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NO DOUBT IT IS IN  
MEREDITH'S POCKET  
ALONG WITH THE  
WEEK'S DECLARATION  
— GLOBE.

The unspeakable  
Fraser has the Round  
Robin; there's no  
doubt about that.  
Let a search be  
made in the Slugger's  
Pocket and the Bull  
Pup's Kennel  
Mail.



LOST.  
A  
ROUND  
ROBIN  
—  
FINDER WILL  
PLEASE LEAVE  
SAME WITH  
O. MOWAT.

WHO'S GOT THAT ROUND-ROBIN?

WHAT IS IT?

WHY  
IT



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Fair Portia's counterfeit? What Demi-Go  
Hath come so near creation  
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can  
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J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Political sporting circles are interested just now over the "tug of war" going on—or supposed to be going on—at Ottawa. GRIP's mission is to reflect the uppermost ideas of the week, and there can be no doubt that this "event," whether it exists in fact or in imagination, now deserves a place on our principal page. For our own part, we begin to doubt very seriously that a union between Blake and Langevin is even contemplated by either of those gentlemen. The *Globe* has of late been showing up some of the wrong-doings of the Minister of Public Works in a cutting manner, and, although of course we all understand that the *Globe* is not an organ, and speaks only for itself, it would scarcely follow this course at the present moment, if it supposed that by so doing it would injure the schemes of so powerful a friend as Mr. Blake. If there is a tug of war going on at the capital, our readers may rely upon it that our sketch represents it correctly.

FRONT PAGE.—During the trial of the conspirators it became desirable to produce the "round-robin," alleged to have been signed by some of the "approached" parties, but the interesting document in question "turned up missing." The question then arose, Who made away with it? The *Mail* declared it had been last seen in the possession of Hon. C. F. Fraser, and that it was greatly in the interest of the Government that it should be destroyed; the *Globe* as strenuously alleged that Mr. Meredith had it in his pocket, along with the notorious Weeke's Declaration, and that it was plainly in the interest of the Opposition that it should not be forthcoming on the trial. If the suggestion of our cartoon were acted upon, no doubt the missing paper would be found.

EIGHTH PAGE.—One of the really funny incidents of the otherwise lamentable Bribery Case, is the action of the *Mail* editor in keeping up a displayed headline day after day, dubbing the crime "*The Grit Conspiracy*." The matter which appears under this heading is a report of the trial, not one word of which justifies the idea that the "conspiracy" originated, as the *Mail* would have it—with the

Government. The attempt to break the force of sworn testimony, by simply changing the heading of a report, is so grotesque that no comic pencil could do it justice. The conduct of the little boy in our picture is not more absurd than that of the learned editor of the tall tower.

EXTRA CARTOON.—John Bull, through the Privy Council, has administered another snub to Sir John, by deciding in favor of Mowat's contention on the question of the constitutionality of the Streams Bill. The matter was argued on behalf of Ontario by Mr. James Bethune, Q.C., and the victory is a brilliant feather in the cap of that sterling lawyer. Sir John will still remain, however, a great authority on constitutional law, in the opinion of his party.

BAXTER J. P.'s LATEST.

To the hospital bed came Baxter J. P.,  
And the patient's last statement he took,  
For the doctors believed the man dying to be,  
And the patient himself had that look.

So when it was gone, the patient did sigh,  
And then with exhaustion he sank—  
And Baxter endorsed on the paper this line:  
"The Post Mortem statement of Blank."

Our Glasgow friend, *The Chiel*, makes a business of "takin' notes" but we regret to say that he "takes" them without giving credit. Now, sometimes we find a good thing in the *Chiel's* columns, and when we give our readers the benefit of it, we always acknowledge the source. Not so our Scottish cotem. In the number just to hand he reproduces our picture and poem of the "Dude's Dream," without a word to indicate that it originated elsewhere.

MR. ST. CLAIR O'LEARY.

A Song of the International Police Tug of War.

Of all the boys in Buffalo,  
Or round about Lake Erie,  
There was not one that had a show  
With bould St. Clair O'Leary.

He wore an eelskin round his waist,  
Besides a queor attachment  
Which he could fix in greatest haste,  
When he off to a match went.  
And he'd hitch to the rope and he'd tug, tug, tug,  
And all around the stage he would lug, lug, lug,  
Each bould Toronto cop,  
For on them he had the drop.—  
Had the bould Mr. St. Clair O'Leary.

They thought he was upon the force,  
And that he wore a batoon,  
He laughed and roared till he was hoarse,  
To think how they'd get sat on.  
It was a simple Yankee trick,  
And one that's rather fresh,  
But Toronto cops have heads too thick  
To see he was "profesh."  
So he hitched upon the rope in the tug, tug, tug,  
And around about the stage he did lug, lug, lug,  
Each bould Toronto cop,  
For on them he had the drop,  
And they won't forget the bould St. Clair O'Leary.



Bartley Campbell's new play, "*Siberia*," is one of the best things this popular dramatist has yet done—which is simply saying it is about the best thing the Grand Opera House stage has ever had. Do not miss the opportunity of seeing it. The author superintended the first production here in person.



Walking down York-street yesterday afternoon, I met Mr. Alderman Henry Piper. He was smoking a cigar (a most unusual occurrence), and a smile of satisfaction lit up his serene countenance. "How's tricks, Harry my boy?" I asked of that gentleman. "How's the Institute, and how's the fiery Gazelles?" "Bloomin'" bet yer life" replied the great lecturer on Animal life. "This nice breezy weather makes the animals jump for joy. The lion is delighted with it, and you might hear the hyena laugh to himself half a block away. By the way, we are going to have two new wings attached to the Zoo shortly." "Ah I'm glad of that," said I, "it shows success, what's going to be the style of architecture? Elizabethan likely, or perhaps Gothic wings." "No," said Harry, "Eagle wings, Biff! Bang!" and giving his silk hat an extra cock, the celebrated showman went on his way.

I was strolling through the Queen's park the other day, wondering when the birds would come again, and chanced to meet McKim and B. P. Wilkinson strolling around arm in arm. "May I be permitted to approach, gentlemen," I asked.

"No you can't," said McKim "I've been approached once too often."

"Seen any birds around, may I enquire" "I then asked

"No!"

"That's strange!" said I.

"Why?" asked Wilkinson.

"Oh nothing, only I thought you might have seen a Round Robin sailing around somewhere."

"Be me left-handed Halidame an' ye don't begone, base churl, I'll break thy pate with a leaden *Globe* editorial," said Wilkinson with some asperity. Taking his gentle hint I made a lateral traverse, and fled to the security of the ward.

Day before yesterday I took the liberty of calling on R. W. Phipps, the celebrated author of "*Woodman spare that tree*." I found him deeply engaged in writing up the growth and cultivation of the sasafra's root. A look of deep care was on his brow, and the floor was littered with "copy," "Phipps," said I, "I hate to bother you when you're busy, but do you think the amount of snow this winter will counteract any disadvantages arising from a dearth of rain next summer?" After pondering some time, the sage told me to call next November and I will have my answer,

AN EXCEPTION.

DERE MUSTER GRIP.—It's a sayin' at hum, as "Hard words don't brake no boons," but thet aint fer to go fer to say as 'em don't brake nothin' else. To my apinyon as them hard words as is so freely yused by *Mail*, *Globe*, & *Co*, specially one on 'em, is a terakin' up of some of 'ems repytashin as eddycated gentlemen.

Yours,  
JACK ROBISSON.



El Mahdi is said to have eighteen wives. Wife No. 1 thinks they may well call him the "false" prophet.

Lord Lorne continues to boom the big drum in favor of the emigration to Canada of various classes of old country people, mechanics and artisans of all sorts not excepted. Either the noble Lord does not read the *Globe*, or else he does not believe it—the probabilities being strongly in favor of the latter surmise.

I notice that salvation army parades have been tabooed in Kingston. This, coming on top of the defection over a dancing Captain, is rather more than even the Dr. Wilson episode can offset. Indications appear to point in the direction of the Truly Wicked People in Power assembling in their might to chase the stone town salvationists into the woods.

Another young man has been killed while amusing himself at a *charivari*. It does not ever seem to occur to young fellows who inaugurate *charivari* proceedings that all the fun should be on their side of the house. But occasionally—like this old man in East Saginaw—there comes to the fore an individual who is bound to dissipate this view of juggled jollity. While the serenaders are supremely happy, practising with their little tom-toms, he is blissfully contented practising with his little shot-gun.

There is a difference of opinion amongst the weather prophets as to whether we shall have an early spring. Mr. Vennor takes the negative side in the controversy, although it is amazing how this bankrupt weather-maker has the audacity to take a side at all, unless it be a side-track. It is a noticeable fact that Prof. Moses Oates has not yet declared himself. This singularly successful prognosticator ought to come forward at once and relieve public anxiety. The excuse that he is experimenting on an entirely new and promising brand of weather, will not do duty much longer with an impatient people.

The American revivalist crop appears to hold its own against unfavouring elements. Salvation army recruiting sergeants are having all they want to do taking down new names, and other spiritual press-gang agents find their time also fully occupied. But it is not proposed to have these operations confined to home forces. Moody and Sankey, for example, are sending out to Canada a representative of their firm to solicit orders, so to speak. The agent's name is Soltan. Naturally one associates the sound of this patronymic with the expression used to describe the successful assaults of the salvation army on the Wicked and Thoughtless. If the army can get the wicked and thoughtless "in a pickle," Messrs. Moody and Sankey's man ought to be good at Soltan them down.

One's keen admiration of the Grit journals' vigorous denunciation of the iniquitous Tupper whitewashing Act, is only exceeded by one's profound pleasure at the able explanation of the same honest editors about the Bills excusing the Algoma, East Simcoe and Dowling informalities. It is well to have a great mind and be able to discuss matters unprejudicedly, and to the satisfaction of a righteous people. The mind of the average Grit editor is not simply Great—it is Truly Great.

Mr. Gladstone is not going to retire for a while, it seems. He finds there are a few little things about the office which need straightening up before he quits—that small affair in the East, the bothering Irish business, and one or two other unfinished jobs, that really require to be finished up and scored off the order book. The Premier can scarcely, I fancy, rid up the pigeon-holes and be ready to leave much before the summer holidays.

The telephone companies have largely increased their earnings during the past year, but no proportion thereof is to be applied towards perfecting the telephone so that it will not be absolutely necessary for a person to employ profanity largely in operating one of the machines. One thing, at least, might be done towards this end, and that is to abolish the present telephonic salutatory and substitute some call that does not so much invite to the use of cursory language. Another good move would be to rigidly examine into the sanity of every employee before engaging him at the central office.

Parnell must lead! He will take his affidavit,—or rather he will not take anything after Davitt, for he declares that even that eminently anxious agitator must not look for a place higher than second in command in the Irish Liberty Movement. If Parnell can carry out his intention to have undisputed sway in the management of the movement, two very desirable results will be the outcome. First, it will be demonstrated that there is really such a thing as moderation in an Irishman as well as an ability to acknowledge that there may possibly be among his countrymen one just as patriotic and sagacious as himself—if not a little more so. Second, the movement will be the more likely to succeed. Either one of these results, it strikes me, is a desideratum of no trivial importance in a calm consideration of the Irish Question.

"The Scott Act has carried in Oxford!" peals the temperance trumpet. Well, the Act having carried the people in that county, the people in that county are bound, in common courtesy if for nothing else, to go to work now and carry the Act. This may seem a bewildering piece of composition, but if the startled reader will permit me, I can assure him I am quite competent to say what I mean. I have just said what I mean, but if you will have it in other words, I say now that the Act is law, let it be operative law. It is only too characteristic of temperance workers to spend their energies gaining the enemy's position, and then treat the enemy as if they had nothing more to fear from him. The man who buys "Rough on Rats" and leaves the package unopened in the back pantry ought not to be very much surprised to find that the rodents still run riot in his barn.

The motion in Parliament for a renewal of reciprocity negotiations with the neighboring Republic of course fell pretty flat. To give Sir John credit, he really appears to have wedded Miss Canada to the N. P. for keeps, and does not propose to have anything to do on his own part with proceedings looking towards a divorce. Cousin Jonathan may possibly yet have a sneaking regard for the

buxom young creature, notwithstanding her recent saucy dismissal of him for another suitor, and may be waiting with a knowing grin for a "separation" that will give him another chance to offer himself. But, if cousin Jonathan will listen to a friend, he will please understand, that even though she knows he would gladly have her; even though the N. P. hasn't turned out as excellent a catch as it was at first expected; even though this is leap year—the young lady has sufficient of her native dignity remaining to wait, even if she were free to-day, till her American admirer togged himself out in regulation shape and came right over to talk love and business to her in the most exact and unmistakable fashion. And even then,—but I don't want to prematurely scare off the Yank.



### REMINISCENCES OF SLOWTON LITTERY SASSIETY.

BY JAY KAYELLE, EX-PRESIDENT.

#### PAPER II.

DEMOSTHENES.

There aint nothin' can bring out what's in a fellow like a Littery Sassiety. Fellows you'd never think it of would get up an' orate an' argify the ear off ye, an' beat smarter-lookin' an' better dressed fellows all hollow. I never could make out how it was, but somehow them quiet bookworms allus had the best of it. I think its kinder like this. If a fellow ha'nt got them cracks in his cranium, tightly caulked up with solid facts an' figgers afore he begins to stomp it, putty soon he'll be sensible of a leak in his brainpan, his ideas will ooze out, an' instead of a tellin' speech, all you hear is his tongue rattlin' round in his head, like a pea in a skull; plenty of sound, but mighty little sense.

One year we'd a fellow there, he beat all; you could make him believe anything, an' the boys wore everlastinly stuffin' him. He'd an idea that he was a born orator, an' the boys persuaded him that with a little care an' cultivation he'd get the sassiety's prize for oratory. He didn't feel certain whether he'd be a Demosthenes or a Cicero, but he bought the two books published by them gentlemen, an' set to work to study which of the two suited his genius like. My own private opinion is, that if he had known enough to get an introduction to the gentlemen, a personal interview on the subjeck would a done them a sight more good.

That same year we'd two other fellows in the Sassiety; they had bin to colledge, an' cum home, an' they jined the Littery, more r mischief I guess, than anxiety to improve.



## JOHNNY SNUBBED AGAIN.

JOHN BULL.—YOU LET HER PASS, YOU RASCAL; AND HEREAFTER MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!

One was Dodge Capilly, and the other was Sandy McKay, both young lawyers an' the biggest devils outside the bottomless pit. They stuck at nothing; so they got on the soft side of Coddles, and Capilly, who was terrible clever an' a gold medallist—he undertook to train him in edycation an' turn him out a complete orator, without charge, free gratis. He told him that the first step was to get twelve small stones an' put them in his mouth an' keep on suckin' 'em night an' day for six weeks. When Coddles asked them what they took him for, they outs with the life of Demosthenes an' shews him in black an' white what he did. That settled it. Then they told him he'd have to go an' stand on the shore in a storm an' beller louder'n the billows; which he couldn't very well do, seein' there's no sea in the Kentry towns, but they said if he'd go to the edge of the wood when the wind was blowin' high, an' the trees a sawin' an' groanin', an' stand there an' roar for all he was worth, makin' speeches afore the Sassiety like, it would be splendid trainin' for him. Well sir, the very fust hurricane he went, but you'll better believe the boys were there afore him, lying low in the brush, all eyes an' ears. They'd no end of fun lookin' at him standin' with his back agin a tree, the wind makin' a gay old racket in the woods, the pines a-roarin', the poplars a-creakin'; the trees a swingin' an'

lashin' every way, an' him cratin away in dead earnest, gurglin' an' splutterin' with them stones in his mouth. The comedy come near bein' a tragedy though. Just as Coddles was a roarin' off an' a-windin' up, he cum to a dead stop. The boys couldn't think what ailed him, he stood still so suddint like, grabbin' this throat an' coughin' an' hawkin' an' spittin' out every blamed stone. His face was red, his eyes starin', an' he stuck his forefinger away down his throat, an' acted generally like a man goin' out of his mind. Finally, he gave one jump, an' then made a bee line for the doctor's house at that end of the town. You bet them fellows were scared. They out after him, took a short cut across the fields, an' arrove just in time to hear the doctor tellin' him he'd narrowly escaped ass-fix-iation by suffocation, an' that he'd better carry the stones in his pocket, 'stead of his mouth after this. Everybody thought they'd let up on him then, but no sirez! Solitude was their next move. Great geniuses developed in solitood; so Capilly said; afore a man could speak he must think—in solitood, alone. Coddles said he'd no chance of solitood at home, unless he went down cellar an' got his meals sent down to him. Capilly told him that if he would get the one side of his head shaved, an' lay low till the hair ketchin' up to the other side, an' all the time be practising oratory afore a lookin'

glass, he would emerge from his solitood the greatest orator of the age. Well, off marched the three to the Royal Capilly, gave the barber the wink, he shaved Coddles and asked no questions, and the very next day, they furnished the cellar, an' I believe Coddles would have been there yet, only the kitchen chimney took fire; all the fire-engines of the town were ballooin' an' rampagin' round the house, an' Coddles, forgettin' all about his head, ran out right in the middle of the crowd. Somebody wrote to Coddles' big brother in the next town that his brother had gone out of his mind, an' that they had to shave his head an' chain him down the cellar. Next day he drove up in a great hurry, an' when he saw his brother's head, an' heard all his story about Demosthenes, he walked quietly up to the harness-maker's an' invested in a good smart raw-hide. He got left though, Capilly an' McKay had cleared; they'd gone somewhere's round the north pole to practise law. Coddles got the other half of his head shaved to make it level, an' after his hair grew fit to look at, he made a speech afore the Sassiety. But bless you, no! he'll never be a speaker,—what do you think he was givin' us? He said that the fellow that built Rome in a day, was suckled by a wolf! That's all he knows about wolves. Just let him try to tackle a sho-wolf, he'll find out.

THE JUG-OFF-WAR AT OTTAWA.



## THE FIVE MINUTES' CLUB.

RECORDED BY TITUS A. DRUM, ESQ., M.C.S.

A respectable old sage, who lived before the nineteenth century, in the depth of his intellect discovered that great events from little causes spring. This he was kind enough to hand down for the benefit of posterity. Titus A., as one of the posterity, is powerfully impressed with its truth in the present instance. A great event—the founding of the F. M. club—has sprung from a somewhat little cause—the teeming brain of one Shakespeare Smith. Shakespeare is a genius, we speak feelingly, he courted a twice-removed cousin of ours, and when they married, thrice-removed her, there the genius came in. As this noted gentleman will figure largely in this record I will give a brief pen and printers' ink-sketch of him. Take a large quantity of Pickwick, throw in a dash of Micawber, add a little of the Village Blacksmith, Horatius and King Car. Mix and spice with small portions of the following:—Buzfuz, Tom Hood, Carlyle and Dr. Johnson; and there's your man.

To begin our record, Shakespeare Smith conceived a Brilliant Idea, that B. I. he confided to two of his dearest friends, who entrusted it to three of their most cherished friends, and they, in turn, revealed it to four of their chosen bosom friends. Thus, the minds of ten men now teemed with the Idea. To delay its development was to place them in the immediate danger of being sent to a lunatic asylum, so they swooped down on Shakespeare for relief. He called together a meeting which we place upon record as the first gathering of The Five Minutes Club. Shakespeare Smith took the chair and explained that for the present the constitution of the club would consist of the three following clauses:—

I. This club shall be known as The Five Minutes' Club, and shall have for its primary object the suppression of verbosity, commonly known as long-windedness, as developed in preachers, orators and public entertainers generally.

II. This club to advocate, as a remedy, a maximum of five minutes duration for all public utterances, believing that sickness and insanity will be lessened thereby.

III. The secondary object of the club to be that of social enjoyment, governed by the principle named in Clause I. These clauses to be added to as the club develops.

The following subscribed their names to the roll: Shakespeare Smith, Milton McFilter, Macauley Doxium, Wilde Turnbull, Triptolemus Tripod, Vanderbilt Jones, Mendellsohn O'Reilly, Boucicalt Twikletop, Demosthenes Stokphast, Mozart Dibbs, Talmada Higgins, and Tennyson Walker. The following officers then were elected:—Presiding Genius, Shakespeare Smith; Deputy P.G., Milton McFilter; Most Noble Secretary, Macauley Doxium; M. N. Treasurer, Vanderbilt Jones; Valiant Sentinel, Mendellsohn O'Reilly; Organist, Mozart Dibbs. A recess of ten minutes was called, when several of the members mysteriously disappeared for a greater part of the time. Upon the P.G. resuming the chair, Sentinel O'Reilly was found to be absent, and on an exploring party being sent in search of him, he was discovered actively engaged in pressing his newly espoused principles upon a meek-looking man who was desperately clinging to a lamp-post to enable him to withstand the torrent of Mendellsohn's eloquence. When all were fixed the P.G. asked if any of the members wished to ask questions or offer additions to the constitution.

Bro. Demosthenes Stokphast thereupon rose to ask if the club intended to press for five minutes' sermons from ministers, or did the clause more particularly apply to the prayers of the rev. gentlemen?

The P.G. replying, said "The question of five minutes' sermons must be left out of the

programme for the present. As to the length of prayers, the club intends to take immediate action upon the question."

Here several members rose to their feet to speak, but it being evident to the eagle eye of the P.G. that Bro. Boucicalt Twikletop had the floor he was allowed to proceed. After blowing his nose with great energy and looking to the ceiling for the inflatus, that worthy said, "P.G. I do not wish to comment upon what the previous speaker has said, but rise to ask if the club will take some action to prevent the incessant talk of woman, whether over a new bonnet, a cup of green tea, the latest scandal, or the thousand and one subjects upon which a woman, at any time, can hold an animated half-hour's conversation.

Bro. Wilde Turnbull rose hastily to remark that the brother was very ungallant to the ladies, which remark brought forth a severe rebuke from the P.G., which caused the indiscreet brother to lapse into moody silence.

Bro. Triptolemus Tripod asked if the club would exert its power to crush the canvassing agent who came and dexterously removed all traces of a wife's work from the door-step, and whose tongue was usually wound up to run fifty minutes. The P.G. replied "I recognize in the suppression of woman's tongue, the greatest work of the club. Preachers, and even agents, are amenable to reason, but seldom is woman. The right-of-way to Gableland is claimed by woman, and I am afraid we cannot displace the claim. However, the club has a grand field of action before it, and if all the members are energetic we can accomplish wonders. Let your zeal be tempered with discretion and all will go well. The subjects mentioned had better be referred to a special committee, upon which I shall name Brothers Stokphasty, Tinkletop, Doxium and Higgins. Bro. Higgins objected to being on a committee which would criticize the actions of the ladies, he took pleasure in listening to their charming utterances. This speech played rough upon the feelings of the members, several weeping audibly, whilst one brother, rich in the blessings of wedlock, fainted. When the sensation subsided and the fainting brother was brought round by the application of a bottle neck to his lips, Bro. McFilter asked if the objecting brother was married? Higgins said he was not. The questioner sat down in silence, not daring to let loose his sentiments upon the subject. Not wishing to damage the poetical nature of Bro. Higgins, the P.G. named Triptolemus Tripod in his stead.

The club then went into the question of dues, which is of no interest to the general public.

After asking the members to push forward the principles of the club, the P.G. closed the session.

## MEMORIAL LITERATURE.

(By a member of the Canadian Institute.)

## REMARKABLE EVENTS.

Many of our citizens have good cause to remember the old jail. It stood on what is now Toronto-street; but formerly Yonge-street branched off at Queen and straggled down in a drunken sort of way till it reached King-street and the jail. I remember well the vacant ground where the New Post office is now erected, and many of our younger citizens recollect Yonge-street before the block pavement was put down. Why it is only as yesterday when old John—and myself used to sit in the old Lyceum theatre on King-street and listen to the troupe that came over with the Pilgrim Fathers. They were called the Holman's, and many old residents remember them and the Jubilee Singers announcing every year their farwell appearance. But about the old jail: it is not generally known that it was taken

down in sections and set up on the south side of Wellington-street, and was used by an Ecumenical Legislature as an Assembly House. It stands there yet, though the shed used as a driving house for the use of the country members has fallen into decay.

There is a curious bit of history about the vacant lot at the head of Toronto-street where the Post office now stands. Every one knows that an old photographer's van stood there for years. It was one of the last of these perambulating establishments now unknown to the rising generation. The proprietor, having appointments with a batch of medical students and also with the York Society of Deacons for the Suppression of Tobacco unfortunately allowed the appointments to lapse; and, while the two policemen did not recover for months, the innocent cause of it all was driven hopelessly insane. It was the last official use made of the van or the camera within, but the only remaining survivor of the students—the deacons are long since dead and free from smoke, let us hope—the only survivor I say, told me that the van was taken possession of by a narrow gauge railway, and for many years formed the only palace drawing room car the company possessed.

Strange things have happened in Toronto in my time, some for the better, others not so. Old men will recollect Stanley and Dummer-streets. Why there isn't a trace of them now; Yorkville, too, all gone—wiped out like the cities of the plains, and probably for as good a cause. It goes hard with me to acknowledge it, but I can go back far enough to indicate the time when there was not a decent daily paper in Toronto, and no such thing as an evening sheet worth looking at.

Away back in the forties you couldn't count fifteen Queen's counsel hurrying off to the Division Court, to reduce a plaintiff's claim by a couple of shillings—no advantage to their client even if they succeeded—or another lot hurrying down to the old jail—I mean the Parliament buildings—in order to abuse each other about the Clergy reserve of the County against the Clergy reserve of the City. However, that is none of my business—my business is the early history of this great city at a time prior to Free Libraries and Grocery Licenses, and I must reserve myself for that. I am ashamed of these digressions, and will set about my work in earnest. My next paper will be Yonge-street from Holland Landing to the confluence of the Don and the Humber five miles south of what is now the Island; showing that anciently this great street ran east and west, extending from Dundas to Kingston, or at least the Kingston Road. I have in preparation the Legends of Pine-Ear and Hay-Seed, two of the Buck-eye Indian tribe; and also the celebrated prophecies of Chin-Chin and Mows-His-Oats, who were hanged for inaccuracies on Montgomery's Farm.

Small boy: "Pa, did you know ma long before you married her!" Pa—"I didn't. I didn't know her until long after I married."

Boston journalism is rising a little above the dead level. The Baltimore *American* man recently wired the *Boston Post* man to know if he wanted a special about the birth of a tattooed baby. Electricity flashed back in the twinkle of a lamb's tail, "No; we keep an able liar of our own."—*Lincoln (Neb.) State Journal*.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.

## OUR OWN AND ONLY BRIBERY.

LUCID AND ELOQUENT ARGUMENTS ON THE EVIDENCE *pro* AND *con*.

A SYMPATHETIC CROWD SHOW THEIR INTEREST AND INTELLIGENCE.

*Only Authorized Account.*

GRIP wants no gold medal for his enterprise in presenting this, the only true and full and free and endorsed account of the argument in the Bribery Business. GRIP's disinclination for more gold medals is due to reasons that must be obvious:—

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE.

"I submit, your worship, that the prosecution has utterly failed in making out a *prima facie* case, and I ask for the honorable discharge of the defendants, and the costs—including a guarantee for payment of the bill at the nearest saloon. That, I suppose, is all I need say to your worship who, in view of your familiarity with crime and criminals of the very worst type, are pretty well able to appreciate the position of the defendants in this matter and to feel an admiration which words really fail to convey at the capitally conducted defence which they have been so fortunate as to enjoy—under the circumstances, the peculiar circumstances. I refer to the defence at this juncture, your honor, in order to spare your feelings while delivering judgment—not to mention *our* feelings. I would sit down now, quite satisfied that your Lordship is anxiously waiting to make out the order of acquittal, and then warmly congratulate those gentlemen, my esteemed clients, on the—aw!—the—the—"

ONE OF THE PRISONERS (*sotto voce*)—"Mighty-close-call."

COUNSEL—"Complete collapse of the cunningly constructed structure that was designed to corral them—"

A VOICE—"You mean collar 'em?"

COUNSEL—"I say the artfully arranged artifice which was intended to ensnare them like so many—aw!—so many—"

VOX BASSO PROFUNDO—"Rats!"

[Loud laughter and cries of "'Rah for GRIP!"]

COUNSEL—"Me Lord, I ask in the name of my innocent and righteously indignant clients, the pris—that is to say, the gentlemen at the bar—or rather before you, me Lord, that this unseemly interruption be prevented for the future, before I am obliged, in vindication of my Professional Dignity—ahem!—to—to—Withdraw From this Court Room!"

THE BENCH, (anxiously)—"No, no, Sir! for Heaven's sake be calm and do nothing so desperate!"

COUNSEL (resuming, with a threatening look at the audience)—"As I was remarking, I feel so sure of our dismissal that I shall say no more, but address to you a few words in anticipation of what my learned friend may feel himself in common decency bound to urge in behalf of the Government—to say nothing of the excuse for his fees—in this extraordinary proceeding. Briefly, then, me Lord, I go through the formality of submitting the few indisputable facts, as established by—by—or—by the incontrovertible—aw!—"

FROM A BACK BENCH—"Evidence of McKim!"

CONSTABLE—"Ardher!"

COUNSEL—"established by the duly published *Statements*—yes, I repeat, STATEMENTS—of the accused in the *Mail* newspaper!"

[Profound sensation in court, with several instances of people falling off their seats through emotion.]

COUNSEL WARMING UP—"Yes, me Lord! There is our defence in a nutshell! Mr. Bunting is charged with complicating in this alleged Bribery. Mr. Bunting writes a letter in the *Mail* and declares, over his own signa-

ture, that it is a base plot to ruin his reputation! What more satisfactory explanation, I ask, can be required by any Court of Justice in the wide world? Do you know what Mr. Bunting is? Mr. Bunting, me Lord, is An Editor. Need I say more, after this, as to his character? Do you know what the *Mail* is?"

AN ASTHMATIC VOICE—"Well, we should just say so! Haw! haw! haw!"

COUNSEL—"I scorn the author of that satirical observation! The *Mail*, me Lord, is the Gentlemen's Organ! The Honest and Truthful and Pureminded and Independent people of Canada reverse its every utterance. It is a mighty power for good in the land! No well-regulated family should be without it! As a Gentleman, it must be quite clear, Mr. Bunting would not be found associating with Reform members of Parliament, much less making any overture to them! On the contrary, I say, these men and their masters were making oversure—"

[The rest of the sentence was drowned in groans and cries of "put him out!" "Oh, come off!" "We are paralyzed at the pun!"]

COUNSEL—"I ask the court if this brawling—"

AUDIENCE IN CHORUS—"Brood of Bribers, hatched out under the eaves of the *Mail* building!"

[Renewed uproar! Two policemen forcibly eject a boy who had sneaked in! Quiet restored only by the Court threatening to read the Riot Act.]

COUNSEL—"As to Mr. Meek, another interesting defendant, why, his very name, synonymous as it is for what is lowly and gentle and innocent, ought to secure his instant acquittal, even had he not written a convincing statement in the *Mail*!"

A VOICE—"What about his give-away-mug?"

COUNSEL—"The discourteous and vulgar reference to my client's physiognomy is of course suggested by the testimony of the abandoned McKim. I decline to notice it! Now as to defendant Wilkinson, Mr. Wilkinson's position at this time is a particularly trying one, I must say."

A VOICE—"So was his little job!"

COUNSEL—"By a series of unfortunate circumstances his career as a brilliant journalist and prospective successful statesman has been blasted."

THAT VOICE—"Maybe his picture wasn't, too, when Sir John got the news!"

CONSTABLE—"Soy-lince!"

COUNSEL—"A man of strictly honorable feeling and excessive good nature, I am sure the court will entirely agree with me when I say that, in whatever light the mere evidence may place him, the sincerity of his intentions and the singleness of his purpose cannot for one instant be doubted. (Prolonged applause) His fault has been over-confidence in human nature—"

FROM SEVERAL QUARTERS—"Just so!"

COUNSEL—"He fancied all men were constituted like him—"

A BASS VOICE, WITH DEEP FERVENCY—"Lord forbid!"

COUNSEL—"I hold that he is worthy of all sympathy at this time, and when he is discharged I trust that no violence will be done the court furniture through the anxiety of people to come forward and grasp him by the hand."

[The cheering at this juncture was truly terrific. But the roof nobly stood it.]

COUNSEL CONTINUING—"The fourth and last defendant—O'Kirkland by name, I believe—is a stranger to me. By some inexplicable means he appears to have got mixed up in this vile plot—"

A VOICE—"Good enough."

COUNSEL—"This vile plot against the reputation of three honest men. This being his position, notwithstanding that there might be

something elicited if he would be prevailed on to—But no matter! I say let him go!"

SOME ONE—"That settles it!"

COUNSEL—"Now, me Lord, what am I to say against these abominable artifices to which these conscienceless conspirators—"

A VOICE—"No, the Braw—"

THE CONSTABLE—"Ardher, I say!"

COUNSEL—"resorted? Would you, would any sane person, believe hired informers, paid spies?"

THE COURT—"No, candidly I would not! I find it the safest plan in cases of this kind to trust to the opinions and impressions of right-thinking persons who don't know anything about the facts but would really like to, rather than place confidence in the sworn testimony of witnesses who have made it their business to post themselves fully on the facts." [Counsel now sits down amidst tumultuous applause—all intended for *him*.]

FOR THE PROSECUTION.

"May it please your worship: The address of my learned friend, the counsel for the prisoners at the Bar—"

A VOICE—"Give it to 'em like that every time!"

COUNSEL—"has certainly not surprised me either in the line of his defence or the style of his diction."

A VOICE—"Lying of his defence' is good!"

ANOTHER VOICE—"So is 'style of his dictionary'!"

COUNSEL—"I shall have very little to say in reply to his discussion of the characteristics and status of the prisoners. One of them he refers to as 'interesting.' Now, we look on this same one in the light of a *principal* as well as with 'interest.'" [Hear! hear!] And he is an editor, eh?"

[An ironical laugh is promptly stopped by four policemen who are, however, unable to find the party who raised it.]

COUNSEL—"And as such he cannot lie, eh?"

A VOICE—"He don't have to! There's Griffin!"

COUNSEL—"My unknown friend has just taken the words out of my mouth! [Deafening applause.] When the plea was put up for Wilkinson, why did not my learned friend add that the young man was the main support—"

A VOICE—"And a mighty manse wan, too!"

COUNSEL FOR DEFENCE, with a smile—"Of a widowed mother, I presume?"

COUNSEL FOR PROSECUTION—"No, but rather of an Aged Chieftain! [Wild yells and hoots.] As to the *merits* of the case, I submit—the *evidence*!" [Uproarious screeches in forty different keys.]

THE COURT—"Gentlemen, your able arguments knock me cold. I must retire and dream over this for a few days."

## MANGLED METAPHOR.

There is one man who helps to write the political articles in the *Globe*, and who might pass pretty well—that is to say as a *Globe* writer—if he only confined himself to plain, matter-of-fact, unornamented, unfigurative English. But his weakness is a love for metaphor, with the use of which he is about as familiar as an old cow would be. Generally when he essays a metaphorical flight he gets woefully muddled; at all other times his metaphor is shockingly mangled. It positively pains us to have to record another instance of his metaphor mangling propensities—the theme was "Tupper." You would imagine a *Globe* editor could discuss Tupper by the column in the very commonest language: But our *Globe* editor on this occasion sandwiched in a metaphor, thus:—

"Some birds fancy themselves safe and invisible because their heads are in very small bushes."

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THE SMART BOY MAKES AN ALTERATION.

Away back on the pathless prairie—afar in the dreary desert of the North-West—where the foot of the white man has only recently penetrated, and where it is next to impossible to get a drink of anything worse than essence—there lives in a lone printing-office a bald-headed descendant of an Irish King. This scion of ancient Milesian Royalty once honored Toronto with his presence and supplied the *Globe* newspaper with a real editorial. It so happened on a certain memorable occasion that the Child of a King employed this very metaphor in an article. This was the way it came from him:—

"The course of our contemporary recalls to us the ostrich, which strange bird when pursued by its enemies thrusts its head into the desert sand, and kicks up its heels at the amused stars."

In the dim recesses of his humble sanctum, as the prairie winds sweep in pitiful gusts around the *Regina Leader* establishment, moaning a weird dirge and threatening the demolition of a sign which states that horse-bills are a specialty,—sits this expatriated Prince, reading a copy of the *Globe*, to see what new hair restorers are in the market. Suddenly his eagle eye rests on the mangled metaphor above quoted. It flashes in rage! His proud lip curls in ineffable scorn! Instinctively his hand seeks the spot where once

hung his trusty sword! Alas! it is not there. But in its place is the nigh angle of a mammoth patch, for out on the plains is enjoyed freedom not only from carking care but also from the cold conventionalities of despotic society. The illimitable wilderness is the place to bid defiance to soul-corroding anxiety and wear old clothes.

- A tie 'em lock—Wedlock.
- Letters of credit—I. O. U.—*Life*.
- A vein undertaking—Digging coal.
- Falling dew—A ten-day's note.—*Life*.
- A good test of insolvency—Protest.—*Life*.
- The lost chord—A missing woodpile.—*Life*.
- Ominous name for a hen-pecked husband.—"Claw'd."
- Brass band music goes by the pound, but church music by the choir.—*Texas Siftings*.
- A person may be waiting for a "dead man's shoes," and yet not be his "sole" heir.—*Travellers' Magazine*.
- A young lady who attempts to capture more than seven beaux, always tries to fascinate. There now.—*Life*.

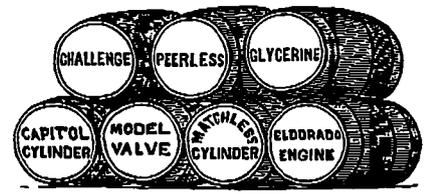
"How do you know when a cyclone is coming?" asked a stranger of a Western man. "Oh, we get wind of them," was the answer.

A cowboy appeared in the streets of Austin, Texas, clad in a pair of pants made of Angora goat-skin with the hair on the outside. An Eastern lady wanted to buy them for a rug, but as he hadn't any others he modestly refused.

"Why, my gracious!" exclaimed old Mrs. Simpson, looking up from the newspaper, "if they hain't got them sparrers out in 'an Francisco. And they're fightin' thar jist as bad as they do here. They're bad birds, though they do call 'em by pet names. One of 'em's called Sullivan, and was brought all the way from Boston. Law!"

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