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BENGOUGH, MOORE & BENGOUGH.

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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.

Notice to the Public.

No person is on any occasion authorized to represent Grip in any capacity unless under special credentials signed by the Editor. Managers of theatres and entertainments, please make a note of this.

All authorized business attaches of Bengough, Moore & Bengough are duly certified by card signed by the Business Manager, S. J. Moore. Catassers purporting to represent this firm, should be asked in all cases to produce such certificate.

To Correspondents.

M.B.S.—Glad to hear of your convalescence, and shall welcome the return of your pen.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—By and with the advice and consent of Parliament, Miss Canada was a few months ago inoculated with the virus of monopoly, by the distinguished political doctor, John A. The results are every day becoming more manifest, and the opposition physicians are predicting the worst consequences. So far as we are aware, however, they have no particular method of treatment to propose in the case, and nature (or the Syndicate) must take its course.

FIRST PAGE.—This sketch requires no comment. It is intended to express the view Grip takes of the much argued question of Canadian loyalty.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Temperance Colonization scheme may be a good one on its merits as a money-making speculation, but as an exhibition of philanthropy it is calculated to provoke laughter, if nothing more. It is just such a combination of piety and grab as would have delighted the heart of Tartuffe, though there is probably more grab than anything else about

it. If truly good people feel disposed to take a share of the truly good things that are going in the Nor'-West, by all means let them do so, but let it be done frankly and above-board, without cant and hypocrisy.

Ballad of the Blisterers.

THE BLISTERING MATRON.

(BY THE BLISTERED BOYS.)

Air, "A Japanese Young Man."

Conceive her if you can,
This motherly, mild wo-man
This humanitarian,
Disciplinarian,
Blister-out-fucks wo-man;
Who for each childish fault
Immures us in the vault,
Or claps on the blisters
To us and our sisters,
Yet no one bids her halt!
This "Christian, kind wo-man,"
To-the-ladies-mind wo-man,
This starve us, and thrash us, and down
Cellar-lash us,
Motherly, mild wo-man.

THE BLISTERING BRIGADE.

(BY THE ANTI-BLISTERERS.)

Conceive this fair brigade,
Who no objections made
To these applications,
Or very short rations,
And making of lalies afraid:
The reason we have sought,
'Tis children they have not,
If they ever had any,
'Twas years ago many,
And their hearts are as hard as a pot:
This tender, fair brigade,
This blistering *sar* brigade,
'Tis very delectable, highly respectable,
'Error-of-judgment' brigade.

THE BLISTERING MINORITY.

(BY THE MINORITY.)

Conceive this packed committee,
With hearts unknown to pity,
Whose investigations
Of these allegations,
Aroused the ire of the city;
But the *blisterers*, their wives,
Would lead them such sad lives,
Did they find aught amiss,
Since women *who hiss*
Must make it quite hot in their lives.
This Presbyterian clan,
With a very well-laid plan,
Against the minority, held the majority,
And whitewashed this dark wo-man.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Believing that many of our subscribers would be glad of an opportunity of securing some share in the proprietorship of Grip, we beg to call their attention to the fact that a joint-stock company, having this journal, and our special artistic, printing and publishing business, as a basis, is now being organized. The capital stock of the company is \$50,000, in shares of \$10 each. It is intended to call up only \$30,000 of this amount, upon which sum the business, as at present running, will guarantee a dividend of ten per cent., and with the aid of the additional capital, it is quite safe to calculate on the net profits being doubled in a very short time. Enclosed is a prospectus of the Company and a form of application for stock. Those who wish for shares will do well to secure them at once.

Applications for stock may be made to Messrs. Gzowski & Brehan, Bankers and Brokers, Toronto; or to the promoters,

BENGOUGH, MOORE & BENGOUGH,

Grip Building, Toronto.

Bridget O'Flanagan gives her Reasons for Leaving her Last Place.

Och, Mollie Moriarty, as soon as I set fut in this country, me throables began. An', in-dade, I had me tull share o' thim afore landin'. But yez'll remember the very lasht advice me mother gave me afore her partin' worruds o' counsel.

"Biddy," says she, "niver lit on till thim Americans but fwat yez untherstand ivery-thing, they'll think all the more av ye, an' yo kin jist kape yer eyes open, an' watch, an' yez'll soon find out."

Well, Mollie, yez cau pioter me to yerself, sated in Mrs. Loughton's kitchen, jist runnin' round a sort av maid-av-all worruk to assist the cook.

The very mornin' afther I came, I hearrud Masther George playin' the pianny. "Sure," sez I, "that's the chiver boy, an' fwat is it he's playin'?"

"Och," said Mrs. Travers, (that's the cook) "it's nothin' but scales he's practisin'."

"Scales!" sez I to meself. "Well, it's the quare country, fur I niver heard av weighin' music in ould Ireland," but I niver lit on.

Well, afther a while, "Biddy," says Mrs. Travers, "I'm wantin' to make a cake an' would yez jist weigh me out the ingrejnces?"

"It's meself that kin do that same," sez I. So she tells me how mooch av butter, an' sugar, an' flour, an' other things she wants, an' goes off down cellar.

Mollie Moriarty, I was all av a thrimble, fur I didn't untherstaud their new fangled scales at all. But I puts the things intil the bashkit an' goes intil the parlour, an' glad to find no one there. But fur the life av me, I didn't know fwat to do. But I jist takes a little package o' flour, an' one o' butter, an' one o' sugar, an' sits thim down outil thim little black an' white things they call notes, an' av course, they weighed down all right, but bad luck to thim papers, didn't they all break jist whin I was liftin' thim off, an' the flour an' sugar wint scatterin' all over the carpet, an' betwane thim litte cracks in the pianny. Yez'll believe Mollie, that I swipt it all oop in a hoory, an' ran down and tould Mrs. Travers that I had weighed the ingrejnces. But somehow the cake turned out heavy, an' she said I musht have made a mistake in the weighin', but I niver lit on.

But the worrest av all was, there was company that avenin', and whin Miss Evy wint to play, didn't that pianny make the greatest sounds, an' they was all worrukin' at it, but couldn't find out fwat was the mather, till the next day a man cooms oop an' takes it to paces, an' finds the ingrejnces betwane the cracks, an' av course they all thought it was the baby's worruk, but I niver lit on.

Well, jist a few days afther, Miss Evy takes sick. Och! she looked bad though, an' Mrs. Loughton was with her constant, but one day she had to lave her, an' sez she, "Biddy, can I thrust yez to take care av Miss Evy," an', sez she, "kape very quiet, but say anythin' cheerin' yez can think av." Thim she shows me where the medicine was kep an' tells me to give her too av the litte white powthers, an' to mix the powthers in the sugar. "I'll do that same," sez I.

Well, poor lamb, it wint to me heart to see her lyin' there so white an' quiet, so I jist goes up an' takes her hand, an' sez I, "I'm not goin' to talk till yez, honey, but I jist like to try to remember yer face, fur we'll not be seein' it long, but," sez I, meannin' to be cheerin', "shure ye'll be missed, an' if the dead could come to life, wouldn't you be a proud gurrul to see all the fine carriages follyin' to your funeral, for yer father's hild in grate respit." Well, wid that, she burrests out cryin' an' whin I sez "don't cry honey, though the partin' cooms harrud, and Mr. Morton," that's her swateheart, "gone up to Manaytoby, but they say thim land booms is dredful up there, an' there's few

escapes, so it's likely yez would niver see him agin anyway."

Well, wid that she cries all the moor, an' whin Mrs. Laughton cooms in, Miss Evy sobs out that I tould her she was goin' to die, an' the mistress sinds me out in a hoorey, an' I musht niver coom nare the room agin. Thin the docthur comes an' gives her a new kind av medicine, "but," sez he, "sure she hasn't takin all thim powthers alridy."

Mollie Moriarty, me heart was jist oop in me throat, fearin' I had ruade another misthake. But I jist hands the baby the impty box on the shly. An whin Mrs. Laughton sees him puttin' it intil his mouth, "Oh! Biddy," sez she, "how could yiz lit the child git hould av that?" "Well now," sez I, "an' how could I till that the child had a propiniasy for physic?"

Wid that she was in an awful way, thinkin' he was goin' to die. But Mollie Moriarty, if yiz'll belave me, that baby recovered without iver bein' ill at all.

Well, not long ather, whin Miss Evy was gettin' bether, the mistress invited company to tay. I was helpin' Mary Jane wait on table. Mrs. Laughton poored out the tay, an' the company sugared their strawberries. Mollie Moriarty, I niver saw company forgit their manners so complately, iverybody layin' down their spoons, an' turain' round an' starin' at iverybody ilse, an' thin takin' a sip av tay, an' settin' down their cups in a hoorey, an' sayin' they was poisoned.

I was all av a thrimble agin, fur I remimbered seein' Mary Jane filling the bowls out av the very canisther whero I had mixed the powthers, an' as I had put in the whole contents av the box, there was enuff to give a sthrong flavioir.

Mrs. Laughton's face was as white as the table-cloth, but she jist examines the sugar, an' didn't she find one of thim little white papers, with writin' on it, that the powthers was wrapped in, she niver sed a worrud till me at the time, jist pints wid her finger til the dooc, exclaimin', "Biddy, yiz may lave the room."

I herrud Mary Jane clarin' off the things, an' gettin' fresh sugar, an' ather an intermission the male began agin, but I wasn't prisint. But Mrs. Laughton gave me my dischargo that very avenin' an' wouldn't listhen to a worrud av explanation. Sez she, "I can furgive stupidity, but Gesavin' I can't tolerate."

So I'm lookin' for a place, an' if any lady in this country want a nice, handy maid av all woruk, jist athress Miss Bridget O'Flannigan, Post Office.

"Scotland Yet!"

MAISTER GRIP:—

DEAR SIR,—A gude fresn' o' mine in the Auld Land, John Ferguson, by name, the ither day sent me the followin' clippin', an' whan I clappit my een on't, thinks I, my certy! this'll be a graun' bit for GRIP. I ken yir Scotch readers will be weel pleased wi't, an' maybe mair than them; although I'm thinkin' the maist feck o' them (pair ignorant bodies), wull understaun' it nae better than gin it was a wheen Egyptian hieroglyphics or—*Gaelic*. Here it is tae ye, onyway:—

A SCOTTISH BILL OF FARE.

The *Times of India* prints the bill of fare of the dinner which was given in Bombay in celebration of St. Andrew's Festival, under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of all Scottish Freemasonry in India. This curious *menu* reads as follows:—

BILL O' FARE.

I will be blithe and licht,
My heart is bent upon see gude a mecht,
A wee drappie Tallisker.

KAILS AND BROTHS.

Hot Spiced Indian Kail. Calipee Broth.

FISH.

Slices o' Indian Salmon wi' Butter Broc.
Indian Haddies Smeeckt.

FIRST COURSE.

Stewed Hens wi' Puddock Stools.
Minced Collops on a bane, wi' sma' peas frae France.
A wee Donal o' Glenlivet.

SECOND COURSE.

Chickens lakin' in an Ashet.

Giggot o' Mutton wi' Red Currant Jeelic.

Scotch Haggis.

"Fair fa' yir honest, sonsie face,
Great chiefan' o' the puddin' race!
Aboon them a' ye tak' yir place,
Painch, tripe, or thairin:
Well are ye wordy o' a grace,
As lang's ma airn."

Stuffed Bubbly Jock roastin', an' Sco's Leg bakin'.
Tatties biled an' champit; Bashed Nosp; Biled Ingins.
Glaskie Magistrates wi' Tatties roastin'.

Another wee Donal.

THIRD COURSE.

Jedic Dumplin'. Grosset Tair.

Trammilin' Tammy Oranges.

Paisley Corn Floor Camfl. Snow puddin'.

Mity Dumkap Cheese.

Ingins, Lettuces, Loo Aipples, Sylcos, an' a lot o' ither green things.

Jist another dram, tae keep a' doon.

"Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin';
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin';
When heavy draug'd wi' pine an' grievin';
But, oild' by thee,
The wheels o' life gae doon hill, scrievin'
Wi' rattlin' glee."

Sao it seems oor reech in Bombay are no a' Gude Templars. Hech! sirs! wasna' that a spread, Maister GRIP? It gars my mooth water tae read about the *haggis*. It does a body gude tae see twa three lines frae oor ain Pobbie Burns. An' the whuskey! maybe you're aye o' the cauldri' bodies they ca' "teetotalers." Maister GRIP, but gin ye ne'er drank a "hauf ane" o' Glenlivet on a cauld winter's mornin' ye hae a treat in store. I canna thole this Canadian whuskey, "Forty-rod," I think they ca't; it's naething but pushen. I ken we can get the richt stuff here, as weel's they can in Bombay, but it taks an awfu' heap o' siller tae buy it. Aweel, here we are, in the laun' o' oor adoption, and we maun mak the best o' t. Glenlivet or nae Glenlivet.

Apologezin' for sic an intrusion on your space, I subscribe mysel'

Yours wi' muckle respec'.

A GLASKIE CHAP.

Our Funny Contributor.

Very smart things—Burns.

A very humorous writer—May Laffan.

A Catching Air—An atmosphere laden with the measles.

A Body snatcher—An angry nurse when she picks up a child!

Some fellows who get *mashed* by a *bean* new suit to press their suit with.

"A Cypher Operator"—A gentleman who adds two oughts to a one dollar bill.

Motto for an Indian Chief—"None but the brave deserve the (fair) hair."

"That's a doggone shame," as the man said when he looked at one killed by a street car.

How to have your address *changed*—Leave your signboard unscrewed on Hallow Eve.

The course of a cannon ball may be turned by a shingle.—*Et c.*—Then it must be a lawyer's shingle; lawyers can turn anything the way they want it.

New Books.—We have received the following, handsomely bound, they are abounding in good things, and we are bound to notice them: "The Darkness of Africans," by the author of the "Light of Asia;" "Day after To-morrow," by the author of "Yesterday, To-day and Forever;" "Dead Broke," by the author of "Heaps of Money;" "The Woman with the Black Eye," by the author of "The Man with the Broken Ear;" "Bad Whiskey," by the author of "High Spirits;" "A Master who Thrashed," by the author of the "South Sea Whaler;" "Traced in Ashes," by the author of "Written in Fire;" "Your Money or Your Life,"—A Tale of Manitoba; and "Cursed Misfortune," by the author of "Rare Good Luck."



Mr. T. W. Keene appears on the first three evenings of next week at the Grand. From the great reputation of this artist, full houses ought to be assured.

At the Royal, Rice's Extravaganza Company are finishing a successful week in comic oper. "Babes in the Woods" is the attraction for Friday and Saturday. Next week, Manager Conner will bring on a company of Hibernian Minstrels.



SOLOMON PETER HALE.

The distinguished Lecturer of the Western Peninsula, whose intellectual elucidations irradiate the copponosity of Ingersoll and vicinity.

Man is an animal very fond of straw;—especially if there is a mint-julep at the termination thereof.

ENCHERED—"I pass," said the boy, when asked a question. "And I take it up," said the master, as he reached for his ruler. The master made his *point*, scored *one hand*, and the boy did not try the *joker* again.

Our Funny Contributor says that some people in Port Hope consider him a fool. Our contributor says, if this is the case he intends leaving, as he can be better *spurred* from there than any other place in the Dominion.



THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF THE BOUNDARY AWARD.
(More easily comprehended than elaborate State Papers.)

Canadian Wayside Sketches.

DUCK-SHOOTING (Continued).

Before you have been very long in the marsh, you begin to make many important discoveries: that nervous system, in which you had hitherto so justly prided as being impregnable, becomes suddenly sadly demoralized and unstrung, and you realize what it is to be nervous; that gun, which was warranted to shoot a given number of shot, within a given number of inches, at a given number of yards, you now discover to be a gigantic fraud; that chilled shot, guaranteed to penetrate the pachydermous hide of a wallowing hippopotamus, you now find utterly incapable of ruffling even the feather of a duck: these, I say, are a few of your discoveries, though they are by no means the only ones.

Your canoe glides noiselessly on, and ducks continue to rise at the most unexpected moments on all sides; you never happen though to be looking in the right direction, or if you are, seem utterly powerless to shoot; a cold chill runs down the spinal cord, the hair is slightly elevated, the lower jaw drops, the arms totally refuse their office, and you experience inwardly all the symptoms of an electric shock. It is evident that this sort of thing must be stopped, for a species of incipient catalepsy is fast developing itself, and you are becoming a sort of helpless automaton.

Recourse is had to the stimulating effects of your pocket-flask, and in a short time different symptoms set in. The gun is now brought to the shoulder with great rapidity and facility at the slightest warning, and rises instinctively, into "present arms," at the passing flight of even a marsh butterfly "drifting down the noonday tide," while the whirr of a black-bird's wings is inevitably followed by a report. Should Antoine, the punter, expositulate, you will of course assure him it was done merely to try the gun, but you need to have acquired the art of a profound hypocrite to assume the proper facial expression; you have an intuitive conviction, however, that Antoine has never for one moment been deceived from the instant he first took stock of you, and you feel yourself lowering in his estimation every moment; till you are at last firmly satisfied if a capsize took place, he would in no way trouble himself in

your rescue. Under such circumstances the pride of the most haughty becomes abased, and the whole being becomes submersed in utter insignificance. It is this feeling of complete helplessness that will cause you to place yourself entirely under the control of the punter, and meekly obey his dictates and commands in all things.

Look at those fine mallard sailing by within easy range—bang—bang—but with a sarcastic "quack" they pass on, and pursue the "even tenor of their way" without the loss of a feather: of course you had previously read up thoroughly the art of duck-shooting, and had been fully instructed to allow for the bird's flight, the velocity of the wind, the motion of the boat, and to calculate to a nicety numberless other minutiae; but when the time came for action, instead of taking out your pocket-book and working out the thing systematically by algebra, you simply solved the problem by shutting both eyes, and fired.

After the expenditure of a few tons of cartridges, and when the nerves have become strung somewhat in the proper concert pitch, you commence to break a few wings, at intervals; and when your first duck falls, execute an acrobat performance in the boat, a repetition of which on land, would mark you as on your way to a lunatic asylum. It would be well, however, if such demonstrations were at least restrained till the bird had been recovered, for it is by no means a mere formality to capture a winged duck; and as for the chance of shooting it on the water—bah—a greenhorn like yourself would need a special powder magazine for personal supply. A winged duck is, of all tantalizing things, the most tantalizing; he will swim round apparently quite unconcerned, and then, as you approach nearer, down he goes, and after lapse of sufficient time to drown half-a-dozen men, reappears at the surface just in the direction you are not looking. He swims at the rate of about twenty knots an hour, and unless you have a steam yacht, the chase had far better be abandoned.

When I was a novice in these things, I once started on a wild goose (or rather wild duck) chase of this kind. The bird knew me perfectly well, and every now and then would slack up and wait for me a while, and if I attempted

to fire, would sometimes pay me the compliment of diving, and sometimes not, just as he pleased; till what with his swimming, and his diving, and looking over his shoulder to laugh at me, I grew so exasperated that I shook my paddle at him, and vowed one or other of us had to die. My cartridges soon gave out, but my resolution was to brain him with my paddle. He led me a long stern chase over a fine open bay, and if he had not finally ended the matter by rising and flying away in disgust, I verily believe I should have been following him to this day, and perhaps dodging him around the North Pole. As it was, I had to paddle some ten miles home again against a head wind, and have a vague recollection of swearing at that duck. It was then that I fully realized why in this country "duck-shooting" was often called "duck-hunting."

If it is early in the season, you will always have a few deer flies about the boat; they are paid by the ducks to keep always about, and to light on the back of your neck just as you are about to shoot; and if any man ever shot a bird, or an elephant for that matter, with a deer fly biting his neck, no place short of Westminster Abbey is fit for his remains hereafter. A brigade of mosquitoes is always in attendance, and when not in active service, will be stationed along your gun barrels; this of course is pleasant, and gives tone and diversity to your vocabulary of anathemas.

The Teal is a fine bird on the table; but you won't like him so well on the wing, unless you have practised shooting at discharged cannon balls; and in fact all ducks are good, if you can only hit them.

Duck-shooting over decoys is a pleasant occupation, especially if late in the Fall. The boat is drawn up in the rushes so as to be securely hidden, and the decoys anchored out close by, a point where the wind can strike you from any point in the compass is generally chosen, and there you sit and freeze, and wait, till you are thoroughly benumbed and unable to hold your gun; then the duck begin to come and sail over your decoys, but by the time you are somewhat thawed out they cease coming. It is remarkable, by the way, that you never strike the right day: the wind is too high, or too low, or in the wrong quarter some way, and the punter always assures you, if you only wait till to-morrow, "to-morrow be good day." Oh, mendacious and false prophesying punter, how many dollars have you caused me to expend; how much time have you been the means of my losing?

The average expenditure for the first week's shooting stands about as follows, at a moderate computation:

Livery	\$7 00
Ammunition	10 00
Paid Punter	12 00
Board	6 00
Incidentals and Grog	5 00
Damage to Boat	3 00
Damage to Duck	0 00
Total	\$33 00

And notwithstanding this, there are those who grumble at paying thirty or forty cents a brace for duck!

When you have, however, become thoroughly versed in the mysteries of duck-shooting, there is surely nothing more pleasant in this world than an evening's fight shooting, amidst the radiant sunsets and all the autumnal glories of the marsh, and I very much doubt if there will be anything to equal it in the next. "None very soon."

VIATOR.

"Seamless stockings" said a tramp, as he saw a sign in a store window. "Yes, mine seem less stockings than they did when I put them on three months ago."—*Marathon Independent.*



MISS CANADA VACCINATED.

DR. JOHN A.—AH, MADAM! IT IS TAKING *SPLENDIDLY!*
 DR. BLAKE.—YES; LOOKS AS THOUGH IT WOULD END *FATALLY!* MADAM, DIS-
 MISS THAT QUACK AND TAKE ME ON!
 MISS CANADA.—AND WHAT WOULD YOU DO IN THE CASE?
 DR. BLAKE.—I WOULD—UM—ER—OCCUPY HIS POSITION.

The Joker Club.

"The Fun is mightier than the Sword."

The Cat as a Lightning Rod.

The fact that neither cats nor back fences are struck by lightning indicates a close relation between the two. It suggests that either the fence protects the cats or that the cats protect the fence. Professor Schmidt, in investigating this matter, demonstrated to his complete satisfaction that there is no self-protecting power inherent in back fences. He found that a spark from a Leyden jar could be passed directly through any back fence, and, on one occasion, having placed a section of back fence on the top of a house, he actually saw it struck and totally destroyed by a thunder-bolt. It was thus made reasonably certain that the immunity from lightning enjoyed by back fences is due to the cats which constantly infest them, and as cats are never struck by lightning, it follows that there must be something peculiar in their electrical condition.

Now, everyone knows that a cat is simply full of the very best quality of positive electricity. If she is rubbed a little in the dark, the electricity streams from her in a shower of sparks. In this respect she differs widely from all other domestic animals. You may take a pig or a horse or a cow into the dining-room closet, and rub it for hours, but it will not give out a spark. The electricity of the cat being positive, it is of the same quality as the electricity of the clouds.

Electricians assure us that electricity of one kind is never attracted by any object charged with the same kind of electricity. Thus, a house, in order to be struck by the positive electricity of the clouds, must be charged with negative electricity, and if by any chance it is full of positive electricity it is perfectly safe. It is the positive electricity of the cat which renders that animal safe in the severest thunder-storm. The positive electricity of the thunderbolt slides off the cat as easily and safely as rain from the back of a duck. The lightning of the clouds may aim at a cat all day but it cannot hit her, and wherever the cat may be she will protect her immediate neighbourhood from lightning not only as well as, but far better than, any lightning rod.

This is the reason why back fences are never struck by lightning. As a rule they are hardly ever free from cats. Prof. Schmidt has made a calculation showing that every cat protects a surface, the square root of which is equal to three times the length of the cat, including the tail. As an average full-grown cat measures eighteen inches from tip to tip, she protects a surface of 2916 square inches, or a section of back fence fifty-four inches in length. Thus, three cats and a small kitten, arranged at equal intervals from one another, are amply sufficient to protect the back fence of an ordinary city lot from lightning, and as an average of twelve cats to a back fence is always to be found, we need not wonder that our back fences are safe.

If we substitute for the lightning rods, which are supposed to protect our houses, but which rarely do protect them, a quantity of cats, disasters from lightning will be unknown. This work of protecting houses is the true mission of the cat. The animal at which we aim boot-jacks and bad language when we find her perched on our roof is really rendering us an important service, for which we owe her a heavy debt of gratitude. Since Prof. Schmidt has made his grand discovery of the protective power of cats we may expect to see a complete change of public sentiment in relation to them. Our insurance companies will insure no houses which are not well provided with cats. On the roof of every house will be placed cat kennels with constant supplies of milk and tender mice, so as to make home attractive to the cats. The

aim of every householder will be to have his roof fairly blossom with cats, and the more he can induce to reside permanently on his roof, the safer he will feel and the lower will be his insurance premium. The day of triumph for cats has been long delayed, but it has come at last. Hereafter, whenever a thunderstorm is in progress, we shall find men and women with their arms full of cats, and invoking blessings on the only sure protection against the bolts that laugh at lightning rods and mock at feather-beds.—*N. Y. Times*.

"Walnut ulsters" is the latest for collins.

A cooking club—the rolling pin.—*Steubenville Herald*.

A nut is full of meat but a falling star is meteor.—*Boston Times*.

A man is known by the company he keeps—out of.—*Somerville Journal*.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss." Who wants to gather moss?—*Webster Times*.

They who live by their wits are sometimes at their wits end.—*Quincy Modern Argosy*.

It is easier to remove the bark from the outside of a sausage, than it is from the inside.—*Syracuse Times*.

"Coming when the dewdrops fall"—cramps, rheumatism, and Mary Ann's steady company.—*Toledo American*.

The Chinaman had a good grip on the idea when he spoke of the cucumber as "no belly good."—*San Francisco Argus*.

"I acknowledge the power of the press," as the maiden said when she entwined her lover's arms and tried to catch her breath.

There is a prisoner in the county jail they call "Bumpings," because he broke into a grocery and raised flour.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

A burglar got into the house of a country editor the other night. After a terrible struggle the editor succeeded in robbing him.—*Phila. News*.

General Hawley says: "The country will not be safe until every American is a politician." All right, General; sit down. It's safe.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

The hades of bankruptcy is paved with the broken resolutions of merchants who piously resolved but wickedly failed to advertise.—*Gouverneur Herald*.

Nothing makes so much noise as a rickety wagon with nothing in it, unless it be a man who insists on talking when he has nothing to say.—*N. Y. Herald*.

A judge says he can see no difference between gambling in stocks and gambling of any other kind. Probably he has lost in both ways.—*New Haven Register*.

An intelligent compositor, who deliberately sets up "individuals" for "invalids" has a future behind him.—*N. Y. News*. Kick his future.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

Had the late Mother Shipton any children?—*N. Y. Commercial*. Only one, Eli Perkins Shipton, who is still at work at his mother's trade.—*Rochester Express*.

There are some awful mean men in this town. We tried to make a contract with one the other day, for some advertising, and before we got through with him we decided that he wouldn't be willing to pay over fifty cents to get into Heaven, and even then he'd want two or three complimentary tickets thrown in, to take in some of his friends.—*Evansville Argus*.

Dear girls—Whenever a young man gets so soft that he can be dipped up with a spoon, the best thing for you to do is to dip him up and pour him out over the back fence.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Seven dollars and a half was paid by a Canada harness maker for kissing the wife of a tinsmith. It was altogether too much. No poor man can stand such extravagance.—*Evansville Free Press*.

Nothing could be more generous than the following offer, from a country editor: "Show us a man too poor to pay for a country paper, and we will help him buy another dog or two."—*Peck's Sun*.

A farmer's boy tired of the plow,
Thought city life the cutest,
So he resolved to shoot the farm
And become a pharmacist.
—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

The New York Herald says or about one girl in twenty makes a good wife. About nineteen men in twenty make bad wives—by misusing them; and not one boy in five thousand makes a good wife.—*Oil City Derrick*.

"What are you going to make out of your boy, Bill?" asked one Austin parent of another. "I think Bill will be a great sculptor," was the reply. "Has he any talent that way?" "I should say so. He chisels all the other boys out of their marbles."—*Texas Sitings*.

The grand scramble for appointments under the municipal officers has just begun, and one of them has already hung up this sign in his office: "Lady applicants for clerkships will please weep in the ante-room, as the recorder suffers greatly from damp feet."—*San Francisco Post*.

At a recent party, a young lady was annoyed by the impertinence of a young man, and becoming tired of it, turned toward him rather angrily and requested him to cease his impudence. The young fellow replied: "Please do not eat me." She replied: "Have no fear, sir, pork does not agree with me."—*Hartford Journal*.

The annual election of the Reading Railroad Company is now taking place in Philadelphia, and Franklin B. Gowen, the former president, seems to stand the best chance of once more filling the office.—*Salem Sunbeam*. The question this item suggests is: Why should Franklin B. Gowen, if the prospect is so good for his staying?—*Cambridge Tribune*.

Just as he reached his loving arm
To twine her waist about,
She gave a yell of wild alarm,
And murmured, "Ouch, look out!"

Then as she saw him look so blue,
She quickly to him cried,
That her heart was just as fond and true,
But she'd been vaccinated.

—*Evansville Argus*.

"Say, barber," quoth Alphonso
To the chap who stirred the cup,
"Should one shave himself down, so,
Or would you shave him up?"

"Some," he replied, "would rather
I'd shave them up, like Brown;
But when your face I lather
I must indeed shave down.

—*Hackensack Republican*.

"Papa," said little Harry the other evening,
"is your father a gun?"

"Why that's a funny question, my boy. Of course, he is not; he is a man."

"That's what I thought; but last night when young Mr. June, that you don't like, kissed sister Mary, over the front gate, she told him to be careful or father would hear; and Mr. June said: 'Pshaw, I ain't afraid of that old son of a gun,' and then they both laughed, and he kissed her again. Ain't that funny?" The old gentleman was absorbed in thought and did not reply.—*Steubenville Herald*.



WEEFLECTIONS OF THE HON' C. BUFFER.

A stwange fellah it seems to me is—aw—Wobinson of New York. *Appropos* of a weseolution of the Amewican Congress weequating President Autheh' to demand a list of Amewican citizens impwisoned in English gools, Mr. Wobinson expressed himself in most—aw, widiculously silly mannah, wegawding England. Nothing shawft of laying London in ashes will satisfy Wobinson. He said the Bwedish in o'deh to free some subjects in Abyssinia faucibly weleased the pwisoners, demolished the Abyssinian capital, and killed the King, which he consid'ers a good pwecedent fav the United States to follow now in wegawding to her wrelations with England. Pewaps Mr. Wobinson would not go to the extent of executing Her Majesty, possibly atfeh wazing London to the gwound and sowing its site with—aw—salt—he might welent. Wobinson says he "asks no more" than two wopps should be sent ov'eh in sufficient fawce "to take the men out of pwison and lay London in ashes by onah awtillewy."—ya'as indeed, that's about all Mr. Wobinson wants. Mr. Wobinson likewise explained to his countwy the glawing fact that "Admiwal Pawteh is idle, Genewal Grant is out of the army and wants to get back, and that "Shehman is a pwetty good Genewal." Theahfaw it may be pwesumed that these three hewoes of the w rebellion are the fav'ehd ones picked out by Mr. Wobinson to lead the desolating hosts from Amewica to institute the gwreat goal delivewy and destwuy London, "lay it in ashes by onah Awtillewy." Wobinson must be a tewible fellah indeed, to advocate the destruction of such a lawge and—aw—flouwishing town, which would leave about the same numbel of people as are in the whole of the State which has the honah of wewtuning him as one of its wewpewentatives to Congress—aw—out in the cold. That would be too cwuel, altogethah, and I weally wondah at Wobinson for suggesting such a howible and uncivilized mode of waw-fa'ah. Then again pewaps it has not oc'ehed to Wobinson that the Bwedish might object to such a pwoceeding on the pawt of Wobinson and his fwieds, and twy by some means to pwevent such a di'ah calamity as the destruction of theah Metwopolis. The'ah own men of wah, fav instance, might be utilized by themto—aw—intehfeah with Wobinson's plans. It is possible that the Bwedish authorities might look with philosophy on the wemoval of the "Amewican Citizens" from the gools, pawticularly if it were gwanted that they—aw—would wemain away. But Wobinson must not be too sanguine as to the—aw,—laying in ashes business—law ye see, people don't like to have theah pwopety destroyed. Wobinson should wefect that even an Amewican citizen if he mixes himself up in pwactices wegawded as twasonable towards the countwy in which the afaw-said citizen is sojouning must win his chances along with the "wetched subjects of tywany" that he conspiaws with. Mr. Wobinson will wewollect the late Mr. Seward's stowy of the poteny of his "little bell," which during the w rebellion he used to wing and consign twee Amewicans, or anyone else for that mattah, to—aw—let us say, Fant La Fayette, or Gov' nel's Island. Wobinson is wight wegawding

Genewal Shehman being a "pwetty good genewal. He was so good that he put the abominawtion of—aw—desolation on the "w rebellious" distwicts that he passed through, and he didn't seem to ca'ah a—aw—"continental" for the wights of the gwreat Amewican citizens' fwedom of opinion, but cwushed the unhappy "Sesesh" as if he wench a howid Bwedish or a—aw—satwap of some Eastehn despotism. In fact it appeaws to me that the actions of the Bwedish in Iweland, a countwy which just now calls for the gwreat sympathies of Mr. Wobinson, is—aw—widness itself when compawed with those of Shehman in Geoghiah, or Phil Shewedan in the—aw—Shanadoah Valley. Ya'as, Shewidan desolated the—aw—Shanadoah Valley because it affawded a—aw—base of supplies fav the "w rebels." An Amewican citizen was at a gwreat discont in those days, and had to be much moah pawticular in the tone of his speech than even is wequied in that much distwessed countwy the "Sistah Isle." Ya'as, on weflection, I cannot help thinking that Wobinson has made a gwreat ass of himself in talking of mattahs not concewning him, in such a—aw—wviolent mannah. And I—aw—have about the same opinion of Cox of New York, as I have of—aw—Wobinson of New York.

Lying Epitaphs.

BY PORCUPINE.

The parting beams of crimson eventide
Flung golden glory o'er the country-side,
As pensively I passed each narrow bed,
Beneath whose shade repose the silent dead.

'Twas the sweet melancholy sunset hour
When way-worn hearts by a mysterious Power
Are lifted from the world, with gentle hand,
And drawn more closely to the Better Land.

Each marble shaft upraised its lofty crest,
Bathed in the saffron'd splendour of the West,
And when the calm of Even fell around,
It seemed as though the place was hallowed ground.

In truth 'twas more than passing fair, I ween,
As lengthening shadows fell athwart the scene,
And—blending with the sunset's golden dress—
Veiled Evening's thousand-tinted loveliness.

In fancy I could see the falling tear,
The mourning friends, the tomb, the sable bier,
And hear the words of simple faith and trust,
Consigning Earth to Earth, and Dust to Dust.

Whilst gazing on that monumental scene
I thought, how good those sleepers must have been,
How sorrowful their friends at the sad doom
Which marked these loved ones for the silent tomb.

For every epitaph belauded so
The quiet ones who slept in death below,
Whose saintly lives had only been surpassed
By legateses who buried them at last.

"What peaceful lives. What loving friends," I said
Unto a white haired man. He shook his head;
And then, I grieve to say, I rather think
I saw that patriarchal stranger wink.

"Oh yes!" he said, "what peaceful, honest lives,
What faithful husbands, oh, what virtuous wives;
What heavenly-minded, fatherly papas;
What tender-hearted, motherly manmmas.

"Don't you believe it, sir," this old man said,
'Not quite so good were these much-flattered dead;
Marked by their absence were the goodly traits
Ascribed to these sweet 'lights of other days.'

"The tombstones here are neither more nor less
Than eulogies on bygone wickedness;
For did one pitch in vales of vice his tent,
The grander here that scoundrel's monument.

"Behold that carving on the tombstone there,
(An angel in the attitude of prayer,
And note those precious lines, which all but say,
'Below, *Perfection* waits the judgment day.

"Perfection? No! A low-lived swindling cheat,
A hideous mass of mercantile deceit,
Who honoured Nature's debt when life decayed,
The only debt the rascal ever paid.

"Here lies another saint, so good! so pure! a true
And charming pupil of La Fontaine, who,
When fers wax'd strong and strength of lust grew faint
Reformed, called in the church, and died a saint.

"And yet this man was one of those old cocks
Whose hearts are harder than the Plymouth Rocks
Where Pilgrim Fathers fell upon their knees,
(N.B. And fell upon the aborigines, Editor's Note.

"Again, read that. 'S'ere't to one, whose life
Was innocoet of all unseemly strife;
For many years he wooed the 'pious' Three,
But most of all he loved sweet Charity.'

"A frigid lover of them all was he.
He must have *sparked* them 'very cautiously,
For e'er he c'en a thought to Hymen gave,
Death stayed the face, and wed him to the grave.

"Oh, I could tell you more than I have said,
About these same departed, vaunted dead,
But falling lew's, and evening's fading light
Warn me that I must go. And so, Good Night."

Astounded by his sneers, he left me there,
Somewhat surprised that one whose reverend air
Would seem to mark the calm Philanthropist,
Should prove a melancholy Fessimist.

But oft his words have passed my mental view,
And oh, if what he said be really true,
Then are those epitaphs which strangers see
But flattered emblems of hypocrisy.

And each of our "God's Acres,"—if 'tis so—
Is nothing save a marble-cutter's show,
And each "Here Lies" the good, the great, the wise,
But upright stones of downright chisell'd Lies.

Cometh Down Like a Shower.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMETH UP LIKE A FLOWER."

VOL. I.

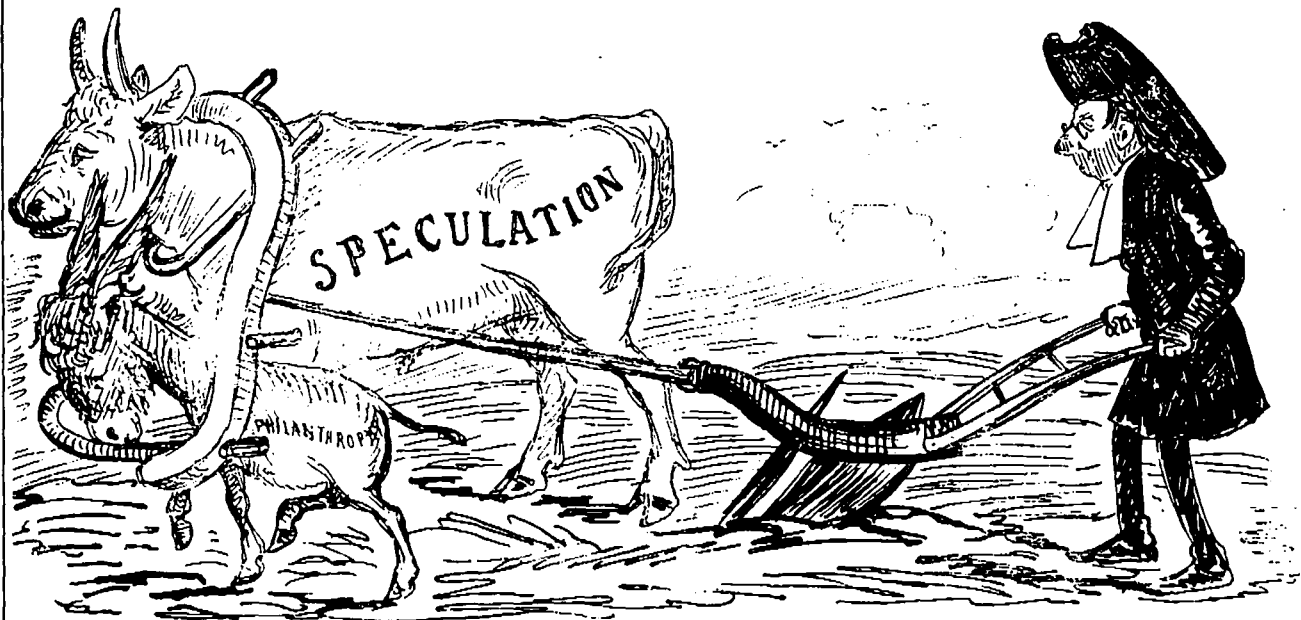
"What is steam?" was the question propounded by my venerable uncle, the Rev. Silas Sheepshanks. He was a Welsh parson, and had come over on a tour to Toronto, with a view to bringing over next year a colony of Welsh girls as wives for Lord Lorne's Canadian bachelors. "What is steam?" said my uncle, who was giving me a lesson in chemistry. "Oh! seems to me steam is smoke in a perspiration," was my flippant reply, which resulted in my being sent in disgrace to my room on the second story of the Queen's Hotel. I had nothing to read. In the chamber opposite mine I could see, temptingly displayed, the last number of GRIP. An intelligent-looking young man, in the uniform of an officer in the Governor-General's body-guard, was reading it, ripples of laughter and gloams of intense amusement every now and then irradiating his golden-bearded lips. It was not, perhaps, strictly ladylike to write a note requesting the loan of GRIP, to tie it to the kitten's tail, and throw it with a dexterous jerk into the young officer's room. I was soon in delighted possession of GRIP, and many times that afternoon was the kitten flung to and fro with little notes in which we improved each other's acquaintance. Of course we managed to meet often after this. We learned to love each other, the only difficulty being that Captain Carruthers was already engaged to a girl away down in Quebec,—a guy with red hair and eyes like a shot partridge. But true love can loose as well as bind; the former engagement was put away with the broken picrust of affection out of date: we were all in all to each other.

VOL. II.

The girl with the shot partridge eyes had resolved to take a hand in the game. My Rupert had gone to Ottawa. While there I received a parcel of letters in his hand-writing, and addressed to an Ottawa lady famous for the audacity and number of her flirtations with married and engaged men. To her Rupert had written words of ardent affection on the very day that he had last written to me. I tore his image from my heart, and wrote to forbid him my presence. Six months I languished in incipient consumption. Once Rupert passed the window, looking lovely in a new shako; he looked pleadingly at me, but I turned away.

VOL. III.

Rupert was sadly walking home when he saw a former comrade, very shabbily dressed, and



THE COLONIZATION TARTUFFE ;

"THOU SHALT NOT PLOUGH WITH AN OX AND AN ASS TOGETHER

with a face on which impecuniosity was written. He had once been a high-toned gentleman of property. Rupert asked him to dine at the club, and handed him a box of cigarettes containing bills for a thousand dollars. He told his story. A former lover of the girl with the shot partridge eyes had persuaded him to write letters in Rupert's hand-writing, which he was skillful at imitating, as if to a well-known Ottawa beauty. He did this, being told that it was only a harmless joke. Rupert thus saw the artifice by which we both had suffered; the forged letters were identified by his friend, and we were married on a day recommended by GRIP'S ALMANAC.

The Dentist's Chair.

You hate it, I fear it, yet who can dare
To say we'll ne'er sit in the dentist's vile chair?
I've regarded it long with the greatest of dread,
While it, spectre-like, haunted me lying in bed,
Though made with good springs and a moveable back,
An hour in its arms resembles the rack,
Though there of good gold men get off their fill,
It makes them quiver and gives them a chill.

In childish days they waxed me there
And called the thing "a beautiful chair."
And shocking stories to me were told
About this fine chair where people get gold.
They said "the pull wouldn't hurt a bit."
If in the big chair I'd quite quiet sit;
But in the pain that I suffered there
I learned mistrust of friends and the chair.

I've sat and been tortured many a day
A raven-haired youth and a veteran grey,
With the beads on my forehead and hair clenched tight
I've opened my mouth for the instruments of bit
Which sought out my nerves with touches so keen,
They've dragged from my bosom an agonized scream.
I've endured horrid fillings, and lost teeth there,
No wonder I hate that vile old chair.

'Tis past, they're gone, but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow,
'Twas there they plugged them and pulled them out last
(Though the pain is already a thing of the past.)
Say it is folly and deem me weak
As my porcelain grinders bite my cheek,
But I hate it, I fear it, and cannot bear
To pay for my hours in that vile old chair.

J. Loes.

"A body snatcher"—An angry nurse when
she picks up a child.

Is it possible to cultivate a good manner by
living at a manor house?

A Wonderful Substance.

The Chicago *Western Catholic* says, "It is indorsed by Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio, and by some of our most honoured and respected priests throughout the country, who have used it for rheumatics with success where all other remedies failed." We refer here to St. Jacobs Oil. We know of several persons in our own circle who were suffering from that dreadful disease, rheumatism, who have tried everything and spent hundreds of dollars for medicine which proved of no benefit. We advised them to try St. Jacobs Oil. Some of them laughed at us for faith in the "patent stuff," they chose to call it. However, we induced them to give it a trial, and it accomplished its work with such a magic-like rapidity that the same people are now its strongest advocates, and will not be without it in their houses on any account.

Mr. Joel D. Harvey, U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue, of this city, has spent over two thousand dollars on medicine for his wife, who was suffering dreadfully from rheumatism, and without deriving any benefit whatever; yet two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil accomplished what the most skilful medical men failed in doing. We could give the names of hundreds who have been cured by this wonderful remedy, did space permit us. The latest man who has been made happy through the use of this valuable liniment is Mr. James A. Conlan, librarian of the Union Catholic Library of this city. The following is Mr. Conlan's indorsement:

UNION CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,
CHICAGO, Sept. 16, 1880.

I wish to add my testimony as to the merits of St. Jacobs Oil as a cure for rheumatism. One bottle has cured me of this troublesome disease, which gave me a great deal of bother for a long time; but thanks to the remedy, I am cured. The statement is unsolicited by any one in its interest. Very respectfully,
JAMES A. CONLAN, Librarian.

A HARROWING TALE.

There was a young man named Sparrow,
Who followed the wake of a harrow;
He fell over a stump,
With a terrible thump,
And they carried him home in a barrow.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.



**THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,**

*Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,
General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet
and Ears, and all other Pains
and Aches.*

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN
MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.