

EL PADRE, EL PADRE, EL PADRE,

IMPORTER.
CHINA HALL.
GLOVER HARRISON,
49 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

Equip.

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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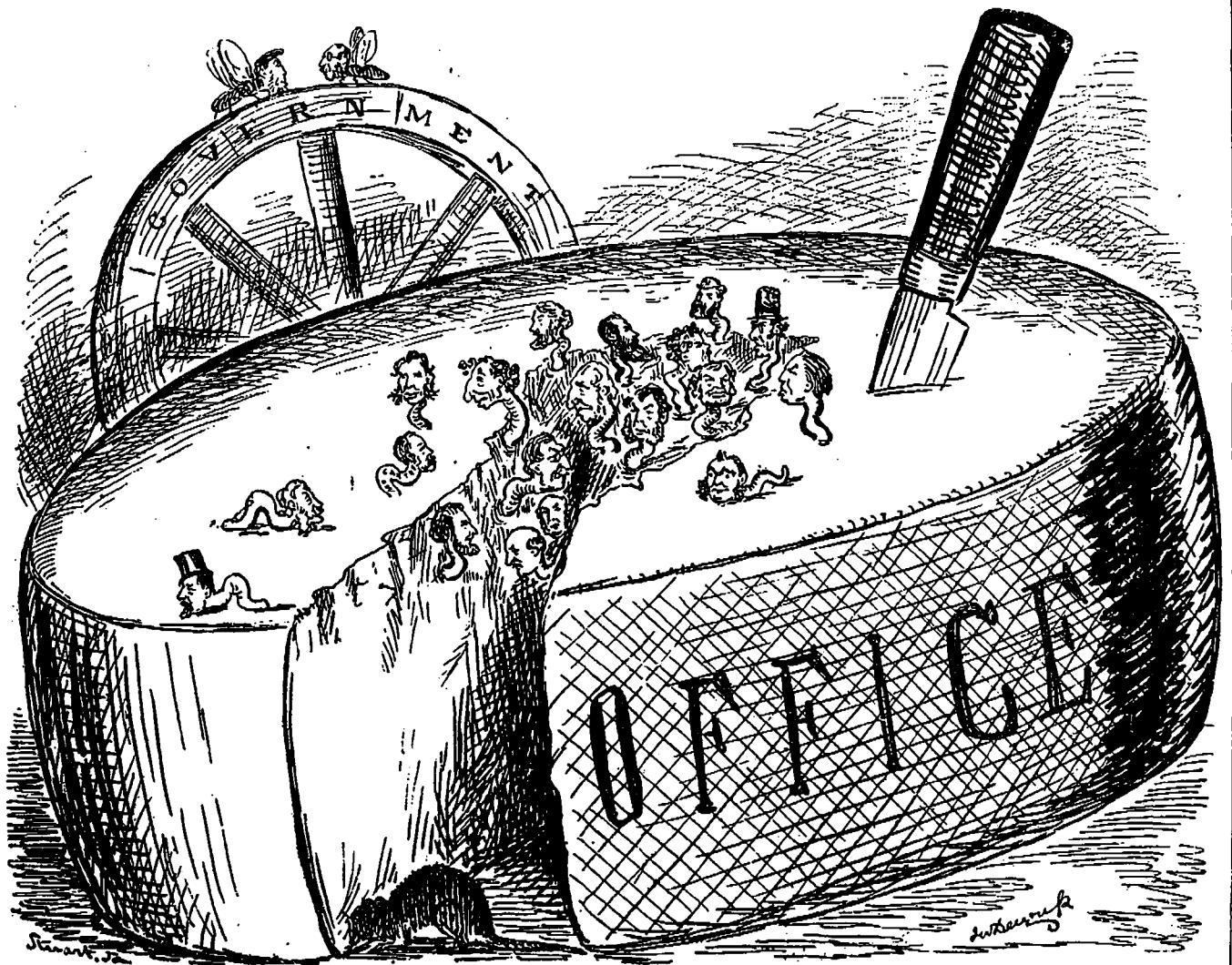
VOLUME XIX. }
No. 2

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1882.

{ \$2 PER ANNUM
5 CENTS EACH

GINGALESE HAIR RESTORER! IT PREVENTS THE FALL FROM FALLING BUT REMOVES THE VULGAR HEAD OF HAI... ALL THE LADIES SPEAK OF IT.

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"THE SKIPPER IN THE CHEESE."
A COMPANION SIMILE TO THE "FLIES ON THE WHEEL."

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THE YORK ENVELOPE
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Manufacture an extensive line of Envelopes, and are now prepared to promptly execute orders for all sizes and styles. Odd sizes made to order. Samples and Prices upon application.
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The popular Railway and Steamboat Guide. Only one Dollar a year. Single Copies 10 cents. For sale at all Bookstores. Published monthly by
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BRUCE THE PHOTO!

1ST GENT—What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god Hath come so near creation?
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can so beautifully counterfeit nature.
STUDIO—118 King-st. West.

PITTSTON COAL. SHIPPED DIRECT FROM MINES TO THE TRADE **A. & S. NAIRN** Toronto. —AT LOWEST RATES.—

THE GRIP
PRINTING & PUBLISHING Co.
OF TORONTO,

55 & 57 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

Directors:

J. L. MORRISON, *President.*
J. W. BENGOUGH, GEORGE CLARKE,
S. J. MOORE, THOS. BENGOUGH.
S. J. MOORE, *Manager.*

DESIGNS AND NOVELTIES IN
BUSINESS ADVERTISING,

and having a large and valuable stock of comic and trade cuts on hand, to which we are constantly adding, we are in a position to print

Hand-bills, Circulars, Envelopes, &c.,

in such attractive form as to make them more than doubly valuable as advertisements.

We are now having a large run on the following

SPECIALTIES

MANITOBA CARTOON.

This is a most popular cartoon hand-bill, printed in three colors, with space in the margin for announcement of advertiser. Just the thing for a cheap and effective advertisement.

"I'M A DADDY."

A neatly illustrated and irresistibly comic little circular of eight pages, five engravings, equally suitable for all kinds of business.

COURTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Similar in size and style to "I'm a Daddy." Six engravings. Just out. Suitable for all kinds of business.

GRIP FAMILY FRIEND.

A regular family paper, profusely illustrated. In 4-page and 8-page form. Supplied in any quantities either in single issues or once every month. Name of advertiser appears on paper as publisher, and several valuable spaces are occupied by his advertisements. Exceedingly valuable as an advertisement.

YE AESTHETIC SONG OF DRESS.

A small and taking design for small hand-bills.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK MEDIUM.

A small 16-page circular, with 21 illustrations, and plenty of room for Advertiser's announcements.



Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Post Office, &c., Chatham, Ont.," will be received at this office until WEDNESDAY, 5th day of July next, inclusively, for the erection of

POST OFFICE, &c.,

AT
CHATHAM, ONT.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the Post Office, Chatham, on and after Thursday, the 25th day of June.

Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. H. ENNIS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 24th May, 1882.

IN PREPARATION.

"THE GRIP-SACK."

A New Midsummer Annual, to be issued by Grip Printing & Publishing Company, under the editorship of J. W. Bengough.

The GRIP-SACK will be uniform in size with "GRIP'S Almanac," and will be filled with original humor, profusely illustrated with engravings, embracing several full-page pictures in colors.

The first number will be ready in July.

Price, - - - - 25 Cents.

ADVERTISING.

Our Mr. Crammond is about to visit Montreal, and other places, and will wait upon the business men with reference to advertisements in the above Annual.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH, S. J. MOORE,
Editor & Artist. Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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

Please Observe.

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

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The Government goes to the country on the strength of the National Policy, and hope to be sustained on the ground that the electors will believe with them that the N. P. is in danger of destruction in the event of a Grit victory. The Opposition leader has declared his position on this question. He says he has no intention of destroying the N. P., but proposes to alter it in some important particulars. Aside from this note of alarm, we are not aware that the Government have anything to say for themselves in answer to the many serious charges preferred against them.

FIRST PAGE.—At length a nickname has been invented to describe the Tories and offset their stinging phrase "Flies on the Wheel," as applied to the Grits. To Mr. J. H. Fairbank, of Petrolia, the Oppositionists are indebted for this addition to their political vocabulary. In the course of his speech accept-

ing the nomination for East Lambton, Mr. Fairbank christened his opponents "Skippers in the Cheese," and proceeded at some length to point out the aptness of the parallel. Both sides are now happy.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Those who imagined that the candidature of James Beatty, Sr., was merely a joke on the East Toronto electors, have reason to reconsider the matter. The venerable gentleman evidently means business, and we understand has even declared that he will fight to the last trench. It is not likely that there are enough Baldwin Reformers in the Riding to elect him, but he may certainly hurt the regular Conservative nominee if he remains in the field. But no one can blame him for coming out—it was a case of irresistible impulse. As Mr. Ja Kasse Fraser remarked at the late Committee meeting, the old war horse sniffed the battle afar off—or, as our picture illustrates, the superannuated hunter couldn't withstand the "Tally-ho!" of the passing sportsmen.

GRIP's friends will observe that with this number he comes out in new plumage, having, with the other members of the feathered family, observed the formalities of the moulting season. If all who are in arrears for subscription will kindly forward the amounts due at once, it will materially aid the guardians of GRIP in still further improving his appearance and capacity for good.

The campaign has been opened in earnest by rousing meetings of the two parties held simultaneously in this city on Tuesday night. For a correct account of the proceedings at these gatherings be sure you read both *Globe* and *Mail*, as the usual policy of belittling the demonstrations of the opposite side are already in full force.

It was unfortunate that the same evening was fixed upon by both parties, as it necessarily divided the interest. What the electors of Toronto want is to have Sir John and Mr. Blake face to face on the same platform, with alternate speeches of an hour each, all other orators (including those in the audience) hermetically bottled up for the time being. Why can't this be done? Who's afraid?

What a pity Sir John didn't fix up a riding somewhere out in the backwoods for the special convenience of that eminently respectable minority known as the Sore-heads. A lively and edifying contest might have been arranged there between John O'Donohoe (Ministerial) and Wm. McDougall (Opposition) — or vice versa — it wouldn't matter much to these able candidates which side they took.

Hard on the Tories—Reformers.
(Owl) Chorus of the South Simcoo Tories—
"Trywhitt, Trywhoo."
The Conservatives of West Durham having got the proprietor of the *Mail* as their Candidate will be able to hang out their *Bunting*.



The *Mail*, on Saturday, May 20th, reprinted from the London (Eng.) *Spectator* a very appreciative criticism of the recent performance of "Antigone" at University College. This notice was probably written by one of the participating Professors, and if so we are at a loss to account for the learned gentleman's strange oversight in omitting all mention of Mr. Torrington's efforts in connection with the performance. Thanks for the success are accorded to Prof. Ramsay Wright, Prof. Pine, and Prof. Hutton, and there is nothing in the article to intimate the well known fact that Mr. Torrington originated the idea of performing "Antigone," organized and taught the chorus, trained the orchestra and conducted the rehearsals and the public performance—and all this without any adequate reward for his professional services. The Professors may be entitled to more or less praise, but the deliberate suppression of Mr. Torrington's name in connection with the affair was an insufferably mean piece of ingratitude.

INFORMATION FOR THE ELECTORS.

As the candidates now before the electors of Toronto are comparatively unknown to public life, Mr. GRIP has gone to the trouble of compiling some valuable memoranda of their personnel for the information of voters.

THE TORY TICKET.

West Toronto :

MR. JAS. BEATY, JR., Q.C.—Very thin; dark-complexioned; fierce black moustache; hair cropped close; sardonic scowl upon his countenance; wears spectacles and carries an umbrella.; formerly Mayor of Toronto; very brilliant speaker; profound master of statistics; warm friend of workingman; believes N. P. makes the poor man rich and the rich happy; fighting weight 430 lbs.

Centre Toronto :

ROBERT HAY.—Limerick Irishman; warm personal friend of O'Donovan Rossa; profound classical scholar and prodigious voter; clever and successful manufacturer; keen business man; hearty supporter of N. P. (after making all necessary importations in his line); workingman's friend; able orator; high forehead reaching to back of neck; wears eye-glasses; carries cane and smokes cigarettes on King-street; lar-de-dar young man; fighting weight 238½ lbs.

East Toronto :

J. SMALL.—Very big Injun.

THE GRIT TICKET.

West Toronto :

MR. W. McMURRICH.—Old war horse; very red nose; tremendous corporation; present Mayor of city; wears breeches stuffed in boots; great military swell; high authority on pipe-clay; believes in Canada first, last, and all the time; great admirer of John A. Macdonald, and wears his hair a la Oscar Wilde; religion, justice to Ontario; fighting weight 150 lbs.

Centre Toronto :

J. D. EDGAR.—Little; light-weight fighter; very thin, sharp features; tremendous shock of crisp, red hair; hates poetry and entertains implacable enmity to the Poet Plumb; an admirer of Edward Blake and the anti-Corn Law League; lame in right foot through wounds in

former campaigns; bewitching public speaker, with great talent for taking up time; believes in the gerrymander, and thinks it the best thing the Grits ever did; drinks bull-dozed lager in marked moderation, and feels confident of being elected.

East Toronto :

THOS. THOMPSON.—Very big, fat man, with mammoth feet; red faced; jolly; a rapid, effective speaker, and great wit; supreme authority on ducks; down on the dry-goods taxes; a friend of the workingman and devoted admirer of the horny-handed son of toil; cosmopolitan in his ideas, with a leaning to the Egyptians.

POLITICAL NURSERY RHYMES.

I.

Sing a song of 'lection,—
Twentieth of June,—
Don't you count your chickens
Just now, it is too "soon."
When it all is over
'The people then will sing,
Isn't this a pretty crew
To Ottawa to bring?

Charlton down in Norfolk,
Safe as any clam;
Patterson in South Brant,
Administering "jam."
Trow among the Easthopes,
"Fixing up" his Dutch;
Up came the "Gerry-Bill"
And riled them very much.

II.

John A. has a Policy,
His hands are white as snow;
But everywhere that John A. leads,
The Grits refuse to go.

III.

Sandy McKenzie
Says in a frenzy,
Without any hope in his eye,
"National Policy!
"National Folly! see,
"How utterly twisted am I!"

IV.

Davin is an Irishman,
Davin has a grief,
Davin isn't Candidate,
His record is too brief.
He heard poor Davin speak,
Davin didn't take;
Davin ought to learn now,
He makes a big mistake.

V.

Rock-a-by, Blake, make a big talk,
When the wind blows, your theories rock;
When theories fail, you will have a big fall,
Down will come Blake, manifesto and all.

VI.

Bound'ry, boundary, Premier John!
Where has that pesky old boundary gone?
If you only will fix it to accommodate us,
We give you our word we won't make a fuss.
SCRANTON.

BALSAC'S DODGE.

It is related of a caricaturist who was illustrating the novelist Balzac's works, that on one occasion he came upon a difficult and involved passage so abstruse that he took it to the author with the humble remark:

"I don't exactly catch the sense of this."
"Le's see it," said the novelist. "Oh, there's no meaning to it at all; that's why I put it in."
"Why you put it in?"

"Exactly. You see, for the average reader, all that is clear seems easy, and if from time to time I didn't give him a meaningless word or a complicated and empty sentence, he would think that he knew as much as I did. Consequently, every now and then I tip him something heart-breaking, and he puzzles over it, and re-reads it, and takes his head between his hands, and glares at it, and then, when he can make neither head nor tail of it, he is perfectly happy, and says, 'Great man, that Balzac; he knows more than I do.'"

CHARLES LAMB'S JOKES.

Mrs. Shelley, relating a conversation she had with Lamb soon after her return from Italy in 1829, says: "One of the first questions he asked me was whether they made puns in Italy. I said 'yes, now Hunt is there.' He says that 'Barney made a pun in Otaheite, the first that was ever made in that country. At first the natives could not make out what he meant, but all at once they discovered the pun, and danced around him in transports of joy.' Or take this invective against albums, and notice the wide sweep of Lamb's imagination in denouncing them: 'We are in the last ages of the world when St. Paul prophesied that women should be 'headstrong, lovers of their own wills, having albums.' I fled hither to escape the albumen persecution, and had not been in my new house twenty-four hours when the daughter of the next house came in with a friend's album to beg a contribution, and the following day intimated that she had one of her own. Two more have sprung up since. If I take the wings of the morning and fly unto the uttermost parts of the earth, there will albums be. New Holland has albums. But the age is to be complied with.' Or consider even the apparently modest saying that Lamb had once known a young man 'who wanted to be a tailor, but had not the spirit,' and notice the extraordinary genius for unexpectedness, and infinitude of whimsicality, that it suggests in the man who could say it—a whimsicality surpassing in its width of range even that displayed in the much better known answer Lamb gave to the boring fellow-passenger who finally asked what prospect there was for the crop of turnips. 'It depended, he believed, upon boiled legs of mutton.' No man not a man of rare force of imagination and rare perversity of whim could have made either joke."—*The Spectator*.

HOW TO PRESERVE THE HAIR. MARRY THIS KIND



INSTEAD OF



THIS.

The issue of the day for Candidates—To get in.



WANTED, IN WINNIPEG.

Competent persons declare that the real estate business in the North-West will never boom again until an auctioneer something like the above begins business. Coolican and Wolf are charming in their way, but they can't touch the hearts of the bachelors as this young person could.

YE SIEGE OF YE COMMODORE.

It was in ye city of Humbletown, in ye year of ye Hiving of ye Grits, that there arose a great contention over ye training ship called ye Collegiate Institute of that ilk. This ship was not like ye ancient Charybdis, inasmuch as it was taut and in good order, a tanto from truck to keel; from stem to stern all ship-shape and in British fashion. In this ship ye youths of ye people were trained to war, against ye world, ye flush, and ye devil, otherwise called Sathamus, neither was there any distinction made between ye children of ye rich and ye children of ye poor, because, said ye Commodore "they are all children of Canada." There they were trained to quit themselves like men, to wrestle strongly with one another, and afterwards to go forth thoroughly equipped to fight against and overthrow ye great giants, Poverty, Ignorance, Superstition and Crime. These being ye four great powers that love ye darkness, and which fly at ye approach of light, like vermin from ye blinding rays of ye noon-day sun.

This contention was begun by one called Pere-de-rats. This Pere-de-rats was originally a man, but being caught by ye witch La Fors-of-habit picking holes in his neighbors' coats instead of mending his own, she, to punish him, transformed him into a rat; retaining outwardly his natural form, but being mentally and morally to all intents and purposes a true rodent; and since then, he has adopted the name of Pere-de-rats. He invariably works in ye dark, keeping himself carefully out of sight, yet peradventure he might share ye fate of his brethren, who, having four legs and a tail, fall an easy prey to ye long-haired terrier, whose head and tail are so much alike that some have been known to caruss ye wrong end; or to grimalkin, to whom darkness is visible. So his tactics were to keep scraping with tooth and nail, in order to pick a hole in ye board which surrounded and protected ye ship as she lay alongside ye people's wharf, and then to challenge ye Commodore to

account for ye leak which he himself had scraped and made. So it befel, that a certain man named M. Le Temps, as he strolled down the wharf, heard ye noise of ye rasping of ye tooth of ye rodent, and searching to find out ye cause beheld a great hole in ye side of ye ship; whereupon he was seized with alarm, and horror fell upon him, and rending his garments he uttered a loud and terrible cry. Which, when Pere-de-rats heard he fell to rasping louder and louder, until ye combined noise of these two brought ye Commodore to ye side of ye ship. Ye Commodore looked over ye ship side and saw a speck in ye likeness of ye man standing on ye wharf, by the ship side, looming vastly. "Ahoj there!" he cried, "What's all this noise and outcry about, and why art thou so horrified at ye hole which ye rodent hath made in ye side of ye ship? Harken unto me. If thou wilt catch this rodent and wilt hold him by ye tail to ye light of ye sun, and so deliver him into my hands, lo, I will take out his teeth, and cut off his head and throw his body to ye cats, and ye hole shall be mended and caulked, and ye rasping shall cease, and I shall be left in peace to train ye youth of this city in ye way that they should go." Now there had gathered a great crowd of ye fathers and mothers of ye youths in training aboard, and at these words they sent up a cheer, for they knew that ye Commodore ceased not to labor for ye good of ye youth in his charge. But neither ye Commodore nor M. Le Temps heard ye cheer. And while he yet spake there appeared upon ye scene a doughty cavalier, who, dashing the rowels into the side of his steed, rode valiantly up to the ship side. The name of this cavalier was M. Quelqu'un-de-court, he was of florid and withal rueful countenance, and when he had reined his steed, Hobby, he began to prophesy. "Ye burden of Humbletown! Ehow, and alack! the awful expense of provisioning this ship, where ye children of plebeians learn to speak in classical tongues, and are sent forth into ye world's great battlefield as doughty warriors as ye children of ye patricians to whom we belong. Ehow and alack! ye burden of Humbletown! ye burden wherewith my back is broke and my spirit crushed. Scrape, oh Pere-de-rats! and make holes, and sink this ship, for it wearieth me, and when thou art sick my hand shall minister unto thee. Ehow and alack!" Then up spake one of ye plebeians who had sons aboard ye ship, and who remembered those who had developed from raw ignorant lads into grave, well informed and honorable men, under ye training of ye Commodore of ye fleet. "What meanest thou, oh M. Quelqu'un-de-court! thou knight of the rueful countenance, that spurrest that Rosinante of thine atilt of our good ship, like another knight of less perishable memory, against the sails of a certain immortal windmill. Tell us now, art thou really Don Quixote the 2nd, sallying forth to redress imaginary wrongs, and thy friend M. Pere-de-rats here, is he really thy veritable Sancho Panza? Know then, that the taxlog is borne equally by all, the tall and the short, for are not wedges of rents placed on the shoulders of the men of small stature until they support the log equally with the tallest, which thou certainly art not. Moreover, what thou considerest a burden we consider a privilege, and since the great Father of all hath made no discrimination in this distribution of mental gifts, who art thou that thou shouldst deny to the poorest of His children, the chance of developing and improving any peculiar talents with which He may have endowed them? Thinkest thou to enrich the commonwealth by starving the minds of the future men and women thereof? Bethink thee, Don Quixote, M. Quelqu'un-de-court, thou art not in Spain, where there are but two classes, grandees and beggars, but in Canada, in ye city of Humbletown, where a beggar is a *rara avis*, and where there are no grandees outside of ye red brick

palace on ye top of ye Queen-street mountain."

Then a small piping voice from ye crowd squeaked "No Latin please," at which everybody laughed. And ye voice of ye Commodore was heard exclaiming "By Neptune! my ship is found and manned for less money than any other ship of like carrying capacity in ye Dominion, or for that matter outside thereof. Neither can it be found for less, unless indeed I feed ye boys on salt junk and hard tack, which would only impoverish ye blood, and cause an outbreak of mental scurvy, of which, I swear by the gods, there is already far too much among ye youth of ye country." Then there came a grave and reverend father unto the ship side and said, "Who art thou, oh! Pere-de-rats? come forth and let us see whether thou art another George Washington come to redeem ye country from ye plunderers." But Pere-de-rats appeared not, but squeaked "Who won, Geo. III. or Geo. W?" and began to rasp and gnaw more vigorously than ever.

Then spake Don Quixote the II. even M. Quelqu'un-de-court: "Ehow and alack! Ye burden of Humbletown! Now if thou, O Commodore of ye primary fleet, and of this ship in particular, wilt consent to shut out ye sons and daughters of ye poorest of ye people, by imposing in addition to what they already pay indirectly, a tax of four dollars per quarter, and find this ship as best you may for four thousand dollars a year less than now, lo! we, the people of Humbletown, viz., M. Quelqu'un-de-court and M. Pere-de-rats will *instantly* raise this siege, and thou shall be allowed to live in peace as Commodore of ye fleet and Collegiate Institute." But the people only laughed derisively, while the Commodore magnified his telescope and applied it to his weather-eye, so that he might better look down upon his adversary. And some said, *sorto voce*, "He would convert our brave training ship into a Dotheboys Hall, with Squeers for Commodore, if he had but the power." But one came forth and spake unto the crowd, "What's all this hubbub about, anyway? Four thousand dollars is after all but ten cents apiece, an' ye will have figures. Get ye to your homes; ten cents, yea and four hundred times ten cents, is better spent in ye higher education of a neighbors child than in helping ye defeat of ye Scott Act, or in upholding and supporting ye deadly liquor traffic." Here ye Don struck spurs into ye steed Hobby, and cantered away as if ye printer's sathamus were after him for copy, while ye Commodore sat on ye poop with a harpoon in his hand watching for ye second advent of ye rodent from under ye slime of ye people's wharf.

Here endeth ye story of ye Siege of ye Commodore.



BUNTING IN WEST DURHAM!



“WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!”

"THE FRANCHISE FOR WOMEN."

(A PAPER READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF THE LORDS OF CREATION.)

This question is one which hardly admits of argument. Its decision depends upon axioms which at once commend themselves to the inner consciousness. Women is the domestic half of man—a help-meat for him. She cannot act wisely independent of him, but must always cling like the ivy round the oak. What matters it that the oak occasionally "wilts" under the process? What in the name of common sense does this subordinate being, who is merely complementary to another (and, indeed, not always that)—a being incomplete and incapable of growth until she finds someone to lean upon—want with the suffrage? Votes are no longer a marketable commodity since the joyous period of *direct* bribery has passed away. Votes cannot now be exchanged for hats or bonnets. Are we to revive the bad habits and antiquated passions of the past, merely that we may give some semblance of sanity to this latest feminine caprice.

From all accepted qualifications for the franchise woman is irrevocably shut out. *Manhood* suffrage ignores her very existence, because she is not a *man*, and therefore not qualified. The property qualification or the ability to pay taxes necessarily excludes her; for even those few women who occupy that position have, almost always, attained it by inheritance from some *man*, who probably would have been the last to desire that his political rights should *descend* with it to such a level; at any rate, as the taxes are paid by *her* out of *his* property, it ought surely to be optional with him to bequeath or withhold the vote attachable to such property, or at least define in his will to which "party" it shall be given. Military service gives probably the truest right to the franchise and this, of course, excludes women until the far-off time when war shall cease.

But there are other and far more potent reasons for her exclusion. We can take high moral ground. We can sing (if you will pardon occasional false notes) the cause of peace and domestic felicity. Is it not a fact that every social, intellectual, or mutual improvement, society finds it needful to debar politics? and yet it is seriously proposed to venture the intrusion of political rancour amid the otherwise invariably peaceful councils of family life. The consequent scenes which fancy conjures up are too harrowing to be dwelt upon. It is bad enough for the wearied pater familias to be harassed at the evening meal with such queries as "Did you remember those tickets?" "Did you go early and get us good seats?" &c., &c., ere ever his heart is thawed out from the freezing process of the day's disappointments, but to be greeted by a *Gril* wife and daughters with resultant chuckles over the result of those Prince Edward Island elections, which have made his *Conservative* soul sick within him, would probably drive him to the verge of lunacy, or—which is the same thing—out to the club to spend his evening. And then think for a moment what an awful thing it would be if to each "sweet girl graduate with golden hair" one had to propound the preliminary query, "How do you vote?" before one could permit the slightest gleam of sweetness and light from that sunny head to melt the masculine granite of our manhood's stern, unyielding composition. This may be "party spirit," but it is enough to take the "spirit" out of any "party." No! perish the thought! perish feminine politics and *vive l'amour!* The noblest pursuit for women is the pursuit of an honest man, even although she may have to wander far with an electric lantern of extra power to discover him, and when found, enter into lively competition with

at least "twenty love-sick maidens" already subject to the same magnetic attraction. Never mind, it will teach her "Patience."

Further, it is safe to contend that the franchise is not needful to the perfecting of woman. Hitherto we have had no woman-suffrage, yet the world has not lacked brilliant women. Therefore the suffrage is not essential to the production of clever women. Could anything be clearer? It is in fact *men* who do the *suffrage* when women are clever.

But a still more solemn aspect of the case demands your *agonized* attention. Amid *men* in this age the spirit of liberty is rampant. Men everywhere insist and dilate upon the right of each individual man to rule and govern himself—at least on all matters of personality or opinion. Those who attain positions of authority are finding it impossible to make their rule *aggressive* in directing the conduct of others, but are forced to assume more and more the attitude of umpire, standing by only to see fair play, interfering merely to preserve the equal liberty of all. This phase of modern life and men is very depressing to any properly balanced mind, since it is one of man's *acquired* instincts to wish to have someone to rule over absolutely. Some outlet must be afforded this tendency, and it is surely a self-evident proposition that as women and children are less gifted with that "might" which makes "right," their function is to afford opportunity for this governmental faculty. Were women to attain "equal rights"—and the granting of the franchise is undoubtedly the first step towards it—there would be, literally, no subordinate class, for the equal rights of children would logically follow. Such a word as "obedience" rendered by one human being to another might have to be dropped out of the dictionary, and everybody knows that no dictionary *could* be complete without it. Rule and authority would thus have received their death-blow; and unless we could find some principle of "right" which is not founded upon "might," our past and present principles of statecraft and governance would crumble into hopeless ruin. Unless, therefore, you are prepared to abnegate all authority over *anybody* except *yourself*, prepare to fight against this woman-suffrage movement to the bitter end. To this end these solid and potent arguments are set forth. Use them vigorously—and all may yet be well. Neglect to use them—delay but a few short years—and our masculine power and prestige may be forever lost! lost!!! lost!!!

"FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT CÆLUM."

(RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO TORONTO POSTMEN.)
O! noble-hearted, high-toned, *lettered* band
Who've dared to raise on high Oppression's hand,
Post-MEN!!! (And o'er me steals the blush of shame
That I should prostitute so grand a name.)

Pray who are ye, self glorious Pharisees
Whose fairs seem to rival Heaven's decrees?
Arc ye the favored salt of all the earth
That ye should jeer at men of humble birth?

Hath not the African,—the one time slave—
A equal Hope with you beyond the grave?
Has not his frame a loving heart within
Although 'tis covered by a sable skin?

Is not the tax collector's blotted board
Swell'd by the colored voters of "The Ward"?
It is. And being so 'tis only fair
That they in public posts should have a share.

Shame on your narrow-minded ill-timed sneers
Against a generation born in tears!
Pause Postmen, and reflect that even Ye
May learn from lowly blacks true courtesy.

Justice! why sleeps thy trenchant arm of might?
Swiftly arise to shield the injured right,
Hurl back the vile oppressor's jeering taunt,
And sternly bid his tyrant form avant.

Oh for the olive-branch of white-robed Peace,
That racial persecution soon may cease!
Then—out of cruel wrongs—the African
Shall stand a Brother, Citizen, and MAN.

PORCUPINE.

ROUGH SIEGE LAID TO HIM.

Mr. James O. Neville, the well-known General Import and Export Agent of the "Allen Line," and General Dominion Shipping Agent, of 538 Dorchester-street, Montreal, is an active member of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club. "While on a late exhibition trip to the States," said Mr. Neville to the writer, "my old foe, the rheumatism, attacked me, and gave me a rough siege. I suffered with the ailment all through my trip and long after my return home. I tried several remedies and found them entirely useless. Having read the endorsements of well-known people who had used St. Jacobs Oil, and been cured thereby, I determined to give it a trial. Upon the first application, I saw at once it was what I required. In two weeks time I was as well as ever, and fully able to attend to my business. I have not had the least suggestion of rheumatism since. It certainly is a remarkable remedy, and one that seems to me to be infallible."

Mistress—"Forget it? Why I told you to impress it on your mind." Bridget—"It was on me moind I put it, mum, an' me moind wint astray wid it."

They talk of changing the name of Green Tree, Pa., to Duffryn Mawr. Why not simply alter the spelling thus: Grwyn Trwy. —*Philadelphia News.*

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As he does not entrust his work to students or assistants, but does it himself, the public may rely on it always being done as represented.

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Evening Office at Residence, Jameson Avenue, North Parkdale.

Great Western Railway.

SLEEPING CAR ARRANGEMENTS BETWEEN TORONTO AND CHICAGO.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 1, 1882, AN elegant Wagner sleeping car will be attached daily (except Sundays) to train leaving Toronto at 11.45 p. m., arriving at Detroit at 9.25 a. m., and Chicago at 7.40 p. m. the following day. Returning will leave Chicago daily (except Saturdays) at 9.10 p. m., arriving at Toronto at 6.40 p. m.

Passengers leaving Toronto will be able to take sleeper after 9 p. m., at Yonge-street depot.

For railway passage, tickets and sleeping car accommodation, apply to T. W. JONES, 23 York-street; CHAS. E. MORGAN, 64 Yonge-street, and at Ticket offices at the Union and Yonge-street depots.

WM. EDGAR, F. BROUGHTON,
General Passenger Agent, General Manager.



SCIENCE V. POLITICS.

INTELLIGENT WORKINGMAN.—Ah, ha! and so the Government's going to give \$50,000 towards the transit of Venus, are they, and here's the *Mail* a swearing up and down that John A. doesn't assist emigrants to come out with the public money.

AN ESSAY ON DE GREAT QUESTION OB DE DAY.

BY JAY KAYELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.

"Do you know, Misth W. White, whar I could get a good gal?" Dat am de question ob de period. Dat am de question dat meets me whereber I go with my pail an' brush, an' though dis am de busy season, I'se made up my mind dat dat am question hab got to be met, either roundly or squarely. Hired gals sin't to be had for any money—but dere's any 'mount of 'em to be had for love. Ask de boys if 'taint so. For love dey will break de kindlin', light de fire, sweep, scrub, wash, bake, an' mind all de babies dat come along all de days of dere life. But dey won't do dat same no longer dan dey can help fur money. Now what am de reason why de gals leab comfortable service, to recruit de crowded ranks ob dressmakers, tailloresses, shop-girls an' sich. It am a fact dat domestic service is de only department in de labor market where de demand greatly exceeds de supply. Many reasons hab with mo or less truth been assigned as de causes ob dis 'markable defection. De endless working hours, de Sunday labor, de curtailment ob liberty, an' de ine'lant familiarity ob de sons ob dere employers, which am intol'ly insulting to a self-respecting gal, dese, an' a great many mo excuses some folks make for de falling off ob de supply ob good gals. I am ob opinion dat de root ob de matter lies deeper dan all dis. It am because de doing ob housework for hire is unnecessarily made to be *servitude*, becase over an' above de amount ob work done for so much pay, dere am also demanded, and in some cases stringently 'sisted on, an amount ob homage, an' self-renunciation for which no equivalent am offered, an' to which, unless given voluntarily, an employer hab no right. Dere am no doubt dat de spread ob education an' de consequent development ob thought among de workin' folks hab a great deal to do with dis spirit ob democracy and self-respect. De true position of Missis an' gal am dis. I hab a certain amount ob work to be done, an' it am got to be done someway or oder. Fo' reasons ob my own, I cannot, or don't hab to do it, or find it pays better to hire it done. So I get hold ob a gal an' I say to her, look heah, you hab time, strength, ability; for de conscientious use ob dese in my household I'll give you so much wages, board an' lodgin' for so long as we obhose to agree, de usual courtesies ob civilized life to be mutually exchanged as a matter of course. 'Cordingly my cooking is done, my

house kept tidy, my youngsters cared for, an' my mind mighty relieved ob a great many worries an' cares. More dan dis I hab no reasonable right to demand ob de pussen I employ. De work am done, I pay de sum agreed on, an' de gal an' I am quits. Dis is de case with all other labor, why not in dis? But when in addition to dis, I parade de vanity in my nature so much as dat my gal shall curtsy to me, shall allus say Master an' Misses in de possessive sense, shall allus say yes ma-am, an' no ma-am in de bery humblest manner; shall wear a certain kind ob cap to devote her inferior place in de household, shall not be allowed to wear a dress made after de same pattern ob my own; dat my children shall neber on any 'casion be addressed without Master or Miss to dere christian name; fo' de Lawd! is it any wonder dat with growing intelligence an' mo independent thought, de young an' smart gals ob our day an' generation refuse pint blank to acknowledge any such barefaced difference ob distinction. Respect dat am respect an' not hypocrisy, must come spontaneously as de natural result ob admiration for de stirring qualities, de kindness an' ladylike deportment ob de employer. Dis insisting on an acknowledgment of inferiority on de part ob de employer, betrays an amount ob vanity, which am fatal to de existence ob real respect, am calculated to bring ridicule on those who demand it, an' utterly destructive ob self-respect on de part ob those who may under de pressure ob necessity be compelled to tender it. Dis is de great unspoken reason why so many intelligent gals prefer de ill-paid labor, an' long hours ob de seamstress, to de healthy work an' liberal board ob comfortable homes, whar after all dey am "only servants." When de lady ob de house places de hired help on de same footing as de boss does de mason or carpenter he hires to do his jobs, an' which mason or carpenter would neber dream ob giving him any mo homage dan de respect due from one man to anoder, jes kase he needs dere skill an' labor as much as dey need de money he pays them, then an' not till then will de scarcity ob real good hired help cease to be deplored in de land.

CLASSICAL MUSIC.

BY J. LOSS.

We had adjourned from the dining-room, papa, mamma, Mr. Lime-reeghter and myself. A bright fire glowed in the grate, making the drawing-room pleasantly warm; it was not brilliantly lighted (papa is de least lit stingy about gas), but sufficiently so to be becoming to my complexion, to show to advantage some of our prettiest pictures, and bring out in pleasing effect dashes of color here and there, giving the room a cozy and charming appearance. Papa, seated in his crimson armchair, drawn close to the fire, looked happy and comfortable, while mamma sat opposite to him crocheting. After chatting for awhile, and they had had their after dinner "tea," papa turned to Mr. Lime-reeghter and said, "I have a long article in de newspaper to read, so if you will excuse Mrs. McDonald and myself, I'll leave my little girl (meaning me, though I am five feet five, and came cut last winter), to entertain you." Mr. Lime-reeghter of course didn't want to talk to old people, so hastened to assure papa "not to make a stranger of him, and if Miss Carry would be good enough to give him some music, he would be very well entertained indeed." Papa answering for my willingness to play, I walked over in dutiful obedience to the piano, our guest following me, to turn my music. The instrument was at de end of de room where the light was dimmest, but he wouldn't bear of any more gas, and as I knew I could play without a "glare," I saw how much better de effect would be with a softened illumination. Mr. L. — had brought me a box of

delicious bon-bons which he now presented, and of course I opened it, he insisting on choosing de best of de sweet-meats for me. How handsome he looked, as he murmured pretty compliments and quoted little scraps of poetry appropriate to de sugared peaches, cherries, chocolate hearts pierced with creamy arrows, and plums that had a confectionery bloom as beautiful as that of de natural fruit, and twice as delicious.

"What shall I play?" I asked, as I let my hands glide over de ivory keys in rippling runs, soft chords, and harmonious trills. "Something soft and dreamy, something classic," he begged.

"Ah," I cried delightedly, "I felt that you could appreciate de higher music, I might call it de 'high art of sweet sounds,'" and then I played odd bits from Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, and de Songs without Words. Mr. Lime-reeghter leaned back in his chair de better to enjoy my playing, and we passed a delightful half hour. I played continuously, only stopping now and then to be handed a dainty caramel, hear a compliment, and catch a furtive glimpse of de admiring eyes of my absorbed listener; is it to be wondered that I asked myself can anything be more delightful than this. The subtle influence of music, sentiment, and some hot-house flowers which I wore, seemed to pre-vade us in a delicious atmosphere. These delightful moments were too happy to be more than fleeting, they were rudely broken in by papa, who had finished his paper, crying out, "What under de sun are you playing, Caroline?" Startled immeasurably, I simply answered—"Mendelssohn, papa."

"Mendelssohn," spoke papa, I might almost say he roared, "why don't you call him man-gle-seng, if that's de stuff your new master teaches, he won't get many twenty dollars a term from me; play Auld Lang Syne, Whoa Emma, or something that has a tune in it."

"Whoa Emma, Auld Lang Syne!" Kind old soul, little he knew how his words jarred on de feelings of two sensitive souls, bringing them back with painful suddenness to that prosaic world which cannot hear melody without "tune," and harmony unaccompanied by an "air."

Poor papa.



THE GREAT LAGER QUESTION.

By chiminy chracious! Dot Brewries don't Bulldoze me I make my own Lager!!

Fruits of the Redistribution Bill—A Plumb to de Senate.

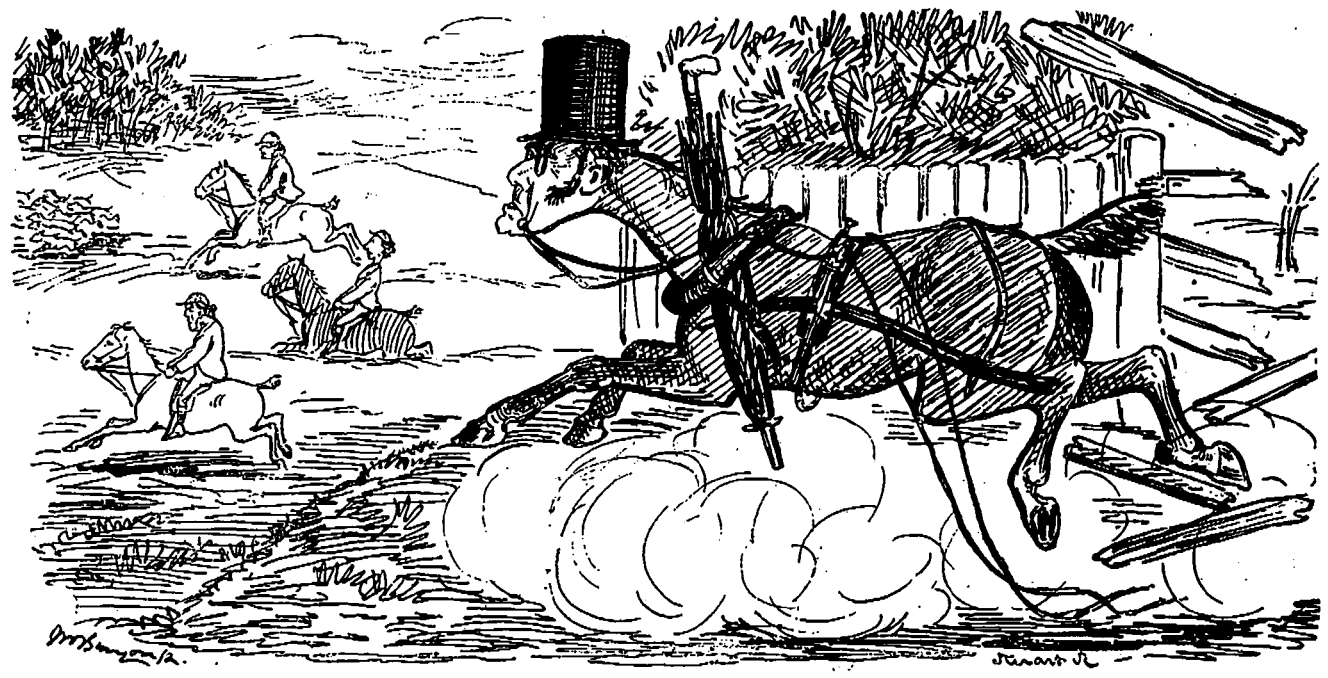
"I want a litt'e change," said Mrs. R. to her husband yesterday. "Well," was de heartless response, "just wait for it. Time brings change to everybody."

See OAK HALL'S Stock of Children's Suits. OAK HALL sells Clothing at Rock-bottom Prices.

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THE OLD HUNTER!

ASKING TOO MUCH.

“Matthew Arnold says that it is not enough that the Irish should acquiesce cordially in the English connection, or that well-being should be general and justice be done, but that the English and their civilization should be made attractive to Irish people.”—*Evening Telegram.*

That is to say that John Bull ought to live on praties and pork instead of the roast beef of old England, that his dignified silk hat must give place to a rakish and dilapidated tom-and-jerry, that he must discard the time-honored umbrella or walking-stick and wield a shillelah, and finally be up at day-dawn on winter mornings to attend first mass. And, to make himself still more attractive, he will take farms and refuse to pay rent therefor, and if the landlord disagrees with this arrangement, don Jack the Giant-killer's invisible cap, and shoot him from behind. But why make fish of one and flesh of another? True, the Scotch acquiesce cordially in the English connection, and are satisfied that well-being is general; but why should not John Bull make himself attractive to them also? Why shouldn't he sup kail brose and sowans as they do “hie in” up in Aberdeen, and when he is saluted with a “how d'ye de?” answer “Ow, brawly! brawly!” We would suggest as a better arrangement, that the Irish should make themselves and their civilization attractive to the English people; so attractive, in fact, that the Green Isle would fast become the favorite resort of the well-to-do of John's family, who would delight to escape from the fogs and smoke of London, to the fresh air and green landscapes of the Land of the Lakes of Killarney. This arrangement would materially help the general well-being, and allow justice to be done to a country naturally hospitable. We are afraid, however, that the “English and their civilization” are of too slow a growth to be remodelled to suit the tastes of American Fenians, who desire neither well-being nor justice for Ireland, who dread nothing so much as the righting of her wrongs, and whose motto is that of the great original Arch-Fenian, “Evil, be thou my good.” We are of opinion that to demand more than that justice be done, and well-being become general, savours of the horse-leech.

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- and Ears, and all other Pains*
- and Aches.*

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