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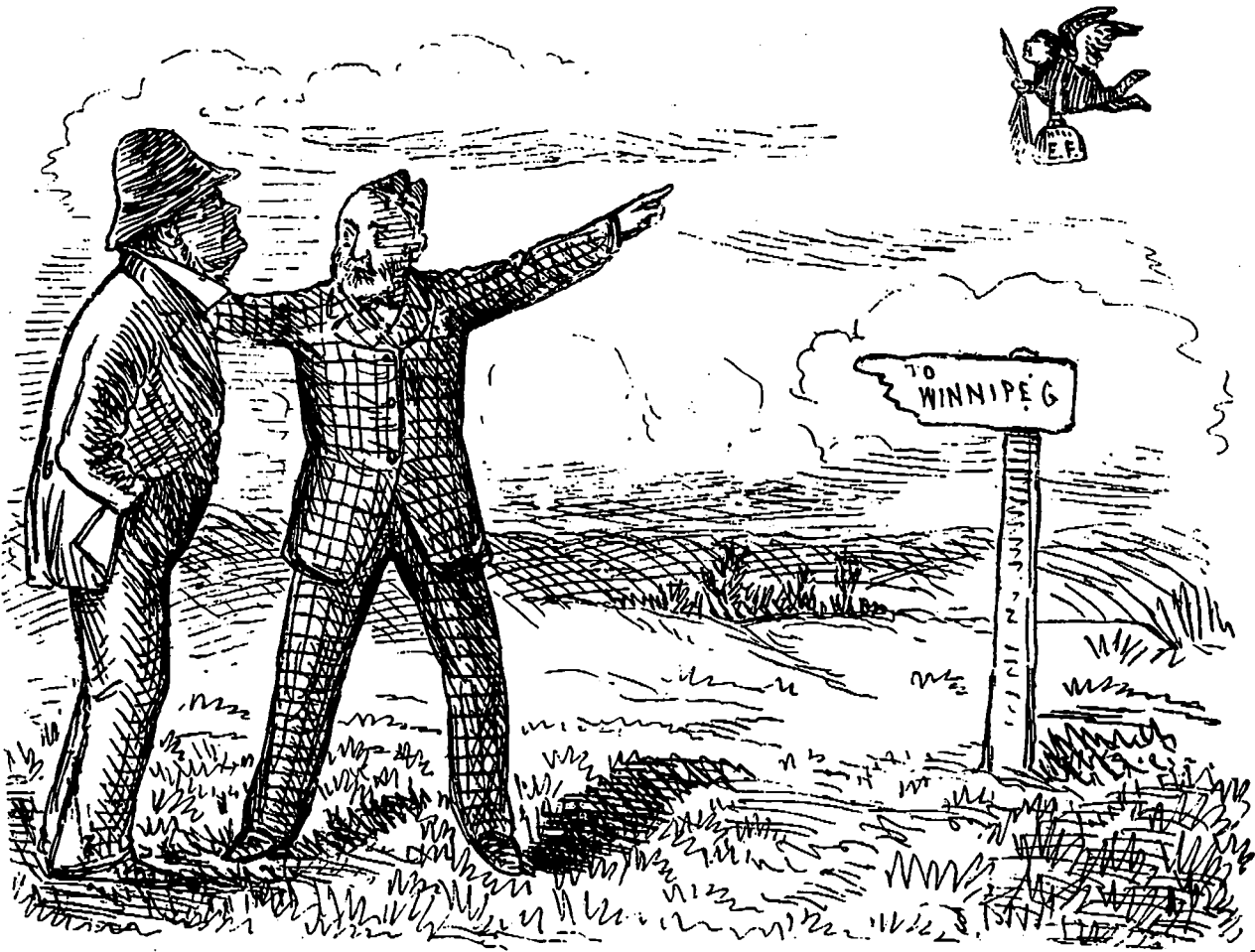


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To Correspondents.

Mr. Grip makes his bow to H. J. W., of Manitoba, and is glad to hear that he "feels it the duty of every patriotic Manitoban to subscribe for a paper which fearlessly sticks up for our rights." It is gratifying to hear that at a late meeting of the Agricultural Society, "a copy of Grip's Temperance Colonization Cartoon claimed half the attention of the members, though a sale of twenty-four thousand dollars worth of property was being discussed." H. J. W., will ere this have discovered that Mr. Grip has made his debut in Manitoba.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—That the Canadian Senator is as entirely superfluous in our governmental machinery as a fifth wheel would be on a coach, is one of the political truisms. The clamor now being raised by certain senators because the speeches made in that chamber are not reported in the press, is only forcing the truism more deeply into the public mind. Considering the work done and the price paid for it, the Senate evidently needs but one thing to make it perfect, and that is immediate abolition.

FIRST PAGE.—The announcement that Mr. Edward Farrar is about to proceed from his New York position to the editorial staff of the *Winnipeg Times*, is regarded as an unmistakable sign that there is something important in the wind. Mr. Farrar is the most brilliant journalist available for the ministerial side, and he usually comes to the front on the eve of a general election.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The case of the Scottish Church Temporalities Fund is doubtless familiar to all our readers. The matter has been referred to the Government, and a Parliamentary Committee is now considering the proposal for a bill to legalize the union committee at present in charge of the funds. This measure is opposed by Rev. Gavin Lang and a few others, who claim that they have a right to the funds as representatives of the "Old Kirk," they having refused to enter the union.

Mr. Grip is an acknowledged patron of Canadian art. He has reason to be so, and he knows it. He loves native genius with his whole soul, and nothing would grieve him more than to see it pining among the backyards of Lombard-street, clothed in the cast-off raiment of an unæsthetic former generation, and trying to sustain nature on a tomato. If such a fate were to overtake Canadian art Mr. Grip would die, he couldn't help it.

And next to the pain that such a fate would occasion Mr. Grip, would be that caused by the sight of Canadian views by foreign artists: "The Banks of the Taddle," by A. Merican. "Tinning's Wharf by Moonlight, Hanlan's in the Distance," by J. A. Pan. Not that Mr. Grip grudges these charming scenes to the Heathen Chinee or any other he, but he doesn't want them to have the first chance. He wants Canada for the Canadians. And so does the Marquis of Lorne!

This explains why the Marquis commissioned "our" Mr. O'Brien to paint "Quebec" for a wedding present for his brother-in-law, Prince Leopold. Truly we have had plenty of "Quebecs," they have been as plentiful as Mr. Pecksniff's views of Salisbury Cathedral,—Sal. Cal. from the east, Sal. Cal. from the west, Sal. Cal. from the N.E., Sal. Cal. from the S.E.—but none of these "Quebecs" were this Quebec. And really we are not sorry. There is positively nothing to regret in the matter. Quebec looks just as charming in Mr. O'Brien's new picture as it did last June, when we saw it from the Grand Trunk Wharf, at Point Levis. But Mr. O'Brien didn't stand on the Grand Trunk Wharf last May when he sketched his present view, he went some distance further down the river. And truly the grand old bluff with its martial crown looks as blunt and bold as ever; civilization nestles under its shadow in conscious security; and on the deep, blue waters of the magnificent St. Lawrence at its feet rides many a gallant ship in assured safety; idly gazing upon its own reflection in the stinging river, or firing holiday salutes, which wake the echoes of the beautiful Beauport Mountains in the distance, thus reminding all good Canadians of "the day we celebrate,"—the Queen's birthday. The fisherman's little craft at anchor in the middle of the stream, the holiday suit of the old marine in the boat, no less than the vigorous puffs of smoke from the lively little steam tug at the wharf, all betoken a holiday; and the bunting so liberally displayed by the shipping, as well as the fairy wreaths that float gently up until they lightly rest upon the brow of the regal hill, all tell of peace and joy. Mr. Grip congratulates Canada on sending a beautiful picture to England, and England on the knowledge she will thus gain, that there are Canadian artists who may rank among her own cherished A. R. A.'s.

Principal Grant, of Queen's, has been doing battle during the last several weeks before the Private Bills Committee of the Ottawa Parliament, in defence of the United Canada Presbyterian Church, against a Lilliputian church of Presbyterians, who refused to enter into the project for union, and now claim a share of the Presbyterian Church property rather out of proportion to their number, which is that of a baker's dozen of ministers, as opposed to many hundreds of the Canada Presbyterian Church. We never approved of a "Benjamin's mess" arrangement of good things which ought to be shared alike all round.

Mr. Grip on Strikes.

Having been requested to give his valuable opinion on strikes at the present striking crisis, Mr. Grip has consulted with the highest authorities on the subject, namely, The Indian Chief located on the Kent Homestead, Yonge-street, and the "people in the steeple," at St. James' Cathedral, St. Lawrence Hall, and Queen-street Fire Hall; and now considers himself sufficiently posted on the subject to deliver himself with his usual authority.

Strikes are good things—if they don't hit you. If they do, look out! they mean something; it is well to ascertain what they mean.

In looking on while other people strike, it is "good form" to keep quiet. Carelessness in this respect is apt to be dangerous, as it is quite possible you may get more than you give, and that not always of a kind you would specially select.

To be effective, strikes should be straight out from the shoulder; and to deliver effectually, the striker should keep his eye on the main point; divergence always misses the mark, and an unsteady outlook is a primary cause of failure. Strike true or do not strike at all.

Always strike for a good cause. The welfare of humanity is a good cause. Humanity means everybody, man and woman. Therefore, strikes that are not made in the interest of humanity are not good strikes, and should be defeated. On second thoughts, Mr. Grip recollects that none but good strikes can succeed. Many strikes that have made a great noise in the world and have seemed to succeed at the time have failed in the long run because they lacked the first element of success—righteousness.

As a last word Mr. Grip may be permitted to say that in his opinion strikes show that there is something wrong somewhere, and Mr. Grip himself is always careful to strike for the right.

Old Friends with New Faces—"Who shall be fairest?"

Who shall be Rector, who be director, who shall be Dean in the Church of St. James?
The fashion's creature, the exquisite preacher, so expert at greeting great folk by grand names?
Or he Ritualistic, with altar lights mystic, the title of Priest who so boastfully claims?
Or he with soul fervent, Heaven's humblest, true servant, the friend that can pity worst sins and worst shames?
To that last, the laymen would gladly say Amen, since they do not think him too young for St. James.
—Lay-I-Cuss.

I pride myself on possessing the true Parisian accent.

On the cars at Richmond was a great, bony French-Canadian. (?)

"Mong amy," said I, in the blandest of tones, "voos avey ici ung bow patry."

"Nay, comprenay"—

"Jay dee, voos avey ung bow patry; tu"—

"If it's a son of Patrick, too, that you are, you mane, sure, why didn't you spake. I'm an Irishman myself, and was born in the beautiful city of Cork."

We fraternized at once, and on parting at Montreal shed many bitter beers.

Literary Notice.

The *Century* for May promises well. Thomas Carlyle, James Russell Lowell, W. D. Howells, Francis H. Burnett, Edward E. Hall, Archibald Forbes are among other valuable contributors. The frontispiece portrait of James Russell Lowell, by Elihu Vedder, is said to be an excellent likeness and one of Kruell's best engravings.

A new idea is that of a Massachusetts manufacturing firm who have recently subscribed for more than three hundred copies of *St. Nicholas* to be sent the children of their employees. The May number of this magazine will have some special features in the way of illustrations.

Our Representative Man.

LETTER I.



Respected Mr. GRIP:—When I received your blessing and started off for Manitoba at your expense, I knew there was a long journey ahead of me, and I had stoically resolved to bear all the stings and arrows of outrageous railway and hotel arrangements without a wince, *a la* Archie Forbes, Dr. Russell, and other distinguished

fellows who set out to represent leading organs of public opinion. Sir, it will delight you to hear that no holiday outing it has ever been my lot to enjoy was more enjoyable from first to last than this ante-dreaded trip. But let me throw it into narrative form for purposes of brevity. I need not dwell at all on the run from Toronto to Detroit. Everybody has been over the Great Western between these points, and knows that it is a matter of smooth running, with all the modern conveniences. But everybody doesn't have the fortune to travel under the benign protection of a conductor so handsome and genial as ours—whose face I transcribe as above from my thumb-nail; nor is it often the lot of the railroad wayfarer to fall in with a news and apple agent whom it is a pleasure to be canvassed by. Such a rarity was our agent, and here you have his picture too. Having crossed the foaming billows of the Detroit in the shapely clipper ship which lies at the dock at Windsor



Railway, whose head-quarters are almost opposite those of the other lion, Mr. C. B.

Lewis ("M. Quad") of the *Free Press*. I found this latter celebrity in his den, hacking away at sundry exchanges with a well-worn



pair of shears. Just as I entered he was (if I mistake not) clipping a splendid thing from the last number of *GRIP*. From the subjoined sketch of this perennial humorist, which I took mentally and worked up afterwards, you will observe that he wears a liver-pad. It is very like Lewis; you might know this from the uncomic expression of countenance—a mark of all genuine "funny" men. His sanctum is a curiosity shop, and contains several skulls besides his own, with a variety of other relics of wars and travels. I dropped in to see the "Chaff" fellows, to give them your regards as requested. Breezee was out of town, but I spent an hour in his elegant little sanctum with "Tarhee," the paragrapher, and Mr. Hull, the live business manager of the paper. At Whitney's Opera House I saw "Youth," and if that play is billed by manager Connor this season, be sure you see it.



A smooth, sleepable ride in an elegant car over a first-class and well-managed line—the Michigan Central—landed me in the city of Chicago on Sunday morning. You have heard about Chicago before, so I will not attempt to describe its rise from nothing a few years ago into a city of half a million inhabitants, and three million cigar shops in the present day. I simply give you a carefully drawn view of State-street, the leading thoroughfare, as above, and pass on, but not before mentioning that I went to hear the redoubtable Prof. Swing, who preaches to a congregation numbering about five thousand every Sunday morning, at the Central Music Hall. His text on the occasion (as revised by himself) was "The gentleman shall inherit the earth." To reach Winnipeg from Chicago you must first go to St. Paul, and in order to reach that point neatly, safely and expeditiously, not to say elegantly, you take a Pullman car on the Chicago and North Western. This road is well known to tourists as the route—*via* its almost innumerable branches—to all the glorious summer resorts of Minnesota and Wisconsin. A notable item in the make-up of our train was the Dining Car, where, on entering at the meal hour, I found



Mr. S. H. Janes, despatching a first-class dinner as pleasantly and expeditiously as he puts through a piece of brokerage business. Of course Mr. J. was going the way of all flesh—to Manitoba. Well, I hope his wildest dreams may be realized, for he's a jolly good fellow—as you all know. We reached St. Paul on time, and there our eyes feasted on the unwonted sight of snow. We also snuffed the sniff of frost, and chuckled with pleasure. Just time for a good "square" meal at the Merchant's, and then all aboard for Winnipeg! We do the meal; we are seated in our Pullman; we are off! Let us take a squint at our fellow passengers, as we soon knew them, for we had't gone a mile before it was a family party, containing—in addition to a few ladies who were too pretty and too nice to sketch—the following choice spirits (aside from genial Janes, above-mentioned):



Mr. Chas. A. Tuttle, whose lap dame Fortune has kindly tilted since the boom commenced, and who deserves every cent he has made, if good-nature and big-heartedness counts for anything. The greenhorns of our party could remain green no longer after the impromptu booming of Killarney, and the mock auction of Skedunk, under the auspices of this lively passenger.



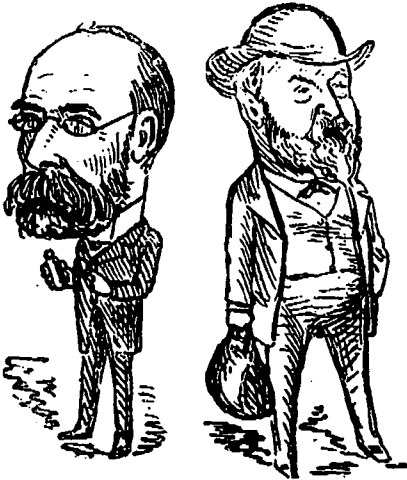
Fred. Seobell, another of the Winnipeg

boom-kings, who contributed all that could reasonably be expected of one man to the happiness of the crowd.



Dr. Fraser, of London, Ont., whose medicine chest was at the disposal of all who felt the need of Peregoric or St. Isaac's Oil; and handsome, hearty "Sam'l" Stone, of St. John, a decided acquisition to the good nature of our "crowd," and as unmistakable an acquisition to the financial ability of Winnipeg. With this

material we defied the railroad authorities to kill us with *emui*. They tried their best, though. By means of a little snow and a large amount of bad management, they kept us on the road between St. Paul and Winnipeg just thirty-three hours longer than their time-table called for. But we got there.



Lady and Mistress.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LORD AND MASTER."

A TORONTO TALE OF THE YEAR OF GRACE 1892.

VOLUME I.

James Ford was a surgeon without practice. In vain did he take a house on Grosvenor Avenue, where the city water is such as to make typhoid not only possible but probable, and where the battered and precarious sidewalks gave a good chance of fractures. But one happy evening James made the acquaintance of the most charming of the belles of Toronto, then, as they had been ever since 1882, the most attractive in Canada. They met often, and Dr. Ford ascertained the state of her heart without the intervention of a stethoscope. They were married, her father making it a condition that the large fortune which, as an Alderman, he had made out of many years' city contracts, should be settled entirely on herself. She could spend her money, principal and interest, just as she pleased, and need not allow a cent to her husband. This was rough on the Doctor, and many a sympathizing friend remarked: "Old man, you thought you had got the bulge on the entire grab, but you are badly left!" But nothing could be farther from the truth. The Doctor's wife was as good as gold. She let him spend all he wanted; they rented a brand new



"CRUSHED AGAIN!"

"TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH WILL RISE AGAIN, RAG MONEY CAN'T BE SAT UPON, THOUGH BLOATED BANKERS HOWL IN PAIN, THE GLORIOUS DAY IS BOUND TO DAWN!"

brown stone mansion on Jarvis-street, and every Saturday she drove in her brougham to the Adelaide-street office to procure the last issue of *Grip*, to which, in their days of happiness, they were regular subscribers.

VOLUME II.

The Reverend Mr. Showersford had resigned the Rectory of St. James', in order to become Archbishop of Winnipeg. A new Rector was appointed, in order to "bring the services of St. James' up to the mark." Many of the parishioners were inclined to the opinion that the "mark" in question was the mark of the beast. He did not do things all at once. First he introduced a new hymn book, with all sorts of *new doctrines* insinuated in homoeopathic doses. Then he made the congregation stand up where they had been accustomed to sit down. Then there were choral services and processions; then a couple of boys in white, swinging little brass pots, like spittoons, full of incense, and he called on Mrs. Ford, and addressed her as "sister," and made her pretty presents—ecclesiastical jimcracks, gold crosses, and silver medals with images of the saint. Mrs. Ford thought him so good. He was so very pious that he had made a vow never to marry lest he should be tempted to tell his wife some of the secrets of the confessional. Mr. Ford was not an agnostic, but he was fond of philosophical reading. The new Rector persuaded Mrs. Ford to burn her husband's books. This made Dr. Ford join the Young Men's Anti-Christian Association, where he became an eager listener to Colonel Ingersoll's lectures on the "Mistakes of Malachi." Things went from bad to worse. Mrs. Ford took to fasting, and put the household on a lenten diet of water gruel and red herrings. Dr. Ford went to see Harry Piper's whale, and declared boldly his awful state of unbelief as to the Prophet Jonah's being swallowed by a creature whose gullet was not wide enough to swallow a cat. For this fearful heresy he was excommunicated by the new Rector. Mrs. Ford was about to join a sisterhood, giving

all her money to build a "Chapel of Our Lady" to St. James' Cathedral.

VOLUME III.

But one summer morning, the hired girls being all sent to the Rectory for private confession, Mrs. Ford had to light the stove for herself. Amongst the old papers used for the purpose she found an ancient copy of *Grip* of the year 1882. The brilliant humor of the cartoons compelled her to gaze on the fascinating page. She read the trenchant satire on "Ritualistic Jim-crackery." Her eyes were opened, and she saw what Swift had seen a century and a half ago:

"Who can believe, that's blest with sense,
That bacon can give Heaven offence?
Or that a herring hath the charm
Avenging justice to disarm?"

Immediately she set to work and prepared a square meal for her husband, a good breakfast of hot biscuits, fresh eggs, sausages, beef-steaks and pancakes. The tears stood in Dr. Ford's eyes at this unwonted sight. He gave up flirting with disbelief, as she did with superstition. He became a lay delegate, and a powerful and active coalition was formed against (1) absurd ecclesiastical titles; (2) pernicious nonsense in ceremonial; (3) "tainted" hymn books and other methods of inculcating quasi-Christian idolatry. The Anglo-Catholic Rector had to resign, and went to the North-West, where he was last heard of attempting to fight a polar bear with a copy of hymns, Ancient and Modern.

C. P. M.

The Czar declines to expel the Jews. Right you are, Aleck. It is getting toward Spring-time, and although the season may be a little late in Russia, it won't be very long before you will be rusting around trying to get eleven roubles, twenty-three kopecks on that old tin ulster of yours. You don't want to bounce the Hebrew capitalist until your ticket runs out, anyway. Then sail in and play your absolutism for all its worth.



THE FIFTH WHEEL
TO OUR GOVERNMENT COACH.

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Motto for O—W—"Why should a man whose blood is warm within, sit like his grand-sire cut in alabaster?"

In the City of Mexico no one ever talks about the weather.—*Herald P. I.*

In this respect we should like to Mexicanize our institutions.

The Czar says he has received convincing proofs that the Nihilists are not going to assassinate any more. But, as it is rather early in the season, we would advise him not to leave off his cast-iron chest-protector.

Appropos of Tennyson's latest effort, the Cincinnati *Saturday Night* says: "Tom Hood wrote the 'Song of the Shirt,' but never supplemented it with 'The Song of the Under-shirt.'"

A boy solicited charity from an aged man of wealth, but met with a rough refusal, whereupon he replied, "You are not very young, and you cannot carry any of your gold with you, but if you could, it would melt in five minutes."—*Hartford Journal.*

You are no goose simply because you choose to feather your nest.

Sausage, like beauty, is skin deep. Also, and often a deep skin.

There are not many colored lawyers, unless you count noses.—*Hello.*

A bran new idea is to fasten a looking-glass to a window-casing at such an angle that its reflection commands a view of the front door. The lady of the house is thus enabled to tell who is at the door without the trouble of craning her neck out of an upper window on the sly. It is a very charming application of ingenuity to the duties of etiquette.—*New Haven Register.*

We met a Boston man in the army once. His department was dealing out oats to the quartermaster. Upon one occasion, the chaplain attached to the camp came round. "Young man," said he, through his catarrhal cavities: "have you a Bible?" "I have not," replied the Boston young man, "but I can lend you a Greek Testament." We merely mention this incident to show that you should never despise a man because he comes from Boston.—*Ex.*

We have dropped on the secret of George Hazel's success as a walkist. He parts his hair in the middle. This gives him a perfect poise and correct balance, while his antagonists who parted their hair on one side, got wobbly towards the close, and went like an old caboose with a flat wheel. We'll bet two dollars there hasn't another newspaper man in the country tumbled to this startling theory, and yet we did it and went right ahead with our other work.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

Backbone.

When you see a fellow mortal,
Without fixed and fearless views,
Hanging on the skirts of others,
Walking in their cast-off shoes:
Howing low to wealth and favor
With abject, uncovered head,
Ready to retreat or waver,
Willing to be drove or led;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the thing that his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone
Than this—Backbone.

Signs of Spring.

When bull-frogs pipe nocturnal lays
Where erst the boys were skating;
When genial sunshine warms the days,
And chattering birds are mating;
When lovers no more parlor stoves
Fug, as in wintry weather,
But wander through the budding groves,
And hug, instead, each other;
When goats no more on old shoes feed,
Tin cans and kindred diet,
But gleeful crop the verdant mead,
And forage on the quiet;
When buttercups are all in bloom,
Among the growing grasses;
When flies are found in every room,
Likewise in the molasses;
When housewives make their home a—well,
You can't mistake my meaning—
Make misery more than tongue can tell,
And call the thing "Spring cleaning";
When early crocuses appear,
And honey bees are humming;
Then you can bet that Spring is here,
And warmer Summer's coming.
—*Boston Times.*

Two Poems.

Come to me, dearest, when I call;
Come! Clear as the dawn;
Come, swift as the listening doe
Springs to her hunted fawn.

Come to me, dearest, when I dream;
Come! Fresh as the dew,
Pure as the tears of midnight gleam,
On passion flowers new.

Come to me, dearest, once again;
Come! like angel high,
Who stoops with chalice gods might drain,
With life, to lips that die.
—*Laura Sanford, in Independent.*

Come to me, daisy, when I call;
Come! Solid as cash;
Come, swift as the boarder flies
Unto his morning bash.

Come to me, daisy, when I cut:
Come! Swift as a steer,
Bright as the snowy foam that gleams
Upon my noonday beer.

Come to me, daisy, once again:
Come! Like creditor,
Who swoops about both day and night,
And settles on your door.

The pink arbutus in the woods
Trails on the frosty ground,
The dealer in men's fancy goods
His Spring styles spreads around,
The buds their gummy wrappers snap,
And hops the frisky toad;
The bicyclist in polo cap,
Takes headers in the road.

Ben Bobbin.

BY H. C. DODGE.

Ben Bobbin was a fisherman
Who never told a lie,
Yet no one would believe that he,
Caught fish-balls "on the fly."

Though honest, Ben would often steal
Away and hook a fish;
Though often sober he would reel
As tight as one could wish.

Quite often late he homeward crept
And to his wife would say:
"Of fish-all business has kept
Me busy all the day."

He'd lots of time between the bites
For thinking, and he thought—
That men resemble fishes, and
Much easier are caught.

That little boys and fishes go
In schools, and hook-ey play,
Both learn to fear the rod and know
A line that's taut each day.

That bigger fishes go in pools
Just like a fool-sized man
Who'll Bull on Bear hooks till he's caught
Upon the Walls treat plan.

They don't stock waters there with fish,
They only water stocks,
And should, Ben Bobbin then would wish,
Be court, and in the docks.

One day while Ben was lost in thought—
He 'most was lost in fact—
He tumbled in and didn't know
Exactly how to act.

He couldn't swim. Sunk once, twice, thrice,
Then started to explore
The bottom when a happy thought:
On it he walked ashore.

—*Norristown Herald.*

Observations by Col. Knowsal.

THE EDITOR.

Ther ar varius delushuns in vog konserning this pekuliar speches ov the genus *homo*, which, in the interests of humanity and populer intellegense, ot to be klerced up. In the furst plase he iz komonly regarded az a parson ov unlimited meens. Hiz purs iz supozed to be prolific ov dolers and sens az hiz sizzers ar ov ideas. This iz a sad mistak, and haz given riz to a number ov phalacies. The tru Editor iz alwaz in a kronick stat ov povurty. Hiz employers awar ov hiz unlimited pours ov supplying the publik with gas, natchurly kum to the konklusshun that he feeds on arc, and has ther konklusshuns phor hiz remunerashun on that hypothysis akordingly. Thus it kums to pas that abject penury iz the esenahal and destinktive karakteristik ov the oditur, and he gets konsepsshans ov larg amounts and quantities only from the number ov glases ov liker to which he iz treated, and the sums which hiz friends who ar piing phor pufs pa phor the sam. Sum waty authorities who hav investigated the speches alage that paste iz ther cheef sors ov nutriment, but the lavish wa in which the use this phor uther purposos weekens this theory, and the editor iz now suposed to subsist soly on the aforemenshuned treetes and on stale jokes an artikle which he has been notised by several observurs to devour egerly. Another phalacy which ot to be noked on the hed iz, that the editor iz an animated ensiklopedia, and that he iz posted on almost every biznes under the sun, from advising the Prim Minister to soing on a shurt buton with a needle that wont go throu the hols. It kanot be denied that he iz kapable ov performing the later feet altho the evidense iz drawn cheefly by analogy from hiz elegant manipulation of the sizzers. But az phor hiz advising the Prim Minister or the Prim Minister's phunkey, it's al bosh. The Editor noes a lot ov things in a general vag kind ov wa, and hiz remarks ar alwaz ov a promiskus natchuro, phiting shi ov details. The thing that a good Editor noes beat iz what not to rite, and the beter he noes it the shurer he iz ov sukses. Hiz cheef work konsists in prazing sum things and denouncing uthers; but which he iz prazing and which denouncing iz mater ov supram indifferense to him, and is desided largly by the grate dividing line ov polytix.

Putting the Chief on his Feet.

The Hamilton, Ont., Fire Department, under the training and supervision of Chief A. W. Atchison, is not excelled in efficiency by that of any other city in the Dominion. Chief Atchison, by the way, met with a very severe accident in driving to a fire not long ago. His head, shoulders, and back were injured in a terrible manner. Being asked how he accounted for his rapid recovery, he replied: "Simply enough; St. Jacobs Oil can put any man on his feet, if there is any life in him at all. I used that wonderful medicine from the start, and the result is, that I am to-day in prime health and condition. St. Jacobs Oil, the panacea that comes to the relief of the Fireman for rheumatism, burns, &c., served me in my trouble and cured me quickly, completely, and permanently. It is the standard medicine here in the Fire Department."



The Chantraus at the Grand Opera House are sure to draw well. The new "East Lynne" holds forth a promise we hope to see well fulfilled.

At the Royal, the "Pathfinders" have made good way. It is always creditable to a company to show a conscientious desire to do well, and the Pathfinders not only show this desire, but fulfil it. The "cull'ed gen'l'man" is very clever, and the piece is most amusing.

The concert at the Horticultural Gardens on Friday, 24th March, was a decided success. The stars of the evening, Miss McCutcheon and Mr. Lauder, delighted their audience by a brilliant display of their accomplishments. The really difficult pieces arranged for two pianos, were exceedingly well performed, and in his *Scotch Fantasia*, Mr. Lauder gave evidence of considerable talent as a musical composer. The high characters of the well known vocalists Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Morris, were well sustained, and the *debutante* of the evening, Mrs. Redfern, won deserved applause. Mr. Schuch and Mr. Fraser acquitted themselves in their usual excellent style. As accompanist, Miss Boyd discharged her duties with good taste and judgment, thus adding in an important degree to the pleasures of the evening.

He That May Not When He Will.

A STORY OF TORONTO LIFE.

(Concluded.)

CHAP. IV.

"'Twas but a little faded flower."

—Boutwell.

And so the years glode on—'tis a way they have. The lovers met at intervals, and so did the Local Legislature. Bulstrode was over a welcome guest at the paternal board, for he had wealth and was regarded as the coming man for West Toronto. Who would have thought that 'neath such good clothes there worked so treacherous a heart?

"No, papa," replied Rebecca to the repeated urgings of her parent, "I never can wed a man who says 'he done it.'"

"Says he done what?" replied the stern parent.

"Alas! then you do not understand," she replied, quivering like an aspen leaf.

"No, I don't. What does he say he done? I believe he did put up that little April fool job outo that blammed idiot, Wharnccliffe, if that's what you allude to, but served the cuss right."

"Oh, the unutterable baseness! and you, father, would have me wed a wretch like that! Go to—"

"Go there yourself, shameless girl!"

At this juncture the servant girl entered and announced "The baldheaded gentleman that comes to shpark Miss Rebecca, devil a one o' me remembers his quare name at all."

With a gesture of ineffable loathing our heroine swept from the room just as Bulstrode was carefully removing his chaw of tobacco and looking for a convenient nook to deposit it, so as to obtain it again on his departure.

"Why thus scornful?" he cried, his voice suffused with emotion and tobacco juice, "Waltz not off thus previously upon that pearly ear. Pause awhile and we will talk of the situation in West Toronto—"

But she was gone.

And still the bright sun shone high in the heavens, and the trees waved their greensome branches, and the blue waters rippled along the shore, and the sparrows twittered in the eaves, and the street cars rumbled hoarsely by with their accustomed irregularity, and the voice of the newsboy was lifted in notes of cheerful blasphemy, despite the pall of gloom which enwrapped human hearts, and the fact that the N. P. has increased the prices fully 20 per cent. Who will find a solution to life's mysteries?

Probably H. W. Phipps will do it some of these days.

CHAP. V.

"My lord, the carriage waits, And, by the way, permit me to observe that The man who'd lay his hand upon a woman. Save in the way of kee-iness is a wretch Who is only fit to be elected to the City Council."

—Dion Boucicault.

When Hamilton Bulstrode quitted the Maltravers mansion, his movements being somewhat accelerated by the playfulness of the pet goat Pessimist, who was grazing on an ash-heap in the corner, he ran plump against Wellington Wharnccliffe.

The rivals fronted each other menacingly.

"Humph!" said Wharnccliffe.

"Bah!" exclaimed Bulstrode.

A solemn pause.

"Look-a-here now, Wellington," said the coming man for West Toronto, "this thing has gone on long enough."

"It's gone on a darned sight too long to suit me," said Wellington.

"Let's come right down to hard pan—you've got no show at all with the old man, you know, and may as well step down and out."

"But you've got no show with Rebecca herself, Bulstrode. You could no more induce her to consent than you can get Ed. Clarke to give way in West Toronto."

"Well now, see here, there seems to be a dead-lock all round, somebody has got to get left, why not save trouble by one of us agreeing to retire. Personally, I admit, I should delight to shed your heart's blood and dance a wild, hilarious breakdown over your mangled corpse, but this method of settling the matter would have inconveniences which I need not dwell upon."

"Did the present social conditions admit of it," replied Wharnccliffe, "nothing would give me greater pleasure than to rend your limb from limb, and after tearing your heart from its loathsome resting-place, to cast it to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. I would pasture Rebecca's goat on your remains with a feeling of infinite satisfaction. But alas! the good old days when such things were possible have passed away."

"Ah, yes, we live in a degenerate age," replied Bulstrode, "this method then being unanimously voted impracticable, why should we not decide the question of who shall withdraw by the simple expedient of tossing up a cent, the one who loses to resign his claims."

"Done," said Wellington, "that will bring things to a focus right away."

They entered the Maltravers mansion arm-in-arm to the great surprise of the inmates. The plan was speedily explained to the old man and Rebecca, and everything being ready, Mr. Maltravers took from his pocket a quarter which he flipped into the air.

"Heads!" said Bulstrode.

"Tails!" said Wharnccliffe.

"Heads it is!" exclaimed old Maltravers.

"Such is life!" sighed Rebecca.

"Take her and be happy," said the maiden's parent, "I would give you my blessing, but this thing comes so kind of sudden I haven't got any blessing committed to memory for the occasion."

"Count me out of the ring," said Wharnccliffe, preparing to take his departure. "Adieu, Rebecca. Weep not for me, for I was prepared

for the worst, and am solid with two or three other girls, either of whom is better-looking than you are, if not quite so well heeled. As for you, Bulstrode, may you be as blissful as you are bald-headed and—no. Squire Maltravers, you need not assist me to the door with your boot. I can find the way myself, thank you, quite easy."

And he was gone.

Shortly after the marriage of Hamlet Bulstrode, Esq., to Miss Rebecca Maltravers, the following notice appeared in the *World*:

"THE ZOO.—The attractions of this popular place of amusement continue to increase. Mr. Hamlet Bulstrode yesterday presented the institution with a fine Siberian goat by the name of "Pessimist." He is a fierce and very voracious animal, with a keen appetite for old newspapers. The introduction of this breed will solve the problem which is troubling our contemporary of the Tall Tower, of how to dispose of their evening issue."

THE END.

Robert Augustus Reginald Fitzside.

A TALE OF A GILDED LORDLING.

Robert Augustus Reginald Fitzside, A scion of De Bumford's lordly race, Leaving fair England's dear but muggy clime, Came here to find a new home in the west. The lordly house of Bumford holds demesnes In all the fairest counties of fair England— Has held them in one long unbroken line For some eight hundred years or thereabouts. In fact, the ancestors of young Fitzside Came mailclad o'er the channel with the Conqueror; (At least this was the plain, unvarnished tale Of R. Augustus Reginald Fitzside.)

Over the briny ocean's billowing breast, Up rivers, rapids, lakes, and deep canaws, Came R. Augustus Reginald Fitzside, Till at Toronto he did disembark. "By'r Ladie!" quoth he, as he stepped ashore Upon the crumbling, coal-encumbered wharf, Where passengers from Eastern ports do land: "By'r Ladie, this place pleaseth well mine eye; Here will I tarry, rest myself awhile, And give the honest colonist a chance To learn of courtly manners, and assume, As well as rude colonial burgher can, The graces born of true blue-Norman blood." Thus mused young R. A. Reginald Fitzside.

Great were the rejoicings in the town! (When I say "Town" I speak of the *elite*) When it was whispered round that a great nob, A son of Earl de Bumford, K. C. B., K. G., K. M. G., &c. J. Baronet, Was to remain with 'us' for quite a time. At ball or party every night was seen Robert Augustus Reginald Fitzside; The fairest ladies in the fairest town Of this, the fairest Province of them all, That constitute fair Canada's Dominion (*Wife* remark of Hon. R. M. Wells), Fell prostrate at his feet, as rapturous maid Falls at the feet of Bunthorne in the play. For visions bright of England's stately homes, Of which some day she might be fayre ladie With footmen in laced coats and crimson breeches, To bow her in and out of four horse carriage, Came o'er each fair young dear ambitious head; And "Oh dear me! good gracious! how delightful! To drive about, you know, in pony carriage, And scatter largess to the poor retainers; Just, I declare, as in the olden times!" And in these hopes I fear they were encouraged By their respective kind and dear mammas; But all their blandishments were lost upon Robert Augustus Reginald Fitzside.

For R. Augustus Reginald Fitzside Had, ever since his *entree* to the "set," Cast his eagle eye (the one adorned with glass) Upon the daughter of James Duff, Esquire. Yes—Janet Ethelberta Delia Duff Was the sole object of his youthful heart. Thrice (in one night) he led her through the *Lancers*, Thrice he helped her through the mild quadrille; Four times in a voluptuous *valce* of Strauss, He whirled his partner through the brilliant room; Not that the fair and fascinating Duff Was formed for tripping of the light fantastic, (For I have seen tobacco strippers in "The Ward" Who off her easily could knock the spots), Nor was her face or form of such design That she could pose for a professional beauty: Yet R. Augustus Reginald Fitzside Loved Janet Ethelberta Delia Duff!



THE APPEAL UNTO CÆSAR; OR, TEMPER AND TEMPORALITIES.

Months flew by upon the wings of Love,
And R. Augustus Reginald Fitzmaide
Was getting—sad to say—quite short of cash.
"Ye know, by some strange maladventure,
My quarterly remittance has not come
By the last mail! How awfully vexatious!
Merely a matter of four hundred pounds, of course,
But still, it certainly is most annoying
To have to wait till the next boat arrives!"
This did he relate (and more) to James Duff, Esquire,
Who promptly came to the young man's assistance—
(The youth who was to be his son-in-law),
For James Duff, Esquire, had ducats by the barrel;
He was in fact a bloated manufacturer,
Who, since the vile N. P. came into force,
Had revealed, so to speak, in untold gold!
And made with it such ostentatious splurge
As to call forth two columns in the *Globe*
Of editorials cutting up the wretch!
"My dear young friend," said kind James Duff, Esquire
"I know that long you've sought my daughter's hand.
Now, as my dear prospective son-in-law,
I let you have—well, say one thousand pounds:
For this—but a mere form—you give your note of hand."
The noble youth was now almost affected
To tears at James Duff, Esquire's liberality.
He gave his note of hand, and took the cheque.
Cashed it, and at 6 p.m. next day
The glorious stars and stripes waved o'er his head
And Janet Ethelberta Delia Duff,
Or her potential pap, James Duff, Esquire,
Or e'en Toronto, never since has seen
Robert Augustus Reginald Fitzmaide.

The Speculator's Lament.

Make, make, make,
On thy lots on the cold prairie!
And I would that my heart would'nt flutter
When prices don't rise for me.

O well for the ones we employ,
That they tout—they are sure of their pay!
O well for the auctioneer,
That he hammers his desk all the day!

And the crazy "boom" goes on
At a pace that is sure to kill,
But oh for the grip of a buyer's hand,
And the scratch of a gold-tipped quill!

Make, make, make,
At your hundreds per "foot," may-be!
But the wild-cat price of the lot that I bought
Will never come back to me.

SCRANTON.

After Lent comes the circus.—*Elmira Gazette*.
Yes, there is a circus by that name, we believe.
Lockport Union. Quite a Coup d'etat, Mr.
Union.—*Elmira Advertiser*. Sells, Brothers.—
Lockport Union. 'Guess we'll pass in.—*Advertiser*.
That's right—go in, on your 4 paws.—
Canandaigua Repository.

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Typographical Errors.

DEAR GRIP,—You spoiled my *owed* to "Beaudry the Mayor," last week. It should read:—"The coolness with which he tries to trepan the public to license his public to Meakin." Meakin being the name of the proprietor of the saloon. By the way, Beaudry has not managed to trepan the public this time, as Meakiu has just been refused his license. Again, in my item on "Woman Suffrage," you put Mr. and Mrs. McSham, M.P.P, instead of McShane. Now Mrs. McShane is anything but Shan, being one of the most beautiful women in Montreal, so I claim the correction.

But I fear the imps of the type are not so much to blame as my own bad writing. My hand must be getting shaky from age, for in my letter to the *Burlington Hawkeye* I described a young lady as having "the crowning beauty of a sweet and intelligent expression," and now she is blazoned to the world as "the crowing beauty, &c." Again, in the heading of this *Hawkeye* letter I wrote: "Indian Clubs" which are not "Tandem Clubs," and it appears as "Tandem Clubs" which are not "Indian Clubs."

Verily I must write less and more carefully in future, so you will get nothing this week from yours faithfully,

NINA D'AUDYN.

Then you wish to be a reporter, "my darling, my brown-eyed Leopold." Very well. When you make up your mind to be kicked by those you ask for news and kicked by the managing editor for not getting it, you will have made an excellent beginning. The life of a reporter is a wilderness of roses which he can't pick without being pierced by thorns.—*Tom Weaver*.



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