

world of good." Prof. Edward Holst, pianist and composer, Chicago, Ill.: "Its effects are in harmony with its claims." In conclusion we would say that it is the imperative duty of every family to have a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil on



hand for all emergencies; for the remedy is a true friend in need, and the occasion for its immediate use may come when it is least expected. Follow this advice, and it will not be long before you will join us in calling St. Jacobs Oil "A National Blessing."

Canadian Wayside Sketches.

THE COUNTRY HOTEL.

Shades of St. Boniface defend us!—Reader, dear reader, have you ever had the unhappiness to sojourn in the average Canadian country hotel? If you have, let us shake hands as brothers in affliction, and if you have not, take our advice and—don't. There are far easier, less painful, and more inexpensive ways of suicide. We have been there and respectfully rise to give our experience.

Who invented the Canadian country hotel, and when will the patent expire? All rights must be most stringently secured, for not one single innovation has crept into any one of them within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Yes, there it stands, on the corner facing you, as you disembark from your four-hours' ride in the rickety old stage that now pulls up with a lurch, and lands you, the only passenger to Tumbledown, and collecting your various traps from the respective mud holes in which the obliging stage-driver has deposited them, you stumble up the dilapidated old steps and enter the portals of the "Deary House."

Nothing has changed since you were there 20 years ago, with the exception of the landlord, who has probably been changed about the same number of times, but it is a relief to find that they have not got a patent for him anyway, it tends to vary the monotony somewhat.

Yes! that is the same old bar-room, with its same old stove (sending forth its same infernal heat,) its same old broken-backed chairs, its same old general woe-begone and repulsive appearance (and as you gasp for breath and throw down your quarter, you add) its same old infernal whiskey; but as you are indebted to this latter for the change in landlords, you refrain from comments on the respective merits of camphor and benzine as a boverage, and content yourself merely with a mental calculation as to the number of weeks before another change must take place.

(Mem. for Life Assurance Associations—Do you keep a country hotel?) You retire to a corner as far as possible from the stove, and seat yourself on the only available stool. You are not interested in the animated discussion that is taking place between two of the oldest bonfers as to the number of cords of wood they cut in a certain number of days, on a certain number of lots, and which bids fair ere long to result in different kinds of cutting; you are not interested in the double shuffle calisthenic performance that the young man with the slouch hat and top boots is executing for the edification of his open-mouthed companions; you are not interested in the trotting capabilities of Tom Smith's bay mare who lately eclipsed all former equine performances in Tumbledown by doing it in 2.48 and seven somethings, (as per the narrator's calculation with the single-handed watch and massive brass surroundings;) you are not interested in

those phases of æsthetic art which adorn the watch, and in which are represented the most beautiful blue dogs, the most charming green horses, the most bewitching red-eyed Psyche, and vermilion-haired Madonnas, and which startle you with vague apprehensions as to colour-blindness, and reminiscences as to the whole subject of Dalton is masapplied to yourself.

You are not interested in the perusal of last week's Tumbledown Gazette, whose columns (outside of the advertisements) seem entirely devoted to the important question of the respective qualifications of the rival candidates for village poundkeeper.

You are interested, I say, in none of these things, and with a sigh of relief you hear the same old bell sound the alarm for supper—perhaps you will be more interested in that—we shall see.

VIATOR.



YE TALE OF TADDLE.

Ye senior came down like a wolf on ye fold,
And a poem on parchment with speed he unrolled;
And the fire of his eye it was awful to see,
As it flashed on these freshmen so cheery and free.

Like willows in summer so downy and green,
These bold cheeky freshmen at sunset were seen;
Like leaf scar and yellow, by winter winds blown,
Down Taddle ye freshmen went whirling alone.

For ye senior he tackled each one as he passed,
And swore that ere midnight he'd give them a blast,
And ye eyes of ye freshmen waxed fearful and chill,
For the Taddle ran cold, and the Dean he was nil.

Ye senior he came with his gown flowing wide,
And there put an end to ye cheek and ye pride;
For he captured ye freshmen, with snow on the turf,
And made him sing small, as he hung by his scurf.

Alone sat ye hunter, a captive and pale,
A-fixing ye sheets down ye window to sail;
While they went for their homes with the tail of a gown
And locked up ye sufferers all breathless and blown.

And ye sire of ye freshman is loud in his wail,
For the gown of his son it is minus a tail;
And ye cheek of ye freshman, unsmeared by ye sword,
Hath melted like snow by the Taddle fiord.

FAO.



THE QUEBEC CHRONICLE PUTS HIS "FOOTE" IN IT!

The Financial Question.

ADOLESCENCE VILLA, Jarvis-street,

Toronto, Nov. 29th, 1881.

MR. EDITOR GRIP.

My dear Sir,—I am more than astonished at not receiving a letter from you to congratulate me on the execution already done by my last able and well written letter. As I told you in my private statement at the end, it would certainly drive a nail in somebody's coffin, and it has confined the hopes of the pupils of the Hamilton Collegiate Institute with a vengeance. The do-nothings and those who hate books and hard work are delighted, but the hard-working and ridiculously conscientious students are intensely disgusted and disappointed at the nice way they have been sold and given away. Some of the best scholars go so far as to say that they will only give bare pass work at the examinations, although they are well able to take full honour marks. Of course, the warning conveyed in my able letter was against the girls being allowed to compete in the Universities, thereby giving the male students no chance, but as, wherever prizes are given, you know as well as I do, that the girls will have their share, Hamilton, with its usual ambitiousness, has taken the initiative step backward, by doing away with prizes altogether in the Collegiate Institute, and, if reports be true, next year will abolish them in the public schools also, thereby killing two birds economically with one stone. 1stly, Doing away with all incentive to emulation or progress, and lustily, which is of infinitely more importance, achieving at this one blow a yearly saving of some five or six hundred dollars. By Jove! you know. The members of the Town Council, very properly considering their comfortable circumstances individually, and the snug little amount they each more or less have laid up against a rainy day, all which they have been able to accomplish with a very limited knowledge with the three I's, the idea of winning a prize never once entering their heads, are at a loss to see why the rising generation cannot arrive at the same high eminence whereon they stand, and fight the same battle of Gettingthrough with the old flint weapons, and brass vizors used in their day.

Consequently there will be no public examination, no crowds of parents and other relations jamming up the Academy of Music and manifesting an interest in education, which, in common people, was certainly the climax of absurdity; there will be no report of the year's progress read in the ears of the people, rendering them unduly proud of the youngsters who are carrying all before them in their classes and in the professions they have adopted, no regalizing them with the music of the schools, but for the future, along the cool sequestered vale of life Trustees, Principal, Teachers and Scholars will unnoticably hold the even tenor of their way, as they did in the good days when Hamilton was farmed. This, Mr Grip, is what I call a long stride in the right direction. The fact is, the late Principal, Mr. Macallum, himself a self-made man and a great student, dissatisfied with the slow progress of education in the village (then) and realizing the impossibility of putting an old head on young shoulders, in other words, seeing that the majority of people arrive at years of discretion before they seem able to apprehend the meaning of Life, Time, Education; or appreciate the duty of learning for learning's sake so as to acquit themselves as men and women of the coming 20th. century, resolved with his usual bland wisdom to try the reward system, the punishment ditto being, as a goad, no good whatever. Well, sir, the result was something astonishing. Hamilton shot up like a rocket in an educational sense. The Grammar began to send up students, who polished us off completely, one of them coolly walking off with a Gilchrist. A Hamilton girl, Miss Mills, was the first female to pass the University, and as if that was not enough, it had to be a Hamilton girl, Miss Cummings, who was the first of