

SMOKE [CABLE EL PADRE] CIGARS

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

The Greatest Beast is the Ass.
The Greatest Fish is the Quete.
The Greatest Men & the Fool.

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

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GOLDWIN REFUSES TO GO FURTHER.

G. SMITH.—YOU'RE GOING BEYOND YOUR DEPTH, TILLEY! DON'T SAY I ENCOURAGED YOU TO GO SO FAR!
(See Goldwin Smith's Letter to "Fall Mall Gazette.")

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BRUCE THE PHOTO
1ST GENT—What find I here
Fair Fortia'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 Street West.

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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.

NOTICE.

Our attention is called to the figures given in
Rowell's Newspaper Directory representing the
circulation of GRIP as 2,000 weekly. We beg to
state that this estimate was furnished to Rowell
two years ago, since which time our weekly
circulation has increased to between 7,000 and
10,000, with an average weekly increase of about
100, and the paper is perused by fully 50,000
readers every week. Intending advertisers will
do well to take notice of these facts.

TO CORRESPONDENTS, WOULD-BE- CONTRIBUTORS, &c.

MARY ANNE, Port Cobourg. You are both
wrong, for the flea does not, as you think, get
its name from the fact that it 'flees' away so
quickly, nor is Louisa any nearer the mark
when she says the word 'fleet' is the deri-
vation of the name. You were wrong to bet,
but as neither of you were right, we will put
you so, in order that you may know in future.
The word 'flea' has a strictly classical deri-
vation and comes from the Latin word 'fleo,'
I weep, and the insect is called what it is
because a person feels inclined to weep with
vexation when he jabs his finger on the spot
where the flea was.

JAMES LINDSAY, Gananoque. Thanks very
much for your contribution: We had heard of
the Dude but had not, till beholding your
M.S., seen anything written about him. Now
you have set the ball rolling, probably some of
the papers will get on to the Dude, and we
shall see lots about it. Your article shall be
published—in our 1889 Christmas Number,—
so keep your eye open, and tell your friends
it is accepted.

LIEUT. O'TOOLE, Kingston. Is that the
best you can do?

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—One of the very best
things done by Parliament during the Session
just ended was the voting of an appropriation
for a painting of the Founders of Confederation.
This was a good act in itself, and made
still better by the selection of a Canadian
artist—Mr. Robert Harris—to execute the
commission. Knowing Mr. Harris' ability,

we confidently look for a splendid picture,
and no doubt one of the leading figures in the
foreground will be that of Sir John A. Mac-
donald. This distinguished gentleman cer-
tainly was one of the Fathers of the Union,
but he has apparently forgotten that the basis
of that union was the principle of Provincial
Self Government—Local control over Local
affairs. During the Session just closed several
measures have been carried by the Govern-
ment which undoubtedly interfere with the
unquestionable rights of the Provinces.
Amongst these measures may be named the
License Act and the amendment to the Rail-
way Act. The time seems rather inoppor-
tune, therefore, for Sir John to pose for Mr.
Harris.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Goldwin Smith has deli-
ghted the Grits by writing a letter to the
Pull Mall Gazette, in which he declares
against the Protectionist tendency of Sir. S.
L. Tilley. A while ago he delighted the
Tories by a brilliant support of the N.P. He
explains the apparent inconsistency by saying
that the N.P. was announced as a measure
the one object of which was to equalize
revenue and expenditure. That object has
been more than accomplished, and a further
increase of the tariff is therefore Protection-
ism, which G. S. (a member of the Cobden
Club) cannot approve.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Norquay proposes to
ask his brother Provincial Premiers to meet
him and talk over their troubles, and if pos-
sible arrive at some clear understanding of
the B.N.A. Act, which defines the rights of
the provinces. Such a meeting would be un-
necessary if the representatives of the various
provinces in the Commons had as much
patriotism as the Quebec members display.
Whenever the Federal Government (be it Grit
or Tory) threatens the rights of Quebec,
Blens and Rouges join hands and protest. The
members from the other provinces are a par-
cel of cowards who never think for one
moment of merging party interests in the
larger interest of their native Province.



The Standard Opera Company of New York
are at the Pavilion. They gave "Pinafore"
on Wednesday night, and the actor who said
"Hardly ever!" was not assaulted by an in-
furiated mob. Mr. Thompson is making
liberal preparations for a summer season at
the Gardens.

Mr. Sheppard's benefit on Wednesday night
was a bumper, as was anticipated when the
cast of characters was announced. "The
Ticket-of-Leave man" was splendidly done,
with Billy Florence in the leading role. The
Grand will close for the season after next
week's performance.



"Decayed Pumpkin," is rapidly superseding
"Smashed Strawberry," as a fashionable color,
"Sat-upon Cranberry" and "Wilted Spinach,"
are also said to be claimants for public favor.

Now the young man leads his lass
Where their footsteps shall not pass
The ice-cream and the lemonade saloon,
For the songsters of the air,
And the flowers everywhere,
Proclaim the month as bright and leafy June.

There is only one objection that we can
possibly see to the executions of the Phoenix
Park murderers, and that is, that, from their
large number, the crop of "dull thuds" in
the papers will be too terrific for the imagina-
tion to properly realize.

"There is an enormous deficit in the accounts
of the late Mr. Makoff, Russian Minister of
the Interior."—*Ex. Well*, we should think so.
A man with a name like that would never be
placed in a position in which he could handle
other people's money in Canada. Wonder
how much he *did* Makoff with, anyhow.

"Mamma, pray let me, if you can,
Become a godly clergyman
To steer the sinners' steps away
From quicksands whither they might stray."
"My dear, I'd rather that you should
Become a rich man if you could;
So get insured to blows and knocks,
Go forth, my son, and learn to box."

"Dr. Martin and family, of Allentown, Pa.,
are suffering greatly from metallic poisoning,
caused by eating ice-cream last night."—*Ameri-
can Ex.* We do not give this as a piece of
news, but in order that young men may paste
it in their hats to be used when occasion re-
quires. It may save them from a very heavy
ice-cream bill. Understand?

If it be true that every time a man takes a
drink (cheering and inebriating understood)
he puts a nail in his coffin, we can't quite see
how some gentlemen, when they are put into
their little boxes at the end of a lengthy life,
are going to be carried from the house to the
hearse to attend "the last sad rites."—
(*Hamilton Times*.) Nothing but a derrick will
be able to lift 'em.

Will some one of our co-tenns, please rise
and explain why that joke "It is tempus fu-
git were here" has not yet made its appear-
ance? It is due, and in former years, has
been promptly on time, but it seems to have
dropped out this season, somehow. But
whether the joke comes or not it is safe to con-
clude that the "fugit" will. We adore
classical jokes and yearned to clasp this one to
our bosom as an old friend, but we suppose we
must put up with its loss, and another vac-
ancy is made in our list of old acquaintances.

"In the words of Gilbert's *Lord Chancellor*,
this august body 'did nothing in particular
and did it very well.'"—*Qu. corr. Hamilton
Times*. Strange how liable a man is to be
mistaken. Now we could have sworn that
Lord Mount Ararat made use of the above
words, and we fancy W. S. Gilbert himself
intended them to come into that nobleman's
long, but the *Times* says the *Lord Chancellor*,
and the *Lord Chancellor* it must be. The

same authority once assured the public that the *King* in "Patience," did something or other, and up till that moment we had labored under the illusion that there was no King in "Patience," but we are ever pleased to be set right, though it is not always pleasant to be rudely disillusioned, for, as the *Pirate King* says in "Pinafore,"—or is it *Shylock* in "She stoops to Conquer,"?—"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." There's a chance for some paragrapher to say how happy we ought to be.

It is not often that we venture to interfere with the fashions, but we feel that the time has arrived when our powerful influence should be exerted to do away with a piece of absurdity in men's dress that has long jarred upon our feelings. We want those two buttons on the back of masculine coats to be done away with. Why should we keep them there now that their occupation is gone: they no longer button back the long flaps of the coat as they did in the days of the ancestors of us and the other swells, and which was one of the reasons of their being placed where they appear; nor do they assist in keeping up the sword belt, as that article has been handed over to militiamen and peelers, and our rapier hangs rusting on the walls of our ancestral 'alls at 'ome—(luckily for Freddie G.—and others who venture to offend us moulders of public opinion), so that plea cannot be urged for them. Tailors tell us that these two buttons are where they are "to mark the waist." This alone should be sufficient to condemn their presence. We, individually, are marching on with the slow, measured step of a Corporation laborer, to that time of life when the waist needs not to be buttonically marked: It is too visible, or rather it is gradually becoming invisible, but whichever way it is, we want no buttons to mark the change which is softly stealing o'er our line of beauty. Let us, then, unite and do away with the two useless rear buttons: Our powerful aid will ever be found on the side of right, and these two buttons must go: Ours have gone already, accidentally, and we can't match those on the rest of our garment, but this has no influence on us in writing this death-knell of the two buttons.



THE CZAR'S SURPRISE PARTY.

ALEX III.—Well I declare! It's almost too good to believe. I've actually got my crown, and blest if my head isn't here too!

FALSE EMILY FEATHERSTONEHAUGH.

I sing of the beautiful, beautiful hair
Of Emily Featherstonehaugh;
So blonde, oh! so blonde and consummately fair.
As a Scotchman would say, 'muckle braw.'

It was white, it was bright, it was quite a light sight
Was that exquisite, exquisite hair;
And it made me feel utter and utterly quite
As it streamed in the bonny sea-air.

For I and sweet Emily Featherstonehaugh
Had met at a watering place;
And before I knew how, she immediately saw
I was 'gone' on her beautiful face.

She walked on the cliffs where the salty sea breeze
Blew her beautiful tresses about;
And I felt just as though I could plump on my knees
As they streamed on the soft zephyrs out.

We soon got acquainted, I loved at first glance,
I was slain by that beautiful hair;
And I said to myself, 'It is surely a chance
If the angels have locks much more fair.'

For oh! they were rapturous, rapturous, rapt—
Urous, nothing I'd ever beheld
Had seemed so completely and utterly capt—
Urous—how my poor bosomy swelled.

And ah! how ecstatic, when first on my ear
Came the tones of fair Emily's voice;
Like the strains of a harp from the heavenly sphere
It fell and it bade me rejoice,

For I heard in those tones a thrillic of love,
A sensuous half-hidden sound;
It was faint like the echo of coo of a dove,
But its tone there was no getting round.

So in haste I embraced her fair waist, oh! so chaste,
And I gazed in her eyes and saw—Love;
'They were diamonds bright, not the luscious taste of paste,
And I vowed by the heavens above

To love her for ever; but ah! 'twas that hair
'That was really her charmingest charm,
How it shone as I touched it as much as I dare;
'Twas a poem—an epic—a psalm.

One day as we went—it was blowing quite hard—
And walked on the sands by the sea,
Something happened which altered the thoughts of your
bard,
A d divided false Em'ly and me.

An envious sea-breeze came sweeping along
O'er the sands, unprotected and flat,
And it lifted, as quick as I'm singing this song,
Miss Emily's Gainsborough hat.

That was not the worst, for it lifted her hat,
And it also uplifted her hair!
And left her before me a woman like



THAT,
As a billiard ball hairless and bare.

Oh! woe for fair Emily Featherstonehaugh,
I thought her a girl of nineteen,
But by Jingo! the figure was full fifty-four
Or fifty and sixty between.

And I fled as I sped with a dread from that head.
O'er the scene now the curtain I'll draw,
For the whole of this terrible ballad I've said
Of the hair of E. Featherstonehaugh.

POLLIWOG ONCE MORE ON THE SCENE.

"My dear Polliwog," I said, as that individual entered my office one afternoon quite recently, after an absence of several weeks, "where have you been this age? why it must be five weeks since I saw you, and I thought you'd gone and made away with yourself on account of Miss Highs—"

"Stay," he said, interrupting me with a warning gesture, "I didn't come to speak of her and she is nothing to me now, I came to tell you of a most laughable incident—"

"Not about St. Judas' Church," I said, interrupting him in my turn, "because if it is I won't hear it."

"No, it is not about St. Judas': nothing ever happens there now since Mr. Jinks went away," answered Polliwog, "It is about something I saw on the street, and it amused me so much that I thought I'd come and tell you." "Well, let's have it by all means, if it's nothing that will shock my sense of propriety," I said.

"Shock nothing," answered the St. Judas' tenor, "but the way of it was this, a girl, a nurse girl, you know, was standing talking earnestly to a young chap evidently her 'feller,' (beastly word, isn't it?) a perambulator containing a child, of which she was the guardian—sad misnomer as it turned out—stood on the sidewalk close to the conversing pair, but by a slight incline of the boards it was gradually working itself away to some little distance from the 'lovers.' So earnest were they in their sweet talk that the girl never noticed that her charge was getting away from her, and the young fellow never noticed it either. Well, along comes a solemn, s. date person, evidently a clergyman—"

"There now, I broke in, "I knew a clergyman would be brought on the scene—but go on—"

"Don't interrupt me then, or by Jingo, I won't tell you anything; however, this old buffer was walking along deeply lost in thought and oblivious of all surroundings, and as he came up to where the perambulator stood with its infant occupant sweet y sleeping as only you and I and infants can sleep,—I might say something about a case of 'kidnapping' but I won't as I see you have a particularly heavy inkstand at hand, so I'll continue—somehow or other, he put out his hand, took hold of the handle of the vehicle, and proceeded gravely along, head down and wheeling the carriage before him. People seemed rather surprised at seeing a parson wheeling a baby carriage along the street, for though of course, the clergy sometimes have children, they generally take precious good care to let their nurses look after them, and that's how so many clergy-men's sons turn out bad—"

"Come now, Polliwog, that's a libel and not true: I'm a minister's son myself," I said.

"I know it," replied the unabashed Polliwog, "and so am I, but we're the exceptions, so do let me get on. As I was saying, on went the old fellow, lost in thought, people turning and staring, and the pair of lovers some half dozen blocks astern equally oblivious to all external matters except their own two selves, the girl never remembering the beautiful words of Shakespeare

"A charge to keep I have—"

"Oh! for goodness sake, Polliwog," I said, "if you must quote, quote correctly. Shakespeare never wrote that. You've 'just enough of learning to misquote'—Byron,—as the *Mail* man would say, but go on."

"Things were in the state I have just described, when, as if some magnetic influence had passed through the air, the old fellow with the perambulator roused from his trance, and the nurse girl, happening to look round, missed the buggy and its contents. In the distance she beheld a man in black with her

precious charge in his possession. She gave a scream and flew along at a terrific rate, shouting to a policeman, "Stop that there feller, he's stole my babby."

The policeman, seeing nothing more formidable than an elderly clergyman and a baby to arrest, condescended to join in the chase, and came up with the child stealer just as he was gazing at the perambulator and muttering, "Where ever *did* this come from; what am I doing with it?" You never saw so surprised a man in your life, but he was still more so when the girl came rushing up breathless, saying, "That's him, mister, —to the policeman, 'take him into custard pie at once.' 'Wot wos you doin' along o' that kid, mister?" said the myrmidon of the law to the astonished parson, "I must arrest you for deducting of that child. The by-laws says—'Pray what is the matter?' asked the poor parson, "I am innocent of aught intentionally criminal. I know not how this child came into my possession; I willingly return it to this young maiden if it be hers." Several bystanders, who had by this time collected, burst into a laugh at the old fellow's apparently paradoxical speech, but seemed on the whole to be inclined to take his part."

"How long is this yarn going to last, Polliwog?" I enquired, "Oh! I'm just about through. A respectable fellow in the crowd now stepped forward and enquired what was up and the policeman having informed him that 'this 'ere bloke was charged with stealing a kid,' he said 'Oh! impossible. I know him well: this is the Rev. Dr. Bombazine, and he has about two dozen children of his own: He would, I am sure, rather give one away than add to the number.'

"Oh! well," said the girl, now somewhat pacified, and being recovered from her fright, "I suppose you'd better let him go, Per'ceeman, but it don't do for old gents to be a taking off of peoples' children per-niskerous." The end of it all was, the policeman seeing a crowd collecting and fancying there might be a row, walked off, the nurse girl took her lost-and-found in tow, the crowd dispersed, and poor old Dr. Bombazine departed with the friend who had rescued him from such a scrape."

"Of course," I said, "The doctor, in fact you mentioned it at first, was clerically clad in sombre garments; not that I want to make out that that alone should save a man from suspicion."

"Yes, he was togged out in the blackest and most respectable suit I ever saw, and that I should think ought to have placed him—"
"Say no more, Polliwog; I think the whole thing looks like a case of attempted blackmail."

Polliwog can stand most things, but this overcame him completely, and when he recovered he walked away without even as much as his usual 'fra-la.'

SERVANT-GALISM.

Servants are pretty scarce articles just now, and a good one is a rarity.

The following was related to the writer as a fact:

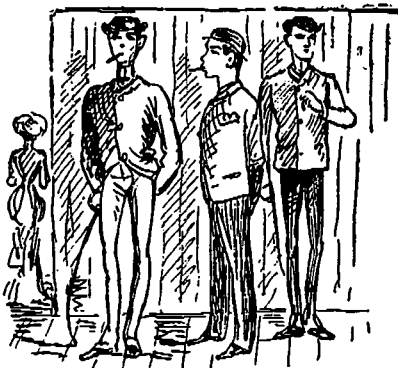
A young mother in this city who was very busy one morning, went with her five months old olive branch to a recently imported specimen of the genus maid-servant, and here is the conversation.

Lady. Will you, please, take baby for a little while, Susan?

Susan. Indeed no Mum, which I could'nt. I don't mind superintendin' of the cookin' and cleanin' hup, but I draws the line at horf-spring.

De twilight is de smile ob nature; de sunshine is de laugh.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

THREE LOAFERS, WHO TACKLED THE WRONG MAN.



Three youths stood leaning against a fence, They were long in the ears but short of sense, And they said "Haw, haw," and "that's immense,"
As the folks went passing by:
They chaffed the girls whom they never knew,
To some they'd say "Dear, how d'ye do?"
To others, "Good evening unto you,"
And every one they'd guy.

They ogled the girls and they chaffed such men
As they thought not able to tackle them then,
They were frisky as hogsles just out of their pen,
And they laughed with a loud hee-haw
When youths of a rustic aspect passed,
And looks of scorn on such men they cast,
For they prided themselves on being 'fast,'
And far from 'green' or 'raw.'

They insulted ladies who'd escorts none,
They smirked at misses and thought it fun,
And they'd say, "Boys, this one takes the bun,"
When anything nice went by.
Any man who passed by rich they'd dare
To quiz with a humor so rich and rare,
They were three to one, so they didn't care,
And that was the reason why.

So there they stood, three hobbadehavs,
With their asinine yawps and their idiot noise,
Each said to himself, "I am one of the boys,"
When along came a lonely man;
He was big, he was tall, but he said not a word
As their very insulting remarks he heard,
But he just stood still and he scarcely stirred,
And he said "I think I'll tan

You chaps; you are young, but you need to be taught,
And—yes, I must lick you—I certainly ought,"
And just like a flash, and quicker than thought,
He let out a blow from the shoulder,
He let out another,—another one yet,
Each blow hit a youth, and he'll never forget
The strength of the blow that the stranger 'let'
Should he live to be fifty years older.



One youth bounced rods o'er the fence behind,
Another one flew like a straw in the wind,
The remains of the third one none can find,
For he shot through the air like a rocket.
"Now, that is the way," said the stranger man,
"I like to do good whensoever I can."
And behold, "Mr. J. L. Sulli-van"
Was the name on a card in his pocket.

A STREET CAR INCIDENT.

THE TWO DUDES.

If people only keep their eyes open they would see lots to amuse them, even during the brief space of time occupied by an ordinary street car ride.

Here is an incident.

Street car is proceeding along say Yonge street. Amongst the passengers *inside* are a stout old lady with a butter basket full of eggs in her lap, and a dude dressed to out dude dudes; trowers of a most delicate prinrose, velvet coat, and all the etcetera of an immaculate dude. *Outside* on the platform and leaning or sitting on the rail, is another dude smoking a cigarette. In rear of the street car is a butcher's wagon, driven by a boy lost in contemplation of the surrounding beauties, and oblivious of dudes or anything else. It is to be hoped that all this is perfectly plain.

Dude No. 1, inside, wants to get out, pulls string, rises and makes for the rear door. Just then the car stops, butcher's horse's head comes slap up against Dude No. 2's back, pitches him violently against Dude No. 1, who in his turn is precipitated with his coat tails and all thoreto appertaining, into market woman's basket of eggs.

The Dude's ambition is complete.
He has made his mash.

HIT HIM.

OLD GENTLEMAN (to wood-dealer)—Mr. Sullivan, I find, on measuring up that twenty cords of wood I ordered, that there are only nineteen. I always took you for an honest man; now, how do you account for it?

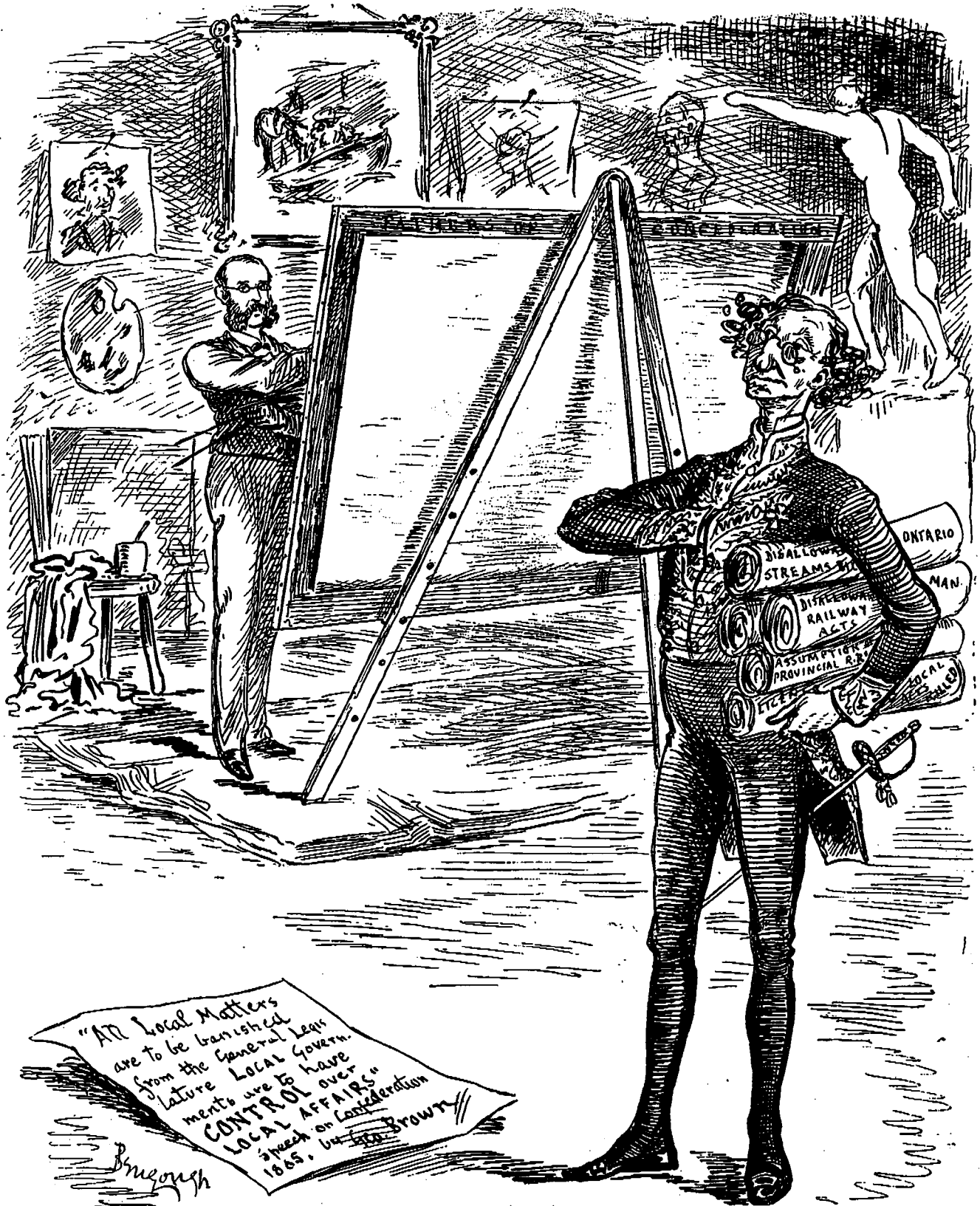
DEALER.—Don't know, sir. It was all there when it left the yard. Can't have gone astray in any way.

OLD G.—Dropped out on the road, probably. Well, I suppose there's no help for it, so we'll just speak of it as Sullivan's Lost Cord.



IRATE TEMPERANCE PARTY.—Poster, how comes it that you voted for this vile clause of the License Act, and you a prohibitionist?

PROF. FOSTER.—True, I'm a prohibitionist, but I'm not a bigoted one!



"All Local Matters
are to be banished
from the General Legi-
slature Local Govern-
ments are to have
CONTROL over
LOCAL AFFAIRS"
Speech on Confederation
1865. by Sir John Brown

THE POSING STATESMAN.

SIR JOHN, AT THE END OF A SESSION NOTABLE FOR MEASURES CONCEIVED AND CARRIED OUT IN THE SPIRIT OF THE BRITISH NORTH AMERICA ACT—PROVINCIAL CONTROL OVER PROVINCIAL AFFAIRS—POSES FOR HIS PLACE IN HARRIS' GREAT PICTURE OF THE "FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION."



"So the world wags."

I clip this from the Montreal Witness, in the "Readable Paragraphs" column of which paper many a good thing appears. The little story below will be appreciated (or otherwise) by those members of the artistic, literary and dramatic professions who seem to imagine that it is necessary to affect some particularly 'bizarro' and 'outré' style of dress in order to impress upon beholders the fact that they are not as other mortals.

WHERE THE IDEAS CAME FROM.

A good story is told about the late Herr Wagner and Alexander Dumas, pere. Wagner, it is known, was in the habit of dressing in an eccentric fashion, and put on special garments to compose in. This seemed folly to the French novelist, who permitted himself to be irritated by what he deemed a preposterous piece of affectation. When Wagner called one day, he was kept waiting for half an hour in an anteroom. Then the author of the *Trois Mousquetaires* marched in superbly attired in a plumed helmet, a cork life-belt and a flowered dressing-gown. "Excuse me for appearing in my working-dress," he said majestically. "Half my ideas are lodged in this helmet, and the other half in a pair of jack-boots which I put on to compose love scenes."

* *

Just at this season of the year the lot of every householder is not a happy one. I know just how it is, and as I take my walks abroad and behold the upside-down appearance of usually orderly domiciles, I know what is the matter. Of course every paper on this boundless continent of ours has had or will have its little witticism anent "Housecleaning;" why should not I, then, also tell my little anecdote? I found it in a paper. It was not originated by that paper, I know, but I confess I do not know where it did originate. I make this explanation so that I may have an excuse for giving it without due credit, as I would not for worlds have it supposed that I would pass off as my own what rightfully belongs to another. However this is the yarn, brief and pointed:

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

"You seem in a bad fix," said a philanthropist to a man sitting on the curb-stone looking much depressed in spirits.

"Not so awful bad as I might be," was the reply.

"Have you no home?"

"Oh, yes, I've got one."

"Why don't you go there then?"

"Because I don't want to."

"But you should, for the poet says, 'be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.'"

"And right the poet was too. I was at home not an hour ago, and the house was turned upside down, all the beds out of the windows, and the furniture in the corners, and my wife with a dish rag around her head, and the children so dusty you couldn't clean 'em with a feather brush, and the hired girls raising Sam Hill, and four niggers beating

carpets, and the paperhangers at work, and a window cleaner with a hose turned on, and no dinner and no prospect of any, and the duce to pay generally—oh, you and the poet are shoutin', and you're mighty right too, there's no place like home."

* *

I don't profess to be a temperance lecturer, nor, I believe, does this profess to be a temperance paper, but a humorous one, though I know GRIP believes, as every right thinking bird should, in temperance; so I see no harm in introducing the following excellent poem from a very valuable and much appreciated exchange, and trust that none of GRIP's temperance friends will be offended.

THE DEATH OF PONCE DE LEON.

[MSS. found in a bottle at Green Cove Springs, Florida, and believed to refer to the Iowa Prohibition Law.]

This is to tell you the end of a gay and adventurous Spaniard,
Leon his patronymic, Ponce his given name;
Great on plum-duff or a handspike, immense on a lar-board lanyard,
Soldier of the Church and the Cross, of Spain and fortune and fame.

Seeking the Fountain of Youth, he sailed from sacred San Jago.

Such was his innocence holy, he lay his course for the States;

Meaning to trade with the natives, he brought an assorted cargo—

Rosaries, relics and rum—regardless of revenue rates.
Ponce, was a green young cove, prey to the land speculators;

This is the fountain he found—called after him, "Green Cove Springs."

Bunco-steered by land-agents, bugs, beetles and State legislators,
Florida runners, Virginia creepers and other things.

A fellow of temper even,

And pleasant address as well,

Helping a friend into heaven,

A mere acquaintance to—well

He bottled the waters of youth,

Taught savages goodness and truth,

Imported the light of the Cross,

Exported—a doubloon the gross—

The water of Life. Of evil

He'd none. If he slew, at the worst,

When consigning his foes to the devil,

He always absolved them first.

ii.

Our hope had been dazzled and dashed, and little left behind it;

Years had waxed and waned since we left St. Jago's shrine.

Still we searched for the fountain, but hanged if we could find it.

Weak grew our great Captain for want of the immortal wine.

The Bottling Company (limited) stock still lower was quoted;

The gentle savage no longer took guaranteed scrip for sand.

We tried a collateral trust, but that mortgage could not be floated.

Wearier, hungrier, thirstier grew our little band;

Shaky the great speculation, savage the royal humor—

Even Ponce de Leon's hopes began to sink.

We thought the fountain a fable—a mere room-trader's rumor—

When at last we reached this longed-for fountain's brink.

And I said to him: "Ponce," says I—

As we sat on the golden shore,

And he asked me to drink it: "why,

"This is water, nothing more!"

And he says to me: "What!" says he:

"The fountain immortal can be

Only water? Leftenant, you lie!"

And I says to him: "Take it and try!"

And a Seminole maiden brought a

Bumper to him in his hat:

And he said to me: "Yes, it is water,

And very bad water at that!"

iii.

One by one the soldiers took the cup and passed it

Onward, each to each, and set it down untried.

Knowing it by the smell, they did not seek to taste it:

And the Captain, speaking, called me to his side.

"Tell the King to the ground has come the great under-

taking;

All the Springs we've struck are water—nothing more.

Bugs infest 'em and snakes, their thirst uncultured slak-

ing;

Lying thick on their brinks is the barbarous alligator.

Nothing is left us to drink, nor eau-de-vie nor whiskey.

In this land the mint and julep flower no more."

So great Ponce de Leon, far from his own sweet Biscay,

Felt my answer pierce and cleave him to the core.

And he bowed down his hopeless head

In the drift of the world's tide,

And dying, "It is water," he said:

"It is water!" He said it—and died.

And when the maiden brought up

To us the insipid cup,

We answered in one breath:

"Remove it; bring us death!"

When Ponce raised his high, sad head

Once more, no soldier replied;

Then dying, "Thou hast conquered," he said:

"Prohibition!" He said it—and died.

—Life.

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.

An exchange sadly wonders that no one asks whether a man may marry his deceased wife's mother.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—little liver pills (sugar-coated)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, and bowels. By druggists.

A New York paper says the Brooklyn bridge is to be "opened with eclat." If any person thought it was to be opened with an oyster knife or a crowbar, they will now see their error.—*Norristown Herald*.

Mulcahy says the statement that John Roach's ship is the first iron vessel launched in America is a mistake, as Mrs. Mulcahy frequently launches iron vessels at him.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

"Queen Victoria has bestowed the title of baronet upon sixteen doctors." The only wonder is that she did not give them the title of bayonets, or something else in the deadly weapon line.—*Peck's Sun*.

One of the most sanguinary puns of the season was perpetrated by the *Boston Bulletin*, as follows: "A blooded horse is of course a good gore." After such an effort as this life appears much brighter.—*New York Advertiser*.

"Say, Bizzy," said the office boy to the keeper of the chips, "why were the antediluvian oysters bad?"

"Give it up, dear boy."
"Because it was the time of No-ah."—*N. Y. Life*.

Literally translated: Guibollard has read in a journal scientific, that we are coming to construct at the Estranger a telescope re-approaching the moon at 32 leagues of our globe. "The imprudents!" he cries himself with terror; they will so much do that they will make her fall upon we."

An Indiana clergyman rode a distance of six miles to marry a couple. As he was starting for home a coin was given him. When he got home he looked at it, and it was an old-fashioned copper cent. The next morning the groom appeared at his door, and, having explained with considerable embarrassment how the annoying mistake had been made, took back the cent and handed the clergyman a quarter.

A contemporary thought to get its composition done more cheaply. This is the sort of apology offered the next day: For "jugs of worthless spirits frozen" read "joys like viewless spirits flown." For "potatoes of Europe" read "potontates of Europe." For "ever-falling remedy" read "never-falling remedy." For "infernal state of nature" read "internal state of nature." For "died of the turtle" read "dined off the turtle." For "Ruffians" read "Russians." For "matter of heresy" read "matter of hearsay." For "delicious girl" read "delirious girl." For "found dead with a long word in his mouth" read "found dead with a long sword in his mouth." For "fond of his bottle" read "famous in battle." For "hen which croweth" read "hour which cometh."

WEATHER PROBS.

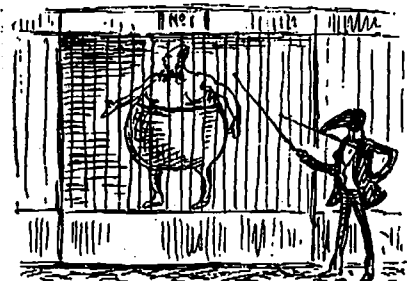
Old B., a notorious old bore and nuisance, meets Buckie, a busy, go-ahead fellow, who can't bear a bore. (joke. *Punch*. bear, bore; a bear, an animal, a boar, another. To bear: p.p. bore!!) The former hails the latter and says, (this happened during the cold weather last week) "You're well posted in weather probabilities, Buckie, when are we going to have some warmth?"

BUCKIE: When we die, I guess. (Hurries on and Old B. gasps.)

GRIP'S ZOO.

The public will be gratified to hear that Mr. GRIP, stimulated by the astonishing success of Harry Piper's Zoo, has resolved to start a collection of strange animals on his own account, and has already procured several rare and almost unheard-of curiosities, which are now on exhibition. As this is an advertisement for the Great Grand Agglomeration and Only Mastodontic Unparalleled Show of its kind on Earth, we will place it in advertisement shape and begin, as follows:

Here you are, gentlemen, Cage No. 1. Stir him up, there, Jim, and let the folks see him. This is a Merchant who made an immense fortune and never advertised in his life. Queer looking animal, isn't he?



Come on, now, to Cage No. 2. Here we have a Masher who is a whole-souled, high-spirited gentleman. Very rare, and procured at immense expense.



Cage No. 3. A young Lady that lets her mother do all the work at home whilst she herself gads about the street in gorgeous raiment, and like a lily that neither toils nor spins. Nothing strange about that, but this one hasn't got a hole in the heel of her stocking, and is a most remarkable curiosity.



Cage No. 4. Fashionable Young Woman who never looked at the bonnets of others in church. A choice and unique specimen.



Cage No. 5. Another Lady. This one is often to be seen driving along the street, but, almost incredible as it may appear, she attends to her Jehuism and does not let her horse wander whithersoever his own sweet will inclines, to the imminent danger of everything that may be on the road, whilst she herself stares to right and left to see who is looking at her and admiring what she has on.



Cage No. 6. This is a Bank Cashier, who never wished he could get a chance to bolt with a few thousands if it could be safely done. Stand up, sir. Nice young fellow, ain't he? and deserving of the greatest credit—and he gets a good deal.



Come along, now, ladies and gentlemen, to Cage No. 7. Here we have a Reporter who has been such for five weeks, gentlemen, five whole weeks, and yet has not commenced to



put a small cross for a period, either in his 'copy' or when writing letters to his friends, nor has he been known to use the words 'newspaper man' more than seven times. It was not believed to be possible to procure such a rarity, but so great is our enterprise, zeal, and desire to please, that we caught this one and caged him, and here he is.

Our space will not permit further description at present, but next week, ladies and gentlemen, the list will be continued, for we have several Surprising, Entertaining, Ornithorhyncian and Hitherto Unheard-of Curiosities which will not only amuse but instruct you. GRIP-SACK for 1883 will ere long be on sale at the door, and its price, 25 cents, 25 cents only, pays also for admission.

Come one, come all.

Moral! Instructive!! Entertaining!!! Pyrotechnic!!!!

GRIP'S FABLES.

FOR ALDERMEN AND THE VERY YOUNG.

There was once a Young Man who Aspired to be taken for a Genius and a Literary Man, but as he had not a great Quantity of the Material that is used in the Manufacture of Geniuses he was at his Wits' End (and it was but a Short, Short Distance for him to go) what to do. So he read in a Book that Charles Dickens got up in the Night and took Long Walks: and he read in another Book that most Geniuses wore their Hair Long, and that Literary Men and Geniuses were usually Eccentric. Eccentric, my Dears, means anything off its Centre or Base. So he let his Hair grow away down to his Shoulders, and he would walk along the Street talking to himself and would assume an Absent or Abstracted Air, and he would say, as he saw the People regarding him, "These People are saying, 'There goes a Genius. See his Long Hair and Seedy Toggery. He must be Ex-cceed-ing-ly Clever.'" And he was Very Happy. And he would get up in the Night and go Roaming around the Streets, saying to himself, "Now I am Charles Dickens, taking a Night Walk. I wish People could see me, but People are not Cats, and cannot see in the Dark." But that was where he made a Gigantic Error, for a Policeman saw him one Dark Night when he was Charles Dickens, and said, "Young Fellow, where have you Broke Out From?" And the young man was Indignant, and replied, "I am a Genius. Do you not see my Long Hair? What do you take me for?" And the Policeman answered, "For one thing I take you for a Crank who has broken loose from some Asylum, and for another thing I take you for my Prisoner, so come along o' me." And the Young Man went along o' him, for the Policeman was very Big and Powerful, and had Pulled in a Tug of War, which is what Policemen are for. And the Genius was shut up in a Cell and charged with being a Vag., and got One Month in Jail, where his Long Hair was cut, and he did not Like it, and when he came out he said, "I will not be Charles Dickens, for I see I have not his Talents, nor will I be Shakespeare, for I cannot write Poetry, and as I am Convinced that I am fit for nothing that requires Genius and Ability, I will go and be a Bank-Clerk." So he went.

MORAL.

Long Hair, Assumed Eccentricity, and Seedy Clothes do not Con-stitute a Genius.

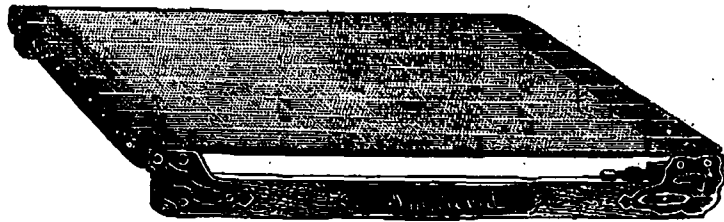
A scientist says it is worry, not work, that kills men. Now we know why journalists die young. It is not the labor of moulding public opinion, but the continual anxiety as to the stability of the banks in which their funds are deposited.—*Philadelphia News*.



ADVICE FROM QUEBEC.

(Probable remarks of the Quebec representative at the forthcoming meeting of Provincial Premiers.)—FEDERAL INTERFERENCE? BAH! THEY VILL NOT MEDDLE IF YOUR BLEUS AND YOUR ROUGES STAND LIKE VON MAN FOR PROVINCIAL RIGHTS, AS OUR MEN DO. ZE FEDERAL CANNOT TOUCH QUEBEC!

SPRING BEDS.



We are now manufacturing the largest line of Spring Mattresses in the Dominion, comprising the Woven Wire (three grades), Spiral Spring and Slat Mattresses, in styles and prices to suit all classes. A trial of our goods will convince that they are what we represent them, and also save you from 40 to 60 per cent. We put no material in our mattresses but the very best that can be had, and give you good value for your money.

For Sale by all Furniture Dealers.

R. THORNE & CO., 11 & 13 Queen St. E., Toronto.

One of the Boston papers, in reporting a lecture on the "corona in total eclipses," set it up the "coroner in total eclipses," and because it got the coroner just where he belonged there was a disposition among the fraternity to make a dead set on the typo.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"Golden Medical Discovery" is not only a sovereign remedy for consumption, but also for consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, influenza, spitting of blood, weak lungs, shortness of breath, and kindred affections of the throat and chest. By druggists.

Lawyer—"You say you made an examination of the premises. What did you find?" Witness—"Oh, nothing of consequence; a beggarly account of empty boxes, as Shakespeare says." Lawyer—"Never mind what Shakespeare says. He will be summoned, and can testify for himself if he knows anything about the case.—*Boston Transcript.*

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

De mos' corrupt men is sometimes de highest. De buzzard sails a heap higher den de partridge.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Since 1863 Dr. J. Rolph Malcolm 357 King Street west, Toronto, has made a specialty of treating bronchitis, catarrh, consumption etc., by the inhalation of vaporized remedies. If unable to call for personal consultation send for book and list at questions.

The Physical Culture Rooms

will be
CLOSED

from the end of May during the summer months.

In the meantime await the publishing of
Cuthbertson's Manual of Health,
Explaining its three conditions, viz., Proper Dieting, Exercise, and Rest, versus the Injury from all Patent Medicines and Stimulants.

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD.

**THE
Domestic Sewing Machine
A. W. BRAIN,**

SOLE AGENT
Also Repairer of all kinds of Sewing Machines. Needles, Parts and Attachments for Sale.
88 Yonge Street, TORONTO.

"Postponed on account of the wether," as the timid city man said when he didn't go through a sheep pasture with a belligerent ram holding the fort.—*Cincinnati Drummer.*



GENTLEMEN,

If you really want Fine Ordered Clothing, try
CHEESEWORTH, "THE" TAILOR,
110 KING STREET WEST: WEST. 110



DR. E. G. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay, and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea, caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse, or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box, or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by **JOHN C. WEST & CO.,** 81 and 83 King Street East (Office upstairs), Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in Canada.

**A. W. SPAULDING,
DENTIST,**

51 King Street East, } TORONTO,
(Nearly opposite Toronto St.)
Uses the utmost care to avoid all unnecessary pain, and to render tedious operations as brief and pleasant as possible. All work registered and warranted.