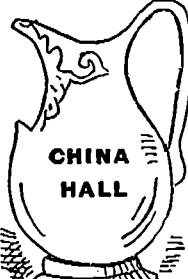
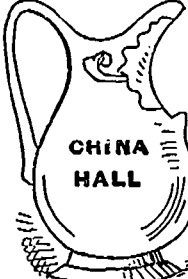


IMPORTER,

CHINA HALL
 GLOVER HARRISON,
 49 KING ST. E., Toronto



GLOVER HARRISON,

CHINA HALL
 IMPORTER
 49 KING ST. E., Toronto

VOLUME XXIV.
 No. 10.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 14TH, 1885.

\$2 PER ANNUM.
 5 CENTS EACH.



THE NEW TWINS.

O. M.—I HOPE THEY'LL PROVE A COMFORT AND "SUPPORT" TO THE AUTHOR OF THEIR BEING.

\$10.  \$10.

Genuine Diamond, set in solid 15 karat gold.
 DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.

50 Per cent. reduction

on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 800 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.

CHAS. STARK,
 52 Church Street, Toronto, near King.

THE McCAUSLAND & SON
 MEMORIAL WINDOWS & STAINED GLASS

\$20.  \$20.

Genuine Diamond, set in solid 15 karat Gold.
 DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.

50 Per cent. reduction

on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 800 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.

CHAS. STARK,
 52 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, Near King.

BRYCE BROTHERS

Houses built on easy terms, Lumber and Building Materials at lowest rates.

Corner Berkeley and Front Sts., and 99 to 107 Duke St.,

TORONTO.

GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to S. J. MOORE, Manager.

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.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1, Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald..... Aug. 2.
 - No. 2, Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
 - No. 3, Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
 - No. 4, Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
 - No. 5, Hon. H. Mercer..... Dec. 20.
 - No. 6, Hon. Sir Hector Langevin..... Jan. 17.
 - No. 7, Hon. John Norquay..... Feb. 14.
 - No. 8, HON. T. B. PARSONS:
- Will be issued with the number for..... Mar. 28.

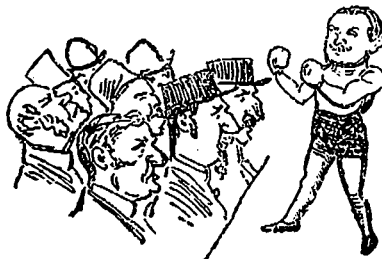
Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—There is not'ing in the present state of the Dominion finances, or in the commercial condition of the country to cause any apprehension, but on the other hand a great deal to call for thankfulness and congratulation on the part of our citizens. This is the view you get if you look into Showman Tilley's side of the Budget Peep-Show. If, however, you patronize Showman Cartwright's department of the concern you will see things that are calculated to raise your hair. You will see the public debt growing in a frightful manner, exports falling off, revenue falling, population leaving our shores, and many other pictures of the most gloomy description. Young Canada would like very much to know the truth about this important question, and it is quite certain that one or the other side of the panorama is a bare-faced misrepresentation. The interesting query is—Which of the showmen is telling the truth, "or rather," as Joe Rygal would say, "which of 'em is lying?" Strange to say, both honorable gentlemen draw their conclusions from the same set of facts!

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Mowat—wishing no doubt to carry out his resemblance to Gladstone to the minutest details—has brought in a Franchise Bill, accompanied by a Redistribution measure. Unlike his great English exemplar, however, he is charged with seeking his own or his party's good chiefly in connection with these otherwise commendable measures. Of course there may be truth in this charge, but we all know that it would inevitably have been made in any case. It is not unlikely that even so honest a man as Oliver Mowat might have hesitated to extend the franchise or redistribute the seats, if he had supposed

the result would have told against himself. It remains, however, for the future to tell whether or not these bouncing twins will turn out a help or a hindrance to the "author of their being."

EIGHTH PAGE.—It seems quite clear that, notwithstanding the statement of the Premier which might bear any opposite construction, the C. P. K. Syndicate propose to appeal to Parliament again for financial aid. If the appeal is made we sincerely hope that it will be rejected as it might very justly be. There are two facts which, taken alone, would justify a summary refusal of this appeal—or perhaps we should say demand. In the first place the Syndicate has already received more than enough money to build and equip the road mentioned in their contract, according to their own estimate; and in the second place, the company has been paying dividends out of capital—a thing that cannot be excused. If Parliament grants this further aid, it will encourage Mr. GRIP to make a demand which he has hitherto modestly refrained from making, but which he has just as much right to make as the Syndicate men—namely that Parliament will buy the Toronto street railway for him. Mr. GRIP wants this railway, and he don't see why the Government shouldn't buy it for him if they think it right to buy the O. & Q., etc., etc., for Mr. Stephen and his friends.



MR. MITCHELL'S VISIT.

Who was it came from Britain's Isle,
With face so frank and free from guile,
Which ever wore a pleasant smile?
Charles Mitchell.

Who was it won Toronto's heart
By knowledge of the manly art,
And felt so loath from us to part?
Charles Mitchell.

Who hugged him to his manly breast,
And asked him to become his guest
At Club formed of Toronto's best?
Chris. Bunting.

Who said, "Dear Charles, I used, I vow,
To be a boxer good as thou;
My limbs are slightly croaky now?"
The Lieut.-Gov.

Who asked Charles in to have a chat,
And with him in sweet converse sat,
And talked an hour on this and that?
The Lieut.-Gov.

Who met him in the ropes at night,
And made a bully soft-glove fight,
And fell in love with him on sight?
Jack Scholes.

Who "loved him like a vora brither,"
Swore friendship that should never wither,
And fairly wept when going from hiser?
J. F. Scholes.

Who came to see him and applaud,
As though he'd been some noble lord,
And at each blow his praises roared?
Big Chief Stewart.

Who said, "Bay Johno, y'know, that's good,
Those British boxers do show blood,
I can't beat that: I wish I could?"
A.D.C. Geddes.

Who went to see the glove-fight, too,
As every howling swell should do,
And quite forgot cop, beat, and clue?
Chief Draper.

Who also beamed in huge delight
Upon this "scientific" fight;
And said it was a glorious sight?
ex-Mayor Goswell.

Who said it was a horrid thing,
To see those swells around the ring,
Thus taking sparring 'neath their wing?
The general public.

Who says he isn't much annoyed,
If all those folks thence ves enjoyed;
They might have better been employed?
Mr. Giff.

Who was it, when all's said and done,
Who really most enjoyed the fun,
Because he cleared a hundred "pun."
Mr. Mitchell.



A series of very attractive concerts, the first of which was given on Tuesday evening, is announced. On that occasion, Miss Agnes Huntington, contralto, was the chief attraction, and acquitted herself so well that the concert of Monday evening, 16th, when she appears again with the Buffalo string quartette, is sure to be well attended. The closing concert takes place on the evening of March 23, and will be given by the Buffalo String Quartette and Philharmonic Society of the same city. Tickets at Nordheimer's.

Economy is the road to wealth. Economizers requiring clothing, furnishings, hats, etc., by buying at R. Walker & Sons, save what may form the nucleus of a fortune.

A ZOOLOGICAL MORALIZER.

"Have you a vacancy for a zoological moralizer on your staff?" enquired a middle-aged man, who might have been a clergyman with a failing for strong drink, or a broken down lawyer, as he sauntered into the sanctum of GRIP with an anxious look.

"A zoological moralizer!" exclaimed the Raven, "what on earth is that?"

"Well, I fancy I could write an article for your paper in which amusement, instruction and moral principles would be combined. I am a student of Natural History, sir: a disciple of Buffon."

"Ah, yes! so I should think, but you probably mean Buffon. Well, now, what style of thing would you produce," said the Raven "supposing I sent you to write up the Zoo here?"

"The very thing. This would be some thing the way it would go. Take the whale for instance, to begin with. Here—I would remark—in this huge mammal we have indubitable evidence of the immense size to which the men of former ages attained. Before us is a whale, one of whose species, we are informed in Holy Writ, was swallowed by the prophet, Jonah."

"Hold on, sir; it was the other way—end for end—*vice versa*. The whale swallowed Jonah," interrupted the literary bird.

"Ah! so it was: excuse me—slip of the tongue—*lapsus linguae*. Well, the whale swallowed Jonah; that whale having swallowed the prophet as a species of sauce, this member of the cetaceous tribe is now a source of profit or specie. Do you catch on? Religion, instruction, humor, all combined there."

"Yes; very good. Proceed."

"Next we will take the monkeys. Here I might moralize a little, thus: As I stand before this cage and gaze upon its occupants, I cannot but reflect how fearfully and wonderfully we are made. Each of these animals can a tail unfold. From these creatures we are descended; once we were as they. How stupendous! Here we see the foundation of the great military and naval family from which Lord Wolseley is descended. We see full many a Napier in this cage."

"Stay: hold on; how do you make that out? Wolseley isn't a monkey."

"No, no; listen, you see full many an ape here in this cage," explained the Zoological Moralizer. "Do you grasp it now? Well, Next I would touch on the bears: morality department would contain allusions to the bears that devoured the bad children who taunted Elisha for his baldness—humorous department suggested by the last—ask riddle: Why is the North Pole like a bald head? Answer, because it is a great white bear place; d'ye see? not so bad, eh? Then I might suggest that the north pole must be very cold for an animal with a bear-skin, eh? Continue to pun on the word bear, thus: bear, bore, b rne—Ursa Major, the Greater Bear, beyond which a man is borne when he goes to that bourne etc., etc. You can't bear a bore, though you may bore a bear, and so on; introduce astronomical and classical riddle, thus: Why is the planetary system like a family that employs a ten year old nurse? Answer, because it has a nurse a minor; see? an Ursa Minor, ha, ha! Then give particulars of the bear's habits; how he lives through the winter by sucking his paws; moralize on the evil practice young men make of living on their "paws" through the winter and every other season. Next, take in the woolly horse, jokes ab ut mayors, many-hacks, hoarseness, and so forth; a lude to Venice—no horses there; suggest that you may walk all day there without getting a horse, but the streets are so damp that you may become a horse-man: see? then—"

"Well, that's about enough; you might take a turn round the Zoo and write it up, and I'll see what I think of it," remarked the Raven.

"I suppose you can sherry me in—can't you get me a pass, I mean," suggested the Moralizer?

"Oh dear, no!" replied the bird, "you'll have a good time, you know, and its only fair that those who enjoy themselves should 'pay the Piper.' Good-day."

NEW JOKES FOR OLD.

Once upon a time there lived a widowed lady who had only one son named Aboyou. They possessed an Old Joke which had been in the family for many years. The youth had a slight knowledge of its value, but the widow was densely ignorant of its wonderful virtues. She regarded it as merely an Old Joke, well worn and almost useless. She knew not that a little rubbing up was all that was necessary to bring forth its familiar spirit that would transform itself into the most amusing forms at the caller's wish. Thus the widow and her son lost golden opportunities in a world pinning for refurbished jokes.

Aboyou had an uncle who earned his daily bread by concocting funny items for the daily sheets of his time, and was known as a Yewmorist. He had long been aware of the Old Joke and its famous properties and yearned for it daily. He felt that his yewmorous powers were deserting him, and could he but gain possession of the Old Joke, his reputation would be upheld by its use. To this end he manufactured a number of new and catching jokes, and disguising himself, proceeded to publicly present his jokes by parading the streets and calling forth in steutorian tones:

"New Jokes for Old." By this means he hoped to excite the cupidity of the widow, whom he knew to be always on the look-out for anything upon which she could raise the price of a drink. After passing the widow's abode several times without success, his patience was at length rewarded by seeing the widow coming out the house with the precious Old Joke in her hand. She had just heard the Yewmorist cry for the first time, having previously been industriously engaged gossiping over the back fence to her next door neighbor. The exchange was eagerly easily effected, and the wicked yewmorist uncle scooted with the prize.

The result, alas! is too well known by his numberless and varied changes which have been rung upon the Old Joke. Its familiar spirit has indeed been a faithful servant. Need it be said the yewmorist uncle was an American. TITUS A. DRUM.



THE CIGARETTE DUTY.

Dudlesby (reads)—"Duty on cigarettes increased!" By Jove! fancy Tilly taxing the necessities of life.

THE YOUNG JOURNALIST

WRITES UP A THRILLING SHIPWRECK.

"I tell you the aspiring young journalist has to put up with some pretty severe jabs to his feelings when he becomes a newspaper reporter," remarked Marcus Cornelius Bithery, B.A., to a friend who looked in at the office one morning.

"Does, eh!" said the other. "How's that?" "Well, look here. 'Bout the second day I was on the paper I was sent off to see about a vessel that had been driven ashore. Fearful night it was and off I went. Well, I got all my facts and just spread myself on a description of the affair. Made two columns of it."

"Ha, you ought to have felt proud. I suppose your style, having such a glorious theme as a shipwreck to diate upon, was something grand."

"You'd better believe it was," replied the graduate. "Have you time to listen to about a stick-full of what I wrote? I can remember it pretty well."

"Well, go ahead," said his friend, "but what's a stick-full?"

"Oh, bah! nothing; merely a technical term with us journalists," replied the reporter.

"This is about the style that I wrote it up—'A night of Plutonian gloom. Darkness everywhere, save where, in the murky dome of the empyrean, a vivid streak of sulphurous lightning rent the mighty pall asunder, and revealed the fearful scene which was being consummated. Loud roared the voice of Borcas. It seemed as though Æolus had let forth each

imprisoned wind from his cave, which fled, shrieking and hissing, like liberated captives across the bosom of the vast deep in search of some object on which to wreak their vengeance. Hark! a cry of distress arises above the din of the contending elements. The dull, sullen boom of a gun reverberates through the perturbed atmosphere. It is! It is a wreck! A gallant vessel has struck upon the rugged shore; ten thousand human souls are in mortal peril. See! by yonder lightning's flash revealed, the noble ship! Even now some of her crew contend in the seething waves. *Bari naves in gurgite vasto.* Again rises that appalling cry to heaven: Help! help! Oh! unhappy mariners! doomed to a fearful death—thankless, indeed is the profession ye follow when compared with that of the peaceful tiller of the soil. *O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona vorint agricolas!* Around the devoted vessel the breakers roar and rear their snowy crests on high. One fearful yell from the doomed mariners, louder than all before, rises to heaven, and with a surge to leeward the noble bark, which but a few days before had glided o'er the placid bosom of the waters like some fair, snow-white plumaged swan, a thing of life, sinks beneath the devouring wave."

"That's deuced fine writing," remarked the graduate journalist's friend. "Is there much more?"

"Well, I wrote over two columns," replied the other "all in the same fine strain, but it wasn't printed just as I handed it to the city editor."

"No! how's that?"

"Well, confound him, he don't know good stuff when he sees it, and this is the way my description of the shipwreck came out: 'Last night the stone-hooker Hunky Sallie, of Port Credit, stove a hole in her side on the Bung-starter Rocks and went down. No lives lost. Probable loss about \$275. No insurance.'"

"Good heavens! that's the way they treat you journal-lists, is it?" remarked the friend, sympathizingly.

"'Bout it," replied the graduate, resuming the paragraph about a dead dog in an alleyway, on which he had been engaged when interrupted. —S.

A VOICE FROM THE UNITED STATES.—I have suffered for the last 20 years with dyspepsia and general debility, and tried many remedies, but with little success until I used Burdock Blood Bitters, when relief was quick and permanent. A. LOUGU, Alpena, Mich., U. S.

MUNIFICENT.

We are proud of John Ross Robertson. He has just given \$1,000 to build a new wing to the Lakeside Home for little children at the Island. We hope that wing will always hover over his esteemed plug hat and preserve him from all the evils a newspaper man is liable to. Mr. Robertson's liberality is worthy of imitation, though, of course, it isn't everybody who has a little gold mine in the shape of an evening paper to enable him to carry out the dictates of a generous heart.

THE NEW LIBRARIAN.

GRIP has often felt it his duty to object to Mr. Martin J. Griffin in his editorial capacity, but takes the opportunity offered by his appointment as Parliamentary Librarian at Ottawa, to say what all who know Mr. Griffin personally will sustain, that the important office in question could not have been put in better hands. Visitors to the Library will find a courteous gentleman whose assistance they may always reckon upon, as well as a scholar who will be competent to render the assistance. Good luck to you Martin J., and may you long adorn your new post.

GRIP'S PROMISCUOUS PROWLER.

I.

HE GLEANS SOME PARTICULARS ABOUT FOX-HUNTING.

Not long ago Mr. GRIP'S Promiscuous Prowler was detailed to sally forth and gather up some information on the subject of fox-hunting. Accordingly the Prowler wandered away for some miles into the country and found himself before a rural hostelry, which he entered, and sat down in the bar-room to refresh himself and rest his weary limbs.

He had not been seated long when his ears were saluted by the sound of the voices of dogs, and, rushing to the door, he beheld several persons on horseback and a pack of dappled dogs whose tails curled up over their quarter-decks. The crowd went past the hostelry with the exception of one Lank Youth in a Red Coat and white breeches, who dismounted from his steed and entered the Temple of Bacchus with the remark that he was "aw'f'ly tiah'd," and sat down, casting many contemptuous glances on the assembled rustics.

The Prowler, seeing his chance to obtain the information of which he was in quest, moved his chair to the side of the Lank Youth, and enquired if the latter would liquor. "Thank yah," replied the Lank Youth, "don't caah if I do," and upon asserting his preference for a "gla's of ginjah beah," he was supplied with a goblet of that potent beverage of which he quaffed, and immediately grew quite frisky.

The Prowler, fearing that the Lank Youth in the Red Coat would become inebriated, hastened to glean some particulars of the chase from the daring huntsman, and asked him what sport he had enjoyed that day. "Oh, we had a splendid wun ahtah a fox," replied the Lank Youth. "Did you catch him?" "Oh! deah no; he wun away." "Well, but didn't you want to catch him?" "Yes, of course, of course, but he wun too fahst." "Well, but what's the fun of hunting a poor little animal if you can't catch him?" "Why, my good fellah, the spawt, y'know, the spawt." "I can't see any sport in a lot of grown-up men and boys dressed in red coats—" "Wed! this isn't wed, y'know, this is pink. I see you ah' not a spawtsman." "No; not the kind that frightens a poor little fox to death; now, if it was a tiger I could understand it." "A tigh!" half screamed the Lank Youth, turning pale at the thought of such a "monstah," and taking a deep draught of his ginger beer to revive himself, "a tigh! why you must be a bwite to mention such a thing. Why, a tigh would alawm us." "And serve you deduced well right too: what right have you to 'alawm' a fox?" "But we want equestrian exercise, and its so spawtsman-like to chase the fox. Yoicks, tally ho! Gone away, gone away, gone away! Hawk forward!" and the Lank Youth howled like a maniac with *delirium tremens*. "Why, my good fellah," he went on, "the fox sometimes leads us into most deap'wate danjah: we have to jump our horses over obstacles at least a foot high. We huntahs stick at nothing." "Well, suppose you can't get a fox, what then?" "Oh, then we send a fellah to twail a wed hewwing through the fields." "Ha, ha, ha! and I believe it is customary to present the first lady 'in at the death' as you call it with the fox's tail—" "Bwush, you mean; foxes don't have tails; the bwush." "Yes, the brush; and do you give the first lady in at the death of a dead red herring the fish's brush, eh?"

The Lank Youth in the Red Coat nearly fainted when he heard this, but managed to gasp out "Oh! bay jowve! fancy giving a lady a wed hewwing's tail, the ideah! Why our hunting ladies are the daughtahs of uppah-tendom." "Upper grandmothers!" ejaculated

the Promiscuous Prowler, contemptuously: "Confound it, sir, you take your ridiculous notions from a foolish English hunting custom, and you come scampering over the country, looking more like a lot of tailor's clerks riding jackasses on Ramsgate sands than sportsmen. By the lord Harry, sir, who are your uppertendom, eh?" "Oh! you demnible wadical, you," cried the Lank Youth in the Red Coat; "you alawm me!" "You're a nice chicken to go hunting foxes, you are," sneered the Prowler. "By heavens! if I were a magician I'd change every man Jack of you blessed huntsmen into foxes, and every fox into a red-coated omadhaun of a huntsman and set the latter after you to give you a taste of what a fox suffers. Bah! Iceell, Go away; leave me, you red-coated thing; you beaulful specimen of Toronto's uppertendom; finish your ginger beer, if it won't intoxicate you, and depart; who are you, anyway?" and the terrified creature produced a card which showed him to be a third-assistant-deputy-teller's-assistant's-deputy-assistant in a bank reputed to be shaky.

And he called for his steed and, mounting it, went bumpity-bumpity-bumping down the road with his elbows stuck out and his feet projecting at right angles to his steed's sides, and bearing a striking resemblance to a half-tamed chimpanzee mounted on the back of an educated dog in a circus.

And then arose to the blue vault of the empyrean the laughter of the brawny rustics assembled in the rural Temple of Bacchus, and away sped the Lank Youth in the Red Coat casting affrighted glances over his sloping shoulders, even as did Tam O' Shanter when pursued by the witches.



THE VISITING BABY.

"Oh! what a charming little deah!" exclaimed young Mr. Eglantine Roseleaf, stopping on the street to speak to Mrs. Haulton and her friend, Mrs. Azure Bass Debleu, from Massachusetts, the latter lady wheeling her baby in front of her in a perambulator. "Oh! pawssitively, Mrs. Debleu, this little beauty of yours is chawwing," and he stooped down and patted the peach-like cheeks of the child, saying at the same time, "Deah itty tootsey, wootsey, pootsey; did it ridey, pidey along the stwecatsy, peetsy, the pittty itty goozy-oozy?"

The child's eyes were screwed up, and the rose-bud lips were opened all ready for a howl. "Oh! deah," exclaimed Mr. Roseleaf, "what's the matter with the little pet?" "She doesn't understand you, Mr. Roseleaf," said the mother. "Restrain your incipient vociferations, my pet," she continued, addressing the baby, "moderate the erubescence of your countenance, and restore it to its pristine serenity. Any utterance of woe on your part, dear, is irreversible and irretriev-

able, so abandon your intention to give vent to lachrymosity and let dithyrambic smiles irradiate your ordinarily effulgent countenance."

Mr. Roseleaf stepped back five paces aghast. The child abandoned its evident intention to howl, and broke into a smile.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Eglantine, as soon as he could speak, "it actually understands you, Mrs. Debleu."

"Mother mine," spoke the baby, turning round to its mamma, "kindly propel my perambulator with some accelerated velocity. Nature asserts her sway within my corporeal structure, and I confess my ability to do consummate justice to some light specimen of culinary art. Propel."

Mr. Roseleaf was about to faint, but had just sufficient strength left to gasp out as the ladies were about to proceed:

"Heavens! Please tell me, Mrs. Haulton, where that extraordinary child was born?"

"In Boston," replied both ladies as they swept away, with the baby crooning

"Scintillate, scintillate, diminutive asteroid."

THE MERRY HOUSEMAID.

SONG AND CHORUS.

A flat, crescendo.

Young Mary Hahn sits in the kitchen
When she might have been long in bed;
And the sound of the music bewitchin'
She hears in the parlor o'erhead.
To-night there is music and dancing,
The piano keeps banging away,
While the guests are all howling and prancing,
And this is her joyous lay:
Chorus.—*Allegro.*

Oh! happy indeed is the slavey's lot,
Perched like a bird in my garret high;
Each morn I come down to wrestle the pot,
And blow the bright fires till the stoves get hot;
And all the day long round the house I trot—
Oh! a happy young girl am I!

B flat, diminuendo.

Next morn Mary Hahn gets up with the lark—
At least with the millman's b.-ll—
And the morning is chill and exceedingly dark,
When she gets to her dungeon cell—
(The kitchen I mean). Then she brings down the wreck
Of the grub left uncaten upstairs;
And she tackles a second-hand "biled" turkey's neck,
And she sings thus by way of her prayers:

Chorus.—*Il penseroso.*

Oh! happy indeed is the slavey's fate
In the cheerful kitchen below;
Each morn I rise early and go to bed late,
And the missus will grumble at all I ate,
Yet there might be more grub put on my plate—
I'm a happy young girl—oh-h! oh!

F sharp, chiaro oscuro.

Mary Hahn goes out of the Sabbath eve,
She says she is going to church;
Oh! giddy young girl! how would you believe,
It's but to give missus the lurch?
She'll meet with her feller, and walk round the square,
She will say, "It's my only good chance;
For the rest of the week I must stay in my lair,
While missus and family dance."

Chorus.—*Bravura.*

Oh happy am I as I twirl my mop,
Or walking around with my duster light;
From morn till eve I never can stop,
Tho' I feel so tired I'm fit to drop;
No matter, I'll see my own dear "cop"
When he comes on his beat to-night.

BARBER-OUS.

(Scene—A barber's shop in town; Enter "a young man from the country.")

Countryman.—Barber, I'm wantin' a bit scrape this mornin'.

Barber.—I'm quite at your service, sir.
Countryman.—Is't the same rauzer ye shaved ma wi' when I wiz in the toon the ither day?

Barber (elated at the prospect of hearing his "implement" praised)—The very same, sir.

Countryman.—Ah! Then ye'll botter gie ma chloroform. [Collapse of barber.]—*Glasgow Bailie.*



THE RIVAL SHOWMEN ;

OR, MASTER CANADA BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS.

MR. NEEBRITCHES ON TORONTO'S ANTIQUITIES.



ISTER GRIP,
DERE SUR,—avin ad
a good dele of lach-
ur timb on my auds
of late i employed
it in impruvink of
my mind by a-wisi-
tin yure hold istor-
icil relictk in this
city. now the reser-
chis is this that i am
convinsd that no one
need leve toronto
to go to hegypt or
hany of them hoth-
er fantastickle plai-
ces in search of cu-
rossitys wen such
are to be ad rite ere
in hour midst. wy
hi harsk, wy visit

the land of the faraohs to vov the perry-
mids and mummys wen we ave moar wezer-
able hantiquities hat hour werry dores, so to
speak. hi doant hallude to the hold maids
which is so habundant ere; far from it: i
hadoar the female seck hold or yung hand my
nativ shivelrv wouldn't permit me so to speke
of hany womman, but hi meno hin the first
plaice, curossity, No. one: the parlyment bild-
ings. wy, Mr. GRIP, sur, its a pawsetiv dis-
grais to a civilised peple to permit such a
dlapidated hold rewiv to remane standin.
carst yure heyes hacrost the hocesan hand let
them alite on hour magnificent pile of bildins
at Vestminister; there's a hedifice as his
werty of the naimb of onuses of parlyment;
but the mizsubl hold ruckry as you calls the
hontarier parlyment bildins is wus than the
menest hold stable of a stingy country barr-
net: tru the plais is good enuf for some of
them tellers as comes from the hackwoods, and
owls wen the hainout hoftered to bribe em
isn't sushant—the brolin brude of bribers as
the gloab calls them—but there is some intel-
ligiut men in the hontarier legislachour. hand
they desurvs a more sootable plaic werein to
spowt thare elokwents. Wots the matter
with that mister moat: we eard im called the
littile tirant; wy doesnt he kick like a stear
for better bildins: hi woodn't de-mene myself
by settin for parlyment hin no sech a contempibl
ole: wy the plais reeks of filth and hold hage,
hand the horfices his the moast rikky hold
shournydans of pig stys hi hever see; and this
is a kentry which claims to kno wots wot.

Wot hi says is this: hif hour hontarier legis-
later is wuth keepin hup at hall, then the
members deserves a better plaice to meet hin:
vy don't Moat take the matter hinto his moast
serious consideration and ave done with it.
Toronter had hought to be thurrorly ashaimbed
of hany such a bildin a digracin hof er.

Hanother rellet of a bigone haige is the de-
tectiv fource: lor, bless you, there hisia't a
buggler hor a theaf or a hany kind hof a
mallyfactor as doesn't kno hevery one of
them detectifs a mile hof: they seem to be
selected, not so much for thare hability to de-
tect as for thare size and wate; yes, and sighs
and wait is there motter; the man wots rob-
bed does the sighin and waitin, tho, wilst
the detectifs is harfter a cloo. Now, hi don't
think a mau maiks a bit better detectif be-
caws he ways two undred and sixty lb. he is
hapt to run too much to flesh and too little
hintellock; you'll agree with me that the best
detectif on the fource is the littlest. now,
wud it be pawsihl, do you himagine, for hany
of hour detectifs to disgi-se themselves so as
the crooks couldn't get honto em: no, sur, wy i
wood kno that reburns black heyes hany-
wair, hand odgins coodn't no more get rid of
his corporashn and semmy militery walk than

i can elp lookin gentlemenly, and has for
newall hand reid hand brown, wy thare very
size givs them away: fancy detectif reid workin
hup a case disguised as a woman! my heye,
woodn't he be a strapper! heighteen stoan
wood make a considerubl big femail, hay,
mister GRIP.

Fathesly, yures,
CHARLES NEEBRITCHES.

HUSBAND.—It is no good going anywhere
but to the Golden Boot, 206 Yonge street, for
boots for our boys. They always fit and wear
well.

MR. LANOUCHERE says that Kaiser Wilhelm
is suffering from indigestion caused by a heavy
meal, to wit: "hot lobsters washed down with
Rhine wine." Likely enough; any man, em-
peror or no emperor, who has to "wash down"
his food is very likely to get a touch of dys-
pep. But if, as I think probable, the old gen-
tleman "washed down" those fish without
first removing the peel, he has only got what he
might expect. There is, I believe, nothing
more indigestible than an unpeeled lob-ster.



ABOUT SNOWSHORING.

Perhaps it is a little late in the day or late
in the year—no, early in this year—well,
say late in the winter—that is, last win-
ter,—for advice about snowshoeing and how to
become a snowshoer; but better late than
never as the old maid said when she got mar-
ried on her ninety-third birthday, and if my
advice won't suit for this winter it will for
next.

The first thing to do is to join a snowshoe
club and adopt the uniform which will consist
of a tuque, a coat, a saeh, and moccasins: it
is left at the sweet will of the member whether
he wears trousers or not, but they are usually
worn; no one, however, can tell whether you
have them on or not, as the coat comes down
pretty low.

The first thing in the matter of uniform is
the tuque; this may be made by cutting off the
foot of a long red or blue stocking, sewing up
the lower end and attaching a tassle.

The snowshoeing uniform coat is made by ob-
taining a blanket—you will see several hanging
about in front of the dry goods emporiums and
your cheapest plan is to snatch one and bolt,
sending in your name and address to the de-
tectives to insure immunity from arrest. You
next sew a row of buttons up one edge and
having bought a number of holes to correspond
to that of the buttons, you sew them on the
opposite edge to the buttons. Your big sister
will then make a hole in the blanket through
which you put your head and there you are.

Fit need not be studied in the matter of a
snowshoeing coat. The more it fits you like a
sentry-box, the more *en regle* it will be. At
anyrate if you are particular about a fit, the
store-keeper from whom you stole the blanket
will give you all the fits you want.

The saeh and moccasins I am afraid you will
have to buy, likewise your snowshoes, for it's
snow-shoer thing to depend on being able to
get a uniform for nothing and shoes to boot.
There is but little sport in snowshoeing unless
there is snow; in fact it is snow sport. Sum-
mer is a poor time to learn to be an adept at
this art, but your snowshoes may be utilized
as lacrosse sticks or battle-dores: in the case of
Hamilton young ladies they may be used as
trellises to place in front of a house and train
creeping plants up.

When you have acquired the art of walking
on snowshoes and have about played yourself
out tramping for miles and miles along the
deep snow on the side of the road, you will sit
down and wonder why you couldn't wa k along
the harl, beaten road at half the expense of
wind and muscle, without any snow-shoes at
all. Then you will wrench off your snow-
shoes; fling them over the fence and walk
home as much like a rational being as a man
in a blanket coat and old stocking tuque can.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

TORONTO, Mairch, 1885.

DEAR WOLLIE,—Ye'll be glad tae hear I've
gi'en up the book-agency business. It was mair
than I cud stand, to be a' the time chap—
chappin' awa' at fo'ks' doors, an' after stannin'
i' the cauld wi' ma' tacs stannin' an' ma' fingers
dinl'n' for naething ava' but to get the door
steekit i' ma' face just as I wad be i' the mid-
dle o' a fine peroration about the book I was
sellin'. No—I cudna stand it anither meenit,
an' had serious thoughts o' listin' for the Sou-
dan, only I didna' approve o' Gladstone's
policy oot there, an' think I cud hae manag'd
things a gude deal better if I had been at the
head o' affairs, sae ye see. I couldna' consci-
entiously gang an' fecht under him. If Glad-
stone had taen my advice lang syne, an' just
gi'en Ireland tae the Irish, the hale thing also
wad hae been settled lang afore noo, for an'
he'd just let them alane they wad be like the
Kilkenny cats, they wad fecht wi' ane an-
ither till there wad be naething but the twa
tails left. That's my way o' settlin' the Irish
question—but Gladstone's a man that'll no
listen to advice. I canna say, however, that its
a' thegither his faut that they are gau' tae be
sae hard up for men. I see the muckle
Rooshian bear is gettin' up on's hind legs
again, there's naething i' the world frightens
him like the tune o' the "Hunder Pipers"—
but whaur they re gau' to get a hunder pipers
noo beats me. The landlords drave oo' the
braw Hielanman tae mak room for their game,
an' noo they can send oot their game to fecht
the Arabs an' the Rooshians. But a' this of
course has naething tae dac wi' my book-
agency; an' noo I maun tell ye the maist re-
markable circumstance that decided me tae gie
up the book-bisness. I canna help laughin'
yet when I think o' it. Ae day I cam up tae a
vera respectable luckin' hoose, an' a sort o' a
presentment gart me gang up the stair an'
chap at the door, wi' ma' valeece i' ma' hand.
After chappin' I waited a wee, an' then gettin'
nae answer I tried the bell; an' naebody
comin', thinks I, I'll just try the door tae see
if onybody's in. Tae my astonishment, the
door opened quite easy, an' thinkin' maybe
the folk o' the hoose might be deaf, an' me
bein' anxious tae mak a sale, I just gaed
daunderin' awa' in, but saw naebody. Maybe,
thinks I, they are a' on the tap flat, an' wi'
that I gaes slippin' up the stair. I wasna'
half way up, however, when I sees a woman's
head keekin' oot o' a door at the head o' the

stair, an' the meenit she clapt an' o' on me, she lut a great skreich—an' banged tac the door, an' began hulin' up the bedstead an' the chest o' drawers an' the wash-stand, an' piled them a' on tap o' ane anither tae barricade the door. Ralily, I cudna' help laughin' at the silly creatur—but I didna' want tae fricht her, sae I loots doon an' pittin' ma moo tae the key-hole I roars in till her "Hoots! ye silly glaikit woman; what are ye fleyed at? did ye never see an honest, gude-luckin' man a' yer days afore? Open the door—like a sensible woman—I've a book here—"

Afore I cud feenish what I was gaun tae say, I hearl something like the bell o' an alarm clock dirlin' awa for twa ree meenits an' then the woman she cries tae me "Hello! hello! is that the Central?"

Of course, I made answer at once through the key-hole.

"No," says I, "it's just me—I'm sellin' a book here—"

"Connect with number 24—Thompson's wholesale—," says she.

"No," says I, "nae connection wi' onybody but masel'. I'm the agent for this work. It's a book—" but just as I was gaun on she criet oot real glad-like:

"Oh! is that you, dear?" I didna' vera weel ken what tae think o' this.

"Yes," says I, "it's me—an' if ye'll just open the door an' come oot o' there—the very sicht o' me 'ill convince ye that I'm an honorable man."

"Come at once, dear," says she, "there's a man in the house."

"A man!" says I, "whaur is he? d'ye think he wad buy a book?"

"No," says she, "I think he must be an escaped lunatic—he acts so queer—I'm awfully frightened, and the girl has gone down town."

"Hoot—hoots," says I, "dinna' be feared, gin ony man offers tae lay a hand on ye when I'm here I'll lay his head open wi' my valcece."

I begood to see noo what made her sae feared, it was the man in the horse some-whaur, that she had locket hersel' in for fear o'.

"Oh, my darling! my darling! I am so frightened—to bring some of the force along with you," says she again—an' then the bell gaed dirl again.

Man, it just touched me tae the very roots o' ma heart, to hear that puir creatur ca'in' me her darl'n like that; I just felt as gin I had kent her a' ma days—an' I says—through the key-hole—

"Dinna be alarmed my bonny doo," says I, "I'll just sit doon on this sheeps-'oo' mat a' yer bed-room door here, till yer servant jass comes in—an' if the man tries tae come naur ye he'll hae tae stap ower ma dead body first," an' wi' that I just settled masel, doon comfortably on the mat wi' ma back up again the door, an' was just sittin' thinkin' hoo it macks a man's heart-strings dirle tae hear a woman say "my darlin'," when I hears a licht fit fleein' up the stair, an' afore I cud get up, a fellow sprang at ma throat an' thrappled me till I was black i' the face, an' very naur by wi' tae. I cudna' believe ma een when I saw twa big policemen busy clappin' a pair o' shackels on me—an' the man sayin' to them, "He's a desperate ruffin I am afraid—you'll better be careful how you handle that valise—he is very likely a dynamiter." The thoct o' me, a respectable Scotchman, bein' ta'en for a devilish dynamiter was mair than flesh an' bluid cud stand—every drap o' Hielan' bluid was up in a meenit, an' I'm no sure but what maybe I swore a wee—but says I, "Ye ill-minded deavils, d'ye ken wha yer speakin' aboot? Can a respectable book-agent no protect a puir helpless woman wi' his dead body, without bein' ta'en for an Irish dynamiter?" An' wi' that I macks a grab for ma valcece, but the moment I gat a hand o' tae, the twa peelers flew doon the stair like wildfire, an' we could hear

their mickle feet rinnin' awa doon the sidewalk. Weel, I gat a hand o' the valcece wi' ma shackled hands an' I turned oot ma books richt at the man's feet. "Noo," says I, "as sure's my name's Hugh Airlie—" "Hugh Airlie!" cries the man (an' I thoct his face was a kind o' familiar) "Hugh Airlie! Not Hugh Airlie of Cheekimin Tollgate, Scotland, surely?" "The very man," says I, "but wha may you be?"

"Why, don't you remember Tam Tamson, your old schoolmate, who used to go nest harryin' with you in Cheekimin woods." "Ma conscience! is that you, Tam?" says I. Weel, the upshot o' a' this is, I'm in a fine situation in Tamson an' Tamson's wholesale warehouse, but ye may be very sure I keep oot o' the road o' Tam's wife, for it was her speakin' to Tam through the telephone, a' the time I thought she was speakin' tae me.

Yer brither.

HUGH AIRLIE.

ANTE-POSTHUMOUS DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—In view of the uncertainty of life, and in view also of the lessons taught by the posthumous publications of letters of defunct literary men, I herewith send you the whole of my correspondence, literary and otherwise, together with my diary for ante-mortem publication, so that the public may have a chance of sizing me up before I go hence and be no more able to defend or explain myself; and als in order that, when I do go to "that bourne," I may be allowed to stay there in peace, and thus avoid the necessity of cursing him "who moves my bones." The public are hereby like Macduff challenged to come on, but as I never indulge in profanity, I shall avoid indicating precisely what shall happen to him who first cries "Hold, enough."

I trust that by thus taking the initiative in publishing all private correspondence before instead of after decease, the present fashion may be supplanted, to wit, that of waiting till the veil of flesh has been rent in order to lay bare to the world a fellow's inner man. Before this sort of thing became common a poet said:—

"God spares all beings but himself."

That hideous sight—a naked human heart.

But then the poet was an innocent unsophisticated youth: and it never seemed to occur to him that man would be less merciful in this particular, or that people would be tolerated who would not hesitate to impale a dead human heart, and parade it aloft in the noonday sun for the amusement and criticism of the vulgar and uncharitable multitude. No, sir, I'd rather have it over now, and have the pleasure of hearing the comments thereon.

Yours ante-mortemly,

OLIVER FORESTALLEM, Author.

SELECTIONS FROM DIARY.

Monday, Feb. 2nd.—Saw Mac to-day—told me to write up an article for the paper—anti-Scott of course—and he would pay me at the rate of two fifty a column. Fine fellow Mac. Came home and told my landlady that I would square up on Saturday—must try to spin out that anti-Scott article into two columns so as to produce five dollars.

Tuesday, 3rd.—Interviewed Shep. to-day—queer fellow Shep. Said he was besieged by literary hummers and poetic loafers—didn't know how to get rid of those who had already caught on—said if I could do shorthand and type-writing he might possibly give me a job by-and-by, but could hold out no hope—said he encouraged home industry by writing his own poetry. Without doubt a sublimely cantankerous creak, from my point of view.

Wednesday, 4th.—Sat up all night over that anti-Scott article—managed to spin out two columns—awfully tough work though, especi-

ally when one's sympathies are like mine all on the other side. Took it down personally—Mac said it would be all right—call on Saturday. Landlady's temperature below zero. Received the following piuk scented note this morning:—

"DEAR MR. FORESTALLEM,—We are getting up a surprise party on the 25th, and trust to have the pleasure of your company to it. The ladies are to provide refreshments, and the gentlemen will subscribe a dollar each for Violincello's Italian string band. Ever yours sincerely, MARCELLA EVANGELINE O'HOO-LIGAN."

Not much, Mary Ann! The very first dollar these talons close over after paying my board has got to go to my Hebrew friend Moses in exchange for a pair of second-hand breeches which I humbly opine will serve my purpose better than a string band. However I politely returned this note of declination:—

"MY DEAR MISS O'HOO-LIGAN,—Kindly accept my sincerest regrets at being unable to be present at your surprise party, a prior engagement having rendered that impossible. If, however, you will let me know how it comes off, I will use my influence with the press to have a full account of the proceedings published in the daily papers, with a view to sending them home to your friends in the old country, and will see that your own name is given due prominence in the report. Devotedly yours, OLIVER FORESTALLEM."

Thursday, 5th.—Another letter—not so pleasant this morning:—

"MR. FORESTALLEM,—I doant think as ow you air a gentleman anyhow, to keep a pore woman like me out of her money like this. Why don't you go and work like I do i darnd them socks of yours so as theres not much left of the fust originals, but no sree you won't fool me any mair and if you doant pony up that there twenty cents for washin you ow me you shant get your shirt on saturday. yours truly, SARAH JANE SMAIR."

Oh, well, I'll settle with the old dragon on Saturday when Mac pays me for that article. I wonder why they haven't printed it. Saw Miss C— to-day looking lovelier than ever. If a fellow now could get a sit on the *Globe*—they say the Ed. is a splendid fellow—a good safe sit there now—ah! that were a consummation devoutly to be wished—I could then—well, we'll hope anyway. She certainly is lovely.

Friday, 6th.—Interviewed the *Globe* to-day—no go! How horribly pointed these successful men are—want to know exactly what you can do—they forget the time when they couldn't do much themselves. They are so puffed up with the continual contemplation of the infinitudeness of their own powers that, like Simon Stylites, they from the vastness of the altitudeness of the heights of their pillars look down with contemptuous serenity on poor devils who, like myself, are vainly endeavoring to climb a greasy pole on the top of which sits fortune. Said I might send in an article next week, but wouldn't promise to accept. I hate him. However I came home and wrote an article in such a way as wouldn't offend either party—Scott-Act or Prohibition—shewing up the claims of both sides, but taking care not to commit myself to either. The fact is I was mad—I knew he wouldn't accept it, and so I just wrote to let him see how well I could argue on either side. Then I mailed it saying "Good-bye, *Globe*." Landlady still freezing hard.

Saturday, 7th.—Called to receive cash for article from Mac, but couldn't find him in. Third time clerk told me with a grin that he was gone out of town. Felt sick—and came away—but immediately returned to ask when he would be back—was told, with another and broader grin, three weeks! Three weeks! ye gods!—for a moment the office

War in the Soudan.

To be ready in a few days, an Illustrated History of the War in the Soudan, and the causes which led to it; handsomely illustrated, and also Map of Seat of War. GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, TORONTO.

History of the



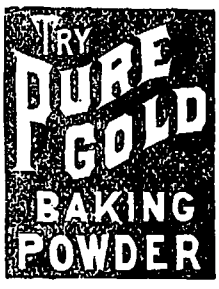
JACK AND THE GIANT ONCE MORE.

furniture went swimming round me—but I recovered when I got into the fresh air. My landlady!—I dared not think of her. I was in the blackness of darkness of despair, when suddenly an idea dawned upon me like a star through a rift in the clouds. Rushing home I entered the house, whistling loudly for the edification of my landlady, and gathering together several scraps of wit and humor, the products of my leisure moments, I studied them in the crown of my hat—and making a bee-line for Front-street entered GRIP office. The bird received me cordially—but gave me an electric shock by saying: "I see you would like to be paid for these in advance?" I tried to protest, but his eye was upon me. He knew all, I could see; what he don't know isn't worth knowing, and going to a drawer he took therefrom a V. bill, and I was saved. Paid my landlady and laundress. Temperature high—sudden thaw—air soft and mild.

Sunday, 8th.—In bed all day.
Monday, 9th.—A letter from *Globe* office—which I open with palpitating pulses—By Jove! it's accepted!—read this:—
"DEAR SIR,—Please find enclosed cheque for five dollars for editorial services. Yours truly, GLOBE PR'G Co."
Whew! Well now—he isn't a bad fellow after all, is he?
(To be continued.)

I HAVE been requested to contradict the rumor that the Hamilton Amateur Opera Company were compelled to perform in Toronto lately because there was not room for the ladies of that company to stand on the limited stage of the Hamilton Opera House. It is confidently stated that there was plenty of room and a few feet (ordinary feet) to spare, and the only reason for the ladies and gentlemen referred to coming to Toronto was that they desired to perform in a city. Thus is libel after libel shown up.

PURE GOLD MANUFACTURING CO.
31 Front-street East, Toronto.



The only subject on which all the great leaders of political opinion can agree perfectly, is as to the unapproachable excellence of Bruce's Photos. Studio, 118 King-street west.

There is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, PETLEY'S is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

COOK & BUSKER, Manufacturers of Rubber and Metal Fraud Stamps, deters, self-inkers, etc., etc., railroad and banking stamps, notary public and society seals, etc., made to order. 36 King-street west, Toronto.

What are you thinking of? Others claim to be Kings, and Crowns, and Perfect, but we claim to be only a Domestic, but one that no lady will part with. Found only at 98 Yonge Street, Toronto. Call and be convinced.

CATARRH—A new treatment has been discovered whereby a permanent cure of this hitherto incurable disease is absolutely effected in from one to three applications, no matter whether standing one year or forty years. This remedy is only applied once in twelve days, and does not interfere with business. Descriptive pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.

Go to Kingsbury's, 103 Church-street, Toronto, for fine Cheese and Groceries.

THE ALBERT COY'S
OATMEAL
TOILET SOAP
MAKES THE SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH.
Sold by Leading Grocers.

COVERNTON'S Fragrant Carbolic Tooth Wash cleanses and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, purifies the breath. Price, 25c. Prepared only by C. J. Covernton & Co., Montreal. Retailled by all Druggists; wholesale, Evans, Sons & Mason, Toronto.

CLOTHING. J.F. McRAE & CO., Merchant Tailors, 150 Yonge-street, Toronto.

PHOTOS—Cabinets, \$2.50 per dozen. J. Dixon, 201 to 203 Yonge-street, Toronto.

VIOLINS—First-class, from \$75 to \$3. Catalogues of Instruments free. T. CLAXTON, 197 Yonge-street, Toronto.

FOLDING Curtain Stretchers, Pillow Sham Holders, Carpet Sweepers, and everything useful at McRAE'S, 100 Yonge-street.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

5 GOLD MEDALS
Awarded in the Dominion in 1883-4 for
PEERLESS
AND OTHER MACHINE OILS:
TORONTO.

LOOK OUT!

Look out for the History of the War in the Soudan, now in preparation; handsomely illustrated, and with Map of Seat of War. Popular prices. GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., Toronto.

WAR IN THE SOUDAN