

SMOKE "CABLE" S. DAVIS' "HIGH LIFE" CIGARS.

EDITOR'S NOTE

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIFF office Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.



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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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BENCROFT BROS.

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

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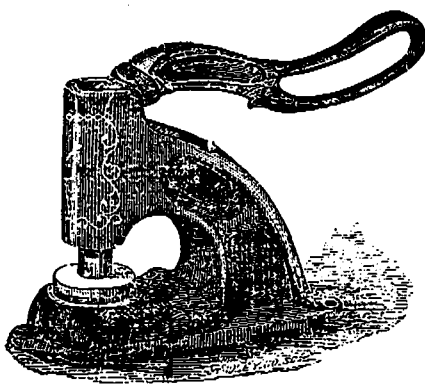
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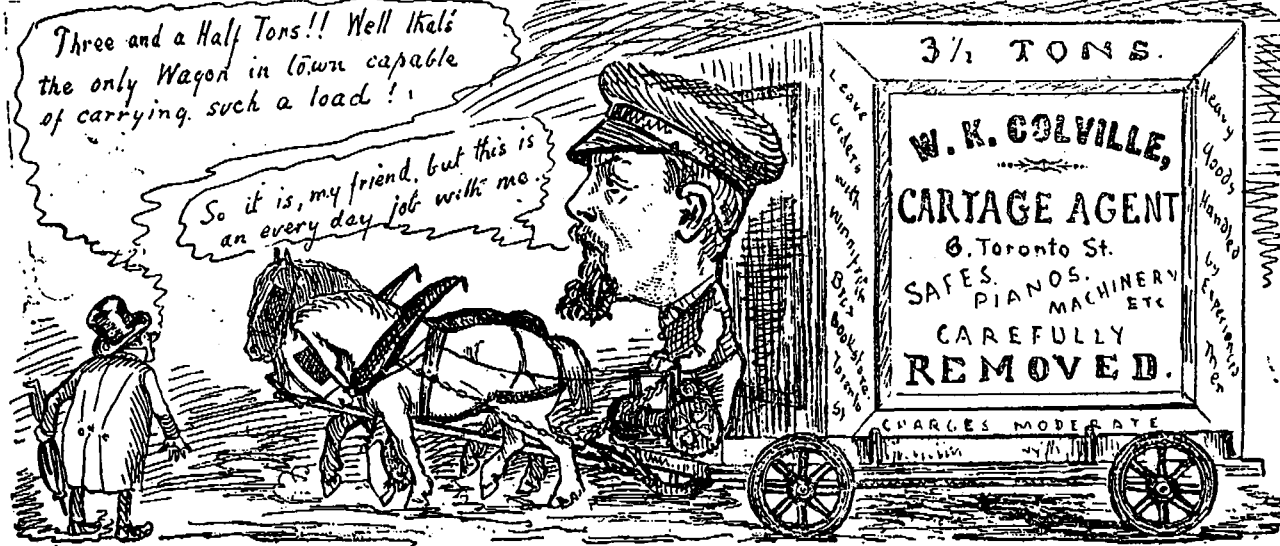
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Literature and Art.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or compositions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care of Grip Office.

"Hazel Kirke" is the reigning attraction at the Royal, but no verbal description can do justice to the force and beauty of this play,—it must be seen to be appreciated; and there are a few opportunities left in which to witness it.

The Toronto Opera Company are at present presenting the "Pirates of Penzance" at the Grand Opera House in a most acceptable manner. The opera is not only very amusing, but contains a great deal of the most charming music that the melodious Sullivan has ever written.

Last week's *Canadian Spectator* indicates a dreamy R. form leader as likely to appear and replace the Hon. Edward Blake. Is this "coming man" at present undergoing a course of "fish eating," etc., to develop his brain power? Oysters will of course be forbidden, likewise all shell fish, because he is to be such an unshell-fish creature. Let us hope that "plaice" will be found for him, lest he starve, and die for lack of diet.

We are pleased to chronicle the fact that Mme. Stuttaford's concert on Monday evening was a success. The large audience present on the occasion testified the pleasure felt by our citizens generally at the return of Madame Stuttaford to her professional duties after her long absence through illness.

Mr. Sheppard displayed a decided managerial talent in the way he "managed" McKee Rankin. That burly swaggerer got rather more than he bargained for, we fancy. He may be a very brave fellow on the stage, but his assault upon the manager was committed in cowardly style, and it is satisfactory to know he came out second best in the encounter.

Mr. Booth's *Shylock* is not highly praised. The *Athenaeum* says it is better than his *Othello*, but inferior to his *Lear*, *Richelieu*, *Iago Bertuccio*; but the *Athenaeum* finds fault with all *Shylocks*, from Garrick down, because the conception of the Jew is not the proper one; his rage and malice, thinks the *Athenaeum*, is not prompted by loss of gold alone.

The memorial to the late Adelaide Neilson is now completed, and has been placed over her grave in Brompton Cemetery. The memorial consists of a large handsome cross of the purest white marble, the pedestal which bears it having the following words, in plain letters: "In loving memory of Adelaide Neilson, died 15th of August, 1880. Gifted and beautiful—resting."

Mr. J. L. Stewart, formerly of the *St. John Telegraph*, is upon the editorial staff of the *Evening Mail*, of Halifax, N. S.

American papers have been quoted as calling *The Cukoo* successful. It is not successful, and they say those in it are regretting their faith.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, has evidently been reading "A Sailor's Sweetheart" with admiration, for she has completed a water-color sketch of William Lee, the hero, lashed, as he is represented, in the top of the water-logged brig in the South Pacific.

Grip has a cartoon equal in conception, and as full of political meaning, as anything that has been seen in *Punch* for a long time. It is called "The Three I's,—a Fair, Faultless Fit." Scene—the tailoring establishment of Gladstone, Bright & Co. Mr. Bright leans over the counter with an anxious look on his face; Mr. Gladstone stands outside, with coat off and measuring tape around his neck, complacently surveying Paddy in his new Land Bill coat. Paddy holds up the diminutive tail of the new garment, and looks over his shoulder at the maker with a most comically dissatisfied expression. Mr. Gladstone—"Well, Paddy, how does that fit you?" Paddy—"Fit, sur? Sure it's too good intirely! Yez have left no tail for w'an to raise a bit of a quarrel on, bad luck to yez!"—*Halifax Mail*.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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

Answers to Correspondents.

E. Bl-ke.—Since you request our opinion, we must candidly say that we think very highly of your Banquet speech. It was very funny; Mark Twain couldn't have tickled the manufacturers in a more droll fashion.

John J. Mac-ron, Montreal.—As intimated below, we think Mr. Mc-ph-rs-n's letter very good fun. If you, as President, feel aggrieved by his strictures on the members of the Young Men's Reform Club, why then don your armour and hit back. It will be a war of giants.

D. L. Mc-ph-rs-n.—You are quite too unreasonable. Capital fun as your letter is, we could not, from its length, possibly find room for it in Grip. When we returned the MS. we intimated this politely and offered you a position on our staff of Regular Contributors. What more would you have?

S. L. T-U-y.—And so you feel badly about the defeat of the Scott Act in Hamilton, and think both the Mail and Spectator dreadfully bad boys? Ah! Samuel, we have read that "one's foes are those of his own household." We do not like to interfere in these family jars, but why not give the bad boys a sound dressing down yourself?

J. C. A-k-n-s.—You do not think the fun in Grip sufficiently fast and furious, and send us a specimen article, "How John A. pulled the wool over the eyes of an old time Reformer." Why you noisy, boisterous boy, you shouldn't tell tales out of school. We will not publish the article, because in after years you might find the reminiscence too painful.

McKenzie B-w-l-l.—Joking again, Mac. You are incorrigible, but as you ask for our opinion we give it. You gained the farmers' votes by promising to impose a duty on American wheat. "Good!" shouted the farmer. Then you imposed the duty. "Good again!" shrieked the farmer. Next you tipped the big millers one of your inimitable winks which said, "Bring in as much wheat as you like—grind it and sell the product—we shall never ask you for the duty—that was only imposed to bamboozle the farmers." This is what you have done, and we are ashamed of you. Our advice is, either abolish the duty or collect it honestly—if not, remember the farmers will probably bamboozle you when the elections come round again.

Quite Right.

It gives us pleasure to write that Mr. Wright (Point Farm, Goderich) has just gone through the marriage rite, and is now settled down all right, and making ready to receive his summer visitors.

A Needed Amendment to the Constitution.

MR. GRIP.—SIR,—As the combined modesty and wisdom of the Junior Bar has seen fit to require a separate representation for the Juniors, would it not be well to apply such a salutary principle to other elections besides those of Benchers—indeed to provide an amendment to the Constitution to the effect that the junior electors should be separately represented? The effect on the legislative wisdom would probably be apparent. A RADICAL.

Face The Music.

On Great St James Street, Montreal,
As a lawyer stood at his window high,
He caught one glimpse of a friend below,
Then turned away quick with a gasping sigh.

And fled—but first on his door he placed
This notice—"Gone to Court for the day"—
Then chuckled and rubbed his hands and said,
"I save five dollars by running away."

And all day long with a pleas'd it glow
At his heart, he pled as your lawyer can—
And chuckled between the acts and said,
"It takes a lawyer to dish that man."

When Court was o'er, with the honest pride
Of one who has done his work full well,
He sought his office with leisurely step,
And there he found—what a beastly sell—

This note—"I came to you den this morn
To borrow five dollars—you were out;
I entered and sat in your leather chair
To think what next must go up the spout!"

"When a client came in—he paid a bill—
Ten dollars—receipt in full I gave—
And now I borrow not five but ten—
The trouble of asking twice 'twill save."

"With this you will find my I. O. U.
For an X—dear boy, don't be so smart.
You don't know perhaps—but my eyes are good,
And I saw you round the corner dart."

Then that lawyer man was a sight to see,
He tore his hair with a wail—you bet—
And when he started for home that night,
His brow was dark and his teeth were set.

Then learn from this that 'tis better far
To face out boldly the ills we fear—
The coward who shrinks and runs away,
Pays off—like the lawyer—twice as dear. GARDE.

The Voice of Spring.

Beautiful Verdant Spring! When the swelling bud, the teeming shoot, and the dewy leaf proclaim that balmy Spring has come. Listen to the gushing voice of Spring! The music of its murmur, the ripple of its course o'er the fertile waking earth. Green Mossy Spring! When the maternal ruler of domestic habitations announces with a piercing emphasis that makes the flesh of man to creep and the blood to curdle, that she and the girls must start housecleaning to-morrow—morning—first thing!—and on the morrow as the good man seeks his home for the noon-day meal, disorder, boots, chaos, and whitewash rule from the attic to the cellar, and the family take dinner in the woodshed—and in the still quiet night, as the stars twinkle and the silvery moon looks down on the dew-tipped sleeping earth, the Lord of that Manor's voice rises like the thunderbolt of Mighty Jove on high Olympus as he demands in accents loud and wild, "Where in thunder have they put my bed and night shirt?" Gentle and Ethereal Spring! When at the grey dawn of the waking morn the peaceful repose of the sixteen-year-old boy is broken by the harsh and rasping voice of an early rising sire, pealing like the thundercrash of doom up the first flight, "Bob! Bob! get up! and dig up that potato patch by breakfast, or I'll rawhide wits on your back like cedar posts. Bob! Bob! you sluggard, get up!" Serene and Tranquil Spring! When the housewife sayeth emphatically to the husband of her bosom and the partner of her griefs—"John! John! if you don't yank down that hall stove and mile of pipes, and whitewash that back shed, and cart that red hot cooking stove out there, there'll be a row in this camp, and a funeral bill to be paid, or I'm not your lawfully wedded wife!" And the crashing

stove, and the tumbling pipes, and the smothering soot, and the upset whitewash pail, and the fierce imprecations and the boiling wrath of the indastrious spouse announce in soft and gentle whisper, the arrival of Nature's sweetest child—Charming, Beautiful Spring! Warm and Balmy Spring! When the corner butcher digs from the recesses of his stable his last summer's ice house, and stuffed with fresh saw dust of the fragrant pine, nails it up in the corner of yore. Sultry, Beaming Spring! When the voice of masculine human nature invites the female world to haul forth from stern Winter's resting place the cotton hose of last season, to darn up the gaping rents forthwith, to sew on for him the missing button, and pack in camphor from the summer's glare and the rapacious moth the woolen hose and guernsey that warm and balmy Spring doth frown upon. Soul-stirring, Musical Spring! When the Organ Grinder is abroad in the land, when in the gloaming of the twilight the marshy ponds ring to the warbling of the frog, and the soft croaking of the harmonious toad, when the goose pastures are golden with new-fledged goslings and peal with the gabbling of the sonorous gander, when the peaceful mud-puddle gurgles with the sound of the twaddling duck, and its tender brood quack forth their chirping melody to the soft, ethereal Spring, when the earth roused from its dull, cold sleep, and all vegetation with its quickly bounding pulse, and the forest trees in the music of their swaying nod, and the moaning dirge of the departing blast, and the clashing symbol of the bursting thunder cloud, and the choir bands of Nature's realm in one grand Jubilee of loud acclaim ring out that Spring has come! has come!

SPRING'S HARDINGER.

The Dominic Speaks.

"The profession is, in our opinion, second to no other in inherent dignity." More than a hundred years ago these stood among his boys a dominie who was so impressed with this fact that he dared not lift his hat in presence of the king, lest the young rogues should find out that there was a man in the kingdom greater than he.

"The members of such a profession should take rank easily with the best aristocracy of the land—the aristocracy of moral and intellectual wealth."

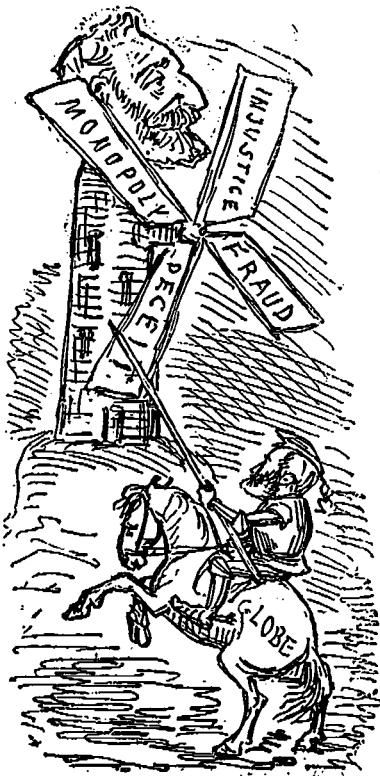
There let us gnaw the end of our moustache a little, as with that dominie, so frowned upon we shout in tones of thunder, "Ed. Globe, stand up!"

Master Ed., you seem to have fallen asleep in Scotland and wakened up in Canada. We don't belong to the land of "We and our Neighbors." We're not annexed yet. This is the land of grades, sir—of precedence. How is it you so soon forget your lessons? Weren't you instructed in the famous institution of the grades, precedence to whom precedence, and yet you talk of ranking easily with the best aristocracy. Are you not aware that our lords and masters are trustees who "spell it with a v-e, Sammy," whose first personal pronoun generally appears with a dot over it, who request us to send in our photograph with our application, and who invariably let the contract of moulding mind and character to the very lowest tender? To this work we must bring a sunny face and kindly tone, our frowns and stern accents we sternly must repress. To this we must bend our intellect, to this bring the fruit of years of patient study; all for four, five, or six hundred dollars a year. "Entree!" There is no entree for such figures. If you wish to see the "rigid lines" relax, the "cloud" disperse, and the "dictatorial manner" merge into the suave blandness of the gentleman of leisure, then pay those from whom you demand so much, as they ought to be paid, for turning out the noblest of all productions. Go to your seat, sir, and write in your copy book, *A man's a man for a' that.*

Our Prohibition Correspondent.

I'm standing at the bar, Gordon,
 Standing at the bar,
 I'm having drinks galore, Gordon,
 And frequent, too, they are.
 I'm now a judge of rye, Gordon,
 An epicure in rye,
 And know the way to get, Gordon,
 Maine Bourbon on the sly.
 But I'm a total wreck, Gordon,
 A sad and mournful wreck;
 For whiskey I've a mouth, Gordon,
 And a very long dry neck.
 And cocktails I can take, Gordon
 Yes, coolly, calmly take,
 Without a blink or gasp, Gordon,
 Or even stomach ache.
 But often I've a head, Gordon,
 A large and painful head
 Which weighs about a ton, Gordon,
 As if it had been lead.
 John Collinses are good, Gordon,
 A drink extremely good,
 Which, if you once imbibed, Gordon,
 Give up you never could.
 You're all to blame for this, Gordon,
 Yes, you're to blame for this,
 You sent me in this path, Gordon,
 Upon you're pesky biz!

SCRANTON.



Fighting the Mill Monopoly.

The battle at present waged by the *Globe* against Mr. Minister of Customs Dowell, and his Grinding-in-Bond Crookedness, may appear to some to be Quixotic, inasmuch as no real victory is likely to attend the valiant knight. Nevertheless, in our opinion, the *Globe* has rarely poised its weapon in a more righteous cause. By the government arrangements now in force with reference to the wheat duties, a palpable fraud is being practiced in the interests of a few pet millers, and at the expense of the trade in general. The Good Book specially denounces those who grind the faces of the poor, and we would respectfully admonish Minister Bowell, who is a good church member, to con that passage carefully over. If he persists in his present crooked course, *Grip* will take an early opportunity of showing up the whole affair in a fashion that will make him wish the facts had never cropped out. *Verb Sap.*



Newfoundland's Syndicate.

It is said that misery likes company, and perhaps that accounts for the gusto with which Canadian papers record the fact that our neighboring province Newfoundland has just had an atrocious Railway Syndicate fastened to it. And all our journals without regard to party are prepared to admit that the Newfoundland "Bargain" is a rum un! In order to get a railway worth \$6,000,000 built, the sapient statesmen of that Island have agreed to give a company of New York capitalists about twice as much in land and money. But they haven't given themselves away too, as our managers have—not have they agreed to furnish these capitalists with their capital. Nevertheless, considering the proportionate size of the Island and this Syndicate Bargain is worthy of our own Tupper.

The Everlasting Punssters.

It may not be generally known that a number of Toronto's most unimportant citizens, disgusted with the pleasures of this life, have formed themselves into a club for purposes of mutual castigation, the said castigation being effected by weekly meetings at which they torture each other by listening and giving utterance to the vilest of puns. Such is the case, and *Grip* has much pleasure in making the fact public, especially as it is a decided scoop on both the *Globe* and the *Mail*, to say nothing of the *Telegram*. By the first clause of their constitution they are to be known as the Everlasting Punssters. They held their first meeting the other evening at Phony Hall, on Dismal Ave.

In his diurnal peregrinations *Grip* of course got wind of the meeting, and forthwith dispatched the office shorthand fiend to take it in. The following is what he handed to the editor next day:—

The President, John Joquer, Esq., took the chair at a quarter past twenty minutes, sharp, and announced that the subject upon which the members were to rack their brains for the evening was "trees."

By way of getting at the pith of the subject Mr. Smith said he would remark that it was an extremely knotty one to tackle. (Members groan slightly and begin to look absent-minded.)

"I'm pining to get at it," murmured Jones from the rear of the room.

"You were ever-green," quoth Mr. Slopoko, with a gleam of exultation in his left eye. (His right eye was a glass one.)

"You li-lac the editor of a Grit paper," retorted Jones with spirit.

"Do you li-chen me to Ed. *Globe*?" queried Slopoko indignantly, amid groans of members.

"Lettuce have no bass strife," interposed the chairman in tones softer than the cooing of the turtle dove.

"In short, let's turn over a new leaf," purred Sniffles, just beneath the rostra.

Mr. Roman-rose to a point of order by remarking that Mr. Sniffles was palming off a stale joke on the Society.

Mr. Smith thought it was excusable as the gentleman had recently entered the bonds of holly hemlock.

A cypress-ed heavily on the members for some time, when the chairman suggested that although the moment was a sub-lime one, yet he was prepared to go on ash soon as they were ready.

Mr. Prim protested that the remark from the chair was fern to the subject.

"The log wood knot roll without it," explained the chair blandly. (Groans.)

"It's moss time to have suthin'," yawned Slopoko. (Absent look vanishes from countenances of members.)

"I yam dry too," remarked Jones.

"What fir do ye say that," growled Sandy Tamson. "I wabunt put up wi' such unseeinly remarks."

"I will-ow you one for that speclh," quoth Jones.

"O-live and let live," cried the chairman wearily. (Members writhe in agony of spirit.)

"Who cane stand the drinks?" asked Slopoko with a bamboo-zled expression.

"I confer'd it," said the chairman with a celestial smile as he clambered from his cedar throne.

The meeting then adjourned (to the nearest bar.)

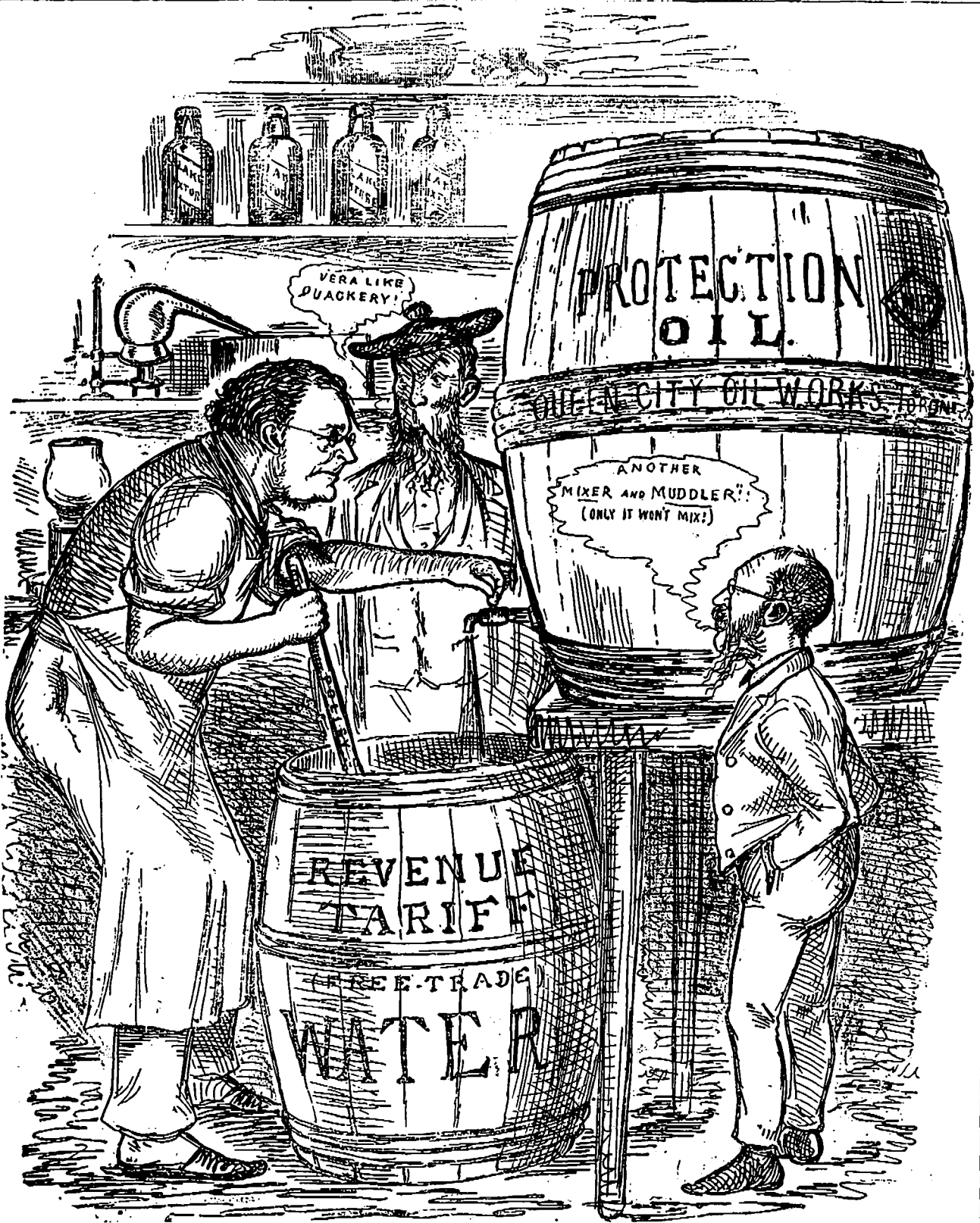


Another Ring at Ottawa.

Amongst the many rings which flourish at Ottawa is the prize-ring. A most brutal encounter is chronicled as having taken place there recently between two "professional" ruffians, and many of our exchanges are expressing astonishment that such an affair could have taken place immediately under the nose of Sir Alex. Campbell, who distinguished himself last session by introducing and passing a Bill against prize fighting. Our illustration makes it plain how such a thing could be—especially if the official had his eyes conveniently closed.

Aminidab being advised to lay by something for a rainy day, remarked that he should consider the kitchen stove a good thing to lay by for a rainy day.—*Marathon Independent.*

Mr. Longfellow can take a worthless piece of paper, and by writing a poem on it make it worth \$50. That's genius.—*Exchange.* Pshaw! We have a poet in Toronto who can take a \$50 sheet of paper and make it worthless by writing a poem on it. That's genius, too.



OUR NATIVE MANUFACTURER;
OR, BLAKE'S "INCIDENTAL" MIXTURE.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

BRASSER'S SON, CLAUDIUS.

Mr. Brassier, who lived on Ninth-avenue, has a son 12 years old named Claudius, and the other evening this boy received permission to allow a neighbor's boy to stay all night with him. The old people sleep down in the sitting room, and the boys were put in a room directly above. When they went to bed Claudius had the clothes line under his coat, and the neighbor's boy had a mask in his pocket. They didn't kneel down and say their prayers like good boys, and then jump into bed and tell bear stories, but as soon as the door was locked the Brassier boy remarked:

'You'll see more fun around here to-night than would lie on a ten acre lot!'

From a closet they brought a cast-off suit of Brassier's clothes, stuffed them with whatever came handy, tied the mask and an old straw hat on for a head, and while one boy was carefully raising the window, the other was tying the clothes line around the 'man.' The image was let down in front of the sitting room window, lifted up and down once or twice, and old Brassier was heard to leap out of bed with a great jar. He was just beginning to doze when he heard sounds under his window, and his wife suggested that it was a cow in the yard. He got up, pulled the curtain away, and as he beheld a man standing there he shouted out:

'Great bottles! but it's a robber!' and he jumped into bed.

'Theodore Brassier, you are a fool!' screamed the wife, as he monopolized all the bed clothes to cover up his head.

'Be quiet you old jade you,' he whispered; 'perhaps he'll go away!'

'Don't call me a jade!' she replied, reaching over and trying to find his hair. 'Get up and git the gun and blow his head off?'

'Oh! you do it!'

'Git up, you old coward?' she snapped. 'I'll never live with you another day if you don't do it!'

Brassier turned up the lamp, sat up in bed, and cried out:

'Is that you, boys?'

'Mercy on me! git up!' yelled the wife as the straw man was knocked against the window.

'I'll blow his head off as clean as milk!' said Brassier, in a loud voice, as he got up. He struck the stove three or four times, upset a chair, and reached behind the foot of the bed and drew out an old army musket.

'Now, then, for good!' he continued, as he advanced to the window and lifted the curtain.

The man was there, face close to the glass, and he had such a malignant expression of countenance that Brassier jumped back with a cry of alarm.

'Kill him! shoot him down! you old noodle-head!' screamed the wife.

'I will, by thunder! I will!' replied Brassier, and he blazed away, and tore out nearly all the lower sack.

The boys up stairs uttered a yell and a groan, and Brassier jumped for the window to see if the man was down. He wasn't. He stood right there, and made a leap at Brassier.

'He's coming in!—parlice!—boys!—ho! ho! parlice!' roared the old man.

The tattered curtain permitted Mrs. Brassier to catch sight of a man jumping up and down, and she yelled:

'Theodorous, I'm going to faint.'

'Faint and be darned! Boys!—parlice! he replied, walloping the sheet-iron stove with a poker.

'Don't you dare talk that way to me,' shrieked the old woman, recovering from her desire to faint.

'Po-leece! po-leece!' now came from the

boys up stairs, and while one continued to shout, the other drew the man up, tore him limb from limb, and scattered the pieces.

Several neighbors were aroused, an officer came up from the station, and a search of the premises was made. Not so much as a track in the snow was found, and the officer put on an injured look and said to Mr. Brassier:

'A guilty conscience needs no accuser.'

'That's so!' chorused the indignant neighbors, as they departed.

And as Mr. Brassier hung a quilt before the shattered window, he remarked to his wife:

'Now you see what an old cundurango you made of yourself!'

'Don't you fling any insults at me, or I'll choke the attenuated life out of you,' she replied.

And the boys kicked around on the bed, chucked each other in the ribs, and said: 'I'd rather be a boy than be president!'—*Inter-Ocean*.

"Will a gin sling do a man any good?" asks a correspondent. Yes, if he slings the gin far enough.—*Earl Marble*.

Thirty cents worth of velvet, three cents worth of wire and forty cents worth of feathers can be stirred up and sold for \$25.—*Peck's Sun*.

The Chinese women never jump on a chair when they see a mouse. Not much. It is the mouse that has to hold up its skirts at such a time.

One by one the best strongholds of the American paragraphs fall and crumble into decay. The *Czar* died last week.—*Williamsport Break-fast Table*.

You can tell a merciful farmer as soon as he stops at a post. He takes the blanket off his wife's lap and spreads it over the poor horses. *Detroit Free Press*.

"How old are you?" asked a conductor of a little girl trying to ride on half fare. "I'm twelve when I'm home, but pa says I'm only nine on the cars."—*Fon Du Lac Reporter*.

Simkins wants to know would it be proper to call a red-haired young lady a brick. It might be eminently proper, but no prudent man would try it more than once.—*Oil City Derrick*.

"Why do you let the waiter blow the foam off your beer?" asked a friend of Poots. "Because," said Poots modestly, "I don't like to blow my own horn."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

Nine billion pins were sold in the country last year, and the young man who got his arm entangled around a young girl's waist swears that he knows where they all went to.—*New Haven Register*.

A Western ticket agent fell into the hands of a band of Indians. The old chief after whetting his knife, remarked, "Young man, two can play at the same game." So they scalped him. *Hartford Sunday Journal*.

A woman will work a month to fabricate a delicate protection for a chair, and then when it is in place an edict is promptly issued forbidding any man sitting in that chair, through fear of spoiling that tidy. It's the best chair protector that possibly could be desired.—*Rockland Courier*.

The gigantic megamonsterthing, with its sixteen acres of canvass canopied tent fields, its nineteen consolidated aggregations aggrozated, its electric light, turning night into a glare like a silver-plated harness, and its ponderous and magnificent vault scrapers and some-are-sotters i-coming, is coming. Make no mistake! A live cannon discharged in mid-air, and a dazzling beglittering \$10,000 beauty nitro-glycerined in the presence of the entire audience, including the lemonade sharks. Wait for it. Watch for it. Sell your old iron and fly to the 11-centre-pole Gypothegarnium. Come away! Come now!—*Lockport Union*.

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Must be Disposed of Before 1st of May

NO. 3 CIRCULAR SAW MILL.

Made by Stearns, Erie, right-hand, in use only 3 seasons. Cost \$1,150, will be sold for \$400, cash.

LOG CANTER.

Made by Stearns. Cost \$350, will be sold for \$150.

SHINGLE MACHINE.

38 inch saw, wooden frame, made by J. Meakins, Lindsay. Will sell for \$75.

Horizontal Engine and Boiler.

Cylinder 4 x 6. May be seen in running order on the premises. Price \$250.

BOILER.

h. p. Price \$85.

PONEY PLANER.

24 in. knife, made by Rogers & Co Norwich, Conn. Cost \$175, will sell for \$75.

BE-SAW.

4 ft. saw, rollers 18 in. long, 6 in. diameter, saws straight or bevel. Frame 5 ft. wide, 6 ft. long, pulley on mandril 8 x 14 in. Made by Goldie & McCullough. In use only 2 months. Cost \$550, sell for \$200.

STICKER.

Three moulding heads, one head for surface planing. Planes 6 in. Made by Daniels, Newcastle, Mass. Cost \$175, sell for \$75.

SHAKE WILLOW.

DRILL.

Centres 8 inches. Price \$15.

IRON LATHE,

15 feet bed, swings 24 inches, turns 10 feet. Price \$150.

PRINTING MACHINES.

Imperial Printing Press.

12½ x 17½ inches. In use only 2 years. Cost \$300. Will sell for \$200.

Forsyth Paper Cutter.

Cuts 30 inches. Costs \$150. Sell for \$90.

Miller & Richard Paper Cutter.

Cuts 16 inches. Cost \$150. Sell for \$90.

Water Motor.

1½ horse power, just the thing for a person wanting light power. Requires no attendance, always ready, and there is no fear of explosion. Price \$90.

The whole of the above is in good working order.

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15 SCROLL SAW designs sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents. No two alike. Address, J. MALCOLM, Parkdale P. O. 1-6-81



A Suspended "Mayflower."

The irrepressible publisher of the Halifax *Mayflower* owes his present ungraceful and inconvenient attitude to the action of Chief Justice Ritchie. That learned gentleman doesn't think it in accordance with British justice that the plaintiff in an important suit should be permitted to argue the case through his personal organ while it is *sub judice*, and hence the suspension of the *Mayflower*. The editor has every appearance of a martyr in this sketch, but it is *not* true that indignation meetings have been held on his behalf by the clergy of Halifax, and the preceptors and pupils of young ladies' academies of Nova Scotia in general.

A Modern Marguerite.

By the author of "A Modern Mephistophiles."

VOL. I.

Mr. Mephistophiles, of the eminent publishing firm of Mephistophiles, Faust & Co., took from his desk a letter. It was dated Toronto, April 1st, and was as follows:—

"You have rejected my manuscript novel from your 'No Fame' series. I am alone in the world. I am without a (scent, not even the odour of sanctity. It is my intention to commit suicide by putting to my lips the autographic pencil with which I am writing these last words. And so farewell.

"MARGUERITE."

The eminent publisher put the letter in his delicately embroidered pocketbook. He hastened to a by-street in the eastern part of the city, where, in a garret, he found Marguerite sitting on the only chair she possessed, and by this time nearly dead from the effects of the autographic pencil. "Wilt thou be recalled to existence, and come and share my idealized existence at my paradisaal villa at Parkdale?" She consented. By a powerful antidote the poison of the autographic pen was counteracted, and next morning Marguerite awoke in a luxurious chamber. A green and gold flower pattern covered all of the wall that was not concealed by a gorgeous dado. A large white lily stood in a blue Chinese jar, flanked by a Japanese screen. Marguerite dressed, but in a toilette very different from that she had worn in her poverty. A gorgeous *princesse* of pansy-colored violet was set off by clouds of point lace, a slight hint of crinoline revealed hose of old gold silk, and bottles of spun glass that might have fitted Cinderella. Descending to the breakfast room she found her preserver of the night before in company with his junior partner, Mr. Faust, an exceedingly handsome young man in a faultless spring overcoat, with his hair parted down the middle. "It is my wish that you live here for a month," said Mr. Mephistophiles; "after that I intend you to marry Mr. Faust here. Don't make any ob-

jection. I can't afford time to marry myself. I want to have two types of beauty, male and female, continually before me. You will do as I ask you if you wish to continue here." A luxurious breakfast followed—eggs in abundance, fried and boiled, even at that time when they cost at least forty cents a dozen. Marguerite was astonished. After breakfast she went into the garden, which commanded an uninterrupted view of the Mercer Reformatory, and of the more distant asylum. Mr. Faust seated himself at her feet. "May I then hope for this lovely hand?" he whispered. Marguerite playfully held out a single finger. "How niggardly," he said, "to give me but one finger when the whole hand is so small." The compliment pleased her and the whole hand was graciously surrendered. "But what will my mamma say?" said Marguerite.

VOL. II.

Mr. Mephistophiles was determined to gain his point, no matter what was said by Marguerite's parent. He got Mr. Faust to present the latter with a handsome autographic pencil, simply omitting to caution her about putting it to her mouth. As the old lady was then about to write a long letter to her son Valentine, then a cadet at the Military School, Kingston, she frequently moistened the poisonous pencil-composition with her mouth, and an hour afterwards was a case for the coroner. Mr. Mephistophiles sent, by parcel post, another autographic pencil to Valentine, who used it to reply to his mother's letter, with an equally fatal result. Mr. Mephistophiles then procured some handsome articles of jewelry from the stores on King-street, and gave them to Mr. Faust as a present for Marguerite, who was delighted to get them, and sang a charming song composed by Grunod to show her gratification. But hearing what had happened to her mother and to Valentine, she got quite ill, and had to leave St. Michael's Cathedral, where some fine music was being performed, before service was over. Soon after this Marguerite got into difficulties. The firm having over-speculated, and Marguerite being obliged to pawn the jewels, got arrested, and things would have gone badly but for Mr. Faust, who took her part, proved her innocence to the satisfaction of Mr. Nuttall, and being disgusted with the mean conduct of Mr. Mephistophiles, withdrew from all connection with that person. They got married, and Marguerite soon recovered her spirits by conscientious study of *Grip*.



As Good as Settled.

[Lord Dufferin has been removed from St. Petersburg to Constantinople.]

Dufferin (to the Sultan).—Now, then, Your Majesty, if you will oblige by propounding the *Eastern Question* we have heard so much about, it will afford me much pleasure to answer it for you, promptly, expeditiously, satisfactorily, and simply as A. B. C.!



Montreal High Society.

Portrait of a gentleman sending up his card at an upper-ten residence—drawn after reading certain startling revelations made by the *Mail's* Montreal correspondent.

The Awful School Inspector.

The Inspector came down like a wolf on the fold; In the glory and pride of his knowledge untold; His wallet was stuffed with the books of his lore, And his mind filled with visions of carnage and gore.

There had been no hint of impending invasion, But, just on a most inauspicious occasion, He suddenly got himself inside the door, Such an advent inflamed his ferocity more.

How he swelled up with fury, 'twas frightful to see, And he went for that school like a heathen Chinese, "I'll show you that I'm an Inspector," says he, "With all power and authority vested in me."

A look full of vengeance around him he cast, Then he let himself out like a hurricane blast; Lamentation and wailing rose high on the air, And the school-room resounded with cries of despair.

As playful and glad some as lambs on the green, Those innocent children that morning were seen, By noon they were routed and scattered afar, With tears in their eyes, flying home from the war. And the fathers and mothers were loud in their wail, As the children escaped with a horrible tale; But the awful Inspector he went on his way, What recked he? as long as he carried the day.—P. F. Craggsdale, Muskoka, April 20, 1881.

Domestic.

"By Jimini, but I'm tired, Maria," said Mr. Gollitenham to his wife on his return home last evening. "Thunder! I've been hard at it all day. But nothin' like bus, ye know Maria."

"I perceive you've been 'hard at it,'" said Mrs. G., calmly. "So have I. You've been at business of course until midnight as usual, and you are tired. Well, I'm a little tired myself, but as you say there's nothing like business. I have been washing clothes all day. I am trying to economize. Summer is coming, and I intend to bring the dear children somewhere out of town when the hot weather comes. This I am determined upon, Mr. Gollitenham."

Mr. Gollitenham's eyes began to twinkle, and his face became gradually more rubicund, as he said, "My dear, so am I determined. Business has prospered, and everything is going on well. I know that now you are working, perhaps too hard, but the summer will bring relaxation. Maria, I intend bringing you and the children to Europe in July, or perhaps August."

"Europe? Why Gollitenham, that will be delightful! We can go intermediate, and the expense will not be so very great. What line will we go by?"

"Oh, the expense will be nothing, and the line is a splendid one," replied Mr. Gollitenham, as his cheeks distended and his face grew steadily from magenta to mauve.

"Nothing? Well I never. You've got passes then?"

"No." (Here Mr. G. could contain himself or his joke no longer, and burst into a roar of laughter.) "No, Maria, I'll bring you and the dear children into the back yard and see the clothes line—that's the line you'll go by, and its your rops you know, Ha! ha! ha!

THE FAVORITE ALES, PORTER & LAGER ARE BREWED BY THOS. DAVIES & CO.

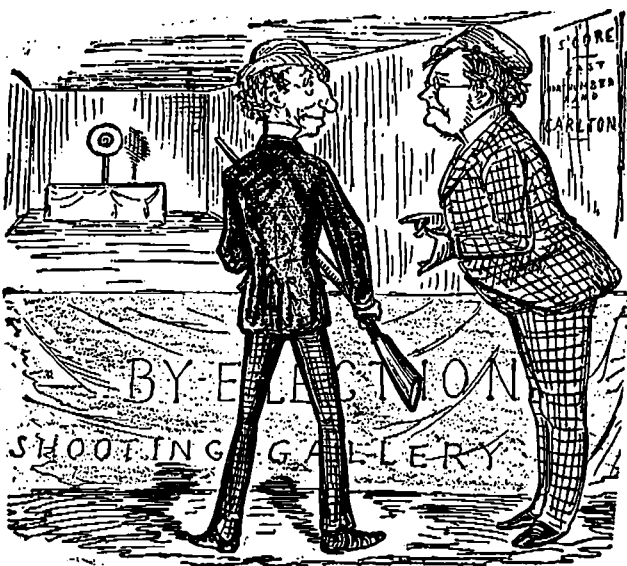
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A CONVENIENT ARRANGEMENT.

BLAKE.—Now, if you hit it don't count, but if you miss I count two. (Said in other words in his Banquet Speech.)

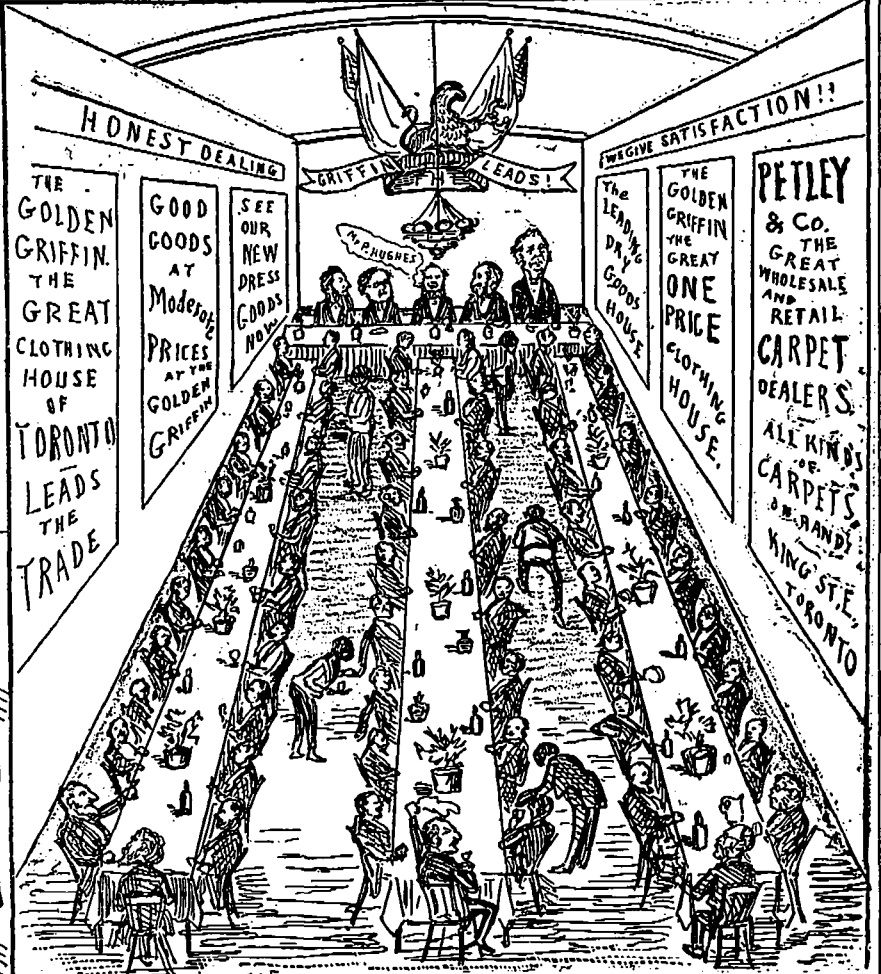


"FISH TO FRY!"

MME. QUEBEC.—Ah! Mauvais Garçon! I set you to mind ze baby not fry ze seesh!!



"I never saw such Handsome Carpets! PETLEY & Co. must get the Order for the carpets for the new Parliament Buildings!!"



THE BLAKE BANQUET.

TORONTO, APRIL 21ST, 1881.

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