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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**  
 ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.



**PUBLISHER'S NOTE.**  
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 BENGOUGH BROS.

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

VOLUME XVI. No. 20.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1881.

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Literature and Art.

**SPECIAL NOTICE:**—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or compositions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care GRIP Office.

A little paper called the *Citizen* has made its appearance as a temperance organ in this city. It is edited by Mr. Wm. Burgess.

Mr. F. H. Torrington, Organist of the Metropolitan Church and conductor of the Toronto Philharmonic Society is reported dangerously ill with brain fever.

The Bachelors of "Yo Merrie Bells" Club intend tendering the married members and their mutual friends a "Calico" Ball at the Rossin House, on Tuesday, April 19th next.

Master George Fox, the young Canadian musical prodigy, was in town last week, and gave an exhibition of his wonderful powers at the piano warehouse of Messrs. A. & S Nordheimer.

Rev. Dr. Vincent, who made such a deep impression here with his lecture on "That Boy," has been engaged to give its sequel, "That Boy's Sister," in the Metropolitan Church on the evening of Monday, April 11th.

Mr. Wm. D. Howells—who, by the way, is a son of the genial American Consul resident in Toronto—has resigned the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, to assume a position in a prominent publishing house in Boston.

It is reported that Mark Twain is writing a "Handbook on Etiquette," and also intends getting up a "Cyclopaedia of Humor." The laughing world will await those unique productions with anxiety. They are to be published by Jas. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

A paper by R. W. Emerson, on his personal impressions of Thomas Carlyle, made up from his unpublished letters written at the time of his first visit to England, will appear in *Scribner* for May. The publication is made by special arrangement with Mr. Emerson and the Massachusetts Historical Society, before which the paper was read, and in the minutes of which it is to be printed after its appearance in *Scribner*.

If any of our theatre-going readers are anxious to see a performance of *Rip Van Winkle*, which is superior to Jefferson's in some respects and equal to it in all others, we advise them to drop in to the Royal any night this week and see Mr. J. W. Carner in the character. This ever fresh and beautiful play is being presented with brilliant scenery and effects, while the parts, from the star downwards, are in the hands of thoroughly competent players.

Next week, Prof. John Reynolds, the English mesmerist, returns to the Royal for a brief engagement. We trust the citizens of Toronto will appreciate the favor of a second visit from this gifted gentleman sufficiently to give him crowded houses during his stay. From what was seen of his powers on a former visit, we have no hesitation in saying that he is capable of giving an evening's entertainment of the most interesting, instructive, and mirth-provoking kind it is possible to get anywhere.

We have to thank the publishers, Jas. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, for a copy of Mrs. Francis H. Burnett's latest novel, "A Fair Barbarian." Mrs. Burnett now occupies a foremost position in the ranks of modern fiction writers, and this work is generally admitted to be the most brilliant and interesting offspring of her genius. Those who have read "That Lass o' Lowries"—her first literary hit—will eagerly welcome this latest work. The book is printed and bound with the neatness which characterizes the volumes sent forth by the excellent house of Osgood.



Notice to Contractors.

**SEALED TENDERS**, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Fittings," will be received at this office until **WEDNESDAY**, 6th day of April next inclusively, for fittings required at Post Office a Hamilton, Ont.

Plans can be seen at the Post Office, Hamilton, on and after **WEDNESDAY** the 23rd instant.

Tenders must be made on the printed forms supplied. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted, the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order. **F. H. ENNIS**, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 19th day of March, 1881.

To ADVERTISERS

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Office: 30 Adelaide St. East. Works: 55 Front St., East } TORONTO.

Literature and Art.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Max Strakosch thinks that his partnership with C. D. Hess was a big mistake, and Hess joins in his partner's opinion.

Mr. Fuller's little satire *Flapdoodle* has made a decided hit. We shall be happy to supply our readers with copies of the work. Price 15cts.

A lawyer in St. Louis a few weeks ago sued Colonel Mapleson for refusing to sell him certain seats in the theatre on the morning of the opening of the sale.

The book reception of the Y. M. C. A. on Tuesday evening proved a very pleasant and successful affair. About three hundred valuable volumes were added to the Association library on the occasion.

Mrs. Dobbin, of Montreal, the author of "Thos," a very pleasing Canadian story, contemplates writing a sequel to that work. We trust the forthcoming book may meet with a generous reception at the hands of the public.

Concerts are announced for Good Friday evening in the Metropolitan and Elm St. Churches. At the latter, Miss Barr, the charming Hamilton soprano, and Dr. Sippi, the London tenor, are to appear, with several other vocalists of prominence.

Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin contributed to a late number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* a characteristically trenchant article on some phases of modern Canadian society, under the title "A Noble Woman"—his reference being primarily to Mrs. Carlyle. The article is well worth reading.

The critic of the London *Advertiser* thinks that the Strakosch-Hess Opera Company lacks finish, and suggests the vigorous use of a needle gun in the first act. In this he agrees with the New York musical journals—though he differs from our sapient local dailies, who fed the Company on the usual maudlin flattery.

The Lawson-Labouchere libel suit has afforded a good deal of amusement to the public of the two hemispheres during the past week. The general impression seems to be that the Truth man had the better of it from the first, an advantage which his great cleverness enabled him to make the most of. But what a rare advertisement both journals have secured!

Mr. J. B. Watson recently lectured at Pembroke, and a couple of prominent citizens of that town have written a letter to the *Ottawa Citizen* giving him a high commendation. This would seem to imply that Mr. W. conducted himself fairly, squarely, and honourably in Pembroke, and if so, Grip congratulates him on the marked improvement in his way of getting through the world.

Amongst the answers to the invitations for the theatrical entertainment given at Government House last Monday evening, issued by the Aide-de-Camp, was one addressed to Mrs. Robinson, A. D. C. This is on a par with the announcement of several entertainments during the past winter to the effect that they were "under the patronage of Lady Robinson." Where is Professor Fanning?

At the "Litta" concert on Saturday evening, after the performance started, the management informed the audience that owing to an ulcerated sore throat M'lle Litta was hardly able to sing, and claimed their indulgence for her on that account. Judging by the gloom that instantly appeared on the expectant faces, considerable sympathy was felt for the *artiste*, though some one was uncharitable enough to say the vision of their wasted dollars dimmed the wonted lustre of their eyes. Litta sang well, however.

**TO BUSINESS MEN.**

MERCHANTS desiring to advertise their business in an ATTRACTIVE and EFFECTIVE form, should communicate with BENGOUGH BROS., Toronto, and order an edition of their

**New Idea.**

This is a sheet, in newspaper form, (any title selected) filled with amusing reading matter and profusely illustrated with comic cuts adapted to any specific line of business, and also a double column displayed advertisement. Distributed freely to customers, this forms one of the most attractive and lasting advertisements a merchant can secure. For terms, etc., address GEO. BENGOUGH, Manager GRIP Office.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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

**To Correspondents.**

- M. E. M.—Lakesfield.—Respectfully declined.
- F. A. D.—Norwich.—Thanks for your favor.
- H. R. S.—Penetanguishene—Will probably appear next week.
- B. L.—Lindsay.—Will look over your MSS. and probably write you.
- E. R. B.—Charlottetown.—We will attend to the case you mention all in good time.

**Grip's Book of Oddities.**

No. V.



This oddity belongs to the *genus* Nuisance. He is the Young Man who Loiters Outside. When the crowd is slowly dispersing from the theatre on a Saturday afternoon, or from the fashionable church on a Sunday night, Oddity No. 5 is always on hand numerously. He is a strictly gregarious animal, and is rarely seen alone. He generally forms one of a gaping, staring, cigar-smoking, and sheepish-looking

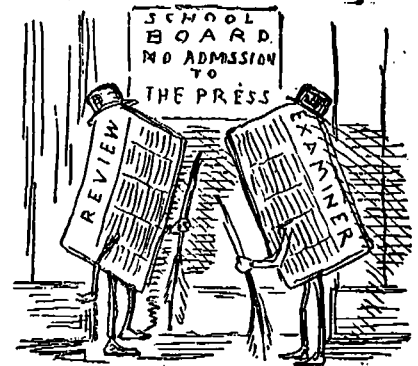
flock, who line the edges of the curb-stone for ten yards on each side of the door of exit. He is always dressed up in his best clothes, and bears the outward semblance of a young gentleman, but his attitude and occupation forbid us to think that he possesses any of the elements of good breeding. A gentleman, we know, would not make a habit of stationing himself in a given attitude for the express purpose of glaring into the faces of respectable young ladies as they pass out of a matinee. Nor would a gentleman (if, perchance, he had occasion so to stand) demean himself by passing remarks on those who filed out before him. Among the many questions which have come up for solution in these days, none is more profound than this, What is the Young Man Who Loiters Outside Waiting For? Of course he always pretends to be waiting for something or somebody; though his assumed air of impatient expectance is too thin to deceive anybody. Incidentally, however, it is hopeful to observe, for it shows that the young man feels ashamed of his conduct, and is capable of reformation. This question we must still leave unsolved; meantime we call the attention of the policeman to the matinee loiterers—perhaps they're waiting for him.

**Question and Answer.**

Mr. GARR's appreciation of a joke is keen; he therefore makes the hon. Minister of Customs a profound bow, and, as a fellow humorist, extends to him a fraternal greeting. For the why and wherefore let the following question and answer speak:—

Mr. WHILER asked whether it is the intention of the Government to amend the order-in-council dated the 31st day of April, 1880, respecting the importation of wheat in bond for milling purposes, so as to remove any doubt of such wheat being ground and sold for consumption in Canada without duty having been paid thereon. Hon. Mr. BOWELL said the order-in-council dated the 21st April, 1880, provided that no wheat manufactured into flour could go into consumption in Canada unless duty had been paid; hence there was no necessity for amending it.

Mark the italicised words, and now for the point of the joke. Mr. GARR believes he is entirely within bounds when he states that at least 250,000 bushels of American spring wheat have been ground in bond, and the product consumed in Canada, since the imposition of the duty. The amount of duty collected has been something less than \$700. Funny Mr. BOWELL. Of course the flour could not go into consumption in Canada without paying the duty, but where then is the duty? There must have been a wicked twinkle in the hon. gentleman's eyes when he got off the above reply. Ordinary mortals may tremble at the sanctity of an order-in-council—only our jocular Minister of Customs would venture to poke unlimited fun at one of these sacred documents. Notwithstanding the hugeness of the joke, Mr. GARR suspects that the farmers and country millers of Ontario would have been better pleased if Mr. Wheler's question had received a serious reply. They will probably think that this winking at violation of law, and the loss of \$37,000 to the revenue, by an N. P. Government, however instructive and moral it may be, is, after all, no joke.



**Peterborough's School-Board.**

Mr. GARR feels particularly like throwing up his cap in honor of our glorious popular institutions after reading an account of the exclusion of the local press representatives from the meeting of the Peterborough School-Board on a recent occasion. This indignity to the fourth estate, and slight upon the ratepayers of that town, has naturally caused a bit of commotion. It has been Examined into and scathingly Reviewed by the townspeople generally, and their sentiments of indignation have been echoed by the neighboring press. Mr. GARR is of opinion that a representative body should not transact the people's business with closed doors, except on very special occasions. Such as when they contemplate some crookedness, or intend squandering money. And it is a curious fact that they never propose to lock the doors unless there is "something in the wind." On the occasion referred to the Peterborough School-Board increased the salaries of the teachers by \$1000. Surely they might have done such a creditable action in the full light of day? Ah! we have it! It was not from contempt of the public, but through fear, that the doors were locked! Perhaps they dreaded what the School-Boards of other towns would do, if they heard of such a display of generosity to that hard-worked and underpaid class—the schoolteachers.

**Instantaneous Conversion.**

The Hamilton Spectator has turned Grit; at least it published the following eulogy on Mr. Blake in a late issue:—

"The wise educator (Mr. Blake's tutor), who belonged to the peripatetic school of philosophers, was once walking in the country with his ingenious pupil, seeking occasion to store his young mind with knowledge and to teach valuable lessons by practical illustrations, when the parson seated themselves upon a grassy bank to rest. The tutor remained seated, but the pupil instantly rose again with wonderful alacrity and enthusiasm. Looking for the cause of this unexpected change of base the teacher discovered a remarkably healthy, fully developed, and well-armed thistle. "Emulate the thistle, my son," he cried; "present so many and such penetrating points that nobody will ever care to sit down on you." The lesson has never been forgotten. Mr. Blake does not now put forth a speech without endeavoring to decorate it with as many points as a thistle wears, while to his own partial way of thinking they are quite as sharp."

Our San Francisco contemporary, *The Wasp*, appears to have lost its old cartoonist, F. Keller, who was a very good artist. The illustrations are now done by one Joseph Stroug, whose work betrays the immaturity of youth. The literary matter of the *Wasp* is better than that of any other American comic paper.

The sixth anniversary of the establishment of the hospital for sick children, Elizabeth street, was celebrated by its promoters on Wednesday, by a happy meeting. This is one of the most deserving charities of the many noble ones of which Toronto can boast, and GARR is sincerely pleased to know that it is prospering. Although no appeal is made in any form for financial support, funds are always forthcoming when required.

**The Baron Tweedledee.**

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

It was the Baron Tweedledee, A youthful bride selected he,

"A little girl of barely nine, To flirting ways will not incline."

While I go hence for years to come To fight the Lord of Tweedledum.

Years passed, with warlike fame well earned, The Baron Tweedledee returned,

Disguised in darksome pilgrim's weeds, To seek his lady he proceeds.



He wore a long great coat, a helmet and a cotton umbrella.

He found her midst a festive throng, Which seemed to him extremely wrong.

And said to her with look severe, "Young lady, say, what do you here?"

"Kind sir, I dance with bank clerk gay, 'The Boston Dip' and 'Rock-away.'"

He dragged her thence, with anger fell, He slew her with his umbrella!



If you'd be wise subscribe for GRIP, Don't let this from your memory slip.



**A Gentle Hint.**

*Little Premier to Big Premier.*—Beg pardon, Sir John, but you don't happen to have a Boundary Award that you have no use for about you?

*Big Premier to Little Premier.*—I don't, eh?

**The Blake Dinner.**

*From our Specially Impertinent Reporter.*

Windsor Hotel, Montreal.

OLD BOY,—When you commissioned me to attend the People's Edward to Montreal, you requested me to see that he made a good speech at the Reform Dinner, and generally conducted himself becomingly. You added that you did not care a mealy potatoe for his politics, but you wished him to be a credit to Gnr's native city. I accepted the task willingly, as I have a passably strong liking for a good dinner, especially when it is eaten at your expense. You also hinted that you expected my report to be brief but brilliant. The hint was entirely unnecessary, Old Boy, as brilliancy and brevity are my forte.

I and my friend Edward were landed at the Bonaventure Depot in due time. *En passant*—What a gorgeous structure that same Bonaventure Depot is? Scrupulously clean and spacious, yet with a venerable air of antiquity about it. I was fascinated as I gazed upon its noble proportions and the massive span of its stately roof. *Mem.*—Must be careful to enquire the name of the architect before leaving. We, that is I and my travelling companion, were met by a deputation of the Reform Club at the depot. I had fraternized graciously with the leader of the Opposition on the way down, and it was with unspoken regret on his part that we separated at the depot. I assured him I would be near to sustain him at the dinner, and with a cheerful *au revoir*, drove off to the Windsor. Was I mistaken in the belief that the breast of the great Edward heaved a mighty sigh as I turned the corner? (One of relief, blockhead, of course.—*Editor.*)

Well, the dinner—what wretched bunglers these Montreal Grits are. One would have thought, after their Queen's Hall experience, that the word "ticket" would have been expunged from their vocabulary. But no! arrayed in full dinner canonicals I marched down to the Dining Hall, and was met at the door with the request, "Ticket, sir." How the *Mail* and *Spectator* will gloat over this fresh proof that all but the faithful are excluded from the presence of the great Edward when he visits Montreal. Ticket, indeed; of course I was equal to the occasion—bending down mysteriously, I whispered a few words, of which Gnr was one—A divine smile illuminated the face of the janitor and he led me at once to a place of honor

near the chairman. *Mem.* The price of the ticket was two dollars, you will find it included in my expense account. (Indeed.—*Ed.*) I am naturally modest, but I distinguished myself at this dinner. I did indeed. You would have been proud of your reporter had you witnessed the masterly way in which he disposed of the good things before him. Of course you understand that wines were extra. I charge you with one bottle champagne—one claret, and one sherry—did think of ordering another champagne, but concluded had better pay some little attention to the speeches. I am itching to do some fine writing here; to enlarge on the brilliancy of the spectacle—the fervid enthusiasm of the assembled Grits, and the splendid eloquence of the speeches, but my instructions are to be "brief and brilliant," to succumb would be to sacrifice brevity, and I obey orders. The loss is yours. If some one who shall be nameless were allowed a little more latitude your subscription list, Old Boy, would be greatly benefited. (This bangs all Baunaghar, we will discharge him at once on his return.—*Ed.*)

I was fortunately placed near the orator of the evening, and during his speech occasionally benamed upon him with a friendly and patronizing air to the evident stimulus of his jaded powers. His speech was—was—yes it was indeed—wonder how many columns of the *Globe* it will occupy? When I am Prime Minister or leader of the Opposition, there will be no crabbled old editor to pester me with "brief but brilliant." Pshaw! won't I let myself out then, and won't the reporters bless me as they do the People's Edward now? Why can't he be brief and brilliant I wonder?

When the great gun has been fired, and the enthusiasm has somewhat evaporated, these political dinners are rather prosy affairs, Old Boy. Don't think I shall attend another professionally. Heigho! how sleepy I am—wonder if it's the wine? Think I'll order another bottle. Wai—wai—no I won't—too sleepy to drink it. Who's that? Anglin. He's good for an hour—brief and brilliant—bril-liant and brief—bril-liant—and—

Hello! What's that? Gnr's representative requested to respond to the toast of "The Press." One of your tricks, Master Edward, is it? You're doing the beaming now—see if I don't pay you out for it. "Gnr!" "Gnr!" Well gentlemen, Gnr isn't deaf, and if you want to hear Gnr, why Gnr has always something to say worth listening to, and then I gave them a rouser. How the glasses rung and the windows shook with the applause. It was the triumph of the evening, and now, Old Boy, if you don't raise my salary fifty per cent I'll—I'll resign and have a Gnr of my own with none of your beastly brilliancy and brevity about it.

Yours, S. J. R.  
Wednesday Morning.—I open this to any I am suffering the tortures of the blanked—such a horrible headache—can't leave this morning—perhaps not for week. Be sure and send me plenty of money, you old blunderbuss—and by the first post, too.  
Y. S. J. R.

**To Ye Member for Ni-g-ra.**

When nature works, dear Plumb, she has in view, From first to last, a purpose—therefore you Were made for something. What? Ah! that's the rub, A poet? Nay! Ask Koss, my ancient Dub,— Or ask yourself, confess, you surely know it— A trick of tagging rhymes don't make a Poet. A statesman then? Oh! shade of Pitt forbid, That's not your *role* my chipping Kayydd. Well, then, an orator, deep, fervent, true? I seek in vain these lofty gifts in you. If neither orator nor statesman wise, Nor poet with fine frenzy rolling eyes, *Vide* Shakespeare, say, what were you made for then? To do the dirty work of other men? To be a vain and garrulous M. P.? Mistaking sound and incivility For argument and wit? To be the pest Of men with souls above a silly jest? If made for these—then nature, artist true, Outdid herself, dear Plumb, when making you.

GARD.



**Going Down Hill.**

The Finance Minister is travelling altogether too recklessly just now to suit the nerves of that excellent hanger-on of the Government, the editor of the *Bystander*. In the March number of that able publication we are assured that Sir Leonard is mistaken in his idea that the people of Canada are growing richer because they are paying more taxes. Indeed this opinion is denounced in the most forcible and brilliant English, and the Finance Minister is moreover warned that he is acting madly in rushing along in his present career of extravagance. The estimates brought down at the close of the session gave rise to these comments of *Bystander*, and Mr. Gnr quite agrees with Mr. Smith. But what is he going to do about it? His position as pictured above is what Jacob Faithful would call a "helpless" one. And alas, we are all equally at the mercy of this furious velocipedist.

**Nonsense.**

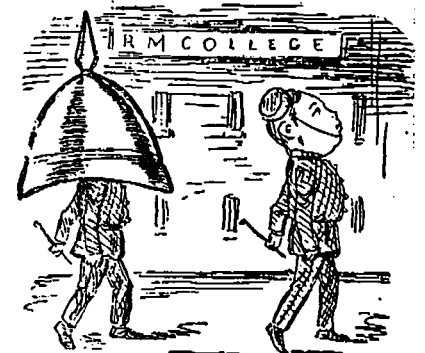
So huffy was fair Henrietta  
That she waged against Love a vendetta  
Till at length she kept tryst  
With a Ritualist  
In a chasuble, stole, and biretta.

**Old Favorites with New Faces.—No 2.**

*A Song for the Librarian at the Education Department Library, Toronto.*

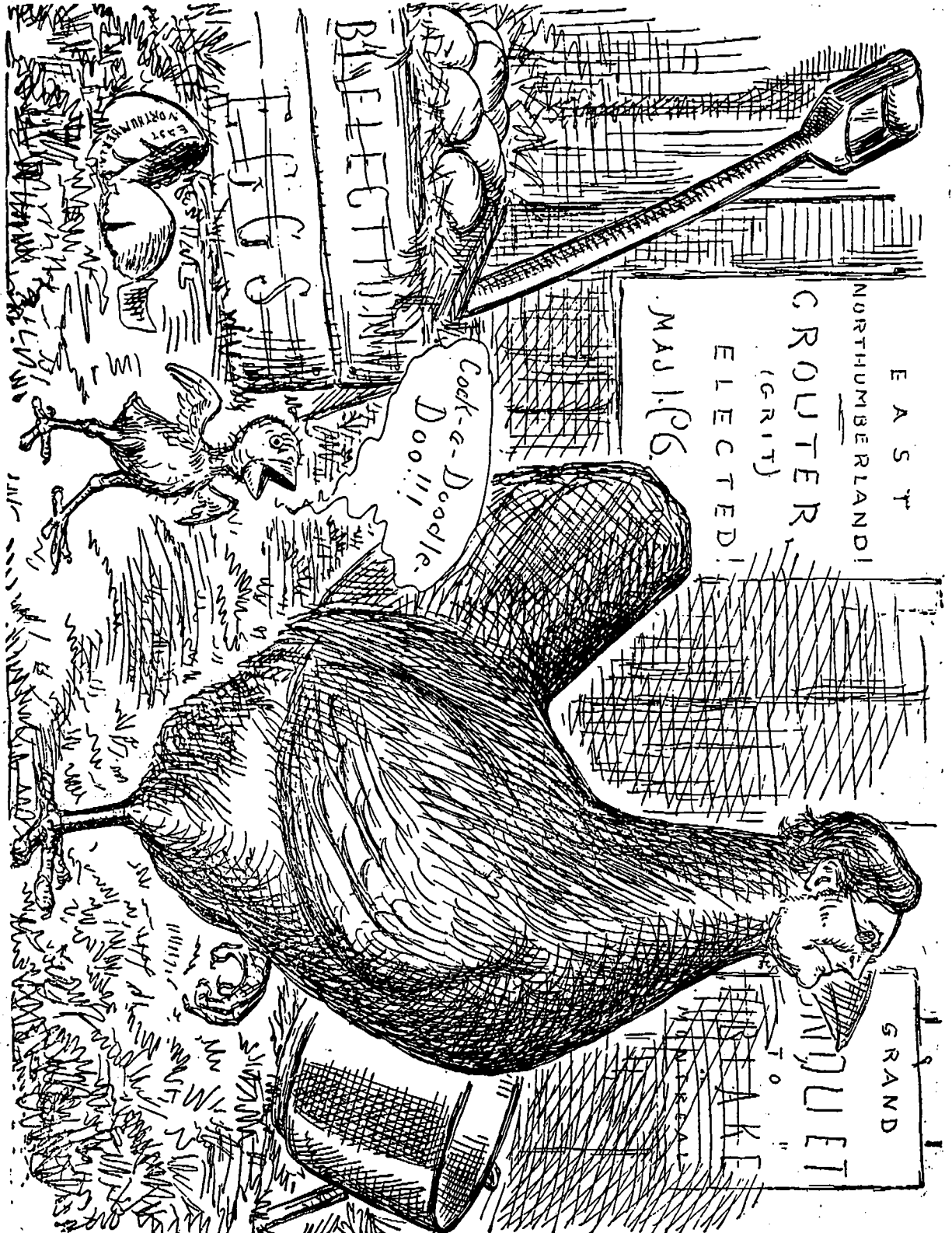
Oh, my heart is weary waiting  
Here on Dr. May!  
Guardian dog in Learning's manger,  
Stern he tells the student "Stranger!  
You may walk away!"  
Books you need tis useless stating,  
Rules and red-tape alternating  
Gives a prospect gay,  
For the patient public waiting  
Here on Dr. May!

**Latest from the Royal Military College, Kingston.**



AS THE CADET IS.

AS HE WAS.



THE FIRST CHICK OF SPRING!

### The Joker Club.

*"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."*

#### A Lesson in Cookery.

Miss Cicely Jones is just home from boarding school and engaged to be married, and as she knows nothing about cooking or house work, is going to take a few lessons in the culinary art to fit her for the new station in life which she is expected to adorn with housewifely grace. She certainly makes a charming picture as she stands in the kitchen door, draped in a chintz apron, prettily trimmed with bows of ribbon, her bangs hidden under a Dolly Varden cap, and her dimpled white hands encased in old kid gloves, while she sways to and fro on her dainty French kid heels, like some graceful wind-blown flower.

"Mamma," she lisped, prettily, "please introduce me to your assistant."

Whereupon mamma says: "Bridget, this is your young lady, Miss Cicely, who wants to learn the name and use of everything in the kitchen, and how to make cocoanut rusks and angels' food, before she goes to housekeeping for herself."

Bridget gives a snort of disfavor, but as she looks at the young lady, relents and says: "I'll thy."

"And now, Bridget dear," says Miss Cicely, when they were alone, "tell me everything. You see I don't know anything except what they did at school, and isn't this kitchen lovely? What makes that ceiling such a beautiful bronze color, Bridget?"

"Shmoke," answered Bridget, shortly, "and me old eyes are put out wid that same."

"Shmoke—I must remember, that; and Bridget, what are those shiny things on the wall?"

"Kivers—tin kivers for the pots and kittles."

"Kivers—oh, yes. I must look for the derivation of that word. Bridget, what are those round things in that basket?"

"Praties! where hez ye lived niver to hear of praties? Why thim's the principal mate of Ireland where I kin from."

"Oh, but we have corrupted the name into potatoes; such a shame not to keep the idiom of a language. Bridget—do you mind if I call you Bridget?—it is more euphonious and modernizes the old classic appellation. What is this liquid in the pan?"

"Och, murder! Where wuz yez raised? That's millick, fresh from the cow."

"M-l-l-lick, that is the vernacular, I suppose; of milk, and that thick, yellow coating?"

"It's crame. (Lard, such ignorance)."

"Come, now, Biddie, dear, I must get to work. I'm going to make a cake all out of my own head for Henry—he's my lover, Biddie—to eat when he comes to-night."

Bridget (aside)—"It's dead he is sure thin, if he ates it!"

"I've got it all down here, Biddie, on my tablet: A pound of butter, 20 eggs, two pounds sugar, salt to your taste. No, that's a mistake. Oh, here it is. Now, Biddie, the eggs first. It says to beat them well, but won't that break the shells?"

"Well, I'd break thim this time if I were you Miss Cicely; they might not set well on Mister Henry's stummach ef ye didn't," said Bridget pleasantly.

"Oh, I suppose the shells are used separately. There! I've broken all the eggs into the flour. I don't think I'll use the shells, Biddie; give them to some poor people. Now what next? Oh, I'm so tired. Isn't housework dreadful hard? But I'm glad I've learned to make cake. Now what shall I do next, Biddie?"

"Excuse me, Miss Cicely, but you might give it to the pigs. It's meself can't see any other use for it," said Bridget, crustily.

"Pigs! Oh, Biddie! you don't mean to say that you have some dear, cunning little white pigs! Oh, do bring the little darlings in and let me feed them. I am just dying to have one for a pet. I saw some Canton-flannel ones once at a fair, and they were too awfully sweet for anything."

Just then the bell rang, and Bridget returned to announce Mr. Henry, and Cicely told Bridget she would take another lesson the next day, and then she went up stairs in her chintz apron and mobcap, with a little daub of flour on her tip-tilted nose, and told Henry she was learning to cook, and he told her she must not get overheated and worried for he didn't care whether she could cook or not; he should never want to eat when he could talk to her, and it was only sordid souls that cared for cooking.

And meanwhile poor Bridget was just slamming things in the kitchen, and talking to herself in her own sweet idiom, about "idgits turning things upside down for her inconvenencing."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Hang out a sign, "Beware of Paint," and nine men out of ten will draw their forefinger across the newly painted surface. The tenth man never learned to read.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

Lecturing makes me jolly," says Olive Logan. Doubtless she referred to certain lectures and in this connection it would be interesting to know what Mr. Sikes thinks about it.—*N. Y. Star.*

A prominent lumberman in Burlington has had his coat of arms painted on the panels of his carriage, with the Latin motto "Vidi." Which by interpretation is "I saw."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"Write me a verse," she cried,  
"Upon this album's page."  
"Averse I am," he quick replied,  
She shot off in a rage.

—*Meriden Recorder.*

It is emphatically denied that Mrs. Ole Bull is to marry Mr. Bjornsen, the Norwegian poet.—*Rome Sentinel.* Djoes the lady give any reasons for her ejingular rjefusal?—*Burlington Hawkeye.* Not jet.—*Rome Sentinel.*

"What would you do, Mr. Colfax," asked a cabinet-maker of the Hon. Schuyler, "if you were offered a place in the President's Cabinet?" "What would I do?" quoth Schuyler. "Well, I should smile."—*N. O. Picayune.*

If we ever start a newspaper we shall call it "The Blood." It would have a circulation all over the world.—*Whitehall Times.* Better call it "Taffy"; they all will take it, and even "the children will cry for it."—*Gouverneur Herald.*

"What is the meaning of a back-biter?" asked a gentleman at a Sunday School examination. This was a puzzler. It went down the class until it came to a simple urchin, who said, "Perhaps it's a flea."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

After the official of a Kansas town had vainly endeavoured to disperse a mob a minister mounted a box and made the simple announcement: "A collection will now be taken up." The result can be easily guessed.—*The Modern Argo.*

The business of a telegraph company is "spread from pole to pole."—*Yonkers Gazette.* So is that of the washerman.—*Somerville Journal.* So is that of the hair renewer.—*Lockport Union.* So is that of the politician.—*Waterloo Observer.*

A machine to invent plausible excuses for a man whose business detains him "down town" until midnight, and whose wife always salutes him upon his return home with the conundrum; "Where in the world have you been until this time o' night?" would make the inventor richer than Vanderbilt in less than two years.—*Watson's Illuminator.*

In reply to the question, "What are the wild waves saying?" we would suggest that it must be, "Come and see us next summer, and don't forget that we charge \$4 a week for board."—*Philadelphia Sun.*

If David Davis and Mahone work together as Independent, some people will be reminded of the complet:—

"The animals came two by two,  
The elephant and the kangaroo."

—*Mobile Register.*

There is a town in Ohio called Gore. It must be a bully place for blood.—*Steubenville Herald.* It seems to us that dressmakers ought to thrive there.—*Salem Sunbeam.* That's sew. It took us some time to see the point, though. Ahem!—*Boston Times.*

"It will never be known how heavy a bass drum is," says the *New Haven Register*, "until the stage manager of a show orders one from a local brass band, and three stalwart members pass the doorkeeper without tickets, and struggle manfully in carrying the weighty instrument to the rear."

Two comical-looking characters met at the Galveston union depot. Said one: "You don't live here do you?" "No, I don't." "What a singular coincidence! I don't either." "Are you from Seguin?" "No, I am not." "By thunder! another coincidence! I'm not from Seguin either. Shake, old fell!"—*Galveston News.*

A thoughtful mother christened her boy "Ray," with the impression that it would be a difficult one for his companions to nickname. The first time the lad returned home from school he informed his gentle parent that the boys called him "Snootsy," and the stunned woman couldn't imagine how "Ray" could be corrupted into such a beastly appellation.—*Unknown Punster.*

An engaged young man is late in paying his regular visit at the dwelling of his musically inclined betrothed. The young lady is anxious. The family sympathizes with her anxiety. Suddenly the bell rings and the calm blue sky of peace reappears in the young girl's eyes as she exclaims rapturously, but ungrammatically: "That's Him! How exquisite his technique is on the bell-pull, and—oh, the breadth of his ring!"—*French Paper.*

The *McGregor News* critic went to hear Remenyi play on the violin. The following is a specimen of how it affected him: "The note in G was so masterly diminished, that we shut our eyes and thought we heard the hum of some golden insect flying out of some upper window on a summer day—flying on glad wing away to some meadow." It is very evident that Heifer must go back to the asylum for an additional six months.—*Lockport Daily Union.*

Customer: "Those cigars I bought here yesterday were mighty bad." Dealer: "Bad! Why, sir, I've sold thousands and thousands of those cigars, and you're the first one to find fault with them." Customer: "I don't know anything about that, but I know that when I tried to smoke—" "Ah, I see, I see! That's where you made a mistake. I suppose you wanted them to treat your friends with. I thought there must be some mistake about it."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Seizing the gigantic Indian around the waist, the brave boy lifted him into the air and flung him headlong down the chasm. Panting, the boy stood and watched the Indian's body fall from crag to crag, until it disappeared in the darkness below. Just at this moment—" Just at this moment the father of the boy who was reading this trash came along, lifted the youngster by the ear, and in the woodshed matinee that followed, the boy had no thought of flinging the old man down a chasm. There was no chasm handy.—*Detroit Free Press.*



### The Literal Truth.

*Proud Parent.*—Why, Florence, my dear, how you are fixed up! Dressed for a party?  
*Dutiful Daughter.*—Yes, pa,—but ho hasn't come yet. Perhaps he won't to-night!

### To the West.

To the west, to the west, to the land of the free,  
 Our sons and our daughters are longing to be,  
 When the winter is past, and the summer is come,  
 Be prepared for another grand "exodus" hum,  
 For in spite of the bill Mr. Orton would pass,  
 And in spite of the boom we are promised, alas!  
 Our bone and our sinew, our bravest and best,  
 Are packing their trunks for the land of the west.

To the west, to the west, to the land of the free,  
 From the baneful effects of the National P.,  
 Where the blessings Sir John promised under his  
 sway  
 Are reserved for his friends—and for which we must  
 pay.

Where clothing and food have gone higher and higher,  
 And the workman has pinch'd for his winter's fire;  
 No wonder he ponders which course is the best,  
 To starve on at home, or away to the west.

To the west, to the west, to the land of the free,  
 While statesmen deny such things really can be.  
 The fact still remains that our heroes of toil  
 Are seeking their homes on a free, foreign soil.  
 While "There is no exodus," Tilley would say,  
 Strange Orton would stop them from going away;  
 And the N. P. stands forth as a failure confess'd  
 By the thousands who throng to the land of the west.

SWEET WILLIAM.

### A Noble Tourney.

(See page 8.)

Can any observant individual look at the phenomenon attending the late political contest in East Northumberland and doubt that Mother Shipton was right when she intimated that 1881 would indeed be a wonderful year? The philosophers have all been telling us that something was going to happen—and surely it is when such a thing has come to pass as that which Grip illustrates on his 8th page. The sketch referred to is that of the tournament—a symbolical representation of the notable clash of arms between Mr. Peter Ryan and Hon. Mackenzie Bowell. The former, who is well known as a zealous Catholic, appeared in the contest as the champion of the Protestant Grit candidate, while the latter, who is the chief of the Orangemen, did valiant battle for the Catholic nominee of the Tories. Some of our exchanges jibe at this, and some complain about it; but as for Grip, he glories in it. He honours both gentlemen all the more for thus demonstrating that they are not absolute bigots. If it is true that religious intolerance played a part in the East Northumberland election, certainly the discredit of it does not attach to the worthy names of Ryan and Bowell.

### The Globe's Commission to Maine.

*Extracts from the Commissioners' Diaries.*

In accordance with the announcement made last week, Mr. Grip has the pleasure of submitting to his readers the first instalment of extracts from the diaries of the two Commissioners despatched into the wilds of Maine by the editor of the *Globe*, at untold expense, to see how the Liquor Law actually works. The first excerpt is from the diary of

THE PROHIBITIONIST.

*Thursday, March 17.*—St. Patrick's Day. Routed out very early in the morning. Thoughts of whiskey naturally arise, and mission to Maine must be entered upon. Cab waiting at door. No time for breakfast. Lacing one's shoes in jolting hack far from pleasant. *Mem.*, wear top boots hereafter. Arrive at station and dismiss cabby, telling him to call at *Globe* office for fare. Salute my brother commissioner and take a drink by way of practice. All aboard. We're off. Call companion's attention to fellows on train drinking out of black bottle. Get in some good temperance talk. Beginning to feel hungry. Companion produces flask. Partake of refreshment—for practice.

*March 18.*—Detained here in Montreal. Beastly slow place. Time hangs heavy. Companion suggests exploration tour by way of practice. No difficulty in getting drinks. Return to hotel and make up statement of expenditure thus far as follows: Practice drinks, \$2.50; sundries, 75 cents.

*March 19.*—On the road again. Arrive at Island Pond for breakfast. Prohibition State—we begin work. No trouble to get drinks. Admirable law, but awfully poor liquor. *Mem.* Rough sketch of our appearance after first sample.



Good idea for illustrated poster for opera, *The Slave of Duty*. Companion more confirmed in his wicked views than ever. On board again en route to Portland. Spend time pleasantly arguing prohibition, and illustrating evil effects with practice drinks from companion's flask. Arrive all safe in Portland.

*March 19.*—Go to hotel and write up experiences for *Globe*. Take stock. Expenditure for drinks thus far, \$5.90; sundries, \$3. Begin business in earnest. Go to office and ask for drinks. Clerk winks and says, John, show these gentlemen down cellar. No trouble to get drinks, so far as hotel guests are concerned. Liquor very bad. After taking a swipec, couldn't help shedding tears over the sad state of whiskey-cursed Canada. Go to dinner. Call for lager. No difficulty to get it. Lager tastes like soap suds and stale cabbage. Companion pronounces it good—for lager.

*March 20.*—Interview Neal Dow. Fine old fellow, hale and hearty. Mentally contrast his appearance with that of my Anti-Prohib. com-

panion. Forceful argument for Prohib. Neal gives us lots of facts and figures, showing Law to be good thing for State. Very glad to see us; hopes our mission will prove beneficial. Tell him it will if it don't prove fatal. My tongue feels thick—must be that lager. Write up Neal Dow for *Globe*—enough stuff to make two letters.

*March 21.*—Lay off to-day to recuperate. Beginning to be pretty sick of this mission. *Mem.*—Let companion do the sampling hereafter and take his word for it.

*March 22.*—At work again. Doing the slums. No trouble to get liquor. Strike bullet-headed Irishman's shebang and partake of the cratur. Sense of Duty strong, but whiskey Stronger. Nearly killed companion; didn't affect me much, as my stomach is in better condition. Proceeded on our way. Struck by abundance of "Bitters" in drug store windows. Suspicions aroused. Buy a bottle of "Malt Bitters" and retire to room in hotel. Companion opines there is whiskey in the Bitters. Finish the bottle between us.—There is whiskey in it. Both of us deeply affected at the discovery. So much so we retire to rest at once.

THE ANTI-PROHIBITIONIST.

*March 17.*—Started for Maine at— I'm so broke up that I can't fix up this measly diary to-day. Too much Malt Bitters. Can condense experiences so far into one paragraph in the shape of a sketch, as follows, which may be labelled



THE GLOBE'S LACCONS.

### Choose of Ills the Least.

I loved her—twas a calf love, perhaps,  
 For I was at the salad age—  
 And sought to bind her heart to mine,  
 With sighs and such like mungeage.

Alas! she was too brisk a lass,  
 On fun and frolic too intent,—  
 To care for sighs—too soon I found  
 They would not bind—not worth a cent.

I thought her beautiful, I did,  
 Till Binns appeared—that smirking Sub;  
 And then I saw with half an eye  
 Her nose was a decided snub.

Her eyes were perhaps a thought oblique,  
 Yet I had loved their azure tints—  
 But when they beamed on Ensign Binns—  
 "By Jove," I cried, "Sabrina squints."

I deemed her arch, and sweet, and gay,  
 With every merry grace endowed—  
 But when I saw her flirt with Binns—  
 "For shame," I groaned, "that's bold and leud."

Her hair—I called it auburn once,  
 And praised the lustre that it shed;  
 But when I saw it brush his cheek  
 I muttered "Pshaw! 'tis brick-dust red."

I laughed a wild, sardonic laugh—  
 "Ha! ha! let Binns be blessed for life—  
 He's fond of carrots, turnips too—  
 I want no vegetable wife.

And then I tore my hair and cried  
 "Sabrina, choose of ill the least!"  
 For I was dapper—five feet two—  
 And Binns stood six feet quite—the best.  
 (GARDNER.)

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