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AS VIEWED FROM THE BILIOUS STANDPOINT.

Prof. S—II—THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE; YOU ARE BOTH BRAZEN HUIZZIES. THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS POLITICAL VIRTUE.

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J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest boat is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Sir C. Tupper's retirement from the Cabinet was announced a little too late for prominent notice in our last issue. We seize the earliest opportunity of commemorating that important event pictorially, and in our picture we look at the matter from the retiring Minister's own point of view. He has simply effected a change of raiment, discarding the old railway suit, so elaborately whitewashed by the Premier at the close of the Session, and donned in its place the more picturesque uniform of High Commissioner to England. No sensible man will dispute Sir Charles' good taste in making the change, albeit no salary is attached to the lordly office he now fills. In his elegant London mansion, surrounded by all the luxuries of modern civilization, and enjoying the best society the world affords, why shouldn't he be happy; and who would forego such a lot for the everlasting worry of the burdensome portfolio: Railways and Canals at Ottawa? And yet the latter seems to have its attractions. We are given to understand that Mr. Dalton McCarthy is more than willing to give up a splendid legal practice in exchange for it, and that even at this moment he is trying on the shoes of the great Nova Scotian.

FIRST PAGE.—Prof. Goldwin Smith, with all his elegant erudition, will never be able to take a just and wholesome view of Canadian politics until he goes through a regular course of Burdock Blood Bitters, Safe Kidney Cure, Little Liver Pills and Electric Belts. The chronic state of his stomach affects his mental vision, and leads him to injustices which a healthy man, equally well-equipped as a critic, would never commit. This is the most charitable theory we can think of to account for the estimate the *Bystander* has formed of the relative merits of Edward Blake and Sir John Macdonald.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The *Globe* is in the thick of the newspaper fight, cutting rates right and left with the advertising agents of the rival sheets. From a poetic point of view it is no doubt sad to see the old war-horse transformed into a bulletin board, but there is more prose than poetry in this life, and the "life-long subscriber" has really no reason to complain if he gets his paper cheaper as a result of the fight. He can stand it if the *Globe* Co. can.



"AND OH, THE PARTING GIVES US PAIN!"

VALEDICTORY TO SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

Farewell, Tupper! so you're going
O'er the seas from us at last,
Who will now your row be hoeing,
Who will now receive each blast
From the *Globe* and each Grit paper,
That they had reserved for you?
Had you only stayed here later,
But you haven't, so—adoo!

How the news of your departing
Must have taken by surprise,
Those who said you'd not be starting
Till you gained the premier prize!
But you know which side the butter
On your bread was spread for you,
As for me, I can but mutter
Farewell, good bye, Adoo! Adoo!



Why has the Imperial Government rejected the Crematory Bill? Have its promoters urned this?

There is a shrewd suspicion haunting me that some one on the *Globe* staff has discovered that the four newly-appointed police inspectors are Tories.

The Female Race has been emancipated! No more shall suffering woman be ground down under the iron heel of the despot man! The cry of "Freedom" resounds from every well-regulated sewing-circle in the land! The Medical College at Kingston has turned out some lady doctors.

Only a British statesman would ever have conceived the brilliant idea of reaching and rescuing General Gordon by means of a brand-new railway. General Gordon, I feel certain, will, when he hears of this great scheme, be so

impressed with admiration and inspired with gratitude, that he will come and lend a hand in building the railway.

Returns of membership show that one out of every eight of the population of Canada is an Oddfellow. But I have gone along Yonge-street often and often and found nearly every other chap I met a nod fellow. For a long time I have been waiting for an opportunity to rid my brain of this facetious idea, and here it is. Being a Presbyterian my fear now is that I may possibly be summoned before the sin nod.

The papers are recording two instances—one of a man with bones so fragile that they "break like pipe-stems," and another of a man without any bones at all! The absent features of the record are the story of the reporter who had such a weak conscience that the least thing scared it away, and the case of the other reporter who had no conscience at all. The quartette make up a combination challenging admiration.

We have it on the authority of the editor of the *Mail* that the St. George's Society "is engaged in a never-ending struggle with the monster Want, whose scorching breath devastates the earth." It occurs to me just now that this gracefully rounded period pretty graphically describes the position of Sir John Macdonald—that is, if you accept without question the *Globe's* Ottawa correspondence and take "Want" as a synonym for "Syndicate." The acceptance of the synonym might not prove an impossible thing; but I am not so sure about the Ottawa correspondence.

The Anti-Scott Act people have already \$40,000 in a lump to fight the Temperance cause. The Temperance cause may enlist the sympathy of the pulpit, the press, and various other agencies that mean good; but \$40,000 in a lump is a great thing to have on the other side against it. About the best thing that the Temperance cause can secure as an offset to the anti-Temperance \$40,000 is another \$40,000; and if the anti-Temperance raise \$50,000, \$50,000; \$60,000, \$60,000, and so right on up. Sentiment works wonders, I know, but you cannot overestimate the value of good solid cash.

The gentle dynamiter who the other day decided, by drowning himself in New York harbor, to save the country unnecessary trouble about providing for his exit out of the world, left behind him a brown paper parcel labelled "Sure death to any one who opens this." The intrepid police stood aghast at sight of the parcel! The fearless coroner's jurymen viewed it with alarm! Even the enterprising reporter kept a respectful distance from the concentrated destruction and turned his cheek to it! How, if at all, the package was opened I have not read. But if I had had anything to do with the case I would have had the package opened that very night. I would have taken it to my boarding house and left it somewhere within range of the chamber maid while I was out at the theatre.

For a considerable time past I have been in a state of perplexity as to how to account for certain phrases of *Globe* editorial. The particular style of article was that in which the writer endeavored to convey to the public a sense of the delight he experienced at being able to make a point against a political opponent in or out of the press. Heretofore I have been at a loss to rightly appreciate the efforts of a *Globe* editor to manifest his exuberance over some fresh folly of Sir John; his joy at learning of some new trickery of Tupper; his great glee at Meredith's mistakes, Bunting's

blunders, or Griffin's gyrations. Now, in the light of scientific research, I am mystified no more. The *Aclepiad*, speaking of felicity as a physiological quality, observes:—"The centre of the emotion of felicity is not in the brain."

"Green-gilled oysters" are esteemed a great delicacy, and I notice several able essays in the papers on the nature, habits, physical conformation, taste and price of the emerald-jawed mollusk. Well, all this may be entertaining reading for those whom this sort of reading is calculated to entertain. But as for me, when I want to talk about oysters I want to talk about oysters, pure and simple, on the half shell. Questions as to the race or creed or political leaning or color of the bivalves have no interest for me. I respect The Oyster in the abstract—and the season. If ever any thoughts of "green gills" enter my head it is only when I, being impecunious, observe a man entering an oyster parlor, with that unmistakable air of grace and appetite. I then turn green in the gill with envy of him and his princely means.

That editor of the *Globe* whose occupation it is to be sarcastic or lose his job, admits his lack of acquaintance with "East Indian orthography," but offers no excuse for spelling "duet," "duette," and "petit-jury," "petite-jury." Probably his French yet bothers him slightly, and one mustn't be too hard with a foreigner and alien. That he is a foreigner and alien in a moral as well as a national sense must be apparent to any one reading his merciless critique on Mr. Collins' new book. You could perhaps name an historian who takes higher rank than Mr. Collins; but you would have to scour a great stretch of country in order to find a book-reviewer more bitterly uncharitable, more unredeemably malevolent, more grossly and unconscionably vindictive, than the *Globe* editor whose occupation it is to be sarcastic or lose his job. The *Mail* reviewer's veal vapidness and verbosity does not surprise me half so much as the *Globe* reviewer's vulgar, voluminous virulence. The alliteration is as unstudied as the sentiments are free-born.

Who on earth is the "Wm. Macdougall" who has been writing up the law on the question of telegram production, or rather the production of telegrams—in court. I remember—it seems to me several years ago—a party named Macdougall who used to have something or other to do with politics. He was in Parliament, if I remember aright, and supported the Reform party? Or, stay? Was it not the Conservative cause he upheld? Or did he own allegiance to any party? That is to say, did he not try both parties and make a miss of it in each case? This man, of whom I have such a vague recollection, disappeared suddenly from public notice—how or when or why or where to, don't task me! At all events, there was no reason, to my thinking, why Mr. Macdougall, whoever he is, should have taken up a couple of columns of print to advise a Telegraph Company that the best way to settle the question of producing tell-tale telegrams required in a court of justice is to destroy the tell-tale telegrams.

The Great Story, A Gilded Sin, is now being published in the *Evening Mail*! This is the run of a powerfully written advertisement in Mr. Bunting's paper. It is a wonder to me that Mr. Bunting's fine sense of the eternal fitness of things is not outraged by this freak of the advertising agent. This "Gilded Sin" of romance is so painfully suggestive of that other Gilded Sin of reality! The trouble with that other Gilded Sin, by the bye, has never yet been fully and satisfactorily explained, and the consequence is there are num-

berless persons hastening to a premature gratification, which is to say, conclusion regarding it, which the natural facts might not at all justify. The premature conclusion is that the Sin was not Gilded enough for the Sinners, although, doubtless, the sinners considered that it was. At all events the Gilded Sin has been knocked higher than Gilderoy's kite—always assuming, of course, that the *Mail* is mistaken when it declares there was no sin except on the part of Mr. Mowat and his colleagues.

Good-bye, Mr. Blake! Good-bye! I wish it could have been otherwise. But I see no help for it, since the *Mail* says you must go. It is unfortunate that at this particular juncture you are going to quit the arena and hang up your tights for good. The chances were never so much in your favor as at the present time. The Tory Government has seen its best days and its stock is far below par and still sinking. Your opportunities for points are more and more frequent, and I notice you are taking advantage of them better than ever before. People are beginning to believe that you are more than a mere theorizer! Your party are at last learning the value of perfect unity and of perfect confidence in their leader! The Fates are really becoming propitious to the Liberalism you enunciate. In a word it seems to me that Blake's Boom has Begun! And yet you must go! Too bad, sir, too bad entirely! You have—But what is that you say? Maybe the *Mail* is a little out in its calculation? Well, that's so! Yes, yes! Maybe it is. I had not looked at the matter from that standpoint.

The other day Alderman Harry Piper, in a fiery burst of eloquent admiration called forth by the rapid growth of Toronto, exclaimed:—"Look at her now, boys, and think what she was twenty years ago! I tell you nothing can stop her!" To remove all doubts as to the genuineness of this incident I may mention that I take it from the city news of the *Globe*, which never makes a mistake as to a local fact, but only as to the particulars—in the way of grammar and orthography and other minutiae of that description. Evidently the reporter has omitted a trifle of the figurative ornamentation in transcribing the speech; but yet, unconsciously perhaps, he stamps the imprimatur of the author indelibly on it when he makes him assign the feminine gender to the city. It is "so like 'Arry!" who, in the excess of his true-hearted gallantry, would actually assign the city—to the feminine gender—or rather the female sex—if he owned it and they asked him to. There is a whole sermon in Ald. Piper's unstudied outburst! The city must grow! Let her go on, I say! Go on in size! Go on in wealth! Go on in importance! Go on in frequency of lectures at the Zoo!

I never could fully understand which was the ruling motive in those who promote fancy fairs and the like for charitable objects—pride or philanthropy, pleasure or profit? It seems to me that although nature never endowed me with faculties constituting me a born mathematician, yet I could sit down and work out a problem proving conclusively that it costs to engineer a charity entertainment, money, time and trouble, in an inverse ratio to the object and the net financial receipts. I say I could do such a sum; but, like the Yankee and the boiled crow, I do not positively hanker for the job, because it would entail the entry on the 'debit side of the account of so much that would wound the *amour propre* of hosts of well-meaning but—well, peculiar people. My idea as to a charity ball is to have the ball at one time and the charity at another. In fact, it might not be a bad plan to give the charity all the attention and postpone the ball—or the concert or the

bazaar, or the *fete*, indefinitely. Benevolence, alms-giving, or active goodness look better away from the glare and glitter of Fashion's frivolities and gaities.

The Scott Act has been described as the Dunkin Act minus the five-gallon clause. But there appears to be no cause for alarm on the part of those who were satisfied with the Dunkin Act, as an accommodating doctor, an enterprising druggist, and any sort of layman—or rather lie man—are capable, if they combine forces, of restoring the five-gallon clause pretty nearly in its pristine beauty and fullness—in its fullness at all events. Of course the medical men are all ready to go into print and explain that it is a grave mistake for the newspapers to charge them with being active and interested middlemen in the perpetuation of the Liquor traffic in Temperance districts. Because grave mistakes are not unknown to them, the doctors fancy that editors are likely to commit some in commenting on returns from Scott Act counties. The whiskey dispensed may, as they allege, be legitimately prescribed. At least, the patients will support this view of the case. But, if the returns are correct, either large quantities of whiskey are good for certain people, or else certain people are good for large quantities of whiskey—and get them easily. The doctors are thus placed between the horns of a dilemma. Their patients are also between horns—and not a long time between them either, it seems.

THE PASSING SHOW.

The Royal Museum closes at the end of this week, and Manager Montford offers his interest in the establishment for sale, being obliged to be absent from the city during the summer months in connection with other business. The programme this week is first-class.

Mr. Waugh Lauder gave a brilliant recital of piano music at Mason & Risch's warehouses on Saturday afternoon, before a large audience.

Everybody will be glad to hear that Mr. Denman Thompson is back with *Joshua Whitcombe*. If you want to laugh, go and see him.

The complimentary benefit to Mr. J. F. Thomson, on Monday evening, was a great artistic success. Claxton's orchestra made a pronounced hit on the occasion. We are afraid Toronto isn't worthy of such a company of musicians.



THE ORIGINAL INVENTOR OF SOLIDIFIED WHISKEY.



HELP! MORE HELP

Mrs. PREMIER.—Drat that youngster! He's in trouble again!

"OUR OWN" INTERVIEWS SIR CHARLES.

As soon as I heard of the retirement of Sir Charles Tupper, I felt it my bounden duty in the interest of GRIP and the whole country to go to Ottawa and interview him. So I packed my valise and started for the capital. I found the renowned knight deeply immersed in the pages of the Court Guide. On the table was a volume by Professor Fanning, erstwhile of Toronto, treating on the ways and customs of good society, and how the novice should act and deport himself on his introduction thereto.

"This is very sad, Sir Charles," said I, assuming a funeral cast of countenance suitable to the occasion.

"What's sad, and whose sad?" was the rather unexpected answer.

"You leaving us, and the *Globe*," said I, dismally, answering his double-barrelled query at once.

"What in thunder are the *Globe* people sad about? Confound them! I'd like to give the Deacon something to cry about before I leave, for the way he has always pitched into me," was the irate remark of the statesman.

"Ah!" said I, "that's where you get it! You see you furnished about one-fourth of stock for editorial matter, and always came in handy when they were short of copy. Of course, in England you'll get it once in a while, but you'll be away from the country and the articles won't have the same effect, see? On the *Globe* they have (so I've been informed) three distinct and separate personal editors: One for John A., one for Tilley, and one for you. It is the duty of these hirelings to keep a well-written stock of editorials to apply to you each respectively as the occasion may require. Now the Tupper editor will get the bounce, as his occupation's gone with you, see? Now that's sad, ain't it?"

"Very," said Sir Charles reflectingly. "How do you think you'll like the old country?" was the next question.

"Oh! I think I'll like it well enough. It's a pretty foggy clime, but it can't be much worse than around the gulf coast, let alone the fogs of Canadian politics, which I have managed to get through all right."

"Fog or no fog in England, Sir Charles," said I, in the same strain, "you'll be mist here."

"Ha! ha! very good! nothing like a little joke to drive away the vapors, the opportunity to perpetrate one never should be missed. D've see?" laughed the departing knight, "What'll you take?"

"My departure," said I, glad to see that he was not heart-broken about his going away. "Adieu adios, farewell and bon voyage," and I left Sir Charles to his study of etiquette and precedence, according to the rules of the London prize—I mean court society.

MORE PRIZES.

A CHANCE FOR EVERY ABLE INVENTOR IN THE GRIP would fain always avoid a course which might put native modesty to the blush, however so worthy the motive prompting his action. Modest himself, he has a keen appreciation of the finer feelings of others, and spares them the laceration of public tributes to their virtues, their accomplishments or their enterprise, whenever it is at all possible to avoid it. In the present instance, however, he finds he would be recreant to his duty as a duly authorized rewarder of merit, to say nothing of his throwing away a chance to scoop the daily papers on an item of all important news—if he were to ignore the subjoined list of additional special prizes, (which it is more than certain will appear in the Industrial Fair catalogue)—kill his informant, and leave the world in darkness:

SPECIAL PRIZES.

For a successor—*Sir John*.
For another chance—*Meredith*.
For an easier job—*Bunting's Griffin*.
For a club—*Angry Higgins*.
For a parallel and plea—*O'Chargemup Macdonald*.
For another such-like verdict—*Mowat*.
For a good chance to take office.—*The McCarthys*.
The best plan of R-r-venge!—*Tu Phairson*.
For best cure for personal unpopularity and a weakness for funeral jokes.—*Ed. Blake*.
For an administrative record.—*John Curling*.
The best recipe for patience and a policy.—*The Grip Party*.
For best way to carry the Scott Act.—*The Doctors and Druggists*.

The value of the prizes extends all the way from a cabinet portfolio down. The donors' blushes will assuredly be spared, under the circumstances. As to GRIP's services in this connection, pray do not mention them. Virtue is its own reward.

A CHATHAM FISHING PARTY.

DEAR GRIP,—Four of 'em arranged that they should go fishing, so they spooned around "Morton's" till he tackled 'em for it. They were gone the first two days of this lovely May, and may I be "bate" severely if it wasn't just the "daisiest" trip on record yet. I had the good luck to see 'em return, and thinking it a good chance to cast about for a fish or so, in spite of the late terrible warning—I approached!

An ecstatic gentleman promptly "Ball-ed" out in a deep bass voice "I'm the great King-fisher! I caught a fish as long as my rod"—and so it proved (it was a perch). On being questioned as to the weight of the whole catch one "Berry" smooth accented party testified to its being over "600 lbs," which was subsequently found to be a true "Bill." Yet another gentleman showed up a fine muscalonge, and in response to a question in reference to the mode of capture, coolly replied that he "Bob-bed" for it. A man should be sent to the "Mercer" reformatory for expecting anyone to be gillie enough to bite at such a scaly story as that. A quiet party, evidently anxious to be in at the fin-ish now raised his voice and trolled forth a sweet little tale about how he cast out his bait "Andrew" in a 5 lb. bass (a green one I presume). Totally knocked out by the "pounding" I received, and seeing no prospects of being able to go with the swim in the matter of dividends, I faintly murmured "troll-all-eh!" and after cautiously "hooking" a plump bass I waved farewell and reeled feebly down the "turn-pike" thinking what a "sucker" they must take me to be, and wondering how it was that some men's "lyin's" were cast in such pleasant places, and if any of the Gentlemen happened to be equipped with multiplying reels. NOMAD.

THE MISPLACED WORD.

Oh, oft I have read of the misplaced switch,
And the ruin and the death it entails
When the train topples over into the ditch,
As it leaps from the guiding rails.

And, sometimes, methinks of another switch—
What joy-thrills when it is misplaced,
That is, placed on a miss so to tell which is switch
You could never—it cannot be traced!

But a misplaced word is a thing, I ween,
We all do not count for much;
How many a "graduate's" "saw" for "seen"
Is as oft as her "sich" for "such!"

Now list to a tale of truth from me,
And a warning from it pray take:
'Tis about a person of high degree—
A Senator, superfine make.

A countryman one of his clan came up
And grasped his big, strong hand,
And hoped in his heart with him to sup
On the very fat of the land.

"Losh, mon! Ye gie it till them strang!"
He said, and his chance was good
For a cordial bid to "Come along
And tak a wee bit fuid."

"When I readit hoo ye banged the *Glob*
And stirrit up Blakie's spleen,
I said to myself, he's the stuff for the job—
Mair power till him he g'ien!"

The clansman went away home that night,
Not filled with the Senator's cheer;
Of free-lunch liver he had a bite,
With his mug or two of beer.

In vain he cudgelled his brain to know
What had made the Senator sour!
'Twas only a misplaced word, I trow—
"A misplaced word?" Yes—"Power!"

SEND HIM ONE.

Orange Judd, Editor of the *American Agriculturist* for some thirty years, but unconnected with its business management for a year or two past, has lately retired from its editorial department and located in the West. He desires to gather a complete "Postal-Card Album" of his old Readers and Friends, and requests them all to send him now a Postal giving their present location and address, naming also, when convenient, the years in which they were his subscribers. Mr. Judd's address is Chicago, Illinois.

"No," said the young man, "I don't like flashy neckties, but I've worn them since the beginning of the silk quilt craze. You see, the girls begs the ties, and that makes the fellows who wear them of some importance."



A PROGNOSTICATION.

Mrs. BUSBY.—My dear, we can't go to the church garden party next Wednesday after all! Isn't it too bad!

Mr. B.—And why can't we, pray?

Mrs. B.—Well, I see by this paper that Mr. Thomson is going to have a concert on that date. It's sure to rain!



A CHANGE OF CLOTHES.

SIR C. T.—THANKS FOR YOUR TROUBLE IN WHITEWASHING EM—BUT I PREFER THIS COURT SUIT—IT'S SO MUCH PRETTIER.

THE EVENING PARTY.

By G. WHILLIKENS, JR.

Oh, the music! oh, the music! in that house across the street,
Listen to that old piano. Listen to the pounding feet
Of the revellers who hold their orgies there!
Keeping time, time, time,
With their boots upon the floors,
While the lime, lime, lime,
From the ceiling on them pours,
Till each rat and mouse is frightened from his lair.
But still they prance and prance,
In ripple, glide and waltz,
And they dance and dance and dance,
And not one of them halts;
While the old piano rattles out of tune,
And the girl who on it thumps
Has got knuckles like Jim Mace,
And she's got the doleful dumps,
Judging from her stolid face,
As she gazes on each empty-headed loon
Who asks her to "go on."
Just to have another "set,"
And she lays her hand upon
The keys of bone and jet,
And she wishes all the party to the moon.
But the wretched creature's hired,
To play the evening through,
And they think she can't be tired,
For it's only half-past two.
But at last the giddy revellers go home,
They forget to say "good-by,"
And the lady with a sigh,
Marches off unto her lodgings all alone.

TWO INJURED INDIVIDUALS.

As a Discolored Optic was proceeding down the street he met his old friend A Severe Cold, who was walking along with a most dejected and cast-down air.

"How now, old Severe Cold?" he cried, "what is the matter? You look terribly down in the mouth."

"I ab dowd id the bouth," was the reply. "I have good cause to be. I ab bladed for everythig."

"How is that?" enquired the Discolored Optic, sympathizingly.

"Why, it's as plaid as a pikestaff," answered the other. "For istance, a bad goes od a regular old four-horse jamboree: he is too sick after it to go to work and the excuse is sedt to his employers that a Severe Cold has dearly killed him. I ab bladed whed I hadn't the first thig to do with the batter. Oh! they're a hard crowd, these bortals. Odly three days ago youg Skiderbilink wadted to go out of towd to a cock-fight, but didn't kdow what excuse to make to the badager at the office; what does he do? Sedd dowd word that a Severe Cold had settled od his lungs and wouldn't be shaken off, and there, whilst I was bladed for the young fellow's absedee frob duty, he was out havig a high old tibe backing the speckled badtad agaidst the pit. I say, old Discolored Optic, it ain't a fair show."

"Well, it isn't," replied the other, "but I am a pretty badly used up fellow too. Nobody believes me; I am put down as the biggest liar on the face of the globe. Just as soon as I appear I am asked how I got there; it's no good my saying that I was struck by a stick of wood, or that I ran against a door in the dark, or that a baseball hit me: all I get for telling the truth is a sneer and an incredulous laugh and my reputation as a prevaricator becomes more firmly rooted than ever."

"But you have such a blackguard appearance," suggested the other. "The very look of you is a dead give-away."

"I can't help that," replied the Discolored Optic. "I am as nature made me. You're not very good-looking yourself."

"Do, I dod't suppose I ab," replied the Severe Cold, "but it's a shabe the way people treat us. There was Biss Baude Fitz Jades the other dight at a party ad they wadted her to sig; but she was sulky because youg Robid-sod was spoodig adother girl ad so she said she was very sorry but she couldn't sig as she had such a Severe Cold, ad there wad't the first thig the batter with her; ad then every-body said 'It's too bad: these dreadful

Severe Colds; wud bust be very careful as they are so treacherous? So Biss Fitz Jades got off siggig ad had her spite out as well ad I got all the blabe, ad was perfectly iddocted all the tibe."

"Yes, it's doosid hard lines," agreed the Discolored Optic who was a bit of a rowdy, anyhow; "here's another instance: when I appeared on young Sluggermore's face after his little fatic difficulty with Knockerson, he told everybody that—"

"That what?" exclaimed the Severe Cold, "Surely he did't tell the truth that tibe."

"No," answered the Discolored Optic, "he said I was due to a Severe Cold."

"Oh! by Jove," sighed the other, wearily, "it's too bad to go ad accuse be of havig adgthig to do with sluggig. Say, I be disgusted; let's go ad have sobethig. I'll take squills ad ditre ad hot gruel ad put by feet id a warb bath; what'll you take?"

"Oh! I guess I'll take a little raw beef-steak and go ad hold myself up against a lamp-post for a time," replied the Discolored Optic.

"All right, good-bordig."

"Tra-la-la."

SWIZ.

Grip's Clips.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

"Why was I discharged?" indignantly asked a newly-hired reporter of the managing editor.

"Well sir; for the commonest reasons in the business."

"And what are they?"

"Well, I noticed in one of your items during the past week that you used the expression 'as it were' seven times, 'tripped the light fantastic toe' eleven times, and several other worn-out stereotyped expressions a corresponding number of times."

"Well, sir; I—"

"No further remarks; the decision of the court is final."

A BIT OF A HUMORIST'S EXPERIENCE.

Here to-day and gone to-morrow. Same old lecture. Draws from the cradle to the grave. Delivered it fifty times a year for the last twenty three years. "The thinner the ice is, the more crazy overy one is to see if it will bear." Guess I can hold out as long as my audience does. And, besides, if I was to write two lectures, like as not I should spoil them both. However, "every dog has his day," and "it's a long lane that knows no turning," as the giraffe said when he bit off his keeper's ear. Pshaw. You don't believe that story about the Michigan millionaire leaving a lot of money to some of us funny fellows, do you? Why, Eli Perkins told it first, and he was in the pool. "That makes a difference!" Well, I should say it did. Just for curiosity and to satisfy my creditors, see, I telegraphed to Grand Rapids. "And Hunt hadn't died and left me \$5,000?" Why, bless your soul, young man, there never was no such person. He never had a chance to die—Henry W. Shaw (Josh Billings).

HIS SPIRITS WERE DAMPENED,

The train halted for a few minutes at the station, and a young man who had been entertaining two fair maidens with his cultivated conversation during the last run rushed out and disappeared behind the door of an adjacent saloon. He swung himself on the car just as the train started, and pantingly re-

sumed his seat and the abruptly interrupted chit-chat.

"Gracions?" exclaimed one of the girls. "How frightened you look!"

"Do I?" he gasped. "I don't feel so. I only went out to see a friend."

"You must have met a wicked ghost," she said.

With a puzzled look he murmured, "Why, that's absurd. You know I don't believe in the supernatural."

"Perhaps not," she retorted, with the faintest suggestion of a sneer; "but your breath is awfully suggestive of bad spirits."

The youth muttered something about malaria, and concealed his pungent exhalations behind a paper.—*Drake's Travellers' Magazine.*

THAT ALTERED THE CASE.

"So you want a position as clerk, do you?" asked the proprietor of the hotel of a dapper young applicant.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you had much experience?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I have been connected with a great many of the large hotels, and can give the best of recommendations."

"Well," said the landlord, "we want a clerk, but—"

"But what?" asked the young man.

"You seem to have no diamond breastpin."

"Yes, I have. I've got a big one, but I thought I wouldn't wear it this morning."

"In that case," said the hotel proprietor, with a relieved look, "the position is at your service. I thought at first you had a diamond yet to purchase, and the way business is going on just now it might cramp me somewhat."

The following is a literal transcript of a sign on a Pennsylvania village store:—"Tea and Taters, Sugar and Shingles, Brickdust and Lasses, Whisky, Tar, and other Drugs."

"Young man," said an orator, impressively, "do you want to go to a drunkard's grave?" "Well," replied the young man, with the careless grace of a man who isn't accustomed to refusing, "I don't care if I do. Whereabouts is your grave?"

A Dakota lawyer was recently arrested for stealing wood, but such was the power of his eloquence that he made the jury believe that he was only walking in his sleep, and thought that he was placing flowers on the grave of his first wife.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Benj. West used to say, "A kiss from my mother made me a painter." We infer that a great many sign painters, who turn out such signs as this: "John H. Smith. Dealer in Dry Good's and Notion's" were never kissed by their mothers.—*Norristown Herald.*

Two English ladies, travelling by rail, showed signs of being sick because the locomotive scattered a black and disagreeable smoke. "Sorry, mesdames," said a conciliating neighbor; "but, nevertheless, they can not put the locomotive in the smoking-car."

To a toast of "The babies—God bless them!" a railway conductor responded, "May their route through life be pleasant and profitable; their track straightforward, and not backward. May their fathers be safe conductors, their mothers faithful tenders, and their switch never misplaced!"

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits. Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise."

A FEW REMARKS ABOUT OLD MAIDS AND THE FAIR SEX GENERALLY.

Old maids are said by men to be the essence of acidity, And others grasp the same idea with eagerest rapidity; But I myself have always had my doubts of its validity. In which perhaps you think I show the greatest of stupidity,

But I don't.

Of course there are some ancient maids filled full of gall and bitterness, But that they are not all the same I sit here as a witness (!)

They're rather queer, I own, and charged with what the Yanks call "critter-ness,"

But that's all.

A woman really should not be accused of eccentricity, Because she thinks a single state will bring the most felicity;

A man imagines if she won't get spliced, she's sure to miss it—ho

Is an ass.

There's every chance that she will find a man a superfluity, Although a man cannot be brought in this same light to view it, he

Appears to think that such a thing is quite an incongruity;

Poor fellow!

Why, a man's the vainest thing on earth, far worse than femininity; He laughs at it for being vain in his proud masculinity, Thus showing that he really is the height of asinity;

So hanged to him!

A man imagines he's the thing a female must be dying for, And that his lovely self is all that, beautiful woman's sighing for,

And that "a man! a man! a man!" is what each girl is crying for.

Heavings!

Bah! if girls could get their pop and cream and bonnets without paying for 'em, They'd say, "Why! what's the use of men? it isn't worth while trying for 'em."

I know they would, and they'll acknowledge all that I am saying for 'em,

Won't you, pets?

So, in conclusion, I beg to remark that Old maids are sensible indeed; acknowledge the propriety

Of this when next you see a man in state of inebriety, And say if, of that creature you would shortly have satiety

Or not.

Old maids have no such things as men who're fond of lush to trouble 'em,

And, if they've troubles of their own, such men would only double 'em, (And here I cannot find a rhyme to double 'em and trouble 'em,

So let her go.)

And now my little song I've sung in vein of jocularity, Some folks will say that my ideas are tinged with singularity,

But I have quite forgotten one, just one, peculiarity, And that's why some old maids are so—because their hair is carrotty.

Good-Bye.

Swiz.

[The author of the above, before he let himself out in that last line, had everything packed and ready for a start for the summit of Mount Everest. The Editor of GRIP will not be responsible for the opinions of his contributors, but if any lady with fiery locks should feel aggrieved, she will be admitted to his presence on leaving her umbrella in the outer office. Tall, gaunt, bony, and muscular females will not be permitted to see him under any pretence whatever. Ed. GRIP.]

REMINISCENCES OF SLOWTON LIT- TERY SASSIETY.

By JAY KAYELLE, EX-PRESIDENT.

PAPER III.—THE PRIZE ESSAY.

When our Sassiety made a rule they stuck to it. Them there laws of the Medes and Prussians wan't no circumstance to the laws of the Slowton Literary Sassiety. When a member was picked out to do a thing he'd got to do it, and no backin' out either. It was a discipline; a kinder trainin' for the time when they'd be pulled up short; thrown on their own resources; stood upon their heads in a barrel as it were, an' left to their own ingeniosity to git right side up again, without upsettin' the barrel. An' he's no

man who can't spit on his hands and tackle successfull' jist sich a figgerative contingency. Well, Jim Bluff he was picked out an' voted in to write an Essay on Love. Jim was a quiet young fellow, about nineteen, an' had real good principles. In fact it was Jim proposed that when a member was picked out to do a thing he'd got to do it, an' he'd allus keep harpin' on the meanness of fellows tryin' to back down an' out. When I riz to make the announcement about him an' the Essay, he was nowhere to be seen, he was sittin' straight behind Miss Fly, an' she wore a cartwheel hat. They told me after, though, that when he heard his name mentioned, an' the task he'd got, he put his hat right down on the floor, an' fainted dead away. Yes, sir, he fainted! The magnitood of the subject overpowered his intellects, as it were, an' he mercifully became unconscious. They borryed the lend of a hand cart, and toted him home to his mother, an' she'd an awful time with him. It went to his brain, and give him the delireums, an' she'd to sit up all night keepin' ice to his head. Next day he was up an' around again, an' felt more like tacklin' the Essay. I happened to drop into the Circulatin' Libery in the evenin' an' there I seen Jim, busy haulin' the books out one by one, an' lookin' an' shovin' 'em in again, just like he was lookin' for suthin' he couldn't find.

"What are you up to, Jim," says I, over his shoulder like.

"Oh nothin'," says he startin', but I seen he was blushin' worse'n a roarin' boar allus is, an' I jist twigged then an' there what was the trouble.

"It's the Essay, Jim," says I.

"Right you are," says he, "An' it's that same Essay is goin' to be the death of me yet. I jist came in here to see what some of them authors say on the subject, for I'm blest if I've a single idea of my own."

"Jim," says I, "do you mean to tell me that a fellow of your age was never in love?"

"I dunno," says Jim, "but what's that got to do with this here Essay."

"Everything," says I, "a essay ought to be a man's thoughts an' opinions an' feelins' on the given subjec. Your given subject is Love. Honest Injun, now Jim, atween you an' I an' the gate-post, what do you think of love?"

"Well," says he, scratchin' his head, "I think it's—well—oh—um—(blamed if I can get a word to my likin') its a—pecooliar."

"Very good, Jim," says I, "an' when you see the object of your pecooliar comin' smilin' up the street, how do you feel?"

"Oh!" says he, with a kinder laugh, "all overish like. My heart stands still for a minute, an' then goes gallopin' lickety-whop, till I ketch myself standin' blushin' like some blamed fool."

"Very good," says I, "Now Jim, just get your pen, an' put that down in black an' white."

"What!" says Jim, an' I seen his hair risin' up straight, all over his head.

"Open your Essay with that," says I, "set it down kinder this way—'Love is a pecooliar kind of a feelin'. It makes a fellow feel all overish half the time. When a fellow sees the object of this pecooliar feelin' a block off, the cirkelation of the blood stops all of a suddint—won't go,—baulks like,—then off she starts, gallopin' an' tearin', worse'n Olympus on Mount Pegasus; through every vein an' artery of your blessed body, upsettin' yer reason, bewilderin' yer senses, an' makin' a fellow's face look like a bran-new brick house.'—How's that?"

"That's boss"—says he, "That's stavin'! I never thought of that."

"The great thing," says I, "is, to stick to Natur. Stick to Natur, Jim! Do as Cromwell did with Charles the Second, paint him warts an' all, especially the warts—do 'em

good an' brown. Bring your pints out in strong bass reliefs, like the siscoes of the old masters on the walls of Rome. Be original or nothin'. Don't ye go copyin' nobody. Don't ye be wastin' time hatchin' out some all-fired ideal. Natur is the ideal, an' she's everlastingly posin' right afore ye in every possible attitood an' condition. Don't ye go titivatin' up yer essay, with roses an' posies, an' eyes an' sighs, an' all that there humbug about jew drops, an' the breath of viles, an' zephyrs an' stars, an' little naked youngsters with two beef hearts stuck on a harpoon an' sich. Write down what you see, an' hear an' feel. Love that needs all sich fiddle-de-decs to represent it ain't much. Love is a passion—a new life, a power that lays hold on ye by the scruff of the neck an' pitches ye right into the hot breath of the fannin' machine—an' whether ye come out most wheat or most chaff, depends entirely on what kind of stuff ye're made of. Fither ye come out better or worse, but whichever way, you're never the same man again. Love in some rare cases leads to marriage, an' the happy creatures settle down an' play Heaven, like children play house, an' the world-worn traveller stops to look at the picture, beautiful an' temptin' as the mirage in the desert. As a rule, however, Love an' Marriage are too very different things, as Birmingham Young has proved by experimental demonstration."

These an' several more hints an' notes I gave Jim to help him up with his Essay—an' I tell ye sir, when the time cum it was a grand success—carried off the first prize, which was "A Translation of the Iliad into Greek by the Pope."

LETTERS TO EMINENT PERSONS.

TO MARTIN MALLOY MULLARKY, GENT.

SIR,—It was only after deep deliberation and a thorough research into your character and antecedents that I concluded to enroll you on the honored list of eminent persons, therefore, Martin Malloy Mullarky, Gent, consider yourself so enrolled. Readers of GRIP, whose name is legion, will in all probability wonder why you are selected for that honor. It is, O! Mullarky, because you represent a type of citizen, that in leaving neglected or unnoticed I would consider that I had committed laches of duty, not only to the readers of GRIP but to the country at large. Mullarky, you were born on the somewhat unstable and shaky margin of a bog, in the south-west of Ireland, and your early days were principally passed in cutting turf and stacking it for the purposes of fuel. Your daily diet consisted of potatoes washed down by an unlimited libation of butter-milk. Twice or thrice a year you were regaled with a rasher of bacon and a fresh egg. Your education was derived from the curriculum of a hedge schoolmaster, and the said hedge was your *alma mater*. It was at this *al fresco* temple of learning that you acquired the oft misplaced "jawbreakers" that you so frequently make use of in your orations, and you have not forgotten, by any means, the pompous and high-sounding language of your pastoral professor, nor the birch which he used with marked effect in his endeavor to enlighten you into the mysteries of the Rule of Three and Vulgar Fractions.

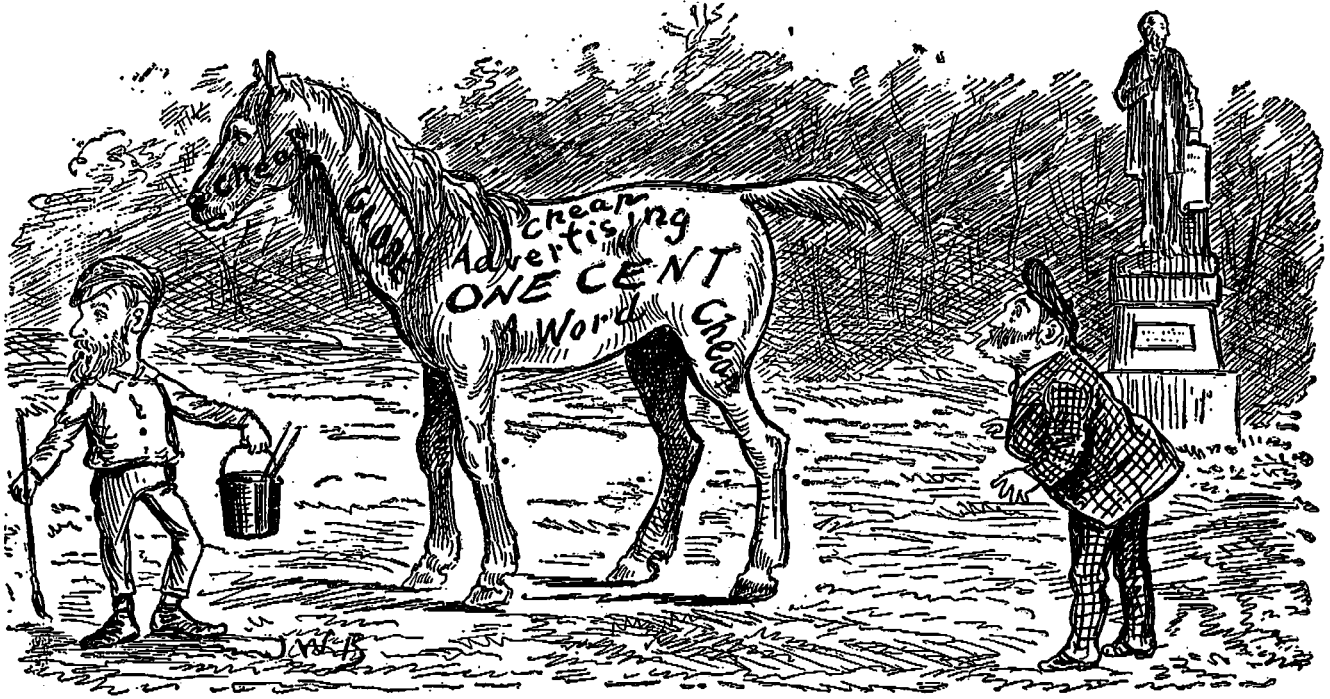
Now, recollect and bear in mind, Mullarky, that I don't mention these incidents of your early career to raise a sneer at your humble position or surroundings; I only recite them to give you a hint not to assume the aristocratic airs you put on with those now to an extent subservient to you. I allude to your servants, your tenants, and the poor generally, who seek you, the great and rich Mr. Mullarky, to obtain advice, work, or assistance of any kind.

Another thing you should avoid, Mr. Mullarky, is the subject of your royal descent. Your vague hints as to the fact of your being

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a descendant of the ancient Irish kings won't wash, and even if it did there are so many thousands of your countrymen who would be prepared to contest your claim to the imaginary throne, that I would advise you, by all means, to say nothing more to anybody on that point.

There is one thing, however, that I really must caution you against in earnest, and to which your regal claim is but a bagatelle, and that is your continually pitching into every thing British or English as you call it. Everything good, bad, or indifferent done by the British authorities you condemn. Now, Mullarky, notwithstanding your talk of British tyranny, and the cruelty of the hated Saxon, do you ever (save and excepting the United States) pitch your tent in any country other than where the Union Jack waves?

Do you, my patriotic friend, un'ess under very exceptional circumstances, such as blowing up a building or so, even think of settling in France to make your living? I wot not, good Mullarky. Does Germany strike you as a good place to emigrate? Not much—or Italy, or Austria, or Spain? No, my wise Mullarky, you know a tick worth two of that. In these countries you would have to represent your district in the army and carry a rifle, living on liquors, sausage, and sour wine the best part

of your life. You would not be allowed to leave your adopted country even if you wanted to, and had the means to go, except you were prepared to give bonds for your appearance when required for the ranks. In fact you would be in an almost complete state of serfdom.

Now, let us look at the situation in down-trodden Ireland. Having the wherewithal, you can travel from Cork to the Giant's Causeway unmolested by *Mouchards* or *Gens d'Armes*. You may say and write what you like even to the verge of high treason! You are free from conscription, with all that the name implies, and in short "if you haven't got shoes you can go barefoot," and you and your compatriots do acts there, that were it under that bald-headed old swine coop, Bismarck, or Prince Son of Awich, of Russia, they would dragoon you with fire and sword, and leave the country sacred to the cats and the badgers. So reflect, Martin Malloy Mullarky, Gent., and don't shoot off your mouth so much about "British Tyranny," and by the way if you would reduce your own rents a trifle in these hard times, and give your poor tenants a chance, you would show a good example to the tyrant landlords of Ireland you so delight to pitch into. So lay this lesson to your soul. Mullarky, Adieu! Adieu! DANGER.

A "LAY" OF ANCIENT ROME.

BY MICK AWLAY.

'Twas an illigant mornin' in summer,
The boardin' house bell had just rung,
And misliff and O'Nayro, the bummer,
Fur eggs and peraties had sung.

The waiither, sweet Biddy O'Remus Muldoon,
With a dexterous twist o' her hand,
Two lovely billed eggs, some salt and a spoon,
Right quickly forniast us did land.

O'Nayro, with surprisin' precision,
One minute aloft holds his knife,
And then in the egg makes an incision—
The natest I've seen in my life.

And now all dense grows the atmosfere,
And O'Nayro with rage does foam—
Sez I tull the bummer, "Dear bye, don't shware,
Shure its a 'lay' of Ancient Rome."

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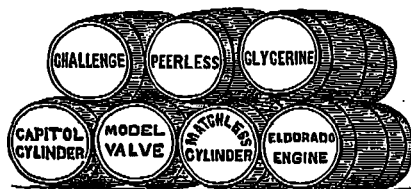


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