

IMPORTER,
GLOVER HARRISON,
CHINA HALL.
49 KING ST. E., Toronto.



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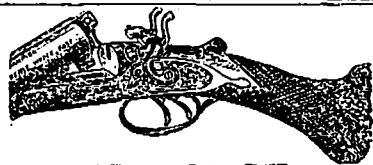
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GRIP

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J. W. BRNGOUGH Editor.

The gravest beast is the bear; the gravest bird is the owl; The gravest fish is the oyster; the gravest man is the fool.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.... Aug. 2.
No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 15.
No. 4. Mr. W. R. Meredith: Will be issued with the number for..... Nov. 15.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Sir Andrew Clark, the eminent English physician, has, after due examination, assured Sir John A. Macdonald that there is nothing seriously wrong with his health. This welcome news has delighted the Conservative party quite as much as it can have pleased the chieftain himself, and no doubt the people at large share the satisfaction most sincerely. But it cannot be denied that the Grit hen had begun to prospect the prematurely made tomb of the Tory leader, and must feel somewhat disappointed when she finds that for the present, at least, her hopes are to be thwarted. If the chieftain retains his vigor till the next election, and succeeds by some happy chance in carrying the country again, he will have realized the bull of "eating the hen that scratches over his grave."

FIRST PAGE.—At the farewell banquet tendered to him at Belfast recently, Lord Dufferin spoke some very kindly words of Canada, words which MR. GRIP hereby accepts and responds to on behalf of the Dominion. There can be no doubt that Lord Dufferin—notwithstanding his diplomatic training and his naturally warm temperament—entertains a most sincere regard for Canada, and that his words are to be taken as the utterances of a genuine friend. We cannot see that he has any personal end to serve by speaking honied phrases that he does not mean. But the Olobe thinks it decent to sneer at our ex-governor's expression of kindness as "oratorical confectionary," a course in which we venture to say the "leading journal" will find no intelligent followers. We trust to Lord Dufferin's own knowledge of our people to save us from the imputation of being, as a nation, destitute of ordinary manners.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Scott Act has been grandly carried in three counties since our last issue, and confirmed by the popular vote after due trial in a fourth. The whiskey guns in Bruce, Dufferin and Huron have been spiked. In the two last places the vanquished foe have stolen some of the ballot-boxes and thus endeavored to thwart the popular will. In

this piece of felony—so exactly in keeping with the general character of a "benevolent trade"—the burglars have fortunately failed of their object, not having stolen enough ballots to overcome the majority. May Canada soon be delivered from a "trade" that finds this sort of thing a congenial occupation.

THE LADY MEDICOS.

AN ANATOMICAL LECTURE BY PROFESSOR NIPPERSON, M.D.

"Now, ladies," began the lecturer of anatomy, Professor Julia Nipperson, M.D. "we will proceed to examine the conformation of the human frame."

"Doesn't she look just two awfully dowdy for anything in that old grey merino she wore last summer?" whispered little Emily Tittle-tat, B.A., to her sworn friend Grace Fitzgossipe.

"Yes, and her teeth are false, I do believe," was the reply, "—say, what do you think Frank Flippity told me last night?"

"I don't know, 'm sure; what was it?" eagerly inquired Miss Emily.

"He said—" "Less talking there, please, ladies," interrupted the lecturer.

"Ugh! the old cross-patch," from Emily in an undertone. "The nasty thing! I'd like to scratch her green eyes out," from her bosom friend.)

"Well, ladies, as I was saying," continued the Professor, "if you will do me the favor to



look at this skeleton"—opening a closet and displaying the framework of the human form divine.

"Oh! oh! oh!" from half a dozen students, "oh! take the nasty thing away," "Oh! my, I'm going to faint," "Hand me your vinaigrette, Mary," "Quick, quick, Lucy Snippetts is swooning," and so on.

When order was in some measure restored the professor proceeded.

"Ladies, you will observe that nature insists that the lower limbs should be free, and that the body, at this point, should measure more in circumference than the chest; that is, of course, in the bony structure we call the skeleton. What do we find is the mandate of fashion? Why this: That the waist should be compressed till the vital organs underneath these lower ribs are crowded against one another in a way most unnatural, and consequently most baneful in its effects. There are many of you, here present, who are so tightly laced that it is a wonder you are able to breathe at all."

"Oh! what a story," exclaimed Miss Maudie Rosemary, "look, Jonnie, I am quite loose," and she performed some wonderful trick known only to the fairer portion of creation, by which she gave herself the appearance of having plenty of room to spare beneath her corset—"oh! isn't she just horrid! the spiteful old thing!"

"Yes," joined in Susie Milkauwater, "and do you know Marion Mussybangs says that Julia Jones told her that Georgina Jimeracks heard Ellen Sourgrapes say that she never had an offer in her life, so there."

"Oh! my, isn't that too charmingly ridiculous, now?" replied Miss Rosemary.

"Now ladies, to continue my remarks," went on the professor; "but first, will any lady kindly lend me a cake of chewing gum, I forgot mine this morning."

Several boxes of the delicious confection are held out to her with such remarks as, "Do try a piece of mine, my dear Miss Nipperson," from Miss Rosemary. "Please take some of this, dearest Julia," from Miss Tittle-tat, B.A., and so forth. Having selected a piece of Miss Boodle's gum, causing that young lady to be regarded with looks of intense hatred and jealousy by the rest of the fair members of the class, Miss Nipperson once more proceeded.

"Ladies, you may possibly think I am going too far when I say that fully one-half of the disorders from which we suffer are due to this abominable practice of tight-lacing. It is my duty to tell you this, and to beseech you to cultivate—by the way, I heard that Daisy Highflyer is going to be married to that Dr. Tourniquet; can any of you tell me whether it is true or not?"

"Yes, yes," cried several, and a chorus of such sentences as, "I'm sure I can't imagine what he sees to like in her," "She wears No. 4's," "She's the puggiest nosed thing I ever saw," "A pretty figure she'll cut with her red hair under a bridal veil," and "well, some men do have queer tastes, that's certain," was heard on every side.

Quiet being once more brought about, Miss Nipperson went on, "Ladies, as I remarked, you must cultivate strength of mind sufficiently to enable yourselves to dispense with those enemies of our sex, corsets. You must be



above little feminine weaknesses—Oh! oh! oh! a mouse! a mouse! a mouse!" and amidst a terrific course of screams, screeches and yells the lecturer scurried out of the room, followed by the whole class, forms chairs and skeleton being overturned in their precipitate flight.

And the mouse, laughing softly to himself, picked up a crumb or two and went back to his hole."

A STREET-CAR EPISODE.

Though some of the city papers make out that men have as much right to a seat in a street-car as women who have only been shopping, and who could easily go home half an hour before the six o'clock rush comes on, still, when a man has to stand he can wile away the time and forget his weariness by listening to some of the conversation indulged in by these ladies of leisure and ease.

The street-car was crowded the other evening when GRIP's representative was going home, and he had to stand. Two immense, stout, muscular females occupied enough space to have satisfied half a dozen smaller people. Great, sturdy, well-fed specimens of femininity

they were, ten times as well able to stand as the tired men and weary sewing girls who were on their feet. But there they sat dressed in costly and showy materials, huge flashy chains dangling about their ponderous busts, and displaying great, tawdry-looking rings outside their gloves. But then their conversation was treat enough to compensate those who heard it for having to stand. Oh! it was nice.

"Ho! the hidea," began gross woman No. 1, "the hidea of riding on a street-car; my 'usband has so hoften hurged me not to do it. So vulgar, y' know," and she flaunted her rings in the air, and added loudly, so that all might hear, "but our kerridge is being repaired."

"It's 'orribly low, I'm aweer," replied Gross woman No. 2, "but one can't hacshally walk, it's too vulgar and common; besides, I halways suffers so from 'spasms' when I walks. I'm so painfully delikit, Mrs. Boggs, so delikit."

"You looks it, hindeed, my dear Mrs. Rougeby," replied her friend, "a running to flesh isn't invariably a healthy sign." "Oh! Mrs. Boggs, surely you don't call me fleshy. It's these here thick clothes. I couldn't prewail on Mr. Rougeby not to buy me this here heavy cloak, though it cost him nigh on to three 'undred dollars, and this velvet dress cost him nothing under five."

"Dear me!" responded the other, who was not quite so gorgeously arrayed, "I thought it was a cotton velvet!"

"Ho! my 'usband wouldn't never allow me to wear cotton. It's honly the lowest canile as wears coting velvets," answered Mrs. Rougeby, hotly and highly indignant.

"Well, your man—"
"My husband, if you please." (This with the most frigid politeness.)

"Beg your parding, mem; your husband bein' in the dry goods business can, in course, get you them things cheap."

"Lor! cheap! he wouldn't let me be seen in a cheap gownd. Wising, as we docs, amongst the very best of kerridge people, it wouldn't never do for me to wear them there cheap things. Thanking you kindly for your insinuations, mem, and when does Mr. Boggs return from Kingston, mem, it's no secret as his time will soon be hup, mem."

The conductor coming round for the fares opportunely stopped the conversation which was becoming animated.

"Ho! lor! Hive forgot my puss, I do declare," ejaculated Mrs. Rougeby, "whatever shall I do?"

"You must get off, ma'am," politely said the conductor.

"Get hoff and walk; lor! h'im Mrs. Rougeby—"

"Can't help it, ma'am," replied the conductor, pulling the strap.

"Mrs. Boggs, can you lend me five cents?"

"Lend you five cents! Not I! hindeed; not to save you from a Hineberate Hasyllum," retorted Mrs. Boggs, who was revenged for the other's speech about her husband. "No, get hoff and walk; them as can't afford to ride must walk. Get hoff, get hoff! and don't keep people waiting as can afford to paternize street-cars, and as don't talk about their kerridges, which is, p'raps, honly imaginary hafter hall," and with this parting shot ringing in her ears Mrs. Rougeby left the cars.

"Haw! haw! haw!" roared a callow youth in short coat and tight trousers, slapping his companion on the thigh, "Baby Jove! Ai say, that's good, eh, Smirkey? Best fun Ai've had in a long time, baby Jove!"

"Should say it was," replied the intellectual Smirkey, "these women amuse me," and he sniggered and guffawed till he was red in the face.

"And who might you please to be calling wimmen, young man?" broke out Mrs. Boggs.

"Hi'd have you know as *Him* no woman, young feller."

"Hallo!" said Mr. Smirkey's friend, "what's struck you, old lady?"

"Hold lady, hindeed," screamed the exasperated Mrs. Boggs. "Hif Hi ham a lady, has Ii ham, Hi ld 'ave you know as Hi'm not hold; and please to keep your remarks to yourself hif you please, Miss,"—this to a pretty sewing-girl who had incautiously whispered "not over sixty," to her friend,—"hand Hi've no doubt, Miss, has you'd be walkin' hif you didn't appear to be no better than you should be, Miss. Hand has for you, young feller, whoever you hare—"

"My paw is a gentleman—" began Mr. Smirkey.

"Ho! hindeed!" rejoined Mrs. Boggs, contemptuously, "hand what putticker cage in the monkey department of the Zoo might your paw be a tennit hof, hif you please?"

"Oh! I say, y' know; come now, I say, that's too rough, y' know."

But here Mr. Grips' correspondent had to leave the car, and the scene ended for him.

By all means let these women do as they please. But really we must be allowed to enjoy a little fun, if we do have to stand.



FASHIONABLE BOARDING-HOUSES.

(Concluded).

"Well, Mr. O'Toole," I said, as soon as I had seated myself on a broken chair, "as I said, I require board—good fashionable board, now what are your terms?"

"Terms, is it," exclaimed Mr. O'Toole, "what might ye mane by terms? Sure an if it's insaltin' me ye mane I'm the b'y ye darn't say black's the white av yer eye to. What d'ye mane by terms, ye dirthy, lanthern jawed spalpeen? Is it bekas my b'y Jimmy is doin' three years in the Pinitintary, and Micky's acrost the wather for a couple o' months that ye'd be after remindin' me of my misfortunes, ye long-legged, black-muzzled, ill-conditioned blagyard, to come throwin up yer terms to a dacint, honest man; bad cess to ye: Take that!" an Mr. O'Toole's passion, which had been increasing during the delivery of the above harangue, which was poured out with tremendous volubility, now fairly got the better of him and he sent an empty quart bottle whizzing past my head, the missile being shattered to atoms on the wall behind me.

I hastened to assure the descendant of the proud O'Tooles that no insult was intended: that I knew his son Jimmy had been wholly innocent of the crime for which he was sent down, and that his incarceration was nothing but the result of the malice and vindictiveness of the vile Saxons who had been the means of consigning him to durance vile, and that all I wanted to know was his rates per diem.

"Rates!" fairly howled Mr. O'Toole, "is it a collector of rates ye are an' me never so much as usin' a drop of wather from year's end to year's end barrin' what's put in the tay and the gollyogic of whiskey. Here! Bar-

ney! Black Dan! Shamus! here's a hay thenish baste of a tax collector after his rates. Come down an' murder the villyin," and I heard heavy footsteps in the room above.

"Mr. O'Toole, Mr. O'Toole," I gasped as well as I could, for the fiery Celt had seized me by throat and was choking me, "I only—gurgle, gurgle, gasp—wanted to know—gurgle, gurgle, how much you charged for board."

"An' why, in the devil's name, didn't ye say so at first?" replied Mr. O'Toole, relaxing his grip.

"I did," I answered.
"Ye lie, ye blagyard," responded the landlord. "It's a whiskey detective ye are, I'm thinkin'. Me tariff for board is three dollars a week; paid in advance; ye must let me privately search yer thrunk for fear ye might be one ov thim dynamiters—"

"But I can't pay in advance," I answered, "I am a member of the British aristocracy—"
"Goroo! Whoosh! Millia murther! Down wid the rippisintative ov the oppressors ov the poor! Out wid him! Bang! Whack! Bing!" and amidst a shower of all kinds of missiles and the free play of the cudgels of Mr. O'Toole himself, Barney, Black Dan and Shamus on my head, I was hustled out into the street, my ulster torn from me and in a state more dead than alive.

The door of Mr. O'Toole's establishment was closed with a bang, and I was left to my meditations.

In vain I sought more hospitable quarters, I met with the same treatment everywhere. The demand for money in advance on account of my lack of baggage confronted me at every turn and I returned to my home fully convinced that the poor man is despised and rejected by the keepers of fashionable boarding houses.

I divested myself of my shabby suit and donned my most fashionable resplendent apparel and, on my way to the office, met the lady who presides over the Adelaide-street establishment at which I had called. She recognized me and, with tears of contrition in her eyes, addressed me and apologized for her treatment of me, adding that she was mistaken and that her best front room was at my service.

"Madam," I replied, "I see through your shallow hypocrisy; you had a chance to entertain an angel unawares and you spurned that chance. As a poor man you despised me.



Now, when you see me arrayed, Solomon-like, in all my glory, you would take me in, but, madam,"—and I proceeded on my way "I am not to be taken in."

Thus ended my adventures in the guise of a poor man at Fashionable Boarding Houses, and I doubt not, many, besides myself, have been similarly subjected to contumely and insult on account of a lack of roady funds and the presence of a shabby exterior.

A WORD TO THE DRESS REFORMERS.

It isn't the women, it's the men who admire tight lacing. You lecture the men! The women would only be too glad to pitch the corsets into the bay, but the result would be no gentleman would look at them, they would be voted strongminded and all that sort of thing, and you know how the male sex abhor strongminded women—they prefer weakminded women, and so to curry favor the women who are not weakminded make it appear that they are so by following wherever fashion leads. Of one thing you may be sure, they would never be weakminded enough to marry a man who squeezed his grand muscular proportions out of all shape, by wearing tight stays. You know how the women go into fits of admiration over a fellow with the figure of a gladiator or the form of a Hercules. Now here's a pointer for you—get the men to openly express the same admiration for the living, breathing counterpart of Hebe or Venus—the Venus of Milo, or Juno. Get them educated up to the point of abhorring a sixteen, eighteen or twenty inch waist deformity, let them say openly and bear it out by their preference, that a woman as she is built by nature is infinitely more attractive than one modelled by the milliner, and when they marry let it be one who will be able to improve not deteriorate the race by a false education. That's what's the matter, ladies. But it's no use talking to the women—get the men on your side, if you can, and the dress reformation will be practically accomplished. "What fools these mortals"—the men—be. They pay milliners' bills, doctors' bills; it is ill health, puny children, and early graves under the present reign of fashion, and yet no sooner is small waist and shallow brain number one laid away than they cast about for the second edition of the same. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

HOW IS IT, I'D LIKE TO KNOW?

As a payer of rates I would like to remark That, concerning some things, I am quite in the dark. I read in the papers of burglaries many— Of the capture of burglars but seldom—if any, How is it, I'd like to know?

The citizens grumble and growl, and declare That in parts of the town a policeman is rare; That they pay heavy taxes and expect, as a right, That the cops will look after their houses at night. But they don't; why, I'd like to know.

The store-keepers kick and assert that the cops Are certainly meant to look after their shops; That they spend lots of money to keep up the Force, But, their stores are quite frequently burgled, of course. How that is, I'd like to know.

If the Force is sufficient it seems very queer That we read of such numerous burglaries here; And, if it is not, why send of our men To quell riots up in Michipicoten? How is it, I'd like to know?

Down there at the fort are a number of troops Kept shut up like so many chickens in coops; How is it that they weren't selected to go And stop the rum riots at Michipicoten? That's what I'd like to know.

If that's not their duty then what the deuce is? I should think that such jobs were a soldier's right "biz." But no; ten picked peelers were sent to the war, And Toronto was left much worse off than before. How was it, I'd like to know?

'Tather night was a burglary; where was the cop Well, he felt rather sleepy, and so couldn't stop. On his beat, but quite coolly from duty he fled. And, on reaching his domicile, turned into bed. How's that, I'd like to know?

Why, scarce a night passes but a burglary's done, And the burglars are having whole bushels of fun As they skip o'er the line, with their thumbs to their nose. The detectives are hunting up clues, I suppose, But how is it, I'd like to know.

When a peeler's done wring it is fixed on his mind, The commissioners see that he's heavily fined; But this seems to me just like locking the door When the horse has been stolen and danger is o'er. If not, why, I'd like to know.

I really must say, ere I finish my song, That there seems to be something decidedly wrong With detectives and officers, peelers and all, And a remedy's wanted at once—right this fall. If not, why, I'd like to know. —S

NOT COMPLETE.

'Twas at a fancy ball, you know, and Miss Fitz-Jones was there. Her dress, too much décolleté displayed her shoulders fair. Her lovely arms, so soft and white, were absolutely bare. Her dress was very much too low—too much, Fitz-Jones was seen— And prudish people I am sure immensely shocked had been. Could they have seen the lovely girl, in dress of red and green. She walked in beauty like the night or day, or what you please. Whatever smile you choose will suit affairs like these; Her dress was green; red ribbons flew and floated in the breeze. "Pray tell me, Miss Fitz-Jones," I said, as I my courage rallied, "What character do you portray?" "Oh! I'm a lobster salad," "You are not perfect then," I cried, my cheeks becoming pallid. "How so?" enquired the fair Fitz-Jones, her looks her wrath expressing. "That you a salad represent sure none would dream of guessing." "Why not?" she asked. "Because, you see you've overlooked the dressing."

HIS FIRST EFFORT.

READER, if ever you enter the field of journalism and become a great and influential editor as the writer of this is, and are called upon to engage the reporters for your paper, beware of the college graduate. I have not time to give you all my reasons for thus warning you, but I will relate a little anecdote, the hero of which was one of the class referred to. For the first time in the history of newspaper sketches the initial scene of this one is laid in that mysterious region known as the editorial sanctum. The door opened and a pale, large-eyed young man entered. He wished to see that august being—the editor.



His wish was soon gratified. There was no mistaking the man who sat at the desk in faded garments and a paper collar. The young man remarked in the sweetest, most lute-like tones imaginable, "You are the editor, I presume?" and laying down a small parallelogram of paste-board on which was engraved, "Ernest V. L. Percivale, B.A., Lato Coll, Mert, Oxon," before the mighty being, awaited his pleasure. The editor, glancing up, replied, "I am. What d'yer want? Looking for a 'sit'?" "I am," replied Mr. Percivale. "I am anxious to obtain a position."

"What can you do?" enquired the Jovian-browed educator of the masses. "I do not know; I have never tried," replied the youth, "but I think I should make a good reporter. Pray give me a chance to test my youthful pinions; send me to report something." The editor beckoned to the city editor and, pointing to the visitor, said: "Try him." A funeral happened to be passing the office at this moment and the city editor, drawing it to his treasurer's notice, said: "go and report that affair." With a look of gratitude Mr. E. V. L. Percivale, B.A., departed and in due time returned and with a smile of conscious ability handed in his report. It ran as follows:—

DUST TO DUST.

The cortege was large and imposing. The streets were crowded to so great an extent that the further the eye roamed the greater seemed the multitude—the vaster the throng that followed the chariot of death. 'Pallida mors æquus pulsat pede pauperum tabernas. Regumque turres.' All the city, the great and noble, *hoi polloi*, *aristoi*, *kai kakoi* had left their homes to witness the burial of this great one among his fellows. 'Alas! poor Yorick! we ne'er shall look upon his like again.' The very elements partook of the general gloom and the clouds let fall a few drops of rain, as though the very firmament was weeping for the departed one. "I say, my dear young man," said the city editor, pausing in his perusal and turning over several pages of neatly written MS. "how much of this lime-juice is there?" "All that," replied the youth proudly, pointing to the paper in the other's hand. "All this?" said the c. e. "And is it all like this?" "Yes;" answered the sweet spriglet of the far-famed Alma Mater, rapturously, for he felt that the city editor had never received so great an effort before. "Some of it is better than that you have read. Wait till you come to where the casket is lowered into the silent tomb. I have quoted from the burial of Sir John Moo—." "And whose funeral was it, ye thrice idiotic varlet?" roared the other. "I didn't think that mattered so long as I wrote it prettily," replied the well-favored graduate. "Oh! heavens!" gasped the city editor, rising and staggering back, "Has journalism come to this? A funeral without the very first ingredient," and he fell to the floor, swooning. And the youth, seeing that something was amiss, went out and was no more known.

THE PHYSICIAN AND THE LAWYER.
A doctor and a lawyer who chanced to meet one day Fell disputing, and were soon engaged in quite a wordy fray. The physician claimed that he belonged to quite a grand profession, And in his argument let drop full many a warm expression. The legal limb was nettled at the way the other spoke; He was proud of being of the tribe of Litt'eton & Coke; He upheld the honor of his class, and praised it to the skies— The doctor argued that it was a class that dealt in lies. Says he, "You take up any case, you argue *pro* and *con*, As long as fees are paid, you do not care which side you're on; You try to prove that black is white; you do not care; indeed, If truth or falsehood you uphold, if but you may succeed. This must affect your morals; to me it's plain, then, That the business of a lawyer don't make angels out of men." "Well doctor," said the barrister, "In that I much opine That the medical profession's just the opposite of mine; For were it not for doctors there'd be six of every seven Of men who still would be on earth, who're angels now in heaven." And so the quarrel dropped. I think by many 'twill be guessed, That of the verbal fusillade the lawyer had the best.



BEDAD! HE MAY LIVE TO ATE THE HEN THAT SCRATCHES OVER HIS GRAVE.

TOPICAL TALK.

I SEE that a Pittsburg barber has fallen heir to £56,000. Well, I know a number of barbers who have fallen 'air to the amount of several hundreds of pounds; that is, if they haven't destroyed it.

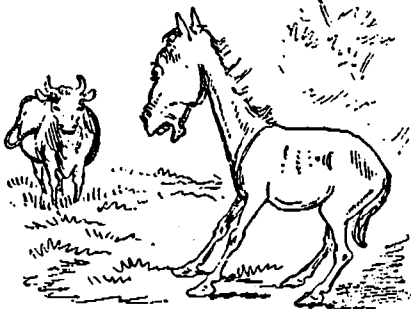
"THE Egyptian army will be reduced to 3,000 men"—*Buffalo Times*—So will the French army, and to less than that, if they continue to win any more of those glorious "victories" in China.

I OBSERVE that Joseph Cook remarks that he would rather be an American of to-day than a noble Roman citizen under Cæsar. I agree with Joe. Those noble Romans of Cæsar's time are nearly all dead.

A BUFFALO tailor advertises his "cork-screw suits." What on earth is a cork-screw suit, can anyone tell me? Whatever it may be I'm inclined to think that it must be a "tight" fit. Those "cork-screw" suits ought to "draw."

I SEE it stated in several papers, as a remarkable fact, that there is a cat in Connecticut that eats cucumbers. I should imagine, from the awful sounds that members of the feline race give vent to at night, that all cats eat these vegetables.

A SPECIAL telegram to a co-tem says:—"The Governor-General is expected to-morrow to drive out in company with Col. Gzowski to one of the sporting clubs. "Mum" is the word among the initiated."—It seems to me that there is a little mis-spelling about this message. Oughtn't that "Mum" to be spelt "Mumm?" I think so.



I SEE that a horse belonging to a milk-man in Galt expired from fright the other day. The owner says the animal was terrified by the sudden whistle of a locomotive, but I am informed that such is not the case, but that the poor beast caught sight of a cow and, not knowing what the doose to make of so unwanted an apparition, died from sheer-terror. Cowed to death in fact.

A POOR woman stole a cabbage from the store-window of a Mr. Flight the other day, to take home to her starving children. The owner had her arrested. It would be a great flight of imagination to fancy that this man is a charitable person. Of course the woman did wrong, but any man with an ounce of pity and charity in his composition would have made her a present of the cabbage and sufficient food to feed her little ones. Mr. Flight got his cabbage back.

REPORTS from the seal fisheries state that the supply is and has been running out for some years, and that about 10,000 seals only are annually killed. What puzzles me is how fully 1,000,000 women manage to wear real seal-skins; somewhere in the neighborhood of 200,000 new cloaks, circulars, saques, etc., being annually purchased—a large number of them on credit, by the way.



THE fact that the eight Arabs, who landed in New York last March penniless, but laden with beads and crosses made from wood from the mount of Olives, are about to return to their native land rich enough to buy camels and become merchants, suggests a new industry. Any man who eschews soap and water, cultivates a treacherous and generally unamiable character, and neglects to comb his hair, can figure as a genuine Son of the Desert. There is plenty of wood in this country, and crosses, etc., from the Mount of Olives, manufactured from it would sell like hot cakes. Try it, there's millions in it.

I OBSERVE that the *Hamilton Spectator* denies the soft impeachment of the *World* that the police seem to be asleep all over the province. Well, they may be awake in the ambitious city, but they are only kept so by the necessity of skipping about white-washing and papering their stations which work the city is too stingy to do for them. I expect to see before long some such advertisement as this:—"Wanted men for the Hamilton Police Force. None but good calsominers, white-washers, and paper-hangers need apply." Oh! yes; the *Hamilton* hobbies are doubtless awake and will be so till they get all those bugs destroyed that at present infest their quarters.



Le Charivari has a cut and legend which would apply very well here. A gorgeous flunkey has dropped a tray of plates, etc. His mistress, presumably a member of the codfish aristocracy or its equivalent in France, is giving him a "talking to." "Madam," he says, with a superb wave of the arm. "I do not care for these remarks. I have always had masters, but you have not always had servants." Verily, this little jokelet would go straight home to some of our best people.

It is very gratifying to learn that, as the British House of Peers grows daily more and more unpopular in England, the Japanese have started a similar institution with every promise of success. Amongst the animals included are—eleven princes, twenty-four marquises, seventy-six counts, three hundred and seventy-four viscounts and seventy-four barons. The "German system" has been adopted; so says an English paper. The German system, I presume, means that these eleven princes, etc., will have to marry English princesses and then howl for a grant of several thousand pounds from British tax-payers to keep them from starving. A Japanese pauper, however, will not probably be so expensive to keep as a German beggar, as rats, puppies and mice are cheaper than sauer-kraut, jackass-bologna, schweitzer-kaise and lager.

I HAVE often heard it remarked that Lord Lytton's literary style was well worthy of imitation. I subjoin a specimen of it, quoted from his letters to his innamorata, Miss Wh-e-ler—"MY ADORED POODLE:—Many, many thanks for oo darling letter. Me is so happy, is wagging my tail and putting my ears down, me is to meet oo to-morrow.

And so they dressed my poodle in white and black. O, zoo darling, how like a poodle! And had oo oo's bootiful cars curled nicely, and did oo not look too pretty, and did not all the puppy dogs run after oo and tell oo what a darling oo was? Ah! me sends oo 9,000,000 kisses to be distributed as follows:—500,000 for oo bootiful mouth, 250,000 to oo dear right eye, 250,000 to oo left eye, 1,000,000 to oo dear neck, and the rest to be equally divided between oo arms and hands.

"Adieu, my own Rose, my life-of-life, very Poodle of very Poodles, Adieu!" Isn't it charming?



I SHOULD be very loath to say anything against any member of a profession so eminently respectable as the church, but when I say I consider the Revd. Mr. Tollemache, rector of South Wytham, Eng., a fool of the first water, I fancy I shall not be solitary in my opinion. Here are the names of three of his children:—Lyulph Ydwallo Odin Nestor Lyonel Poedmag Hugh Erehenevyne Saxon Esa Cromwell Orna Nevill Dysart Plantagent Tollemache-Tollemache. Mable Helmingham Ethel Huntingtower Beatrice Blazonberrie Evangeline Vise de Loui de Arellane Plantagent Toedmag Saxon Tollemache-Tollemache. Lyouia Decima Veronica Eoyth Undine Cissa Hylda Rowena Ada Phyra Ursula Ysabel Blanche Lelias Dysart Plantagent Tollemache-Tollemache.

His reverence would have liked to give these poor kids a dozen more names a-piece, but the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children interfered, and Mr. Tollemache had to be contented with the burdens already imposed upon his offspring. In England "the fool of the family" is often selected for the church, and this rule appears to have been followed in Mr. Tollemache's case; at least if there are any bigger fools in the gang he belongs to than he himself appears to be, they shouldn't be at large.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

Many of our readers have doubtless heard of Socrates—"Old Soc," as the Athenian sporting fraternity used to familiarly call him in the good old times of Ancient Greece. Soc. was a great philosopher, and used to be considered a good, solid man in every respect. Whether he ever obtained the high and enviable position of Bank Cashier is not clearly known—probably not, as he remained in Athens to the end—but according to Plato, a special writer in the *Spartan Journal*, and a great chum and admirer of Soc., we are led to believe that the old man got into bad company before he died. We read in the Police Report of the above named paper, an account of his arraignment before Appolinaris, the P. M. of that year, (A.M., 4480), and his committal as an "idle and dangerous character."

EXTRACT.

Appolinaris—Bring in the next prisoner. (Enter Socrates.)

P. M.—What's your name?

Soc.—Socrates, your worship.

P. M.—Socrates what?

Soc.—Socrates nuthin'.

P. M.—Have you no other name?

Soc.—No.

P. M.—(Turning to Lictors, Praetorious, Guards, etc.) Do any of you know this man? Has he ever been up before? I see he's charged with cock-fighting.

Sergeant Lyncides.—I know him, your worship. I never see him doing any hard work. He stands around the corners blowin' off his mouth, and I shouldn't wonder if he kept a cock-pit.

"Socrates," said the magistrate, "you are

accused of being an idle and dangerous person, and a patron of cock-fights. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Soc.—(Defiantly)—Well, I do attend cock-fights. Is there any harm in that?

Mag.—A very great deal of harm. Cock-fighting is against the law; see Draco on Sports, Sec. 14, Cap. 112. By the way, before I sentence you, out of respect to you in your character of philosopher, I would ask that you take something to drink.

Soc.—No thanks; I don't drink.

Mag.—Sir, this is contempt of court. You must take something. Guards, take him away; Crito, give the old man a drink.

Crito.—It grieves me much, old man, to make you break your pledge, but here's a drink; take it, it will straighten you up—(aside)—straighten him out, I mean.

Soc.—What is it, rye?

Crito.—No; rye be hanged, it's hemlock tea.

Soc.—Great Jupiter Pluvius! why not give me some camomile tea? Will this stuff settle my stomach?

Crito.—Oh yes, it will settle your stomach, (aside)—and you too.

When the cup of tea was brought Socrates said, "O, Echebrates, be so good a man (for thou art well-skilled in these matters, being heretofore a bar-keep), how does this budge act? What is to be done?"

"Nothing," saith Echebrates, "but after you have drank try to walk until a heaviness comes upon your legs, then sit down."

"All right," said the grand old man, "all right, I've been there before," and he downed the hemlock tea. "Sufferin' Cyrus, and great Jupiter Olympus, this is worse than Finginate's 'Smoked Irish.' Go—let me die in peace. But gentlemen," said the dying sage, "we owe a rooster to Æsculapius, but do ye pay him; and neglect not to do it, and don't you forget it."

These were his last words. We further learn from history that Crito called for the ambulance, and old Soc was driven to the Morgue, Crito remarking, "The old man was square, but Æsculapius don't get that bird all the same."

The moral to be drawn from the last days of the noble old Greek, is this: No matter how much of a philosopher you may be, don't keep game-cocks; and if you should ever get hold of a bird that doesn't belong to you, return it before you die. Don't wait for Crito or any other man to administer your estate.

AUNT BETSY ON THE REVIVAL.

G. H. C.

Yes! these here revivals may do a sight of good but I can't see it. Now, just look here Joshua you talk to me about how beautiful Deacon Stirup preaches and you sit around the house a humming hymn tunes an such like, but you are just as snappy and unchristian tempered as ever you were?

You say how beautiful it is to be saved, but you sell your old wheat as this year's crop just the same!

What's that? "All's fair in trade" is it? Then what's the good of revivals?

Now there's old Mr. Jones, who keeps the grocery store, he says as how he got salvation and so on, and he hums, "I'm but a pilgrim here," as he weighs out your sugar and butter to you, and he asks you if the sermon wa'n't real heavenly last night; but there's just as much sand in the sugar as there used to be! and you only get fourteen ounces to your pound of butter as you always did:—and then you talk about revivals. Just listen to me now Joshua,—There dont get snappy that ain't christian!—You go to them revivals and you are told you are a very wicked man, and that you must come to the front and get saved and you get kind of excited, and you go up and the Deacon shakes you by the hand, and every-

body says old Brumlee has joined the church, and you think you are a mighty fine feller an' you ain't one bit better than you ever was.

Now, if you were to keep from meetin' for a year or so, and then went to the new revival, you'd be getting saved again and singin' "I'm but a sinner" all round the place for a week or two and then you'd forget all about it an' go on your old wicked ways, till the next preacher came around and so on till you died.

What you want Joshua, and what everybody wants, is a quiet religion that's by you all the time, not a jerky sort of a mania that only lasts for a week or two. You want a religion that makes you give fair measure, and keeps you from a snapping your wife's head off every time dinner aint to your fancy; that will stop you from getting drunk, and using bad language, and that will make you merciful to man and beast. That's what you want Joshua, you dont do no good lounging around here a humming those old tunes, not a bit of it! you put on your old duds and buckle into your work again and do your duty to your neighbor and you'll do all right. But if you think you are being religious when you're dressed up an go to meeting all the time, and leave me home, to do all the work, and dont even bring in a stick of wood; O say you aint! there now!

Oh, yes you can swear! but that just shews how much good them revivals does you really. Is't that just what I've been a saying all along? If you go to work and stop swearing and drinking and to do your duty as you should do, your'c more likely to strike heaven than you are now with all your canten or psalm singing. Now just start the new plan right off, an bring in some wood, and carry up some water, and just give a hand in the churning.—Oh! you think you'll go to the meeting to-day anyhow. I s'pose you do! 'cause you know there aint no churning to-morrow! Oh that's been saved, aint it!

THE SONG OF THE COACHMAN.

I am a Jolly Jarvey, and I drive a private Coach,
My boss's name is Harvey, and no one dare approach
His lovely daughter Gwendoline, or drive her round
The town

But me, if any other dared her pa would knock him
down

The old bloke's got a million, and is bound to cut it fat,
And he tries to come the 'evy swell, the real aristocrat;
So you see I'm 'ighly honored as we drive round in the
coach,
The haughty Gwendoline and me—the Jarvey, Johnny
Roach.

There's many a dude and many a swell has heyes for
Gwendoline,
She has lovers slim and lovers stout, and lovers soft and
green,

The most of them in course I know has heyes upon her
stamps,
But the old man spurns 'em one and all—he tries them
just like tramps;

So when the girl gets lonely she for her carriage sends
And drives around a visitin' and callin' on her friends;
And all the time, where'er she goes a ridin' in her coach,
Upon the box you'll always see the handsome Johnny,
Roach.

And many an int she's got from me that I am in
disguise,

An A. I Henglish nob's own son, which makes her ope
her eyes;
I say my huncle is a Duke and hi' should be an Earl,
The gal don't know no better, and her mind is in a
whirl.

I say that fam'ly reasons keeps me away from home,
But soon all things will be made right and no longer I
need roam;
When I talk of my own castle hit almost make me laugh,

To see how easy Gwendoline takes in my little chaff!
My right name is Fitz Herbert, so I tell the foolish gal,
And I tell her that the Prince of Wales was once my
chum and pal;

I stuff her full of stories about Italy and France,
And the nice times we could have there if we only 'ad
the chance.

So levery day when she comes down she smiles a lovely
smile,
And we talk of things in general, she has no thought of
guile;

So to day I popped the question while a-driving of the
coach,
And when next you hear of Gwendy she'll be Mrs.
Johnny Roach.

The second social of the season will be held in All Saints' Church school room on Wednesday evening next, 12th inst. The attraction of the evening will be "Ireland," by Mr. Morrison, illustrated by Mr. Whittemore.

AN UNDERSTANDING.

Come tell me, pretty maiden,
You of golden hair,
Why sit in sorrow there;
Your brow with care o'erladen?
Tell me what secret care
Oppresses one so fair?
Has one you thought was true
Gone from his love and you?
"Oh, no!" the maid replied,
"My Henry is no snide,
His love is still unflinching,
It is not that that's pinching—
It is my shoe.
I'm still his own dear pet,
He's faithful you may bet;
I have received no slight,
But oh! my shoe's so tight."

DE SOLEMNITIES OB DE SEASON.

A PAPER NOT READ BEFORE THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

It am sad. De Scott Act am sustained after all. After de statement dat Ontario was staked on de result, 125 majority am de solemncholy fact. My deah sah, I'm afraid it am no use, de tide am risin' sho—yer clerquance am clean dene wasted; you can't stem de onward march ob progress. Yonder comes de flood, carrying down in its current, taverns, bars, shebeens, brewrics, and King Nebuchadnezzar Licensed V. Ass., all higlyty pigelty clar down to de ocean ob oblivion; to de limbo ob obsolete and long-tolerated abuses, to be spoken ob wid wonder and horror by our chillen, just as we wonder how eber people tolerated de Bastile, de torinre and de dungeons ob de Inquisition, de old press gang, or de whipping post ob slavery. Here am a flea fur your ear—*To dis tide dere am no ebb.*

You hab bin all long tellin' us dat de Maine law was a failure; dat dere wor mo' drinkin' goin' on dan eber, an' dat, mos' likely in de interests ob public m'ality, de law would be repealed, an' a l de gin shops set a-goin' full blaze widout let or hindrance fur eber mo'. An' yet in spite ob all you can say to de contrary, dem pu' deluded people ob Maine, hab done gone and passed a law, p'hibitin de manufacture of liquor dere for eber and eber, amen!—so mote it be! After gebin' it a good squar trial all dem y'ars, dis am de result. Yah! yah! yah! what a parcel ob fools dem Maine folks must be, eh, boss? It am truly 'plorable. Ain't it now?

De next thing in order am to contess de Act in Toronto. Toronto am' goin' to be de Temperance Waterloo. However, if you fellows should be out of a job you might try Germany. De folks dere am beginnin' to get restive, dey am beginnin' to count de cost ob drinkin' ober dar too, an' I wouldn't say but what de liquor interest ober dar might hire you for a spell, just like they hire you here. De same old pathos warmed up again will do. Dat pathetic Hamilton appeal, "What am to be done when do baby am taken with de colic in de night, and all de saloons closed, and not a drop of liquor to be had?"

Dere am no doubt de passing ob de Scott Act would make a serious and disastrous change in de city. How we shall miss de frequent and ole familiar tavern, wide de sidewalk in front all mosaiced wid tobacco spit, wid its windows close covered up half-way, so's to be private like, and dat suggestive screen of venetian slats set across de doorway, so sissy or sonny can't peep in an' see papa sittin' dar drinkin'. How we shall miss de sight ob de manly forms dat all hours ob de day step down an' out, wipin' their moufs an' glancin' aroun' furtively; also de loafers dat roun' de do' do congregate, bleary of eye and beery of smell.

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THREE MORE GUNS SPIKED!

An' how de reporters am goin' to make up for de loss ob de daily item of police court drunks. I can't think nohow. It am awful to think about. Drefful! Wages will go down, bekase de men who drink now will be in de labor market den; de city will hab to be at de onnecessary expense ob providin' more school accommodati'n fur de chillen ob unfortunate parents, who hab been made sober by de law, de law ob "can't get it." Desc chillen don't go to school now, dey will den—why de news-boys' ranks will be decimated. "Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead," won't apply den. We shall miss, too, oh! how much, dat familiar figure, behind de bar, or in de doorway, slick, smiling and debonaire; waiting for some old woman to come along wid five cents in her shakin hand, and a pop bottle under her shawl; de jingle ob his heavy watch chain, or de cheerful jollity of his jokes as he hands over the liquor an' pockets de nickels, we shall hear never more. It really am too bad, de folks am got Prohibition on de brain, dey am huntin' de liquor fox from post to pillar, from brake to cover, till here, in de Queen City itself, rings out de infernal prohibition tally-ho! Too bad! Dis po' kentry will be clean done ruined. What you 'spose de Finance Minister am goin to do widout de revinue deriv from de destruction ob de people? I ax you—what de perfession ob law am goin' to do about it? Dat ar perfession we

am told, am overcrowded already, what you 'spose dey am a-goin' to do when de chief cause ob all de murders, thefts, an' law cases am done away wid? Why de hole Salvatiou Army will have to go into mourning bekase ob dar occupaiion bein' dead an' gone.

It am a most tragical prospect. However, you might wid a gigantic effort stavo off de calamity ob sobriety for a while. Fo' warood an' fo' armed. You strengthen yo' fortifications an' see to yo' breastworks, press finesse into de service, an' try on de Christian Charity policy. Doub'e yo' subscriptions to de churches, ef any man an' hardup an' wants a lift—play de role of de good Samaritan. De man who ia toled home on de good Samaritan's donkey, an' get his bill settled wid de Samaritan's pennies, am not likely to turn round and vote agin' him, am he? I understand you am up to this game already. It am better to obey part ob de scripture dah none—ef you can't be as harmless as doves, you will at least be as wise as serpents. Den dere am de boycottin' all the papers an' periodicals as ain't on yo' side. It will retard de spread ob pernicious temp'rance literature, hamper dere agents, an' reduce dere advertisement receipts. An' when, after all, de Act am carried, you will feel dat if you hab not bin successful, you hab at least earned yo' fat salary.

J. K. W. WHITE.

Counsel—"Then you think he struck you with malice aforethought?" Witness, indignantly—"You can't mix me up like that. I've told you twice he hit me with a brick. There wasn't no mallets nor nuthin' of the kind about."

"An' what is yer son James doing now, Mrs. O'Flaherty?" "Sure, an' he's become a gentleman, wid such foine clothes on him, ye'd not know him. He's in some bank beyant Cincinnati, Mrs. O'Flannigan." "And phat bank is it?" "Faith an' it's the Fairy Bank I believe they calls it."

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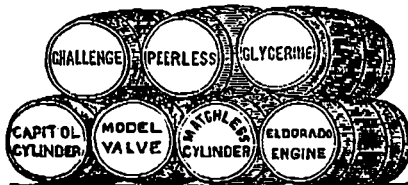
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