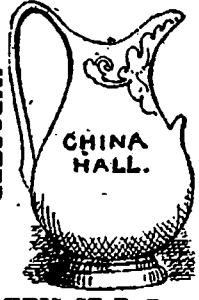


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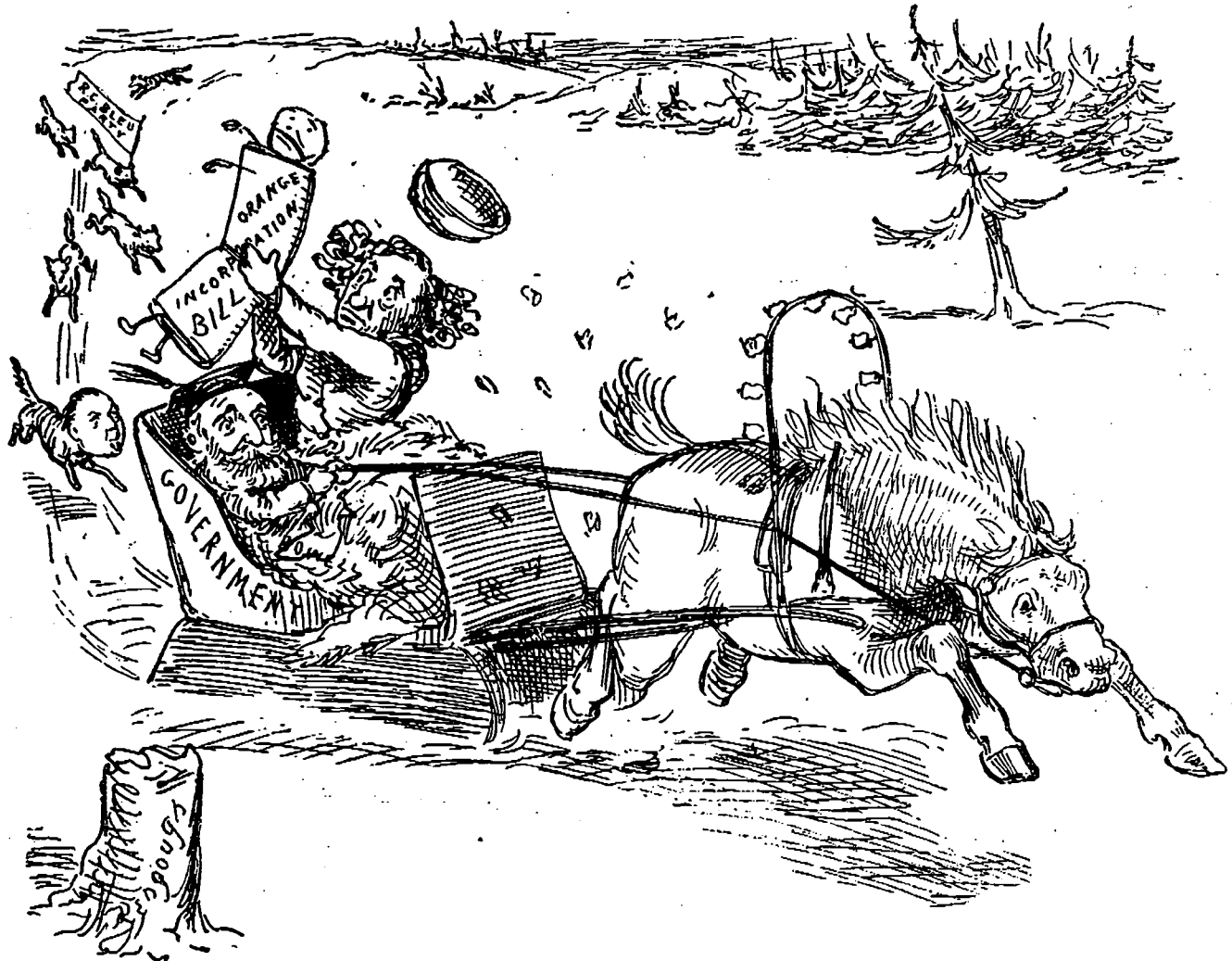
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J. W. BENGOUGH  
FRED. SWIRE, B.A.

*Editor.*  
*Associate Editor.*

The gravest heart is the ass; the gravest bird is the owl;  
The gravest fish is the oyster; the gravest man is the fool.

#### Please Observe.

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

### Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The wonderful faculty of "mind reading" displayed by Mr. Stuart Cumberland is at present occupying a good deal of attention. It is alleged that the power in question is, after all, a mere trick, which anyone may acquire, and we are inclined to accept this assertion in view of the facility with which Sir John has been for some time (through the medium of the *Mail*) reading the mind of Mr. Blake. It is found that the Opposition leader's powerful intellect is concentrated on the startling subject of "Annexation." If we are to believe the mind-reader, Mr. Blake is a most dangerous embodiment of incipient treason, whose one single aim is to give Canada to Uncle Sam. The excitable reader of the *Mail* is cautioned to remember, however, that as yet Blake is only an annexationist "in his mind."

FIRST PAGE.—Travellers in Russia are sometimes driven to desperate straits when pursued by the wolves of that inhospitable region. It is said that parents have been known to sacrifice their children one by one, by throwing them out of the flying sleigh to stop the greedy maws of their fierce pursuers. Sir John and his Orange colleagues appear, at present, to be in a similarly desperate situation. The French Catholic party are after them in full cry, and before the end of the session it may be necessary to throw the poor little helpless Incorporation Bill to them. How it must lacerate the heartstrings of the glorious, pious and immortal Bowell to do this! As for the equally glorious and pious Sir John—he wouldn't think two minute about it if it had to be done.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The election of a member for Algoma will finish the Ontario tribulation. This contest is to come off shortly, and so far as we can learn, it will result in an easy victory for the Conservative candidate.



We rise to enquire if it is true that our esteemed co-laborer, Joseph Keppler, attended Mrs. Vanderbilt's fancy ball in the character of *Puck*—arrayed in a swallow tail coat and a crayon-holder?

Mr. Blake's new moustache and whisker give him a decidedly American appearance. Ha! we have it! This is another outward development of his Annexation proclivities. Let the *Mail* man investigate this suspicious affair.

The great comet of 1882 will not be visible from this earth again till the year 2676, and it is a sad and solemn thing to think that no one now living will see it except a few survivors of the Balaklava charge. It is indeed a grand though overwhelming thought.

Riches are not fairly distributed in this world, but we live in hopes that things will come all right in time, and that editors will be able to abscond as well as bank cashiers who at present monopolise that industry. Dawn, bright days, and let us have something to get away with.

The *New York Sunday Mercury* is a splendid paper and shows great judgment and discretion in making selections for its columns, but *GRIP* is touchy, and likes to get credit when credit is due. This may be one of the "Spring Emotions," spoken of in the *Mercury* of March 25, but it is a fact.

"It is said of Mr. Barnard, the editor of *Punch*, that 'he jests incessantly, has been twice married, and has fourteen children.'"—*Exchange*. Well, all we've got to say is that it is a confounded pity that some of his jokes don't get into *Punch* occasionally, as it is a long, long time since anything in the shape of a jest appeared in that gloomy periodical.

The *Boston Herald* says: "The physicians of ex-Governor Head, of New Hampshire, report that he is in a critical condition. His friends hope that he will be able soon to take a tropical journey." Now, just bear this in mind, that, when we are sick, we don't want any such insinuations as that made about us. Tropical journey, indeed; tropical journey yourself.

The body of a man, in a complete state of preservation, was dug up the other day among the ruins of Pompeii. It crumbled to dust on exposure to the air, but a piece of parchment in its hand remained as sound as ever. Several antiquarians have deciphered the characters on this parchment, and declare that their translation is a joke about a plumber. This should be a warning, but it won't.

Oh! the latest agonies  
Of tip-top societies;  
'Tis a most peculiar craze,  
Strangest seen for many days.

What is that?

Draw a cat.

Draw a little swearing, tearing,  
Mussy, cussy, pussy cat.

Draw a cat

Sitting flat

On a mat.

Shoot the cat!



Sir Charles Tupper is taking his departure from the Cabinet. Already his household effects have left Ottawa. "Well, good-bye, Charley," says Sir John, "take care of yourself." "I never forget to do that, old boy," responds the other gallant knight.

A kleptomaniac is a person who is unable to distinguish clearly the difference between *menum* and *lum*. An exchange gives an account of a fight between two men, in the course of which one combatant bit off the ear and nose of the other. We are unable to see any difference between mayhem and chew'em, but are we necessarily kleptomaniacal? There is a classical twang about this paragraph and it is at the disposal of any of the College papers.

"Whew! this is hot work," observed Chief Stewart, of Hamilton, during the Tug of War between the bobbies of that city and our fellows. "Oh! you'll feel cooler now you've 'crossed the line,'" remarked Sergeant Stark, as the Toronto men yanked their opponents across the chalk mark. We had intended to write a poem on the victory of our men, but we forgot it till too late. For this and all other mercies let the public be truly thankful.

The Peterboro' *Examiner* man is angry because a poet in *GRIP* said that the girls of that hamlet "pranced and chattered," and he attempts to wither Toronto with a story about a young lady of that city who visited Peterboro' and found herself unable to turn in the street there (we believe there is only one) on account of the size of her feet. "A lie that is half the truth is ever the blakest of lies," and the *Examiner's* little story comes under that head. The facts of the case are as follows:—A young lady from Toronto *did* visit Peterboro'; it was in winter, and a masquerade was going on at the skating rink, which the lady was desirous of attending in the character of the hero of the Seven League boots. She hunted for five minutes, during which time she visited every store in the village, but was unable to find any boots large enough to suit the character till chance led her past a certain dwelling where a pair of boots were standing outside the front door; the owner had been compelled to take them off there, for nothing short of a miracle could ever have got them through the door. The young lady borrowed them, and started in them for the skating rink. Is it to be wondered at, when the breadth of that street, which may be compared to that strait and narrow way, etc., and the size of those boots are taken into consideration, that she *did* get stuck fast?

In his indignation the *Examiner* scribe says that it is the birthright of Peterborough girls to chatter. That is all right; Buffon claims the same privilege for the *simiades*, and, we believe, rightly. Comparisons are odious and we don't make any.

Seeing it stated in several papers that a commercial traveller, employed by a Hamilton

grocery firm, had said he had obtained a lock of Mrs. Langtry's hair from the lady herself, and somewhat doubting the veracity of the story, we quietly wrote to Mrs. Langtry and enquired whether there was any foundation for the statement. That lady answered, by return of post, as follows:—

"DEAR MR. GRIP,—I was very much amused when I heard what that bagman had been saying, and I hasten to give you the whole truth. A young man did come "on board," as you say in this charming country, the train by which I went to Niagara. He had never seen me and was very anxious to obtain an introduction to me. As, however, I never met a bagman in the Prince's set, I caused my agent to introduce my maid to the young man as "Mf. She informs me that he made himself very agreeable (for a person in his position) and that she gave him, on parting at the Suspension Bridge, a piece of her false switch. This is all that passed, and if Mr. Gebhardt hears that that bagman is showing the hair as mine, I'm afraid he will challenge him. Write often, and be sure and forward GRIP to me wherever I am. Yours, sincerely, L.L."

We are always happy to be able to expose fraud.

### DISILLUSIONED ;

OR,

THEY ALL DO IT.

(Continued.)

As we wandered along we passed several policemen here and there, and I was struck by their fine bearing and physique, as well as by the sagacity and intelligence that the faces of the majority of them wore. I remarked this to my little companion, at the same time expressing my opinion that these men were deserving of all the gratitude of the citizens for their unwavering vigilance and alertness. "We should indeed feel grateful," I said, "when we think that whilst we sleep through the dark watches of the night, these faithful guardians of the peace, ever awake to the call of duty, guarding our persons and property from the machinations of the lawless and abandoned. I felt eloquent and knew that I was peaking well. I had picked up Brother Slingjaw's flask, and the contents were telling on me. "Here," I continued, "we see a city, the inhabitants of which, reposing the utmost confidence in the vigilance of these gallant fellows, retire to their couches, with a feeling of

what's that: say chappie, we're going to have a thunder storm. Did you not hear that low muttering like the far away rumblings of a coming elemental war? Hist! I hear it again. 'Tis the growling of the thunder; come, let us get back before the storm arrives." "Don't be in a hurry," replied the little fellow, "you forget that we are invisible and the rain won't hurt us, even if it is rain, which I doubt. Ha! I thought so. Look here: this is where your thunder rumblings proceed from," and he pointed to a gallant minion of the moon, clad in his coat of blue, taking his nocturnal siesta, (if a siesta can be taken at night, and why not? get your dictionary, dear reader, and hunt up the word,) on the head of a salt mackerel barrel. "This is the place," continued the mannikin tapping the sleeping constable's nose, "whence emanates those murmurings of a coming thunder storm," and certainly the officer was a most accomplished snorer. "The unrestrained melody of his beak," said the sprite, "will probably cause its owner to appear before another kind of beak, and the example which the latter will make of the former, will act as a beak-on to other similar offenders, and we shall probably miss his beak-off this beat." Brother Slingjaw's flask was having a decided effect on me, and I felt like dropping into poetry. I dropped.

Maybe he is weary, and divil a wonder:

Why should he not sleep, if he can, 'neath the rose?  
Let the peeler dream on, making soft muffled thunder  
Go forth on the night from his somnolent nose.  
Sleep on, gallant bobby, sleep on."

Either my words or the fragrance of the contents of my flask or rather of Brother Slingjaw's, aroused the reposing officer, for he got up, yawned, stretched himself and muttering, "I cud swear I smilt whiskey, but maybe it's on'y dhramin' I was, but if such was the case it was a plisant dhrame. Maybe av I take another snooze I'll get a lhrink," and he walked on a few paces and sat down on a doorstep, where we left him. "I shall soon lose faith in all that is good and pure and noble," I said to my companion. "Don't do that," he answered, "there is much that is admirable, many things and people that are thorough, sincere and honest,"—"but it's hard to find 'em," he added after a pause. It was becoming very chilly, and the keen morning air penetrated my very marrow. I seemed to be growing benumbed and my legs almost refused to carry me further. "Wake up, man," screamed the mannikin, hitting me a violent blow on the back. "Wake up,"—and that was precisely what I did. I found myself lying before my now empty fireplace on the floor; I had slipped from my chair and the fall had awakened me from the sound slumber into which I had fallen. "So it was all a dream," I muttered, "but I'll swear that a good many things I saw in my vision are really so; and if it was only a dream, there are some matters concerning which I am perfectly Disillusioned.

### EASTER EGGS.

CHAP. I.

Easter Eve.  
Time—8.30 p.m.

*Dramatis persona*, for the present, Aurora-lette Ap Fungus.

Another *dramatis persona* will appear presently, and for him Auroralette awaits.

Wearily the moments seem to drag along, as she sits, pensively turning over the leaves of her cat album, in which Society's latest craze has decreed that her friends shall each endeavor to draw a cat. Ah, me! what a menagerie of weird fantastic animals that book contains.

The mind of the most talented bibulist, in his direst paroxysms of delirium tremens would

il to conceive such horrible imaginings as these pages depict.

But it is not of such things that I am about to tell.

I merely mentioned them *en passant* (pronounced "ong pahsong" in colleges where French is the language spoken).

Hist! a step outside.

'Tis his. He comes.

Enter Breadalbane Daguerre, attired in the height of fashion. He is the other persona. He is also Auroralette's lover.

They meet.

Smack! Smock! Smoogle!

I am paid by the line for this romance.

### CHAP. II.

Time—9 p.m.

The two lovers are seated.

Upon the four legs of one chair is thrown the weight of both.

Breadalbane sits upon the chair; Auroralette sits upon Breadalbane.

It is a good arrangement.

"To-morrow will be Easter Sunday," murmured Auroralette.

Breadalbane starts as he hears the remark, and colors like some guilty thing.

"Breadalbane, my darling, you promised to bring me a dozen Easter eggs, fresh ones, for me to bile, if they were not more than thirty cents. They are only twenty-seven, and you have broken your word."

"Nay, sweet one, I had forgotten them till you spoke. I have brought them," replied Breadalbane.

"Where are they, precious?" gurgled Auroralette. "In my pocket," replied her lover. "In the pocket of your overcoat?" she queries, starting up as if to rise and go for them. "Oh, please don't joggle so," pleads Breadalbane. "Tell me, then, where are they?" she demands imperiously. "My sweet, in the tail pocket of this coat I have on." "Then you are sitting on them. Darling, they must be broken," shrieked the lovely girl. "Candor and sense of feeling compel me to admit that they are," replied Breadalbane.

They were.

It was a terrific mess. Eggshells will not stand the pressure of three hundred and fifteen pounds without fading away like "snow wreaths in thaw, Jean."

### CHAP. III.

SCENE—Emporium of a second-hand clothes dealer.

*Dramatis res*; a frock coat and a pair of of pantaloons waving wildly in the Easter Monday breeze in front thereof.

Eggscactly so.

### NO WONDER IT WAS DULL.

"Pa, I'm so glad Lent is over."

"Why, my darling?" asked the fond father, caressing her carrotty tresses, and mentally comparing the cost of provisions during the season of fasting with the ordinary hash bill and finding about an even thing of it, "Why, my dear?" "Oh! it's so dull, pa; and we mustn't laugh, but do nothing but read *Burton's Anatomy* and *London Punch* and—" "Well, dear, the season of sorrowing is over now and I will let you peruse some lighter literature," replied the old gentleman.

"Thanks, pa," said his daughter ecstatically, "thanks, now get me *Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy*, for I do want to have a good laugh so after those other dry old things."

An oyster has been known to open its shell to hear the music of an accordion. If there was any doubt about the stupidity of the bi valve this settles it.



security that is born of the untiring alacrity of the noble peeler. The peeler, sir, is a fine fellow, a remarkable fine fellow, and—hallo!



"UNION IS STRENGTH."

MR. J. ROSS ROBERTSON SAYS THE FELLOW WHO GOT UP THAT MOTTO WASN'T SO VERY FAR OUT AFTER ALL!

#### A FUGITIVE FROM FENTON.

ERINGOBBAGE TERRACE,  
Wiggins 11th, 1883.

ME DEAR SUR,— "Farewell! a long farewell to all me grateness," as General Wolsley ud say whin he was afther dyin'. Adieu! dear native land av Toranty, thy hills and valleys green! And lasht but not laste, wid tears in me oyes, farewell dear burd av litherature an' freedom, me own Canadian Aigle, darlin' GRIP. "Ju-va-le-ra!" A wanderer an' a vagabone on the face av the airth, a fugitive from injustice, and an exile from home, has your venerable correspondent become, all through the onfortunate purchase av a lottery ticket.

I'm just afther feelin' like an owld ostrich that's hunted from post to pillar, an' fain to sbtick its head in a hedge to be out av sight an' hearin' av the ruthless pursuer. I tell ye sur, that owld haythen king, who shuk so his joints loosened, an' his knees shmoted together, was nothing but a flea-bite compared wid meself, whin I was afther findin' out that I was a law breaker an' amenable to the laws av me country, through me aisy goin' timper.

It's the quarest sination in life to be feelin' that you are a criminal, an' liable to be placed in the dock wid dhrunkards an' loafers, an' blagyards, an' people that don't shovel off their shnow; to feel that you are wan av thim, an' that you are brought there by a move in a game that is bein' played by a lawyer in the intherests of the Suppression of Personal Impecuniosity. Agin the law! if the "vice suppressur" was anxious that the law shouldn't be broken, why didn't he go round the walls an' prophesy "yet forty days an' this interprise shall be destroyed?" Why didn't his virtuous indignation blaze out whin he got the first inklin' av the affair? Why didn't he raise a warnin' voice to warn poor innocent sows like meself from the awful vice? Why didn't he begin to "suppress" it till the bloom was on the rye and there was money in it? Couldn't he find any

vice to suppress in a city of saloons, of she-beens, of low haunts; of perishing childer, of dhrinkin' boys, and neglected girls? Musha! Mither Phintin, its yerself that takes the cake at swallowin' a camel humps an' all widout winkin', an' chokin' yerself wid a bit av a gnat av a lottery ticket. Faith thin me knight, it's mighty afraid that I am that yez'll be afther gettin' hoisted on the sails on this windmill av fortune you're a tiltin' at.

Yez'll aixcuse me hasty spache, Mither GRIP, but me timper gets the better av me whin I see people usin' the suppression av vice as a manes av makin' a big haulav money. It was very innocently meself was roped in. Ye see, Paddy O'Laff an' Biddy Quirk that got married about the same time as meself, they lived outside the city limits, an' kept a cattle ranch for raisin' pigs an' poulthry. Paddy was asmathematic, an' died one day fur want av breath. Biddy, however, she kep on the ranch, an' bein' hard up this winter, cum to the conclusion that she'd raffie off wan av the two pigs to raise the wind to pay the rint wid. So she writes me a letter, axin me to use me vote an' influence to get the raffie advertised in GRIP, an' she'd pay the money whin she got ready. Now, me bein' a lithery man I couldn't think av bein' mixed up wid anything as low as a raffie, besides if Biddy didn't raise more than the rint, she'd be apt to forget to pay for the advertisement; and then agin, that cartoon av the Pursuit av Pleasure made me oncertain av the reception you, sur, might give me, if I proposed to advertise the raffie av a pig in yur pages. So I scours meself up a bit, hangs on me best bib an' tucker, (I like to luk well whin I go to visit a widdy-woman, as a token av respect fur the departed) tacked on me new green tie, an' in the karacter av GRIP's reporter, went to interview the widdy anint the raffie.

Says I "Misthress O'Laff" says I, "sure its behind the age you'd be intoirly to have anything so low as a raffie. It isn't fashionable," says I, "nayther is it a bit gintale," says I. Says I, "you're a young an' good

lukin' ooman yet, an' in ivery thing you do," says I, "you shud be guided wid an oye to future possibilities in the way av marriage. No gintale young fellow now a days, wud marry a widdy-woman who raffled her pig. No ma'am," says I "we'll get up a lothtery," says I. "We'll dhrav the pig," says I. "Howly mother o' Moses!" says she, wid a grate screech, "sure you'd niver be ablo." "Why not?" says I. "Sure his neck is as thick as me waist," says she, "you couldn't dhrav it an inch." Says she, "I'd dhrav the toughest rooster in the yard, but I'm thinkin' its histhroat ye'll be afther cuttin' Barney," says she. "I didn't mane to dhrav his neck, Misthress O'Laff," says I, "what I mane is this, we'll get some tickets out, wid a lucky number for the pig, an' afther we've sowl'd the tickets among our frinds an' acquaintances, I'll come down an' we'll dhrav fur it, an niver mind about havin' a fiddler," says I. She loked a little dissappointed about the dance, but niver mind, says I "dance when your debt's paid." An' says I "I'll take a ticket, an' there's the quarther; an' I'll sell a dozen or so fur yez, its not every day people get the chance av dhravin' a handsome pig fur a quarther." So bedad we dhrav, an' Larry Kelly he won the pig, an' wid grate difficulty dhrav her home; the widdy's rint was paid, an' those that didn't win wern't sorry, their quarthers wat fur a good object. Two weeks sur, from that day, meself was served wid a summons from Mither Phintin, the vice suppressur, to answer a charge of encouragin' vice by helpin' the widdy to sell her pig.

No sur! niver! fur the honor av this paper, an' av the city, I will niver sthand in that dock as an example fur the suppression av



vice. Anyhow I daresn't risk it, fur I'm tould this vice suppressor is in the habit av eatin' sulphur fur his complexion in the spring, an' me lungs are wake, an' the shmell av brimstone 'ud make me cough so I'd be committed fur contempt av court, an' be landed in the Toranty Bastille. Manetime in momentary expectation av the police to haul me off, I shpind me hours in an owld flour-barrel, hidin' from them, an' have just come to the surface to pen you me lasht farewell. Tomorrow I'm off to the Shtates, where I will remain till the devil comes to Toranty to claim his own, afther which I can return to me native adopted country.

So long,  
BARNEY O'HEA.

A man out West died in a bath tub. The verdict was, death from inexperience,

Five out of every twelve marriages are said to be unhappy. The other seven are often worse.



THE POLITICAL MIND-READER!

"SIR, YOU ARE THINKING OF ANNEXATION!"



"So the world wags."

It is pretty near time to let up on Professor Wiggins. He is not the only man who ever get astray in his predictions, and perhaps it is just as well that his late prophecy did not turn out as a good many people expected it would. If this great storm had come to pass according to programme, the "I-told-you-so's" would not have been quite so jubilant, and the Professor would have gone on scaring people half to death, from which he will probably refrain in the future. It is really sad, however, that he has been the cause of so much anti-temperance conduct as the following poem would seem to imply:

#### WIGGINS AND THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went reeling out into the west  
To watch for the storm as the sun went down;  
Each muttered the oath that pleased him best,  
And swore that Wiggins was fit to drown.  
"For men can't work, though women may weep,  
While Wiggins and Fate and the Tempest sleep,  
And we'd like to keelhaul Wiggins!"

Three fishwives sat up in the lighthouse tower  
Nursing their wrath as the sun went down;  
Each vowed that Wiggins had stolen her dower,  
Or pawned her furniture through the town.  
"For idlers will drink, though their women weep,  
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep;  
But we'd like to parboil Wiggins!"

Three wet grocers sat and counted their gains  
And their empty kegs, as the sun went down—  
They had got all the boats and nets and chains,  
And every bedstead there was in town.  
Said one: "Let's divvy with Wiggins—I think  
We had ought ter pay him—in cradles or drink—  
But good-bye to the bar till mornin'."

—N. Y. Sun.

Children are close observers as Bub's essay on the rabbit will testify. Without further preface, then, I will introduce

#### BUB'S ESSAY.

The rabbit winks with hiz nozean' sumtimes he duz it with such effek that the okko agertates wat little tale heze got lef. Rabbits haz got other funny trates besides, because heze got knoze en hiz hind legs reach from hiz toze to hiz elboze an' he sets on 'em more'n he duz on the furtherest end of 'em. Hiz ears iz stiffycats of hiz belongin' to the jackass family an' wen he sticks 'em up the stars begin ter git nervus an' move out ther way. Rabbits wares furs all the hull year an' wen they walk yude think the behind part or 'im wuz harder ter lift 'an a burow, but wen you tetch 'em of a litenin' bug coodent ketch 'im of yude giv 'im tu daze start. Rabbits is good ter eat ony if thares wimmin round you mustn't menshun onnythin' 'bout cats wile the bankwet is goin on.

It is a great pity that those chatterers at the theatre do not oftentimes meet with amerited rebuke from the actors they annoy so greatly, to say nothing of the nuisance they render themselves to the audience. Nearly every theatre-goer must have experienced, at some time or other, the great pleasure of having a party of giggling girls behind him, or an individual who hums every song that is being

performed on the stage, or the idiot, who tells what is going to happen next, and so on: Clayton's rebuke, as shown in the following anecdote was a just one and no one will wonder that, after receiving it, the disturbers

#### HELD THEIR PEACE.

Clayton, the actor, who is married to Boucicault's eldest daughter, while playing his great part of *Hugh Trevor*, in "All for Her," at Brighton, and when in his best scenes, was utterly knocked over by persistent loud talking in a stage box. Utterly unable to proceed, he at last went up to the box and said "Ladies and gentleman, I fear my performance interrupts your conversation. As soon as I can proceed without distressing you I shall resume my part." The speech was received with tremendous applause by the audience, amid cries of "Turn them out!" The box was mute. One gentleman sought to pick a quarrel with him afterward, but after a little conversation, thought better of it.



Manager Thompson has undertaken a Canadian tour of the Eichberg String Quartette. He announces the early appearance at the Pavilion of the Fay-Templeton Comic Opera Co. in "Olivette" and "Mascotte," to be followed by other first-class attractions. Mr. Thompson deserves praise for the energy he has shown in the management of the Pavilion, and the directors have cause to congratulate themselves on having secured his services.

Attention is called to an advertisement in another column respecting the Gilchrist Scholarship Examination, which takes place on the 18th of June next. Intending candidates would do well to bear in mind that their names and certificates *must* be sent in before the 1st of May, or they stand a good chance of having the fact brought home to them that though "better late than never" is a good maxim in some cases, it is one that will not hold good in this one.

#### HE CHOSE HIS PROFESSION.

"Horatio," said the wealthy broker, "it is high time you chose some profession. You are now twenty, and though I am able to support you, I am not willing to do so. You have had a liberal education—let me see, you were—how far had you advanced when you left College?" "In the First Reader, father," replied his son. "Hum," muttered his parent, "and I believe you still experience some difficulty in grappling with words of two syllables, though I have spent immense sums on you and engaged a very expensive private tutor for you. How would a military life suit you? You navae a pretty fair figure." "Father," answered Horatio, "a soldier may be called upon to fight: some of them is, and them as don't like fighting didn't ought to be soldiers, besides a man must master the multiplication table before he can rise." "True, true," said his father sadly, "that is so: you got as far as simple addition, did you not, Horatio?" "I did, father." "Twice three is—what, my son?" "Eight, father." The old gentleman stamped impatiently. "Think again, Horatio." The youth counted on his fingers, and at the end of a few minutes replied, "Six, father." "Ha! that is better; now let me see: you used to be very smart at out-

ting figures out of paper, and pasting them on the cat; how would you like to be an editor? If you had some one to tell you which pieces to cut out, I think you could paste them on a sheet of paper, could you not, Horatio?" "Oh! father, surely you cannot mean it," responded the young man. "Me as hasn't never yet been drunk—surely, father, you would not drive me to that." "Well, what can I make of you: you are next thing to an idiot and—stay, how would a bank clerk's position do for you? By watching carefully what your companions did you might in time become a cashier." "Father, I do want to remain in this country." "What's that got to do with it?" asked the old gentleman sharply. "Prison life would kill me, and America is vulgar." "I see your drift, Horatio, you are not altogether a fool; but what in Heaven's name can you be? You have, as I before remarked, a tolerable figure, the very smallest quantity of brains that any one not an absolute idiot can have, you are twenty years of age, ignorant as a hog, and without the vestige of an original idea in your head. You part your hair in the middle, wear stays and use scent, and if you can tell me what you are fit for I will trouble you to do it." "Father, I can. Let me be a Dude." "The very thing," yelled the excited parent, "the very thing; nature never made anything without having a use for it. Off you go. Thank heaven you have hit on something that none but the biggest fools that breathe the breath of life can be. Go, go and be a Dude."

And he do'd as he was told. This is a very funny article.

## University of London.

### Gilchrist Scholarship Examination.

Intending candidates are reminded that they should send in their names, accompanied by certificates of age and character, to this Department, on or before the 1st of May, 1883. The examination takes place

On Monday, 18th June, 1883.

Copies of the list of subjects in which candidates will be examined for the years 1883 and 1884 respectively, can be obtained on application to the Department.

ARTHUR S. HARDY,

Provincial Secretary.

Provincial Secretary's Office,  
Toronto, 16th March, 1883.

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

MANITOBA AND THE NORTH-WEST,  
DAKOTA, MINNESOTA, &c.

### SEASON, 1883.

The Popular Special Trains will, commencing

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14,

and every succeeding Wednesday during March and April, be despatched from MONTREAL, BROCKVILLE, and TORONTO, stopping at intermediate stations en route for accommodation of passengers from all points in Ontario.

First-class accommodation provided passengers at lowest fare.

Live stock, waggons, household effects in through cars at very low rates.

For information, tariffs, etc., apply to Grand Trunk Railway Agents, or to J. Stephenson, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

W. EDGAR, Assistant G. E. A., Toronto.

JOSEPH HICKSON, General Manager.

Montreal, March 2nd, 1883.

## OUR CITY CHOIR,

AND HOW THEY LET THEMSELVES LOOSE ON A CHORUS.

"Would you like to come and hear our choir practice to-night?" asked my friend Pollywog. "I should," I replied, "above all things. I am a great lover of good music, and your choir has, I know, a very enviable reputation for excellence." "You're right, old man," said Pollywog, "and we're a pretty tony (no pun intended) crew, take us all through, and we just do things up according to Cocker. Well, you'll come, then?" I said I should be most happy, and at eight p.m. we wended our way to St. Dunstan's church. The chancel of the edifice alone was lighted up, the remainder of the vast pile being shrouded in gloom. "You can get the effect better" said Pollywog, "by remaining here, about the middle of this aisle. You will find it very fine. I must be going now, as we are about to rehearse next Sunday's anthem. Tra-la. Sit down here by this pillar." Soon the reverberations of the magnificent organ came rolling down the nave, and I felt a sense of awe stealing over me as I listened to the echoes dying away, swelling and again dying, as the organist touched the keys with a master hand. "Ah!" I thought, "this is enjoyment. Now they are going to begin." The tenor rose and commenced, "Bow-wow-wow-wow—" then the bass struck in with his deep manly tones, "Ah! bow-wow-oh! bow-wow-wow down-ow ow-own thine—" now the soprano and the alto, clear and distinct, "Bow-wow-wow-wow-dow-ow-own thine, bow-wow-wow-wow thine ear, ah-bow-wow—" then altogether, crescendo, fortissimo, "Bow-wow-down-dow-bow-wow-down thine ear—" "Surely," I muttered, "this can't be the anthem: Pollywog has made a mistake, and I think it wrong to be practising secular music in this sacred fane; this must be some companion piece to the 'Tyrolean ducks' that I heard at the concert the other night: but no,—stay—" Again came that chorus, "Bow-wow-down-ow-wow-down thine ear—" the tenor flinging the final "bow-wow" to first bass who caught it on the fly and fumbled with it for a space, and then, from the nethermost depths of his cavernous chest, hurled it at the alto at second, who "bow-wowed" at the soprano who chewed it up for a few seconds and then gave it to the trebles to play with, which being done, the whole choir joined in and let themselves out in a tremendous burst of "bow-owing," and the performance



closed, the organ giving a magnificent imitation of a pack in full cry, gradually approaching nearer and nearer, and ending with a fearful crash, the hounds seemingly yelling and howling round the fox held at arm's length by the huntsman, and surrounded by gentlemen in pink who are "in at the

death." (See Herring's picture). When Pollywog rejoined me he was jubilant, and asked me what I thought of it: "That'll fetch 'em on Sunday, eh, old chappie?" he asked. "My dear fellow," I said, "I don't approve of it at all. The idea of bringing comic, nay, I should infer that it was nigger minstrel music, into this place. It's awful, sacrilege, nothing else, sir, sacrilege." "W-what dy'e mean? Are you crazy?" asked Pollywog, horrified at my lack of appreciation. "That's the anthem for next Sunday morning: what in blazes are you driving at?" "Well I thought it was some dog chorus—something—" "Ha! ha! ha!" roared Pollywog—"ha! ha! extract from 'Kenilworth,' eh? selection from 'Canine, land of pure delight—" digging me in the ribs, "well, well, you snatch the confectionery, you do: ha! ha!" and he exploded in boisterous merriment. "Well, what was it then, old fellow?" I asked; as he partially subsided. "That: why it was 'Bow down thine ear to me,' a splendid thing: ha! ha! nigger minstrelsy: by Jingo! I must tell the rest of the gang that: that's a tough one on St. Dunstan's choir," and he went away, and doubtless related everything with such embellishments as his fertile fancy suggested, for I shortly after heard screams of laughter and feminine giggles issuing from the vestry, where the members of the choir had retired, and where some slight refreshment was usually partaken of after practise, I understood, and I've no doubt Pollywog was immensely happy in his conceits, recommending a little sherry and quinine to the alto, as "wine and bark, you know, Miss Highsee," or "a hair of the dog that bit you" to Mr. Swipes, the tenore robusto; or "a glass of whine with you, Miss Screejowl" and so forth, but I refused to join them, and went home a sad and melancholy man.



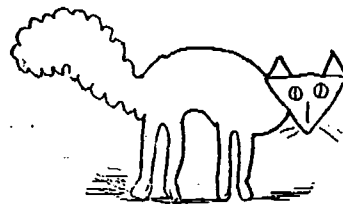
## DISENCHANTED.

We met in a street car: she was fair,  
With yearning eyes and glorious hair.  
One twang of his bow, and Cupid's dart  
Had pierced my too susceptible heart.  
Her air was innocent, modest and meek,  
And I longed to hear the adored one speak.  
But she spoke not then, though I longed to hear  
The silvery tones of her accents clear.  
Oh! sure, from those lips that held me in thrall  
Could none but words of melody fall.  
I met her again, at night, at tea  
She stood by my side and she spoke to me;  
And her words dropped down on my ear with a crash,  
"Cold pork, corned beef, 'am, mutton or 'ash?"  
Yes, these were the words that I heard her say,  
And my dream of the morning had faded away.

It is singular that the dead poets never write across Styx.

## THE LANGUAGE OF CATS.

The latest craze amongst the autograph young ladies is to ask their victims "to draw a cat." Now, even in Canada, everybody hasn't had the advantage of a course at our Schools of Design, and some may therefore find it difficult to comply with this request. Mr. GRIP, the ever ready patron of Art, hastens to furnish a few designs which may be found useful by those whose artistic education has been neglected. The following studies of Cats may be copied into albums with such variations as the taste and talent of the draughtsman may suggest. A few weeks of patient study will enable almost anybody to draw a cat like those here given. These figures are, of course, symbolical, and care should be taken to use the appropriate one according to circumstances. A cat in the following attitude signifies



OH, YOU GIDDY LITTLE THING!

The next position signifies



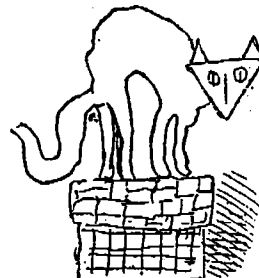
DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY?

The third design means



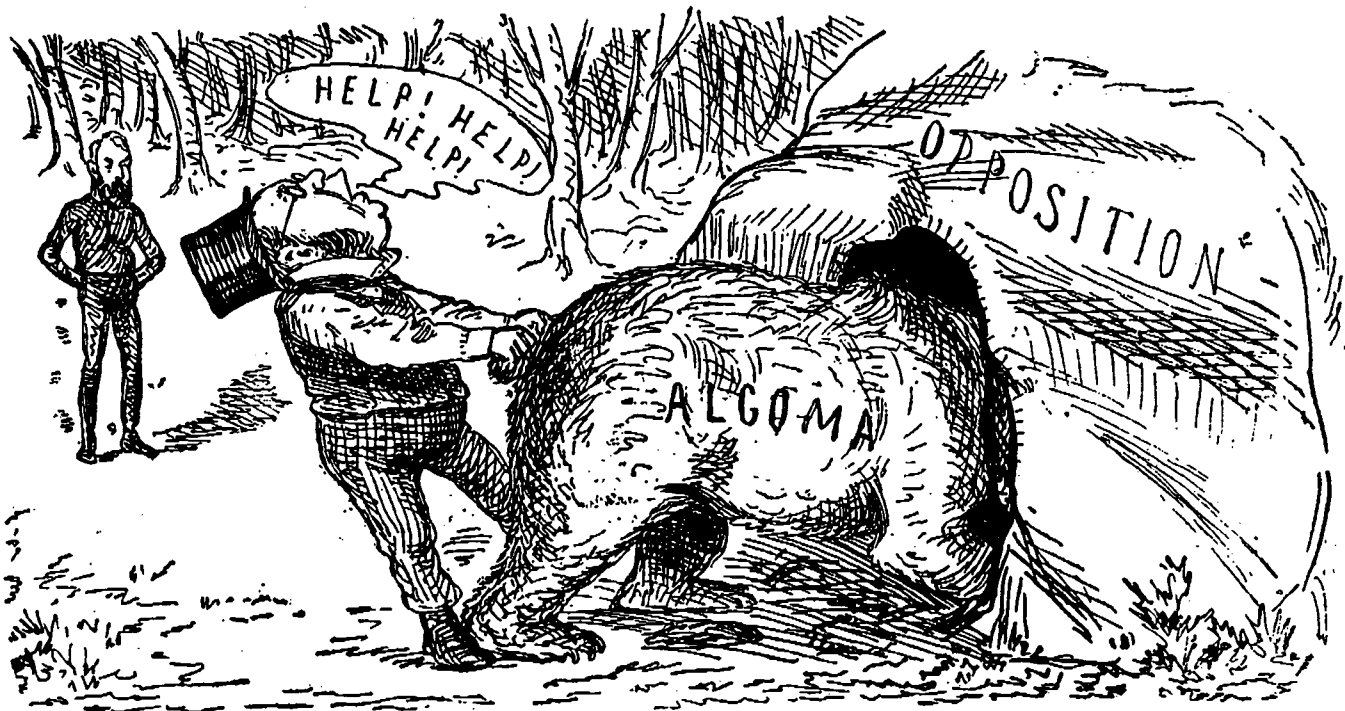
"OH, GIVE US A REST!"

And the following (which will be found appropriate for almost any album) means



"YOU'RE A PERFECT NUISANCE!"

Thousands of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" was made known to them. In all those derangements causing backache, dragging-down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from "internal fever," congestion, inflammation, or ulceration. By druggists.



CAN HE HOLD IT?

**A FANTASIE.**

What was it that woke me at dead of night  
Out of my slumber sound and sweet?  
And caused me to shiver and shake with fright,  
Till I felt my cheeks grow pale and white,  
And I hid my head beneath the sheet.

Was it the sound of the murmuring river  
Rushing to join the lillowy ocean?  
Ah! beautiful sea where the sunbeams quiver,  
And the song of thy waves goes on forever  
As thy breast is heaved with a gentle motion.

Nay, it was not that; what might it be  
That caused my hair to assume the form  
Of a hedgehog's spines, or the twigs of a tree  
Dancing in wild and ecstatic glee,  
Impelled by the power of Wiggines' storm?

Was it the song of the midnight breeze  
In low and weird cadences singing;  
As it tells its mystic tale to the trees,  
As it sings of the wonderful things it sees  
In a voice like far-off vespers ringing?

Or was it, ah! could it have possibly been  
An angel sweeping the strings of his harp,  
A glorious being in silvery sheen,  
With a wonderful song that was something between  
A Mielan' pibroch and an Irish keen,  
And sung in the key of W. sharp?

It was none of these; nor was it the cry  
Of the mournful owl that at midnight hoots;  
'Twas my neighbor's pigs who had bust their sty,  
And were holding nocturnal revelry  
As they grubbed around in my yard for roots,  
Alack, a-well-a-day!

During the recent Egyptian war, an officer, it is said, scaled a pyramid unaccompanied, save by a heliograph. He signalled from the summit to the general, "Forty centuries salute thee!" But the victorious one had a heliograph, too, and with its spake these words—"Come down directly, and don't make a fool of yourself!"

**WRECKS OF HUMANITY.**

who have wasted their manly vigor and powers by youthful follies and pernicious practices pursued in solitude, inducing Nervous Debility, Impaired Memory, Mental Anxiety, Despondency, Lack of Self-confidence and Will Power, Weak Back, Involuntary Vital Losses, and kindred weaknesses, should address with three letter postage stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving unflinching means of cure, **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.**

**TWENTY YEARS A SUFFERER.**

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—Twenty years ago I was shipwrecked on the Atlantic Ocean, and the cold and exposure caused a large abscess to form on each leg, which kept continually discharging. After spending hundreds of dollars, with no benefit, I tried your "Golden Medical Discovery" and now, in less than three months after taking the first bottle, I am thankful to say I am completely cured, and for the first time in ten years can put my left heel to the ground.

I am yours,

**WILLIAM RYDER,**

87 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Yesterday in a pharmacy English, enters a young man blond afflicted of a horrible stut-tering.

"I wa-wa-want," says he, "some p-p-p-pills of ip ip-ip-ip—"

"Hurrah!" cries himself the pharmacist impatient.

That consumption can be cured by applying vapourized remedies directly to the disease in the lungs, by inhalation, is no longer a question. For full particulars, call on or write to Dr. J. Rolph Malcolm, 35 Simcoe street, Toronto, Ont.

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**Rev. H. Shirin,**

Bewdley P.O., Ont., like hundreds of others who have been cured of catarrh, catarrhal deafness, bronchitis, asthma, consumption and all diseases of the head, throat and lungs, says: "The Spirometer, invented by M. Souvielle of Paris, ex-aide surgeon of the French army, and the medicines and treatment prescribed at the International Throat and Lung Institute, have cured me completely of consumption (first stage) or advanced bronchitis after everything else failed." Consultations and a trial of Spirometer free. Those unable to come to the institute, or see our surgeons, who visit all the principal towns and cities of Canada, can be successfully treated by writing, enclosing a stamp for a copy of our *International News*, published monthly, which will give you full particulars and references, which are genuine. Address 173 Church Street, Toronto, or 13 Phillips' Square, Montreal.

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