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EL PADRE, EL PADRE, EL PADRE,

IMPORTER. CHINA HALL. GLOVER HARRISON, 49 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

The Gravest Bird is the Owl.

The Gravest Fish is the Oyster.

The Gravest Man is the Fool.

GLOVER HARRISON, CHINA HALL, IMPORTER. 49 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

VOLUME XIX. No. 1. } TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1882. { \$2 PER ANNUM 5 CENTS EACH.

GINGALESE HAIR RESTORER!

IT PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT, DANDRUFF, AND PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR. ALL THE LADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT.



"NO, MY DEAR, WE'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE ANY PLUM IN THIS PIE!"

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THE YORK ENVELOPE
 AND
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 Manufacture an extensive line of Envelopes, and are now prepared to promptly execute orders for all sizes and styles. Odd sizes made to order. Samples and Prices upon application.
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 The popular Railway and Steamboat Guide. Only one Dollar a year. Single Copies 10 cents. For sale at all Bookstores. Published monthly by
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BRUCE THE PHOTO

1ST GENT—What find I here?
 Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god Hath come so near creation?
 2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can so beautifully counterfeit nature.
 STUDIO—118 King-st. West.

PITTSTON COAL. SHIPPED DIRECT FROM MINES TO THE TRADE. **A. & S. NAIRN** Toronto. —AT LOWEST RATES.—

THE GRIP
PRINTING & PUBLISHING Co.
 OF TORONTO,
 55 & 57 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

Directors:
 J. S. MORRISON, *President.*
 J. W. BENGOUGH, GEORGE CLARK,
 S. J. MOORE, THOS. BENGOUGH.
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A specialty made of ILLUSTRATIONS FOR BUSINESS ADVERTISING, Comic or otherwise, for newspapers, bills, circulars, &c., which, by our process of Zinco-graphy, can be produced at ONE HALF THE COST OF WOOD ENGRAVING.

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and having a large and valuable stock of comic and trade-cuts on hand, to which we are constantly adding, we are in a position to print **HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS, ENVELOPES, &c.,** in such attractive form as to make them more than doubly valuable as advertisements.

We are now having a large run on the following

SPECIALTIES:
MANITOBA CARTOON.

This is a most popular cartoon hand-bill, printed in three colors, with space in the margin for announcement of advertiser. Just the thing for a cheap and effective advertisement.

"I'M A DADDY."

A neatly illustrated and irresistibly comic little circular of eight pages, five engravings, equally suitable for all kinds of business.

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Similar in size and style to "I'm a Daddy." Six engravings. Just out. Suitable for all kinds of business.

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A regular family paper, prettily illustrated. In 4-page and 8-page form. Supplied in any quantities either in single issues or once every month. Name of advertiser appears on paper as publisher, and several valuable spaces are occupied by his advertisements. Exceedingly valuable as an advertisement.

YE AESTHETIC SONG OF DRESS.

A small and taking design for small hand-bills.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK MEDIUM.

A small 16-page circular, with 21 illustrations, and plenty of room for Advertiser's announcements.

Samples and prices of all specialties SENT FREE on application.

Estimates cheerfully furnished.

Address—
S. J. MOORE, Manager,
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IN PREPARATION.

"THE GRIP-SACK."

A New Midsummer Annual, to be issued by GRIP Printing & Publishing Company, under the editorship of J. W. Bengough.

The GRIP-SACK will be uniform in size with "GRIP'S Almanac," and will be filled with original humor, profusely illustrated with engravings, embracing several full-page pictures in colors.

The first number will be ready in July.

Price, - - - - 25 Cents.

ADVERTISING.

Our Mr. Crammond will shortly wait upon the business men of the city with reference to advertisements in the above Annual.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH, S. J. MOORE,
Editor & Artist. *Manager.*

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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

Please Observe.

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

Volume xix.

The present issue forms No. 1 of Volume xix., which means that GRIP to-day enters upon the tenth year of his benign reign. It would not be becoming in a bird of his known modesty to say anything in praise of his past achievements, as the recognized organ of independent political thought. If he has proved himself a worthy factor in the journalism of the Dominion; if he has done something towards helping a public blinded by the cross lights of party organs; if he has lashed the back of Wrong, or raised a curative laugh against Folly, be assured, gentle reader, he will continue to do so, only, as he hopes, more effectively with increasing years and experience. GRIP haile with delight the dawn of Canada's new day, and hopes to have a part in moulding the new order of things. But perhaps the reader is not aware that a new day is dawning. Then let us inform him that the political parties, as now constituted, are on the eve of annihilation, and the old creeds are about to be consigned to oblivion. The party of the future is

to be one whose banner will bear the exceedingly strange device—"Loyalty to Canada." GRIP's pen and pencil will be devoted to this grand cause, and helping it on will constitute his sole and only politics.

Meantime, the anniversary of his birthday is signalized by the introduction of some improvements. The alteration in the cover will no doubt commend itself to our advertising friends; the printing of the principal cartoons in tints more or less elaborate is a feature which we hope to present at least once a month throughout the present volume.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—There is trouble in the Grit Nursery. A phenomenal outbreak of "hives" has set all the youngsters bawling and scratching, and poor Mrs. Ontario is at her wits' end to know what to do about it. It is supposed that the sudden attack of this troublesome political disorder was caused by the introduction into the House of a certain Government Bill which was infected with a strong hive-producing spirit. It is possible that by the judicious application of the lotion which she holds in her hand the worthy nurse may be able to overcome the trouble, but the general opinion in medical circles is that the Grit children have caught it badly, and some of them will have hard scratching to get over it.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. J. B. Plumb, one of the most prominent figures on the ministerial side of the House, has announced his probable retirement from public life, his constituency (Niagara) having been abolished by the Redistribution of Seats' Bill.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Toronto possesses two choice musical geniuses in Torrington and Fisher, and GRIP delights to do them honor. If the reader will imagine that he hears the best of music rendered in the ablest manner, a look at these sketches will be almost as good as a night at a Philharmonic or Choral Society concert.

Circumstances over which, etc., prevented Mr. GRIP's presence at Mr. Davin's meeting on Monday evening. If the *World* and *Globe* reports of what that talented gentleman said are true, Mr. GRIP is free to confess that he didn't lose much by being absent. Mr. Davin was announced to speak upon Public Affairs, but his time appears to have been devoted to attacking Blake and Mackenzie, with occasional negative "wipes" at all the leading Tories excepting Sir John. We had hoped better things of Nicholas Flood. We even looked for a manly, eloquent plea in behalf of Canada, and a brilliant denunciation of the littlenesses which characterize the politics of the day. In short, we took Mr. Davin to be a man of independence, as he is undoubtedly a man of brains—but on this occasion he merely figured as a member of one of the fossilized parties.

The impression hereabouts is that our worthy Governor-General was a little too previous in

forming a Royal Society on the ambitious plan proposed. It is foredoomed to be a fizzle so far as "literature" is concerned, though the scientific section is strong enough to do good work. We certainly need some sort of organization to secure intercommunication between Canadian literary men, but Lord Lorne hasn't hit upon the happy thought as yet, though he deserves credit for his honest attempt at it.

Mr. Phipps' articles in the *World* on Canada's outlook have attracted wide attention. It has been the fashion in newspaper circles to refer to Mr. Phipps' utterances as "vagaries," but the truth is, there are few if any of our journalists who are so able, painstaking and effective in dealing with public questions. Phipps may be wrong on some points, but he is at all events able to give a *reason* for the faith that is in him—and there are some editors we know of who are not.

Our Public Library is now almost within our grasp, and only the culpable neglect or procrastination of the City Council can make a failure of it. The library and fixtures of the Mechanics Institute are offered as a nucleus for the Institution at a price which is positively a spring bargain.

A "Bull" Resolution.

The land leaguers of Hamilton have spoken, and lest the world should dare to insinuate they are not thoroughly Irish, they have spoken to the following effect:—

"That we sincerely hope every true friend of Ireland will use his earnest endeavour on every occasion and in all places to frown down and stamp out with the firm arm of justice all individuals or organizations who in any way sympathise with outrages or assassinations as a means of remedying the evils of Ireland or any other country."



The dramatic performance given in the Royal on Monday night by the Queen's Own Rifles was a successful affair, and called forth a fine audience.

The Choral Society faced a crowded Pavilion on Tuesday evening, when Mendelssohn's "Athalia," was given in good style. Mr. Oliver King, formerly court pianist at Rideau Hall, was heard for the first time in Toronto, and, being an excellent artiste, was well received.

The exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists is now in progress at their gallery, King-street West. The Society comes out strong in oils this year, and as a whole the exhibition is considered by many the best yet held. Paintings by Mr. Parre and Mr. H. Watson are attracting special notice. We will pay our usual respects to the catalogue *via* the pencil next week.

Mr. Oliver King, pianist, and Mr. Prune, the great violinist, make another appearance at the Pavilion this (Friday) evening.



- A holy animal—a mouse.
- A chargeable commodity—Gunpowder.
- Foot-rule—when you kick a man down stairs.
- A gorge-us window—that of an eating house.
- Motto for a young doctor.—Patients and perseverance.

The forlorn hope—when one asks a girl to marry him for the third time.

"I conjure you to listen to me," as the magician said to his audience.

If your sweetheart is sitting on your lap, and the chair gives way, it's a *col-laps*.

When is a sailor liable to throw an artist overboard? When he casts off the painter.

When a girl persists in tight lacing against her physician's orders, it's a case of wilful waist.

Cant, to sing or whine.—*Chambers' Dictionary*. Many people say, "I can't sing." Strange, ain't it.

When Jones was informed the other morning that he was the happy father of twins, his exclamation was, "By Gemini!"

John A. would make a good photographer, he is so good at grouping, of negative qualities, and poses with excellent effect.

Vanderbilt is said to be worth one hundred millions. This tends slightly to keep fellows from slapping him on the back and calling him, "Van."

Jumbo was raised on Miles' Premium Yeast.—*Philadelphia Record* advt.—This is a wilful falsehood; when Jumbo was put aboard ship he was raised on a derriek.

[Our Funny Contributor asked us the other day in what respect he differed from Notman and Frazer. We gave it up; and our contributor answered that while cloudy weather did not affect them, it did him. This is all very well this time, but we would humbly inform our Contributor that in *Grip* photographic advertisements are worth — cents a line—E. GRIP.]

"Notes From High Society."

DEAR MR. GRIP.—Allow me to express my pleasure at the appropriate heading you gave my letter, but to correct a mis-print in the first line. I referred to the famous Barry Lyndon, Esq., and your d—, no, I'll not write it— makes me say *Harry*. Now, Mr. GRIP, your wisdom will show you that this error shows one to your polite readers in the light of an ignoramus, for if a woman is ignorant of novels, she is ignorant indeed. Novel-reading is indispensable to a lady; whatever else she reads, she *must* read novels, and the less of everything else, the better. For instance: history? No, that is dry, besides no one talks history in society. Philosophy? stuff! What man likes a woman that can pin him in arguments? Politics? odious! What are men for? Religion? On Sundays, of course, but not at other times. None of these things do for conversation in society, and that is all we want. Society furnishes husbands, therefore we must please society. Does this surprise you, good Mr. GRIP, does it sound un-

maidenly? Well, it is not our fault. Do we not see every day that the chatty, sentimental girls are preferred to the grave and thoughtful ones? And have not our mammas, our nurses, and elder sisters taught us that to be "preferred," that is, to triumph over other girls, is the second best thing in life, the first being a good match.

Well, as I said before, a knowledge of history and the sciences is of no use in society; they will not admit of the nice little graces, the pretty glances, soft intonations and double meanings, that make the joy of the ball-room. Then, on the other hand, novels are very useful. An industrious novel-reader coming out at sixteen or seventeen, is not embarrassed by any amount of nonsense men may talk. She lives in an atmosphere of sentiment, so a little more does not affect her. If she is a fool she believes what they say, and takes it all for granted quickly, and as if she is used to it, if she is wise she doubts it all, but enjoys it nevertheless. In neither case does she become so much excited as to forget the position and circumstances of the gentleman, as might be the case with one of your histrionic, philosophic, astronomic young ladies, when suddenly let down from their exalted heights into a world of fashion and sentiment. No, no! If catching a husband be the aim of young ladyhood, (and who denies the fact?) she must waste no time over useless reading. Novels, and novels only, will serve her purpose.

Yours sincerely,
JEMIMA.

Carmen Colleg'alo.

ATR.—"A Life on the Ocean Wave."

A life at the Varsitee,
A home in the Residence,
Where the boys are wild and free,
And vacant of common sense.

Then hurrah for the prison drear,
And the various nightly spreads,
The punch and spirits and beer,
And subsequent aching heads.

Hurrah for the luscious grub,
Which the steward so freely deals;
The regal splendor and state,
And the lavishness of the meals.

Hurrah for the gowns so torn,
The fluttering, mystic rags;
And the slippers gaudy and worn,
That clatter over the flags.

And a cheer for the dear "profess."
Who worries and fines the boys
When we rouse him out of his den
With our lightsome cusses and noise.

Hurrah for the life we lead,
The jolliest ever you saw
And the kind of men we breed,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

FIGURE-BOTT.



IMBIBING THE SPIRIT.

(For the after effects of which see the columns of the Morning World.)



RIP VAN WINKLE'S RETURN TO THE POLITICAL WORLD (in East Toronto).

"DOESN'T ANYBODY KNOW ME? I'M A BALDWIN REFORMER!"

Back Do' Observations.

SONFLOWER VERANDAH,
May 16th, 1882.

Mistak Grip,

DEAR SAH,—I'se a bin takin' a back do' view of dis heah subloony existence, and I'se come to de final 'clusion dat it is mo' 'stonishing, de manifest difference 'tween de front an' back do'. De front do', Jerusalem! it's all fine fronts, an' venetians, an' lace curtians, de big plate glass sto' windows, all covered up from top to bottom with silks, an' ribbons, an' laces, an' all kinds ob finery; swell gents paradin' up an' down de sidewalk, an' showin' off de fine silk lining ob de crowns ob dere hats, to ebery lady ob dere acquaintance jey meet; jes' for all de world 'as if dey was beggin' a copper of dem for de Lawd's sake. Eberybody's alike at de front do', all dressed up slick an' smilin', an' you can see no difference between de noble an' de mean. Eberyone appears at de front do' wid a mask on. But de back do', golly! dere's where de distinction ob de difference comes in! Such a higgelty piggelty conglomeration, one-on-top-ob-de-order kind ob view! Grey fences, grey shanties, grey woodsheds, grey lumber, grey close-lines, grey cats, black dogs and white chickens, all kinder mixed up wid picanninies, whose pants am so much out ob repair dat dey ain't 'lowed to go out to play at de front do'. Ders whar you get de true inwardness ob de neighborhood you lib in. Dere's whar you see de ole women come out in dere nightcaps, scratchin' dere heads, an' yawnin' like to take de roof off dere upper story. Dere's whar de ole man wakes de echoes an' de neighbors, a-choppin' his kindlin' wood, at cockshout ebery Sunday morning, at 'zactly quarter past de minit since his big dog lay down, after barkin' all 'night at de moon. Here, also, is where de cats sing. In de words ob de poet, "In reason's ear dey all rejoice, and utter forth a glorious noise." Here's whar you see de little sickly mother ob three small babies, a-crawlin' out to de woodshed for kindlin' wood, an' de big husband, he am driftin' in de calm lagoons ob blanket bay. Hero

also you see a sight, 'nuff to make de bery angels larf. Dat young paterfamilias, in his shirt an' pants, philanderin' all round de back yard, ebery blessed mornin'; his suspenders floppin' agin his heels like de reins ob a runaway hoss. Dere am always one baby on his shoulder, a-schrechin' an' crowin', an' anoder two more a-galopin' like mad, an' hollerin' o-be-joyful, as dey wollop him all round de yard. Dere am not de slightest danger ob dat man's grey hairs goin' down wid sorrow to de grave. Not much! An' dere ain't one ob dese dere chilren' goin' to de penitentiary either. Dere ain't neber no harm comes ob a man playin' wid his own boys. No sah!

In de berry next yard you can see a po' frightened little woman come runnin' out wid three or four children, babies all of 'em, an' lock 'em in de woodshed, or shove dem over de next do' fence, kase de big brute ob a father has come home "drunk again." Po' girl! she couldn't see any harm in him takin' a social glas, in de happy, sparklin' days; she thought a reformed rake made de best husband, an' now, like many mo' po' critters in dis heah world, she sowed a delusion an' reaps a reality.

You 'member dat tall, handsome school teacher, who walks past you do' wid de air ob a bawn princess? Dat am de gal dat hangs out dat tidy washin' ebery Tuesday mawnin', at school time; an' dat ar puppy you tole me about, a-walkin' past an' swingin' his cane like a fuss-class barber, you kin see him any mornin' from my back do'. De way he splits dat wood, an' lights dat fire, an' sweeps down dem steps, an' brings in a pail ob soft water for de ole mother, afore he goes off up town! I'll tell you what, he ain't no mo' of a puppy dan you am, an' discount 'lowed of dat. Dere's no judgin' by front do' 'pearances. Dat ar purty girl you bin crazy after dese two months, an' mo'; dere she sits, all day long on de back verandah, her hair done up in crimpin' pins, a-readin' de last novel by Miss Braddon. Inside dere's an ole woman a washin' an' workin' till de perspiration drops off de end ob her nose, an' her ole back is achin' drefful. 'Fo' de Lawd, sah!

dat ole woman is de moder ob dat ar gal you admire so much; you hab seen the front do' view, dis heah is de back do'—behind-de-scenes—view ob dat lubly critter. Over dar is a window, up stars, whar a po' little cripple sits all day long, lookin' pitifully out at de boys in de back yards playin' ketch an' tag, an' leap-frog, an' hully-gully, an' swapin' pigeons, an' all dat kinder juvenile business, but he can't never come out any mo'. Dat woman runnin' de machine 'long-side ob kim, wid de white starved face, she am his mother, an' she makes shirts fo' de big holesale merchant round de cawner. Dat merchant am a millionaire follower ob de Lawd Jesus, and a prominent pillar ob de church. He says he can't afford to pay dat widow mo' dan ten cents fo' fine shirts, but dere's a big blow in de papers, about him comin' \$6000 cash down, fur de new organ, and de spread ob de gospel. De Lawd Jesus must feel good oter dat man. You bet! An' heah's whar de yells ob a little young one make de wool riz right up on yo' head, an' yo' head de smack ob de strap comin' down on de tender flesh, till it makes yo' think ob de slavery days down south; an' den yo' clear down de back stars, 'long de yard, and ober fo' or five fences to stop de slaughter ob de innocent, an' who does you find but Holy Joe, dat beats dem all to thunder at prayin' in meetin', a poundin' his fo' year old boy fo' breakin' a saucer. Ebery time you go to meetin', an' heah Holy Joe a prayin' you think you see dat po' little boy a writthin' under de cruel lash, and de mother a cawrin' an' tremblin' an' frightened to speak fo' her sweet life. And you am edified an' 'structed 'cawdingly. Dere also am whar de fun am to be seen. Dars whar you see de fat editah ob de "Times" a chasin' de neighbourin' poultry out ob de precincts ob his back settlements an' pitchin' headlong into de sunk water barrel in de excitement ob de chase... An dars whar ole Swandown walks out wid a lantern ob an' evenin', to look up de young man dat he overheard talkin' to his daughter, under his window in de back garden. Dere ain't any young man dere now, kase why? he is suspended by de rear ob his pants, on de close-line nail on de oder side ob de fence, an' he dasent cheep till de ole man goes in again. Out ob de back yo' also remark de difference between de garden ob de sluggard an' de difference ob de man who has bin to see de ant. De garden ob de sluggard am all overrun wid his own an' his neighbors youngsters, a-outtin' up an' foolin' so's to make it bery hard to believe dere am such a thing as care or sorrow in dis heah world. De man who has been to see de Ant, gets up in de night time to dig, an' delve an' rake an' hoe an' lay out his garden, an' has a good day's work done afore anybody in de neighborhood am up, 'cept de man who owns de nightly dog. He works late an' early, he grows thin an' nervous, an' sits up moonlight nights to see dat de male an' feline cats don't hold shivarees on de top ob his new onion beds, His weather eyes is fixed on de heavins a watchin' fur derain, so he can not cabbage plants; de children am forbid to play in de garden any mo'. Bymo by, when eberything am green an' beautiful, an his early cabbages are as nice an' hard as de average human heart, he hab got to move out ob dat ar house and de next tenant enjoys de fruit ob his labor. Sad, ain't it? but sich is life! Yes sah, de front do' am all slick an' shiny an' grand, but gib me back do' fo' a view ob de true inwardness. I allus feel a kinder relationship to de folks I'se 'customed seein' ong dizzybeel at de back do', an' I feel like smilin' an' talkin' to 'em when I meet 'em on de front street, but dey look so mighty 'stonished, to see me lookin' so friendly like, dat I hab not de courage to speak up to 'em, and dey doan seem to uderstan' dat I know how it is myself.

Yours parabolically

JAY KAYELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.,



THE GRIT NURSERY
TROUBLED WITH "HIVES!"

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

An exchange asks, "Does insurance pay?" Certainly—the companies.—*Saturday American*.

Always look on the bright side; a mighty ugly hired girl can ring the bell for a mighty good dinner.—*Staubenville Herald*.

"That wall is plumb," said a mason to the boss; "but the chap who put in the pipes is plumber."—*Hackensack Republican*.

Judge Hilton's failure in Stewart's dry goods business suggests the ancient reason—that he couldn't get Jews to it.—*Lowell Courier*.

A manufacturer advertises "The strongest and cheapest bed in the market." He must mean an onion bed.—*Norristown Herald*.

Now that the shad season is at its height, the number of bones in the human body is greatly increased.—*Hackensack Republican*.

Jay Gould's son they say, is an expert prize fighter. He ought to be, considering his father's experience in the ring.—*Lowell Citizen*.

Strawberry-boxes are very much like Coney Island beer mugs—they are pretty thick, and the bottoms try to get as near the top as possible.—*Puck*.

A Boston Journalist says "a kiss for each falling star is the lovers' rule." This may do in Boston, where it takes some time to remove eyeglasses, but it won't do in Philadelphia. The falling stars are too few and far between.—*Philadelphia News*.

The Czar never receives anyone after 1 o'clock. The remainder of the day he spends in the palace sub-cellar, locked in a Marvingovski fire-proof safe, clad in his cast-iron ulster. He received Lieutenant Danenhower at 2, however, on that gentleman making an affidavit that he wasn't a Nihilist, and could not play on the cornet.—*Puck*.

A Philadelphia girl was so thoughtless as to tell a friend that at her wedding the names of the donors would not be displayed with her presents. Of course the friend told. Her wedding came off the other day, and the presents were not displayed either. They consisted of 782 plated sugar spoons and 1,380 salt-cellars.—*Philadelphia News*.

Meissonier's portrait of Mrs. J. W. Mackay represents that lady as daintily dressed, with a broad director's hat, and engaged in buttoning a glove of extravagant length. Probably he had her use the glove to keep her occupied while he painted, and the picture shows that he got it done before she got the glove buttoned. Young men who have waited for a girl to get her gloves buttoned will believe this.—*Boston Post*.

A Rochester clergyman called the other day to administer consolation to a dying man. Going into the presence of the poor sufferer he took him by the hand, and after giving it a reassuring squeeze, said: "My dear friend, shall I meet you in heaven?" "Well," replied the dying man, as his eyes began rolling wildly and his breath came short and quick, "I guess you're likely to if you're a square man." Then he died.—*Rochester Express*.

A lot of mean old bachelors, not a thousand miles from Springfield, put up a job on a lot of fair maidens in the church recently. They got up a kissing social with the following rates: For kissing a young lady over twenty years of age, one dollar; under twenty years, free. Of course the girls couldn't do otherwise than consent, and the horrid men osculated them all the evening and never had to pay a single cent, excepting to one widow whose granddaughter gave her away.—*Springfield (O.) News*.

Customer—"Give me some fish!" Waiter—"What will you take, sir, bluefish?" Customer—"It makes no difference; I'm color-blind."—*Puck*.

Old Judge Smike attracts attention by the dilapidated condition of his clothes, which would have to be repaired before they could be used to put on a scarecrow. A few days ago Gilhooly happened to meet the old man on the corner of Austin-avenue and Pecan-street, and said to him pleasantly: "How long have you lived here, Judge?" "I came to Austin with the close of the war," replied the gratified old citizen. "With the clothes of the war? I reckon those are the same clothes you have got on now. You ought to have them washed." This is why Gilhooly is not popular with the influential classes.—*Texas Siftings*.

His Ideal.

We are in receipt of a poetic gem from the pen of a talented Wesleyan student, that is destined, should it ever receive publication, to put the old masters in poetry to shame. Its every line is a song in itself, and every word a fount of freshness betraying wonderful intuition and learning. The title is "My Ideal," and the first stanza opens out as follows:

"I know a maid as pure as snow,
As fair as summer's rosy morn,
What time the floods of Saffron go,
The fields and forests to adorn.

If this young man had lived in an age when incomprehensibility was allowable, as poetic license, such a sublime passage would doubtless have received hasty recognition, but now, when saffron floods are so very uncommon, it is decidedly vague. Again the following:

"Her raven tresses backward thrown,
Fell gently down in silken showers."

Now we have an undeniable proof of the heretofore mythical story of hairs in the butter. If a maiden's hair ever fell in showers with no thunder and lightning attachments, it is not unreasonable that some of it would fall in the butter, but why they were silken showers, the author of the production alone can explain.

The seventh stanza is the gem of gems. It settles points which, with musicians and scientists, have heretofore been considered as impossible in nature. It is as follows:

"And when she sang a wondrous flute,
Breathed wildly forth in melting tones,
A woodland songster urged his suite,
A streamlet kissed the murmuring stones."

Any maiden that can successfully sing a flute, and then wildly breath it forth, and at the same time in melting tones, is worth a fortune to any man; but we may misunderstand the poet. It may have been the flute that breathed the maiden forth; or a wild young lady with the catarrh, and the flute was brought into requisition to attract the attention of the woodland songster and his attendants. Considerable uncertainty exists in our minds on this point, and doubtless it will be controvertible in the ages to come. It seems at any rate that whatever it was, the woodland songster wished to avoid it, and urged his attendants to get them out of hearing. The rhythmic construction is here rather bad, inasmuch as suite is pronounced "sweet," and makes with the flute a discord; but even Byron had this fault. The streamlet did wrong in kissing its lapidaceous bedfellow, but such an act is not uncommon, but that the stones murmured, is a surprise to men of learning generally, as stones are supposed to be entirely dumb.

The author has successfully worked in "Helen of Greece," and "Raphael," and other standard phrases. We place him in the list of the great men of the generation, but the length of the illustrious work will not allow its publication in those columns.—*Boomerang*.

Scene at Lady Beaufort's reception; Hostess (to Angelized Bostonian)—"Can't I present you to Miss Von Trump, of New York?" A. B.—"Thanks. I think not. I make it a point never to meet Americans."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Worth Mentioning.

When anything worth saying is spoken in that terse and pointed way that bears the impress of honest conviction, we like to have people know the nature of the communication. Of such a nature is the following from Mr. W. F. Haist, Camden P.O., Lincoln Co., Ontario. Mr. Haist says: "With great joy over my restored health, I would write a few lines concerning that wonderful remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. For the last six years I have been using various medicines internally and externally, but nothing would help me. Finally I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me after a few applications. My mother-in-law, who has also been a great sufferer from rheumatism, was also relieved by the use of the Great German Remedy. St. Jacobs Oil is a great blessing to suffering humanity, and I shall do everything in my power to make known its merits."

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COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 1, 1882, AN elegant Wagner sleeping car will be attached daily (except Sundays) to train leaving Toronto at 11.45 p. m., arriving at Detroit at 9.25 a. m., and Chicago at 7.40 p. m. the following day. Returning will leave Chicago daily (except Saturdays) at 9.10 p. m., arriving at Toronto at 6.40 p. m.

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Our Irishman Heard From.ERINGORRACH TERRACE,
May 15th, 1882.

Me dear an' respected Mistor Gnr,—Arrah! but it's the proud man I am to be afther sittin' down writin' to yourself once more, it makes me feel like owld times. Sure an' wher's the wonder, whin its through' great thribulations an' firean' water meself has come since writin' me last lethtir to yez. Musha! but it was the sorra day for me when I was afther bein' tuk wid the North-West fayer, and sorra a thing cud cure me av it but gettin' half drowned, an' every hair av me head singed off into the bargain.

"Suro it's a fortin yez'll be afther makin', whin yez come up here, yez jist bring all yer available capital wid yez, an' buy a few lots; in a few days yez can sell them over again at 17 times more than yez paid for them." Them's the very words the schemin' villian in Winnipeg wrote to me in a lethtir, an' no matter what me poor wife, wid the tears shramin' down her cheeks, would say, it's off to Winnipeg meself would go. "Och, Barney dear, stay at home wid meself an' the little bye," she'd say, "sure we've enough to ate and dhrink, an' dacent clothes besides, sure, what more does a Christian want?" says she, "they that baste to be rich, repint at lei-ure," says she, "an' don't be followin' the multitude like that," says she again. Now atune you an' meself, private, Mistor Gnr, if she had jist said to me then, "Yes Barney, do, let's go quick, sure it's ridin' in our carriage we'll be up in Winnipeg," the divil a sthlep I'd be afther takin', north or south. But the idea av a man bein' advised an' guided by his wife, naterally goes agin' the grain, an' if it was for nothin' else than to show the shuppiority of the male over the faymale sex in the matter av buyin' North-West lots I'd go, no matth'r how much I'd want to stay home. So I said good-bye to me wife an' child, an' I tell you, sur, the partin' atune Hectir an' Andrew Mickey, wasn't a fleabite compared to the scene at the back av our front door, in Eringorrah Terrace, that day. Well, "All aboard!" cried the conductor on the train. "All aboard," sez I, wavin' me hat out av the window, "an' farewell Toranty, farewell for evermore!" but nary a tear was in me oie, for it was fixed on the "Sntar of Empire, glitterin' in the (nor') west." Thin I tuk wan av Nora's hair pins an' pinned the owld stockin' I held me money in to me pocket, right through, takin' a good howld av me shirt, so no thavin' pickpocket could rob me uubeknownst. Thin I pulled me hat over me eyes an' wint to slape. I didn't slape wan wink all the night before, because I sat up makin' me last will an' testament, bequeathin' all me property an' lands in the North-West, together wid me dwellin' house in Toranty, to me beloved wife, a life interest therein, for her own use, her airs an' asinines aforesaid (taking care to make it out in legal terms), an' to my son, Timothy Bernard Francis O'fica, his airs an' asinines, with freicish an' entry thereto forever and a day. Ye see, Mistor Gnr, life is oucertain, and I thought it might be disagreeable for meself to see thim wranglin' over me dead corpse about thim lots I was goin' to buy. I saled it up wid sailin' wax, an' left the print av me thumb on it, as plain as St. Peter's on the back av a bilin' haddock, an' thin I stuck it up in a hole in the chimney, so no one cud find it, an' maybe make away wid it; an' more be token, it would be handy to lay me hand on when I cum back rich an' prosperous, for my wife an' ohild. The lake was blue, an' the banks comin' green, whin I closed me eyes on Ontario, an' I think I musht have shlept two days an' a night, whin all av a sudden I woke up cowl'd an' stiff an' trimblin' all over, an' there behowld ye, the train was standin' stook still, an' nary a thing to be seen out av the windows but shnow. To make free wid the words av the poet: "Shnow to the right av us, shnow to the left av us, Shnow back an' front

av us, Shtnck in a shnow-drift, for hours—divil mind us." Yes sur, there we were, shtuck for a whole week in the bleak, inhospitable wilderness av froisht an' shnow. Me sphaice wint not allow me a description av our sufferin's—but relief came at la-hit, an' we were finally landed in Winnipeg. I made a bee-line for the market place, where Mistor O'Mega keeps a dacent, respectable boordin' house. Mistor O'Mega is the half aunt av me shtep-mother, be her grandfather's frst wife. Mistor O'Mega was very civil. "It's very glad I am to see wan av the family," says she, "but yez'll have to shleep on the fure. There's four in ivery bed in the house already, not to mention the babbys packed in atune, an' sleepin' in the burean drawers. Me lounge there is riuted to a land speckleator for \$1 a week, but maybe yez wouldn't like to lie down on the fure, an' him there," says she. "The very man I want," says I, "it's land meself is afther comin' to buy, an' this is a shplendid chance to have a quiet talk over it—quite providential Mrs. O'Mega," says I. An' begorra afore we shlept that night I bought no less than seven magnificent town lots in the city av Gladstone. I shlept pretty sound till about 3 o'clock in the mornin', whin the whole house, meself included, was awakened wid a horrible yell, which came from nobody but meself intirely. Sure what wid the sufferin' I was afther undergoin', an' the draft comin' in on me lyin' on the fure, the toothache cum to me, an' it's the very roof av me skull it was tartin' off av me. Millia murder! I hopped, an' danced, an' screeched, an' whirled around, like any howlin' dervish, an' nary a morsel av relief could I get till wan av the boorders cum upstairs wid a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil in his hand, an' the very sight of it gave me such a turn av the horrors, the toothache left me instantan—teotally an' forivir. Next night, Mistor O'Mega she says to me, says she, "It'll nivir do for yez to be shlapin' on the fure an' gettin' the tooth-

ache like that, whisper," sez she "how would yez like to shlape on top av the planny, down shtairs?"

(Concluded Next Week.)

The Prorogation.

The House has riz, the session's done,
With all its trouble, toil and fun;
The Tories pack their trunks with glee,
And home the Grits less joyful flee.
But not to rest these members go,
The big election's on they know:
Their party pipes they now must tute
To catch the public ear in June;
The hustings soon will echo back
The howling of the party pack,
And honest yeomanry, I wot
Will listen to no end of rot.
They'll hear the great N. P. extolled,
As having proved as good as gold;
They'll hear it cursed as hollow fraud,
Deserving of a pickled rod:
Grit orators will crack their lungs,
And strain the muscles of their tongues,
Denouncing all the flagrant sins
Of that corrupt old pack—the ins.
And Tory bawlers, just as loud,
Will howl about the clear Grit crowd;
The honest yeomanry, I wot,
Will hear no end of blatant rot.
But never once 'mid all the din
Of party wrangling—out and in,
They'll hear a Grit or Tory say
A loyal word for Canada,—
A word of pure, unselfish truth
To stir the blood of noble youth;
'Twill all be Party, Power and Place,
And Righteousness must hide her face.

King Humbert has conferred the collar of the order of the annunciation on the King of Wurtemberg. This is timely charity, for the king had about worn out his box of paper collars his subjects gave him for his Christmas, and but for his bequest he would have had nothing to wear but his sword-belt and a patch of court-plaster.—*Rome Sentinel.*



AFTER THE GENERAL ELECTIONS.

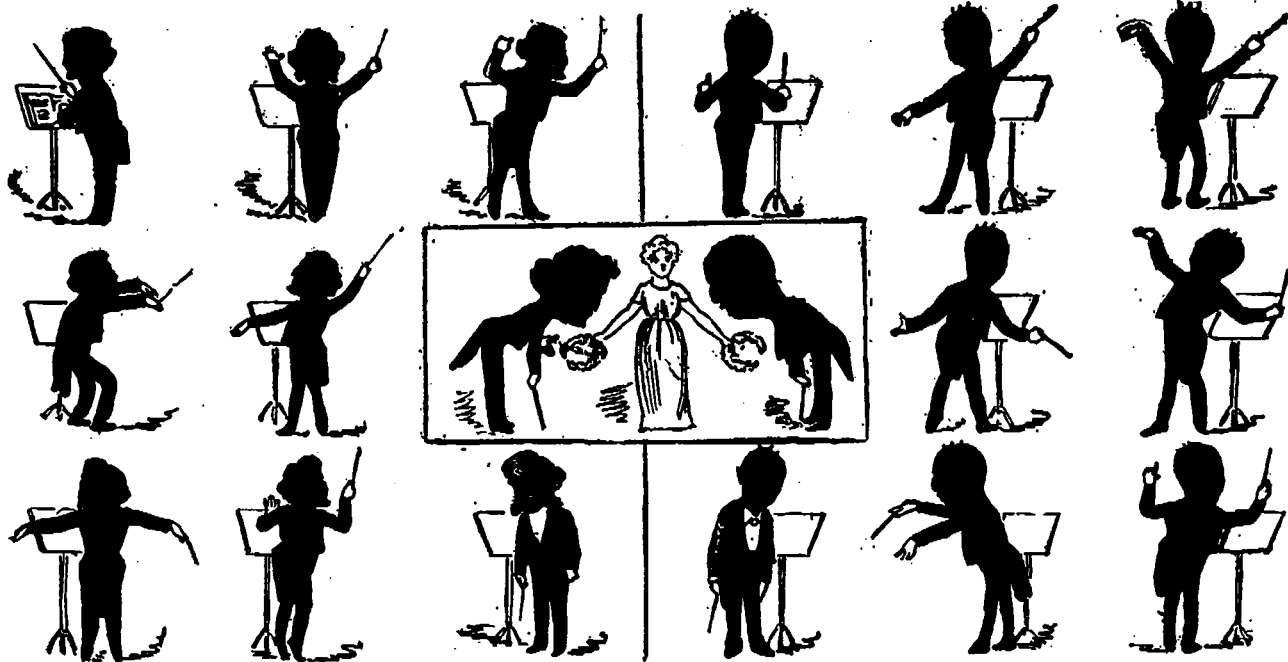
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CHARLEY—Hello, little Premier; I'm bigger'n you!

The first corner in corn was when Joseph stored all the grain in Egypt.

A famous race-horse is named "Little Brown Jug." He is always full of spirit.

What's in a name? That which we call a flower by any other name would taste as good.

Travelling in Russia must be trying to one not versed in the measures of distance in that country.

A western editor engaged in a game of draw-poker with some of the political Solons of his village. By a lucky chance, during the course of the game he drew four aces. It happened, also, that all the others had good hands. The betting was lively, but at last it came to a "call." The editor had already chipped in his entire pile, and in the excitement of the moment, shouted: "I chip in my scissors and paste pot. What have you got?" There was no further parley. The players laid down their hands, and the editor scooped the pile.—*Boston Star.*

A woman's journal, in an article intended to be sarcastic on man, compares the giraffe very unfavorably to man, by saying that "the giraffe is the only animal, human or brute, that never utters a sound of rage, pain, or fright." Well, neither does a step-ladder. The writer of the above can marry a giraffe or a step-ladder if she likes them better than man. In less than a month she would give her giraffe for one side of a man with all his grumblings.—*Peck's Sun.*

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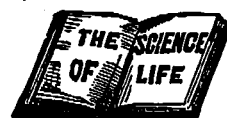
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