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MEREDITH'S FAREWELL TO MOWAT ON HIS DEPARTURE TO ARGUE THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

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J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

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

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The similarity between a nation and an individual is amongst the tritest of analogies. The adage, "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," holds good in both cases. A nation no less than a child is easily moulded by a master hand, and may be made great or the contrary as that hand is inclined. It has been the fortune of Canada to be for many years under the tutelage of a man whose great gifts have not been accompanied by a correspondingly high ideal, and the consequence is that the tone of political morality has been lamentably lowered amongst our people. There is evidence of this every day and on all sides, and the most deplorable thing about it is that so many are apparently blind to the fact, or reckless of the certain consequences.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Meredith must be able to sympathise with the unhappy *Lord Chancellor* in *Iolanthe* when he bewailed the misfortune of being a man of two capacities. As a citizen of Ontario, Mr. M. no doubt would like to see the Province vindicated in her rights; but alas! he is also the Lieutenant of the Chieftain whose dearest wish is that she may be defeated in her appeal to justice.

EIGHTH PAGE.—There is every indication that the question of Canada's future is henceforth one of the debatable questions. This is a distinct advance on the position that any such discussion implies treason. The *Mail* still tries to echo that lost chord, but without avail. Nothing is more certain than that the *Mail's* party would follow public opinion with alacrity in whichever direction it plainly went, and the Grit party is in the same attitude of watchfulness as to which way the cat will jump.

A PRECOCIOUS CHILD.

(Toronto World 31 May.)

Bill Hawkes, a well-known light-weight pugilist, has died of dropsy and heart disease in London. He was born in 1884. He stood 5 feet 4, and scaled in his prime 132 pounds. He fought Joe Cross, Dan Rooke, Tommy Hogan, Bob Dackman, George Gregg, known as Rough, and several others.

It is in a sleeping car that a man practically makes the acquaintance of Nox.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

AN ENEMY IN THE CAMP!

The Montreal *Herald* of May 29th contained an advertisement for coal for Government House, Ottawa, in which the following bit of flagrant heresy appeared:

"All tenders will be considered as *Customs duty paid* by contractor, as no 'free entry' will be entertained."

Now, had this been interpolated by a meddling grit *doctrinaire*, one could understand it, but there is every reason for believing that it was approved with the rest of the advertisements by the government. And what is to be thought of a Cabinet that gives the lie direct to those learned political economists who declare that the coal duty is *not* paid by the consumer, but by the soft-headed Yankee producer? It looks very much as though Sir Leonard didn't believe the nonsense spoken in his name.

THE CANADIAN CATTLE TRADE.

The illustration on our cover in a late number was calculated to give the public some idea of the *modus operandi* of the cattle trade conducted by Mr. G. F. Frankland and other importers in this city. The sketch was the merest fragment, however, as the cattle feeding stables and grounds near the Don are extensive enough to occupy our entire space even if drawn on a small scale. When we state that there are seven stables, each containing at times five hundred head of cattle, some conception of the importance of the business may be got. These animals are purchased throughout the Province, and are housed and fed for about six months, at the end of which time they come forth fat, sleek, and lively, to be sent across the ocean to that great lover of good beef—John Bull. The scene presented on shipping day is one of the sights of the town, and usually attracts crowds of visitors. The animals on being liberated from the stables are gathered in an enclosure, preparatory to the weighing process, and meantime they entertain the spectators to a series of "bull fights" which might delight the heart of a Spanish grandee. Every Canadian ought to be deeply interested in this great cattle trade; and the country owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Frankland for the enterprise he has shown in developing it.



A PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

NEWLY ARRIVED EMIGRANT.—Did you say in t' *Mail* 'ut hev'ry h'emigrant is worth a thousand dollars to Canada?

EDITOR.—I did, sir; certainly.
NEWLY ARRIVED.—Well, zur, I cawn't find nothink to do, an' I'm willink to sell out to you for 'arf the money. Take the hoffer, sir, and make a five hundred clear!

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. J. H. Stuart, who made such a hit as the *Private King* in Mr. Bengough's comic opera, "Bunthorne Abroad," is at present stage manager of the West End Opera Co., New Orleans.

Mr. Dunbar, a member of the Civil Service, is the author of a six act drama, which is shortly to be produced at the Academy of Music. This interesting bit of news is from the *Mail's* dramatic column, but it would be still more interesting had we been informed where this particular academy of music is situated.

Mr. David Edwards has written an ode in honor of Toronto's jubilee, the music to which is by Carl Martens. The piece will be sung by the children of the public schools at the concert on Saturday of celebration week. The poetry is pretty deep, like most of Mr. Edwards' work, but the air is lively enough to carry it off successfully.

Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin is about to publish a volume of poems in England. Some of them are Canadian in inspiration and aim, and N. F. D. thinks it would be an insult to Canada to publish them first elsewhere. He has accordingly formed a neat little pamphlet of "Eos—a Prairie Dream," and several others, and sent it forth to appease the home public. We have not had time to give the work a careful reading, and will not presume to pronounce judgment upon it as a whole, but some of the short pieces, "Friendship" and "To Bay Mi," for example—are exquisite, and would do honor to many a more pretentious poet than Mr. Davin.

HAMILTON GETS LEFT.

TORONTO, June 1st, 1884.

MIEN FREUND GRIP:—

Ven I gomes dis gountry to, Herr Lager-schwiller say "Mouch, gome to Hamilton;" you edacation get free mit your poy in Hamilton." Put ven I gomes mit mine poy—by gemini! dey wants—vefty cent, undt von dollar, unt five dollar, for school fee mit de Collegiate, mitout pooks und midout anytings more else.

Py gemini plazes! put I vas madt, undt I to de Trustees goes. "Vy you say de Collegiate fees is paid mit de taxes? Don't I mine taxes pay? vell, I pay mine poy school fee. Ter Teafel! ven I pays five dollar mit my poy school fee, I vants mine money pack. Gif me pack mine school tax. I vants to pay mine poy school fee mit it." Put he say "Oh but this is hever edacation. If you want higher edacation you must pay for it." "Put I does pay for it by gemini! I does, and vat you call high? Verc are your high teachers? Ach?" "Vell, vell, if you want your poy to get more edacation, you must pay more."

"Ach! put I can't. Mine poy fader haf no more mit a vorking man." "Den, eef you can't pay up like de rich, your poy midout goes." "Undt pay mine school tax to help edacutin' the rich poy? ter plazes! by gemini! I gomes away from dat old Hamilton cheat—and I gomes to Toronto vere de poor man gets an aviqualent for his school tax."

Ter Teufel mit Hamilton fedacational instootitions.

Fahrwohl,
CARLO MOUCH.

CONJUGAL AMENITIES.

"I feel like a morning star," said a cheerful husband, as he chucked his wife under the chin.

"Yes," she replied, "you look as though you had been out all night."—*N.Y. Morning Journal.*



"When We two Parted!" is the title of a story running in one of the papers. "Ah, yes!" sighs the bald-headed man as he rises from a perusal of the story and softly brushes the lower fringe, "When you, too, parted!"

A striking instance of the artlessness existing in one or two spots in the world is revealed in the kindly effort of a correspondent, "Lover of Truth," in a Toronto daily, to set E. King Dodds right in his anti Scott Act figures.

The editor of the *Mail* is very fond of letting the public understand that he has mistaken Hon. Mr. Mowat for a "Christian Politician." Mr. Mowat will not retort in kind, I fancy. He has never mistaken the editor of the *Mail* for a Christian Politician.

Ben. Butler, like Barkis, is willin'. He writes that if the American people desire to vote for him as President he will not object. Now, all that remains to be done towards a consummation devoutly to be wished is for the American people to desire to vote for Ben. Butler—and conclude to vote for some one else.

The Prince of Wales is not afraid of dynamites, isn't he? Well, all I have got to say about it is wait until he reads the paragraph I am about to— But, pshaw! Surely I ought to understand that his Royal Highness wouldn't for the world wish to convey the impression that he has any reference to the distinguished journalist with that *nom de plume*!

No one can have any serious objection to the *Mail* claiming the largest circulation in Canada, unless it be the paper which happens to enjoy a larger circulation than the *Mail*. But any person may fairly take exception to its claiming "the largest circulation of any paper in Canada"—that is, any person who has an ordinary acquaintance with elementary grammar could do so.

The *Mail* poo-poo's what it terms "the story of collision between Indian agents and contractors to secure the sale of the same herds of cattle two or three times over to both the Canadian and American Governments." What is meant, of course, is the story of *collusion*. That one letter makes quite a difference between the two words. And yet it is only a little matter "between 'u' and 'i'"—as the sweet girl graduates are wont to express themselves.

M. Pasteur, the eminent scientist and chemist, is constantly seeking fresh woods and pastures new. Some of his experiments are actually past your comprehension, as for example that in which he proposes to cure hydrophobia by inoculation. It is to be hoped the distinguished professor will see the complete success of his alleged discovery. A hydrophobia cure would be a grand thing to have around committee rooms and the offices of the party papers during an election campaign.

"A voice from the People" writes a letter in the *Globe*, in which he declares "We want a chance!" From a Grit stand-point, my dear man, you do, and pretty badly. But I am not going to stop and tell you right here where you can get one, in the very face of the new and attractive advertising rates adopted by the city papers. What I wish to call your attention to is a grave mistake in a phrase contained in your startling epistle. You say—"hurl from office." The correct and only authorized form of the expression is "hurl from Power!"—with a large P.

There are four great divisions into which the Art Society's Exhibition must be grouped. First, there is that of the pictures which the newspaper critics see and applaud; then there comes that of the pictures which the newspaper critics see and condemn; third is that of the pictures which the newspaper critics pretend to have not seen at all, and fourth is that made up of the pictures you want to see and judge for yourself, so as to enjoy a sensible estimate of them. The last mentioned class, I might add, generally includes the whole collection.

"No Case—abuse pliff's attorney," was the old Yankee lawyer's advice to his young partner as he handed him a brief. "Slim defence—discredit the prosecutor's witnesses," appears to be the advice under which a more recent law affair is being carried on. I think I have read of men who more completely realized one's ideal of the angel than does Robt. McKim, M.P.P.; but I must also add that I am acquainted with politicians who have done less and stood less than he and yet have been presented with the freedom of the city, and gold watches and banquets and laudatory editorials and fat jobs and things, by a grateful Party.

Editors and other large fish-caters will rejoice to hear of the millions of salmon trout fry which a beneficent Government is having placed in the principal lakes and rivers of Canada. It is a grand sign that the Government fully recognizes the desirability of cultivating Brain Power among the people. Of course everybody has been struck with the idea that unless you first have the salmon trout fry you cannot expect to have the fry of salmon trout. I mention this that it may be taken in conjunction with my remark about cultivating Brain Power among the people, although I am aware it exposes me to the cold sarcasm of an observation to the effect that in one direction at least the cultivation of Brain Power would appear to be absolutely necessary rather than simply desirable.

When the Editor of the *News* issued a ukase that no one on his paper was to refer to his Excellency Lord Lansdowne, Governor-General of Canada, as anything more than "Governor" Lansdowne, I felt sure that it was but the thin edge of the wedge. And my fears are being rapidly realized. Here is this disloyally familiar journalist actually writing of "Gov." Lansdowne! Brevity is the soul of guff. Curt are the contractions of Democracy. But, all the same, the outlook is not a reassuring one. Presently you will find this flip-pant newspaper man call his Lordship nothing but "the Guv;" and when it comes to a newspaper man dealing thus with the Canadian Governor-General, it seems to me it will be high time either to destroy the newspaper man or else to call off Governor-General.

There are other ways of emptying an egg than by knocking an end off. Take the two Radical organs of the city and compare, or rather contrast, their different methods of ventilating the same opinions. While the *News*

emaciated the dictionary in its demands for adjectives denunciatory of the Monarchical system, the *Globe* calmly unwinds, under the caption "Modern Tendencies," the reel of Republicanism. Just as the *News* in full wardrobe utters "the workingman" whoop, the *Globe* mildly discants on "the Dignity of Labor," or some Kindred Theme. No sooner has the idea that the Upper Chamber, Imperial and Colonial, must go, been enunciated in chop-straw fashion by the Yonge-street paper, than out comes the King-street paper brimful of suggestive incidents about truly bad Peers and mighty mysterious Senators, coupled with solemn moralizings on the functions of supervisory legislators. If the *News* sneers at Royalty direct, the *Globe* loses no chance to reprint a piece showing up a Prince or other Royal scion in an unenviable light. Find the O'Sheppard boldly advocating Canadian Independence, and you are at once called to notice the MacCameron sorrowfully asserting that there is no hope for Confederation. All the time the former is urging Canadians to copy the system of the Yankees, the latter is practically encouraging disaffection towards annexation. The only difference in the sentiment of the two powerful publications is that of manner not matter. The *News* reminds you of a Texan steer trying to cough up a cactus—the *Globe* realizes your conception of a meek-eyed mule, that you have to get behind to fully appreciate.

Reading about recent murder trials reminds me that within two or three years past to my certain recollection there have been in the Province of Ontario six atrocious butcheries, in every one of which the Crown has failed to bring home the crime to the guilty parties. This is a rather large percentage of Provincial murders to go undetected, especially when it is considered that the detected murders during the period named have only comprised those cases in which either the murderer was caught red-handed in the act, or else performed his job in such a way as to give no trouble to the authorities to convict him—proved himself a real accommodating murderer, so to speak. I am not positively certain that these accommodating murderers come forward now and then out of pure, disinterested sympathy for the officials known as Government detectives; but I vow that if there is one class of persons more than another to whom the Government detectives ought to feel grateful it is these obliging assassins, who, with our esteemed reporters, give our lynx-eyed officers a chance occasionally. Were it not for opportunities of this sort Government detectives might perhaps be in danger of having their acute unobtrusiveness become chronic. What a source of satisfaction it must be to the murderers and reporters to reflect that they can throw a gleam of sunshine upon the darkened pathway of a fellow-man—that they can vary the dull, grinding monotony of his official life, by enabling a Government detective to do a little something at intervals between pay-days. In conclusion let me surprise you by saying that if I had the employment of our Government detectives I would make it my aim to engage officers who were even more modest than the present incumbents—that is to say, who would stand in less need of being retired.

There are three terrible diseases now before married men, namely—Spring fever, spring bonnets, and spring house-cleaning.

A man who had been kicked by a horse was groaning in a doctor's office when an old acquaintance said: "Look here, that horse was Lightfoot, the trotter. You are from Kentucky, and so is the horse." "What!" exclaimed the man. "Horse from Kentucky? That makes it all right. Never mind your liniment, doctor."—*Arkansas Traveler*.



VERY MUCH IN DISGUISE.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.—Now, my dear, can you tell me what a blessing is?

TOMMY.—Taxes on coal, ma'am; father read it in the paper.

THE LIQUOR LEGISLATION.

BRIEF AND INTERESTING RESUME OF WHO'S WHO, WHERE'S WHERE, WHICH IS WHICH, ETC., ETC.

GRIP, at unheard-of trouble and unparalleled costs—duly taxed—has succeeded in securing from a highly sus—or rather respected legal authority—the subjoined succinct account of the state of the bowl, so to speak, in the Licenses business. He is quite sure his esteemed friends, the Benevolent Ontario Trades Philanthropic Association for the suppression of Sumptuary Legislation and the General Advancement of the Human Race, will esteem this summary a great boon, while it is pretty certain also that some of the Licensed Victuallers may feel an interest in it, and possibly a few whiskey dealers likewise. There is quite a little uncertainty prevailing as to who has got a license and from whom and for what and at how much and when to and why not and what the mischief—and—and—and—all that sort of thing, you know. So it's a great scheme to understand just how these men stand—not necessarily "stand treat," but stand, metaphorically speaking. For it stands to reason that these men want to stand well themselves notwithstanding that some of their customers occasionally do not stand at all. GRIP therefore will stand or fall by the annexed unimpeachable synopsis:—

RE LIQUOR LEGISLATION.

(1) One night up in Yorkville Sir John was very full—of enthusiasm. He was talking for Boulton, and had been with that eminent statesman during the early part of the evening—which naturally accounted for it. He declared, amidst howls which made Chief Constable Johnson think seriously of locking up the hall and proclaiming the whole gang under arrest for disorderly conduct, that the Crooks Act wasn't worth the paper it was written on—which was mighty rough on the Crooks Act, to say the least of it. He promised, if returned to office, to knock the dressing clean out of the Act, or words to that effect, and give the people a little Act of his own, warranted to afford perfect satisfaction, or no charge. The vast congregation dissolved after this, quite satisfied that the country was still safe.

(2) Next morning Sir John read in the *Mail* what he had been doing the night before—that is to say, the result of what he had been doing. The father of his country there and then made up his mind that he would some day get even with Alf. By this time, doubtless, Alf. has got hold of the idea that Sir John means it.

(3) [Omitted, on the ground that GRIP wants no temperance moralizing over this affair—what good could it do?]

(4) [Omitted, because suggestions on side issues are not admissible, Sir John might have tried to lie out of it, of course; and said that it was the reporter who had something the matter with him. But the Premier was above such a wretched piece of artifice—there were too many at the meeting.]

(5) So the Father of the Country called in the Rising Hope of his Party, and told him he would have to tackle the job—and see if he couldn't make a better fist of it than he had in former attempts at high-class legislation.

(6) Hence the McCarthy Act! Hence Mowat's Great Kick! Hence the ruction! Hence these tears—and those tears.

(7) Sir John said:—"Here, Oliver, no sass! Discharge your duty—and your commissioners and things!"

(8) Oliver muttered:—"Not by a long sight. I have the Right—and I'm on the ground first, anyway."

(9) Sir John thundered:—"But I'm the Great Constitutional Lawyer, d'ye hear? Come evacuate!"

(10) Oliver retorted:—"Constitutional Lawyer, eh? What about Hodge?"

(11) [Omitted—language not mild and polite enough for these columns. And anyhow what about Hodge? He is not in the business now—cunning fellow!]

(12) "Well, I'm going on with my Act," Sir John said, positively. "I can make the law, at all events!"

(13) "All right," returned Mowat. "I am going on with my Act. I can collect the fees, at all events!"

(14) Sir John sets his machine in motion and out come a new lot of Commissioners and Inspectors, and big fat advertisements, and prospects of a beautiful fight.

(15) Mr. Mowat gives his old furnace a little more coal, and she starts to snort right away with all hands hard at work in the shop above.

(16) Said the *Globe*:—"Get your licenses at the Old Reliable One Price Mowat House. All others are dangerous counterfeits—and will cost you more money!"

(17) Said the *Mail*:—"The Proper Place to Purchase Permits is the Macdonald *Bon Marche*. Special inducements for a few days in order to scare off competitors. No trouble to give licenses! Beware of Base Imitations! Call early!"

(18) Then the *Globe* protested:—"Why get two licenses when one will suffice? If you have the Mowat article you are Safe—for it is a perfect Safe Cure. The Macdonald thing is risky, and there is no telling what awful trouble will follow its use. Don't be deceived! Now is the time to subscribe! Mowat's Medical Mystery is just what you want!"

(19) Then the *Mail* waxed wroth:—"Listen to us, confound you! How will it be if, when you have provided yourself with only the "Mowat Mixture" you discover that the "Macdonald Melange" has been duly authorized by Law! Nothing can save you, gentlemen. Be persuaded and pass by the disreputable shop and come right into the Eldorado Emporium!"

(20) At this time the Mowat Commissioners were instructed to go around canvassing for orders; whereupon the other fellows decided they should follow suit or get left. Just here some of the New Commissioners grew crazy at the outlook, gave up their job and took to the woods.

(21) We now find the entire Liquor-selling fraternity in deepest gloom, perplexity, anxiety and desperation. Many of them go around with bagfuls of bills asking everyone they meet to give them another license and help themselves to the price of it. The Provincial licensees is pursued by assassins who are

instructed to make him get a Dominion license or die. The Dominion licensees is afraid to crawl from under his barn for fear a Provincial emissary will drag him to gaol. The man who has fortified himself in the licenses from both parties is wild at the thoughts of losing a pile of his money, and not quite certain either but that he will have to pay twice over before he is done with the thing, and maybe then have to over to England to get a license.

(22) The dive-keeper now smiles sweetly, and thinks he can stand all this racket if the authorities can.

(23) "I'll make you pay dear for a Dominion License, my bold buck," says the Ontario Government.

(24) "I'll just kind of disallow that fees Act, darling," remarks the Dominion Government.

(25) Finally Sir John and Mowat got together and had oysters and lots of fun and laughed over the big fuss till their sides ached. After which they concluded it had gone far enough for a practical joke.

(26) "The Dominion Government will suspend the penal clauses of the Act, awaiting a decision from the Courts. But, nevertheless, don't imagine y—you only have a Provincial License—"

(27) "The Ontario Government has concluded to accept the offer of the Dominion Government to submit a test case on the question of License Jurisdiction. But, all the same, if you have only a Dominion license, your chances are indeed—"

(28) This degree of certainty now about the matter must be a great relief.

(29) Added to it is the Provincial wide agitation being raised by advocates of the Scott Act, whose efforts are nearly everywhere crowned with success.

(30) Doesn't every one of us wish he was a member of the Benevolent Ontario Trades Philanthropic Association for the Suppression of Sumptuary Legislation and the General Advancement of the Human Race?

A PSALM OF BURIAL.

Tell me not with words inflated
Bodies were not meant to burn;
For the moo-cow when cremated
Doth to "frosted silver" turn.

Not the grave-yard, not interment
Is the cheapest, healthiest way;
But to rob the worm preferment
Finds with cultured men to-day.

Lights of learning all have told us
We can shunt the gloomy pall,
And, when churchyards will not hold us,
Roast our flesh for funeral.

Let us, then, keep time with culture:
"Earth to earth" is out of date—
Leave no carrion for the vulture,
Spurn the sexton and cronate.

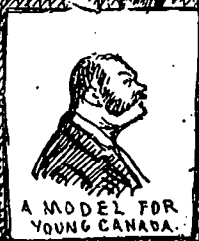
—Moonshine.



"FOOD FOR THOUGHT."

Probable appearance of the *Globe* editor when he consumes all the "food for thought" in Sir Richard's speech, and gets ready to give the result of his thinking.

Every man has his price
 There is no such thing as honor
 if the end justifies the means
 Let us eat and drink:
 After us the deluge
 The basis of all government is
 fraud and force
 Party first and always
 All men are alike bad



POLITICAL
MORALS
BY
TWEED.

TO THE
VICTORY
BELONGS

REWARD FOR
BRIBERS.

GERRYMANDED
MAP OF
ONTARIO

CONTRACTS.

\$
BRIBERY
FUND.
FURNISHED BY
CONTRACTOR

YOUNG CANADA'S MENTOR.

HOW TO PUN.

Reader, did you ever hear of Dr. Johnson, that man of many words? If you have, you will have heard of that saying of his, "a man who makes a pun would pick a pocket." It is, however, a satisfaction to know that this cynical, *sin-I-call* it, aplozism did not originate with him, because, you see, he being a *book-worm*, only *burrowed* it from some other book written by some other old fogey. This can be relied on. Dear reader, you that are not a punster already and desire to become one, a very *Pundit* in the art, and are not *puney* and not afraid to *punish* the man of to-day who believes in such a *punctilious* notion, go for him, *punch* his *punthead*, draw from his nasal appendage the royal *pumaceous* fluid, *punctuate* and otherwise *puncture* the composition of his anatomy. The foregoing *sentence*, after *due trial*, is *judged* to be a warning to all those who undervalue the art of punning, and they are hereby *counselled* and *adjuyured* to *witness* its *defence*.

To become a punster, fix upon your subject, gather up your words, arrange them, and then lie in ambush for the first unsuspecting friend and fire them at him. Let us take the weather, a subject little discussed at any time. When your friend tells you it is a fine day, say: "Yes, as fine as any that Victoria has *rained* over." Your friend will laugh boisterously, he cannot help, then before the laugh breaks launch the following: "I *snow* you would like the *vain* pun, as you must *hail* what is never *mist*, when you consider we are but *dust*, the *wind* up of us all." Your friend may reply "Iec see." If he does not, *leaf* him with a *bough*, lest he find you a *stick*.

Should you personally attend to ordering your meat from the butcher, you have here a splendid opportunity. As you enter say: "Good morning, Mr. Butcher, glad to *meat* you." Butcher: "Morning, what is your cut?" Yourself: "If you *cut* let it be *fat*, I *lean* to that." B: "All right, sir." Yourself: "Mind, you *steak* your reputation upon what you *retail* me, good morning."

Should a friend meet you in *close quarters* and ask you for the loan of a *dollar*, answer him that you see no *cents* in lending him the dollar and shall *check* any such advance.

You may have a friend who is continually *running*, as this is *leap* year, to tell you of the latest joke that funny Mr. Mumps, the grocer, has *struck* his wit upon. Catch your friend on the *hop*, *barley* no words with him, but *ryse* his *amusement* with the following *wheaty* sentence:—"Yea, Mumps is a regular *teas*, he *spices* his sayings on *currant* events with so much caprice, that he is ever *raisin* a laugh." Married men, please skip this paragraph. Some of my readers may be bachelors, and at some time be expected to say something funny about a baby. If so, use the following formula: Take the baby on your knee—I give no instructions how to handle babies, that is not in the present lesson—look at it admiringly for about a minute, kiss it twice, and say: "Oh, you little *limb*, you quite *unarm* me, you're your daddy's *ley-eye-see*. You *nose* I'm not your daddy, you little beauty, (ear, ear, from mother). What, going to give me *lip* music? If you do I'll *hand* you to your mother, and *ley* it right away." This carefully delivered, with occasional glances of delight at the mother, who thinks the baby *de-light* of her eye, will make you ever welcome, and qualify you for the position of godfather.

Barbers are occasionally talkative, and should you desire to silence a barber when he commences to hum, beat the following to a strong lather and lay it on thick: "Confound your *barberous* puffs, they *pole* upon me. It is the unkindest *cut* of all to put me in this *scrape*. Let's *soap* to hear no more of it or these *scissors* ("sizers," showing hands) will *brush* you out."

This said quickly with italicised words well emphasized, will gain you the thanks of an unshaved world. No patent applied for.

Should you go out without your watch, and a fellow asks you what o'clock tell him to *watch* until you *find time* to tell him.

Here are a few ideas for general use. Tell a printer he's a *type* of a man, without *metal* in him; tell a baker he's a *loafer*; a butcher, he's a *ribald liver*; a sailor he's fond of a *schooner*; a jeweller, he's a man of *guilt*; a tailor, he's a *suitable* man to *address*; a carpenter, he's a *plane* man, and often *nailing*; the plumber, he takes pleasure in *panes*; and so on *ad libitum*.

Tell a strong-minded man that a pin's a pin only, at most times, but when buried in the calf of your leg, it is a *scarf-pin*. He will see the *point* of the pun at once. Should you see a man wearing a wretched pair of boots, tell your friend that that man's *understanding* is deficient. Of course you must *tread your shoes straight* when you tell your friend lest his *sole* cannot be *heeled* after being *lacerated* by such a *booteous* pun.

The foregoing examples will show the reader that the art of punning is not at all difficult, and I, therefore, dedicate this little lesson to all those desirous of becoming punsters.

TITUS A. DRUM.

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 ACADEMY EPISODE.

(Not Ontario Art Association, of course.)

CHAPTER I.—THE BETS.

Rinaldo Smith for many years imagined himself a neglected Turner, a sort of Chatterton amongst painters, but after twelve months in Italy he had made the discovery that he was the merest dauber. Still Rinaldo did not despair; his disposition and temperament were sanguine to a degree, so that when he had painted seven frightful pictures for the Academy, and his invited friend Tom Brown, also a painter, had laughed at them and abused them in round terms, he merely said:

"Bet you fifty pounds the Hanging Committee accept the lot."

"Done," said Tom Brown.

Tom Brown had painted two superb landscapes, ideal loveliness, on canvas—summer blossoms on one, autumn tints on the other.

"Very beautiful," said Rinaldo Smith, who although a duffer himself was no mean judge; "but the Committee won't look at them."

"Bet you fifty pounds they're accepted," said Brown.

"Done," said Rinaldo Smith.

CHAPTER II.—THE PLOT.

Mr. Alphonso Merryman, R.A., was consumptive, and staying for the benefit of his health at Cannes. One Monday morning he received a misave from a Mr. Rinaldo Smith, of whom he knew absolutely nothing. The letter asked him if he intended sending in any specimens of his work to the Academy of 1884, or whether the delicate state of his health precluded the possibility. Mr. R. S. described himself as a writer for the society papers; and the R.A., desirous of keeping his name before the public, replied to the letter stating that he intended reserving his forces for 1885, and that no picture of his would grace the walls of Burlington House in 1884.

Then Rinaldo Smith went to work on his dreadful botches of art and finished them.

CHAPTER III.—THE EXHIBITION.

"They are too lovely for anything," sighed Mrs. Smythe Fitz-Smythe "the most superb things ever turned off an easel: have you seen them, George?"

George had not seen them, but when told they were those beautifully tinted figure pictures of Mr. Alphonso Merryman, R.A., he referred to the catalogue and quite agreed that they were undoubtedly the features of the Academy, but unfortunately he couldn't quite see it.

"Not see it!" said Mrs. Smythe Fitz-Smythe. "Why, upon my word, if this isn't that rising artist Mr. Tom Brown coming this way. What do you think of these wonderful pictures of Mr. Merryman's, Mr. Brown, the public and the Press have gone mad over them?"

"My dear madam, I scarcely know what to say. They are so like some of my friend Rinaldo Smith's that—"

"Ah, Brown," said Smith, who by a strange coincidence came up at that moment, "they've not hung yours, I see."

"They have not," said Brown, in evident distress.

"You owe me £50."

"But I don't see your name in the catalogue. You've, therefore, lost £50 to me, so we're square."

"Not at all," said Rinaldo Smith, with a twinkle of humour in his left optic. "Not at all. The bet was that they would accept the seven pictures. Well, as a matter of fact they have, but it was simply because I put Merryman's name to them. I knew they'd accept anything that came from a Royal Academician, and I've won my £50, so you owe me a cool hundred."

"But this is forgery."

"My dear fellow, I've simply done it to wake the public to the value of the Hanging Committee's judgment. I know they're daubs and I know yours were works of art, but the magic R.A., my boy, the magic R.A. is the sesame."

Rinaldo Smith has flown the country, but he has woke up a big artistic question, and perhaps in time Tom Brown's genius will be recognised, though under the existing system he stands a poor chance indeed.—*Moonshine*.

DANGER OF BEING "MISTOOKEN."

"You George Washington Augustus! Whar's you gwine wid yerself so soon in de mawnin', boy?"

"Gwine up to Cap'til Hill—dat's whar I se gwine, I is."

"Deed you isn't, boy—deed you isn't! You isn't gwine to no such ungodly place as dat, you isn't. Go foolin' arroun' up dar and you'll be mistaken for the son ob a member ob Congress, you will. You take dat pail and tote me a pail ob water, or I'll mash yer mouf wid a flat-iron, I will."

THE BANK DRAUGHT.

SCENE.—Bank in the Trongate. Highland drover presents cheque to be cashed.

BANK TELLER.—Large or small notes? How do you wish it?

HIGHLAND DROVER.—Thank ye, she'll shust tak' it cold without sugar.—*Glasgow Bailie*.

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



PADDY DOHERTY.

PAPER NO. I.

"Are ye comin' down to the matin'," queried Paddy Doherty of Ted Connelly last night.

"Phwhere is id?"

"In Kelly's yard."

"An' pwhat do yez do be doin' down dare?"

"We does be debatin' on de constitootun.

We have formed ourselves into a Czar Extermination society, so we have, wid a 'termach to do away wid de bloated minopolists. Shure all de boys will be down dare. Will 'oo come?"

"Oi will faith, wait till I get a club; Katey, hand me out Johnny's base ball bat, dat'll do."

Let me introduce Paddy Doherty to you, my friends. He has a commanding figure. He wears a plug hat, a tweed suit with a large pattern, a floated chain and a dollar diamond in his scarf. He is partial to beef-steak and onions, whiskey and cigars. He is a dangerous man. He has come no one knows from where, to pollute the minds of the quiet denizens of Lombard street. He is an anarchist, that's what he is. He has an eye in his head, oh, he has an eye in his head—and just one. He is an Anarchist from Anarchy. He sticks to his purpose with the tenacity of an advertising agent to an up-town merchant. You can subdue a blood-hound, you can paralyse a bull, you can terrify a book agent, you can frighten a grizzly, you can astound a thunder-bolt, but you can't scare Paddy Doherty, no, sir!

The forest fire dies out, the tornado passes, the locomotive is laid up for repairs, a cannon ball gets stuck in the mud, stocks go down with a crash, a reporter sleeps, the temperance lecture comes to an end, the bull-dog lets go his hold, but Paddy Doherty never gives up, you bet.

He is eloquent as Cicero, dumb as the everlasting hills, deaf as the tomb, pitiless as the sea, stubborn as a mule, sassy as a house pig, funny as a pet ox, savage as a tiger, lazy as a hired man, and seductive as a saloon.

That's the kind of a man Paddy Doherty is. Nature has bestowed upon him a sinister eye and a mouth like a turnip pit. You can't kill him. He is dead! Yet he is the liveliest corpse you ever saw in all your life.

He can roar like a bull, he can sing like a gorilla, he can yell like a grit politician, he can whisper like the summer seas.

He is a noble drinker.

"Will 'oo have something," said Ted Connelly softly, as the pair past McBost's."

"I'll take a taste," said Paddy Doherty. He took four finger fulls and as he went out on the street in the gathering gloom a tear dropped from his eye. He had put no water in it.

"Hi sissy," screeched an urchin, "dare' de head ob de new gubernunt!"

An exultant flash kindled his eye.

"Aha!" he said, "blud, blud."

They strolled into Kelly's back yard. The place was full of anarchists, ash barrels, potato peelings and a bad smell. As Paddy Doherty mounted the cask a wild shout of welcome rose from the crowd. Pig face Murphy and Reddy Burke led them on. Bull Pup Regon continued to shout. He wouldn't let up. Some one hit him a dreadful kick. The pound of dynamite in his pistol pocket went off with a fearful explosion.

Paddy Doherty came down through a neighboring roof and lit in the midst of a surprised family.

"The matin' is adjourned," said Paddy Doherty, as he dusted his pants and walked out.

CENTENNIAL EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT, ETC.

Boarding-house Keeper.—Here Jackie! look here, I want you to go down to that old second-hand on Queen, and tell him to send up them four bedsteads right off. And say, Jackie, go to Misses Jenkins and tell her to lend me three sheets till the day after to-morrow; and get two from Misses Marksec, and four pillow cases and a tablecloth from Misses Crookses.—I'll send them all home after the centennial—but you just say, mother'll be sure to send them home day after to-morrow.

COULDN'T POSSIBLY.

Overworked Shoemaker.—Can't do it sir. Couldn't possibly take another measure. 'Ave more work ordered than I can peg into. 'Fraid you'll 'ave to go to Hamilton to get 'em done.

ECONOMICAL.

Old Schoolmate.—And when is the wedding to come off?

Blushing Rural Bride prospective.—Oh well I've everything ready now, but Jake says we've got to spend money at the Toronto Centennial anyhow, and we might as well make it all one funeral.

OH! THE DARLING!

Young Lady kissing the week-old baby.—Oh! oh! such a lovely wee tootsey wootsey as it is to be sure. When is it to be christened?

Proud young Mamma.—Oh! first of July, of course. We are going to call him "Centennial Francis Angelico Small."

A BUSINESS WOMAN.

Misthress O'Hara.—"Lind me the loan av five dollars acushla, an' its meself ud be afther payin' yez whin the Cintaynnial's over.

Misther O'Toole—first cousin.—An' phwat wud yez be afther doin' wid foive dollars, Misthress O'Hara.

Misthress O'Hara.—"Och sure thin an' isn't it Tim and Barney I want to be afther settin' up in business, agin the Cintaynnial. It's a couple av baskets I'd be afther buyin' aich av em, an' arranges an' nuts an' candies galore. Musha man! it's a farchune they'll be afther makin' wid the bit of dirty money ye're goin' to lind me. Faith an' its proud yez ought to be Mick O'Toole, to write home to Ould Oireland an' tell how Misthress O'Hara yer own fursht cousin, was in a foine business wid two branches no less at tother ind av the city, superintinded be me two byes, Arrah now! blessin's down on yez an' thank yez kindly; Suro I knew all I had to do was to ax yez—(sotto voce). An' Mick O'Toole dear, may ye live till I pay ye!

GETTING OUT OF IT.

Mrs. McHaffie's horrified comment on a letter she has been reading.

Seven o' them! Lord forgie me, but I dinna

want them. Seven! nae less! gudesake! they'll eat me oot o' house an' ha', forbyo landin' me up tae the lugs in debt. Whaur dao they think I'm gawn to get beds for them a? Tam an' Jock, an' Hugh and Jamie in a'e bed, heads an' thraws; Jess an' Meg an' Shusy an' me in anither ane; the gudeman an' the four bairns on a shake-doon i' the flure; an' then the twa lodgers? Na, na! I like to be oblcagin' especially anee in a hunder year; but when it comes to seven able-bodied country staimachs quartered on me for a fortnight—Tam! Riz up this minit tae the landlord an' tell him I'm gawn to flit. I'll just gie them twa-ree lines tellin' them hoo glad I'll be to see them an' I'll clean forget to send them oor new address. Seven o' them! Humph!

TWO LOVES AND NEARLY A LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

The pale moon slept in a snug corner of the heavens, bathing with its refulgent beams the garden in which our hero, Randolph Devereaux, walked, making him appear for the nonce a perfect Adonis. He was, indeed, elegant to look upon as he walked, with head uncovered, his long hair gently moved and kissed by the zephyrs which lingered around him. Ever and anon he cast his lack-lustre eye in the direction of a group of cottages, and a sigh escaped his lips. He was thinking of his Araminta. He had travelled night and day from the neighboring village to meet his loved one and join with her in the holy bonds of matrimony. Was she true to him after his many years of absence? Alas, women are fickle! perhaps she had got some other fellow. The thought caused him to raise his right optic to the shimmering light, and throw his long, lank arms to the moon in the attitude of invocation. A smothered cur—groan quivered on his upper lip, disturbing the pomaded serenity of his silken moustache. Why this attitude, and why this quivering groan? He had swallowed two teeth and broken his left suspender.

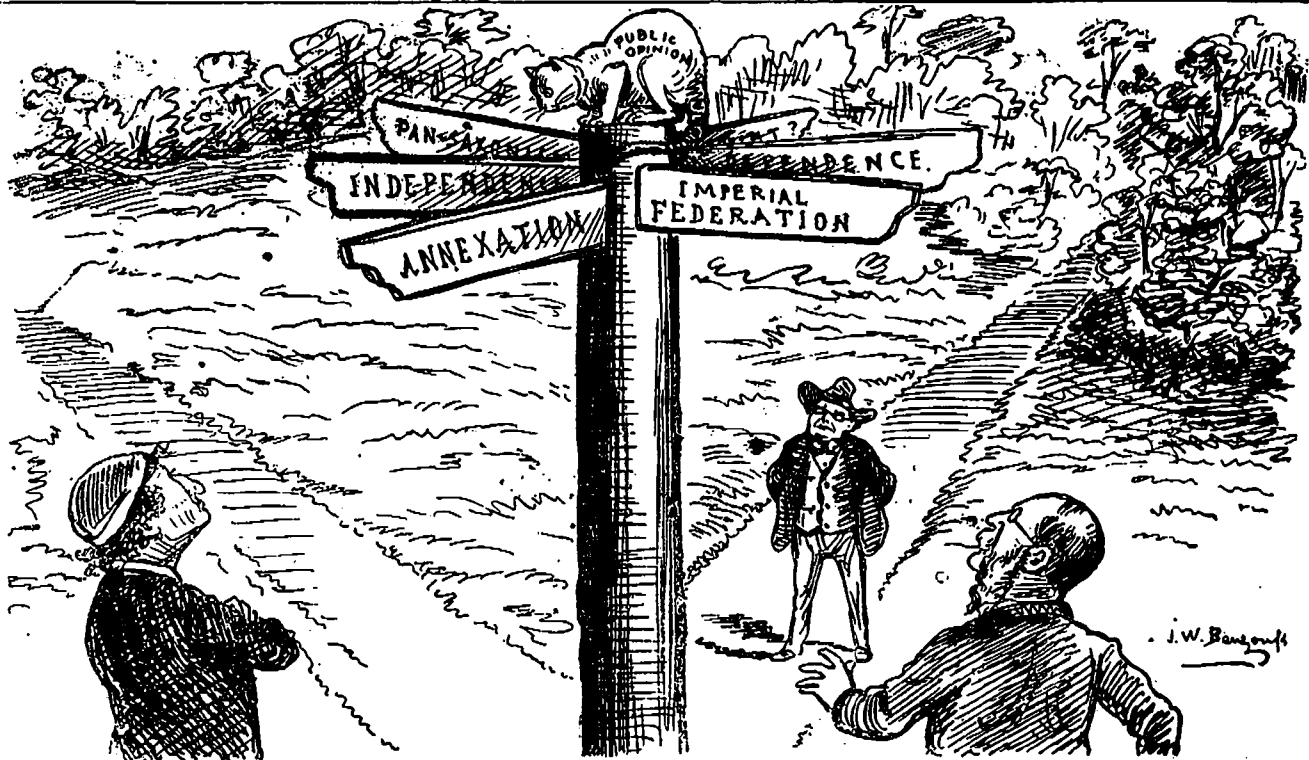
CHAPTER II.

Araminta had wandered by the seashore until she was weary, and had laid her down to rest on the south side of a sunny rock. As she thus reposed, the latest novel in her queenly hand, she was a sight for the "gods and little fishes." At times she cast her eyes from her book along the sands as if looking for some one, and then replaced them in their proper receptacles. The day crept along, and the sun had already taken forty winks, in anticipation of leaving for awhile this portion of the wicked world, when a step was heard and Randolph Devereaux flung himself into a pool of water at her feet. The curtain is drawn over the scene which followed. The even was drawing nigh when they awoke from their dream of love and kisses, and they arose and journeyed homeward. When they had walked five miles Araminta discovered she had left on the erstwhile sunny rock her charming novel, and despatched Randolph to recover it. On the wings of love he speeded and returned with the precious book to the spot he had left two minutes ago, but Araminta was gone. Randolph's brain began to whirl. Had a quicksand swallowed her up? He cried aloud to the winds and the waves: "Araminta, where shall I find her?" But the taunting echo only answered: "Find her." Maddened, infuriated, he dashed away in search. After fruitless searching for three hours and twenty minutes, a lucky turn around the corner of a rock presented the object of his search. But not alone. There she sat, chatting in loving tones with another fellow. Randolph swooned right away. Araminta and the other fellow, finding the mantle of night was beginning to be thrown around them, and their

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WAITING TO SEE WHICH WAY THE CAT WILL JUMP.

digestive organs were crying out "we've got no work to do," arose and went, utterly unconscious of poor Randolph laying on the damp sand, with the cold, cold sea lapping his luxurious curls, and the shrimps inquisitively peeping into his carholes.

CHAPTER III.

Randolph lay upon his couch in a raging fever. Some honest fishermen had discovered him and, through the medium of several pawn tickets, ensconced in his vest pocket, had found his address, and taken him home. For weeks he hovered between life and death, raging of Araminta and crawling shrimps. During this time a faithful nurse was ever near him, administering his every spoonful of medicine, and directing the taking of every pill. One day he awoke a new man, and discovered in the ministering angel his faithless Araminta. Explanations ensued. The "other fellow" was her long-lost brother, returned from foreign climes with wealth galore. Randolph recovered rapidly after this. In two hours he was convalescent, in three restored to health, and in two weeks a poor married man.

And now as they sit in their armchairs with their grandchildren hanging around their

knees, they love to tell of the time when two loves were endangered, and a life nearly lost.

TITUS A. DRUM.

MADAME D'ARCY—Why do you weep, my poor woman?

WEeping WOMAN—My son has just been hung.

MADAME D'ARCY—Happy mother!

WEeping WOMAN—Happy?

MADAME D'ARCY—Yes. My son is alive, but he is a dude.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A ZEALOUS CHAMPION.

[Intercepted letter published under protest.]

Toronto, Monday.

MY DEAR SHEP,—We made a grand mistake when we didn't work up this holiday racket earlier in the season. People were so chock full of the idea of a big Semi-Centennial Blow-Out that if the thing had been written about good and strong we'd have got the folks to give up Christmas, shut down on New Year's Day, choke off Good Friday, side-track the Queen's birthday, and maybe drop out every other Sunday or so, on purpose to reserve and combine forces for the solidest, undilutedest, over-protected old flare-up they

ever had in all their born days. I am glad to see you've started even at this late day to hold up our "Semmy" on a long pole. No holidays, no half-time, no lay-off, no nothing between now and the Memorable Anniversary next month, when we'll all go off with a fizz and a bang and a boom-m-m-m! that'll make this old world fairly get up on its hind legs and paw the air. Organize! organize! organize! Enthuse! Enthuse! enthuse! Hang the monkey-wrench on the safety valve, while you pile in the fat pine!

Ever of thee,
JACK.

A charitable lady—Jennyrosaity.—*Ex.*

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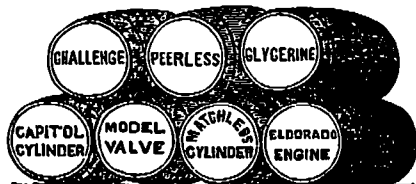


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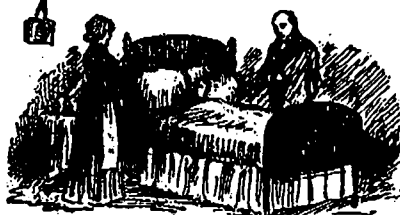
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