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VOLUME XVIII.
No. 18.

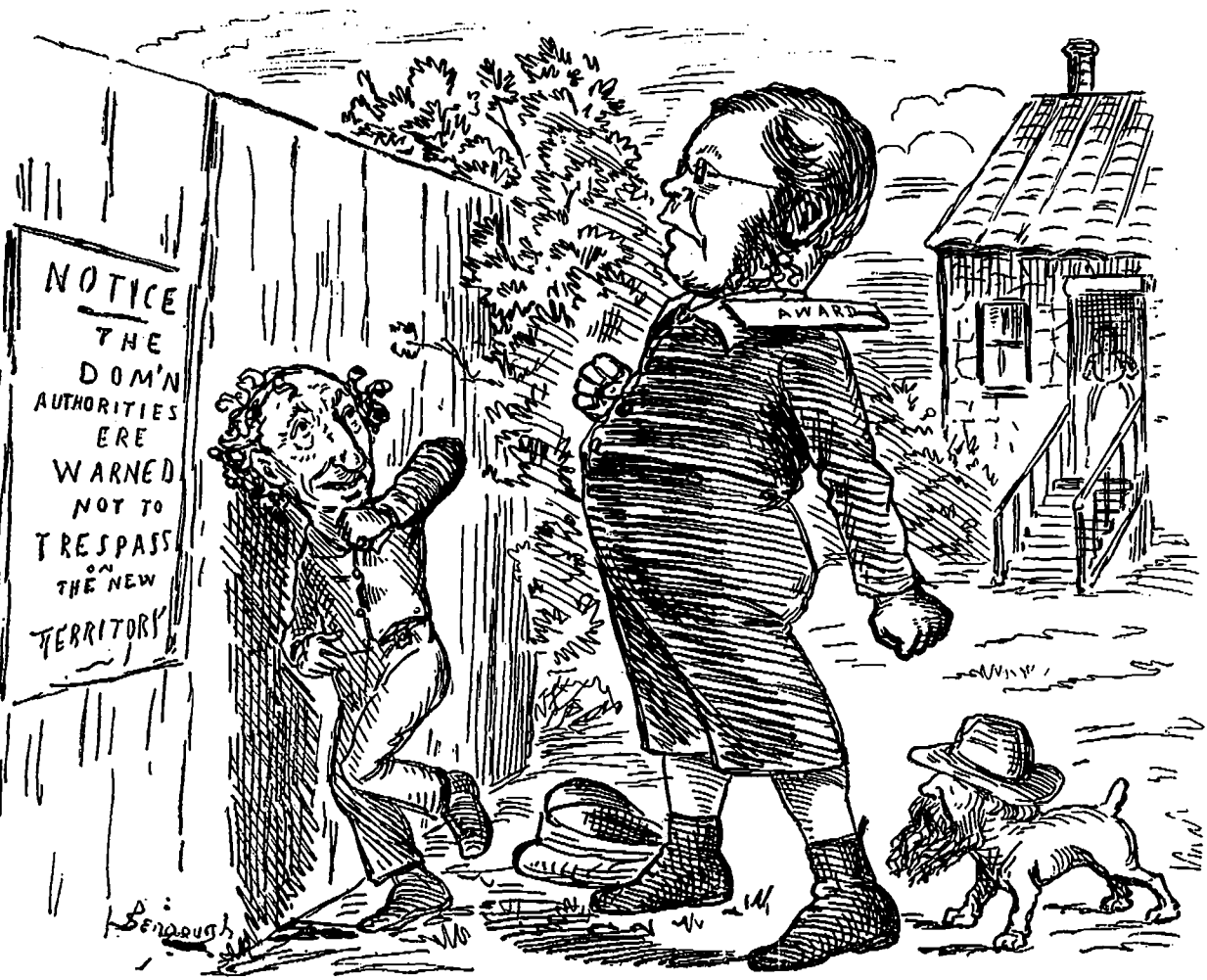
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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH,

Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORE,

Manager.

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The gravest fish is the *Oyster*; the gravest man is the *Fool*.

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—For many months, the *Globe* has devoted itself to the demolition of "Tupper," a consummation devoutly to be wished, if that Minister is really the sort of man the Editor paints him—namely, a man who systematically robs the public till. This charge has been specifically made again and again in the columns of the opposition organ, and Mr. Brown, as managing director of a business company, has a right to ask if so much good ink is to be absolutely wasted. This question is of course addressed to the Opposition leaders in Parliament, for undoubtedly they are the persons to formulate the charges preferred, and bring them to an issue. Of course, it would be unreasonable to expect any Minister of the Crown to come forward with a libel suit against a newspaper; the result would not be very satisfactory to the public, even if he did so. Parliament is the proper place for any investigations into the conduct of public servants, and before that tribunal these charges against the Minister of Railways ought to be inquired into. Sir Charles Tupper has more than once challenged such investigation, and if the session is allowed to go by without any action on the part of the opposition, the public must conclude that Messrs Blake, Mackenzie, *et al.*, do not believe the *Globe's* charges to be well founded, which, to say the least of it, is an unenviable position for an "organ" to occupy.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Mowat's Government have formally taken possession of the territory

awarded to Ontario by the arbitrators, and will proceed to administer law and justice within its boundaries. Agents are instructed to perform their duty peaceably if possible, but if the Dominion authorities attempt any usurpation it is understood that Mr. Mowat's fellows will not stop short of ber-lud.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. William Wallace has taken passage in the Tory cab, though he is by nature and instinct a more decided Radical than any member on the Grit side of the House. Ho goes in heart and soul for soft money and manhood suffrage—two ideas which are ages ahead of the Government's time. The other day he introduced a motion embodying the latter proposition—which was very promptly "sat upon" by the Finance Minister.

Beaudry, the Mayor.

(AFTER THE HEAVY DRAGON, PATIENCE).

If you wish to describe the Montreal mystery Known to the world as Beaudry, the Mayor, Take all the audacious deeds of his history, Rattle them off to a popular air.
The cheek that o'er Orangemen once gained the victory; Brass that for office so often he ran; Jaw, that in Council is still contradictory; Coolness with which he tries to trepan; The public to license his public to make in—
A bar-room the *jeunesse doree* to ensnare; Just round the corner, so handy to *sneak in*—
This bar-room belonging to Beaudry, the Mayor. The churches around may be sore scandalized. But gentlemen, coming from it *paralyzed*, Can steady their steps by the civic lamps' glare, While passing the mansion of Beaudry, the Mayor. Beaudry, the Mayor, who did curse and did swear At the true gentlemen who ran for the chair. Take of this city all that's respectable, Honorable, honest, highly delectable— Ask why this Beaudry, the Mayor, should become— Answer—"because he's put in by the scam!"

CHORUS.—Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Beaudry, the Mayor, is put in by the scam!

Budget Jokes.

Who would imagine that there is anything funny about a Budget? A Budget is a Budget, as "A Mascot is a Mascot," allee samee. A Budget is a matter of figures all about tea, sugar, tobacco, buttons and importations of all kinds, and when anything effects the pockets of the "subject" it is seldom looked upon with any degree of jocularity. Yet we find in looking over the debate on the Budget in the morning papers, that the hon. members' speeches overflow with witticisms. One hon. member tells a story of a friend of his who went out shooting with a little darky, who observing that the hon. member's friend fired "wild," said that there were some people who put spells on their guns and could never shoot straight after. This story, the hon. gentleman said was *appropos* to the position of another hon. gentleman, who made bull's eyes with a protection gun, until the party put a spell upon it; whereupon Sir John made a remark, "His spell is not *gospel*" (laughter). What do you think of that for a Budget joke? Another.—The hon. gentleman continuing, said that the position taken by the opposition was that we should content ourselves with producing "raw material for the rest of the world to manufacture," the witty chieftain again comes in with "Do not hit them on the raw in that way." One more, and we are done.—Hon. gent. complains that another hon. gent. said that "no honest quotation had ever been made from his speech since 1876."

SIR JOHN.—"Can you make *honest* quotations from a dishonest speech? (Laughter.)

Any person or club who will write to this office stating that they still believe there is no fun in a Budget, shall be presented with a year's subscription to *Grip*—for \$2 00.



Manager Conner's attraction for the coming week is the successful play entitled "A Celebrated Case." Toronto patrons of the drama are already familiar with the merits of this piece, and it will require but little persuasion to decide them to see it again. It is to be presented by a first-class company.

We are pleased to observe that the brilliant young Canadian pianist, Miss Emily Gilmore, (formerly of Port Hope), is going on with ever increasing success in her musical career. She is now a resident of Detroit, where her father, Prof. H. G. Gilmore, is following his profession as a teacher of the divine art. Miss Emily recently received a very kind letter from Mrs. Garfield acknowledging her abilities.

On 24th March, Miss McOutchou, assisted by Mr. W. Waugh Lauder, give a concert in the Pavilion. Mr. Lauder will play a composition of his own, besides the Tarantella from Masainello and Rigoletto by Liszt.

Literary Notices.

The *Century Magazine* will, in the next and succeeding numbers, be largely occupied with the Jewish question. In March, James Bryce, M. P., the historian, writes about Beaconsfield, and incidentally about the Jews in general. In April, Miss Lazarus will answer the question, "Was Lord Beaconsfield a Representative Jew?" In the same number, Madame Ragozin will describe the present situation in Russia, from a Russian point in view. A reply to Madame Ragozin, by a Jewish writer, will appear in the May number, and other papers will appear in which the relations between the Israelites and Christians in America will be discussed.

A Song of Manitoba.

Sing a song of millions,
Spent like random shots,
Up in Manitoba,
Buying corner lots.
Fancy paper city—
Pretty Indian name—
Is it very naughty,
Playing such a game?

Sing a song of landsharks,
All along the line,
Gulping down the shiners
In the glad moonshine.
Telling fishy stories,
All about the "boom,"
When the spring will open,
And the cabbage bloom?

Sing a song of greenhorns,
Staking each his pile,
To make a mighty fortune
In a little while.
Check by jowl and civil
To each class of callers,
Will he be when rated
At a \$1,000,000?

Sing a song of autumn,
When the gosling flies
To a milder region,
And more genial skies,
When the "boom" has bursted
Like a playful rocker,
And the fortune shifted
To another's pocket!

Lindsay, Feb. 21st, 1882.

—MOTHER GOOSE.

A boil is well calculated to make a man mud; but it makes a lobster madder.—*Norristown Herald.*



TIT FOR TAT!

[The Czar, in censuring Schobaloff, said, "Thanks to you Russia feels herself derided, hooted at and utterly isolated amongst the Nations.—Daily Paper.]

"WHICH," AS THE GENERAL MIGHT HAVE REPLIED, "IS VERY MUCH LIKE WHAT THE JEWS FEEL AMONGST THE RUSSIANS."

Family before State.

BY J. LOES.

When first I went into politics,
(Take a lesson, take a lesson)—
On the good of my country my heart was fixed,
(I was rich, my friends, I was rich);
I left my business to itself,
My soul it soared beyond mere self,
And I worked away for the nation's wealth.
What a fool I was, what a fool!
For though votes are lost, to your party's cost,
And angry chums may sneer,
There's not time to roam till all's snug at home,
For the first claim's there, 'tis clear.

When in the "House" I took my seat
I was proud, my friends, I was proud.
The first few days I couldn't eat,
I was shy, my friends, I was shy.
I had my "speeches" neath my vest,
(I kept the secret in my breast);
Politeness said, "Give a chance to the rest;"
How green I was, how green!
For the old ones 'll blow, no matter how slow,
And fresh M. P.'s must wait;
They needn't take note till called for their vote,
Their help's not needed in debate.

Thus obliged to wait for many a week—
(A relief, my friends, a relief)
There came a chance when I could speak.
What a fright I got, what a fright!
I got so mixed about my "Bill,"
Once on my legs I stood stock still,
While my tongue was dumb against my will—
I felt mean, my friends, I felt mean.
For he who would speak must have lots of cheek—
Words at his finger's end,
Or the chances are, he'll be distanced far
By his quick foe or his friend.

When forced to sit me down again,
I felt small, my friends, I felt small;
I found my thoughts were all "extraneous."
'Too late, my friends, too late!
I left off hoping then for fame,
A silent member I became;
To follow my leader was my aim—
Useful work, my friends, useful work.
For though one can lead, another must heed,
And wheels must carry the cart;
While the whip must act with excellent tact,
To make all run from the start.

The expenses of election—
(Pretty big, my friends, pretty big),
I did not think so high would run—
(A usual thing, my friends, a usual thing.)
My wife and daughters from that day,
With style and fashion got *au fait*,
As their milliners' bills show to this day,
Such a lot for style, such a lot;
For Jane came out, at our Ottawa rout,

And Pet did the same next year;
Though it wasn't right, I found it useless quite,
To stop their rash career.

For five whole years with zealous care
(Home things looked blue, looked blue)
I studied politics with care,
Lost cash, my friends, lost cash;
I let my private business go
Like several others that I know,
Nor questioning ask why did I do,
For I am poor, I am poor!
For the boss away, business doesn't pay,
And living grows quite dear,
And the boys feel big when "Ma" runs the rig,
And there's no one home to fear.

When at last the term was over—
Quite worn out, my friends, worn out—
After living in such clover—
Quite a come-down, quite a come-down!
I found our income grown so small,
We'd hardly any left at all,
We failed completely towards the fall.
Friends laughed at us, friends laughed,
For if high your aim, and you gain no fame,
And come off short in cash,
Though all for the State, they call you "addepate,"
When you come down with a crash.

Thus forced to give up politics—
Take a warning, take a warning—
The sad reflection in me sticks,
What a pity, what a pity!
My heart is breaking with regret,
While my poor eyes with tears are wet,
That I didn't first a competency get
For my family, for my family.
For the "State" must go if your funds are low,
Or drawn from a business source;
Unless, like poor me, you'd be "up in a tree,"
And a ruined man "sans force."

The young man who writes notices of St. Jacobs Oil has a room to himself privately at the hotel. The public would rejoice if he would confine the notices to the room also.

Scientists say that the human skull is gradually becoming thinner by the action of "natural selection." As there is now not so much need of thickheads as when primitive races of man were exposed to dangers in forests, etc. Ireland is supposed to be happily, for various reasons, excepted from this new dispensation of nature as there is still some danger there from accidental blows from blackthorn, etc.

There was a Jew tailor named Roddy,
Who dealt in the vilest of shoddy,
He tried to take in,
The stout and the thin,
And send them home not looking nobby.

Observations by Col. Knowal.

THE POLYTISHUN.

The polytishun, unlik most uther noisy things ov this genurashun, iz not an outcum ov the sivilizashun ov the nintenth century. He iz a long standing jok, altho he never seems to realize the redickulusnes ov hiz positshun in natshure. He ma be defind az a man who noes az much about runing the affairs ov a kuntry aza wasp noes about the internul ekonomy ov a bee-hiv. To here him tawk you wood imajin their wasnt a molekule ov selfshines in hiz hole anatomikal get up. An unsophistikated puran mito run awa with the idea that hiz hart waz bleding at the rat ov an impyeral galun a da, phor the woes ov his kuntry, and that hiz hole sole was biling over with indignashun at the bludthurstyues ov her enemies, who aro well nown to be ploting her ruin from the fakt that they are on the oposit side ov polytix to that to which he is fastened. The unsophistikated puran wood, however, be sold, phor the noshun that the polytishun is a hole soled patriot iz a phalacy which was eksploded in the yero won. A polytishun kares just about az much phor hiz kuntry az he noes about itz biznes, and the mor polytishuns you rais, the fuer statesmen you wil sea in a thousand yere sojurn in the land. Metaphiguratively speaking, stateemen are rar floues, wheraz, polytishuns are weeds which gro up to chok them, or parysites which suround them and suk the protoplasm out ov them. This iz the grate difikulty in the livly yung comunity to the south ov us, wher they hav more polytishuns to the squar akker, and less statesmen to the squar mil, than in any uther kuntry that waz ever wurth a kontinental. The weede shows an alarming tendency to sprout in Kanada likewise, and its bogus claims to eksistense shud be sat on efektuany and remorsicly.



"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT."

(The gentleman has been "sampling," and has succumbed to the inevitable effects.)

Cassily—Oi say, Maguire, are yez not goin' to finish your fwiskey? Come, drink it up, me bloy.

Maguire (with an effort)—Oi don't want any more. Begorra, it's full oi am, intirely; but don't be after wastin' the good drink—throw it over me.

Eve was the first to set a Fall fashion.—*Philadelphia Sun*.

"A few left," read our Funny Contributor as he looked at the notice of a sale of some choice lots in Manitoba. "Yes," mused our Contributor, "and there will be a good many more left if this thing goes on much longer."



LATEST FROM OTTAWA.
SCENE I.

BL-KE—I have been thinking, R-m-l, that if I could acquire a facility for interjecting *bon mots* during a debate, as Sir John does, it would immensely improve my leadership. Could you put me up to the dodge?

R-m-l—Simplest thing in the world, my dear sir. For example, learn to make puns. Suppose you meet a friend and he happens to remark that it looks like snow, you reply "snow matter." See?

BL-KE—Capital! I'll try it!



SCENE II.

Bl-ke meets Angl-n and "tries it."



SCENE III.

BL-KE—I say, R-m-l, I don't understand this wit business. I tried that joke on with Angl-n, but it didn't seem to take worth a Government measure.

R-m-l—Did he happen to remark that it looked like snow?

BL-KE—Yes, and I instantly uttered the witty impromptu you gave me.

R-m-l—What did you say?

BL-KE—I said "it's immaterial." But he didn't laugh. I don't think Angl-n has much sense of humor, anyway.

Under Consideration.

A POLITICAL NOVEL OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "MAIL."

CHAP. III.

Nor shall the aims which erst we sought,
With ratiocination fraught,
Be deemed irrelevant of thought.

—Oscar Wilde.

As the street-car which bore Elvira Tavistock on her patriotic mission neared the more populous portions of the city her ears were completely deafened by the hum consequent upon the N. P., and her vision obscured by forests of tall chimneys belching forth clouds of smoke. Elvira wondered how, with such evidences of prosperity on every hand, any one could remain sufficiently benighted to shut their eyes to the beneficent effects of Conservative rule. (The following seven pages are in the waste-basket. We have no space for second-hand *Mail* editorials.—Ed. GRIP.)

"Does Mr. Creighton live in this vicinity?" she asked the conductor in an agitated voice.

He noted her dishevelled aspect and flurried manner. "I don't know the gent," he replied.

"Lauder? Wigle? Meredith? Morris?" she successively queried, to which he responded similarly.

"Then drive me to the Local Legislature."

"This car don't go that way ma'am," and he passed out on to the platform.

It was a terrible position for our heroine. As the car stopped the sound of pistol-shots broke upon her ear, and she beheld a party of Agnostics practising with their revolvers upon a hideous effigy, conspicuously labelled, "Sir John Macdonald." The green flag fluttered in the breeze from the Gubernatorial mansion. The merry notes of the fife-and-drum band, and he shouts of hilarious revelry, indicated that recruiting for Brigadier-General Hay's army of occupation was going on briskly.

Elvira took a desperate resolution.

"I'll get out and walk," she said.

CHAP. IV.

How sweet 'mid evening shades to rove,
And hear the bullfrog tell his love.

—J. L. F.

"News from the North-West," said Hardy, rushing into the Council Chamber waving a telegram.

"Ha!" exclaimed Mowat, setting down his glass, "have our brave soldiers triumphed? Promulgate."

The Provincial Secretary then read the following telegram from D. D. Hay:—

"Have penetrated to the boundary. Thermometer 65½ below zero. The enemy studiously avoid an engagement. Have laid out fourteen county towns, named after leading supporters of the Government. Land scoopers leave to-day to put town lots on the market, at \$1,000 per foot. Millions in it. Send me some more corkscrews and apollonaris water. we are governed too much. The N. P. is a glaring fraud."

"The battle is ours. Victory!" shouted Fraser.

"May it please your honours," remarked a servitor, "a deputation awaits without."

"Railway or market fees?" said Wood.

"Neither, I guess," replied the messenger.

"Well, send 'em in."

Half-a-dozen individuals, clad in the wholly uninteresting and prosaic costume of the nineteenth century, whose coarse and repulsive features betokened an utter absence of the more ennobling features of humanity, here entered the department. It is unnecessary to add that they were Agnostics.

"Ah, welcome!" said Fraser, "you came, I presume, to receive final instructions for your mission."

"We do," said the leader of the gang. "But first," said Mowat, "it is necessary that you should take the oath. You jointly and severally swear that you will, to the best of your knowledge and ability, murder and assassinate Sir John Macdonald, Sir Charles Tupper—"

"Excuse me," said the spokesman, "it might have occurred to you that being Agnostics an oath is not binding on our consciences. We prefer to affirm."

"But you can't be allowed to affirm. An oath is strictly necessary in these enterprises."

"But you have an Act substituting affirmations in the case of Agnostics."

"It has not received the sanction of His Excellency, and moreover it only applies to judicial oaths. You can't affirm."

"We ain't going to swear, you bet," said the boss Agnostic, "we'll do the business for you, and isn't that enough?"

"No," said Mowat, "this is a Christian community. Who ever heard of an undertaking of this kind without an oath being taken. If you won't swear the matter is at an end."

The deputation then withdrew.

CHAP. V.

The scenes which late our fancy viewed,
Are but a glimmering solitude.

—Anon.

"I rise," said Creighton, "to ask the Attorney-General whether the Government contemplate the assassination of Sir John Macdonald, and if so, what arrangements have been entered into for that purpose."

"Ah! we are betrayed," hissed Fraser between his clenched teeth, while Pardee buried his pale features beneath the lid of his desk.

"In reply to the honourable gent, I would say," replied the Attorney-General, "that although no arrangements have as yet been perfected, the Government are bestowing on the question their serious consideration."

"After the avowal just made," said Creighton.—He got no further. With a demonic smile lighting up his features, Fraser touched a secret spring, a trap door yawned in the floor under Creighton's feet, and uttering a terrible shriek he disappeared into the regions below. He was never heard of again.

"That's rather an improvement on Gladstone's *Cloture*," said Pardee smilingly. "But won't the Opposition criticize the expense incurred in fixing that neat little piece of mechanism?"

"I'd like to see them find it," said Wood. "Its all got in under 'contingencies.'"

"Next order of business," called out the clerk.

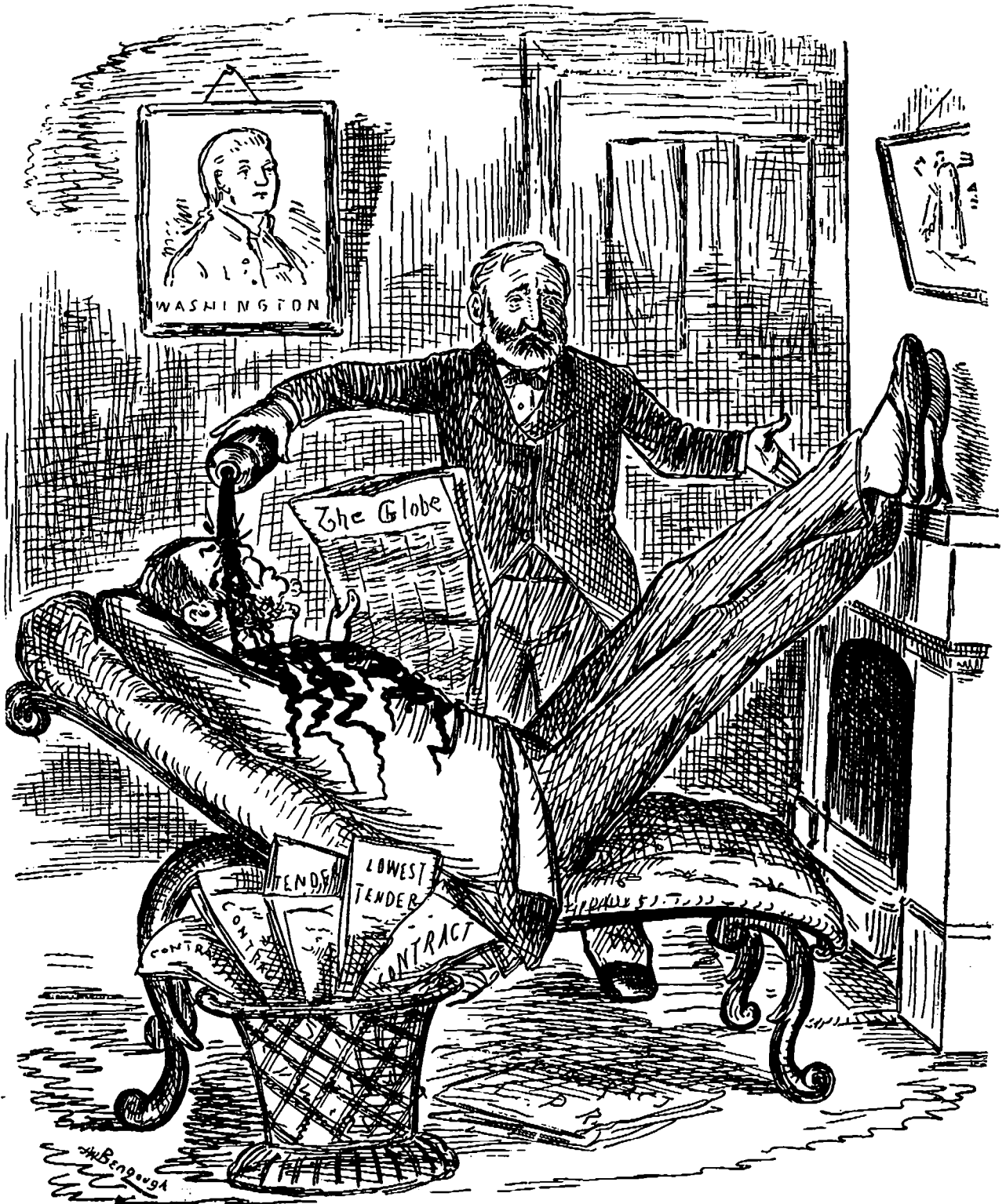
"Will it be believed? The Speaker did not even call the house to order."

But little remains to be told. The assassination scheme being "under consideration," of course, remains unexecuted, and nothing is likely to be done in the matter until after the election.

Swinkerton, who was suspected of divulging the secret, had his salary reduced \$200, but is likely to be consoled by his speedy union with Elvira. The brave girl, whose romantic expedition has been detailed, arrived safely home, and will reward the trustfulness of her lover by consenting to share his lot, which is located in one of the 317 business centres of Manitoba, and is allowed to be worth \$400 per foot. As her respected father realized a handsome fortune by defrauding the public in his capacity as manager of a public company the wedding will be an extra fashionable one.

THE END.

It is said that love is blind. And yet two lovers can see a great deal more in each other than anybody else can in both.—Springfield (O.) News.



AN APPEAL TO THE OPPOSITION.

G. B.—IS ALL THIS GOOD INK TO BE WASTED?

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A match safe—one put up where the small boy can't get at it.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Never put off till to-morrow a laugh that can be laughed to-day.—*Kingston Freeman.*

The politician who sits on the fence is railed at in great stile.—*Lowell Citizen.*

When is a horse like a business man in trouble? When he breaks.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

A man who was walked "on his ear" out of a store said "he came out on the Erie route."—*Puck.*

When a doctor cures you for nothing he is one of Nature's no-bill-men.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Open order—"unlock the door." Hunted "down"—that of the cider-duck.—*Erratic En-riquet.*

The lateness of spring never puts back the maple sugar crop left over from last year.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The powers seemed determined to make Turkey dis-Crete. It would be a far take for Greece.—*Boston Transcript.*

How to cure a cold—freeze it out. Octogenarians, with hobbies, are regular old whim men.—*N. Y. News.*

Did you ever see a cheese box? No! Well, we can assure you it is sometimes strong and mitey.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

When a boarding-house keeper gives his boarders fish, he may be said to be cod-ding them.—*Webster (Mass.) Times.*

Old friends with new faces: A printer sticks until a strike occurs, but a shoemaker sticks to the last.—*Philadelphia Item.*

We saw the biggest liar in the U. S., recently, at our Zoo. He has been in the lion business all his life.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

The sick post belongs to the muree-ill age; bread was discovered in the doughage and dogs in the carriage.—*Whitehall Times.*

Oleomargarine complicates things. Nobody can tell which side of his bread is buttered in these days.—*N. J. Express.*

"I'll have no more of your lip!" is what the discarded lover remarked to his angry sweetheart.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

There were different styles in Roman togas, as we learn from Pope's line:

"From grave toga, from lively to severe."
—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

It is more blessed to give than to receive, but a fellow isn't always in so good condition to do the one as the other.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Check-mated—a well-matched seam in a plaid suit. Pennsylvania is the Keystone state and its girls are very arch.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A man of letters—the postmaster. A man who was formerly a night watchman refers to it as his late occupation.—*Lowell Citizen.*

An exchange describes a ballet-dancer's dress. The description, although short, is about three inches longer than the dress.—*Norristown Herald.*

It is quite wonderful how many things there are in this world which you do not want if you can only make yourself think so.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The handle is the nobbiest part of the door. Do not provoke a fight with an undertaker; remember, he is noted for laying people out.—*Phila. Item.*

"There is no disgrace in being poor," we are told. And we're howling glad of it, for there are enough other disadvantages about it, without that one.—*Boston Post.*

Now doth the busy funny man
Improve each stolen squib,
And gather humor all the day,
And clip, and paste, and fib.
—*Central City (Neb.) Item.*

Do they stutter in Stuttgart? A mouth organ—dental journal. Hath not a newspaper readiness of i's? It was a dealer in zinc who lived within his zinc come.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

The giraffe has never been known to utter a sound. In this respect it resembles a young lady in a street car when a gentleman gives her his seat.—*Norristown Herald.*

'Tis well enough to have a broad field of action if you can afford to keep up its fences. The reporter's pencil is not "stub"-born. It only becomes so from hard usage.—*Erratic Enrique.*

Edith O'Gorman, "the escaped nun," says that "a girl shouldn't kiss a man unless she is engaged to him, and then not oftener than once a month." Edith, when in thunder did you escape for?—*Boston Post.*

What brand of hops is used to brew storms or troubles? What utter nonsense to speak of Stock Reports! Every child knows the report does not come from the stock, but from the barrel.—*N. Y. News.*

Mr. Barnum says it is surprising how many good parents come to his menagerie to show little Johnny the animals. Little Johnny hears the band playing, and is soon missing. The parents go into the circus to hunt little Johnny, and come out just as soon as the circus is over.—*Boston Transcript.*

"A scientist named Mivart will soon issue a work on the cat," says the *New Haven Register*. We've done that already. It was a heavy copy of Shakespeare's plays, and we issued it from a third-story window, and it took her right between the shoulders, and we hope it broke her blamed back.—*Boston Post.*

The editor of a certain weekly paper within a hundred miles of this city makes a practice of "stopping the press to announce" if he had nothing of more importance to announce than "a dog fight." One evening everything was dull as a patent office report, but the ruling passion cropped out as follows: "We stop the press to announce that nothing has occurred since we went to press of sufficient interest to induce us to stop the press to announce it."—*Pittsburg Commercial.*

The German Wits.

[Trans. from the *Fliengende Blaetter* of Munich.]

At the City Commandant's. General—"Well, is the city quiet?"

Of Captain—"The city is quiet but the people are raising mischief."

Legal Proverb: Father—"If the Herr Counsellor would marry he should do so at once—he is no longer young—else it may be too late."

Child—"Herr Pastor, my mother sends me to say that my father died to-night."

Pastor—"Did you call a doctor?"

Child—"No, Herr Pastor, he died of himself."

Well trumped: Alderman—"Herr Professor, you play like King David, only not so handsomely."

Pianist—"Entirely right, Alderman, and you speak like King Solomon, only not so wisely."

"All Off."

"Dear George," she said, "I think I will the matter reconsider." (George had proposed and been refused by a young charming "widdier.") "At least," said she, "I'll think of it, if assured that you'll keep 'sabah,"

"You're late, my dear," he said to her, "I'm off to Manitoba."

A minister received a "call" from a new congregatoin, (He late was the recipient of bun and cake ovation, With intervals of music sweet from Beethoven and Auber,) "Good-bye, my dearest friends," he said, "I'm off for Manitober."

Weather Wisdom.

Under the title of "Old Probabilities" one of the most useful and valuable officers of the United States Government is most widely known. But quite as well known is Prof. J. H. Tice, the meteorologist of the Mississippi Valley, whose contributions to his favourite study have given him an almost national reputation. On a recent lecture tour through the Northwest, the Professor had a narrow escape from the serious consequences of a sudden and very dangerous illness, the particulars of which he thus refers to: "The day after concluding my course of lectures at Burlington, Iowa, on the 21st of December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia, in the chest, giving me excruciating pain and almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually 80, fell to 35, intense nausea of the stomach succeeded, and a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me. After suffering for three hours I thought—as I had been using St. Jacobs Oil for good effect for rheumatic pains—I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel large enough to cover my chest, with the Oil, and applied it. The relief was almost instantaneous. In one hour I was entirely free from pain and would have taken the train to fulfil an appointment that night in a neighbouring town had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the night train for my home, in St. Louis and have not been troubled since."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it, particularly if he is larger than you are.—*Oil City Derrick.*

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UPHILL POETRY.

WITH GRIP'S RESPECTS TO THE POET LAUREATE.

Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, rode the Poet Laureate,
He was mounted on his Pegasus, and, according to the legends, Pegasus is different from a dray horse, and flies with wings;
But writing poetry to order isn't what it's cracked up to be
And even a smart man like Tennyson finds it an up-hill job.
He plunges his heels into the sides of his horse again and again,
And gives him a jab with his big quill pen—
So up the hill, up the hill, up the hill, goes this Heavy Dragoon Poem.

Up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
Rode this celebrated poet Tennyson—
Every line that he wrote
Came from the pen with a groan,
And well he knew that greater bosh never was uttered,
But Tennyson knew also on which side his bread is buttered.
And the poem had to be done
(He was working for money, not fun),
And it had to be printed that month, whether trashy or fine,
For the magazine men would give him a cheque—a sovereign a line—
So up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,
Went this Heavy Dragoon Laureate

Woman Suffrage.

According to the published lists of invited guests at the late 65th Rifles' ball, ladies, if not allowed to vote in Canada, are at least permitted to sit in Parliament; for here we find:—Mr. and Mrs. Thos. White, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. McSham, M.P.P., and several other lady-members of both Houses.

By the way, this same ball has created quite a little breeze in ecclesiastical circles, Abbe Martineau having censured it in very strong terms from the pulpit of Notre Dame Cathedral, styling the officers of the Rifles "prigs (*preluquets*) who wore swords in time of peace," and adding that "God would break their little swords and fling them into hell, and themselves after them." The officers, feeling the indignity to their little swords, complained to the Superior of the Seminary, who was deeply affected by the recital of their grievance, and promised to see that reparation be made. However, this will be difficult, as it will be necessary that the Abbe Martineau should declare himself to be mistaken, and that "God will not break their little swords," &c.

Lay of the Hervey Institute, Montreal

Burn and blister and bite,
Bite and blister and burn.
Merciless mustard, pungent, strong,
Lay it on plentiful, keep it on long;
Wait till the flesh is raw and rare,
Heed not the pitiful cries to spare,
Heed not their prayers, their tears, their groans,
They're only poor children "whom nobody owns."

Bite and blister and burn,
Blister and burn and bite,
Flaxen-haired babes of but three years' old,
Orphan boys with their wrongs untold,
Turning as tortured worms will turn,
Desperate, seeking the house to burn,
Desperate, thinking with pain upcurled,
What a dark hell-hole is this Christian world;
One thought possessing them night and day,
How to escape from this life away.

Blister and burn and bite,
Bite and blister and burn,
Till the plaint no more be spoken,
Till the sad child-heart be broken,
Till the spirit is crushed with the body's pain,
Till the orphan to welcome death is fain,
Till we, who had doubts of an awful hell,
No longer doubt that 'tis just, 'tis well
For the devil's angels, who work such woe
On these, Christ's poor, and our care below.
Fatherless, motherless, friendless, alone,
Flesh of His flesh; and bone of His bone.

Burn and blister and bite.
Bite and blister and burn.
Oh! fiend, whose mask is a woman's face.
What is there about thee of woman's grace?
Nay, where is the proof that thou human art?
Human! then where is thy human heart?
And were there women who knew this long?
Others! yet silent o'er such a wrong?
How shall we atone for the sin—the shame?
How wipe such a blot from our country's name?

JAY KAYELLE.

An Interocepted Letter.

RURAL DELL, FEBRUARY.

MY DEAR MARIA,—I have only time to write a few lines and ask you to put off your visit to me, for we are going to Ottawa and intend shutting up the house while we are away. I had the greatest difficulty in persuading Lucius to take us with him; he argued every way he knew how against the plan, indeed if he was as skillful at arguing on parliamentary subjects he would soon be considered quite an oratorical star, however I have always flattered myself that in our house (to use a vulgarity) the gray mare is the better horse. So at last I told him that "if being an M.P. was to be of no use to his wife and daughters I guessed I wouldn't bother myself to be agreeable to all the stupid people I did, and that I'd take particular pains to be rude to that detestable old Mrs. McLiving, and vulgar Mrs. Watkins, and he'd see how well he'd come off at the next election." That "fetched him," my dear, for these ladies are the wives of his two principal supporters. He consented, and we've been up to our eyes in work ever since getting ready to go, for we determined to out shine all others in dress and style, and I think we shall succeed, for even Lucius (who's awfully cross just now), admits that some of our clothes are "unique," and if he's right we are safe; for all you want, to be ultra fashionable is to be odd. I haven't a doubt that I— will be all the better for having us with him, for what he wants is push, and with me at his elbow he'll get it. I don't mind telling you that the dearest wish of my heart is to be a lady, and so many members have been knighted, why shouldn't my husband be too? I told Margaret this, but (you know how disagreeable she is) she said the daughters of a store-keeper shouldn't aspire so high, and she guessed all the titles that were lying around loose wouldn't make a lady of me anyhow." I was of course mad at that, and saubbed her well by saying it was fortunate there was no possible chance of her ever being made one, as she would be sure to talk "shop," a thing never alluded to in the aristocratic circles of Cana-

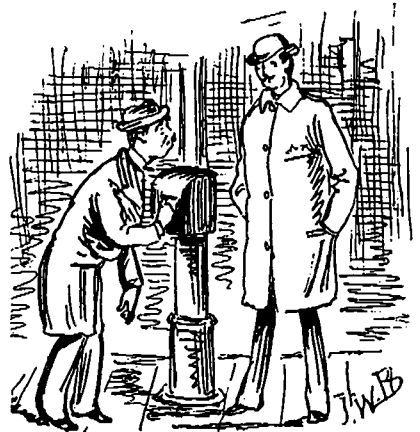
dian society, and that it was a wonder after all the years she had been at boarding-school, she didn't know better than to remember the store father made his money in years ago." She smiled sarcastically, but I know she felt bad, for she's not as well off as we are and I dare say feels jealous. Some people may be sorry that the Princess isn't at Rideau Hall, I'm not, for with only a Marquis, one won't feel so on pins and needles about points of etiquette. A man never notices those things as much as a woman, and with one of the Blood Royal I'd be frightened to death—but I must conclude. Eva wants my opinion about a polonaise, and my best bonnet has just come home (such a beauty! crimson, old-gold and green). You must come and stay with us when we come back, and we'll have lots to talk about, although no one seems to talk anything but "lots" now. I am quite sick of "town lots," "farm lots," "Winnipeg lots," "going to buy lots," "lots in it," etc. etc. Lot's wife (notwithstanding) "I go back" on them.

Your affectionate cousin,

ELIZA PERCHERMAN.

Modern Romance.

They had just said "Farewell" at the gate, and she entered the parental abode with his passionate pleading still ringing in her ear. She would not tell that wretch, her father, tonight. She knew he would object to her marrying Ludolph because he was poor! forsooth! No, she would have this one evening of perfect bliss even though sorrow came in the morning. With this thought she mounted the great oak staircase, and made her way to her own sleeping apartment on the fourth flat, and began to uncoil the massive jet braids which surrounded the small queenly head, as was her wont, on retiring to her innocent slumbers. She pressed one lovely lock to her ruby lips, and blushed scarlet as she remembered how he had said it crowned her like a diadem,—her beautiful, beautiful hair. Then she took a tiny casket which lay upon her dressing-table,—what is it she would seek? Is it strings of pearls or diamonds to twine through the luxuriant magnificence?—or, if she is a lover of nature and Oscar Wilde, is it sun-flowers or cala-lilies? No, it is only the tooth brush!

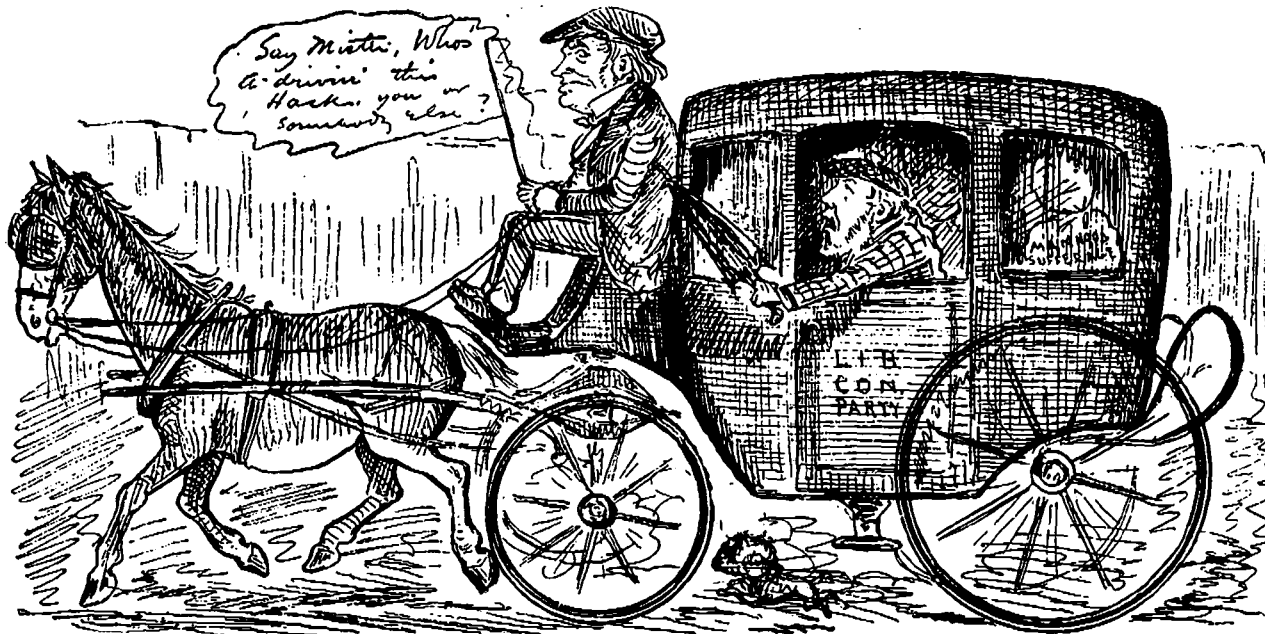


GETTING HOME FROM THE DINNER.

Scene.—Public street, Hamilton. Time rather late.

HARRY.—Shay, Jim, (hic) there goesh my fare—tell ther conduct'r t'let me off at John Street!

The Boundary Question.—Ontario must succeed, because she has the Grip.



THE RADICAL PASSENGER IN THE TORY COACH.

WALLACE (OF NORFOLK)—DRIVE ON THERE! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THIS SNAIL'S PACE?



OUR
FUNNY
MAN.

On hand every time—a wart.
 "Maid of money"—an heiress.
 "Live issues"—Spring chickens.
 A gentleman of leisure—a tramp.
 A broken bank—a railway cutting.
 "A leading article"—a locomotive.
 Sweet meets—lovers' appointments.
 Foot-ball is a game that's played out.
 Lying epitaphs—those written in bed.
 Things on wreck-ord—Marine disasters.
 "The latest thing in coffins"—the corpse.
 Element-ary instruction—weather forecasts.
 Will that Manitoba Wolf sell many lambs?
 Frieze coats will soon give place to melt-un ones.
 An almond is a nut, but an æsthetic is an utter.
 A note-worthy man—one you can safely endorse for.
 "Try and be convinced," as the judge said to the jury.
 "Dead failures"—Doctors' patients dying from malpractice.
 A soup-erior kind of stock—that of the new GIVE publishing company.
 This is "Cording to law," as [the hangman said, while he pinioned the criminal.
 A tramp objects strongly to being either hung or drawn, but not to being quartered.

This is the weather to draw forth spring poetry—from the waste paper basket.

A joke that leads to a smile afterwards is highly appreciated by the whole crowd.

If you are publicly accused of often turning white with rage, you should livid down.

"Wanted for Manitoba, a large consignment of hammers." Auctioneers' hammers are what is meant.

"Oscar Wilde's Poems in two editions, \$2.00, and a 20c. one." Send us the cheap edition, it's worth twenty cents.

There is a druggist in Port Hope named Deyell. The other druggists say their business is going to the de'il.

A boy in speaking of his mother said that his opinion of her when he was young was that she was a perfect Lady Gay Spanker.

"Money can do all things," said a friend to our Funny Contributor. "No," replied our Contributor, "It cannot *air-pass* itself."

When Bradlaugh attempts to take his seat there is always a *braud laugh* at his expense. This is the furthest fetched pun on record.

The Toronto Skating Rinks have leased to pay expenses.—*N. Y. Times*. Skating rinks generally do for a time when the winter is over.

The House of Commons in England is wanting even in ordinary politeness to Mr. Bradlaugh. They never even ask him to be seated.

The London *Athenium* has an article headed "Curiosities of Human Food." No need to go to the newspapers for these; try boarding for a while.

When a boy ties a tin kettle to a dog's tail, the urchin is merely inviting the animal to a "kettle drum." At least the kettle drums the sidewalk to some extent.

"That fire is sick," said a friend, gazing at a few dying embers, to our Funny Contributor. "Yes," rejoined our Contributor, "it is in the last stages of Consumption."

"Do you not regret having to sever the sacred ties of home?" said a friend to our Funny Contributor the other day. "I do indeed," answered our Contributor, "I remember when I was a boy my father tying me to the bed-post to tan-hide me, and I would have liked much to have had that tie severed at the time."

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