

H.M. Madson

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

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Stage Whispers.

Mr. STEPHEN FISKE is dramatic critic of the *Spirit of the Times*.

It is said that GARIBALDI'S daughter-in-law is playing in the pantomime in the Surrey Theatre, London.

Mr. CHARLES FECHTER, it is said, is devoting his energies to the completion of a new romantic drama, the hero of which is "the man of destiny."

At WALLACK'S, "A Scrap of Paper" ("Pattes de Mouches") is being played, according to regular Wallackian tradition, with the natural highly artistic result.

"The Dramatic Mirror" predicts that "Pinafore" will be killed by the wretched traveling troupes. If some of the wretched traveling troupes are not also killed, they'll be lucky.

The Montreal City Council extinguished Madame FACHON and her Follies. The indignant crowd will have to go elsewhere with their announcement, "Played to crowded houses in Toronto."

It seems that Mr. J. L. TOOLE actually won a prize in the Paris Lottery, and strange to say, it was a winnowing machine. Introduced into his next comedy, he will, with its aid, be able to evolve more "chaff" than ever!

Mr. ROSS RAYMOND, a well-known Philadelphia journalist, has had a comedy accepted by Manager GOONWIN of the Walnut. It is soon to be produced under the title of "News, in Three Editions and a Supplement."

GILBERT and SULLIVAN have a new piece, which is expected to be as good as "Pinafore," says *London World*. Six burglars break into a house, and fall in love with the six nieces of the proprietor before six policemen arrive.

Mr. E. A. SOTHERN arrived in London Feb. 28, where he will remain until April 14, when he will begin a short tour of the British Provinces, preparatory to leaving for America. He will spend the summer in Canada salmon fishing.

Mr. GLADSTONE lately went to see IRVING as Hamlet. But as no one could possibly take it that he was meant, he need not have put on a look of extra solemnity when the Danish Prince remarked that somebody "was a feller of infinite jest."

Mr. JAMES GREEN, son of Gov. GREEN of Toronto Gaol, made his *debut* at the Royal Opera House here last Thursday night in the character of *Henry V*. He acquitted himself very well, and now it is in order for all the young ladies to go wild about him.

Miss MARY ANDERSON is about to produce "The Daughter of ROLAND," an adaptation of "la Fille de ROLAND," which has been made for her by Mr. JULIAN MAGNUS, whose name is an assurance that the young lady has got a thoroughly good piece of work.

Some of the foremost actors now on the stage are Irish or Irish-Americans. Among the former are JOHN McCULLOUGH, BARRY SULLIVAN, DION BOUCICAULT and JOHN BROUGHAM, all of Irish birth. LAWRENCE BARRETT is of Irish parentage on both sides. So is WILLIAM J. FLORENCE, whose family name is CONLIN, though FLORENCE is now his own legal name. JAMES O'NEILL, recently of the Union Square Company, and an actor of very superior talent, is of the same stock as his name implies. Signor FOLI, of the MAPLESON Opera Company, is an Irishman by birth.

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Notes of Music.

CAPOUL has signed an engagement for America to sing in operatta. He will receive 210,000 francs for six months.

Music has charms to soothe the savage. This is why we occasionally see a cross dog with a brass band around his neck.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*

M. VARNEY, the musician who composed the celebrated chant, "Mourir pour le Patrie," for ALEXANDER DUMAS' historical drama, "Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge," has just died in Paris.

ADELINA PATTI is singing in Geneva, and has in reserve \$76,000 which she has made since last October. Nature has been prodigal in bestowing both voice and flesh upon the musical PATTI.

Mlle. NILSSON, the great singer (songstress if you like) is passing the winter in Paris. She is in perfect bodily health, and she is dying of—*ennui*. Her husband, M. ROUZEAUD will not let her sing.

SIMS REEVES has a second son who is said to be a *tenore drammatico* of great promise. JOACHIM and STERNDALE BENNETT were his godfathers, and his full name is HERBERT STERNDALE JOACHIM SIMS REEVES. A grave responsibility rests on a youth who starts in life with such a name.

The famous tenor, Father GIOVANNI, whose magnificent vocal powers have given so much pleasure to both foreign and native church-goers in Rome during the last two or three years, has, after a serious illness, resumed his singing in the churches, and draws larger crowds than ever. He refuses to listen to any propositions to go on the stage, though he is said to be the finest tenor Italy has produced in twenty years.

MADAME LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, most finished of concert singers, is about to take up her residence in Belgium, with her husband; but London will have the pleasure of hearing her sweet voice for a few months every year. M. LEMMENS is founding a school at Malines for the study of Gregorian music, to which he has been composing harmonising accompaniments. The scheme has been approved in Rome, and large numbers of the young clergy are to be instructed in the newly arranged chant.

Mme. GERSTER is credited by a correspondent of *The Theatre* as saying: "My father was a carpenter in Kaschau. I used to go to school and work at home. I was always happy and always singing. I sang about my daily work as a bird sings, because my heart was full of joy and music. Sometimes poorer people stood in front of the window. I thought that was a great compliment, and I would sing just as well as I could. Well, one day when father was out to work and mother was away at the market I felt very happy. I was just twelve years old then, was ironing, and singing with all my might. When I stopped, a man at the window clapped his hands and said, 'Ah, little girl, you sing like a bird.' 'And who are you?' I asked. 'Well, I'm HELMSBERGER. I'm the musical director from Vienna. I'm going to give some concerts here in the village, and when I get through in Kaschau I'm going back to Vienna; and if you want to go with me, I'll take you,' he added. Then," said Madame GERSTER, laughing, "I remember how they fixed me up. Father was to pay for my tuition, and mother was to keep me in clothes. I remember how I cried and laughed and sang all the way to Vienna."

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

Our New Form.



GRIP has thought it well to assume his new and elegant form without any preliminary intimation to his friends. He has preferred to take them by surprise, as the young people do their clergymen—to enter their houses all unannounced, and plump down a basket of good things on the dining room table, thereby creating both astonishment and delight.

It will be observed that in the present shape, GRIP not only retains the former space occupied by original contributions, but also has facilities for brightening up his countenance with the freshest wit and humour of other journalists (who will always get credit for their work,—while his original writers get cash). In addition to this, he has reserved a regular place for Musical and Dramatic notes, which are always interesting to the intelligent reader; and lastly, he has given his artist room to supplement the leading cartoon with minor sketches on general topics.

He has reason to believe this expansion will be eminently satisfactory to all his old friends and patrons, whose generous support has enabled him to effect it; and he also indulges the hope that the more general character of the paper will secure it a host of new friends, whose names will be accompanied with the cash.

In the present arrangement GRIP has not overlooked the claims of his advertisers, whose announcements receive a fair distribution, and are sure to be read, as they deserve to be, to the mutual profit of him who reads and him who advertises.

An Unreported Episode.

GRIP was in the Gallery of the House at Ottawa filling his sketch book with raw material for future cartoons, and listening to the roar of the legislative machinery in operation beneath him. The vote had just been taken on the LETELLIER affair. Suddenly all the noise ceased. A great and solemn silence fell upon the House, and every member sat with his eyes fixed upon the First Minister. Nobody seemed to compre-

hend the cause of the instantaneous change from deafening clamour to absolute stillness. The silence became oppressive, and great drops of perspiration, begotten of inward apprehension, began to break out on the foreheads of honorable gentlemen on both sides. This period of suspense was at length ended by the Premier, who arose in his place in a manner so calm and dignified that it added tenfold to the strangeness of the whole affair. The honorable gentleman's face was serious; the accustomed twinkle was absent from his eye, and an expression of high moral resolve marked the expression of his features. Gazing steadfastly at the Speaker, he said:

"Sir, I rise to ask you to receive my resignation, and that of my colleagues in the Government. Gentlemen possessed, as we are, of the instincts of honor, and the susceptibilities of true statesmen, can no longer occupy the Treasury Benches after the vote which has just been carried by so large a majority of this Chamber. The Governor of Quebec is an official who is responsible to this Government; this Government is responsible to this House. If that Governor does wrong it is the duty of this Government to censure him, and if this Government fails to do that duty, then it becomes the province of this House to censure this Government for that remissness. If this Government is censured by this House, it becomes the duty of the Government to resign. Sir, I call your attention to these well understood rules of our Constitution, because it is in accordance with these rules that I now tender my resignation. The Governor of Quebec did wrong; this Government did not censure him; this House did censure him, thus plainly censuring this Government for neglect of duty. Mr. Speaker, (*here the honorable gentleman shed tears*) it has been said by the enemies of this Government that its members have a greater regard for office than for honor. The injustice of that cruel taunt is made apparent at the present moment, by my present action in handing in my resignation rather than clinging to my place after the virtual vote of no confidence which this House has just passed."

The honorable gentlemen resumed his seat amid the cheers of all persons of high moral character in the House. The cheer was so loud that it awoke GRIP, who found himself sitting in his office chair with a copy of the *Mail* in his hand. He had fallen asleep after reading the report of the LETELLIER debate and the vote with which it ended. He found on enquiry that Sir JOHN *hadn't* been sensitive enough to resign.

A What-is-It?

A contemporary records the return of BARNUM's manager, who has been abroad purchasing monkeys and elephants, and says that "besides all these he has purchased a most extraordinary unknown animal. The creature is said to be eight feet long, four feet high and weighs nearly a ton. His front quarters resemble the front of a rhinoceros, and his hindquarters are like those of the lion. The head resembles the head of a hippopotamus. A mane eighteen inches in length parts in the middle and falls upon each side of the neck. The animal is said to have four ears, one pair in the proper place and the other about four inches lower down. Two strong, sharp tusks, capable of doing much damage, run from the lower jaw like those of the elephant."

We are astonished at the editor's ignorance in not knowing what this animal is. Why, anybody should know that it is a—excuse us a moment, there's a man in the front office wanting to pay his subscription.

"Nobody Pleased."

DEAR MR. GRIP:

The enclosed letter to the Editor of the *Globe* has been kept out of that tyrannical sheet, and I mechanically turn to you for justice, just as a magnet turns to a loadstone.

Yours in extremis,

C. H. H.

ROBERTCAGEON, March 20, '79.

To the Editor of the *Globe*:

SIR,—As I have seen remarked somewhere in your valuable paper, "The subject who is truly *loil* to the Chief Magistrate will not submit to arbitrary measures." Now sir, I am a truly *loil* man, and I quite agree with you, especially as to the arbitrary measures of *Oats*.—Whereon, in accordance with the new Tariff, we are taxed 10c. per bushel. You, sir, are no doubt aware, sir, that that cereal in its various forms and conditions has lately become a very important factor in our daily provender. Even in the highest circles of society it is now considered *en regle* to have porridge for breakfast, oatmeal cake and sherry for lunch, and gruel and "sowans" in the evening instead of the hitherto fashionable *bohea*. So, in fact, we now have neither a free breakfast, dinner, or even supper table, on account of this infamous clause in the tariff.

And now, sir, with your permission I will say a word as to the clause affecting

Spirits.—It is seldom indeed (except for medicinal or mechanical purposes) that I use alcoholic liquors, and, except while suffering with spasms, never as a beverage. Yet I feel that I would be unworthy the name of a British subject if I am obliged to submit to a SYKES' Hydrometer test in making a mixed drink—(I allude to my spasm remedy).—Who the deuce is SYKES anyway? Perhaps a descendant of the veritable BILL of that ilk?

The framers of this obnoxious Tariff while endeavoring to delude the people into the idea that they are protecting the industries of Canada, while taxing all manner of unknown products, such as Melado, Can juice, Beet root juice, and concrete dragon's blood, Damar, Tragacanst, etc., etc., seem to have entirely forgotten

Sassafras.—In our neighborhood some years ago this article was used almost entirely as a substitute for tea. In fact we called it tea—"Sassafras tea." I yet use it my family. It is healthful and economical. As I say almost daily to them, "Give us plenty of porridge or mush, and sassafras tea, and what more do we require?" My eldest son says he would just as soon have a beefsteak, but then he has been to Toronto for a term at the Normal School, and has consequently grown unduly aristocratic in his tastes.

These, my dear sir, are a few of the most notable examples of the false measures in the so-called National Policy, and I feel satisfied that had the hon. member from Charlzburg* carried out his own ideas of the same in detail, there would be many fewer complaining voices in the land.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

CYRUS H. HEYCEEDE.

* Can the writer mean Mr. PHIPPS?—ED. GRIP.

IF MR. TILLEY feels at a loss to reply to the *Globe's* objection that the Tariff fails to protect the consumer, might we suggest to him the reply that the manufacturer is himself the consumer, that well protected gourmet being about to consume not only the revenue of the country, but also the substance of all the other classes—possibly the country itself, for aught we can tell.

Song of the Canadian "First Lord."



In the House, the other day, one of the members enquired for certain papers to be brought down from the Marine Department. Hon. J. C. POPE, said the required papers were not in that department, adding that "probably the Grits had hooked them from the pigeon holes before leaving

office." The papers were subsequently produced.—*Despatch.*

When I was a lad I used to be
A dweller down by the deep blue sea,
And before I got into Parliament
I most of my time 'mong the fishwives spent;
I picked up the 'fishwives' manners so keen,
That now I'm the Minister of Ma-rine.

I proved so keen that I soon was known
As the rudest fellow in all Charlottetown,
And at public meetings in the Market Hall
In interrupting speakers I surpassed 'em all,
I interrupted Grits in a way so mean
That now I'm the Minister of Ma-rine.

As "Free Trade champion" I made my mark,
And denounced Protection and its ways so dark,
But I wanted office and I thought 'twould pay
To turn my coat and wear it 't'her way;
So I talked N. P., and 'twas all serene,
For now I'm the Minister of Ma-rine.

As a Minister of State I'm a big success,
For I draw my salary (more or less),
And my fishwife manners I still retain
As my casual remarks to the Grits make plain,
I can belch more gentlemanly spite and spleen
Than any other Minister of Ma-rine.

Another Open Letter.

MISTER TELLY, Dear Sir, Minister of Finess, Ottawa:

SIR,—With refrence to the letter wich I writ you previously before, and I see they printed it into the pages of GRIP, I beg leeve, dear sir, for to give you my hartfelt thanks for your grate kindness in bein so good as to oblige me in so gentlemanly a manner, wich it has been the makin of a pile of money for me. I see by the papers that that misrifible man CARTWRIGHT had the cheek for to tell you to your face that you was wrong in givin us bisness men the facilities of gittin our goods threw the Customs by makin arrangements with the banks for us. He had the Adasity to tell you, dear sir, that you was like a merchant a robin of his own till, because the money we saved by the transackshun goes into our own pockits instid of into the Public Treasury. Deer sir, Mr. TELLY, don't mind that missible man CARTWRIGHT. He is a mean feller anyhow and never had any hart to feel for the merchant community, and give em a hint with refrence to the customs. I write this hopin it will help to sooth the wound CARTWRIGHT made in your feelins, and to show you that I fer one do not look upon you with sborrents for givin' me a hint and a friendly hand to make a few dimes. I may also state that

a few of us merchants in this vicinity has been gettin up a little testymonel in the shape of a purse of munny to present to you by way of expressin our esteem at what you have done. I truss you will receive this purse with pleasure. It contains a very Large sum, but please deer sir don't mind that, we kin afford it. It is only a small mite compared to what we have made outen your kind arrangement with the banks for us, and also bare in mind that as CARTWRIGHT says it is only public funs anyhow. I will be down in Ottawa I expect soon to have the plicasure of presentin it to you and so I remane deer sir and Honble Mr. TELLY the honor to be, etc.,

SIMON VERDENT.

P. S.—The Grits here dosen't laf so much jes now with referense to the N. P.
P. S., No. 2.—JIM SNATCHEM, the Fishbell Assignee don't bang round my door enny more. I observe he is now keepin his eye onto my Grit naber, SMITH, who wasn't fortunate enough to get bank arrangements made for him and I guess is bound to bust soon.



Kind Gent.—BEEN "STEALING THE BRAINS OF THE OPPOSITION," HAS HE? PSHAW! LET HIM GO—ITS ONLY PETTY LARCENY!

The Hon. Members.

Extract from Notes of our own Private Secretary taken at alphabetical interview of M.P.'s to obtain correct knowledge of requirements of different constituencies of Dominion, etc., etc.

FROM A TO E.

MR. ASTORHIEMER, M. P., East Dumfrylin.—Fine specimen of early Dutch settler. Says that he comes from "Pennsylvania Dutch stock." Thought Pennsylvania was in the United States. *Mem.*—Must look into this;—can the old man be romancing? Find no traces of German accent in speech. Test him with OLLENDORF, "Vollen zie haben ein kleiney glass schappas mit meer?" Said he couldn't speak Injun. Is satisfied with country. Thinks it the finest in the world. Has never been away, except to Rochester, N. Y. Made his money in saw mill business. Don't care about Parliamentary honors, but wife and family do. Says he used to be a Reformer on account of aira of Major GORE, Captain SYMONS and other local people. Since he made money has joined with the Conservatives, and is now "as good as any of 'em." Can't see exactly what he means. Peculiar person.

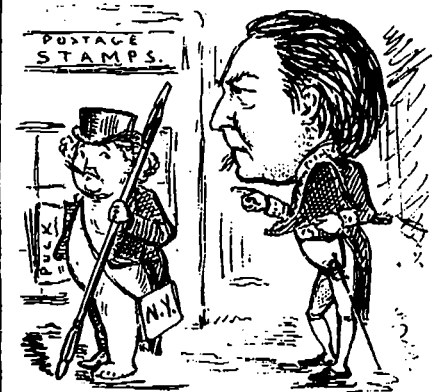
MR. BUSTER, M. P., Vandoozer Island.—Extolled wealth and beauty of Pacific Slope. Finest country in the world. Insists upon having C. P. R. completed in short time—(forget how many weeks), otherwise a dissolution of Confederation. Objects to Chinamen, Indians, Yankees and all heathens.

Showed specimens of gold, silver, copper, coal, Amethysts and diamonds from Island Slope. *Mem.*—Gold very quartz; gems not up to those of Golconda, but good for Dollar Store jewellery. Ordered a barrel of each by first through C. P. R. train. *Mem.*—After dilating further on Slope, slopes himself.

MR. COSTIC, M. P., West Bingen.—Of old U. E. L. family. Rather prolix, would think coloric; very demonstrative in manner; would not judge him to be high in any of the Temperance orders. Said, "No, siree!" to Excellency. Averred that his father "fit in 1812." Would think it not unlikely, judging from present representative of family. Was "through the rebellion, and helped to send CAROLINE over the falls." *Mem.*—What rebellion, who was CAROLINE, and what falls? Must look this up. Is Tory in politics; objects to term 'Conservative.' Can't abide a Grit; just the same as a rebel. "Wouldn't mind hanging some of them himself." Asks Excellency and myself to have something. Excellency bewildered, and somewhat nervous. Respectfully decline "anything." Hon. mem. appears much surprised, bows and exit. *Mem.*—Think he would make a good officer for Zulu campaign.

MR. DONOVANI, M. P. Stiffintown.—Descendant of patriots. Is a patriot himself. Although of kingly race, talks democratic. Thinks the country is ruled altogether by Scotch. Believes that he and his fellow countrymen have not had fair play. Almost a "toss up" between Jno. A. and MACKENZIE. Denounces "repeccious" office-seekers, and Government hirelings. Yet would not object to "something good" himself—let us say Sheriff, Crown Attorney, or Registrar. Is not a lawyer. Thinks lawyers should confine themselves to their profession, and avoid Parliament. *Mem.* Hon. member's ideas somewhat incongruous;—logic queer. Don't tell him so, on account of hostile expression. Would think him from "Sister Isle."

M. EUSTACHEVILLE, M. P., Rimouraski.—Descendant of old French family. Had been Courtiers in reign of Louis XIV. Chefs of Battalion at Cressy, Agincourt, Calais, and Poitiers. Served under GOFREY DEBOUILLON in Burgundian wars; defeated Yankees at Chattaquay; rebels at St. Eustasche, and Fenians at Vermont border. Great military family. Old Noblesse. Would not go to Montreal Ball; people there of low degree. Scotch dancing *outré*, and *ne pas le fromage*. Would be happy to have the great honor to meet us at Seignory.



THE POSTMASTER GENERAL TO "PUCK."—Young man, we cannot tolerate you in Canada unless you wear more clothes.



“MR. FACING-BOTH-WAYS.”

But there is no scarcity of land fitted to grow oats, and if the price should rise at all, the market will be promptly broken down by the increase of the local supply.—*Globe, 22nd March.*

A cabman, with four horses, says that he uses about 600 bushels of oats yearly. Ten cents a bushel just takes sixty square dollars out of that man's pocket.—*Globe, 22nd March.*



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Motto from an auction—Be contented with your lot.—*Fudy.*

Burlington says: "Iowa half a million," and Cleveland exclaims: "Ohio several millions."

White wash artists are studying up new designs for the coming campaign.—*London Herald.*

Gamblers are winsome creatures.—*GRIP.*
Pawnbrokers are loansome creatures.—*London Tiser.*

A civilized subject of King CETYWAYO is looked upon by ethnologists as a *Zulusis natura*.—*Funny Folks.*

"Does top-dressing pay?" innocently inquires the *Utica Herald*. We think it does, just at this season, particularly if you are bald-headed.

The women are walking away from the wash-tub.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*
Let us soap they will suddenly return to it.—*Albany Argus.*

A young married lady who could not make pancakes informed her husband that she objected, on principle, to fritter away her time.—*London Tiser.*

Said the sailor: "We had a pet monkey on board, and when we struck the first bad weather you ought to have seen that monkey-wrench!"—*New York News.*

The *American Agriculturist* inquires "where does the dew come from?" Well, our collector finds that the heft of it comes from not exacting payment in advance.

Mr. HAYES, of New Milford, claims to have walked four miles in thirty five minutes. Unfortunately the name leads to a suspicion of the count.—*Dan News.*

An Ohio man had his neck broken while trying to break a colt. The safest way to break a colt is to hire one of your creditors to do it.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

Very kind gent—"Do you know, my dear, that we have to-day the shortest day of the year?" Lady—"Very true! But your presence makes me forget it."—*Funny Folks.*

Suggestions for an artist—Cupid asking his mother not to tie the handkerchief over his eyes so tightly this year—he made so many mistakes last season.—*Funny Folks.*

It has been decided in the Iowa courts that a cookstove is a wife's personal property.—*Ex.*

Will Iowa wives stand on their legal rights next time the cook-stove has to be moved?

One of the greatest problems for foreigners to solve is which represented or represents the average American the most—GEORGE WASHINGTON or ELI PERKINS?—*Paul Dean.*

"There are too many women in the world; 60,000 more women than men in Massachusetts," growled the husband. "That is the 'survival of the fittest,' my dear," replied the wife.—*Ex.*

A down town man says he has the best auction ear in his family. It belongs to his wife, and it hears of every auction in the city, much to the lightness of his purse.—*New Haven Register.*

The driest place in this country is Greeley, Col. The region around h.s to be irrigated for crops, and the men in town have no sa-noon to call on when their crops feel parched.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Young men sending spring poetry to this office will please enclose their names and addresses, not for publication, but as evidence of their insanity in case they are ever arrested for murder.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

Mary had a little lamp,
Filled full of kerosene,
She took it once to light a fire,
And has not since benzine.

—*London Tiser.*

"La Surprise" is the name of a new hat with three quarters of a yard of feathers hanging from the right side. It is so called from the surprised manner in which the husband says "Lal" when presented with the bill.—*Norristown Herald.*

"BLEU" is anxious to learn whether Mr. TILLEY's Budget speech was written on "foolscap" or "Elephant post?" We should say neither; but rather on blotting paper, judging by its absorbing tendencies, and the efficient manner in which it has dried up the anti-protectionists.—*Yester.*

A poet named WELLS thus exuberates in the *New York Mail*:

I am glad, I am glad—
I am glad that the summer is coming again,
With its sunshiny days and its showers of rain!

Of course. Wells have now a chance to get full.—*Boston Traveller.*

Remark of severe parent to blooming daughter upon discovering that one of the legs of the big chair in the parlour had been broken the Sunday evening previous: "I wish you to understand, SUSAN, that this chair was constructed with a view to the accommodation of one person at a time, and has not the strength and scarcely the capacity for two."—*Newark Call.*

Mr. OLIVER, of Iowa, wants to amend the calendar so as to make the lengths of the months correspond more closely with the variations of the seasons. If he gets the contract, we trust he will not neglect a long-needed reformation in the number of days that go to make up a week. If he can arrange them in bunches of six days, he will deserve the sincere gratitude of a large and influential class whose faces require tonsorial attention only on alternate days, and to whom each recurring Sunday looms up as an extravagant bugbear.—*Puck.*

Nothing can reach out further than a cough in church. It may come from the remotest corner in the rear, but its echo tickles the throats of those in front, and then creeps down the aisle, and touches the ushers, and floats from the choir to the minister, and never releases its hold until it has wrung a sympathetic explosion from every victim. Perhaps you've noticed it.—*Fulton Times.*
Yes, we have Brother Williams, but cannot say exactly when without looking over our file.—*Dan. News.*

Two men doing business on Griswold street met on a corner Saturday, and indulged in hard words over a transaction which neither seemed to understand very well. At length to bring matters to a climax, one of the men called out:

"I denounce you, sir, as a malicious liar!"
"That's all right," coolly replied the other; "I have made it a life rule never to pay any attention to anonymous communications, and you are perfectly safe!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The child was evidently lost!—cried bitterly—could not tell us where its parents lived, or whether she was an orphan, or what her father was—or where she went to school.—*Enter Intelligent Policeman.*

Policeman (in a friendly whisper). "Where does your mother get her gin, my dear?"
And the mystery was solved!—*Punch.*

This is the week when the languid lady who finds the Sunday morning promenade to church, two blocks away, excessively fatiguing, takes in on an average ten "Spring Openings" every day, ascends and descends probably three miles of stair-case, and walks around several thousand counters and show-cases, without exhausting herself in the least.—*Puck.*

"Come here, you little myth,!" said JOHN, Then quick she seized the poker, And shrieked, as val'rously she strode Towards the heartless joker, "Why must you of our littleness Continually taunt us?
Am I JOHN's myth?" No! no!" said he, "You're only Poker-haunt-us!"
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The Poor Fox Hunters.

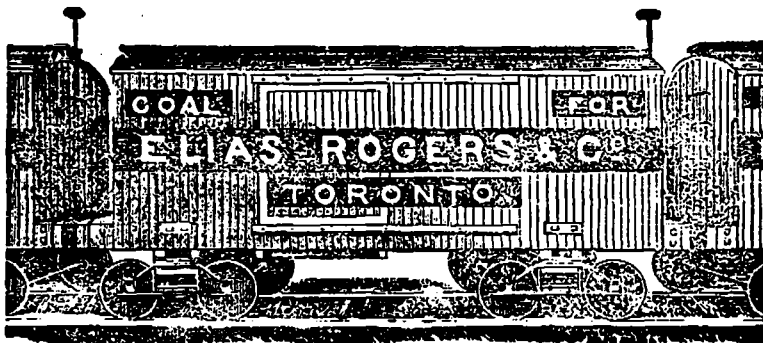
Many Americans will read with a pang of regret that the fox hunting season in England has been almost an entire failure. This deplorable state of affairs has been caused by the severe frosts. Not only has there been little chance for hunting, but the perils of the chase have been greatly increased. Those noble men—most of them are noblemen—who are willing to risk their lives in this hazardous business, have our deepest sympathy. How little we appreciate, as we sit here in America, the dangers these brave men encounter, and all for the public good. So patriotic are these fox hunters in the pursuit of this terrible animal that it is said, although the statement looks doubtful, they keep up thousands of dollars' worth of horses and dogs for the chase of the fox, and yet don't charge the government a cent for killing the ferocious beasts. An American went over there lately with a patent that he could prove would kill all the foxes on the island in two weeks, and yet they would not listen to him, although he showed them that for every \$10 they spent they only killed the one-third hundred and eighty-fifth part of a fox, while his plan would slaughter them at the rate of five cents a dozen. The people over there seem to be very brave, but they are undoubtedly behind the age on modern improvements.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Lord Dufferin in Russia.

When along Neva's frozen banks
My sledge-bells cleave, the air,
It may be I shall turn with thanks
To him who sent me there.
Yet deem not that the arts of BEN
Have bonds of Party cleft,—
Mine be the measures of the men
Who dined me ere I left—
And still,—my light through snow and storm,—
Shall shine that Spread at the Reform!

It may be in a mouth or two,
When I'm thought "well in hand,"
Lord B. may think, 'By Jove, he'll do!
There's nothing he won't stand."
But if some Jingo point to score
They have a sudden mind
And wire to me, then all the more
I'll think of where I dined.—
And, -like a beacon through the storm,—
Shall shine that Spread at the Reform!
—*Punch.*

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Our confidence that the Canadian Public would extend a hearty support to a humorous journal conducted upon principles of honesty and decency has been amply justified in the established success of GRIP, which, during the six years of its existence, has enjoyed the patronage and respect of a large constituency of our best people. In dealing with the public men and affairs of the country it has been the aim of the controllers of GRIP to avoid the coarseness and unfairness which too often characterize satirical public cartoons. The political Cartoons, although sometimes severe, have never been unjust and never vindictive. The attitude of absolute independence which the paper has maintained from the first is attested by the appreciative notices which the Cartoons constantly receive in the press of both Parties.

Grip has offended somebody, who is anxious to vent his spleen through our columns. Want of space, as well as want of inclination, prevents us from going into the matter. We intend to rival Grip all we know how, but we prefer to do it in a square way. Canada has not so many clever journals that their editors can afford to be continually snarling at each other. Long life to you, BENGOURG, "we look towards you."—*The Jester*.

Well it has come at last. Grip's "elephant" has been trotted out, and he has been patched up pretty nearly in the manner indicated by the sapient cartoonist.—*Cor. Lindsay Post*.

Ode to Spring.

WITH ANNOTATIONS BY THE EDITOR.

First MS.

Salubrious season of the year,
(What sloppy stuff they always send)
How different from bleak autumn sear.
(There in the basket find an end!)

Second MS.

Spring, spring, beautiful spring!
(I think I've seen that line before)
Of thy sweetness I cheerfully sing.
(Plagiarist, by gosh, as well as bore!)

Third MS.

How dreamy, soft and balmy is the air,
(Not softer than his head!)
As if a spirit blest did linger there;
(There; numbered with the dead.)

Fourth MS.

Athwart yon mountain cap of snow
Doth shoot the genial ray;
(That sounds like "shoot the hat;")
His frosty front is all aglow
Upon this beautiful day,
(That's all we want of that.)

Fifth MS.

I'll never more thy radiance see,
(What never? Hardly ever?)
Yet I do welcome thee with glee;
(It's gone up Saline River).

NOTICE.—There will be no more demand for Spring poetry at this office until the good times come.—ED.

Epigram by a Stock Broker.

If this scandalous bill against us becomes
law,
'Twill ruin our chances for wealth at a
stroke;
Let us haste to the lobby at cruel Ottawa,
If we don't we are scuttled—the Broker is
broke!

THE news is deserting me, as the poet
said when the cats fighting under his window
decamped.

How hot is the sun? asks one of our ex-
changes. If the editor got up at a decently
early hour he would see that it is red hot.

Self-"Protection" is Europe's First Law!

We may be a nation of shopkeepers, but according to the *France* we shall very soon have either to be content with buying goods of each other or to put up our shutters altogether. Our contemporary distinctly states that M. WADDINGTON considers that the latter fate will ere long be ours.

Our colonies, on the maintenance of which, as a world-wide market for our goods, the Imperial politician so proudly insists, laugh at us. Look at Victoria, for instance, with its thirty-five per cent, *ad valorem* import duty!

The other colonies, as well as Victoria, are, it seems to us, going in to be our competitors rather than our customers; and as the markets of America and Europe are closed against us, France is now, as her Premier rightly states, the only nation we have to any extent upon our books. And France, it is now said, intends henceforth to "protect" herself. Altogether a bright look out for us.

What has practically happened is that, whilst our Imperial statesman have been protecting our national honor, our colonies, our foreign interests, and other things which, like our prestige, might have been safely left to protect themselves, and dependencies and neighbours on the continent have been "protecting" their native manufactures and products to such purpose that, as the *France* confidently asserts, ere long we shall have no trade nor commerce left to "protect."

Let those who doubt this study the weekly exports. Paradoxical as it may sound, they are just now of exceptional import.—*London Funny Folks*.

A SCOTTISH Minstrel writes in the *Hamilton Times*:

"But Scotia, the land of the mountain and misty cloud,
By the dear ties of friendship, my heart clings to thee—
Land of the streamlet, the fountain and torrent cloud,
Hail me, invite me again o'er the sea."

If this bard is a shareholder in the Glasgow Bank, he may consider that he has a standing invitation "again o'er the sea."

Reciprocity!

The *Globe* says that the St. Thomas *Journal* says that SAM DAY, (coming M. P. for East Elgin) says that he "don't care a — for England!" JOHN BRIGHT says that BEACONSFIELD says that England don't care a — for SAM DAY; so that makes it even.

THE novel for verbose letter-writers, *Say and Seal*.

THAT's tooth in, as the dog said to the other, who was trying to steal his dinner.

MR. BRITTIE, who presented the newly married Prince with a large picture entitled "A Slave," deserves a seat in the "Joker Club."

ALTHOUGH no one has any faith in Heathen Mythology, a great many would-be wits try very hard to be JOVIAL. Juno how it is youself?

THE Port Hope *Guide* records the marriage of Miss BULLIED. The young lady must have been unhappy at home, as she had evidently made up her mind not to be bullied any longer.

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Opposition Comforts.

"There are comforts in the Opposition."—G. W. Ross, M.P.

O, the Opposition benches
 Are after all the best;
 No office-seekers spoiling
 A fellow's needed rest;
 No fighting over contracts,
 No making up blue-books,
 No weight of Cabinet duty
 To spoil one's pleasant looks.

No business to look after,
 No Policy to push,
 No questions to reply to—
 We needn't care a rush!
 We holler "butter fingers,"
 And laugh a loud haw-haw!
 We have no care, no trouble—
 No salary to draw.

FROM all quarters there comes evidence of satisfaction with the tariff as a whole.—London Herald. This item appears in a column that often contains jokes.

The Port Hope Guide says the Grits are grinding their teeth over the Tariff. Wonder what the millers are grinding, now that flour is cheaper than wheat?

A movement is on foot amongst the ladies in England, to restore the costume of ancient Greece. If the ladies would spend more of their time in the larder they would soon restore it.

It would be hypocritical for us to pretend that we would have welcomed the announcement of any fiscal policy of the present Government with other than hostile criticism.—New Glasgow Chronicle.

This is not put here as a joke, but as a rare gem of political honesty.

Forney's Progress is down on female pedestrianism. The Col. says it is a senseless business, affords no excitement and proves nothing. This is merely Weston's invective, as the women continue to go into the business with their whole sole. Let the Progress be quiet or a ROWELL be the result. We WARREN him.

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