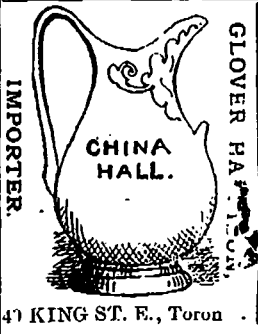


SMOKE [CABLE EL PADRE] CIGARS



VOLUME XX.
No. 11.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEB. 10, 1883.

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Fair Portia's counterfeit? What
Hath come so near creation?
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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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J. W. BENGOUGH Editor.
FRED. SWIRE, B.A. Associate Editor.

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

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—MR. GRIP's position in regard to politics, local and general, is that of an onlooker who reserves to himself the right to expose the elements of insincerity or absurdity in either party as these may become revealed to his eye. In the contest now going on in Ontario, he cannot but be amused at the desperation of those who are boiling with fury to cast Oliver Mowat from place and power, while, in or out of Parliament, they have not even alleged any good reason why a change should be made. The intense interest taken in a purely local contest by the Federal authorities is another diverting element, comically at variance with the oft-repeated aphorism about non-interference, and the "autonomy of the Provinces." No better representatives of the melo-dramatic farcical politicians can be found than the valiant "Pirates of Penzance," at whom play-goers have rolled with laughter. If the contest results in a material strengthening of the local opposition, it will be a decided benefit—but the deposition of an admittedly able and honest government in the present crisis would be a calamity which Ontario would soon feel reason to mourn.

FIRST PAGE.—The Reform Opposition at Ottawa (like the Conservative ditto at Toronto), is badly in need of strengthening. The success of a party depends largely on its leader, and in this view there is undoubtedly truth in the startling theory lately announced by "Dr." Victor Hall, that the patient is affected by what his doctor eats for him. We commend the suggestion in the sketch to the earnest attention of Mr. Blake.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is announced that the Ontario Campaign is to be managed for the opposition by the Dominion Premier. Considering that the Ottawa House is in session, and public business pressing, this sounds improba-

ble, but Signor Macdonald is an exceedingly clever performer, and will get through his act without the slightest difficulty. But how does Mr. Meredith relish this sort of an arrangement? We should think his gorge would feel inclined to rise!

An admirable portrait of the Hon. Oliver Mowat, produced by the process of zincography, has just been published by Messrs. J. S. Robertson & Brothers, of this city and Whitty. The picture, which is not quite life size, was drawn, engraved, and printed by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Co., and is a remarkably striking and faithful reproduction of the original photograph of Mr. Mowat, and may be looked upon as a great triumph of the art of zincography.

Dans l'absence de notre redacteur Francais nous endecaverons a remplir son place et deux etat (to state) que nous avons recevu le premiere nombre de *L'Eclair*, un papier nouveau des nouvelles, publi dans Montreal. Il est un papier de grand merit both typographiquement et otherwise, et est plein de nouvelles and got up bully. Nous esperons que *L'Eclair* sera successful. Nous ne sommes pas le regulier redacteur Francais, et nous avons mi-laid notre dictionnaire, mais nous avons fait notre meilleur. Hoop la!

ALL BUT ;

OR,

HOLLOW, HOLLOW, HOLLOW.

We never speak as we pass by,
I look, she does not, then I sigh,
And oh! I think of Love's young dream,
And how things are not what they seem.

Not many months ago we met,
I never can that day forget;
I loved her madly from the first;
My love was welcomed,—spurned and curst.

Oh! why? my tale I'll strive to tell,
In princely state my love doth dwell;
Of noble, haughty blood is she,
Her pa a baronet is he.

And I, with fiery passion bold
Discouraged to her of lineage old;
Of relatives of mine who thought
That rank below a duke's was nought;

Of earls, my cousins, 'cross the sea,
Of my far-reaching pedigree;
And of my proud ancestral line,
And wealth that surely would be mine.

She heard it all and all believed,
And little dreamt that I deceived;
She owned her love and owned that she
Would leave friends, home and all—for me.

Time fled; the month had just begun
In which we two should be made one;
When tempests troubled life's calm stream,
And swift dispelled my fairy dream.

One morn my love came sauntering down
To make some purchases in town,
To buy some female trifles sweet
To make her *trousseau* all complete.

She paused ament a dry goods store,
Glanced in, then stepped the threshold o'er;
Whilst I, my face suffused with blood
Of shame—behind the counter stood!

The truth was out, she knew that I
To her had dared to basely lie;
That I, who'd fanned her pure love's spark,
Was but—a dry goods junior clerk.

One look of withering scorn she cast,
Then from the counter swift she passed.
Next day we met, my love and I,
But—never spoke as we passed by.

"I don't believe you have the water of the right temperature. You must get a thermometer," said an Austin mother to the new colored nurse. "What am dat?" "It is an instrument by which you can tell if the water is too hot or too cold." "I kin tell dat ar without any instrument. Ef de chile turns blue, den de water am too cold; and ef hit turns red, den I know dat de water am too hot."



On Thursday and Friday, February 8th and 9th, Carmilla Urso, the renowned violinist, and company of talented artists, appear at Shaftesbury Hall. The well known reader and reciter, Mr. Alf. P. Burbank, is with this company, and is not the least of its attractions. Plan to be seen at Nordheimer's.

The *Black Crook*—Kivalfy brothers—has been the attraction at the Grand Opera House this week and has nightly drawn large and appreciative audiences. Next week Her Majesty's Italian Opera Company, of New York, will take the boards on Monday and Tuesday, and will doubtless meet with the success so magnificent an organization deserves. Mr. Sheppard's enterprise in securing such first-class companies is meeting with the recognition it so richly merits.

The Nilsson Concert in the Horticultural Gardens, to take place on March 7th, will doubtless be a rare treat to the lovers of high-class music, the names of the performers who take part in it, being alone sufficient to warrant us in predicting an entertainment of no mean order. As there will doubtless be a great rush for seats, no time should be lost in securing them at Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer's, where the subscription list was opened on Monday last.

The entertainment given by the officers of the Q. O. R., on the evenings of the 5th and 6th inst., passed off with great eclat. In addition to the *Naval Engagements*, which was admirably placed upon the boards, the audience, a most appreciative one throughout, was entertained by some well-executed gymnastic feats and gun drill. The music by the regimental band was a very enjoyable feature of a very enjoyable evening's entertainment.

The annual exhibition of the Poultry Association of Ontario, now taking place at 83 Yonge-street, is a very fine one, and some magnificent birds are on view, and will be till the 14th inst. It is however anticipated that the Tory editors will make even a finer display of roosters on the morning of the 28th inst., though possibly the other side may have to exhibit theirs.

WHISKEY DID IT.

"Leave my presence, sir."

Stern, imperious words were these to issue from the delicately chiselled, rose-bud lips of Alberta Cavendish Bullins; surely 'twas some matter of more than ordinary gravity, some insult of more than usual grossness that had so raised the haughty temper of the wealthy pickle-maker's daughter. Aye, was it, as a perusal of this story will reveal. 'Twas the twenty-first anniversary of the natal day of Alberta Bullins, and the exquisite drawing-rooms of Gherkyn Hall resounded with the merry laughter of those who had there assembled to congratulate the lovely girl on her attainment of her majority. The noble apartments were thronged with the gayest of the gay, and elites of the *elite* of the place. Here, gracefully posing on the crimson ottoman, lolled young Flamingo Stuckins, chief salesman at the immense warehouse of Jeremy, Diddler & Co., drapers. There on the sky-blue sofa, conversing with Mlle Bonne-bour, in exquisite French, sat Sprightly de Tote de Mort, recently returned from a "tower" on the "continuing dee Yurope," and who re-

garded the surroundings in Gherkyn Hall with the *blase, savoir-faire, comment ça va* air which had become habitual with him since his fort night's residence in France, and a faint smile of scorn wreathed his lips as he accepted from the liveried menial a cup of fragrant coffee, with the remark to his vivacious partner, "Ah! cally: tray beang, may jaim mar cally avieck lodevee, naysipor?" "Oui," replied Made-moiselle, "vous parlez ma langue on Français veritable."



Sprigsby inclined his head at what he felt to be a compliment, tho' he was not absolutely certain; still, he was wealthy, and made-moiselle was on the look-out for such a one for a life partner. Every purple-cushioned chair, every yellow-covered sofa and lounge, had its occupant, and even the gorgeous green curtains of the windows but partially concealed those who had taken refuge in the noble bay windows, in the centre panes of each of which was stained, in many a rich and glorious tint, the coat of arms of the Buffins family; aye, 'twas a noble crest, and the heart of old Job Buffins leapt high as he gazed proudly on it, that crest, a vinegar vat *argent, coupe*, supported, on a ground copperas, by two cucumbers rampant, with the motto in letters of gold beneath, "Guaranteed Pure." The smatches of conversation, overheard occasionally by any who might be listening, would amply reveal the fact that 'twas no ordinary company that was there assembled in those kaleidoscopic salons. "Yes, sir, sold fower 'underdogs at height cents a pund as they stood, and Smith says, says he"—"Cawn't be in the blowsted bank all th' time, y' know, bah Jove, too much stwain on a fellah's intellect, y' know, ah, bah Jove"—"Yes, our Mr. Robinson is the best judge of trouserings, shirtings and towellings on the road, I believe, he"—"And I did hear that the Rev. Mr. Lamb was trying to obtain a divorce from Mrs. Lamb Isn't it shocking?" All these fragments could not but convince the most unimpressionable listener with the fact that he was in society the most *distingue, recherche, and creme de la creme*. But sec. Why wander the eyes of the fair young hostess so often towards the door? Ah! she expects the arrival of her affianced lover, and is warned by intuitive forebodings that all is not right. Wildly as she adores Fortescue Dalrymple, the plumber's book-keeper, and keenly alive as she is to the many advantages which will accrue from their matrimonial alliance, still she is not blind to the fact that he has his weakness, and she fears even now that he may have fallen into the snares of the demon of drink. He is no hypocrite, that same Fortescue Dalrymple, and though a member of the city Temperance Salvation, Club he seems to enter a saloon by the back door. Rather would he lose his strong right hand than sneak into a corner to break his pledge, if he felt that way. Nay! what

he did, he did openly, too openly alas! Whisht! 'tis his step in the marble corridor. A sickening faintness seizes on Alberta as the folding doors are thrown open and the pampered flunkey announces "Mister Fortisk D'rymp." He enters, a dreamy look in his glorious Byronic eyes. Ah! one could almost imagine that he was even now meditating on the commencement of his next poem, which shall be "Go 10 hours, 2 plumbers clearing sink—\$900." Fashion, taste, culture have all been called into requisition in the adornment of his person. His coat ends abruptly at the 3rd lumbar vertebra, and is thrown widely open in front, as is his silken waistcoats' bosom; so open, in very truth, that the imaginative beholder might well fancy, that, should his collar button give way, Fortescue must inevitably fall out in front. His trousers are a rhapsody, a poem; of the most delicate primrose tint, tightly strapped aloft and below the hatches, they show off his symmetrical limbs to perfection. But, alas! Alberta can read the expression of his countenance, and she knows that he has given way to the promptings of his appetite, and has called at several rum-holes on his way to Gherkyn Hall. But this were not the worst. No, no. As Fortescue advances up the room, bowing to the right, to the left, in front, behind, his short coat naturally creeps further up his back, and reveals, (Oh! that my pen should write it) the fact that he has sat down at his last halting place, some free lunch den, in a plate of pickled red cabbage, and there on his corporeal prominence stands out the gory patch in bold relief against the delicate background. Draw down the curtain. Let us conceal the agony, at the same time let us remark that we cannot wonder at the tone of voice in which Alberta Cavendish Buffins utters those awful words, "Leave my presence, sir."



ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL IDEA BUST.

"Hold that shell to your ear my child: now, what hearest thou?" "Oh! mother, I hear the sound of the sea and of the waves moaning on the shore."—*Tales of my Childhood.*

I held me a shell to mine ear,
And in fancy I heard the sea,
With its moan and its roar
As it broke on the shore,
And sounded murringly.

In my mental vision I saw
The yeast of the frothing waves,
As they kissed the beach,
And strove to reach
The dark and gloomy caves.

Then I held to my listening ear
A beer jug, sturdy and stout,
And methought I could hear
The resounding beer,
As the landlord poured it out.

And the sound was much the same
As that I had heard in the shells:
"Another fraud I perceive to be,
This sound in the shell of the murmuring sea,
Another of childhood's selfs."

A New York man lost \$75,000 worth of art treasures by the burning of his residence a few days ago. He will have to purchase a great many pounds of Li-quot tea before the loss is made up.

GRIP'S FABLES.

THE EDITOR AND THE CAT.



NCE upon a time there was an Editor who was Sorely Harassed at Night by the Noise made by the Cats outside his Window. What to do he knew not, for when he opened his

Caseament to interview the Animals they invariably fled Apace, and he was a Poor Shot at a Moving Object. So he resolved to resort to Strategy, and one Night when he was very Sleepless and there was nothing left in his Bottle, he rose up and opened wide his Window, and lo! in the Moonlight he beheld advancing, on the turreted Wall that surrounded his palace, a big Cat. The Editor buttoned up the Valenciennes lace ruffles of his Night-Gown more closely round his throat, and sat down, and as the Cat drew nigh, he said, "Good evening, Signor Tomaso, 'tis a fine night. But I am sleepless, and if you would tarry awhile and warble me one of your Charming Lullabies, methinks I could obtain some Repose." So the Cat advanced till he came opposite the Editor's caseament and said, "With pleasure; what shall it be?" "Anything soothing," replied the editor, "one of your Sweetest Paregorics."

So the Cat struck an attitude and began, and trilled out adagios, pianissimos, crescendos, furiosos, staccatos, buleros, and deminos, and just as he struck a Note that made the Hairs in his listener's wig stand up like a Man who has sat down on a Fish-Hook, the Editor whirled his empty Bottle round his head, there was a sound of Revelry by Night, and the Cat fell into a sound sleep from which he never woke again.

"Tant mieux," said the Editor, "do good to them which despitely use you. He has often caused me a Sleepless Night whilst I have secured him Eternal Repose." And he went back to his couch and slept with the Brand of Cain upon his Massive Brow.

The Moral is, my dears, that men are Deceivers ever, and that Editors are not all one's Fancy paints them, and that Cats may be flattered and flattered into submission to the Inevitable. Also that there is as much death sometimes in an empty Bottle as the good temperance lecturers say there is in a Full one.

CONSOLATION

Why need we grieve tho' Plumb be mute,
And silent hangs his voiceless lute?
If names be indices to mind,
Then Plumb is left away behind.
In Parliament two birds have risen
With names more musical than his'n;
Shakespeare and Homer now we see
Have seats for far away B. C.
Then, grieve not for the loss of Plumb,
And weep not though his lyre be dumb.
Still we must miss those stirring lines
Composed beneath Niagara's pines;
Those strains which whelmed the country o'er,
And swelled above the cataract's roar,
We only hope when next he sings,
He'll sport a harp and pair of winos.

Lord Byron, in reference to a beautiful lady, wrote to a friend—"Lady—has been dangerously ill, but now she is *dangerously* well again." American belles, when attacked by any of the ills that flesh is heir to, may be kept *knitting*, and avoid being killed by taking Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which banishes feminine weaknesses, and restores the bloom of health. By all druggists.



MY LIVER,
AND
WHAT THE PRESCRIBING DRUGGISTS KNEW
ABOUT IT.

Reader, did you ever have a bilious attack? I have, lots of them, but I never had so much difficulty in getting rid of one as I had with my last. Whether it was that I did not take sufficient medicine or exercise, or too much of one or both, or whether the druggists I consulted did not thoroughly understand my case, my reader must determine, but I certainly had a hard time of it. A few mornings ago I woke up, and I knew by experience I was in for a bilious tussle. Tried my usual remedies with no results, save to make myself twice as bad. Resolved to go and consult Jippets, the druggist. Went and stated my case. "Hum, ha!" remarked Jippets, "blue pill's the thing, sir, nothing like it; take this," and he handed me a miniature eighty one-ton-gun projectile, "You'll be all right in the morning." I followed his instructions and was much worse next day. Cut Jippets dead, and went to Bluggins, three blocks away. "Bilious, eh?" he said, "want something to tone up your liver, eh? Well, blue pill will fetch him, sir; here take this; be all right in the morning." I recoiled with loathing, and informed Bluggins that I had taken about 10 drachms of blue pill already, and was ten times worse than ever. "To be sure; let's see your tongue. Ha! it's the renal capsule of the pericardium that is out, of kilter; to be sure; musn't try blue pill there—fatal; pains you here, don't it?" and he dug his thumb into my left side, under the ribs. "No, I feel it here," I replied, indicating a spot directly opposite. "To be sure; to be sure; sympathetic euroclydon; colocyth and assafetida will knock that higher'n a kite. Take this," and he shoved a chunk of black odorous substance into my hand. "Suck it slowly. Bring you round in no time." I followed his instructions to the letter and had a fit on the public street. When I came to I observed that my friends turned their heads away whilst conversing with me, and I overheard the remark, "Result of drink, and gorging himself at those free lunch tables on limburger cheese and cold haggis. Sad thing, very." I resolved to get rid of that bilious attack if I died in the attempt, so I went down and consulted Jugster, druggist. "Well," he said slowly, "what have you been doing for it?" I told him the course I had pursued. He threw up his hands in horror-struck, "You took blue pill? You took colocyth and assafetida? Thank your stars you are alive to come to me before it was too late. My dear fellow, your liver must look like this by this time," and he drew a diagram bearing a strong resemblance to the map of the Gerrymandered counties published in some of the newspapers. "Well, well, well," I groaned, "Save me, Jugster; can you? will

you?" "I can and will," replied the noble fellow, "but allow me to tell you that your bilious secretions are simply diocesan." I was appalled, but Jugster went on, "Now here's Black's July Flower; excellent thing; here's Summer Blossom; best specific known; here's Bushy's Corn Eradicator; nothing like—" "Hold," I cried, "How many bottles of each of these articles will it take to limber up my liver so that it'll do to go on with till I can see about getting a new one?" "Well," he answered, "about five, say six bottles of each, and he commenced wrapping them up. "Stay," I interrupted "how much do they cost apiece?" "Dollar'n half," replied Jugster. "Hum, that would be \$27 for the lot, eh?" "Let you have them for \$25," he answered tying the string round the parcel. "Tarry yet awhile, gentle Jugster," I said, "Hast nothing less befitting the income of a millionaire?" "I have, here's podophyllin; best thing out, take a pill?" answered Jugster. "How much is a pill?" "Two cents." "Give me one." I bought one and passed out. I was worse next day, and did what I should have done at first—went to a respectable physician. He made a new man of me at once. He must have done so, for I paid him.

THAT FIENDISH BOY.

To the authors of that fractional currency literature in yellow covers, I say, *anathema maranatha*: to the author, in particular, of "Bloody-fisted Bill, or the pirates of Gory Island" I say, "Go to, hang thyself, thou hast murdered sleep." And now let me explain and account for this outburst. Slugsby's boy had raised his hand to heaven and sworn revenge, and the way it all happened was as follows:

Slugsby's boy is an Indian hunter this week, and has arrayed himself appropriately for the character by cutting up his father's buck-skin underclothing and trimming it with beads from his mother's best cloak, while her new bonnet supplied ostrich feathers for the decoration of the head-dress of the redoubtable scout, who commenced operations by scalping Spiffins' cat, and wearing the trophy in triumph at his belt. Last week this imp of Slugsby and Satan was a pirate, and hung thirteen cats and a poor, miserable, homeless cur to the yard arm, *i. e.*, the clothes line in the back yard. Behold the results of perusing the literature before alluded to. But to continue.

This has been a perilous week for the children in my (and Slugsby's boy's) neighborhood,—for I reside in his vicinity, though I fear I do not appreciate the honor as I ought to do,—and if a lad, unguarded by his father, ventured out, Slugsby's boy, skulking in ambush behind some tree, whizzed an arrow at his head, whilst dogs were mercilessly looked upon and treated as wolves, and cats as panthers, or "painters," as Slugsby's boy called them in his dime novel lingo. It is astonishing how lively a boy of an aspiring mind can make a neighborhood, but all these noble aspirations of that boy were lost upon Spiffins; he was a man who read the bible, prayed long and fervently on every possible occasion, and taught in Sunday School. Evidently he was not the man to appreciate Slugsby's boy, and the latter might have known that fact. However, Spiffins was standing out by his barn the other evening, when he was startled by a war whoop from the far side of the wood pile, and there was Slugsby's boy in Indian costume and red paint, drawing a bead with bow and arrow on his finest Cochon China fowl, and just as the bird flopped over, Spiffins dodged round and got Slugsby's boy by the ear, and stood him up on the ends of his toes. He was not a violent, passionate man, so he quietly held him up by that ear as aforesaid, which stretched out like a piece of warmed India

rubber, and he talked with him quietly about his depravity, and pleaded with him to abandon his blood-thirsty life, and let his ambition in the future lead him into the honest walks of politics, or municipal matters. Spiffins then changed off and took a fresh lift on the

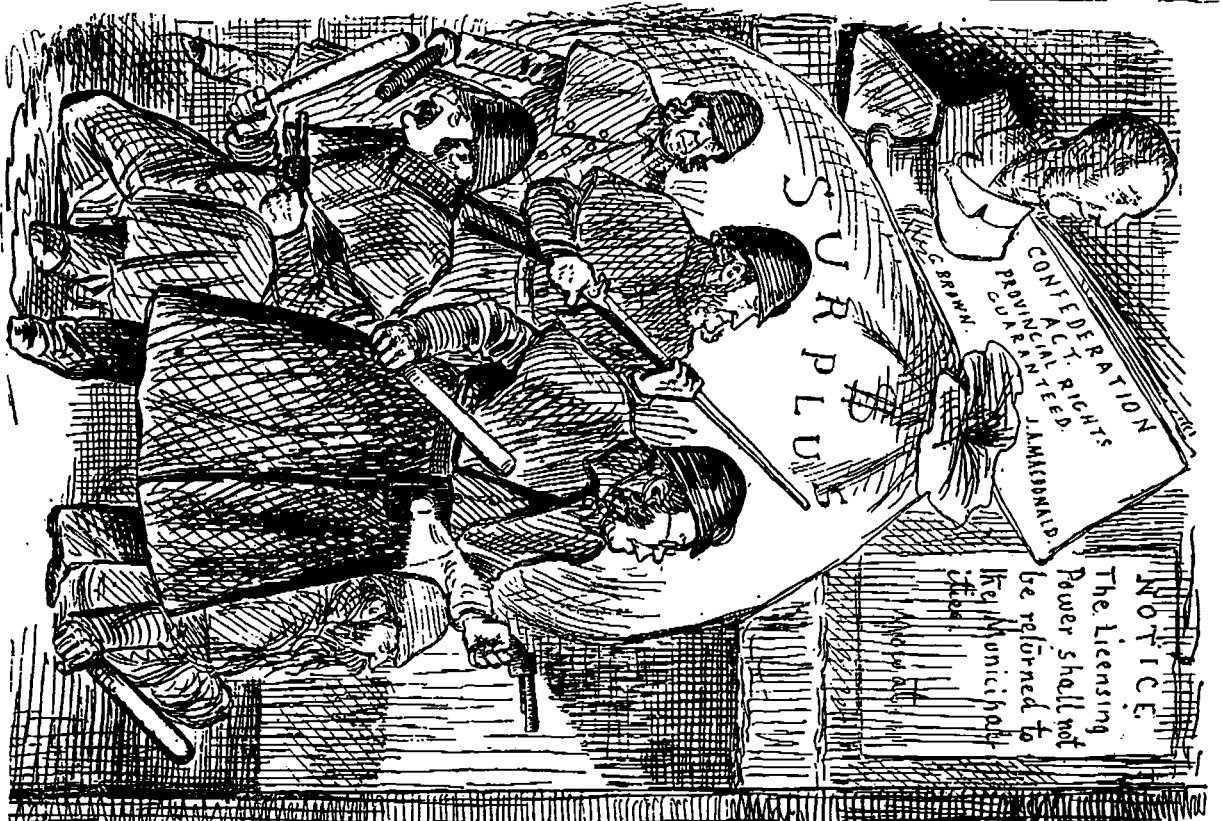


ear with his other hand, while he drew a bible out of his pocket, and read a chapter to Slugsby's boy. This did not interest the latter much, as his attention was more particularly drawn to the nicety with which he was balanced on his toes by the aid of his ear; but the most pleasant things grow tiresome, and are apt to pall at last, and the novelty of his position wearing off, Slugsby's boy said he had to go home, as his mother wanted him to split some wood for her; so Spiffins gave him some tracts and let him down slowly, so as not to jar him too suddenly, and as Slugsby's boy went home his ear stood up in the light of the rising moon like the shadow of some great evil that was to come to pass.

That night Slugsby's boy walked the floor and swore revenge upon every Spiffins he could think of, even including the two weeks old infant in his awful maledictions; but ha! to the honor of Spiffins be it said, he was more than a match for this pirate, scout, Indian hunter and what not. The next evening, as Spiffins was walking home in the moonlight, he felt a sudden pain in the calf of his leg, and



stooping down he pulled out a sharp spike nail tied to the end of a stick, and as he straightened up he was necessitated to pull another out of his coat tails. They came thick and fast, and kept him busy pulling, and he hardly knew what to make of it till he saw they were arrows, and then the truth flashed upon him. It must be Slugsby's boy, and Slugsby's boy it was, and Spiffins found him in the fence corner, and then there was some fun—for Spiffins; it was his turn. He had a nice little bamboo cane with him, and he took Slugsby's boy by the neck and the seat of his pants, and laid him across the top rail of the fence, and as every whack came down, Slugsby's boy jumped fully 16 inches high. It was the hottest engagement Slugsby's boy was ever in, and he'll have to find something else to sit on for the next two weeks. It took, I am inclined and happy to believe, all the noble aspirations out of him, and now he will never be fit for anything but a chief of police or a minister.



SCENE FROM THE "PIRATES OF PENZANCE."

Serv. Moral.—Hush ! hush ! I hear them on the manor ponding,
With stealthy step the pirates are approaching !



Pirates.—A rollicking band of pirates we,
Are trying our hand at burglaree,
With weapons grim and gory !

Touchstone's Talk.

"And so the world wags."

There be boys and boys, but give me a boy with, at least, a goodly sprinkling of "cuss-ness" in him, or put him away under a glass case, and get him ready for his little 4x2 bed beneath the daisies. Too much of the quality mentioned above, however, is not desirable, and the hero of the following sketch would appear to have been filled a little too full of it and from such a boy, I say, *parce nobis*.

THE NEW BOY.

He was a bran new office boy, young, pretty-faced, with golden ringlets and blue eyes. Just such a boy as one would imagine would be taken out of his little trundle bed in the middle of the night and transported beyond the stars. The first day he glanced over the library in the editorial room, became acquainted with everybody, knew all the printers, and went home in the evening as happy and cheery as a sunbeam. The next day he appeared, leaned out of the back window, expectorated on a bald-headed printer's pate; tied the cat up by the tail in the hallway; had four fights with another boy; borrowed two dollars from an occupant of the building, saying his mother was dead; collected his two days' pay from the cashier; hit the janitor with a broomstick; pawned a coat belonging to a member of the editorial staff; wrenched the knobs off the doors; upset the ice-cooler; pied three galleys of type; and mashed his finger in the small press. On the third day a note was received, saying: "My mother do not want I to work in such a dull place. She says I Would make a Good preacher, so Do I. my finger is Better: gone fishin'. Yours 'Till Deth do Yank us."—*Detroit Every Saturday*.

It is a great misfortune to possess a too sensitive nature, and I always feel sorry when I see one exposed to the brutal jars which it must receive in its passage through this coarse, unfeeling world. Many of my readers will, doubtless, sympathize with the man, righteously angry as he is shown to be, in the following, and will conclude, as I do, that some people positively have no sense of honor or decency whatever. I speak feelingly on this point, as I have myself experienced the same sensation of irritation as the hero of the tale, and from much the same cause.

IT TALKED HIM.

"The very next time I meet you," exclaimed an angry man to a passer-by, "I'll whale you till you can't stand up."

"What's the matter?" asked an acquaintance.

"You see, I owe the devilish fellow and he persists in meeting me."

"Doss he insultingly remind you of your obligation by speaking of it in the presence of others?"

"No, he never says anything."

"Then what right have you to complain?"

"Why, he knows devilish well that it is embarrassing for me to meet him, that it makes me feel bad, but when he sees me coming he doesn't get out of my way. Why doesn't he leave town until I pay him?"—*Little Rock Gazette*.

There have been some wonderful echoes mentioned from time to time, that extraordinary Irish one of which every one has heard being perhaps one of the most singular of which any record has been kept. But, for startling effects, perhaps the one of which this little story treats may be handed down to posterity as unrivalled. Many of the so-called won-

derful echoes, moreover, are only mythical. The same cannot be said of the following

REMARKABLE ECHO.

I have often smiled quietly to myself at the recollection of what once occurred in a certain theatre during a performance at which I happened to be present. The occasion was a grand concert, and one of the gems of the evening was to be a beautiful echo song, a number that had invariably brought down the house in other cities and which was expected to do the same in this instance. As fate would have it, however, the gentleman who usually took the part of Echo behind the scenes fell so ill on this particular night that he was totally unable to appear, or rather to sing, as his actual appearance was not necessary. The whole city scoured for a substitute, and at length one was found in the person of a brawny Scotchman, possessed of a beautiful voice and an excellent ear for music, but who, otherwise, was not exactly all that might have been desired. To make matters short, however, he was engaged to take Echo's part; the concert commenced and in due course the long looked-for and much-talked-of Echo Song was begun. Sweetly the ravishing tenor warbled through the first verse, as follows:

"Oh! brightly beams the morning sun, all hail the coming day,
As far beyond the western hills the darkness flies away."

This was very beautiful, and now came Echo's turn, and borne from behind the wings came the response—

"Flee away!"

This was rather a staggerer, and a faint titter went round the audience, but the tenor's performance was really masterly, and his next verse was anxiously waited for. It came.

"The sun ascends the heavens with crimson, golden glow;
I ought to tear myself away, but will not, cannot go."

Echo was ready for it, and promptly responded

"Willna, canna gang."

The titter increased to a perceptible laugh, and the tenor fumed with rage and cast diabolical glances to where McMutchkin was snugly ensconced, perfectly satisfied with the part he was playing in the performance. There was nothing for it, however, and the luckless tenor was forced to continue, but he resolved within himself to cut the performance as short as possible, though none could blame him for the laughter which now convulsed the audience, and accordingly he skipped the five intervening verses and jumped to the concluding one.

"Oh! banetuous earth, how fair thou art when lit by Phoebus' touch;
I love thee, aye, I love thee, perhaps too well, too much."

Echo was all solid, and from the distance came floating his response

"Aiblins, ower weel, ower muckle."

This was too much, the audience hooted and screamed; the tenor rushed off frantically, and before many minutes McMutchkin emerged into the street, closely pursued by the boot of primo tenora Signor, Caterwauli.

A gentleman who had been in Chicago only three days, but who had been paying attention to a prominent Chicago belle, wanted to propose, but was afraid he would be thought too hasty. He delicately broached the subject as follows: "If I were to speak to you of marriage, after having only made your acquaintance three days ago, what would you say to it?" "Well, I should say, never put off till to-morrow what you should have done the day before yesterday."

GRIP'S CLIPS, &c.

"Hadn't I better pray for rain to-day, deacon?" "N-not to-day, domine, I think," was the prudent reply, "the wind isn't right."

A Jersey City woman was recently arrested for smashing her husband across the nose with a red and yellow worsted motto bearing the words "God bless our home."

"Her foot is a poem," the lover said;
"A melodious rhythm is her tread."
"Yes," said his friend (a sort of heat),
"Spontanic the measure, two long feet."

"Oh! so you belong to the Blue Ribbon Army?" "Yes, sir, I wears the ribbon. It induces gen'lmen to temp' me with a drink, which I generally accept, sir."

Herbert Spencer says that a man's conversation is a sure index to his mental capacity. This is extremely severe upon a man who has just caught the back of his trousers on a nail.

An Englishman says that nearly all American writers attempt to be humorists, and that many of them are successful. In this respect is just where they differ from the Johnny Bulls.

Thank the stars Prince Napoleon can't speak English. Let the French do what they please with him, we care not, we are safe for a time, at least. He can't come over here and lecture.

"I've just purchased 4840 yards of land on credit," writes a friend, "and I want to celebrate the fact in immortal verse. What kind of an ode would be most appropriate?" "An-acre-on-tie, sonny."

Benjamin Hoover, of Indiana, was killed while cleaning a well by a bucket falling on his head.—*Exchange*. This brings to mind the happy days of our youth, when we had to translate something from Horace about *pallida mors*, &c.

A bad ending: "Well, William, what's become of Robert?" "What, 'avent you 'eard, sir?" "No. Not defunct, I hope." "That's just exactly what he 'as done, sir, and walked hoff with heverything he could lay his 'ands on."

The Scots in the second century made it a capital offence for magistrates to be drunk.—*Exchange*. Now then, you grumblers, who are always howling about the number of J. P.'s being too great, here's your chance. Get this law revived.

A bride complained to her husband that she had been too busy all day to get off her feet once, and that unhappy man, who had already discovered several make ups in her construction, exclaimed in amazement, "Great heavens, do they come off, too?"

The ex-Rev. Hoffman, who is now trying his hand at running a newspaper in Bloomington, remarks: "Our wonder to-day is that editors are pious at all."—*Exchange*. If the pulpits were all filled with Hoffmans, we might say the same of the clergy.

The Turk and the man who steps on an orange skin have much in common. For instance, they both sit down without calling for a chair. The motions of the Turk, however, lack energy and enterprise as compared with those of the man who uses the orange skin.

Said a poet to an unfortunate speculator: "Don't you think that the opening lines of Tennyson's little poem, 'Break, break, break,' are plaintive and sad?" "Yes," was the melancholy reply, "but I think that 'Broke, broke, broke!' is a good deal sadder."

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THE BEAT ROUTE QUESTION.

Should policemen be changed from beat to beat every few days? This is the question now agitating the—the—well, minds is as good a word as any, of those whose—whose—well, minds are supposed to be agitated by such momentous affairs. There is much to be said on both sides; those in favor of the system of change, are uncertain as to the results: those who are opposed to it, are very decidedly and steadfastly so. The two classes may be thus set down:

Pro-motion, or uncertain.
Con-stable.

Being anxious to ascertain the feeling amongst those who we thought would be interested in the matter, Mr. GRIP personally interviewed several ladies and gentlemen, and now publishes extracts from what he was told.

SATREY JANE, cook, 231 Belgravey-street, said, "Loos a mussy, it wouldn't never do Here's me and Loweza, housemaid's just got everything arranged beyoutiful, and number 23 and 62 drops in reglar at arf parst nine, pea hem, and it took us ever so long to get suffish-ently hintimate, and what's more I told marster that 23 was my cousin and 62 Lowe-za's brother, so as if he *did* see 'em hany time he wouldn't say nothink, an' I'm sure missus needn't begreech the bit of cold 'am and mut-ting, for she wouldn't never miss it, cos I used to sell the leavin's to some of the cheap lunch rooms for soup, before me and 23 kep' company, No, Mr. GRIP, don't make no changes what-somever; things is pullecky coniferable as they is; thank you, kindly, sir."

JEAMES, footman, same address, said, "Do I think as the beats had ought to be changed frequent? Most decidedly and haffirmatively, yes. 'Evings alive, who, hi'd like to know, cares to 'ave two great hignorant, 'ulkin', hunderbred peelers a droppin' in to a swarry as reglar as you may please. That Louisa *do* seem unkimmon took up with that No. 62, and if Hi vaan't so puttickler about the curl of my viskers, blow me if I vouldn't punch is 'idgeous 'ead. Vy, the great lanky brewt, he 'aven't got no carves wotever, and it's pullick hagny to me to see 'im a guawin' is vittles, and a shovellin' the mashed puttaters into his great beasly mouth with his knife. Bah! Remewve them by hall means, hif it's honly to hincrase hour chances of getting some fellers with *some* manners and breedin' occasional."

MONTAGUE ROSELEAF remarked, "For Gwa-cions sake, my deah fellah, by all means do evewything in your powah to have that dis-gusting bwute who pwomenades before my—aw—apawments wemoved; he twends like a pile dwivah, and wakes me up evewy mawn-ing at eleven o'clock, pounding pahst my win-dow. Yahs, MR. GRIP, at least let me have a policeman on *my* beat who wears something undah numbah 27's."

PATERFAMILIAS observed, "Well, I don't know but that changes would be advisable. Deuced good looking young fellow, that con-stable whose beat is on our street at present, and Bella is a susceptible girl. I fancy, too, that he looks very suspiciously tender as he passes my house. Yes, better move 'em around."

MATERFAMILIAS: "Why, I scarcely know *what* to say. It is a fact that the *cold meat* does go *uncommonly* quick when once it leaves the dining room, but the *question* is, would a *change* in the constables' beats make any change as regards the *cold meat*. Our Toronto men are really all such *fine, healthy-looking* men, that I fear they all have *immense* *appetites*. I really *cannot* give a decided opinion."

WILLIAM SYKES growled, "Look 'ere, GRIP, change 'em round, I says, cos vy: That bloke on the beat near where me and my pals 'angs out, 'e've got us a-spotted, 'e 'ave, and ve can't work at hour trade novays reglar. Vy, knock me stiff, if we've cracked a crib for the

larst four nights, hall along o' that cove in blue a-vatchin' of us. Chango 'em? In course, change 'em! Vot's the good of 'em, anyway!"

Several other eminent citizens were inter-viewed, but space will not allow publication of their remarks this week. Of course the hobbles themselves have something to say in the matter, and they shall be heard without fear or favor.

TOO MANY COOKS, ETC.

SOMEWHERE, June, 1883.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Not long ago a new paper was started here. I obtained a berth as re-porter on its staff. I determined to make the thing a success as far as lay in my power, and with this idea resolved to be spiey, and to give our readers nice little dishes of scandal with every issue. The paper is bossed by a com-pany, with twelve directors and, I believe, 10,199 shareholders. By giving you a sketch of the manner in which my first gleanings were received, I think you will own that I felt justified in being slightly discouraged.

SCENE.—City Editor's Room. *Dramatis Per-sonae*.—City Editor, Reporters, etc., etc.

CITY EDITOR.—Anything particular at the Police Court to-day, Chips?

CHIPS.—Yes, sir. Splendid scandal. You know old Featherbug? Well, blest if his wife hasn't gone off with the Reverend —

C. E.—Tut, tut, man, are you mad? Don't you know Featherbug is vice-president of this concern? D'yo want to be bounced right off? By gemini! keep that out or there'll be the very mischief to pay. What e'se did you get?

C.—Well, Spoffins over there at the Tem-perature Wash-house got blazing last night and lambasted his wife till he nearly killed her, and she had him run in. (Guess I'll dish that item up in verse, eh?)

C. E. (sarcastically).—You're a sweet one! (Guess you'll try and get some sense, won't you? Why, Spoffins is one of the largest shareholders in this company, and Double Ex-tract of the Distilled Dryholts of Temperance. You'd better put his name in and see where you'll be. Seems to me you want to bust up this thing right from the first. What e' e did you capture?)

C.—Well, there was a cock-fight out at Pilkins' on the Dunbar Road; ended in a general kick up and free fight. Samball and Jobbins, you know 'em, I guess, waded into one another with beer bottles and are both in hospital, the latter with the D.T.'s. There'll be a lot of arrests to-day, and I'll write the whole affair up up to the handle when I get particularers. We'll scoop the old *Beholder*, you bet.

C. E. (scanning list of names).—That would not be bad, but, hang it! man, Samball and Jobbins are both largely interested in this concern: why, Jobbins is a director. Whew! not another word about that affair. You don't seem to have much tact, somehow, Chips. Didn't you attend that old rooster's revival meeting up at the hall, by the way? You might give a synopsis of his remarks, you know.

C.—Well, I expect that I'll be on to some one's corns then. He said that religion was a mere cloak for iniquity—

C. E.—You're right. That hit: about two-thirds of our shareholders.

C.—And that the thirst for filthy lucre was so strong in this city that men would barter their very reputations to get a grab of the spondulicks, or words to that effect.

C. E.—That captures pretty near the whole of the other third. What else did he say?

C.—Said that politicians were no more to be re'ed on than a billy-goat with the measles and—

C. E.—That's enough. If that goes in we'll have the President and all his angels whoop-ing round here like singed cats. Keep it out. Seems to me you've been unfortunate in the items you struck. However, take your scis-sors and a Euclid, and clip out a few problems or one of the Psalms, guess you'll find 'em somewhere in Euclid, or Trigonometry, or Deuteronomy; we must give the public some-thing new. If that won't do, I'll resign.

C.—Ditto.

Well, Mr. GRIP, it was the same thing with the rest of the reporters. Not an item could go in without hitting some of the 10,199 share-holders or one of the twelve directors, so I guess the kibosh'll soon be put on this enter-prise. Tra-la. Yours, etc.,

CHIPS.

MUM'S THE WORD.

The Hamilton Chief of Police has again ordered his merry men all to treat the news-paper fiend with hauteur and silence, and not to tell him "anything about anything." It would seem as if GRIP's advice to detec-tives and policemen, and "rote skarkastical," published some weeks ago, had been inspired by some prophetic instinct, as in that beauti-ful poem the following lines occur:

If a member of the press in his professional capacity, Steps up and asks you questions with his natural audacity, Tell him anything that suits you, sacrificing your veracity, But keep dark.

When a crime's been perpetrated, a reporter with rapidity, Is sure to want particulars with his usual avidity, Say 'you've got a clue to the criminal who did it, he Is keeping dark.

But you know exactly where he is, but if you give parti-culars To those confounded papers, why, the scoundrel's own articles, Will surely hear the news, and then the thing would be ridiculous.

So—keep dark."

All of which goes to show that GRIP is a very wise bird, and is possessed of some of the weird, Satanic attributes claimed for him by his immortal ancestor spoken of in *Barnaby Rudge*, and from whom he takes his name, and whose favorite expressions used to be, "I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a devil. Polly put the kettle on,"—and we might add that the culinary utensil alluded to will probably soon be employed for the heating of the water into which Mr. Hamilton Chief will inevitably flounder if he pursues his present unwise tactics.

We are often instructed as to the proper way to run a paper, so we think, as turnabout's fair play, wemight as well take a hand in in showing off what we know about managing a police force. Caw, caw.

A COASTING REQUIEM.

A little boy and a little sled,

These two.

The little sled was painted red

And blue.

The little boy wore knickerbockers,

And he was sliding "belly cockers."

Poor lad!

This boy, he scaled the hill, he did,

Way up.

Then down the hill, this boy, he slid,

Kerslup!

That painted sled, it struck a rock,

That boy is just now out of stock;

Too bad!

They searched the ground for miles around,

Alas!

Before his busted bones they found,

A mass.

That twelve or fifteen counties clattered,

Where once the boy had "belly guttered."

Oh my!

Now, little boys who go to slide,

Take care!

Remember how this poor boy died!

Beware!

If you must go and slide kerslup,

Walk down the hill and then slide up;

Good by.



THE UNRIVALLED "MANAGE" ACT.



PRINCE BISMARCK IS PREPARING TO
RETIRE.—Daily Paper.

THE RUSTIC AND THE ICICLE.

At this season of the year, when the sun shines clear on the snow in the middle of the day, its warmth is felt, and the snow begins to melt, and in tricklets dribbles away; But at night again it freezes in the frigid breeze that blow from Manitouah, And it hangs in a lump, pretty heavy at the stump, and glitters like a morning star. And the point of an icikel Is sharper than a serpent's tooth; And this poem fell which now I tell, Is a tender, yearning truth.

'Two 'agricola' strolled down a sidewalk in this town when the icicles were hanging up above, Awaiting for the heat of the sun to warm their feet and give 'em a gentle shove; For the sun's bright rays, in these February days, are genial, you'll allow, Well, these country fellows brave walked along upon the pave with the gait of a ruminating cow. And they talked of cattle and crops, An l they gaped as rustics do, Making very many stops at the windows of the shops, My friend, this story's true.

And as they walked and bucolically talked, on a sudden an icicle fell, Down, down it went and looked in its descent like Lucifer a flying into Tophet; It took its mystic track down the nearest rustic's back just between his shirt and his skin, And rushed down through his clothes, emerging at the toes of his pantaloons, like sin. "Oh! snakes!" the hawbuck cried, "I'm afraid I'm a goin' to be ill; For before each attack of the 'ager' down my back I feels a kind of a chill;

And I felt one now, I did I swear, 'twas as cold as cold could be, It run clear down my spine, and I know as it's a sign as 'ager's a comin' onto me;" And away he flew to a druggery he knew and bought a pound of quinine. A blister and some pills, some ginger and some squills, and a quart of best benzine. For that chill had given him the tip, And what was wrong he knew. Put oh! it was a circus to see the fellow skip, My friend, this story's true.

The Albany Express says: "Nothing is more offensive to good taste than an overdressed young girl." That is exactly our idea of the matter. The less clothes she has on the better—do not misunderstand us. A young lady appears to the best advantage, we mean, when elegantly but plainly clad.

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