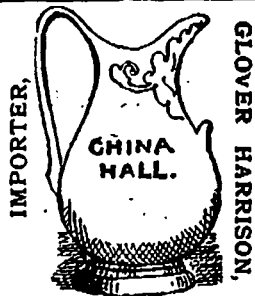


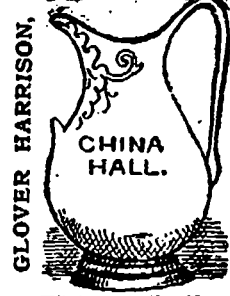
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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL
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J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

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

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The cry from the Government side at Ottawa—the shout which was loud enough to drown down all criticism of the Syndicate Loan—was "Patriotism! Patriotism!" Somebody once said that patriotism was the last refuge of scoundrels—in this case it certainly appears to have been the refuge of gentlemen who had no arguments to defend the position they had taken. The House contains some precious blockheads, but we cannot believe that there is a single member who sees the slightest connection between "patriotism" and this purely business—or unbusiness—transaction. We have agreed to "lead" \$22,500,000 in addition to the original grant, in order that the railway may be finished in two years instead of five, as stipulated in the contract. The only question is, is this object worth the money—for nobody really expects to get the money back. GRIP holds that it is not worth the money, nor any fraction of it. On the contrary, he believes it would in every sense pay better to complete the work as at first agreed. There may be "millions in it" for our Political Col. Sellers—and our Canadian Bardwell Slote may see big things in the "appropriation," but that does not alter the fact that the whole scheme is a ruinous mistake for Canada.

FIRST PAGE.—We have a Liberal Government in Ontario. Liberal, mark you; and

please don't confuse the title with the old worn-out cognomen, "Reform." That there are things calling for reform is probably well known to the ministry, and certainly to the people of the Province. Amongst them we might mention the Exemption question, and the building of a new Parliament House. A strong feeling has long existed in favor of the abolition of unjust exemption from taxation, and the country is ripe for action on that important matter. As to the new building, no sane person can doubt the absolute necessity of it, not only on the score of self-respect—for the present barn is a disgrace to the Province, but also on the score of prudence, for the public records are in danger of destruction every hour. Mr. Mowat apparently fears to move on, lest he should come to grief, but we hope he will soon "make a spurt," and find—as he probably will—that all his fears were unfounded.

EIGHTH PAGE.—If these sketches will do anything to inspire our city authorities with a desire to do away with the system of Non-Protection against Fire now in vogue, they will accomplish their object. The point we wish to emphasize is, that the old plan of bringing out the steam engines should be adopted, as it is plain the hydrants cannot be depended upon.

STARTLING NEWS FROM KINGSTON.

The other day we read in our *Mail*:

"Chief Horsey has resigned his position as Chief of the Fire brigade. Notwithstanding that, the weather 'is very cold; and raw robins are flying about the city."

Are we to understand that Chief Horsey manages the weather for Kingston since Sir John left, or is there something wrong with the punctuating machine up in the tall tower?

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributions are acknowledged from the following: "Peck's Bad Boy," J.B.M., Juvenal; H.H., T. McTuff; T.B., T.T., C.M.R.; M.L.S.: J.H.C.; C.M.; Mok; B.M.; N.L. Such of the above as are found suitable will appear in due course. Contributions should reach us on Friday to insure insertion in the number for the ensuing week.

NEWBURY, VT.—Subject matter too old now.

In reply to enquiries, Mr. GRIP would say that he has no office on Adelaide-street now, having moved all his plant, machinery, and paraphernalia into his new premises 26 & 28 Front-street W., where he will be glad to see his friends and show them the finest printing office in the country. The windows on Adelaide-st., in which the funny cartoons are displayed, belong to the office of Mr. C. V. Boughton, the energetic agent of the Citizen's Accident Insurance Co. We do not feel jealous of Mr. B., but hope each succeeding cartoon may be better than the last, and that he may take the life of every man who stands to laugh at them.

Crows don't study natural laws. Else, why after being chased away from a newly-sown field, do they not better understand how effect follows cause?



THE POOK BLUNDERING PREMIER.

NORQUAY.—Boo hoo! Boo hoo! I've gone and smashed the pitcher and now I'm scared to go home!

LINES TO G. F. FRANKLAND.

(On reading his recent letter in the *Globe*.)

Let Premier tinker at the nation's laws,
And teacher cultivate the youthful mind,
Stick thou to thy beloved Cattle Cause,
A nobler one it would be hard to find.

Good laws will tend to make the nation good,
And culture from good schools is sure to flow;
But what's the use of either *minus* food,
Good, tender, juicy beef, I'd like to know?

Go on, brave Frankland, send off vessels full,
Of all the Cattle Kings we hail thee chief;
You'll win a laurel from old Johnny Bull,
Who knows the virtue of Canadian Beef!



OUR OWN AT THE ASSEMBLY.

GARRULOUS, GUARANTEED, GO-FOR-'EM GALLERY GOSSIP.

The people of this unfortunate Province have only begun to learn the merest trifles about the doings of the Cabinet members—individually and collectively. What of Mr. Meredith's *expose*, in view of the information now in possession of your indefatigable reporter? I tell you it sinks into the nothingness of an Ottawa civil service clerk's duties when *my* little story is told. And do the masses fear I shall fail to tell my little story? Bah! There is no fear in *me*—if you don't count a very natural indisposition to go into the *Mail* sanctum just about leader-writing time. What if libel suits do follow? Common-place considerations of this nature will *never* restrain me! I can stand libel suits, if the promoters of them can. So here goes:

MOWAT'S MISSION.

The real object of the Premier in going abroad last summer was to get new blood for his poultry yard and piggery. Hardy, but many persons are aware, will eat nothing but pedigreed pork—that is to say when he is in the pork-eating mood. The Premier, unable to reason him out of this extraordinary taste,

and fearful that his inroads on the Model Farm hog stock might be discovered, has been for some time past supplying him out of his own private pen—charging it to the Government, all the same of course. The private pen having nearly given out, must needs be replenished. Hence the ostensible "health trip" across the ocean! As to the henry, the sad story must be made public that both Mowat and Fraser, are inveterate cock-fighters! Each has lost many birds at the various mains in Canada and the States during the past year, and so there was nothing for it but a new supply. Hence another reason for that "health trip." In justice to Mr. Mowat's good eye for games I must really say that his new stock includes some dandy "hens," which will, no doubt, give good accounts of themselves in the pit before long. All these, too, are marked down in the contingencies accounts. Thus the country has to pay for the pampering of one minister's gluttonous appetite, and the indulgence of two other ministers' love of a demoralizing sport! I have no comments to offer in this letter, but I cannot refrain from asking, "Is it not pitiable? Will it not ham-per our province's progress?"

THE ALGOMA AFFAIR.

Well may the Government benches shake with the laughter of their occupants at the tempest in a tea-pot raised—so far. I say "so far" advisedly. The conspirators do not know that I am on their track. They are blissfully unaware of the fact that I find them in a hole. They wot not that I have 'em on a string. They are unconscious that I've got 'em up a tree. [Note: The *Globe* says Mr. Meredith is "on a wild-goose chase after a mare's nest," and I indulge in variegated figures of speech also. The *Globe's* editor needn't fancy he has the only recipe for making mixed metaphors!] What is the meaning of this cipher telegram tapped by a friend of mine during the Algoma Election campaign:—

RAT PORTAGE, Aug. 13, 1883.

HON. MR. PARDEE, Toronto:

Myaw! Myoo!! Myau!!! Myum!!!! Erin go pluribus! Unum go brugh! Faughbalalagh. Sae erapoo-pallivoodeddingdong. Okumoff. Whatdyesay?

What is the significance of these fateful words? I repeat! Ah! Well ye know! Aye! 'Tis meet to tremble. See! Here is the key:—

Burden's got into a bad scrape. Caught trying to kiss a red-haired hired girl at a farm-house up here. Farmer demands \$10,000 to keep mum. Girl's fellow wants another ten thousand to spare B's life. B is now away under the barn, girl's fellow laying for him with shot-gun. Will you whack up, or shall we let events take their course.

STIFE.

The answer to this lies in the fact that Burden still lives! Peop e of Ontario, I have given you the facts!

It lies with you to act on them! There is more to follow, but I must not alarm the country too much at once!

BREVITIES.

"Wait till the clouds fly by," is a new ballad dedicated to the Attorney-General.

A redistribution of spittoons is demanded by members who chew blackstrap.

It is proposed, in view of the delay so often experienced in bringing down reports, that a new scheme on the elevator principle be adopted. A first-class dumb-waiter, I am persuaded, would send up reports quicker than the messengers bring them down in baskets now.

Among the members who are making enquiries is the new man from South Simcoe. On behalf of his constituents he will ask for information as to whether Jas. Beatty, sr., really was the man who first carried the orange flag through the city of Toronto; and if so, what's up with him now?

The library committee are determined to see that in future a bigger stock and better class of patent medicine almanacs is kept for country members. The country members say their wives complain about the style of the almanacs they bring back home with them.

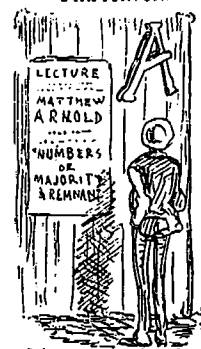
The interim estimates cannot be passed too soon every session. It is a disgraceful fact that the proprietor of a grocery store the other day sent back the government pass-book with the clerk who brought it to him, and coldly ordered the young man to say to his chief that not another drop of coal oil would he let out of his shop until the old account was settled.

There is a great deal of feeling in the House about the Essex Shrievalty affair. Members of both sides want to know what is a shrievalty job, anyway? Do the Government, they enquire, at this late day imagine that when a berth like this is filled by a staunch supporter it is intended he shall do any of the work? The very idea of the thing sends a cold chill down every ambitious member's spinal column. If this sort of idea is not promptly flattened out there is going to be trouble. The fact of the matter seems to be that the difficulty is with the prisoners—not the sheriffs. When a prisoner gets discontented with a gaol he ought to send in a protest or his resignation, and not go to work and break right out as if he was inappreciably mad with the place. I fear also that the class of prisoners under the present government is worse than it otherwise would be. With our public affairs in the hands of Mr. Meredith and his supporters, gaols would be easier looked after. But in any case, why come down on retired statesmen and patriots who have been self-sacrificing enough to become wretched sheriffs? The spectacle of a sheriff going on his beat daily around the gaol walls armed with a gun and a club, might satisfy some small-souled, jealous persons. But could the country, as a whole, stand it?

MARMADUKE MUDGE:

OR,

THE MAJORITY AND THE REMNANT.



N D I did love her. Aye, most fervently, fully, felicitously, fermentatively, floriculturously! But now her image has been erased from the black-board of my heart with the swab of giant, merciless, will-power. Ah, Daphne! little knewest thou the pang it cost me utter the fateful injunction, "Go! get thee to a night-school!"

Marmaduke Mudge carefully parted his back hair and descended to his tea in the gorgeous dining-room of Madame McGlue's Chuck Chauteau, 498 Bay-st., Barrie.

"I must be brave," he said to himself, and the plucky assault he made on the biscuits and treacle evinced that his determination was to be relentlessly carried out.

Let us leave him—although Madame McGlue would prefer that he would leave her, or else have the courage to offer her a higher rate for board—while we go back one night in our hero's history. That night at precisely 8.30, Marmaduke Mudge called on Daphne Dohoney.

The two had met the night previous at the Young People's Philo-Promiscuous Skyfugle Association.

Daphne had taken the alto in a soul-entrancing duet, entitled "Twitter, Birdie, of my Dawling!"

Marmaduke had read an original and highly-instructive essay on the "Promixity of Progressive Protoplasm."

Their meeting was but another startling substantiation of the theory of love at first sight—without even three days' grace or a cent off for cash.

Daphne's young heart went out in a great flood to Marmaduke.

Marmaduke felt that this young being was destined specially for him—a sort of exclusive item as it were. He hoped and believed she was aesthetic and cultured. He himself was so. His ambition was to go on becoming more so, and to this end he sought the society of the Learned and Good at every possible opportunity between meals. At the High School, which he attended with a 2nd class certificate in distant view, he was regarded as very precise in all his ways, and it was a noticeable fact that any pupil who spoke poor grammar, used slang, or exhibited other undue ignorance, was shunned by him.

"You may hap in to-morrow eve," said Daphne, softly, as she bade him good-night, after a silent promenade. And he, thankful for this boon, never noticed the abbreviated language, but walked home in blissful reverie, unmindful of everything save that the Salvation Army Barracks was open and it was silver-collection night. This latter fact stimulated him in his homeward march.

It was with beating heart he greeted the fair young thing next night, as she arose from the elegant rented melodeon and calmly took the extended bouquet.



"Oh, thanks!" she murmured. "I do so fancy flowers and this is a dandy bokay. I'll keep 'em as a kind of sovereign. You know what a sovereign is, I guess? A fellow I onct had gimme this here autograph book and one night said it was a sovereign. See! here's the writing—a sovereign from—but no, 'tain't sovereign either, come to look at it S-o-u-v—Gracious! Mr. Mudge, are you going to faint? Maw! Maw!! Come quick, for goodness sake!!!"

The hoarse adjuration which concludes the opening paragraph of this true and touching romance escaped Marmaduke before he fell.

Fifteen minutes afterwards Daphne's brother helped him home—a cruelly crushed and deeply disappointed young man.

But it was a grand triumph of Intellectual Strength over Passion's Promptings.

The young man had his good clothes and a beaming look on. He wouldn't stop two minutes to talk to his friend. "Then it's a clear case of meander, eh?" enquired the friend. "Yes," was the unhesitating reply. "A clear case of me and her." Then the friend excused him without a pang.

The lovers' kiss, it is said, cannot be analyzed. But you can call it, for convenience sake, an extract of meet.

A handier thing than a pocket in a shirt has at length been discovered. It is the shirt itself.



A HAMILTON SKETCH.

BY OULETTE.

The man with a "God-granted prerogative," a powerful motive in the Hamilton Labor Political Machine.

WHISKEY SYRICK.

BY OUR OWN SALOONATIO.

It's as clear as the sunlight of noon
That the brilliantly-lighted saloon
Is the principal cause
Of the breaking of laws,
And "go" they all must and that soon.

A tavern is right in its way,
For if you've the money to pay,
There's your grub and a bed
For to rest your tired head
If it be your desire there to stay.

But why, oh! good gentlemen, why
Don't you close up the place where old rye
And brandy and beer
Is the only "good cheer,"
Except a stale sandwich or pie?

For they only lead straight on to vice
The youth who'd be otherwise "nice,"
And one would be a fool
To think playing pin pool
Or rattling the ivories in dice,

Will ever bring good to them. So
Let the barkeeper hoe his own row
In some other employ
That the callow young boy
Won't get drugged down below. He must go.

THE STRICKEN BRIDEGROOM.

A fashionable church. A church where only wealth, beauty, and consequently society of the most exclusive kind, is wont to congregate for prayer. Across the heads of those superbly-clad people who occupy every seat, there falls the rays of the sun, whose brightness, filtered, as it were, through windows of many-colored glass, lends a soft and seductive charm to the scene. The assemblage sits uneasy in expectancy; now and then they turn their heads and gaze towards the entrance where marble angels form an archway rising high above the carpeted floor. Suddenly a slight noise is heard, heads are turned towards the door, a silence prevails, which in the next instant gives way to a murmur that is taken up by all. In stately time and fall chords the organ peals forth Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," as a lovely procession of beauteous women and noble-looking men wends its way slowly up the aisle, which is strewn with choice and fragrant exotics by a bevy of lovely children who seem to be fairies come to live among mortals. Arrived at the altar rail the gay procession halts, for there in all the dignity and beauty of full-blown manhood stands Arthur Montmayne, who is there to wed Eleanor Vantatoune.

Ah, what a scene for a painter, what a theme for a heaven-inspired poet! Eleanor stands there clad in filmy laces like a goddess shrouded in white clouds. The diamonds that hang in clusters about her faultlessly-shaped throat, and her eyes, that dart forth bright flashes of love and happiness, seem to contend with each other as to which is the fit rival of stars that twinkle in the firmament in frosty winter. Her mouth, the habitation of loving words; her cherry lips, that kiss these words ere they go to cheer another's heart; her glistening teeth, like strings of pure white pearls placed to hold in check the tongue should evil spirits tempt it to speak in aught but kindness; the fair, fair hair, woven by dextrous hands into a golden aureole that crowns her with more splendor than if she wore a jewel-studded emblem of royalty—all these charms drew the eyes of the vast throng towards her with a magnetic power. As for Arthur Montmayne, he was the envy of less-fortunate men and the object of the love of numberless fair ladies, as he glanced proudly at his bride, who returned with equal love the fond look of her noble

lover, standing there an Apollo in face and form, a Romeo and a Hero in his devotion to her he loved.

The ceremony was commenced. The holy man who was to join two lives in one, stood before them, and with upraised arms called blessings down upon their heads. Two hearts throbbed violently as that part was reached where plurality becomes unity. Suddenly Arthur Montmayne's face grew pale, he gasped, clutched for support, and, failing that, fell to the floor with his hands to his sides as one dead. Those comprising the assemblage were terror-stricken and started to their feet. With a wild scream of anguish Eleanor Vantatoune flung herself upon what seemed the lifeless body of her love. With pathetic appeals and endearing words, surpassing in tenderness those used by Venus to Adonis, did she beseech him to return to life and say what had blighted his nuptial hour.

Restoratives were applied, and in a short time the stricken bridegroom, whose head was supported by his bride, opened his eyes and gazed about him in a wild manner. Both his hands were pressed to his sides, as though the disease which had struck him down was there located. With a look of unutterable despair and sorrow did he look into her eyes as she again and again called his name, the tears dropping from her eyes like raindrops from the violets in summer showers.

"Arthur, O my own beloved Arthur!" she cried. "Tell me, love, what is it ails thee? Are thy senses gone? Is thy love for me so great that thou hast weakened under the burden of it? or oh, Heaven! it cannot be! has some terrible calamity laid its withering hand upon thee, blasting our love, peace and happiness for all eternity? Arthur, my jewel, my protector, my only adored one, tell me what ails thee?"

With a look that shot straight to his bride's heart, Arthur Montmayne drew a deep breath, raised his head and faintly murmured, "I've left the parson's fee in my other clothes!"

C. M. R.

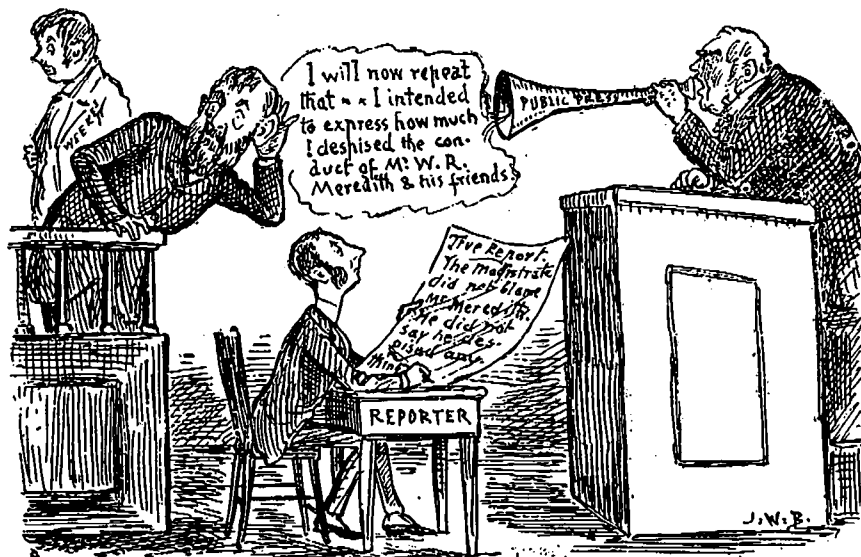
BOTTLED BEANS.

"Riddle me riddle me re."

Three Judges of the H. C. J.
Sat on the Bench the other day,
Learned Judges they were all three,
Cameron, Armour, and Hagarly.
The Lawyers sat packed just like sardines,
To hear the judgment re Dodds' beans.
Frederick Fenton was there for the Crown,
And Murdoch, *contra*, in a long black gown;
Then judgment was read by the learned C. J.,
And this is about what he did say:
"Whereas, whersby, and nevertheless
And notwithstanding you try to guess
The number of beans that amount to five,
And guess aright, but can't contrive,
To master a far more difficult task—
In judging the number in a brandy flask;
Myself and my learned brothers agree
That the beans don't amount to a lotteroo;
Some points in evidence are not quite clear,
Yet I'll but barely touch on them here!
It has not been shown if the beans of Dodds'
Were shelled or exhibited in their pods;
Nor the kind or color of those on view—
Were they string beans, horse beans, 'butter' or 'blue'?"
So, inasmuch as heretofore
I've searched the Statutes o'er and o'er,
Yet I could not find by any means
A precedent for this case of beans.
Now had the flask been filled with rye,
A whiskey head, with half an eye,
Could tell at once to a single grain
How much the bottle would contain.
But rye is rye. A bean's a bean,
Which does not hardly count avone
The statoot made in that behalf,
And the C. J. gave a silent laugh.
"I may add it don't, by a big long odds,
So we rule in favor of Bean King Dodds."

It is only an old corps that can properly execute skeleton drill.

An old wha'er.—The superannuated school-master.



A LITTLE HARD OF HEARING!



PATRIOTIC "CHARACTERS;"

OR, "HON. BARDWELL SLOTE" AND "COL. MULBERRY SELLERS," AT OTTAWA.



DIOGENES.

"Hello, Diogenes," said a policeman, on a cold morning, as that worthy gentleman put his head out of his tub and looked out at the town clock to see what time it was, "Hello, is this cold enough for you?"

"No, cobby, it isn't; but if it keeps on, it will be."

"I don't see what you want it any colder for."

"Of course you don't. What does a policeman know about the philosophy of the Greeks, the precepts of the Stoics, the teachings of the Peripatetics, or anything of that sort! Go soak your head."

"Hold on, Dojji; don't get mad. I never harmed a living soul in my whole life, at least, in my whole life as a policeman. Now tell me why you want it colder. I won't give the snap away."

"All right, cobby, I'll tell you. You know I've been around town every day for years, with an old lantern, looking for an honest man, and if the weather gets a little colder, I know a plumber who will have made enough money since last fall, to retire from business in the spring, and as soon as he retires, he is going to be honest, and I'll have a chance to set my lantern down in front of his palatial residence, and go off on a vacation. By Zeus, old fellow, you don't know how infernally tired I've got, lugging that old glim around." — *Merchant Traveller.*

HIRING A JUDGE TO ADVERTISE.

When the defendant took the stand his Honor said:—"Prisoner you are charged with having removed the goblet from the hand of the Cogswell statue, substituting a pair of two-bit suspenders, with a placard calling attention to your establishment across the way." "We I, shudge," replied the offender with an ingratiating smile, "of course I wants to get along in peesness." "After which," continued the Court, sternly, "you substituted a lot of neckties for the suspenders and attached to the other hand a lot of bills referring to your new stock of gum shoes and hair oil." "Dose hair oil is fast rate, your Honor," said the defendant, "I would like to sell you a pottle" "And yesterday," continued the Court, consulting the indictment, "you obstructed the thoroughfares and created a disturbance by placing a paper collar and a plug hat on the statue in question." "Dose plug hats are cheap at \$4, shudge. Moscs Levy sharges fife and a halef vor dom same kind," returned the trader cheerfully; "I bents dose fellers efery dimes." "And at night," went on his Honor, "at night it appears you place in the figure's hand a transparency containing a further advertisement of your wares. Now, this is most improper and reprehensible." "Dot's right, shudge," said Mr. Solomons, delightedly. "Bitch into me eff you bleaso. Shpeak loud, so dose noosbaper vellars can hear you," and he smiled benignantly upon the reporters. "Great heavens!" thundered the Court, as a frightful idea struck him. "Is it possible you have the audacity to

use the machinery of this court as an advertising dodge?" "Dot's it, dot's it, shudge!" exclaimed the cheap John, rubbing his hands exultingly. "I svore oud der complaint myself!" — *San Francisco Post.*

A FRENCH TRANSLATION OF LONG-FELLOW'S GREAT POEM.

Tell us not in disconsolate rhymes: "Life is a dream void of sense, for the soul is dead when it goes to sleep and the things are not what they appear to be."

Life is real; life is serious; death is not its term, "Dust thou shalt return to dust." The word has not been said for our soul.

Neither joy nor sorrow is our destiny. Our lot is to act, in order that each next day may find us more advanced than the day before.

Art is long; time flies; our hearts, so courageous, so strange as they can be, beat often a funeral march as they advance toward the tomb, like drums veiled with a black crape.

In the immense field of battle of the world, in the bivouac of life, be not like the cattle who let themselves be pushed on in silence; be a hero in the melce.

Trust not in the future, so laughing as may be its colors. Let the past enter its dead. Act, act, in the living presence, with your heart in you and God over your head.

All the lives of the great men make us see that we can render our lives sublime, and in departing leave behind us in the sand of time the imprint of our steps.

An imprint that another traveller, a shipwrecked brother, will discover perhaps in stranding upon that bank, and of which the view will raise up his courage.

Let us elevate our souls, let us act; let us be prepared for all the changes of fate; always pursuing, completing our task; let us learn to toil and to wait. — *Ch. Saturday Night.*

THE TARIFF QUESTION.

"I tellshu, Bill, I b'leeshin pr'tecshun," said John McPheeters, as he leaned on the bar.

"Wash 'teeshun?" asked William Dado.

"Pr'tecshun's a duty."

"Thought wash on'y cushtom."

"Thas sho. 'Sha cushtom—shame thing. Cushtom to pay duty; 'sha duty to pay cushtom."

"Wassher good?"

"W'y 'sha law thash every man can go on tare 'fo wantsh to. Thash all right."

"Oh, yesh, thash all right. I'm fr 'techsun. Hoo-o-op! Lesh take a drink." — *Texas Siftings.*

THE BROKER BOLD.

AS SUNG BY THE "STREET."

Air: A Warrior Bold.

In days of old where stocks were sold,
And brokers held their sway,
A broker bold who futures sold,
Took merrily his pay,
And did the lame ducks slay.
His stocks were good and fair,
His roads ran everywhere,
And telegraphs too, and trunk lines through,
And gold and lands galore,
So what cared he? but full of glee,
He fleeced the lambs freelee.

'Tis broker bold his futures sold,
Till one unlucky day
Bears squeezed him tight and ere the night
His wealth had passed away—
The squeeze had come to stay.
The watered stocks he bore,
His gold and lands galore,
Like Gilderoy's kite, are out of sight,
Where bears will squeeze no more—
The golden spike of his ten-strike
Has gone to swell their store.

—Hatchet.

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

On his way home, after his duel with O'Connell, in a hackney coach, Lord Alvanley said—"What a clumsy fellow O'Connell must be to miss such a fat fellow as I am! He ought to practice at a haystack to get his hand in." When the carriage drove up to Alvanley's door he gave the coachman a sovereign. Jarvie was profuse in his thanks, and said—"It's a great deal for only having taken your lordship to Wimbledon." "No, my good man," said Alvanley—"I gave it to you, not for taking me, but for bringing me back."

Inalienable Rights.—Every woman has a right to be of any age she pleases; for if she were to state her real age, no one would believe her. Every man has a right to wear a moustache who can. Every woman who makes puddings has a right to believe she can make better puddings than any other woman in the world. Every man who carves has a decided right to think of himself, by putting a few of the best bits aside. Every woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest little baby in the world;" and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her.

A gentleman recently gave a dinner party in honor of some family event, to which a large number of his friends and neighbors were invited. Among the guests was a very affected young lady, whose rapacious appetite ill accorded with her pretensions to gentility. On being helped to some substantial viand by Mr. S—, a good-natured old gentleman sitting opposite, she pertly remarked—"Dear me, sir, I did not want a cartload." The titter went round at the old gent's expense, but his turn came anon. "I'll trouble you for a small piece of that fowl, Mr. S—," shortly afterwards requested her ladyship. When Mr. S—, who, along with others had observed the last load disappear, promptly replied—"With pleasure, madam; kindly back in your cart."

He had taken three terms of the gymnasium, and could "muscle" a twenty-five pound weight, turn a handspring, knock a sand-bag blind, and box the Professor all over the room. More than one pupil had sighed for his skill and remarked that the man who should tackle him would be mashed to pulp in a minute. Yesterday morning he was coming up Howard-street, full of life and vigor, when he came across an express waggon with a wheel off. He made some inquiries and received curt replies. This led him to remark—"Young man, some one will cuff your cars some day." "But it won't be you!" "Don't be too sure of that!" "Maybe you'd like to begin it now?" said the young man as he quit his work and stepped to the walk. "I think I can cuff some manners into you," replied the other, and he reached out to begin. The young fellow's right arm gyrated around for ten seconds, and then his list shot out and landed on the citizen's nose like a kick from a colt. He was going to follow it up, but before he could spit on his hands again the other man started off at the rate of twelve miles an hour and turned the first corner like a streak of light. Later in the day he explained to an inquirer—"I now see where I have wasted a year's time and 100 dols. in money. I haven't got the grit to fight. I shall now quit boxing and go into training as a runner."



THE MAN WHO CARRIED LENNOX.
(Dedicated with profound respect to the United Methodists of the Dominion.)

TRIOLETS.

A new form of poetry having become fashionable (see *The Week*, February 7th), GRIP has determined not to be backward in encouraging this kind of Canadian literature. Why should he be backward? Was he not in existence before *The Week*, and has he not done more to develop the national genius than all the other papers put together? The public will observe two things from Triolets, first, that in politics GRIP is quite impartial; next, they will observe the reason why this kind of poetry should be encouraged, viz., the difficulty of the versification, and the utter impossibility of putting any sense into it.

TO HIS HAT.

Blakey, slouchy hat,
How I envy you!
You can speak so pat,
Blakey, slouchy hat,
Like a blinking bat,
Your words they thrill me through.
Blakey, slouchy hat,
How I envy you!

Blakey, slouchy hat,
How I envy you!
Let me tell you that,
Blakey, slouchy hat,
Do you care a drat?
Is it something new,
Blakey, slouchy hat,
That I envy you?

Author's reflections on the "Copy" of the above.

Poem keen and bright,
Will he ever print it?
For I think he might,
Poem keen and bright,
In his press so tight,
When he knows I said it:
Poem keen and bright,
Will he ever print it?

Poem bright and keen,
Can I trust the raven?
Grip is wise, I ween,
Poem bright and keen;
He is not so green,
Though his poll is shaven.
Poem bright and keen,
Can I trust the raven?

FREDERICK MOCKER.

The feathered tribe cannot meow like a cat.
But yet one has often heard of the larks-pur.
The difference between a church bazaar and a prize rooster is, that one is a fancy fair and the other a fancy fowl.

The divorce-case lawyer must occasionally have gloomy moments. You never yet knew one whose motto was "Never dis pair."

"CHEEK!"

He was a mild-mannered civil sort of a fellow, but there was a smile of grim determination on his face to-day as he entered the office.

"Is the paper out yet?"
"Yes, just out of the press."
"That's good, hand me one will you? Thanks, now I want my paper stopped."
"Stopped! my dear sir?" we gasped, for he was a prompt payer, and a strong political supporter.

"Yes sir, stopped, *instanter*, that is, if ever you wish me to set eyes on your paper again, stop sending it at once."

We gazed at him long and sadly from under our gold spectacles, while we mentally took a retrospect of all his known relations. It was no go, not one had died in the lunatic asylum. We abandoned the insanity plea and begged him to explain.

"Look here" he said solemnly "I've put up with this sort of thing for more than two months, and now I've made up my mind that he'll have to go without as I do."

"He! Who?"

"Can't tell you, all I know is he moved himself and family in next door to us, a dozen or so in all. For the first two days I had my paper all right as usual, but since—oh well! never mind, stop it anyway."

"But my dear friend—"

"Well, I suppose I owe you an explanation. First it was, 'Please Mrs. Benign, will Mr. Benign kindly oblige pa with two seconds of the evening paper? he wants to see the advertisements.' All right! Second night, ditto; third night, ditto; fourth night, ditto; fifth night, 'Please could you let pa have the paper an hour earlier? he likes to see the news before he goes down town.' Well, we were a little surprised, but of course must oblige a neighbor. All that week waited till after tea for the return of the paper; next

week they didn't send it in till after we had gone to bed, had to march down stairs in night-shirt and candle, got a cold ever since; told them I'd provide them with a latch key. Then they took to cutting out the slips of poetry and other bits, till it came back looking like a window sash with the panes out; then the baby tore chunks out of it, Tilly curled her bangs with odd corners, and the old man himself lit his pipe with long strips of the margin. When I remonstrated, they went in and banged the door, protesting that the cheek of these upstarts was amazing, they had no respect for old families, the idea of any man talking in that way about that paltry little sheet. For all that they did not fail to put in an appearance at the usual hour. My wife don't like to be quarrelsome, so handed over the paper in silence. When I looked at it next morning it stuck to my fingers; explanation was, they had syrup for tea—no, they didn't use table napkins only when they'd company. Day before yesterday I sent in the girl to ask if they would kindly let me have just a loan for a minute of my own paper, 'Pa had sent it off to the Old Country, 'cause he thought there was nothing in it that I would care for.' Now I don't want you to think me a churlish disagreeable neighbor for the world. I've put up with everything hitherto, but when it comes to the old man waiting on the doorstep for the rout hoy so as he can get the paper early, and keep his family escutcheon unsullied, by avoiding being under obligation to me—then I cry 'Cheek!'

"Ta, ta! Of course I wouldn't like to get behind the times, so I'll run in here and have a surreptitious squint at the paper once in a while. So Long!"

When a married man has been having an evening down town with the fellows he is usually treated to another version of that convivial chorus, "Jaw-ly dogs," before disrobing for the rest of the night.



BRAVE FELLOW; YOU DESERVE SOMETHING, BUT, WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING.

Two motions, one put by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and the other by Mr. Taylor in regard to the number of volunteers of 1837, and the expediency of recognizing in a substantial manner their valuable services were withdrawn, Sir John Macdonald explaining and Mr. Blake agreeing that these were matters that belonged to the Provinces, seeing that they occurred prior to confederation.

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(Dedicated to the City Council.)

GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

Always in Use—the letter "s."

A man lately made a statement that he had seen a horse going at his greatest speed while a dog was sitting on his tail; and, strange as it may seem, it was true; but the dog sat on his own tail.

"I declare, John, I never saw such a man! You are always getting some wrinkle." And the brute calmly replied, "Matilda, you are not, thank fortune. If you had a new wrinkle you would have no place to put it, dear."

A lecturer, addressing a Mechanics' Institute, contended, with tiresome prolixity, that "Art could not improve Nature," until one of the audience, losing all patience, set the room in a roar by exclaiming—"How would you look without your wig?"

"Have you brought your gimlet with you?" "Hush, Johnnie," said Mrs. Yerger. "Go to bed, sir," remarked Colonel Yerger. "What do you mean?" asked Gus. "I don't mean nuffin, except I heard pa say you were coming up this evening to bore us all."

A model surgical operation—To take the cheek out of a young man, and the jaw out of a woman.

A political discussion at a club, which grew warm and threatening, was happily pleasantly stopped by a bon mot of a peacemaker, who exclaimed, "I am opposed to the Bonapartists for this reason, which I hold to be financially profound—the Bonapartists gave us but three Napoleons, while the Monarchists gave us eighteen Louis."

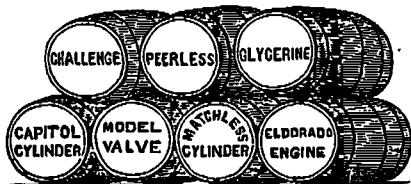
A humane man seized a club, jumped up and killed a goat that was chasing a man, who carried a red handkerchief in his coat-tail pocket, down the street. And the man came back and asked him why he did it. "To save you," replied the humane man. "Save me be hanged!" cried the other. "I've just bought that goat, and was coaxing him home."

A sharp student was called up by the worthy professor of a celebrated college, and asked the question—"Can a man see without eyes?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "How, sir?" cried the astonished professor, "can a man see without eyes? Pray, sir, how do you make that out?" "He can see with one, sir," replied the ready-witted youth. And the whole class shouted with delight at the triumph over metaphysics.

It was in the Carolina backwoods. A country couple and parson. When he had finished the ceremony he said—"An' them uns who God have joined—" "Stop thar, parson," said the groom; "don't say them 'uns—say these 'uns." "John," said the parson, "I tech you at school, and I say them 'uns." "Them 'uns," shouted the groom, drawing his pistol. The parson, seeing the movement, fired through his surplice, and the groom dropped dead, winging the parson as he went down. There was a lively fusillade of, perhaps, thirty shots. When the smoke cleared half a dozen men were on the floor. The bride, peeping over the pulpit, to which she had fled for refuge, gazed mournfully on the scene, and said—"Them a-self-cockin' pistols is a playin'—with my prospects."

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