouldn't race.

It is estimated that if a man lives to 70 years old he passes at least 24 years in sleep. So you see a man is a pretty good sort of a fellow one-third of the time, bad as he may be the remaining two-thirds. Let us be charitable.

Two Irishmen who often made a night of it over the whiskey bottle were late one evening at their usual occupation. At length says one, seeing the supply finished—"Are ye goin' to bed to-night, or may ye be goin' to sit up till to-morrow mornin' as ye did last night?"

"Johnnie, here you are at the breakfast table, and your face is unwashed," said his mother, with a sharp look. "I know, ma. I saw the animalcules in pa's microscope last night, and I ain't going to have those things crawling all over my face with their funny little legs."

Master—"Fulness under the eye denotes language. Jones you are not listening, sir. Just tell me what fulness under the eye denotes?" Jones—"Fulness under the eye, sir. Please, sir, that the Gov'nor's been playing cards at his club all night and can't eat any breakfast."

"How beautiful the dome of heaven is this evening," said Angelica, as she leaned heavily on his arm. "The stars seem to look down upon us—" "Oh, yes," said practical John, "it's impossible for them to look up to us, you know. They can't." Sudden check to an evening's fill of most delightful sentimentality.

"How is it, Mr. Brown?" said a miller to a farmer, "that when I came to measure those ten barrels of apples that I bought from you I found them nearly two barrels short?" "Singular, very singular; for I sent them to you in ten of your own flour barrels." "Ahem! Did, eh?" said the miller, "well, perhaps I made a mistake. Let's imbibe."—*San Francisco Post*.

On board the *Nova Scotian*, on her last voyage, the following incident occurred:—

*Inquisitive Passenger*.—"And so, Bos'en, you call that curious instrument?"—

"A Quadrant, sir."

"And that 'ere?"—

"Is a Cat-head, sir."

"And what might you call that rope in your hand?"

"That's a spanker, sir," replied the exasperated Boss, giving him the full benefit of the instrument on his nether garment.

For the rest of the day our friend kept a dog-head silence.

### Peculiar Things.

To pick up money is lucky.

To lose money or jewellery is unlucky.

To drop hot sealing-wax on your fingers is a sign you will be angry.

To meet a bolting horse on the pavement implies that you are going to run.

To dream of being run over by fire-engines is often a sign that you have had pork chops for supper.

To call at a friend's house about dinner time and find him absent is a sign you will be disappointed.

If a man says: "I hardly like to ask you, old fellow, but—" it is a sign he wants to borrow money.

To collide with three consecutive lamp-posts and fall over an apple stall is a sign you are not a Good Templar.

### A Nice Young Man.

A very high-toned looking young man, in exquisite moustache, loud plaid clothes, red kids, and knitting-needle cane, walked into a tobacco shop and, throwing down half a dollar on the counter, said:

"Well, this is the worst town I ever saw; a gentleman can't get anything in it satisfactory, and I am utterly unable to see how a person of fastidious taste can live here. I say, Mr. Shopkeeper, can you sell a fellow a decent cigar?"

"Yes, sir," said the cigar man, meekly.

"Well, then fly around lively and do it. Don't you see that half dollar?"

"Yes, sir. What kind of a cigar do you wish, sir?"

"What kind?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, look at me, sir, a moment, and see for yourself what kind of a cigar would suit me," and he drew himself up grandly and gazed down on the shopkeeper.

The shopkeeper looked, and then took in the half dollar, got out a cigar and handed it to the man, with forty-nine cents change, and said: "I owe you half a cent, sir, but I can't make change unless you take another cigar."

The nice young man looked at the shopkeeper, and then at the cigar, and then at himself, and without a single word walked out of the shop.—*Steubenville Herald*.

### The Day We Commemorate.

MR. GRIP.—The dreadful possibility flashed across my mind upon reading the papers of Saturday, detailing the exercises of the previous day, that, perhaps, after all, the boast of the Torontonians being a religious people, should be taken *cum grano salis*, and that although our churches

Lift their tall heads into the sky,  
They lift them up to heaven and lie.

Now, I do not like lying under any pretence, though I do not pretend to be a saint (we have no Canadian saints canonized yet), for I know that

"A man may cry church, church, at every word,  
With no more piety than other people,  
A daw's not reckoned a religious bird,  
Because he keeps a cawing from a steeple."

I like humor and fun, and one Mr. Sterne tells me that a good laugh is equal to an extra half hour of our existence, but "a time for everything" is not a bad motto, observed within due limits; and with this prelude permit me to say that it is rather incongruous for a professedly Christian community to wind up the day of the observance of the most tremendous event of which this earth has ever been the theatre, with the exhibition of Humpty Dumpty, Kit Carson the Arkansas Traveller, etc., etc., etc.

TIMOTHY TYPO.

[Nor do concerts, however well selected and sacred, even though they be held in churches which are the sanctums of the creed that hangs entirely upon this "event," seem to Mr. Grip the fitting accompaniments to that frame of mind that certainly suggests itself as both natural and suitable to a due observance of the day they commemorate.]

### Religiously Observed.

Mrs. O'Gormand and Mrs. O'Randy, leaving the church door on Easter morning—

Mrs. O'Randy, solemnly—"How many eggs did your Tim sit this mornin'?"

Mrs. O'Gormand—"Sure, ma'am, an' he ait foive,—two goose eggs, two dook eggs, and wan hin egg." (A fact).

### Satisfactory Results in Montreal.

Whilst Montreal is a model city in many respects, it is not exactly a quarter section of Paradise, as Capt. Geo. Murphy, Chief of the Government Police, can testify. A reporter of a Montreal journal waited upon this gentleman a short time ago, and put to him the following query:—

"Chief, do you find the duties irksome and dangerous in your strange calling?"

"Irksome," replied Mr. Murphy, "I seldom find them: but that they are attended with danger is very true. There is danger to be faced, of course, from wind, weather, and criminals, and the least of these dangers is not that of exposure and bad weather. The heavy, moist atmosphere that gathers over the water is very conducive to rheumatism, and many of my men suffer from that complaint more or less. I believe that our danger from exposure from this time forward is past, as St. Jacobs Oil, if applied in time in cases of rheumatism, has a wonderful way of knocking that malady out of people. It certainly relieved me of a severe pain in my shoulders."

### The Lay of Tin-Pot Tom.

BY PORCUPINE.

#### ARGUMENT.

The City Council has paid the annual grant of \$75.00 towards keeping a life-boat service, not to Wm. Ward, the Island fisherman, who was elected life-boat keeper by the voice of the people, but to one Thomas Tinning, on the strength of a declaration made by the latter, that he keeps a boat for LIFE-SAVING purposes, and the following *life-saving apparatus*, viz:—

- 2 Life-Preservers. (Oh, preserve us!)
- 1 Sail. (A forced one, doubtless.)
- 1 Painter. (This is put in to give a little color to his story—probably a water color.)
- 2 Lanterns. (Evidently intended to throw a little light on the subject.)
- 1 Boat Hook. (Allegorical, signifying that he intended to get the city grant by hook or crook.)
- 1 Grappling Iron. (An instrument which makes things deuced *lively* for dead bodies.)
- 2 Pairs of Oars. (1 without a blade, and 2 without a handle.)
- 1 Boat, holding 10 persons. (More or less; rather less if aught.)

The whole of the property is landed and stored at \_\_\_\_\_'s wharf. (We fear that this report of Tinning's landed property is a groundless one.)

An ancient mariner am I, and somewhat known to Fame, For I'm an artful dodger, sir, and up to every game. When low, disgusting storms blow high, I stay at home, in ease,

And when the month of March appears, the Council pays my fees;

I've drawn some prizes in my time, the best I ever drew Is Toronto's little money grant towards a life-boat crew.

Of course I don't deny, dear GRIP, my boat is very small, And in a moderate gale of wind, it wouldn't do at all. My saving apparatus, too, will have to be re-set. (To tell the honest truth, old man, I've never seen it yet.) And sad to say, my crew is small, (permit me here to state, There's only Tin-Pot Tom and I. I'm captain, Tin-Pot's mate.)

What though I'm but a "duffer," sir, aboard a sailing craft, (There's no one can deny that I'm a beggar on a raft), And if my *grappling iron* and hook were never known to SAVE, They're awful good at snatching "*stiffs*" from old Ontario's wave; Which "*stiffs*," if dead (they always are), are free from ev'ry ill; And Lor! they've friends on ev'ry hand who always foot the bill.

I know I've got two "Life Preservers," but they of course, you see, Are not for shipwreck'd lunatics (not while there's Mr. T.), Perhaps I swore my sailing boat would hold some 10 or more, (If she had two, besides myself, I'd like to be ashore.) But what's the odds? our Aldermen will always pay the shot, And William Ward does all the work, while Tin-Pot takes the "*Pot*."

I don't deny that Billy Ward's a sailor, ev'ry inch, One who, when duty's call is heard, was never known to flinch; Whilst I have always held (although not faint of heart) That calm Discretion ever is rude Valor's better part. And thus I never face a storm (that were indeed too rash), So William always PULLS the boat, whilst Tin-Pot DRAWS the cash.

### Smith Jones Undertakes to Explain the Picture Book to His Two-Year-Old Son.

Look, here's a fellow with a pen stuck behind his ear. That's a lawyer. That's one of them fellows that makes their money out of poor fools that don't know enough to keep away from them. You ain't a' goin' to be a lawyer, mind that, my birkie!

See this one with a long black coat an' white choker? That's a clergyman. A clergyman marries folks, an' christens them, an' buries them, an' presides at socials, an' gets lots of carpet shoes given him—and—well, I guess that's about all I know about him. You learn a good square trade, sonny.

Now do you see this big man with the watch in one hand, an' grabbin' hold of the man's wrist with the other? Well, that there's a doctor. A doctor gets rung up every time he falls asleep, especially when it's raining cats an' dogs, an' runs for the life of him to cure a baby's belly-ache—or dash a pail of cold water on some ill-tempered woman who's got hysterics. Nol

my boy, you've too much of your daddy's quick temper in you to be a doctor.

Oh, my! gaze on this. Here's a cat, and here's a dog, either the cat's bin chasing the dog, or the dog's bin chasing the cat, or both, its uncertain which, they've kind of got mixed. Anyhow, this man—here's a Magistrate. They call a Magistrate a beak. He fines you for takin' a fit in the street, or for not shovillin' your snow off, and sich. Well, this here beak, he's goin' to fine the owners of these two animiles two dollars each, so he'll be sure to get at the one that chased the other, or the other that chased the one. You won't be a beak, will you, sonny?

This 'ere fellow in the biled shirt and white weskit, with the gold dog chain hanging out of the pocket. That's a tavern keeper. He stands behind the bar whistlin' "He gets ajar." A bar is a place where loafers come in to spit a while, and drink stuff that makes their noses blossom like a young peach tree, an' makes their legs double up under them flip-flop every way. The wives of them loafers can't buy any clothes, and have to give out washin' and take in scrubbin' for a livin'. But, then, it's a free country, an' you have got to make money, honestly if you can, an', if you can't—why, here's the other way.

This here's a wench from the ould sod. She never saw a monkey in her life before, so she thinks that organ grinder must be the monkey's father. 'Stead o' that, the monkey's the greatest grandfather the man has—afore the flood, 'cordin' to Darwin. Though how the son and the antediluvian ancestor come to be contemporaries in this here age, beats me. I declare if that youngster ain't asleep. Say, bub, wake up, it's time to go to bed.



### THE TYRANNICAL CUSTOM.

[SCENE.—A humble house of mourning.]

LITTLE EVA.—Ma, won't God take care of us if we don't get black clothes 'cause pa died?

MA.—Yes, dear, God will care for us, but our christian neighbors won't!

### The Story of Artus Sturgus Hardus.

AS RELATED IN THE "HALF-HOURLY HERALD," A. D. 3,000

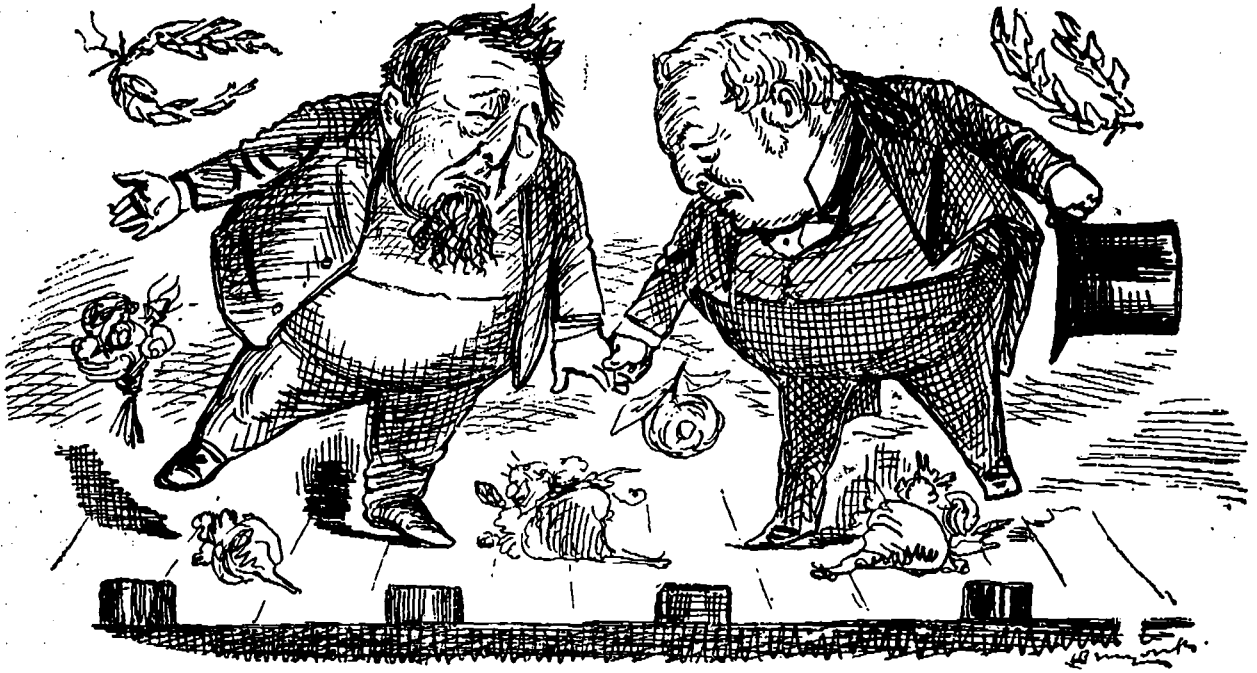
BY DICK DUMPLING.

Long, long ago, before the present tunnel under the Atlantic was ever thought of, and when it was considered fashionable to be a goody—goody Sunday-school teacher, and, at the same time, a baddy—baddy pilfering accountant, there lived a very wise king, whose name was Populus. He owned and ruled over a fair portion of country called Ontario, and was vastly superior to all other kings in this respect, viz:—he had the power of being in every part of his domain at the same time.

Well, King Populus had a great deal of business to attend to, and consequently employed a great number of servants. Among them was one called Artus Sturgus Hardus, whose duty was to conduct all correspondence, and other things of a like nature concerning the interests of the king. He had to receive a report from a lesser official named Immigrationis Agentus, who was stationed in another part of the country. It was his place to lay this report before His Majesty the King, after having examined it carefully—it is supposed—for the purpose of correcting any grammatical errors that might creep in, for King Populus had much knowledge, and it hurt his feelings greatly when he read bad grammar. On this account it was necessary for a mortal in the position of Artus Sturgus Hardus to be somewhat intelligent, and, to give the servant in question his due, it must be admitted that he knew something, or, as would be said in those days, "he had a good head." Again, to use an ancient word, he had considerable "gumption," for he was a lawyer. Lawyers were queer folk, but the people of this age know very little about them, for they were abolished centuries ago, when it was found that they were not at all necessary for the advancement of civilization, that in fact they retarded it, and that they should never have been invented. A petrified lawyer can be seen in the "Queerest Things' Room" at the Universal Museum, on the upper end of the North Pole. It is a perfect specimen, excepting its tongue, which has withstood all attempts at petrification on account of its continual wagging, even after death. But we are digressing. There came a time when Artus Sturgus Hardus received the usual report from Immigrationis Agentus, and, in reading it over, he discovered that it contained somewhat flattering allusions to Nationalis Policia, a personage who was well known on account of the good he had done for his country, but who was unceasingly hated by Artus Sturgus Hardus for this reason: Mr. N. Policia had been brought into notice by an opponent of Artus Sturgus Hardus. Therefore Artus Sturgus Hardus lost no opportunity of denouncing and making little of the prosperity-giving Mr. Policia, while he inwardly envied him. So when he read in the report before him, of the good that was directly or indirectly attributed to the popular Nationalis Policia, he howled with rage. He quickly snatched up a cutting instrument called scissors, and carefully removed that passage of the report which concerned Nationalis Policia. We must here inform our readers that the ancients of the 19th century did a great deal of cutting with those instruments, of which there are only two-pairs known to present antiquarians; one is in the Universal Museum, and the other was lost between China and California, about nine hundred years ago. The ancients did not use scissors for cutting as much as we now use electricity for the same purpose—even for cutting an acquaintance or a figure.

Well, when Artus Sturgus Hardus had fixed the report to his own taste by leaving out what was complimentary to Nationalis Policia, he forthwith presented it to King Populus. But by some fortunate means, Immigrationis Agentus managed to read the report as given to the King, and immediately told Populus what had been left out. The latter was exceedingly wrathful. He called his servant, Artus Sturgus Hardus, before him, and having rebuked him for his unfaithfulness in attempting to conceal from him the prosperous state of his country, bade him retire, but to continue his work for a while as he could not dismiss him until the time for which he had engaged him had expired.

When the joyous season called election came, King Populus retired Artus Sturgus Hardus on a weekly pension of twenty-five old copies of the *Globe*. He then gave him a pair of pewter scissors, and sent him home to his native city,



CALLED BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

LAST APPEARANCE ON THE PUBLIC STAGE OF ALONZO WRIGHT AND JOS. RYMAL, M. P.'S.

Brantfordica, where he spent the remainder of his days seated in a little chair, cutting anti-N. P. editorials out of his pen-ion-composing Globes, with his little scissors.

The Directors of the Universal Museum are busy in organizing an expedition to go in search of the scissors and remains of Artus Sturgus Hardus, and will spare no expense or trouble to find them. If the expedition is successful, and we are confident that it will be, the historical relics will be embalmed and placed in the museum, alongside of those priceless antiques, Courtenagus, and his little saw.



A Crow Chief—A rooster.  
Beautiful in death—skeleton leaves.  
A spy-y paper—A Detective Journal.  
Fast Englishmen should live on Fleet-street.  
"What lady's name describes the lady?"—Isabel.  
Judged by her dress, the future man is wo-man.  
An M. P. who should be poetical—Mr. Rhyme-al.  
"Like angel's visits, few, and far between."  
—Spadina-avenue cars.  
"Letter rip," as the thief said when he tore open a registered one.  
A bookseller in Port Hope advertises "Friendship Cards." They are badly needed down there.

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The most popular conundrum with coal consumers—Who pays the duty?

In the London (Eng'and) theatres the plays are very affecting, the audience is all in *liers*.

The sun is of all things in nature the most personally offensive, as it casts reflections on everybody.

From the way building and lending societies are flourishing in Manitoba, it is well-named "the great loan land."

When a tramp gets away without a hoking he makes unbeaten tracks. How much does not the paragrapher owe to the tramp?

A returned East Indian was complimented on his genial disposition and large-heartedness. "Yes," he replied, "I need less heat, but more liver."

The sick poet belongs to the muse-ill-age. Bread was discovered in the dough-t-age, and dogs in the cur-age.—*Whitehall Times*. These jokes are an out-age.

Never put off till to-morrow a laugh that can be laughed to-day.—*Kingston Freeman*. We are obliged to put off till some future day the laugh at this joke.

Victor Hugo wrote: "I could live forever on the invisible." Then he went out and ordered a dozen raw oysters and a whole mince pie.—*Detroit Free Press*.

There was a young man named Mooney,  
Who grew most alarmingly spoony,  
He decided one night,  
To quit the world bright,  
And the "Crown's quest" brought him in looney.



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