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#### To Correspondents.

The following articles are held over for want of space: "Short Hair." "Lay of the H. I." "Popular Mysteries, No. 2." "Letters from Youthful Aspirants." "The Latest Imported Novelty."

### Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—When a Dominion Premier is applauded by an influential portion of the people for disallowing a railway charter in one Province and a Streams Bill in another, and meanwhile receives three cheers for attempting to override Provincial rights in respect of a Boundary Award, it is fair to assume that there are citizens in the country who believe in the centralization of power. Otherwise, we must conclude that those who applaud Sir John Macdonald's recent proceedings do so against the promptings of their own consciences, and purely from party considerations. Applause means encouragement, and encouragement in this matter means the ultimate centralization of all power at Ottawa, and the degradation or extinction of Provincial autonomy. For the admonition of those who support the Premier in his high-handed programme, we have pictured the probable condition of things in the near future.

FIRST PAGE.—Col. Sellers has found a better representative than Mr. John T. Raymond in the late Secretary of State, Blaine of Maine. That bumptious and visionary gentleman has fairly eclipsed the Colonel's Eye-water project with his Pan-American Peace Congress enterprize, though it appears to command the confidence of the public no better. The fact is, Uncle Sam is at present engrossed in the study of Aesthetics, under the tuition of Mr. Wilde, and has no heart for Blaine's big scheme. The ex-secretary doesn't see his bantling strangled without some manifestations of feeling, however; on the contrary, he has worked himself up into quite a passion against this successor in office, who threw diplomatic cold water upon the proposed Congress, and also against the President, who seems to have aided and abetted him in so doing. Blaine has a reputation for statesmanship, but he might have known that a congress of American nations to which the greatest of them—Canada—had not been invited, would end in a fizzle.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The House is now in session at Ottawa, and the leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition has an opportunity of showing that GRIP is at fault in this little matter. Perhaps Mr. Blake has a policy in some of his inside pockets. We shall see.

BRADLAUGH'S attempt to take his seat in the British House of Commons has failed again, notwithstanding that he has the sympathy of Gladstone, Bright, and other leading members. How long this pig-headed course of conduct on the part of the majority will continue is uncertain, though it seems too ridiculous to last a great while. We begin to suspect that it is not Bradlaugh's atheism chiefly that bars the way, as there are many atheists already in the House. It is more likely that his inconvenient curiosity on the subject of perpetual pensions has a good deal to do with it.

The *Globe* is greatly exercised over the monstrous project of exhibiting Guiteau's body, believing that such a pandering to the morbid curiosity of the public would be productive of evil. This is sound doctrine, and it raises our opinion of the *Globe*—until we turn over to the next page and find three columns of murder news, illustrated with a diagram of the scene of the tragedy, together with all the latest prize-fight news.

The following is a cable despatch from London, in the *N. Y. Tribune* of January 29th, 1882:

"An important unpublished work by Thomas Carlyle has been discovered lately. It is entitled 'A Tour in Ireland in 1849,' and comprises notes on the moral and political condition of that country of the most stringent character and greatest interest. This manuscript was unknown to Mr. Froude, and it was submitted to his examination. He was so delighted with it that he volunteered to write an introduction when it is published in book form. Meanwhile it has been secured by Edmund Gosse for *The Century Magazine*, where it will shortly begin to appear as a serial, simultaneously in London and New York."

*The Century Magazine* goes bravely on, not only holding its own, but winning new laurels with every number. The new cover is a decided improvement, and worthily adorns outwardly the feast of fatness within.

\* \*

The *Montreal Star* aptly quotes the following from a new book of humour just published in New York:

#### THE KIND-HEARTED SHE-ELEPHANT.

A kind-hearted she-elephant, while walking through the jungle where the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle, heedlessly set foot upon a partridge, which she crushed to death within a few inches of the nest containing its callow brood. "Poor little things!" said the generous mammoth, "I have been a mother myself, and my affection shall atone for the fatal consequences of my neglect. So saying she sat down on the orphaned birds.

*Moral.*—The above teaches us what home is without a mother; also, that it is not every person who should be entrusted with the care of an orphan asylum.

#### "The Bookworm's Lament."

A FAMILIAR LYRIC, SLIGHTLY AMENDED, BY J. R. M., MONTREAL.

I.  
How hard were those who do not wish  
To lend (that's lose) their books,  
Are snared by angler-fisks that fish  
With literary hooks.  
Who call and take some favourite tome,  
But never read it through;  
They thus complete their set at home  
By making one on you."

II.  
Even *Glover's* works I cannot put  
My frozen hands upon,  
Though ever since I lost my *Footie*  
My *Bunyan* has been gone.  
My *Hoyle* with *Cotton* went; oppress  
My *Taylor* too must fail,  
To save my *Goldsmith* from arrest  
In vain I offered *Bayle*."

III.  
"I *Prior* sought but could not see  
The *Hood* so late in front,  
And when I turned to hunt for *Leigh*  
Oh where was my *Leigh Hunt*.  
I tried to laugh old care to scorn  
By flirting hard with *Hanna*,  
Behold me now upon the *Horne*  
Of a very verse dilemma."

IV.  
"My life is wasting fast away,  
I suffer from these shocks;  
And though I've fixed a lock on *Gray*  
There's grey upon my locks.  
And now they cry 'Give us a *Gale*'  
With which I quake solemnly,  
And when they ask about my *ail*  
'Tis *Burton*, I reply."

V.  
"They still have made me slight returns,  
And thus my griefs divide;  
For oh! they've cured me of *Burns*,  
And eased my *Akenside*.  
Yet all I think I will not say  
Nor let my anger burn,  
For as they never left me *Gay*  
'They have not found me *Sterne*."

#### Secret Correspondence.

AS RESCUED FROM "GRIP'S" WASTE-BASKET BY A HUNGRY PRINTER'S DEVIL LOOKING FOR COPY.

*Hon. E. Bl—k—*, to GRIP.—What in the dickens does this move of McKenzie mean? I thought he was shelved for good. What means would you propose for slanting him out to a side track? If he persists in this presumptuous self-assertion do you think I would be justified in employing O'Donovan Rossa to waltz him out of the field?

GRIP, to Hon. E. Bl—k—.—Mac-kens-his ain business, and although Garr don't deny that he is thoroughly posted as to Mr. McKenzie's intentions, he is not in a position to divulge them to anyone but that gentleman's friends. Garr don't mean to propose any means of shutting him at present, as Mr. McKenzie is not quite so tractable as the Grit party. As for the Rossa scheme—for shame! Edw—rd, you must restrain your Irish proclivities on this side of the Atlantic.

Sir J—hn A. M—cd—n—ll, to GRIP.—Look here, old boy, between you and me and the North Pole, how many acres of town lots in the North-west will you take to let up on those cartoons about my knuckling under to the Syndicate? Don't you realize that I am as helpless as a babe, and that, if I had not choked off Manitoba, and given the Manitoba & South Western railway the grand bounce, these tigerish syndicates would have tightened the screws, and proceeded to transfer the responsibility of Premiership from my own shoulders to Tupper's a little sooner than would suit my notions of the eternal fitness of things? Come, GRIP, be merciful. Name your price, but stop those cartoons. They haunt me like a spectre to which Banquo's ghost was a mere shadow.

GRIP, to Sir J—hn A. M—cd—n—ll.—Your pun about the syndicates is quite unpardonable. GRIP never has any dealings whatever with pausters, and therefore denounces your proposal as dishonourable in the extreme. If it had not been for that pun, your offer, regarded from a purely political standpoint, might have been entertained as an honourable emanation from the innocence of your young heart. But no, that pun puts you on a level to which Garr can never descend. No, Sir J—hn, public opinion must have expression, and though thou ghost frantic the little game shall be cartooned in spite of all thy "toon" lots this side of Alaska.

Hon. Mr. Cr—ks, to GRIP.—What under the moon shall I do? The high-fluting educational aspirations of this Province are becoming too perfectly preposterous for anything. Here are two distinct and separate girls, Misses Fitzgerald and Sheppard, demanding admittance to University College lectures, and the whole of the press and people supporting their ridiculous claim. They are not content with being allowed to get up the work of the first two years in the county towns where they live, but have the impudence to demand the same tuition and privileges as the male students, for whom the College was expressly built. Can't the public see the utter folly of giving girls a University training. Ugh! I'm near distracted.

GRIP, to Hon. Mr. Cr—ks.—Be sensible. Give the girls their right. Try and realize that ideas have advanced a little since your school-days, and there is less barbarism prevalent now than then. Ontario boasts of her educational system. Are you and the Senate of Toronto University going to keep us behind England, France, Italy and the United States, all of whom have thrown open their college halls to girls, in accordance with the common sense of modern civilization? Try to keep even with the times, do.

Marquis of L—rne, to GRIP.—What's all this row about my little immigration scheme?

GRIP, to Marquis of Lorne.—There appears to be a slight discrepancy of opinion between Your Excellency and Canadian maidenhood. Our girls want husbands, not sisters in celibacy; and besides, Your Excellency, don't you think your efforts would be better directed in securing strong, independent farmers for the country, instead of weak, dependent women?



The Granite Rink evidently takes the lead amongst the many skatorial resorts of the city—a result duo to the fact that it is excellently managed, and the ice is nearly always in good condition, whatever the outside weather may be. The occasional masquerades are brilliant affairs, and afford a splendid evening's enjoyment to the crowds that attend, both as participants and on-lookers.

"The Jolly Bachelors" who are now disporting themselves on the stage of the Royal in a mirth-provoking operatta, are well worth a visit from all who enjoy an evening of laughter. They are pretty sure of crowded houses during their brief stay, if merit commands success.

Happy Thought.

A VALENTINE TO COUSIN YANK.

A happy thought, it is my lot,  
To be the message bearer  
Across the stream to cousin Yank,  
From Canada the fairer;  
From Canada! Miss Canada!—  
Miss Canada the fairer!

'Tis great Sir John\*! who puts me on  
To bear the message over—  
The happy thought—to ask of you,  
Dear cousin Yank, to love her;  
To ask of you that you'll be true,  
To cherish, aye! to love her.

Her pure sweet kiss and loving peace  
She sends to you with honour;  
And hopes that her dear cousin will  
Always friendly look upon her;  
That cousin Yank, with friendship frank,  
Will always look upon her.

O come, be frank! dear cousin Yank,  
And tell the honest story,  
If the olive branch—O happy thought!—  
Would not add a little glory  
To Canada? To Miss Canada  
Would not add a little glory?!

NOTE.—Sir John Macdonald said in a late speech that he would rather see Canada annexed than see her independent.

A New Enterprise.

MONTREAL, Jan. 21st, '92.

To GRIP:

Sir,—I'm a pore woman but hi've a hi to business, as my ole man hused allers to say, says he, "Betsey Jane, you've a hi, my lass, you've a hi," and sir, 'avin a hi it stands to reason has I wants to use it, and so I writes to you to hadvise me ou to begin a nice tidy little trade as I now sees a springin' hup 'ere.

Yer see, we've got a tip-top 'igh-toned woman 'ere whose name is Greig, hand wat does she do but goes and hinvents right out of 'er own 'ead, a brand new kind of punishment for the youngers, and it is just that good that it can be made a huiversal remedy for hall sorts and sizes hof wickedness; and, sir, would you be pleased to write me hout a little hadvertisement, or print the one I send you, just as you thinks best. Lor, sir, only to think the money I shall make, sellin' plasters to hall the hinstitutes and schools and prisons and bevery wheres, and 'ou the gentlefolks will buy—lor! it does make me laugh to think on it; and 'ou when a lady gets mad (nervous they hallus calls hit), and 'er 'usband hused to buy 'er a fine 'andsome dress, or a new bonnet to settle 'er nerves, now, bless you, it will honly be a 25 cent plaster. Good 'old Dame Greig, but I loves 'er, hindced I does.

BETSEY JANE SMART.

"Betsey Jane Smart (late Spankum) begs to hinform the public in general, hand hinstitutions in particular, that she as made her-angements to hopen a factory for the proper making of Mustard Plasters, hund op-s by hattention to er business to give general satisfaction.

"Single Plaster, mild . . . \$0 25.  
" " " " rather strong . . . 0 50.  
" " " " very strong . . . 0 75.  
"Hextra quality for very bad boys 1.00.

"A liberal discount hallowed to schools, halso to those who buys by the dozen. Halso histiche plasters, beautifully paint'ed by and, for gentlefolks,—warranted to smart has much has the plain ones."



NO ADMISSION.

It has been suggested that, in consideration of the fact that our Board of Police Commissioners have the disposal of a large sum of public money, their meetings should be open to the people who provide the funds, or their representatives, the newspapers reporters. This reasonable request is further modified by excepting all occasions on which the Board may unanimously desire to keep the door closed. It will surprise all who know the Commissioners personally to learn that they are very much opposed to the proposition even in its modified form. Being at a loss to know their reasons for this strange conduct, Mr. Garr despatched one of his able interviewers, with the following result:

Mr. Mayor McMurrich had no objection to be interviewed. Was opposed to the doors being opened. Would frankly state why. He was (unfortunately) a bashful young man and couldn't bear the idea of being stared at by the public. Was particularly bashful before ladies, and being (also unfortunately) rather handsome, his position would be simply intolerable, as ladies would flock to the Commissioners' room at every session to look at him. Being a married man this would be unseemly.

Mr. County Judge Mackenzie was next waited upon. Didn't mind being interviewed. Objected to the doors being opened. Took legal ground. It would be an infraction of the consolidated statutes of Upper Canada. Moreover, he didn't want his jokes made public. Often sang Gaelic songs at Board meetings and didn't want such published.

Mr. Police Magistrate Denison received our representative cordially. Was opposed to the doors being opened. Loose characters might be present at meetings, and the Commissioners often said very hard things about such people which it wouldn't be nice for them to hear. Moreover, the rules of the Horse Guards were against open doors, and the Police Commission was Horse Guards under another name. The public funds were carefully disbursed and that ought to satisfy the ratepayers.



"THE MAN IN POSSESSION."  
COME ONE, COME ALL, THIS ROCK SHALL FLY  
FROM ITS FIRM BASE AS SOON AS I!

**Gunhilda and the Bishop.**  
IN THREE CHAPTERS.

**CHAPTER I.—GUNHILDA, THE BISHOP, AND THE TWO TURTLE DOVES.**

The arguments about the Deceased Wife's Sister have converted Gunhilda, and as the whole argument used against her is a verse in Leviticus (which by the way has no bearing on the subject), she became convinced that whatever is laid down in Leviticus she should do. She was reading the 5th chap., and seeing that if one commits a little sin, a female from the flock—a lamb or a kid of the goats—was to be brought to the priest, she bethought herself that she had no flock. But she found by the 7th verse that if the sinner could not get a lamb, he or she could bring two turtle doves, the neck of one to be wrung off, (v. 8). Well, Gunhilda waited on Bishop Lewis last Sunday at 8 o'clock with two turtle doves, and said, "Offer these for me."

**BISHOP LEWIS.**—What do you mean.  
**GUNHILDA.**—I am told to do this in the 5th of Leviticus, please wring this fellow's head off.

**BISHOP LEWIS.**—Why, Gunhilda, that is all past. Leviticus is no longer binding on us.

**GUNHILDA.**—Then why do you quote Leviticus against the deceased wife's sister?

**BISHOP LEWIS.**—Oh, well, give me the doves and I'll take them home for breakfast. "Let your light so shine before men, etc."

**CHAPTER II.—GUNHILDA, THE BISHOP, AND THE SAUSAGES.**

Bishop Lewis was so pleased with the two turtle doves which, through the conscientiousness of Gunhilda, he had had for breakfast, that he invited her and M. Girouard to dinner.

Gunhilda had provided herself beforehand with a bon-bon containing a motto from Lev. xvii. 10. The Bishop is fond of black puddings as a side-dish. Just as he had swallowed a mouthful of black pudding Gunhilda handed him the bon-bon to pull.

**BISHOP LEWIS.**—Wait till after dinner.  
**GUNHILDA.**—Now! I have the privilege as a lady to take my bon-bons when I please. Pull, my Lord!

**M. GIROUARD.**—My Lord, will you read the leedle motto?

**BISHOP LEWIS.**—Wait till I finish my black pudding. But (with a bow to Gunhilda) the ladies before sausages, and so I'll read. What's this? "I will even set my face against the soul that eateth blood." (Lev. xvii. 10.)

**M. GIROUARD.**—The diseased wife's sister. She has you dere, my Lord!

**BISHOP LEWIS.**—Well, we'll drink her health. Here's to Gunhilda, common sense, sausages and bishops forever.

**CHAPTER III.—GUNHILDA'S BON-BONS AND THE LAME DEACON.**

Bishop Lewis made another dinner party, and had his whole diocese to meet Gunhilda, who, he said, knew more ecclesiastical history than he and all his clergy combined. Gunhilda had her bon-bons ready, and when a convenient opportunity occurred she turned round to a lame deacon and said, "Pull!" He pulled and read: "A blind man or a lame shall not approach to serve the Lord." (Lev. xxi. 18)

**LAME DEACON.**—My Lord, why did you allow me to go so far?

**BISHOP LEWIS.**—What do you mean?

**LAME DEACON.**—Why, here I'm forbidden to do that for which my education has been designed to fit me.

**BISHOP LEWIS.**—Oh, Leviticus is not binding

on us now. I wish it was only your *foot* that was lame.

Just at this moment Gunhilda gave a bon-bon to a flat-nosed cleric. He read the motto "Nor shall he minister that hath a flat nose." (Lev. xxi. 18.)

**FLAT-NOSED INCUMBENT.**—My Lord, what am I to do?

**BISHOP LEWIS.**—Get a false nose, of course. It is not half so dishonest as stealing sermons; besides, Leviticus is out of date.

**GUNHILDA.**—And if out of date in one thing, out of date in all.

**M. GIROUARD.**—The diseased wife's sister! She have you dere, my lord.

**BISHOP LEWIS.**—O, well, here's to the deceased wife's sister. Grandmother the whole question. I wish I had let the bill alone. Rise, my children, and take my blessing. The first deceased wife's sister that marries in my diocese I'll perform the rite myself. Thomas? Bring another bottle of wine.

(Gunhilda and the ladies rise and leave the room.)

After a few minutes a song heard from the drawing room:

"Here we are, misters, six deceased wife's sisters,  
All lucid in outline and lucid in brains;  
Breathes there man so blockheaded as would leave us  
Unwedded?  
Six sisters with roses for chains,  
With roses for chains."

**BISHOP LEWIS.**—Capital! Encore! Let us join the ladies.

**The "Bob-Tail Car."**

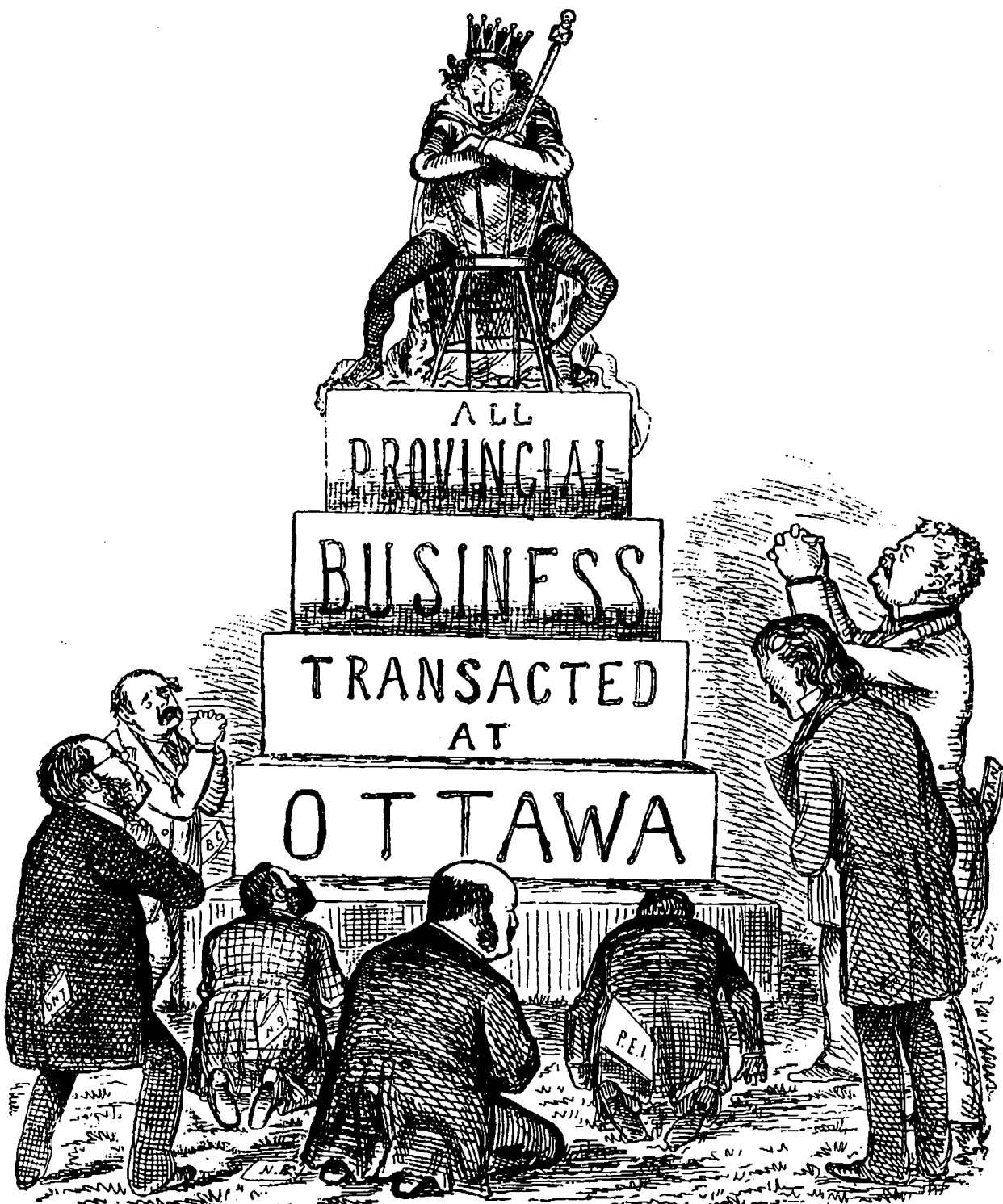
The bob-tail car! the bob-tail car!  
It rattles along with a jolt and a jar  
On its noisy path in a series of shocks,  
As you try to deposit your coin in the box;  
And the five-cent piece from your freezing paw  
Will likely fall in the carpet of straw,  
While the cold blasts blow through the door ajar  
Of the economical bob-tail car.

If your destination is not very far,  
Avoid ye the villainous bob-tail car;  
The wretched driver is almost froze;  
As the cold blasts beat on his rubicund nose;  
And blue are his chilly fingers bare  
As he hands you the change of your coin for fare.  
Subjects for pity they verily are  
Who drive on the man-freezing bob-tail car.



**BETROTHED.**

After Millais' well-known picture.



"CENTRALIZATION,"  
OR, PROVINCIAL AUTONOMY ABOLISHED.  
IS THIS WHAT SIR JOHN IS AIMING AT?

## The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

In life the printer composes, in death he decomposes.—*Boston Star*.

The way of the transgressor leads straight to Newark, N. J.—*Boston Star*.

While stingy husbands are not popular, every maiden likes to have her beau very close.—*N. Y. News*.

A French critic says it takes a genius to use short words, but that a parrot can learn to repeat long words.—*The Judge*.

Milwaukee has thus far escaped small-pox, but we understand vaccination is prevailing to a terrible extent.—*Peck's Sun*.

Young man, in beginning the journey of life, don't take the train from the wrong deep-owe.—*Whitehall Times*.

The female looks for bargains in dry goods, but the female looks for bar grains in wet goods.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

Some cold-hearted people could take lessons in shaking hands by watching a respectable dog wag his tail.—*Steubenville Herald*.

Polygamy in this country looks to foreign nations just as a huge grease spot would on the snowy surface of a bride's satin robe.—*Chaff*.

Bliffers says the young lady on his street plays the piano with a good deal of feeling—around after the right keys.—*Yankee Strauss*.

The small-pox is a very rash thing, and is very humorous, but no one can see where the laugh comes in when it breaks out.—*Bloomington Bye*.

What is home without a night key?—*Lowell Citizen*. It's equivalent to a ticket to a first-class lecture or a symphony in white.—*Boston Times*.

A girl has been arrested in Kansas City for flirting with the mourners in a funeral procession. That girl takes the cranberry tart.—*Peck's Sun*.

Bread and butter is the dress of the world; love and kisses its trimming. Young people, put this in your pipe and smoke it.—*Steubenville Herald*.

From the persistency with which Vanderbilt waters his stock, it is thought that at one time he must have been a milkman.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The man whose chances in the matrimonial lottery secured him a scolding helpmeet, declared "he had a fall-smart wife."—*Gouverneur Herald*.

Save your coins with holes in them for the church missionary collections. The heathen can easily string them together for necklaces.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

"Smile whenever you can," says Henry Ward Beecher. No wonder the young men of the day bankrupt themselves buying cloves.—*New York Press*.

A girl was vaccinated with matter taken from the arm of a silly lover of hers. She said she preferred matter right from the calf.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

Rochester *Express*: We have often heard ministers advocate the "elevation of the stage." Their motive is plain—they can't see over the big hats.

"If the good die young," asks the Modern Argo, "how do you account for bald-headed editors?" We presume they also must have dyed young.—*New York News*.

"Junius:" No, it is scarcely possible that the milk was put into the cocoa nut after the nut was grown; it must have got in some udder way.—*Syracuse Times*.

A correspondent asks: "Where is the best place to be vaccinated?" At the city physician's office, if you have not a doctor of your own.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

It is the fashion to throw old shoes after the bride at a wedding. After the marriage the husband keeps up the custom, only he tosses them with his foot.—*Webster Times*.

Kate Field doesn't think a press club worthy of the name, that ignores the existence of women. But how can it be a press club, Kate, without the ladies?—*Webster Times*.

We found the same old thing in our Christmas stocking that we always do, but it was smaller than last year. We stayed in bed till it was darned over.—*Gilbert's Argo*.

Life is made up of small things, the smallest being the man who runs in debt for his newspaper, and then orders his paper stopped before paying his dues.—*Whitehall Times*.

Counter attraction—a pretty saleswoman.—*Yonkers Gazette*. All right, Brother Holden, but have a care how you look at one, else you may en-counter Mrs. H.—*Hartford Journal*.

Thus "Imperial Caesar turned to clay,  
Now stops a hole to keep the wind away."  
And Garfield, murdered by a cranky scamp,  
Is busted to adorn a postage stamp.  
—*Fall River Advance*

They are going to illuminate Hell Gate with the electric light. It has been generally understood that hell's gate has been previously illuminated by red noses.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

Charles Edwards Smith of Barkhamstead has asked the legislature to change his name to Charles Smith Edwards. Charles is probably on the back of some heavy note.—*Danbury News*.

Much time is spent in discussing the best way to get to the North Pole. Suppose we consider the question how those who go there are ever going to get back.—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "Some one wants to know if England is sending us veal in exchange for American beef." No. England has sent us Oscar Wilde, but no veal.—*Peck's Sun*.

"Make Somebody Glad" urges a recent poem. Hundreds of young men can comply with this request by simply bidding her good night two or three hours earlier Sunday nights.—*Norristown Herald*.

A man in St. Louis has gone crazy on account of witnessing a hanging. We know a man in New York who went crazy on account of seeing one. It was his wife, and she was hanging on another man's arm.—*The Judge*.

The Oil City *Derrick* says a great many people don't go to church for fear they may catch the small-pox. There is danger that the disease might "mark" the perfect man.—*Boston Transcript*.

If Caesar had met Oscar Wilde on the fatal day he went to the Senate Chamber, he never would have said, "Et tu Brute." He would have remarked instead, "Et tu tu."—*Steubenville Herald*.

Days are getting longer, but they are still so short that a thirty day note comes due in about two weeks, and they are not half so short as the fellow who gives the note usually is.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

The kind-hearted farmer can easily be detected. When it is very cold he takes the

blanket off his wife's shoulders and puts it over his horses when he comes to town in his wagon.—*Texas Siftings*.

Professor Williams, of Yale, who lived forty years in China, discredits the report about the beheading of a returned Chinese student at Hong Kong, for the crime of wishing to marry a New Haven girl.—*Puck*.

To think that after all my historic triumphs I should live to have pickled cucumbers thrown at me by a mob! And why, forsooth! Because I am a Jewess, and ha! ha! don't, ha! ha! eat any ha! ha! ha! pork!!!!!! O, this is ter-r-r-rible!—*Sarah Bernhardt*.

Gen. Terry, who has never yet been known to do anything to bring his name into reproach, in reporting the Indian troubles in Montana, is represented as saying of the Mussel Shell Valley that, until the Indians are removed, some kind of a Mussel be going on all the time.—*Rome Sentinel*.

It was in a smoking car. Seeing a party playing at cards, a gentleman stopped to look on a moment. Turning to another who sat in the next seat, he said, interrogatively, "All fours?" "All fours!" was the reply; all jackasses, I should say. They have been at it for the last twenty miles." Evidently he was not a lover of cards.—*Boston Transcript*.

What is that noise we hear, mother? That is a man learning to play the violin, my child. Is he sick, mother? No; he is not sick, my child, as you suppose, but everyone in the neighbourhood is. They wish he would be sick and die. Will he die, mother? No, my child, he will not die. He will keep on in this way for years, and finally get so he can play second fiddle in a very poor orchestra.—*Hartford Globe*.

Twenty years ago a man with hair was looked upon as a crack-brained spiritualist. Nowadays he must be regarded as an æsthetic yearner after the beautiful. As far as the brain is concerned, however, there is very little difference.—*Norristown Herald*.

He slipped quietly in at the door, but catching sight of an enquiring face over the stair rail, said: "Sorry so late, my dear; couldn't get a car before." "So the cars were full, too," said the lady; and further remarks were unnecessary.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

"But I pass," said a minister recently in dismissing a theme of his subject to take up another. "Then I make it spades," yelled a man from the gallery, who was dreaming the happy hours away in an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, assisted by one of the deacons.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

### Short Dialogue in a Fur-rin Tongue.

OVERHEARD BY A SACRED-RELIGIOUS REPORTER.

ANGELINA.—"Adolphus, darling, if you love me supremely you'll make me a present of a \$300 seal sacque."

ADOLPHUS.—"I should beavery much pleased to do so, Angelina, deer, but the price is too otterly otter. How would one made of squirrel strike you?"

ANGELINA.—"Oh! you are just horrid, and I can hardly con-seal my dislike for you."

ADOLPHUS.—"Don't think, love, that I'm mink-cape-able of appreciating your affection for me, but how can you expect a poor bank-clerk like me to afford such luxuries?"

ANGELINA.—"Oh! Adolphus, darling, I never thought of that. The squirrel will look just consummately lovely. Let us seal it with a kiss."

BOTH IN CHORUS.—"Yum, yum."

(Drop Curtain).



**Dooley at Halifax.**

MR. GRIP, MY DEAR SIR:—

I am a regular reader of your paper, also a subscriber. I consider that your paper has few rivals equals. It is just in politics, just in impartiality, and just in cheek. Politically speaking, these are the valuablest of all virtues, especially as they are so rare in Canada papers. If you will permit me I will write a few words to this paper which I admire so much.

I've just arrived at Halifax. Once more I visit the gay and aristocratic city. On my way hither from the metropolis of N. B. (New Brunswick) I passed thro' the Cornwallis Valley. As to wherefore it is called so I don't exactly comprehend. If it is after Corney the Great, of America's Revolutive fame, I must say I don't admire the taste of these Acadians. I fancy this valley beats all Canada for raisin' apples, potatoes, and pretty girls. There is an awful lot of each, and such fine ones! I never saw the beat. They are hunky. Next time you visit old Acadia come this way. There's millions in it. As I before observed, I'm in Halifax. I got here at one o'clock Sunday morning. The trains run here on a Kurious principle. You take your seat. *You wait.* They don't say when you will arrive. Not they. Probably it will be in good time. Possibly at the right time. But it is not certain at what time. My train was due at 8 o'clock. I was five hours late. This is not a customary thing down hereabouts. O no! I asked the Conductor. "Conductor," sez I, "do you generally make good time?" "O yes, sir," he replied, "when we ain't delayed at stations, or the train don't break down, or our engine driver ain't drunk, or our brakeman ain't injured. O yes, sir, we sometimes get in in very good time." "So I thought," I said, and smiled.

Halifax reminds me of a one-horse hearse, tacked onto the end of a first-class funeral. It air the end of the Intercolonial, the end of the Dominion, the end of all things. Yet one might like it. I see a scarce people at Halifax. Now and then you see a man or woman along street. Some shops are open. One ounce of tea is sold here. One ton of coal there. There is truly an immense business going on. Yes, there is so. The N. P. pursues its beneficial work down here. From one end of the country to the other, its effects are seen. They worship a certain knight, of fame in railway circles. That is, the people worship him, not the beneficial effects. They like surplus. They are fond of taxes. And all goes merry as a marriage bell, but hush! wait! a second monopoly, a second syndicate approaches. This also will pass, and once more the N. P. will pursue its way, unchained and unknelled.

Halifax, as you know, has imperial soldiers. About 1,500 all told. In fact, Mr. Grip, askin' pardon, you might put a wall around Halifax, set up a few more charitable institutions, constitute a governing body, and pass it off as a superfine naval and military Hospital. Deduct from the city all the churches, and property owned by the Imperial Government, and there would not be enough land upon which a last year's cricket could sing his dying carol.

I have said I'm a regular reader of your valuable paper. I am. Do as you will with my effusions, I'll still read the jolly pages of Grip. I hope to be in Canada soon, once more. At present I'm in the Ultima Thule, as W. Pitt observed of C. J. Fox, Esq.

Yours truly,

HOSEA DOOLEY.

There is a young man travelling around in Eastern Texas, vaccinating the negroes with beeswax. He charges a dollar a vac, and represents himself as being appointed by the United States government, and threatens that dire penalties await those who refuse to be operated on. That young man will be a credit to some penitentiary yet.—*Texas Siftings.*

**Jocular Jumbles.**

There is too much chicken-ry in passing off an old hen for a spruce chicken.

When a horse beats another horse can it be called a nag-ravated assault?

Can you call a friend who "buzzes you to death," a "buzz-um friend?"

Can the man who fractures his cranium on the stairs be said to be ex-stair-pated?

Ice cream as the vendor of a frozen mixture of milk, flour and sugar, said last summer.

Is "Sea-foam" a lotion? You require a bay-rum-meter to measure the depth of this joke.

The Scott Act will require something more cunning than Scot tact to carry it out successfully.

"Yes, sir! I stick up for Mor'mon'y," as Jones said when asked for his views on polygamy.

Can the bank clerk who skips out with a few odd thousands be said to be of askiptical turn of mind?

Do sportsmen ever by any process of induction come to the conclusion that ducks are ductill birds?

What is the difference between a new policeman and an old hat? One is sworn in and the other's worn out.

Is it out of place for a strapped student to tell the registrar that it is not feasible for him to pay his fees?

"Cal'endar' and git one of Grip's Almanacs" as the darkey said to the man who was inquiring for some amusing literature.

Our little Johnnie does not consider himself extra smart, but he says, "that killing a nanny-goat's little baby is a very wec-kid thing to do."

"Heat your fill," was the sympathetic remark of Mrs. Grubbins as she beheld her new boarder hesitate over the second mouthful of boiling hot tea.

"Eddy's Parlour Matches" are very popular, but there are other matches, made in the parlour, which are quite as popular and don't require any light on the subject either.

An argument in favour of marrying your deceased wife's sister is that you don't have to get a new mother-in-law. It is better, you know, to "endure the ills we have than fly to others we know not of."

A Catholic and Baptist see their duty in the same light. One uses candles and the other dips.—*Ex.* We can't allow such wick-ed jokes. It's candleous to make light of such cereous subjects.

Is a punster necessarily a puny man, or ought his motives always to be impugned. When he perpetrates something too utterly awful, ought he merely to be punished, or, as some suggest, should he be expunged from the face of the earth? Upon our word we think he ought.—*Ed.*

**PULLMAN-ARY COMPLAINTS.**—Orders have been issued to Pullman Conductors, making it compulsory for them to be vaccinated in order to prevent them "taking" anything. A Montreal drummer, en route to St. John, the other evening, not aware of the edict, suggested the propriety of taking a "suifter." The conductor looked at him with a "ryc" face and said, "Should like to oblige you, old fellow, but can't 'take anything' since I've been vaccinated. 'Kind of scabby' treatment to shut down on you that way," said a Boston drummer. "That's what's the matter," clipped in a serious-looking youth from Toronto. "Don't see vi-rus-pectable young men like the Pullman conductors should be subjected to such incongruous contumaciousness," blurted out a tony-looking bummer from London, Ont. "Moucton!" shouts the conductor, and the drummers go out "to see a man."

**Ode to Louis Honore Frechette.**

BY AN ONTARIO BARD, UNCROWNED BY ANY ACADEMY.

"Poete! on te couronne!"  
Among the crowned ones crowned!  
New France can boast a son  
By Old France laurel-bound!

Poete! on te couronne!  
Thy Peers, to whom belong  
To bind or loose, alone  
The gifts of Fame and Song.

Sons and assessors they  
Of all the great of old—  
Who in men's souls held sway—  
Who spake the words of gold!

Racine, Moliere, Corneille!  
The mighty shades are there—  
Roussseau, with passion pale,  
And flashing-eyed Voltaire!

L'ACADEMIE FRANCAISE!  
In all its splendours, lit  
From dead historic days  
Of Old-France worth and wit;

These praise your songs, that tell  
Of each Canadian scene:  
Niagara's thunderous swell;  
The Thousand Islands green;

And of each pleasant sight  
Among the forest trees,  
When through the summer-night  
You wandered with Louise;

For such your lyrics were,  
And well they won the praise  
And honours of *cette chere*  
*Academie Francaise!*

A poor Ontario bard  
Has no such chance as that!  
Nor hopes he to discard  
For laurel wreath his hat!

However, friend Frechette,  
We're glad they crown your rhyme,  
And to the praise you get  
We tumble every time.

And very proud are we  
That Canada has met  
Such honour for LOUIS  
HONORE FRECHETTE.

C. P. M., Toronto.

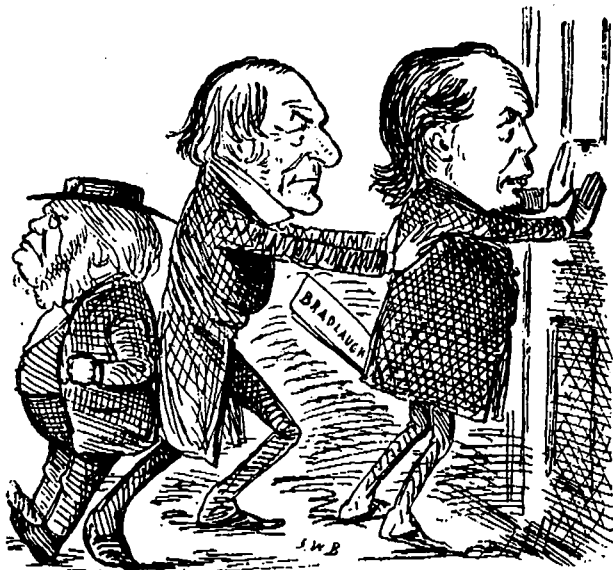


**COPY OF A VALENTINE**

sent to a well-known Professor by a young lady who was refused admission to the lectures at University College, accompanied by the following lines:—

Dear Doctor, be careful and don't let 'em mix,  
Keep 'em widely apart for they're full of queer tricks.  
"One order and discipline"—stick to the rules—  
Co-education will not do for fools.

Boston Com. Bulletin: Pearly teeth and diamond eyes are delightful but a topaz nose is dreadful.



**BRADLAUGH AT THE DOOR.**

"YOU AIN'T GOOD LOOKIN', AND YOU CAN'T COME IN!"



**EN ROUTE TO OTTAWA.**

GRIP.—BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT YOU'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING, HAVEN'T YOU? HAVE YOU GOT YOUR POLICY WITH YOU?

**How We did the Montreal Public.**

BY A HERVEY INSTITUTION LADY.

Now was not this a simple plan?  
I think it was, by Jingo!

(After Tom Ingoldstby.)



(A beating is "cruel," we tell her,  
So she thought she would have them all blister'd  
With mustard and locked in the cellar.

When we heard, we were quite interested,  
We thought it ingenious rather,  
But, as people will talk, we suggested  
With plasters she should 'nt go farther.  
That was all; for, although two or three  
Proposed, it is true, to dismiss her,  
We refused; for when o'er our tea  
In the parlour, how sadly we'd miss her!

But when the affair got our,  
(The *Star*, you know, 's always too curious),  
"Humanity" rais'd a wild shout  
And the Montreal public was furious;  
So, by way of allaying suspicion  
And making all right, we elected  
Our male relatives on a commission  
To decide on the case—as directed.

As we thought, the whole matter came right,  
Though the treatment turned out as related,  
And, perhaps, Mrs. Greig for her bright  
Idea at last will be fet—d!  
Yes! the Montreal public came round,  
No one hint'd at jobs or collusion,  
And triumphant we still hold our ground,  
In our own little pet Institution.

A Bangor paper describing the dress of the  
Apostle of Aestheticism, Oscar Wilde, Esq.,  
when he made his debut at Chickering Hall,  
says, "On his immaculate shirt-front was a  
solitaire composed of pearls and diamonds."  
This may be the aesthetic definition of a "solitaire," but it seems, at a first glance, to be  
quite too awfully utterly too too.

**War Imminent.**

I have read with fear and trembling the accounts of the declarations of hostility made by the Ontario Ministry against the Dominion Government for refusing to acknowledge the award of the arbitrators in respect of the boundaries of Ontario.

I may say that I am an Ontario man, and would second any efforts on its part to obtain the territory, even if we had to do so with "Four and twenty men, and six and thirty pipers."

So much alarm did I feel on the emergency that I thought it advisable to obtain some information respecting the movements of the Council, and I find the following to be the result:—

Resolved—That volunteers should be called for to aid the Government in its lawful views.

Then there was some discussion as to the proper party to act as Commander-in-Chief.

Upon the name of the Premier being mentioned, he stated that he did not believe he had a pistol in the house, and if he had he did not know how to use it.

It was then suggested that the Minister of Education, as he had been so long teaching "the young idea how to shoot," that he would be the proper party. However, the Minister thought that however efficient he may have proved himself in directing how the scholars were to shoot, for himself he neither wanted to shoot nor be shot at. He added that there were other members of the Ministry who were more belligerent than himself.

At this another gentleman arose and stated that he was ready to shed his own blood and the blood of all his relations—his cousins, his sisters, and his aunts. Subsequently the meeting adjourned.

**Golden Information!**

A while ago, said Mrs. Dr. A. A. Jordan, 51 Lincoln-street, Worcester, Mass., one of my friends from the South spoke to me very highly of St. Jacobs Oil. I resolved to try it on my patients, and I must confess I was surprised at the results. It has never failed to cure all that it claims to, and I prescribe it willingly and confidently to those of my patients who suffer with rheumatism, sprains, and all bodily pains. It is certainly a wonderful remedy, and I can highly recommend it.

**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
TRADE MARK.



**THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.**  
FOR  
**RHEUMATISM,**

*Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.*

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

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