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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, G.M.P. office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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BENGOUGH BROS.

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

VOLUME XVI. No. 16.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1881.

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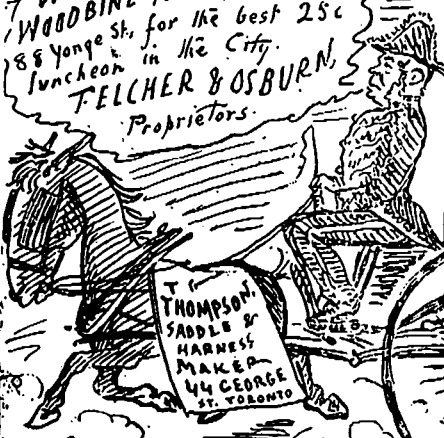
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Literature and Art.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Mr. John W. Ransone, a clever protean actor, is amusing the patrons of the Royal this week in a piece new to our stage, entitled, "Across the Atlantic." As a comedian Mr. Ransone resembles Mr. Emmet, with whom he is favorably compared by the Chicago critics. He displays great versatility, assuming half a dozen characters in the course of the play. Matinee, Saturday afternoon.

"Flapdoodle," the humorous work announced in these columns some time ago, is now in the hands of the public, and proves that Canada has at least one satirical writer of decided power. The brochure purports to be "a political encyclopaedia and manual for public men," and from cover to cover abounds in happy hits at the foibles of our statesmen. Get a copy from your bookseller and enjoy the witty feast.

What about this public library for Toronto? Brethren of the press, don't let the question drop! Our City Council never had a more sensible proposition before them, and we cannot allow the stupidity of the machine to thwart the efforts of the few enlightened members of the civic board. A public library would indeed fill a want long felt in this city, and a tithe of the money annually spent foolishly by the civic authorities would suffice to give us one.

The Mount Forest Advocate recently uttered the grand truth that common sense and patriotism should be put before partyism by our legislators, and Gurr approvingly quoted the words. The Advocate now steps to the front and apologizes for its too hasty utterances—at least it says that it was "speaking generally," and had no idea that the principle would apply to the late Syndicate affair in Parliament. Oh, Gordon, Gordon! it's hard to play the party organ!

The comic being is a boon, moreover, because an unlimited source of entertainment. There is scarcely anything better for the health of a man or a nation than a hearty laugh. It is good in times of war and in times of peace. The English nation is a healthy one, and Punch has been an important factor in the national diet. Long live, too, our Canadian Gurr! The man who makes a whole people laugh should be remembered by his country. Our comic cartoonists, when their arms are used in a good cause, exercise a most wholesome influence, and frequently have done excellent service when oratory and journalism seemed stricken powerless.—The Argosy (Mount Allison Academy), Sackville, N. B.

We have a high regard for our fellow citizen Hanlan, and would like to join in the ceremonies of welcome to him to-night (Friday, 4th March,) but really, Edward, you must excuse us. We can drop over anytime and feast our eyes on your manly form, but it is only once in a great while that we have a chance of hearing the wonderful violinist, Schenck, and Henry Appy's brilliant Philharmonic Orchestra from Rochester. They are to give a grand concert at the Garden's Pavilion, to-night, and we can't afford to miss the treat. To add to the wealth of musical bounty they bring, they have the Apollo Quintette with them, and if the Pavilion is not crowded with a thoroughly delighted audience, it will only be because Toronto cannot appreciate a good thing musically. And anybody who says that libels the Queen City.

While it takes a warm oven to make a nice cake, it requires a very cold atmosphere to make a cake of ice. Funny, isn't it?—Yonkers Statesman.

HORTICULTURAL GARDENS

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March 4th, 1881.

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ROCHESTER PHILHARMONIC.

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NOTICE is hereby given that the time for receiving tenders for the supply of 100,000 gallons of Petroleum Oil, and also for Steam Vessel for Lighthouse Service, has been extended from the 5TH MARCH to the 5TH APRIL next.

Full particulars as to quality of the Oil and the description of Vessel required can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

WM. SMITH,
Deputy of the Minister of Marine & Fisheries.
Department of Marine & Fisheries,
Ottawa, 21st February, 1881. 5-3-81

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

FIRST AND SECOND B. A. EXAMINATIONS.

Intending candidates are reminded that their names and addresses, accompanied by certificates of good conduct, must be sent in to the Department of the Provincial Secretary for the first B.A. Examination on or before the 31st of May, 1881, and for the second B.A. Examination on or before the 31st of August, 1881.

The first B.A. Examination will be held on Monday, the 18th July, 1881; and the second B.A. Examination will be held on Monday, the 24th October, 1881.

Copies of the list of subjects in which candidates will be examined for the years 1881 and 1882, respectively, can be obtained on application to the Department.

The University authorities have intimated that the regulation for Degrees in Law are at present under revision, but copies of the revised regulations are shortly expected, and due notice of their receipt will be given to intending candidates in the usual way.

ARTHUR S. HARDY,
Provincial Secretary,
Provincial Secretary's Office, Toronto, 18th Feb., 1881.
12-3-81.

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 communications for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care Grip Office.

Mrs. Manning, a sister of the late Thomas Carlyle, is a resident of Canada.

Mr. Ed. Farrar has left the Mail staff to take an editorial position on the New York World.

A grand concert, in aid of St. Nicholas Home, is being gotten up for the evening of St. Patrick's day. Further particulars hereafter.

Victor Hugo has shown his kind heart by sending a thousand francs to the needy amnestied Communists. "The new year ought to be begun," he said, "by doing something for those who suffer."

An autograph of Hawthorne's sold in Baltimore the other day for \$3.75. One of Webster's brought \$1.50; one of Henry Clay's, \$1.05; one of Jefferson Davis' the same; and \$1.20 was paid for one of George Bancroft's.

The March number of Scribner fully sustains the character of that periodical, and in saying this we speak in the superlative degree. No cultured individual can feel his "environments" entirely satisfactory if he is without Scribner.

Abraham Lincoln, in a letter written December 11, 1864, said:—"You say you are praying for the war to end. So am I, but I want it to end right. God alone knows how anxious I am to see these rivers of blood cease to flow; but they must flow until treason hides its head."

Our exchange file is graced by the addition of "Quiz," the society journal of Philadelphia, a neat sixteen-page fortnightly publication, edited by Miss Florence I. Duncan. It contains, amongst other good things, a gossipy Ottawa letter telling all about the movements of Canadian upstartdom.

Edwin Booth, when not on the stage, is a great smoker. But he never drinks any alcoholic liquors. Tea is his only stimulant. He never attends late dinners or suppers, and never has an "out." After acting he is very much depressed and likes to lie abed to recuperate during much of the next day.

A correspondent of the World takes Dr. Talmage to task for having used an old anecdote in his recent lecture, palming it off as a new one. The old story of Baron Rothechild and the Communist, was applied to John Jacob Astor. The correspondent thinks this is getting applause under false pretences, and he is just about right.

The new journal Freaks is winning a golden measure of success, and may now be regarded as having come to stay. Its cartoons are admirable in design and execution; its articles crisp, spicy, and pointed; its "Uncle Ben" letters a pronounced hit; and its opinion the reflex of stalwart Republicanism. It well deserves its prosperity.—Item.

"Fritz" Emmet has run against a snag in New York, and his persistent gaze upon the wine when it is red has plunged him into a suit at law that will somewhat deplete his plethoric purse. Manager Biddell claims that he has suffered \$11,000 damages by having a disappointed audience on his hands, and asks the court to award him that amount.

We must refer to the most valued exchange on our list, the inimitable Gurr, published by Ben-gough Bros., Toronto. We never knew a paper whose sentiments were so much ours and whose tone we liked so well as Gurr. It is a paper one does not like to read until he is comfortably settled and has time to digest its humorous satire and trenchant criticism of public events. Our affection for Gurr is great.—Queen's College Journal.

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And the following extract from a letter just received from Mr. Jackson, the enterprising and flourishing hatter of Clinton, Ont., bears unmistakable testimony to their value to business men:

Clinton, Feb. 17th, 1881.

Manager Grip Office, Toronto, Sir,
Since I received your last comic cut I have found it has done me an immense amount of good, and I can recommend the cuts highly as a medium of advertising. I intend getting another larger design for the spring.
W. Jackson.



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. J., Montreal. — Very good indeed. "Come again."

Enquirer. — The real name of the person who occasionally contributes to these columns under the nom de plume "Ja Kasse" does not "begin with H." Everybody but you knows who "Ja Kasse" is.

Grip's Book of Oddities.

No. I.



Preserve us, O Fate, from that most wearisome of bores, the attractive looking young lady amateur who poses in the character of a professional "Reader!" You see her at many of the literary and musical entertainments with which our modern civilization is adorned, and she is always the same sweet little bore. Her sex alone protects her from the hisses she often deserves.

Now, if the dear girl could only get rid of the preposterous idea that she is anything but an amateur, and clear herself at the same time of the still more preposterous platform airs and mannerisms of the professional elocutionist, she might really add something to the interest of a programme. But this is too much to hope, so long as newspaper reporters feed her vanity on their windy puffs, which are devoid alike of truth and sense. The young lady has usually a pleasing stage presence, an intelligent face, and a melodious voice, and the expectant auditor is apt to congratulate himself that he is going to hear something good as she comes gracefully down to the front of the stage. But when, in sepulchral voice, accompanied with grotesquely tragic shrugs of the shoulders, she announces the title of the "piece" she is about to "say," his expectation begins to droop. Before she has done half a dozen sentences his anticipated pleasure has curdled into the sourest of disappointments, and thenceforward to the end—which is generally half an hour distant—he passively gives himself up to boredom. Why can't the charming young person be natural? Is it one of the first principles of elocution that you must get as far as possible from nature? And why does the dear young woman always select those wailing, moaning, sobbing pieces of literature with which to display her gift? If this is the necessary result of a regular training under professional elocutionists, the sooner we have a law passed to abolish that class of the community the better.

The Legal Lexicon.



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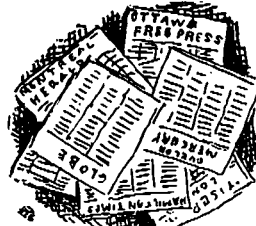
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THEM SONANS.



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Genuine Carlyle Anecdotes.

Carlyle anecdotes being now in order we may state that our special anecdotist has now in stock an entirely new and original assortment, which will be disposed of in lots to suit purchasers at the very reasonable figure of \$1 per half dozen, or 25 cents per single anecdote. The following are samples:—

One day the illustrious author was much bored by an American tourist, who invaded his sanctum, put his feet on the table, and expected with fluency and reprehensible lack of precision in the direction of the grate. All American tourists in Europe do this. "I like your style, I do," he remarked; "the way you everlastingly give it to the bloated oligarchies and iron-heeled tyrants. Say, old man, why don't you come to America and lecture? Big thing!" "Humph," retorted Carlyle, "ye're a blethering cedit, mon. Aiblins weel Ecclefechan clamjamfy, no that muckle blate, pair doited birkee," and other remarks to the same effect. Shortly afterwards appeared that celebrated article in the *North American Review* which stated that Carlyle had become so permented with German thought that in his intenser moods he involuntarily expressed himself in the Teutonic language.

Carlyle, during the concentration of his thoughts on his "Life of Frederick the Great," used often to frequent a lager beer saloon in the east end of London, in order, as he said, to obtain the inspiration of a German atmosphere. One day he was approached by a kindly frequenter, who noticed that he smoked his churchwarden in silence without joining in the surrounding dissipation, and remarked, "Was willst du haben?" "Dummkopf!" shouted the sage, indignant at the intrusion upon his meditations. "Vell, I dinks you don't vas go var to vind von, py shiminy!" was the response. Carlyle rose and muttering the single word, "Ausgespielt," left the place never to return.

The visit of the celebrated authoress, Melinda Bigglesworth,—whose "Soul Echoes" have just reached a 14th edition—to the Chelsea philosopher marked an epoch in literature. After her introduction they sat silent for fully a quarter of an hour, Carlyle smoking vigorously and the authoress toying with the narrative of his famous striped cat. "Goethe." Finally he said slowly, "You voice the Verities, and the Verities are eternal." Then she remarked, "It is only the Summits which pierce the clouds." "Ay, ay!" he replied, his eye gleaming with the force of the thought, "Eschew grovchments and en-sphere yourself wi' the sunlight." Then they parted. The recent biography of Miss Bigglesworth states that this brief though memorable interview influenced the whole of her subsequent career.

On receipt of the price the above will be forwarded, securely sealed from observation, to any address.

A few very rare Tupper anecdotes will be disposed of cheap. Also a batch of John A. stories. They are well adapted to the columns of the Tory press.

A minister out west, who has been troubled a good deal about marriage fees, issued the following circular and price list:—"One marriage, plain, \$2. Ditto, kissing the bride, \$3. Ditto, trimmed with one groomsman and one bridesmaid, \$4. Fifty cents extra for each additional groomsman or bridesmaid. Bachelors past 30 will be charged extra. Maids of the same age ten per cent off. Mileage will be charged in long distance matches. Liberal reduction to clubs. Payments in cash; notes or securities not accepted. No money refunded, or rebates made for poor goods. Come early, and come often.—Steubenville Herald.

The domestic closure—"Oh, shut up!"

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE**. Wholesale, 261 King Street East. As a condiment for the table it has no equal. Half-pint Bottle, only 10 cents, Pints, 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

GOLD HEADED CANES.
30 Patterus. The Noblest Things in the Market.—WOLTZ BROS. & Co., 26 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Ta Hiellan' Breeks.

MAISTER CHIP.—Her nainsell thinks ta English hat petter no nettie wi ta tartan. Her nainsell was ane o' ta pipers at Inkerman an' t' Alma, when Sir Colin cam hooraying, "We'll hao nane put Hiellan ponnets here." Hersell couldna stant it! We exist ta plaid, flung awa ta pipes, oot wi oor dirk knives, an' if ta tartan didna gar ta Rooshians flee up ta hill au' toon agen, my name is na Ta Phairson. They ca'd us ta teevils in petticoats. There was na word apout apoli-hin ta tartan then. An' when ta plack teevils steekit ta toor o' ta prison on ta ponnie English lassie in Lucknow, wha was't put Havelock's saints in tartan tat gar't ta pibroch skeil ta lat them ken they war comin'. They didna daur ta speak o' apolishin ta tartan then. Na! na! Napoleon was a fera prave man, put he was aye fear'd when he saw "ta pare leggit savages" in ta fielt. Moreofer onr forefathers got ta fursk kilt of a Roman on ta fielt o' pattie, an' will keep it till ta Romans com pack agen. It was a fra pad time ta speak aboot apolishin ta tartan; she'll had petter get Paddy t' settle toon, an' get ta wild Boers chased awa, afore she'll pegin ta mottle wi ta tress o' ta auld Scotland; maybe she'll pring a bink o' hornets aboot her eers, she'll pe thinkin' we're a nation o' flunkies. She'll petter apolish ta parritch, an' ta prose, an' ta haggis, an' pe tam to her moreofer when ta Noo Cylander sits on ta auld Lannon Brig; maybe she'll see her nainfell fishing in ta Thames wi a pipe in her check an' a Tam O'Shanter on her head. Forpye a kilt, for ta breeks makin' will pe ane o' ta lest arts. An' maybe she'll tell hoo they tried ta apolish ta tartan, put just plet their finkers tryin' ta pu' ta thistle. TA PHAIRSON.

Edwin Booth has appeared as *King Lear* at the Princess Theatre, London. The house was well filled, although the weather was unpropitious. Mr. Booth was called before the curtain after every act, and after that in which *Lear* recognizes *Cordelia* he was summoned three times to the front. He was well supported on the whole by the company. The scenes with *Goneril* and *Poor Tom* were especially well received. The *Standard* says: "Mr. Booth's *Lear* may safely be asserted to rank as his finest effort."



Forbes' Terrific Ride.

OWEN SOUND, March 1.

MR. GRIP.—SIR,—I'm getting up an entirely new lecture, to be entitled, "Terrible Traveling; or, a War Correspondent on a Lecture Tour." I have had to drop my old one. My "Inner Life" got so jumbled up in that recent fearful ride of mine over the F. G. and B., that it is now a shapeless mass. I think my new lecture will be even more thrilling. This ride over the narrow gauge I can work up into something even better than that Zulu horseback adventure, and my description of Plevna is no circumstance to the word picture I can give of my subsequent newspaper battle with Wragge. Please give advancenotice of new lecture, and oblige, ARCH. FORBES.



Shortening the Session.

Hon. Alex. Morris, feeling that his reputa'on us an energetic maker of law was waning away, has brought forth a measure for the shortening f the local sessions. Next to Gladstone's Moture Act, this is perhaps the most startling piece of proposed legislation of the day. Grip gives the Hon. Alex. his full support in the matter. The sessions are decidedly too long and costly, although no legislative body in the world does more solid and useful work than our Local Parliament. But the financial view is not the only one. Grip feels a keen sympathy with the Opposition who, having to sit and hopelessly gaze at the Treasury benches, cannot but look upon the session in the light of a prolonged torture. No wonder they should bring in a bill to shorten their sufferings.

Slashbush on Loyalty.

The cool and beautiful snow lay in an unbroken mantle upon the wide fields and meadows of the Slashbush estate. It covered the leathery foliage of the evergreen tamaracs and spruces that flanked the cattle "paster," and the bare branches of the stately oaks and chestnuts stood out in clear and sharp outlines against the cold western sky where the sun was just setting. It was March. Spring had come, not so ethereal mildness, its supposed accompaniment.

Gustavus Slashbush stood by the kitchen window of the old homestead gazing meditatively upon the orb of day, fast declining beyond the frowning buttresses of Uncle Ephraim's barn. His sister Almira sat by the fire engaged in her favorite and useful occupation of sewing fragments of cloth of many colors and textures together, preparatory to their being in good time woven into a magnificent and gorgeous rag carpet.

"Almiry," suddenly ejaculated Gustavus, "I really think there is no loyalty left in the world now. I mean true, bona fide, unswerving loyalty. What do you think?"

"Don't know nothin' about it, nor don't care; guess we kin get along pretty well without it anyway," replied his sister with indifference.

"Get along without loyalty!" said Gustavus aghast. "Why, Almiry, you don't understand. Let me put a case in point to you. Now you know you've got a beau, Rueben Van Rucket. Now—"

"Well, s'posin' I have, that's nothing to do with you," said Almira, flaring up.

"No; but Almiry you'd like him to be loyal, to be true to you, wouldn't you?"

"Oh Ruebe's true enough, a little too true, consarn him. I can't go to a single meetin' but the critter keeps follerin' me 'round wus than a dog."

"Almiry," continued Gustavus, "when I speak of loyalty I don't refer so much to the constancy of one individual to another, as to other and greater interests. I allude to the duty of the subject to his rulers. Yes, Almiry, there was a time when to hear was to obey, and the utterances of what is now called a "free

press" would consign the owners thereof to a felon's cell in the good old times. Look at South Africa. Look at the Boers. Of course you can't expect much from an African Dutchman—but just look at the situation. Because it required of them to come under the protecting folds of the meteor banner of old England, and obtain all the blessing and liberties guaranteed thereby, these cursed Dutchmen must take up arms and slaughter our troops. And then the Irish—of course they never did amount to anything. Just look at them, everlastingly kicking up a rumpus. They won't pay any rent for their farms, nor do anything but obstruct the workings of parliament, or shoot landlords. Some folks say that a great many of them have no money to pay anything with, and that they are naked and starving; but it is quite clear to me that if they only had a little more loyalty, they would soon be in a better condition. Now, Almiry, let us take a view of distant India. Take Afghanistan, for instance. Do we find any loyalty there? Not a bit. What do these people do? They refuse to entertain our ambassadors, and they hold secret communications—secret communications, mind—with the Russians, who have evil desires upon our possessions there. What's the consequence? We send in an invading army, and thousands are killed and wounded! Of course there are people who say that the Russians have just as much right there as we have but these people, I tell you Almiry, are not loyal.

Now, Almiry, let us look at home. We, no doubt, of all countries, are the most loyal, and yet I fear that to a great extent it is merely a sentimental loyalty. As long as we have our way, and are not interfered with by the Colonial or other "office" at home, we are the pink and perfection of true loyalists; but if any "Home Government," whether Tory or Radical, would try and act too paternally with us, you would find that the newspapers would come out calling Lord Beaconsfield a "son of a second-hand old clo' man," or Mr. Gladstone a sophisticated, wood-chopping, old rhetorician, incbriated with the exuberance of his own—"

"Gustavus! Dash darn ye! Hurry up and git the horres into the barn; you're gittin' more useless and useless every day!" were the words that issued from the lips of the elder Slashbush, who had just driven home from the village. "Skip around, Almira, and let's have some supper. I'm hungry as a wolf."

Another Noble Victory.



'Rah! The Grita are whipped—hic—again! They thought they'd take away our little tipple—hic—bolish Bar in the Houshe; bu' they go' defeated. Yessir! Solid party vote! Bully for Con—hic—servative Party! Bul—hic—ly for Tom White! 'Rah for Bout—hic—beel! No outsider be admitted—good joke—cept—hic—com-

panied by member. 'Nother good joke—hic—'Gree to have bar closed, but take our bitters all same at table in next room! The Gritsh can't get over us, too—hic—many for 'em. 'Rah for 'Servative par—hic—ty! 'Rah for Synd—hic—kate!

For they are—hic—jolly goofellers, They are jolly goofellers, Jolly goofellers, Which no—hic—body can deny.

Commo' down an' ha' somethin' drink! Come on boys! You can all come 'ith me—hic—I'm a mem—hic—ber!



A CHANGE OF TUNE.

CHARLTON.—Say, boss, can't we play some *Protection* music? seems to me it's more pop'lar with the public jes' now. They appear to act as though our *Free Trade* Airs was played out.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."



Roderigo, the Bandit; or, Tiz He! Tiz He!!

(From the Yonkers Gazette.)

CHAPTER I.

Once there wuz a king.

He lived in a cassel, an there wuz a stonefentz aron it so high that you would haf to hev a stepladder to clime over it, but the king dident kepe any stepladders on the outside canze the robbers cood git over.

Roderigo Jonez wuz a bandit—wich iz the same az a robber only it sounds better in a book. He wuz a feers lookin feller, tall like a cloze post, with a red vest on an a roamin noze, with horse pistils an sords stickin out all aroun.

Twaz evenin! The are wuz swete with the smell of roses, and a young girl wuz warkin on the cassel grounds fannin herself with an alminik. It wuz the king's only chile, excep her brother who wuz dead, becauz he hadn't bin home for a good menny years.

Hebe Angelia wuz a picter. Her long flowin locks drabled out over her chizel shoulders like a snarl ov yaller sowin silk, and her dazilin eyes shined out ov her bootiful other feechers like a kuppel ov blu lighten bugs. There wuz no frekels onto her sof countenants, an excep a smaull poodle wich she wuz carrion not a' soum wuz hard to mar the swete cam ov the sene.

Suddintly the hevins wuz craked, with a skreech that peled out into the night with a higus ekko an sent the littel poodle skootin into the dookal pallis. Then for a brefs minit there wuz a swaying form on the grene, a gra hard figger dashin down the alabaster steps, an all wuz darkniss.

Wot cood it all mene? Wile the ekose is an erin, let us turn to a more eksitin spcktikle.

CHAPTER II.

Awa up in the mountins ware caterax chase eeh other over the hites an the egil an the pelikin swoops down onto there pra, a man nite hevbin seen standin beside a milk wite stedo with a red fether in his hat an a big pare ov lether boots on. Hiz noble brow an the purple velvit vest wich bemed out ov hiz stummick tole that he had royl blood in his vanes, wile the bootiful arch nek ov the pranciu beest by hiz side reeched over an fonly ide im wile he gracefully nard a sanwich.

All at wunts he started like a be stung in, the sanwich dropped paralised out ov hiz mouth, the horse gave a snort out ov hiz nostrils, an with won spring he wuz on hiz bak an dashin down the dizzi kasm like a ski rokit goin the rong way.

Out ov the deep jumbles ware the disapeerin form had sunk a startlin voyse wuz born bak onto the towerin krags in a sort ov a horse wisper that seemed to say, "She shal be mine! she shal be mine!"

But to return to the cassel.

CHAPTER III.

Hebe Angelia wuz pacin the flore ov her drawin-room with a napkin roun her marble brow an a smelin-bottle. The wite woostid curtains an the sof brussels carpit that sunk under her lilly foot like steppin on a tode shode that riches duzent alwaze bring happiness,cauze evry now and then shede stop like a stachoo an clappin her hands to her forid sing out, " Mi brane! my brane!!"

Hjst!

Wot noys is that wich comes to us from the sollum distance! It iz, the clatter ov hoofs on the pavin stones ov the plazzer surrounin the cassel wauls. The maden starts, ketches holt ov the flap ov her ear an benz herself to won side like a cocumber bush bendin to a summer gust, an az a strange look of returnin senz busts thro her feechers her roobi lips opens and between her clencht hans she hisses out, " Tiz he! tiz he!!"

CHAPTER IV.

We must now go bak into the past a fu minits to giv the reader a fu pints regardin the karakters playin so importin parts in our legan.

King Ajax wuz rullin Spaxe with a iren han, an he ordered all the children in the lan to be biled in oyl so az thay wodent be nobody to fite for hiz thrown. On hiz hunderth birthday he wuz hovin a feest, an hiz two youngist sunz wich hadent bin biled (maybe canz the oyl wuz used up) wuz thare an wuz twanz.

Wile ole Ajax was etin some ambrozer wich the gods had feteched him the two sunz held a consul an cum to the konklusin to thro orf the gallin yoke, so cordinly thay sord hiz hed orf a fu minits an thare he wuz, an owonly the ashiz ov departed grateness wuz lef to toll the tayl.



The two sunz wep a fu minits canz thay wuz pooty intaunt with the ole gentleman an koodent stummick loozin im, but thay huvd thare country more an so won sol:

" It iz oll over, let us thro up a cent az to hoo shal ware the royl mantiller."

" Nay, not so!" sed the uther won, " I am the mos oldest an i will manidge the rains ov gavarment jus the same."

" Bi the rude, but the hast considable cheke," ansurd the fast; " but let us not quarl, we will both be bruthers if we kant be kings."

So the oldest he swang the septer till won da he wuz took with a pane an thare he wuz. Spicion pinted to hiz bruther, but ded men dont tell emy tails an so all went morry az a caridge holl.

The uther sot on the throne an dopted a dorter wich hiz bruther had lef behine him az a heirloom to posterity. An thats the wa wen or story beginz—Ajax 2 wuz rooler in the lan, an the fare gurl had growed up to be Hebe Angelia an wuz flowing with milk an honey only the bandits got mos of it—thats the way with Spaxe.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(Reprinted by Request.)

A Modern Psalm of David.



IN those days there reigned at Rediaw, that is in Autowah a mighty king, Jon-Lorn, the son of Auguile."

2. And he

gave a great feast and called together all his people from far and near, that he might decide who was the greatest amongst them at the game of Tenys.

3. And he said unto his chief steward, take thy pen and write quickly, even unto Flori, the son of David, and bid him come with his captain and his people, and their sons and their daughters, that they also may take part in the games.

4. Now, Flori hardened his heart, and heeded not the words of the king, Jon-Lorn, nor did he bid Arma-Geddon, his captain, nor the young men, nor the maidens, to the feast prepared by the king.

5. And it came to pass that Arma-Geddon, (who was a Brokah, and a man of peace, albeit a centurion in the millshah,) chided Flori for having withholden from him the command of Jon-Lorn, the king.

6. Now, Flori, the son of David, was a mighty man of war, a valient man, comely in person, a cunning player on the harp, but prudent, with his shekels.

7. And he liked not the words of Arma-Geddon, his captain, but rose up early in the morning and took himself to the street of the Saint, which is called Xavier, where congregated the moneylenders and the usurers, and the brokah.

8. And he covered his face with his armour, which was brass, and girded on his umbrallah, (a weapon which men borrow but return not,) and his sling was in his hand.

9. For he said, have I not often bragged of the lion and the bear which I slew, and this Philistine, being afraid, will fly from before my face.

10. But Arma-Geddon went his way to the temple of mammon, selling 'short' and 'long,' scooping both ways. (after the manner of the brokaks) even until the hour when Flori awaited him at the gate.

11. And as he went forth, he took only his staff in his hand, and his scrip.

12. Now Flori, the son of David, met him, saying unto him, I wager thee fifty pieces of silver that I suite thee, and, moreover, fifty pieces that I slay thee either here or in the court, which is called Rackitt. And he poked him with his umbrallah.

13. But Arma-Geddon, the brokah, waxed exceeding wrath, and struck him with his staff and smote him hip and thigh, even until the blood ran down his face.

14. And Flori bethought him of his sling, and he slanged him in the vernacular, and even with chunks of ice.

15. And he said, I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air, and unto the beasts of the field, —but he did not. :

16. And it came to pass that when the Philistines, and the brokaks, and the moneylenders saw that their champion had prevailed, they raised a great cry of joy, and they ordered many bottles of wine amongst them.

17. For they said, Lo! our champion, a man of peace, has beaten the man of war, the sculpter of images, and player on the harp and sackbut, even the brokah.

18. And Flori, the son of David, retired to his tent, and bound up his wounds, and cursed Arma-Geddon, but he tore not his hair, for he had none.

A design on wood—prowling around your neighbor's kindling pile after night.



'The Death of Nelson.'

(Montreal, March 1.)

'Twas on election day,
We saw the Frenchmen gay,
Their votes a-polling then,
We did not fear their force,
We took it as of course
Our candidate would win!
For Nelson was the better man,
A heavier champion never ran,
For Mayor he was a beauty,
For Mayor he was a beauty,
He cried amidst the wards he ran,
Nelson expects each Pro-test-ant
This day to do his duty,
This day to do his duty!

At length the poll did close,
And 'Vive Beaudry' rose,
From scores of Frenchmen's throats,
From rabid Frenchmen's throats,
Brave Nelson saw it was no go,
And whispered faint, "I told you so,
You would not do your duty,
You shirked your civic duty."
Montreal confessed that many a man
That day had shirked his duty,
Had shirked his civic duty!

The New Society Reporter.

"Well, how did you get along at the party last night?" asked the city editor of a new reporter, whom he had engaged the day before, and whom he had sent up to write a social occasion.

"Not very well," responded the new reporter gloomily. "I don't think Brooklyn society is the top notch racket anyhow."

"What's the matter?" demanded the city editor. "Didn't they use you well?"

"I can't say they did," rejoined the new reporter. "Now, I went up there last night and waded right into the fun. I asked for the chairman of the party, and told him we were laying out to swell their heads in to-day's issue, and he'd better skip in and introduce me to some of the high bugs if he calculated to have his name mentioned in the report."

"And what did he say to that?" inquired the city editor, the gleam deepening ominously.

"Oh, he said he was a friend to the *Beagle* and would do what he could for me. I told him to hop right at it, and first I wanted to meet the gals. If he calculated to hold the friendship of the *Beagle*, I said, he didn't want to waste much funny business before he had me bumping around in the mazy. He said if I'd go up stairs and take off my hat and overcoat, he'd see me later."

"Did you do it?" asked the city editor, in a constrained tone.

"No. I said I wanted some grub first. So he took me down in the front kitchen and asked me if I liked boned turkey. I told him I'd take a leg and some of the breast. What do you think he gave me? Head cheese. If he didn't you can lick me. I couldn't eat that, so I asked him for a glass of beer and a cheese sandwich. He said he had some wine, so I drank a bottle and put a couple in my pockets."

"What did you do then?" interrogated the city editor, fingering a length of gas pipe.

"I went up to the parlor, and he said I'd better take a description of the scene before I danced, and he gave me the names. Here they

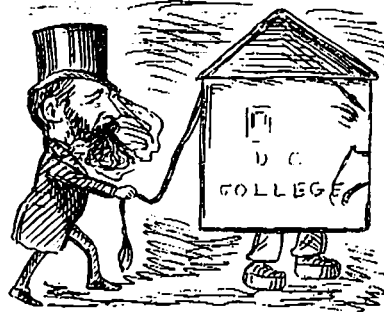
are—Mary Monroc, red frock, white sack, and hair bunched; Emma Latrobe, yellow dress and high-heeled slippers; Marion Willoughby, some kind of thin stuff, white, and tied up with blue tape, and hair frizzled; Jennie Murchison, black clothes and a feather in her hair; Ella Wexford, red hair and grey suit, flat in front and stuck out behind; Pauline Tresley—I tell you, boss, she was a daisy. Bigger'n a tub and dressed to the top branch. She had on a velvet outfit a mile long, and sixteen rows of teeth on her gloves. Her hair was a dead yellow, tied up like a bun, and had a lot of vegetables in it. Florence Ross, green dress and hoisted up at the side with a white cheek rein; Vinnie Hammerly, white net-work with red streaks, walked with a limp, and hair frescoed. That's all I got. There was a lot of old pelicans there, but I knew you didn't care for them, and as for the men, I told 'em it would cost 'em a dollar a piece to get in, and as they wouldn't put up I shoved 'em. I can state that they were a cheap lot who don't know any more about society than a fig does about politics, and that'll teach 'em a lesson. And I say, we'd better give the chairman a rub. He didn't introduce me to a solitary hen. Better say that he hasn't paid his gas bills for seven months, and that day before yesterday his accounts were found short. What do you think?"

"Got any more about the party?" demanded the city editor, rising slowly.

"Nothing, only that the grub wasn't fit to eat, though furnished by the popular caterer Mr. Traphagener. I told him I'd give him a puff. Say, what have you got for mo to do to-night?"

"Not a thing!" yelled the city editor, as he brought the gas pipe across the new reporter's car. "You infernal reptile, don't you know that that was one of the best honours in town, and the affair the finest of the season?"

"I'm going back to St. Paul," groaned the new reporter, as he fell downstairs. "If that's Brooklyn society, I'm going where they have some style," and he struck off toward the North west, largely afoot.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.



The U. C. C. Must Go!

The fat has gone forth, and Grip joins the ranks of the *Foodlums*. "Upper Canada" has gone, and it is time that this similarly named institution should follow it into oblivion. The line of argument taken by Mr. Bunster and other enlightened enemies of the celestals—however defective when applied to humanity is quite sound when applied to the educational institution here referred to. Like the Chinese, Upper Canada College is *not wanted*; it is taking the bread and butter out of the mouths of institutions more in consonance with the spirit of the country; it is an incubus on the public purse. If the Canadian aristocracy must needs have a school for the exclusive training of the curled darlings of the Province, by all means let them have it, but let them pay for it out of their own pockets. The Province has come to the conclusion that, at least in its present shape, U. C. College must go, and, although she will regret to lose her energetic Mr. Crooks, that gentleman may go too, if it must be so.



The Convalescent.

Josiah Burr Plumb.—(Lately promoted.)—Pray don't worry about the public business, Sir Charles; you must keep your mind perfectly calm. In fact, so far as the public business is concerned, I am occupying your place, and you needn't get better at all if it isn't quite convenient. I have brought a poem with me, thinking you might need an opiate just now!

The Mournful Narrative of the Chimpanzee.

It was an ancient forest,
Where sported wild and free
The elephant and kangaroo,
And lordly chimpanzee.

The lion roared, the tiger howled,
The birds sang in their glee,
And all were happy in their lot,
Except the chimpanzee.

He cared not for the common herd,
But something great would he,
He wished to change his present state;
Ambitious chimpanzee!

No more he'd feed on roots and twigs,
No more swing from a tree,
He shunned his friends and soon became
A gloomy chimpanzee.

He left his home and wandered far,
He longed the world to see,
His sisters and his cousins mourned
Their wandering chimpanzee.

One day there was a fearful din,
What could the matter be?
Once more upon the scene appeared
Our old friend chimpanzee.

They scanned him o'er, they wondered much,
It surely was not he,
For never had the like been known
Of any chimpanzee.

He had no tail, and on his head,
Whatever could it be?
A plug hat ne'er was seen before
Upon a chimpanzee.

He'd a cigar between his teeth,
Which you will all agree,
Appeared a most improper thing,
For any chimpanzee.

An eye-glass screwed on his left eye,
Looked wise as wise could be,
A stand-up collar too adorned
This stylish chimpanzee.

His clothes were cut in latest style,
And fitted to a T,
And looked far better than you'd dream
Upon this chimpanzee.

He carried in his hand a cane,
And stroked his long goatee,
And gazed with condescending air
Upon each chimpanzee.

He cleared his throat, and all grew still,
"I'd like to tell," said he,
"How I became so grand and great,
From a poor chimpanzee."

"Come on and quit this hum-drum life,
And evolve like me,
Smoke, drink, play cards, be civilized,
I beg each chimpanzee."

That was enough, they'd hear no more,
One took him o'er her knee;
They chastised with their slender tails,
The sobbing chimpanzee.

He took his chance and darted off,
Determined to be free,
And that's the last I have to tell
About this chimpanzee.

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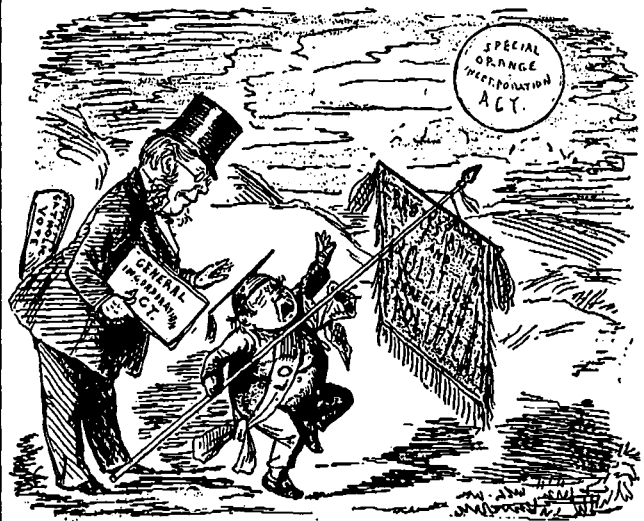
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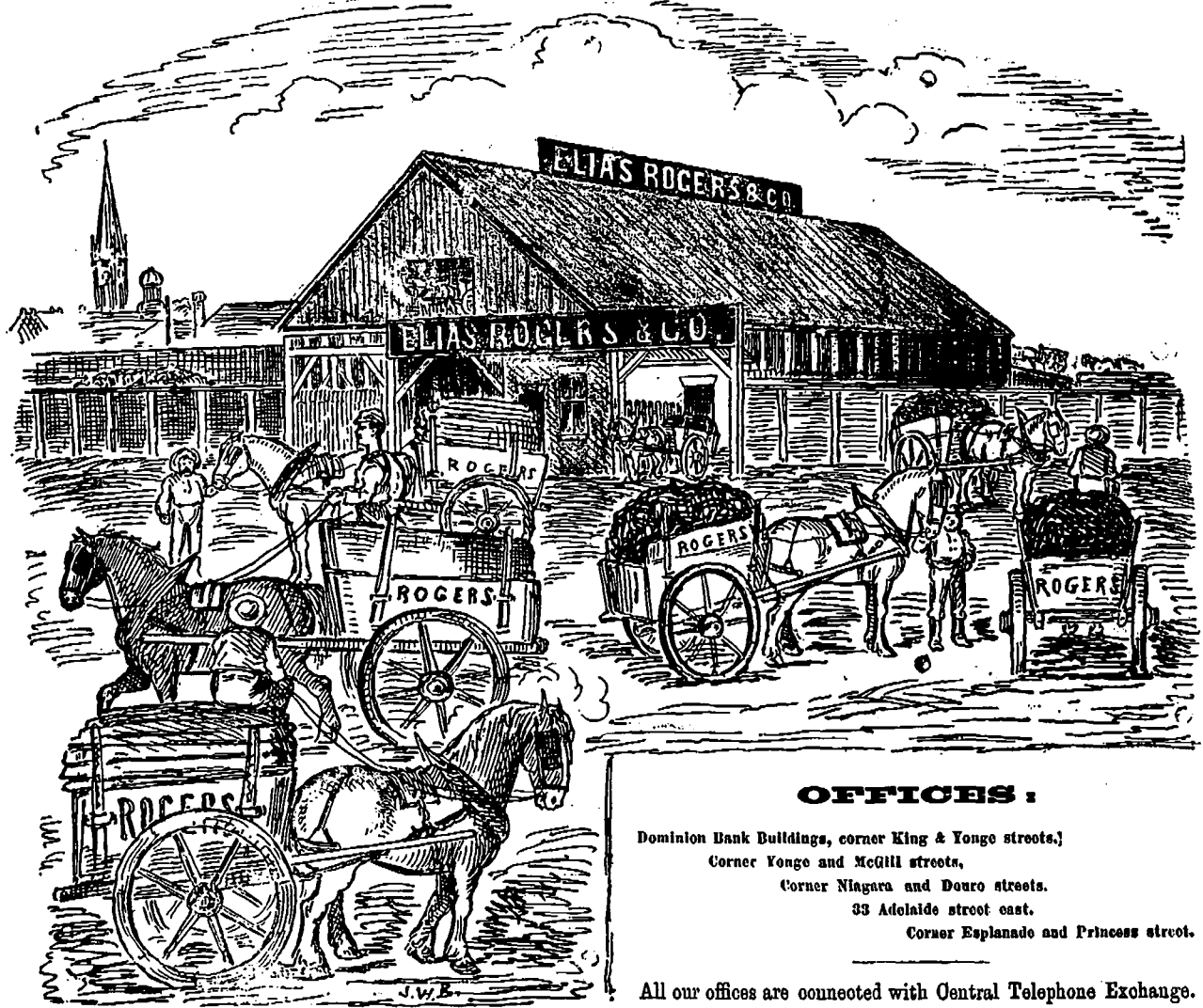
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