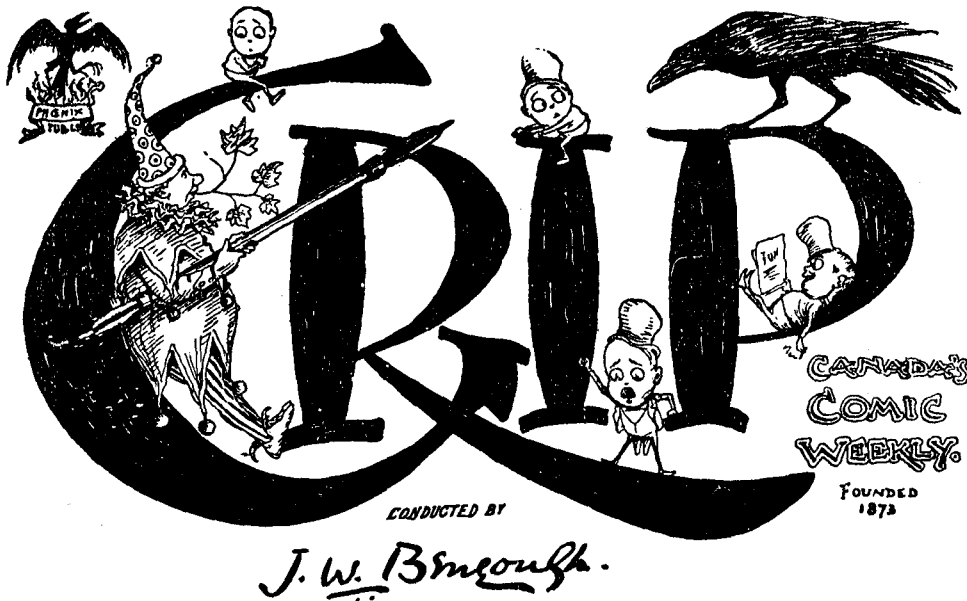


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EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

Vol. 42. *Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.*

No. 1086

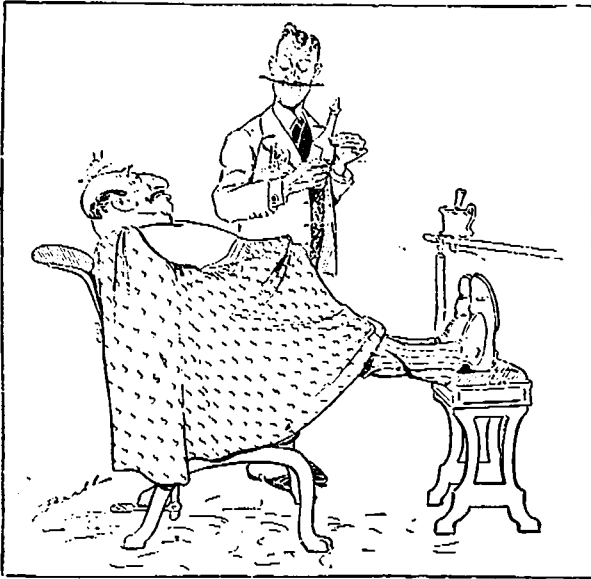
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No. 12.



"HAYCOCKS!"

THE PATRON—"THERE, GENTLEMEN, THAT CROP'S GOT TO BE TAKEN IN WITHOUT DELAY, AND YOU'D BOTH BETTER TAKE OFF YOUR COATS AND HELP AT THE JOB!"



**A BARGAIN.**

BARBER—"Will you have bay rum, lavender water, witch hazel or cologne on your face?"  
 CUSTOMER—"Do you search enny dings extra?"  
 BARBER—"No."  
 CUSTOMER—"Den gif me all of tem."

THE Methodist conference has thought it best to make a change in the editorship of the *Christian Guardian*. Our good old friend Dr. Dewart is to be succeeded by Rev. Mr. Courtice. The Doctor has, it appears, become somewhat dogmatic, especially in his treatment of correspondents, and it is hoped the new editor will have a more Courtice style.

**WOMAN'S SPHERE.**



THERE'S but one sphere for man and woman,  
 This little ball that flies through space:

Dominion over it, in common  
 God gave to all the human race.  
 The devil hates this double tether,  
 He likes to take us single-handed,  
 And knows that when we pull together  
 To Hades he'll be soon remanded.  
 And that's the case with all his minions;  
 They like to see a woman "shielded  
 From dirty politics": they've wielded  
 That weapon dull to cut her pinions,  
 Lest, like the lark, she soar in beauty,  
 When, in a hencoop's safe dominions,  
 To scratch and hatch her only duty.  
 I've not observed the uncaged bird  
 To nest or offspring less devoted:  
 For nature has a quiet word  
 That settled things, though oft mis-  
 quoted,

And instinct, that the bird has mated,  
 Will keep this old world populated.  
 Once introduce the washing-tub  
 In government and there's the rub!  
 The very halls of state they'll scrub,  
 These women, bent on purifying,

O how they'll keep the suds a-flying!  
 Clean streets, clean alleys and clean marts,  
 Clean halls, clean faces and clean hearts!  
 They like to see things sweet and clean.  
 And when they've tried it, fact discloses  
 That even election day's serene,  
 When polling booths are decked with posies,  
 And gentle women take their place  
 By gentlemen, to serve their race.

*Ella Gilbert Ives.*

**"AFTER THE FAIR."**

As sung by Manager Hill. Air—"After the Ball."

ONCE more it's over, finished and done,  
 All the exhibits and visitors gone:  
 And once more, despite the snarls of the *News*,  
 O'er the results we may fairly enthuse!

Chorus—After the Fair is over,  
 After the crowd is gone,  
 We reckon up our boodle—  
 All that we counted upon:  
 Better than ever this season,  
 So say all who were there—  
 Let the *News* take a tumble,  
 After the Fair!

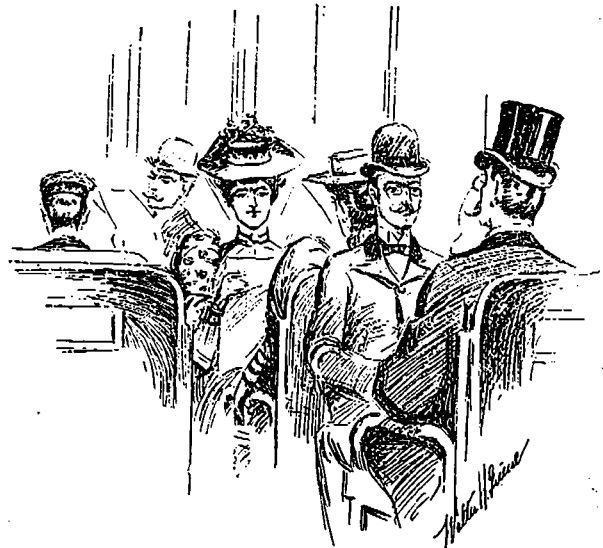
Give me some supper and let me to bed,  
 Where I may rest my hot, throbbing head.  
 Two weeks of turmoil has quite played me out,  
 Tho' o'er my foes I triumphantly shout—

Chorus—After the Fair is over,  
 Notwithstanding the rain,  
 All our expenses we cover,  
 And show a substantial gain;  
 Better than ever the verdict  
 Making our enemies swear—  
 So let the *News* take a tumble,  
 After the Fair!

HUNGRY HANK—"Say Mose, did yer ever see anything as hard as de times is now?"  
 MEANDERING MOSES—"Yaas."  
 H. H.—"Wot? Work?"  
 M. M.—"Naw. De crust on dat pie we got at de last house we struck."

PROF. WIGGINS asserts that the inhabitants of Mars are signalling to us with electric lights, and Prof. Campbell comes along and demonstrates that Mars has no atmosphere. Wiggins, old boy, what *air* you going to do about it?

"THIS fish is pretty gamey," remarked the boarder with a doubtful sniff.  
 "Certainly," snapped the landlady, "it's black bass, the gamiest fish that swims."



**THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.**

FRIEND OF THE FAMILY—"Well, Harry; now that you've finished your course at college, what do you propose to go in for?"  
 HARRY—"I hardly know yet, but my taste runs to finance. Think I'll go in for - an heiress."



**BASE DECEPTION.**

Once I met the dearest maiden—  
’Twas at Grimsby—lovely girl  
With complexion like the lily,  
Flashing eyes and teeth of pearl.

And I lost my heart completely,  
When upon me she did smile;  
Tol’d her of my burning passion  
In a real poetic style.

Told her of my love and longings  
While the waves upon her beat—  
Hiding both her pretty ankles  
And her dainty little feet.

When I saw them in the sandals  
Flowing on the sandy shore—  
Lack-a-day!—my heart was broken  
To recover—nevermore!



**“ THE DREAM OF COLUMBUS. ”**

**A**MONGST the many literary products inspired by the Columbian celebration, this poem by Rev. R. Walter Wright, is entitled to a respectable place. Under the guise of a dream which visited Columbus, when, weary with his fruitless quest, he lay down to rest in the convent of La Rabida, is portrayed a prophetic vision of the new world and its history. The evils which afflict America are graphically described, and in many parts the work is distinguished by a noble eloquence. William Briggs, Toronto, is the publisher.

“ Say, pa, what is that thing on the front of the motor car for ? ” asked little Willie.

“ That, my son, ” replied Willie’s pa, who was an ironical person, “ is a new invention for killing the victim in a more gradual and merciful manner. ”

“ Poor fellow, he’s given to drink ! ” sighed Mrs. Jones.

“ That wouldn’t matter so much, if drink wasn’t given to him, ” responded Jones.

**THE WESTERN TOUR.**



R. LAURIER’S starring tour in the West is proving a great success, according to all accounts. The Regina Leader is one of the few papers that have ventured to declare it a “ disappointment, ” though the declaration is accompanied by a demand for the removal of the tariff taxes from articles required by the farmers of the North West. Just what the phrase means, therefore, is something which Davin alone can explain. The fact appears to be that the brilliant Irishman is rather “ rattled ” at present. He wants to go back to the House again, of course, because he has not as yet achieved his destiny in the shape of the Ministry of the Interior, and he begins to apprehend that he will never be able to get there on the protectionist buck-board. His constituents have their eyes wide open now, and can see the absurdity of such a policy as applied to a purely agricultural country. Davin can see it, too; has, in fact, seen it all along, but he has been a little dilatory in saying so, and now he finds a general want of confidence greeting him instead of the cheers his eloquence used to call forth in the earlier days. Eloquence without a basis of solid sense doesn’t “ go ” any longer up there. The day of castles in the air is past; the boom, like a gilded bubble, has burst, and now the people have a taste only for hard facts.

PARADOXICAL as it may sound, the reduction of cost in the city electric lighting is by no means a light reduction.



**LABOR’S BURDEN.**



DAVIN IN THE SWIM.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the FLOOD, leads on to fortune."—*Shakespeare.*

**THE CABINET CHANGES.**

IT has already been intimated to the public in a general way that certain cabinet Changes are on the tapis. Mr. GRIP, being on terms of the greatest intimacy with the chiefs of the Government, is of course in a position to give full particulars if so disposed. The interests of the country would not be served by a full and candid statement just at this moment. He is authorized, however, to say that there is no foundation for any of the following rumors:

- That Caron and Thompson are to exchange places.
- That Sir Hector Langevin and Mr. Thomas McGreevey are to take seats in the Cabinet to be vacated by Messrs. Wood and Carling.
- That a new Department is to be created for Mr. Clarke Wallace, who will be known as Minister of Lodge Wires.
- That Hon. Geo. E. Foster is about to hand in his resignation, because of dissatisfaction with the Government's position on the Prohibition question.
- That Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin is to succeed Mr. Daly as Minister of the Interior. Or,
- That Sir John Thompson thinks of asking the Governor General to call upon Hon. Wilfrid Laurier to form a new Government altogether.

**AT THE MUSEE.**

INTERESTED VISITOR (admiring the triplets)—"But they must be a great care to the mother?"

PROUD FATHER—"Yes; they are a good deal of trouble, but having them that way is economical. Saves doctors' bills, you know, these hard times."

"You expect to save many lives by the new guards on the trolley cars, I suppose?" remarked a friend to President Mackenzie.

"Yes, we are hoping to make a considerable net saving," was the reply.

**A BAD HABIT.**

IT IS interesting to study the unique entity known as the Public. Its general habits are as well defined as those of any other animal, and the naturalist who knows the subject can tell pretty accurately how it will act under any given circumstances. For example, it has a great propensity for trotting its horses over bridges, be these strong or frail, and hence, where prudence suggests it, signs are usually put up prohibiting the practice. The Public is an obedient animal, as a rule, and these warnings are generally heeded conscientiously. But if in any case the signboards should be removed inadvertently, the Public seems to consider it equivalent to an order to trot, and this is obeyed with even greater punctiliousness. A case in point is the bridge over the Ravine at Huntley street. A new flooring was put upon this structure some time ago, and when the job was finished the workmen forgot to replace the sign boards against the trotting habit; and, although nothing was done to strengthen the bridge—which is a high spindle-shanked affair—the public now regularly drives over it "faster than a walk," much to the terror of nervous foot passengers. The Chairman of the proper committee, or the City Commissioner, or somebody, ought to see that those signs are replaced, before we have a serious accident up that way.

**GALL.**

SPEAKING of the Canal Convention in this city, the *Detroit News* says: "The delegates from America, however, though in the minority, are right at the front." If the United States delegates represent "America," there ought to be no further question as to Uncle Sam paying the whole shot for this proposed work. We are willing to be ignored when it comes to footing the bill.

Come now, Old fellow, -  
\$850,000 per year is a mere trifle -  
You'll never feel it - - and just think how  
this Scheme will help trade (for Australia  
and England!)

Wait till I get the fast  
Steamships, and  
Canada won't be in it!



**DECIDEDLY COOL!**

A bonus of \$1,500,000 annually is asked for the vessels on the two oceans, of which the Australian colonies are to pay \$750,000, Britain \$375,000, and Canada \$375,000. The steamship lines, for which Canada is to pay more than half the cost, will simply facilitate Australian competition with Canadian products in the British markets. According to the *Times* the Queenslanders are going to displace the Americans in the beef business; but, of course, the displacement must also affect us. England is right enough in getting the cheapest beef obtainable, and Queensland does well in supplying it, but it is a little too cool to ask Canada to chiefly foot the bill!





**THE YACHTING MAIDEN.**

**Y**OU should see her in her tailor  
Gown without a flaw or fleck,—  
Just the triggest little sailor  
Ever trod a deck!  
Happier where the wild winds whistle  
Than within her garden-plot;  
Though the rising billows bristle  
Caring not a jot.

All the changing moods of ocean  
In her eyes, from breeze to lull;  
In her every poise and motion  
Graceful as a gull.  
On her cheeks the rarest flushes  
Of the shingle's fairest shell;  
In her voice the peaceful hushes,  
Not the angry swell.

Soon there'll be an embarkation  
On the matrimonial sea,  
And the craft in preparation  
Is for her and me.  
We shall seek those isles not mapped in  
Any chart—the Isles of Fate;  
She will play the part of captain,  
I shall be—first mate!

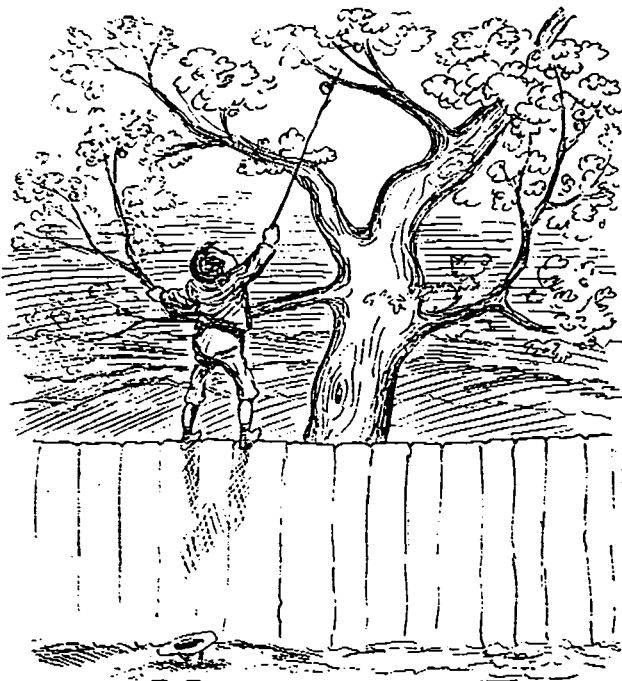
**SUSANNAH IN TOWN.  
VII.**

**W**ELL, that there Fair's a big show. It goes on progressin' every year and its clear grewed away from the Fairs what used to be held in the township I come from. 'Taint who can fetch in the biggest punkins or the bloatedest beets, but it's who can skit around on them wires and who's got the prize pussy cat that'll trot or sunthin of that kind. I've seen the kangaroo go boxin'—poor thing. It seemed to want to hit the man, but somehow didn't. Ef it was a human critter a body'd think it was tryin' to be a christian an' keep its temper, but I guess it wuz scared. There's a balloon at the Fair an' a woman an' a man drop out of it hangin' on to their umbrils. That ain't what they call them in the balloon business, but they ain't much different from umbrils anyhow. There's some dreadful ticklish goins on up on a ladder, but that wasn't so bad as the men swingin' around on them trapezes. They seemed to do it that easy, too. What clothes they had on wuz blue, and they mimded me some of the blue streak that I've heard of so many times. The blood curdlinest thing that's there, is that Daniel business a man does with them wild leopard things an' the lion. It makes my spine tie all up in a double bow-knots, an' takes the friz clean out of my front hair, but I go right on watchin' it, an' it makes me mad at myself.

Ain't it funny how the one part of you likes to make the other feel scared. Seems to me we do enjoy our own sufferins quite a bit. Ef we didn't we could have a lot better time.

I wuz in the picture room quite a spell. It ain't so crowded there as it is some other places. Some folks go to study the paintin's I guess, but quite a heap of 'em just fluster round for a constitutional walk. I ain't no jedge of the paintin's but some of 'em stirs me right up, an' I naterally think them's my style of art—the way I would have done them ef I'd ever had any practice besides what I might have got out of a pail of lime and a whitewash brush an' a fence like Tom Sawyer's. There's lots of pretty pictures of lances an' fields an' flowers that jest rests a body's tired feet while they're lookin' at 'em. There's a stump painted so nateral in one place, that I felt like gettin' out a hairpin to see ef I couldn't crumble the rotten core away. There wuz birds an' horses an' dogs an' little chickens. Them last made me sick for the farm. Some folks what had had their picters took in paintin', they were there. An' there wuz an old man what wuz in the Indian mutiny he'd been took too, an' somebody'd lent him to the Fair. My, he was fine, an' the painter was considerable I guess. His name wuz Mr. Reynolds, an' folks seemed to think when they'd said his name pretty loud with a knowin' air, that everybody wuz respectin' 'em quite a bit. There wuz a picter of wolves eatin' a man, an' it wuz dreadful. The snow wuz all bloody an' the man was mostly bones. Seems to me the wolves didn't get much mused up in the tussle, but I guess they wuz too much for the feller. It's a real nasty paintin' anyhow, it set me wonderin' whether it wuz the peanuts or the soda water or the orange stuff or the popcorn that wuz bad for me. I should think Mr. Thompson would have lost most of his appetite while he wuz doin' it, but you can't tell about them artist folks. Some of 'em don't go much in for eatin'. There's a big long picter there for puttin' on walls. It's dreadful dim, an' I rubbed my specs off 'fore I could believe about it being the picter what wuz all misty-like. But it wuz done on purpose. Mr. Angelo he painted that way, an' Mike, he's a bell-sheep on wall paintins'.

There's a snowy piece of ground with trees on it, an' it's named "The moment after." I didn't know what it wuz



"THE APPLE OF HIS EYE."





**DISAPPOINTED.**

PATRON—"What are you weeping for, my little man?"  
 OLIVER—"I t-thought you were g-going to elect *me* to lead your Party!"

after—might have been after sunrise or sunset or after dinner or after the ball. I guess it's 'cause I'm so stoopid, but it wuz pretty high up fur seein' good anyway. There was cosy little inside sceneries—what you see when the lamps are lit an' the blinds ain't down—pianner playin' an' feelin' bad over letters an' argufyin' an' dreamin' and readin'. Some of 'em make a body feel young again, and some of 'em make you feel dreadfully old an' down-trodden.

There's some queer people come to the Fair. I've noticed we all have a way of snickerin' out that every one's queer that ain't in our set. I guess maybe I'm similar to other folks in that—an' so I ain't preachin'—I'm jest talkin'. There wuz a woman jest behind me on them chairs that's tied in a bunch to the posts an' she wuz sniffin' up her nose dreadful at havin' to pay ten cents to see the big picture in the corner. "Dear me," she sez to her friend, "think of payin' to see that—why it didn't cost so very much. We've got two at home that wuz five hundred each." I looked right around at her, an' I declare to goodness she looked as ef they wuz the last five hundreds in the family. She didn't seem to be able to afford them picters, but I ain't no call to jedge an' maybe she wuzn't good at figgers—they're pesky things to remember sometimes.

I do wish I could remember all the things what I saw, an' the music I heard, an' the plain truth's that's on the advertisin cards I got give to me. The flowers is lovely—they're that sweet an' grand that they most made me wish I hadn't stayed so long in amongst the picters of 'em in the paintin' room.

There's considerable sparkin' goin on, an' girls an' their young men go wanderin' round lookin' at each other, an' gettin' all mixed up about the Fair. Goin' for a day to the city an' comin' home mixed up on the things you saw is most as bad as forgettin' the text at meetin'.—They're both mighty—suspicious.

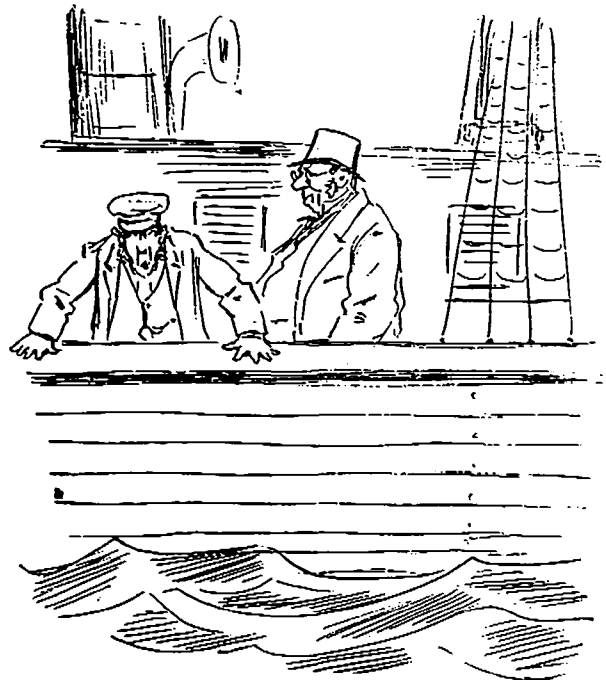
SUSANNAH.

THE interest in the canal question seems to be Deepening.

**AN EDITOR'S OVERSIGHT.**

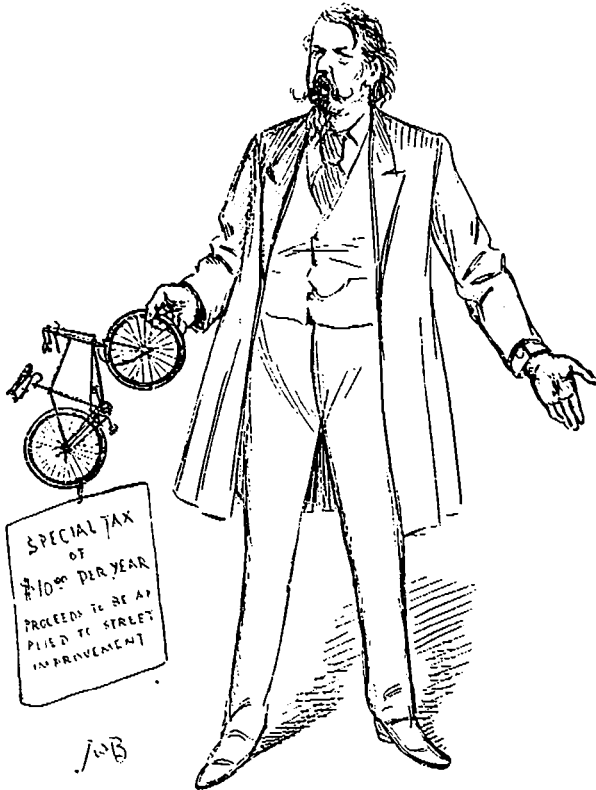
WE are favored with a copy of *The Altruistic Review*, a new monthly magazine published at Chicago. *Altruistic*, we may explain for the benefit of the junior class, is the new word for "love and good will to men," and expresses the noble idea of self sacrifice for the benefit of others. The magazine contains many good things, but through a strange oversight on the part of the editor, a full page advertisement of a far from altruistic character has crept in. This is an invitation to invest in city lots in Idaho Falls, Idaho. "City lots can be purchased to-day at from \$50 to \$200 each," say the advertisers, "and we prophesy that in five years time they will be worth from \$500 to \$10,000 each. The time to buy is when the opportunity knocks at your door." We want to ask the editor of the *Altruistic Review*—who we have no doubt is a benevolent and well-meaning man—if he has taken the trouble to think what this ad. means? Supposing the figures to be perfectly reliable, how is it proposed to secure to the investor an increase of \$50 to \$500, or of \$200 to \$10,000 in five years' time? It does not appear that the investor is expected to *work* for this enormous profit in any way. He need not go to Idaho Falls at all; he need only send on his money for investment. But \$50 can't be increased to \$500 without somebody working and creating new values to that extent, and if the investor does not necessarily do this work, then somebody else must do it, and—this is where the anti-altruistic idea comes in—the investor (wherever he may be residing) has a legal right to appropriate those values; in plain words, to legally steal the results of other men's toil. Under our civilization this is lawful, but it is immoral all the same, and it seems to us just one of the things an *Altruistic Magazine* ought to be down upon.

WHILE the Chinese squadron sails out of Too Choo with armored cruisers of the very latest make, the up-to-date mariners watch their countrymen scaring away the cholera by heating tom-toms!



**LEGAL.**

JUDGE (approaching lawyer who is suffering from *mal de mer*)—"Can I do anything for you, my friend?"  
 LAWYER—"I don't know; but I would feel obliged if you could 'overrule this motion.'"



**SHEPPARD'S PROPOSED BICYCLE ATTACHMENT.**  
(Not patented, and strongly recommended to the notice of the City Council.)

**JAMES ROOT.**

THE HERO OF THE MICHIGAN FOREST FIRES.

FOLKS 'at thinks thar ain't no heroes  
Livin' 'round here nowadays,  
But you've got to go to find 'em  
Back in Hist'ry quite a ways ;  
Or to story books and picters,  
Or else to thez'pter plays ;  
Let sech folks step up an' listen  
While my little horn I toot  
'Bout a real livin' hero—  
Engine-driver, Jimmy Root.

That's his name and don't forget it,  
Jimmy Root, the engineer.—  
His address is White Bear Village,  
Yes, sir, he's a-livin' there  
If his barns an' wounds ain't killed him,  
(Which, please God, we need not fear),  
He's the chap 'at backed that engine  
And its train from Hinckley town,  
While the fire fiends roared around 'em  
Mowin' home and forest down.

'Twas like this : Says Jack McGowan,  
(He was engine-mate with Jim)  
"Pard, I'm goin' to set the headlight."  
"Good idee," says Root to him ;  
"This here afternoon's so smoky  
That my sight is mighty dim,"  
So 'twas done, and then they started  
South from Carleton through the smoke.  
Due at four p.m. at Hinckley,  
And they made it on the stroke !

There Jim seed the platform swarmin'  
With a frantic, strugglin' crowd,  
And the cars was packed with people  
'Fore the train stopped, Jim allowed,  
And they cried, and prayed and hollered,

Hidden in the smoky cloud  
Black and hot ; the fire was near 'em,—  
Mighty near—Jim felt its breath,  
And he knowed another minute  
Meant a sure an' awful death.

So he jumped to pull the throttle  
Meanin' for to go ahead,  
When a sheet of flame and fury,  
Veller, blue, an' green an' red,  
Rose up like a wall afore him,  
An' his senses nearly fled ;  
Quickly he reversed the engine—  
"Six miles north's a marshy place,  
'Tis our only hope," he whispered,  
"Jack, we've got to make the pace !"

Back she moved, and faster, faster  
Grew the speed with every turn  
Of the drivin' wheels, and Jimmy,  
With a face so set an' stern,  
Stood right up an' held her to it,  
Knowin' it was heat or burn,  
While the flames like hell hounds follered  
Leapin', roarin' for their prey,  
Paintin' Jim infernal colors  
As the engine backed away.

One mile !—two ! Jim wraps his jacket  
Round his head, and fireman Jack  
From the manhole, where he's sheltered,  
Douses water on his back ;  
Three miles—four ! God help the hero  
Standin' firm an' roastin' black ;  
Five miles—six ! The race is ended—  
Stop her ! In a trice 'tis done ;  
Here's the shallow Skunk Lake marshes.  
Save your lives ! plunge, every one !

Now the balled flames roar madly  
Round about the scanty lake,  
In whose waters, wallowing gladly,  
All a speedy refuge take,  
Saved, because this homespun hero  
Did his duty for Christ's sake ;  
And they bless him, O, they'll hold him  
In their souls forever dear,  
And we all shall love and honor  
Jimmy Root, the engineer !

J. W. B.

**APPROPRIATE.**

THE Patron Party may not have much practical experience in politics, but it has at least a fine idea of the fitness of things in electing a leader whose nametis Haycock. His first name ought to be Timothy, though it isn't.



**THE FEMININE POINT OF VIEW.**

HE (*dreamily*)—"What lovely tones and tints mark the ever-changing bosom of the lake !"  
SHE (a society "gairl")—"Yes ; and what fashionable shades they are, too !"

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\* \* \*

REFERRING to the attractive exhibit of Electro-Medical appliances made by Professor Vernoy at the Industrial Exhibition the Globe pays the following well deserved tribute to this pioneer of Medical Electricity: "Prof. Vernoy had discovered a system of electro treatment following natural laws years before most of his contemporaries, and finding the existing batteries inadequate carrying out this system he invented and patented a battery which forms a principal part of the exhibit. These batteries, used in homes throughout Ontario for many diseases that are by physicians regarded as incurable, have brought Prof. Vernoy fame and placed him at the head of a great curative establishment. This consisted at first of the well-known building on the east side of Jarvis Street. Another was added on the west side as the sanatorium, and still more recently a third building has been secured for the maternity department. During the dull season these buildings have been fully occupied, and further development is inevitable. The patients are drawn by the best of all advertisements—the cures made upon the friends of the patients. That this is so shows on what an enduring basis the Vernoy institutions are built. The professor believes in his work, and the cures of all sorts of diseases, even to supposedly incurable cases of hip disease, that have been made, justify his own and his patients belief in electro-medical treatment."

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Malvern P. O., Sept. 10, 1886. L. D. CLOSSEN, M. D.

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