

SMOKE [CABLE EL PADRE] CIGARS

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

GINGALESE HAIR RESTORER!

IMPORTER.

GLOVER HARRISON
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49 KING ST. E., Toronto.

The Greatest Gift to the Age
The Greatest Men
to the World

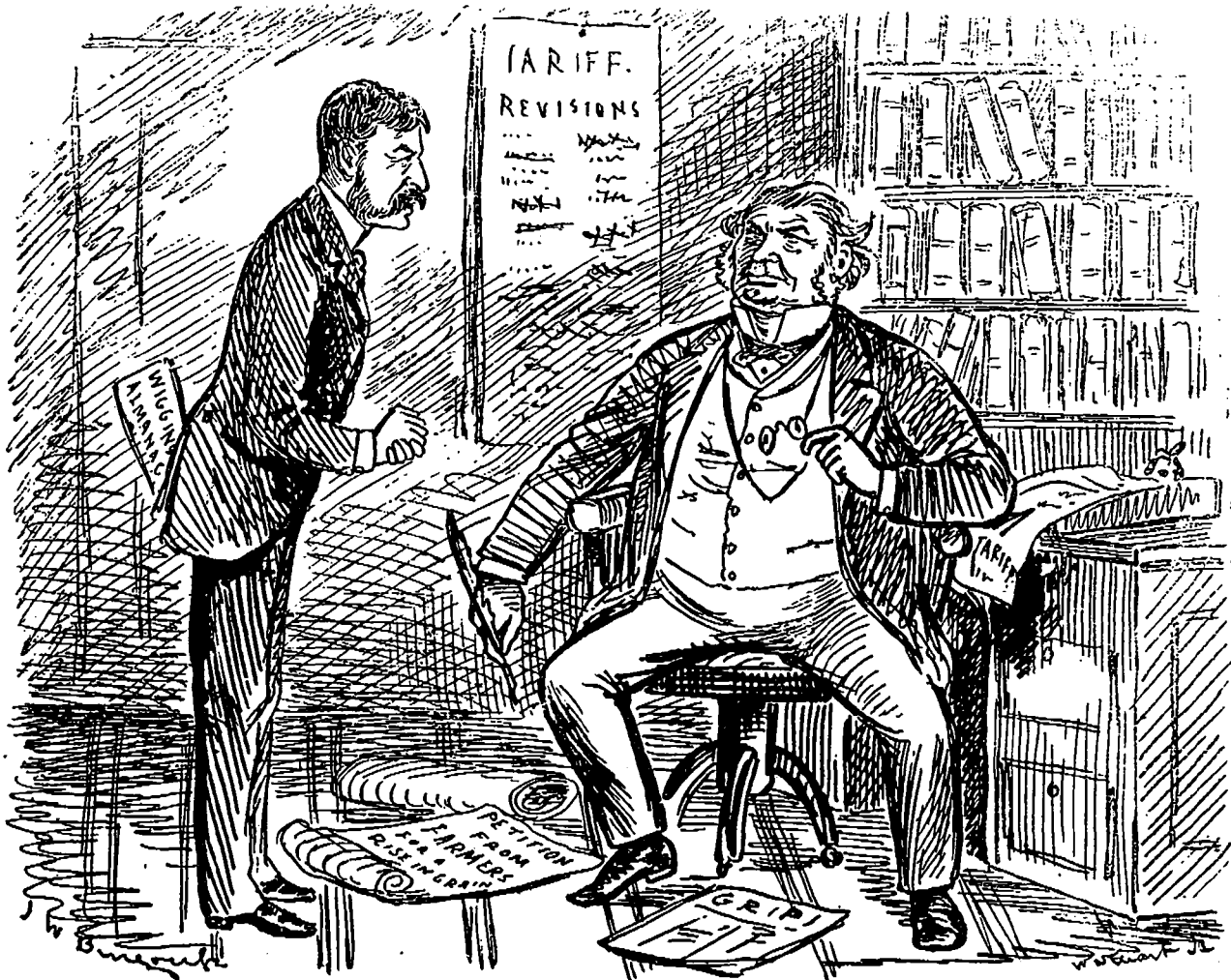
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1883.

92 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.



THE PROPHET OF THE FINANCE DEPARTMENT.

SIR L. TILLEY (*Chief of Finance Department*).—MR. WIGGINS, WE CAN'T PAY YOU A SALARY FOR DEVOTING YOUR PROPHETIC GIFTS TO THE WEATHER—LET US HAVE A FORECAST OF THE COMING STORM AMONG THE CANADIAN MALTSTERS, OR TELL US WHEN THE PRICE OF GRAIN IS GOING TO RISE, OR SOMETHING USEFUL!

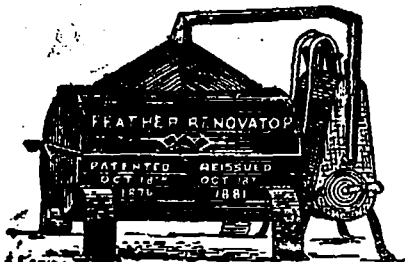
Under the Auspices of the Canadian Shorthand Society

The Celebrated Elocutionist,
MISS F. H. CHURCHILL, OF BOSTON,
in an Evening of Humorous, Imitative, and Dramatic
READINGS
Shaftesbury Hall, Thursday Evening, March 29th.
His Worship, Mayor Boswell will preside.

Mr. W. L. PAULL'S Orchestra (30 instruments), will furnish a few choice selections during the evening. Proceeds in aid of the Shorthand Library Fund. Reserved Seats (50c.) may be secured at Nordheimer's next week.

"She has a commanding form and great facial expression, fully equal to Charlotte Cushman."—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

N. P. CHANEY



230 KING-ST. E., TORONTO.



1ST GENT—What find I here
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What
Hath come so near creation?

2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE,
so beautifully counterfeit nature.

STUDIO—118 King Street West.

RAIL COAL. LOWEST RATES A. & S. NAIRN Toronto.



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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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Sir John gave out that his Government intended to introduce a new License law, which, it was popularly believed, would very materially affect the existing Provincial enactments regulating the sale of liquor. Not only did he make this declaration on the stump, but repeated it in the speech from the throne. He now refers the whole matter to a special committee, made up from both sides of the House—or, as our cartoon presents it, this very clever political squirrel leaps from the fence of ministerial responsibility and takes refuge in a convenient tree. Sir John's object, like the squirrel's, is simply to escape. He has virtually confessed either that his Government never intended to originate the measure in question, or that they are afraid to do so.

FIRST PAGE.—It appears that Mr. Wiggins' prediction was "fulfilled to the letter,"—the great storm came precisely as his almanac foretold. The great prophet, who is an attache of the Finance Department, might confer a more direct benefit upon his country by turning his investigations in the direction of Sir Leonard's Tilley's work, and letting that worthy gentleman know when the price of grain is going to rise.

EIGHTH PAGE.—We give, by request of some readers deeply interested in Quebec affairs, a few characteristic sketches of the magnificent but swine-loving Lieut.-Gov. of that happy Province—a gentleman who apparently lives in blissful ignorance of the fact that Quebec has a debt of several millions, and is, in fact, on the verge of bankruptcy.

Sir Charles Dilke thinks that discipline has reached the limit of perfection. A station agent on an Indian railway telegraphed to headquarters: "Tiger jumping around on the platform. Telegraph instructions."

THAT TERRIBLE TEMPEST.

Mr. Wiggins, a seer, as March drew near, predicted a terrible hurricane, which, he grieved to relate, would that month devastate the Continent known as American; It first would arise, this sage did surmise, on the coast of the placid Pacific, And lashed into rage, start on a rampage with energy great and terrific, And arriving at length, recruited in strength, 'mid the isles of the Indian Ocean; Pausing in its career, toward Bengal 'twould veer, 'mongst the Bengalic causing commotion By a huge tidal wave, which no power could save their coast-line from vast inundation, Striking terror and fear to each Hindoo fakeer, inspiring them with great trepidation; Then, with spasmodic leap, 'twould suddenly sweep in a manner that's somewhat mysterious, O'er Africa's plains and balmy domains, without doing anything serious, And next 'twould be found cavorting around, playing back in the old Bay of Discay; With gigantic force, devoid of remorse, wrecking ships by its antics so frisky; It then would be heard, of the prophet averred, in the Chops of the Channel near Dover; Behind leaving tracks, (wrecked schooners and smacks) which playfully it would keel over; Concentrating its force it would then waltz across the Atlantic and cause desolation On Newfoundland banks, playing frolicsome pranks, and spreading abroad devastation; Next it would appear (how or why is not clear) in water that might be termed Mexican; And heading nor'west, increasing in zest, striking fear to the heart of the Texican; Then the Rockies' wild chain 'twould attack, might and main, but bluffed in that western direction, Veering round to nor'east its fury increased, on Canada turned by reflection; And once in these diggias, the wise Mr. Wiggins profoundly expressed the opinion That this terrible gale could not possibly fail to knock the spots off this Dominion; That chimneys and spires and telegraph wires would be blown to a level terrestrial; While horses and cars, in sections and parts, would be wafted to regions celestial; And the only safe plan for woman or man who desired to escape this tornado Was to dig in the earth for all they were worth, till an underground refuge they'd made, O! Wherein they might lie till the blizzard passed by, which would probably be on a Sunday, But if by mischance it failed to advance, 'twould infallibly be here by Monday. In short, he foretold, in a manner quite bold, that a cyclone would blow, causing terror and woe, and a wave from the bay roll up Yonge Street that day, and the skies belch forth lightning and thunder; But as Monday has passed without c'er a blast, and buildings still stand erect in the land, it must be inferred that the young man has erred, in fact that he's made a big blunder. Just here I would trouble you with advice, E. S. W., when a man's in a Government office, he Should stick to finance and not run the chance of fathering unfulfilled prophecy.

—H. EMERSON.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FISHERMAN—Your indignation is fully warranted, if, as you say, you have lost two days' time. (2) No, we could not blame a disgusted fisherman if E Stone Wiggins.

SUBSCRIBER, Caledonia—You will find five portraits of John A. in the picture. We dare not undertake to decide a wager while Crown-Attorney Fenton is on the war-path.

This is the way a young man, who is apparently going to the dogs, as he is a punster and a lawyer in London, Ontario, and who has occasionally favored GRIP with some of his most harrowing efforts, writes to us, "I know you want something witty and funny, but there is absolutely nothing here this week that comes under that head. Of church discussions we have our fill, but one can hardly call them witty schisms." A person like that should be brained by his friends, but, for obvious reasons, such a thing would be impossible in his case. He also refers, in the same letter, to GRIP'S Swizdom, whatever he means, and altogether conducts himself in a manner as outrageous as it is uncalled for. We hereby contribute three cents towards his tombstone.

APOLOGY.

We are sorry to come before the public with anything in the shape of an apology, but in the event of this being the last number of GRIP which will ever appear, we feel that some explanation will be required by our patrons. The fact is we have had a plumber working in this establishment for four days. We are honorable, and shall endeavor to pay the man, and if anything is left after doing so, we shall continue to issue our paper, but till his bill comes in we can promise nothing definite. We had rather relied on Wiggins to help us in our predicament by utterly demolishing our place of business with his storm, which would have saved us from making this pitiable exhibition of ourselves, but as he has failed to budge even a chimney pot off this building, we are compelled to give the plain, unvarnished truth, which hurts us—badly.



FENTON'S VISION:

OR,

THE ROCKY ROAD TO BALLYDUFF.

We dropped into County Crown Attorney Fenton's office a few days ago to see if we could not have a trio of small boys arrested for "going Tommy Dodd for the odd man" opposite our establishment, but directly we caught sight of that gentleman we were so startled that we forgot what had taken us into his presence. He was sitting at his desk with his head resting in his hands, his elbows being supported by the articles of furniture mentioned, and his whole attitude expressing intense mental collapse and dilapidation. His hair, usually a model for the gayest of mashers, hung round his lofty, pallid brow like limp seaweed over a demijohn washed ashore from a wreck; his eyes were dim and bloodshot, and lacked that intense fire which usually

characterizes them, and stared flatly in front of him like those of a mackerel that has left the ocean blue some weeks previously. The costume of the legal luminary, which has been the envy of all the laladedahs of the city for years, was, at the time we dropped in on him, in a terrible state of neglect. His collar hung limp and dejected round his gills, and the bow of his necktie had slipped round under his left ear, and gave Mr. Fenton's intellectual head the appearance of that of a culprit who has just paid the extreme penalty of the law, the likeness being rendered the more striking by the deadly pallor of his face, which pallor was more highly brought out by several streaks of ink which had been communicated to his cheeks by Mr. Fenton's fingers, which were steeped in the Ereban fluid, a bottle of it having been knocked over, and lay, unobserved, with its life stream slowly gurgling forth. So absorbed was the well-known counsel, that he failed to notice our entrance, and continued to murmur to himself as he had been doing when we first opened his door, and we caught a few incoherent sentences of his mutterings as they cooed from between his semi-parted lips.

"Ballyduff, where in thunder is Bally—? hum, ha: it cannot be; must get that Porter; put him in gaol. Porter in the jug; ha! 'tis well. Bottled Porter!—Ballyduff—must be near Cork—ha! cork of the Porter bottle! I see—hallo!" he cried aloud, catching sight of that figure which has done so much execution amongst Toronto's fair daughters, "you here?" We intimated that we were, but suggested that perhaps Mr. Fenton was not well. "Nay, I am well in body," he replied, "but oh! the soul whose existence is denied by—but no matter. I am sorely perturbed in spirit; with Clarence I could say, 'Oh, I have passed a miserable night, so full of horrid sights and jimjammy dreams that for a butt of Malmsey I would not—I would not—' how does it go?" he asked, perplexed. We corrected him by giving the quotation properly, and enquired how it applied to his case. "Well, GRIP," he responded, "I have had a vision." "A vision!" we exclaimed, "why, who would ever suspect you of all people of doing such things? Can you not get out an order for the suppression of Visions?" "Trifle not with me," he answered impatiently; "I will relate my experience if you choose to hear it." "Proceed, old man," we said heartily, "we are all attention." The eminent County Crown, drawing his hand across his fine countenance, thereby painting four dense inky bars across his face, and making him now appear like a half-hanged malefactor who has been reprieved in the very nick of time and then taken back to his cell and is looking out through his grated window, began:—"Methought I stood—or should I, to be correct, say mestood, but no matter; methought I was in a vast and beautiful garden, or rather park; on either hand grew trees and shrubs laden with what appeared to be most luscious and delicious fruit: the orange, pomegranate, pine-apple—" We suggested that the pine-apple did not grow on a tree. He was hurt at the interruption, but after making a note of the objection, he continued, "It did in my vision, however; apples, pears, cucumbers, and all earth's most palatable productions hung round in glorious profusion. In my hand, methought, I had documents authorizing me to pluck any fruit I might select. On the further side of the garden was a magnificent palace or temple, built of various precious stones which gleamed and glistened brilliantly casting a many-colored light on all around. I said to myself—" "Says you," we interrupted, jocosely. "I said to myself, 'Surely this is Heaven, and yonder are the jasper walls thereof.'" "Were you not surprised at finding yourself there?" we asked. "Please do not interrupt me," he replied, and then con-

tinued, "From the many tinted windows of the palace, above which danced, in dazzling flames, the words 'Masonic Temple,' streamed rays of brilliant light, and methought that each ray fell upon some of the gorgeous fruit on the trees around me. Methought I looked more closely at this fruit and, dancing around each one on which the rays fell, were words or figures, thus: near me flitted, like a humming bird, the words '\$5,000'; above another, '\$5'; dancing over others, the figures, '\$150,' '\$500,' and so on, whilst far at the top of an exceeding high tree were the words, in letters of flaming gold, 'Ballyduff. \$15,000.' Methought I was puzzled; I made up my mind to ascend the lofty tree, however, but first I essayed to pluck some of the lesser fruit. No sooner had I reached forth my hand to grasp it, than hideous fiends in barristers' gowns sprang up and thrust me off. Again and again I strove to pick the fruit, and as I advanced further along the path towards the lofty tree I spoke of, dense brambles darted up around my feet; pitfalls opened before my footsteps, and the exceeding high tree seemed to be receding from me. The further I advanced, the greater and more numerous became the difficulties and obstacles in my way, till I sat me down and wept aloud. Mocking imps danced around me, newspaper paragraphs abusing me appeared in shapes of goblians and taunted me; letters headed with coffins, skulls, crossbones, death's heads and so forth, flew at me and terrified me, and, with a cry of despair, I rushed toward the now almost invisible Ballyduff tree, but it vanished and I awoke. This accounts for the state in which you see me." "Most extraordinary," we said: "will you answer one question, Mr. Fenton?" "If a proper one, yes; but if bordering on the vicious, please suppress it." "Well, old man, don't get mad, but—but you are not in the habit of drinking anything, are you?"

REFLECTIONS.

CAUSED BY RECENT AFFAIRS.

The American, we've all been taught, despises aristocracy. He goes in for the genuine and slap bang real democracy. But oh! he does seem to attach importance almost vital to what's aristocratic, and the wearer of a title.

Yes, Jonathan does love a lord, there's very little doubt of it. Though he will never own the charge, and tries to wriggle out of it.

But then the thing's too plain, and we see in many papers, "Another bogus nobleman's been cutting up his capers."

Though cute in very many things, the native born New Yorker

Falls a very ready victim to a glib and fluent talker Who comes from slow old England, and gives his heard a twirl.

And talks to Jonathan about "his governah, the earl;"

And calls himself DeMandeville, Cantyre, or Fitz-Dymic Or some such noble sounding, high saluting patronymic. Our knowing cousin Jonathan away across the line Falls down, gets bitten, kneels again and worships at his shrine.

But though about Americans I've given my opinion, It seems we're just as gullible as they, in this Dominion. It isn't to be wondered at, for really on my word It is a pleasant thing to be familiar with a lord.

But if we must have lords at all to swindle and to cheat us, And let us be Dick, Tom and Harry with them when they meet us,

Why, let us have the genuine thing, it lightens all the pains Of being duped when done by those with blue blood in their veins.

It's awful to be swindled by a nobleman and find That after all his lordship's title's only in his mind. Yes, if we must be swindled, as many have who rue it, Away with the imposters, and let the real ones do it.

Ed rather be let in by one who figures in the peerage, Than by some low born knave who came from England in the steerage;

You can say in after days to those to whom your tale you tell,

"Oh! yes, I know Lord So-and-so, and know him very well."

Say what you please, at heart I know with me you're in accord, In saying "'Tis a pleasant thing, indeed, to know a lord."



FACIAL EXPRESSION.

Mr. GRIP likes occasionally to deal in literal facts as well as fancies. The above sketches belong to the first-named division, as they are actually drawn from life, and all from the one face, being the mobile features of Miss Churchill, the elocutionist, in *propria persona*, and as *Widow Bedott* and *Elder Sniffles* respectively. Miss Churchill presents these comedy characters to the life, though without the aid of costume or other make-up—as our citizens will have an opportunity of seeing for themselves at Shaftesbury Hall, where the lady appears on the 29th inst.

DISILLUSIONED;

OR,

THEY ALL DO IT.

We once more found ourselves in the street, and as we walked along my attention was attracted to a building through the open windows of which came the voice of an earnest speaker. "What is going on there?" I enquired of the mannikin, "That you know is the assembly room of the Anti-Alcohol-down-with-the-Rum-Demon Reform Association: shall we go in?" "Oh!" I answered, "I do not think we shall see much to interest us there; the members of that club I know to be earnest and zealous workers in a good and noble cause, and besides they always say the same at these temperance pow-wows." "Oh! well" said my guide, "we may as well step in for a few minutes: come along." We ascended the stairs and entered the room. A tall, cadaverous man with a pimply visage and a red nose, thrust a contribution plate under the noses of some individuals who entered just before and sat down near us, with the words, "For the good cause; Lay not up treasures here on earth where the moth b-breaketh through and s-stealeth and—" here he staggered and would have fallen, had not a brother caught him and led him to a seat. "Billious, I suppose," I whispered to my companion, who looked at me with a leer and answered, "Oh! doubtless, yes billious, billious, ha! ha!" A stout, middle-aged person was holding forth in loud tones from the raised platform at the further end of the chamber; he held his audience entranced; I was carried away by his fervor; his earnestness; his enthusiastic utterance; "My sentiments my brethring," he said, "is that them there rum holes didn't ought to exist. Whence cometh redness of eyes and poverty? From the rum 'ole: Whence is murders, felonies, lasciverousness? From the Drink Deming; from King Alky hole. Down with him, down with him my brethring: Let us put away the vile thing from our midst." He paused to wipe his brow; and I could hear the 'brethring' whisper admiringly, "Brother Slingjaw's powerful in oratory to-night," and "Brother

Slingjaw will defy Satan in his stronghold and root him out," and several "Ah's" of admiration ran round the room, Brother Slingjaw was apparently just concluding his speech as we came in, for he now turned to a small, stumpy man and said, "Brother Bulge, will you lead in prayer?" brother Bulgo did so, pouring hot shot into the rum traffic, charging and routing "them vile rumsellers," giving particular fits to the press who refused to aid them, "the brething," in their heaven-appointed work, and in fact including every one but the members of the club, who had right on on their side, in a general malediction. "Then like us," he said in conclusion, "eschew the cup; touch it not, neither taste nor handle, for verily ye shall fall. Be sober, be vigilant, be, be like me and brother Slingjaw, and walk in grace." At the close of the meeting my little friend and I strolled rather aimlessly about the streets, not seeing anything particular to interest us till a late hour. I could not refrain from asking my guide his opinion of the brethren and their cause: I said that where men seemed so deeply in earnest, they could not fail to accomplish much good, the speakers, setting as they did by their own course in life, so bright and shining an example for the weaker brethren to follow. "Oh!" answered the wee mannikin, "the cause is good, and the work is good; as for the speakers we heard to-night we may possibly see and hear them again and mature our judgments," as he spoke I stumbled and fell over a prostrate figure, lying in a heap, half in, half out of the gutter. He cursed violently as my foot came in contact with him, for though I was invisible I still had the power of making myself felt, and asked "where in place-paved-with good-intentions I was c-c-comin' (hic) to?" "Some poor fellow in a fit," I said, "Let us assist him," and I stooped down to raise him up. "F-fit be jig-jiggered, (hic) got any b-bran'y about ye?" gasped the inebriate, staring wildly, hearing voices yet seeing no man. I started back in horror;—it was brother Slingjaw!

"Gracious!" I exclaimed to the mannikin, "surely you will not tell me that 'they all do it' now." "Well, no," he answered, "not all, not even half, but some do."

(To be continued.)

GRIP'S SKETCHES.

THE WOULD BE FASHIONABLE YOUTH.



Here's another young fellow whom everyone knows, He "gurgles to gasp" and "smiles to ejaculate." We know him at once by his faultless dress clothes, His swallow tail coat and his collar immaculate.

He thinks it's "the thing" and "good form" in a fellow To don this apparel wherever he goes As an escort at night with his sweet Arnabella, And he wouldn't be seen without evening clothes.



THE DEMAND FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

UNCLE OLIVER.—MY DEAR, YOU SHALL CERTAINLY HAVE IT, JUST AS SOON AS YOU BECOME STRONG ENOUGH.

For men, like himself, of the highest society, To wear the same suit that they wear at their business, He affirms is a terrible breach of propriety. "dizziness." A sign of low culchaw," and what he terms "dizziness."

He would make you believe he's a habit of dining At the hour of seven or eight, which is fashionable: And he fancies his thoughts we have means of divining— That, sans swallow tailcoat, he's to make a dead "mash" unnable.

"But what is the use," cry the girls, "of his trying To put on swell airs and endeavor to 'mash' us, When we see him each day his ten cent lunch buying, And we know that he 'teas' about six at his 'hash-house'."

Of course it's all right to appear in a dress coat, Immaculate cuffs, snowy ties and white collars; And boots patent leathered, and very low waistcoat, But this style can't be done on a weekly eight dollars.

It's all very well for the British nobility, To which class we belong, to appear at the theatre Tugged out in full fig; but these chaps' inability To do as we do is soon seen: We shall be at a

Loss, if we don't bring this sketch at an end here: Or else 'twill not do for the columns of GRIP. May these youths not get mad at the few lines we've penned here: We really don't care if they do: let 'em rip.

A POET'S IMPROMPTUS.

Young Cashby Fitzmopus has been surprising all his fair friends for several months by the facility with which he would dash off a few impromptu versos for their albums, and he has been regarded by his envious fellow-laborers in the bank as a sort of god, and his intellect has been looked upon by them as something almost too hallowed to be employed in the counting of dirty notes, and in reckoning up the amount of interest, etc., which it is diurnally called upon to do. Fitz, however, is not proud, though he has bragged considerably about the ease and rapidity with which he could throw off an ode to some charmer's eyes, though his ability to settle the hash of an "owed" to his tailor yet remains to be discovered, and he was wont to remark to his less gifted friends that "Oh! Byron and Moore and fellows like us just do these things as easy as A B C. Natural gift, you know," and so on. A friend of ours, however, hap-

pened to enter his room the other day, and found several scraps of paper lying about, which he basely purloined and brought to us. The facsimile of one which appears below speaks volumes. We can see in imagination the eye rolling in fine frenzy, and the anguish of composition as Fitz dashed it off. Further comment is unnecessary. Here it is:

*Smiles whole
Oh! injured... heart
Lively smiles, angel of my soul
Pride of my... angelic face
What keeps of sorrow swell my throbbing heart
Come, heavenly Muse!
Tell me ye Gods, what suffering
soul.*

Two young men rooming together, one bought a stove, and the other paid a mason for cutting a hole in the chimney. After a while they separated, and one took the stove which he had bought, and left to the other the hole he had paid for.

One day when Napoleon III., who was a bit of a wag, was busily writing in his private room at the Tuileries. Prince Jerome, familiarly known as "Plon-Plon," was shown in. Well, Prince, what is it?" said Napoleon, knowing very well before he asked the question, exactly what it would be. "Is it more money?" Plon-Plon said that it was; that the exigencies of his situation, etc., weighed heavily upon him, and that he found himself compelled to ask for funds. Napoleon indicated that he had given all he could possibly spare, and that there was nothing to be had from him, at least for a long time to come. Plon-Plon became enraged. "You have no generosity. This is not Napoleonic. You have nothing of your uncle about you." "Oh, yes, I have!" retorted Napoleon, "I have his family."—Paris Correspondence Philadelphia Press.



FROM THE FENCE TO THE TREE;
OR, THE SQUIRREL DEFIANT.



"And so the world wags."

Some "unoo guid" folks will say that the following little story is naughty, but if the reverend gentleman who narrates it (Rev. Mr. Seymour, of Chicago), does not see anything wrong about it, and as it is perfectly true, I don't see why I should. I certainly cannot profess to be any better than Mr. Seymour, and I don't think it is wrong either. So have at ye.

HE WAS WILLING TO BET ON HIS CHANCES.

A boy being so full of old Nick that his mother became exhausted in trying to reason with him, she decided to punish him, and accordingly procured a rod with which to warm his jacket. The boy belonged to the Sunday-school, and when his mother came for him he fell upon his knees, raised his hands as he had been told to do when he prayed, and said, as quick as he could, "O Lord, please don't let her hit me. But I'll bet a dollar you will." The elder does not say what the mother did in the emergency, but if she let up, and put the rod away, that child will believe in the efficacy of prayer, until some day when it fails to work, and he gets trounced.

Another little story somewhat similar will bear repeating, though many of my readers may have already heard it. It gives an instance of the possession of Faith, though of a nature which I fancy must be extremely prevalent. A certain old lady had occasion to make a journey twice or thrice every week into the country, her road lying up a very steep mountain; as she always performed her trip on foot, she found this hill exceedingly troublesome, and often wished that it was out of the way altogether. She read in the Good Book that implicit faith would remove mountains, and being really a very good old lady, she fancied that she possessed the necessary amount of the article mentioned; or, I should rather say, she was not quite sure about it. However she determined to try what effect her prayers would have, and accordingly she knelt down one evening and prayed long and fervently that the mountain might be removed during the coming night. In the morning she arose and going to her window, drew up the blind: "Ay, ay," she muttered, on seeing the mountain in its usual position, "just as I thought: it's there still." A good number of us possess this kind of faith. I do.

A PROPHET INDEED.

NOT WITHOUT HONOR IN MANY COUNTRIES.

"Good day, sir, take a chair," we said to an intelligent-looking man who advanced to our desk and spit on our boot, at the same time proffering his hand. "To what circumstance are we indebted for this honor?" "I will not detain you long, sir," replied the visitor, glancing his eye over to the corner where a heap of human bones was piled up under a placard inscribed, "Bones who have

annoyed us," "but I am a weather prophet and—" he paused as we started and grabbed our hip pocket, "I am going to get my almanac published at your office," he continued more cheerfully as the baleful light died out of our eye; "Certainly, sir, certainly," we said encouragingly, "your name is—?" "Professor de Bebonnette," he answered, L.L.D., F.R.O.R.D., and letterer." "Just so, professor, well, we will hear you," and we assumed a Czar of all the Russias attitude and signed him to proceed. "You have, I perceive, one of my almanacs for last year in your bookcase: I beg to state that every prediction I made in that volume was fulfilled to the letter, sir," continued the professor. "Ha, 'tis well" we said, in our most autocratic manner, getting up and reaching down the book: "and now you mention it, sir, we carefully noted all your predictions and are sorry to say that we beg to differ with you as to their panning out." "Prythee, hold, good sir, let me explain," he said. "Proceed," we replied, "now here I turn to January 7th: you prophesied warm and sultry days; our notes show us that a blizzard struck this city on that day of intense coldness: several people were frozen to death, and the corresponding agent of the *Universe* lost five inches off one of his ears; ha! you tremble: Expound." "My prophecy for January the 7th, applied to the centre of Australia, sir; I believe I am justified in stating that the day there was warm, nay even decidedly sultry; am I right?" he asked. "We were not in Australia on that day, professor, but probably you are right;" we answered, "however, here you say, February the 4th will come in accompanied by fearful rain and wind storms which will sweep over the country for several days; by again referring to our notes we perceive the thermometer registered 33° below zero for a week just at that date, during which there was not sufficient wind raised to enable us to hoist the mortgage off our woodshed, and we injured our spine by sitting down unthinkingly on the icy steps of the post office: Divulge, professor, divulge." "My prediction sir," responded the prophet, "was intended for Ceylon, where the monsoons devastate that island from December to March: I have here the Ceylon *Observer* which assures me that I was correct in every particular; I am no ordinary slouch of a weather forecaster, sir, and I—" "Well, well," we continued, "here is June the ninth: You predict with certainty that snow may be looked for—" "Precisely, precisely—" he broke in, "and what was to prevent anyone looking for it? answer me that sir, answer me that: I would not commit myself by saying positively that snow would fall on that day, but tell me sir, in all friendliness and good feeling, was I not perfectly justified in saying that people might look for it? What was to prevent 'em?" and he rolled up our cartoon for the week and lit his pipe with it. "I do not go these things blind, sir, as Viggins and Wendor do, but I observe the natural symposia of thermometric transmigrations—" "Oh! let up," we shouted, assuming the majestic air of a barkeeper, and silently drawing the *jemur* of Jenkins, deceased bore, towards us, "Now look here; here's where you were out altogether: read this, July 2. Very dry, and intense drought throughout Canada: I fancy you slipped that time as you have specified Canada; why, man, it poured with rain on the 2nd and 3rd of July, how do you dodge that." "Why, my good sir," replied the professor, "that's a bull's eye, hit the mark fair: July 2, day after Dominion Day: very dry: now come, were you not very dry on that day? and I'll venture to wager that a general drought did prevail throughout this loyal Dominion, sir; that's the way that prediction was fulfilled, what's next?" "Well, you're a beauty:" we said: "but

what's this? how do you account for those burning, broiling, frying, frizzling, hadesian days towards the end of the same month, which you had down on your programme for a cold snap. Ha! ha: a cold snap in July, you were away off there, professor." "Yes, sir," he replied—"way off indeed; the North Pole and Arctic regions were the territories allotted to that cold snap. It came about precisely as I intimated it would. The skating at Reikjavik that month is said to have been unsurpassed." "Well, you're a caution," we said, half admiringly, "but we've got you now: Look here, August 9 to 12, very wet. Why it was scorching, sir. The rivers dried up and we had to drink beer instead of water, and got banged out of the I.O.G.T. You made a mistake there, anyhow, eh?" Not a bit, sir, not a bit," replied the ever ready professor. "At that precise time of the year I was crossing the Atlantic ocean, and, happening to fall overboard one day, the moisture of that noble sea assured me that the words 'very wet' hit the case to a knock down: no sir, you cannot bluff me: I am here to refute everything that would make me out a false prophet; and now sir, how much will it cost to get my Almanac printed?" "Not a cent, sir, not a cent in this office, for we would not do it for all the whiskey in the country. What!" and we stood up and assumed a Napoleonic-Washingtonian-George-Francis-Train rolled into one demeanor, "lend ourselves to the publication of a quibbling, prevaricating—begone, sir, begone or"—and we pointed to the specimens of anatomy in the corner, "you spot will be your sepulchre." Professor de Bebonnette had fled.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, weak stomach, night-sweats and the early stages of Consumption, "Golden Medical Discovery" is specific. By druggists.

They say that this notice was posted on the doors of an Iowa bank, after the sudden disappearance of its cashier: "Another pioneer of American civilization lights out for Polynesia."

A girl was recently arrested for being disguised as an old woman. If all the old women who appear in the disguise of girls were arrested, the jails would have the appearance of sardine boxes.

"Wake me up, darling, to-night, and give me a toddy," said an Austin inebriate to his wife, as they were about to retire to their couch. "But how will I know when you want one?" "You can't make a mistake. I am always thirsty when I am woken up.—*Texas Sisters.*

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

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SEASON, 1883.

The Popular Special Trains will, commencing
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W. EDGAR, Assistant, G. P. A., Toronto.
JOSEPH HICKSON, General Manager.
Montreal, March 2nd, 1883.

SLINGSBY JONES.

HOW MRS. J. GOT AHEAD OF HIM?

I.

Slingsby Jones was a jovial soul and a pretty good chap in reality, though his tastes often led him too far in the path of fun and of conviviality, and it was not unusual to see him come home when his walk was not straight as a bee line, and he'd stop at his door and pull off his boots and creep in with the stealth of a feline. Now Mrs. Jones had sufficient good sense not to twit her old man with his failing; the doing of which leads in many a house to bickering, snoring and railing; but she didn't approve of his ways, I admit, though she deemed it was wise to keep quiet, by which she avoided a great deal of noise and escaped without scolding and riot. One night Slingsby Jones had been out very late; he had been as he said in his lodge, (How thin this excuse must appear to a wife, for of course she must see through the dodge.) And when he came home it was long after two. Mrs. J. was in bed—not asleep, and from under the clothes she could manage to get at his devious movements a peep. She could see as he entered, his boots in his hand, his collar and necktie awry, that he'd looked on the wine when it moved in the cup; she could see by his imbecile eye that Jones was full up, but she said not a word, she had got an idea in her head. When she'd put into practice next morning, thought she. Meanwhile Slingsby had crept into bed. In a very few moments his snoring proclaimed he was sleeping the sleep of the just, or the tramp, or the weary, whatever you please; he slept like a man on a bust.

II.

In the morning he woke feeling thirsty and dry, and caught sight of his wife with his dull, aching eyes. She was up and was hunting for what spare doubloons she could find in the pockets of Sling's pantaloons. She rummaged them well, as these feminines will, when lo! she discovered a ten dollar bill. "My gracious!" she cried, as she opened her eyes. "I never expected so great a surprise; he really can't know that this money he owns." And she laughed to herself in inaudible tones. "Now this ten dollar bill, ah! 'tis sweet to my touch, will buy me that bonnet I long for so much; so I'll take it, but lest poor old Slingsby should think that I've been through his pockets in search of his chink, I'll put what I have in the place of this ten. And I'll fix and go out for that bonnet; these men when they come home so very peculiar at night, and try with a pen-knife the gas jet to light, can't really just know how much money they've spent; and I think that this X is by Providence sent. When Sling finds what I've put here, he'll think it's all right, for he'll know he came home most disgustingly tight, and he knows when he's tipsy he oft makes mistakes; but I'd better be going before he awakes." She slipped in a two and a battered shuip plaster and crept from the room where her liege lord and master lay feigning to sleep; but directly he heard His wife leave the house he sprang up like a bird; He seized on his trousers, dived into the pockets, whilst his eyes with delight nearly jumped from their sockets. When they lit on the money; "By Jove! I'm in luck, why, here's two and a quarter; I thought I was stuck. So now let me dress, I'm uncommonly dry, and I want a good cock-tail to open my eye; what should I have done for my brandy and water if fate hadn't sent me this two and a quarter? It will set me up bravely; by Jings! how I wish I was ready to go, for I'm dry as a fish; and when Mary gets back, if the truth I must say, I really had better be out of the way." He tarr'd not long, in a hurry he dressed, and outward he sallied by great thirst oppressed. But not many minutes had gone ere there came in furious haste to the house his fair dame; She was pale with excitement: "To think that I've been a dupe of the scoundrel! Oh, isn't it mean? I thought a good ten dollar bill to secure, but I find it is bogus; he knew it, I'm sure, and I've wasted two dollars and twenty-five cents. For a thing that is worthless; now ain't that immense? But wait till I get hold of Jones." She may wait, but I don't think that Slingsby will be home till late.

A DETECTIVE STORY;

OR,

THE BLOODHOUNDS OF THE LAW ON THE TRAIL.

Intense excitement prevailed throughout the city. A burglary of no ordinary daring had taken place some time during the night, and the police authorities had just been apprised of the fact. The chief was consulting with three or, four of his detectives at the

same time that the news was brought to headquarters by a small boy, at seven o'clock one morning lately, of the burglary at McCoffey's grocery, and he at once despatched detectives Oldhall and White to the scene of the robbery, whither they repaired, accompanied by a reporter who had somehow got wind of the affair, much to the disgust of the officers. Shrewd, matter-of-fact men these detectives were; hawk-eyed, intelligent-nosed sleuth-hounds of the law; nothing appeared to escape their lightning glances as they walked through the streets to McCoffey's, and all that they said, in the fewest possible words, was to the point. "Say, young fellow," said detective Oldhall, to the newspaper man, "You got to keep this thing out'n your d-d paper or we'll ring your blamed neck." "Say, young fellow," spoke White, "we'll wring your blamed neck if you don't keep this thing out'n your d-d paper." The embryo journalist promised that not a word should appear, at the same time running over in his mind a few startling headings that he thought would look well in that evening's edition. McCoffey's was reached in due course, the two officers and the reporter went at once to the rear of the store—shrewd fellows, no fooling about the front for them—that being apparently the quarter where the burglars had entered the building, as a window was standing wide open. Several footmarks were visible in the snow, which was two feet deep; the footprints each made a



hole one foot nine inches and a quarter in depth; the keen eyes of the detectives saw these at once, nothing escaped them. Oldhall stooped down and for several minutes inspected these footprints closely. "White," he said at length, "White, the burglars wore boots." White made a note of this in his pocket-book. "Ha!" exclaimed Oldhall, picking up a dark brown wad of some substance, "Look here, White, tobacco; the burglar chewed; this is fine cut Virginia leaf; the burglar, consequently, was a native of the southern States; he was an American." The reporter was astounded at the skill with which this officer gradually tightened the meshes of the net he was weaving round the culprit, whilst White jotted down the gist of Oldhall's remarks in his book. "Send for detectives Podgins and Heavystern," said Oldhall. White stepped out and telephoned to headquarters and the officers named were soon on the spot. "My men," said Oldhall, addressing them, "you have a work before you which will call for your utmost penetration and skill. You see these footprints; go, now, and shadow every man you see who wears boots, who chews fine cut Virginia leaf, and who looks like a South American. Go." Officers Oldhall and White entered the building by the door which was found open. "Stay," said White, pausing on the threshold, "this door was open. This door being open, why, then, did the burglar enter by the window?" The reporter suggested that the burglar might not

have been aware of the fact that the door was open. Oldhall scowled at him and said, "Look here, young man, you just keep your suggestions to yourself, and keep this thing out of your d-d paper or—" White said the same. "Stay," exclaimed Oldhall, "these footprints lead from the window, consequently the burglar must either have walked backwards to the window, or he came out of the building by the window. Now I look again, I see that these marks lead to the door, consequently, he entered by this door." White was lost in admiration of his brother detective's argument. "But," he ventured to observe, "he has been shown to be a South American; South Americans are Indians; therefore, these should be moccasin marks." "White, you're a fool," said Oldhall, sharply. White seemed hurt, and said no more. "Why," continued Oldhall, studying deeply, "why should he leave the building by the window when the door was open? Obviously to throw us off our guard. White, send to headquarters for detectives Blossombeak and Rumjug." White telephoned as before and the officers were soon on hand. "Men," said Oldhall, "shadow every man you see walking backwards, or coming out of his house by the window. Go." Oldhall, White, and the reporter now entered the store, which had not yet been opened for business, and made a close scrutiny of everything; tapping the walls, tasting the samples of liquor in order to see if the burglar had done the same, their idea being that his breath would be a clue when captured, and noting everything in their pocket books as they went. The safe was untouched; the till drawer had not been opened; more mystery. Near the stove lay a button. Oldhall's lynx eye detected it in an instant; he picked it up, inspected it closely for ten minutes or so, and then said, "White, this is a trouser button; the burglar, then, wore trousers. When we leave here we must closely shadow every man we see with trousers on; we shall have our hands full ere we dispose of this case." "But," again remarked the reporter, "I don't see what any burglar wanted to enter a place without taking anything for; nothing appears to be disturbed." "Oblige me," returned Oldhall, "by keeping your mouth shut; for two pins I'd arrest you for interfering with the police."

(To be continued.)

THE INVENTION OF THE DAY.

A young man residing out beyond Yorkville is taking out a patent for an invention that should call for the most fervent thanks and gratitude of the youths of Canada, as it is designed to fill a want long felt among the young people of this country. The invention consists of a metal plate, so fashioned that it can be fitted on to the person, underneath the pantaloons, immediately below the frowning bluff, which adorns the *sub rosa* portion of most young men's persons. To this plate are attached several rows of movable barbed and sharp hooks. When in repose, these hooks lie in grooves in the plate; but at the first note of warning, intimating the approach of the enemy in the shape of the adored one's irate papa, they can be caused to spring out and bristle like a porcupine's tresses when he beholds a ghost, yet remaining invisible on account of the nether garments of the wearer: their action being governed by a spring attached to the plate, and connected with a handle in the young man's vest pocket. The use of the whole arrangement is obvious, and is likely to be particularly so to the old gentleman referred to, after the first kick. In times of peace, spiral springs are arranged on the plate, so that when the wearer and his soul's enchantress are occupying the same chair in the usual manner of lovers, a gentle undulating motion is imparted, and the happy



SKETCHES OF ROBITAILLE, THE LORD OF SPENCER WOOD,
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE FLOURISHING PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

pair may fancy that they are rocked on some undulating summer sea, far from the madding throng which is so inimical to the smooth progress of the course of true love, and which so greatly interferes with the vividity of love's young dream. The inventor contemplates the addition of a hollow tube to his invention, to be filled with chloroform or limburger cheese, and which is to extend down the back of the leg to the heel; this tube is to be perforated with holes that can be opened or closed at the will of the wearer; the design being to lull the bull-dog into temporary oblivion, when his attentions are becoming too marked and inconvenient. We prophecy a brilliant future for the inventor, and shall sheathe our manly person in a specimen of the article which he proposes to present us with, in payment for this notice, as we have again and again been hampered by the rear attacks of the parental foe, and we hail with delight this armor which will make us indifferent to them, at the same time that it will render him incapable of such assaults during the period that he will occupy a bed of pain and anguish, caused by the lacerations of his toe, by the barbed hooks of this much yearned for invention.

People often wonder why editors always wear a belt to hold up their pants, instead of wearing suspenders. It's the most simple thing in the world. When an editor gets word from his house that there's nothing on hand for dinner he simply tightens up his belt one hole and says nothing.—*Evansville Argus.*

Some months ago a Boston clothier started his son for Nashville with stock to open a retail store, and the other day a friend who knew of the circumstances met the father and inquired: "Well, how does Jake get along?" "Shake is home again," was the reply. "Why, I thought he was in Nashville," "So he vhas." "And I heard that he was doing a rushing business." "Vhell, peensness rushed a leedle on der start, but finally it dropped off until it doan't pay expenses." "And so Jake busted?" "Vhell it amounts to der same thing, I suppose. Der fire didn't get half a start before der engines vhas on hand! Poor Shake! It vhas a crushing blow when dey found a candle in a box of shavings! He vhas so young, you see!"

One of the inmates of an English lunatic asylum has been in a sound sleep for a year and a half, and physicians are unable to account for it. In all probability his madness consists in imagining that he is a policeman.

Dr Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" perfectly and permanently cures those diseases peculiar to females. It is tonic and nerve, effectually allaying and curing those sickening sensations that effect the stomach and heart through reflex action. The back-ache, and "dragging-down" sensations all disappear under the strengthening effects of this great restorative. By druggists.

A man always looks through his pockets four times before handing his coat to his wife to have a button sewed on, and even then he is filled with a nameless fear until the job is completed.—*Rochester Express.*

OUR GRANDMOTHERS

taught their daughters that "a stitch in time saves nine." A pill in time saves not only nine, but oftentimes an incalculable amount of suffering as well. An occasional dose of Dr. Pierce's Pellets (Little Sugar-coated Pills), to cleanse the stomach and bowels, not only prevents diseases but often breaks up sudden attacks, when taken in time. By druggists.

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