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CLOVER HARRISON,
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The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.



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

To Correspondents.

M. F. S., *Port Hope*.—Not suitable for our columns.

J. H. C.—Declined with thanks.

L. G., *Chicago*.—Try, try again. You may hit on something better next time.

R. S. P.—Can't use it.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—This is the season when the school-boy is decked in gorgeous apparel, and hies him to the public examination, where, in the presence of a crowded audience of the parents and friends, he displays the net results of the season's cramming, to the astonishment and delight of all. It is this familiar and interesting scene which we depict for our Christmas Cartoon. GRIP is nothing, if not true to facts, and it will be observed that there is nothing in the picture to imply that it is a Canadian winter. Most of our contemporaries who publish Christmas pictures will be sure to have heaps of snow and ponds of ice, regardless of the facts. The little boy in the cartoon who is at the map is Eddy Blake. He is the pride of the school, for the great extent of his brains and his love of books. But the school-master is a wag, and he has thought it fit to take a rise out of Eddy by asking him to point out where West Northumberland is. In the picture, Eddy is pointing out where it is, from the Grit point of view.

FIRST PAGE.—The movement inaugurated by Aldermen Taylor and Hallam in favour of a Free Public Library for Toronto, is one with which every good citizen must sympathize, and it will be gratifying to our readers to learn that it has every prospect of success. A permissive bill has been drafted, and a measure will be submitted to the Local Legislature at the approaching session to carry the principle into effect. Meantime, our two sanguine aldermen do not relax their efforts. As members of the civic household, they feel the influence of Santa Claus in the air, and here we have them going through the potent ceremony so dear to the heart of juvenile human nature—the ceremony of calling up the chimney. Of course they are unanimous in calling for a Free Public Library, and good Mrs. Toronto makes a note of it and determines that Santa Claus shall not fail to bring it in due time.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The question is, Who will be the new Senator for Montreal? Mr. Andrew Robertson and Mr. A. W. Ogilvie are the gentlemen at present in suspense. Either of them would do honour to the city in any capacity, and our paternal Government will no doubt choose wisely. It may be that Mr. Ogilvie will be conveyed thither by the Premier; and it may happen that Sir Charles will stop his fancy horse and give his kinsman a lift on the way. We make no bets, and shall be content to endorse the appointment, whatever it may be.

"The letters of a lady to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop (Lewis) of Ontario," on the subject of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, have been reprinted from the columns of the *Ottawa Citizen*, and issued in pamphlet form. Although in some points far from orthodox, these letters furnish a dainty dish for the lovers of keen satire and good English composition. If His Lordship has such a taste, the literary cleverness of the letters may perhaps mitigate the sting which the reading of them will cause him. But perhaps he may be one of those happy mortals whom slaying alive doesn't hurt much.

The fact is that "Gunhilda" talks common sense, and of course demolishes every shroud of the antiquated and obsolete nonsense taught by this High Church Bishop and his followers on this subject. And she does not talk at random. Her essays are thoughtful and scholarly as well as trenchant. We hope every Senator will read the *brochure*, and if the bill is not carried, then all we have to say is, the Senate needs abolishing even more than we supposed.

The enterprising publishers of the *Montreal Witness* have favoured us with copies of the engravings they are this year offering as premiums. They are splendid reproductions of Miss Thompson's celebrated academy paintings—"The Roll Call" and "Quatre Bras," and will, when neatly framed, adorn any parlour. The *Witness* maintains its place as the leading English paper of Quebec, and uses all its great influence for good.

On meeting my very stout friend B. the other day an inspiration seized me—"My dear fellow," I cried, "why use Allen's Anti-fat when a single letter in the alphabet would effect all you desire?" "What on earth do you mean?" said B., impatiently,—"how—which—what letter?" "Why the letter L to be sure, as it make *fat* become *flat*!" I did not wait for B.'s remarks—I had an engagement!

Mrs. Materfamilias, who has been going for them all round for the last half hour:—"And just look at that new hat, will you; just a week old, and all squeezed as flat as a pancake. Humph! 'epose that's the result of your high pressure, too!



IT'S AN AWFUL GREEN CHRISTMAS, ISN'T IT?

The Passing Show.

Manager Sheppard's bill of fare for this week has been exceptionally attractive. For the first three evenings, *Patience* was given very sumptuously by the Comely-Barton Comedy Company before large audiences, and the Star who now holds the boards is the renowned Rose Eytinge, whose power as an emotional actress is remarkable. The play *Felicia*, or *Woman's Love*, is one which is exactly adapted to the style of the actress, and a very satisfactory performance is therefore assured.

At the Royal, the present week's attraction is Miss Fanny Louise Buckingham and her trained horse in *Mazepa*. Miss Buckingham has visited Toronto on former occasions, and her powers as a representative of this character are well known to all patrons of the theatre.



YOUNG CANADA STILL BLEEDING.

CANADA.—Boo-hoo! O, stop it, Doctor!
DR. TILLEY.—Stop it? Nonsense! Don't you see the surplus I'm getting!

Hamilton "Spec." route carrier to "Times" ditto, insinuatingly:—"Say, Ed., how many papers does you route fellows carry every night?"
Wide-awake "Times" ditto, applying a digit to his nasal organ,—"We're awful cute, ain't we? Tell your boss when he axes yo that ye don't know."

A dollar in your pocket is worth two in your mind.—*Purser's Falls Reporter*.

The Dire "Necessity."

TO THE EDITOR OF GRIP:

Sir,—Bein' dreadful desirous of the welfare of my country, which includes Devonshire in England as well as Albion's Corners in Canada, I allays studies with great intencness the questions which come up in the papers about what is good for her—Canada, I mean. I am therefore deeply impressed with all the argyments that have lately been a floatin' about on the necessity of the soshle evill. But, in a matter like this which aint pleas'n't to think on, I cudn't bring my mind to bear on the point at all, least ways about providin', for all my four gals is married and comfortable, and as for their purty daughters, there's Jane, a sight too purty an' modest to name on such things, and there's Viney, a smart little lass as'll keep some good man's house in order nicely at some futur' period. An' then there's Mary an' Jessiean' Kate, them's smart gals Lor' bless us, to think o' their innocet little faces ever gettin' what we used to call "brazen"—I don't know what it's the fashion to call it now—well, it was too much for poor old Granny, so I looks around at my neighbours' children, and there wasn't one as I thought ought to be devoted, as I hear the gals is in Japan—to this ness'ry evill. Somehow I cudn't stummach the idee, but praps that's because I'm so old-fashioned.

So says I to myself "they say as ravins is very clever birds, an' I'm sure our Jim's was—that was in Devonshire when I was a gal, for it used to sit on the gate and ponder by the hour, an' if we lost anything, say a silver thimble, or a spoon, or a mutton bone, we was sure to find it in Bob's sleepin' place, he were such a thief." So says I to myself, "I see a ravin on a paper, and as that means as the paper is wise, an' knows a thing or two as we used-ter-say, says I, I'll write and ask if they knows of anybody willin' to devote their gels to the supplyin' of this ness'ry evil that must be purvided. So, Mr. Ravin, if you knows of anybody, praps you'll let me know, just to set my mind easy about the comfort ness'ry to our poor young men bein' purvided for, and if you don't know of anybody, praps you'll enquire of your noomrus readers (aint that it?) and ask which on 'em is willin' to bring up their gels for this ness'ry evill supply. I never had no boys, and tell ye the truth I aint sorry now, cause I can't bring my mind to think as I should a liked them to a bad anything to do with such a sort of ness'ries.

Yours, dear Mr. Ravin,
GRANNY.

Christmas Books.

No season has ever surpassed the present in the sumptuousness of its Christmas books. The esthetic mania has, at all events, done good in one respect—it has spurred up the publishers to almost miraculous efforts in the line of elegant volumes. To be convinced of this you have only to step into any of the fine stationery establishments on King-street, where art books are made a specialty—notably into the splendid premises of Messrs. Hart and Company, between Bay and Jordan-streets. Their shelves and cases are groaning in the proverbial manner with treasures of the publishers and picture-makers' art. One little volume is sure to attract special attention. It is a take-off on the esthetic craze, as good in its way as *Patience*. We refer to Josephine Pollard's brochure entitled "*The Decorative Sisters*," illustrated by Walter Satterlee Messrs. Hart & Co. are carrying on the good work begun by Hart and Rawlinson in the way of hand-painted books and cards—a line of work which not only affords remunerative employment for many talented ladies in our country, but evidently fills a "long-felt want," as the increasing demand testifies.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.
(AFTER DICKENS.)

The Dean stood deeply pondering. "Please sir, would you spare a trifle to help the starving," said a poor weak voice. All around were tumble-down dens of Satan. And the good man still stood pondering. He might have been thinking of the long ago; he might have been ruminating on the chime of the Christmas bells. Or perhaps he was thinking how good it would be to devote some of the enormous income of the Rectorship of St. James to the moral and material improvement of Lombard Street, the reproach of the city though the property of the Church.



"TIS HE!"

Who marches up the streets at night
And softly sings his chorus bright?
Who fills the "peelers" with delight?
The Student.

Who gazes in the peeler's eye,
With timid glance and manner shy,
And swears to "stick" to him or die?
The Student.

Who doth the peeler's thoughts engage,
And fill his manly breast with rage,
Which nothing earthly can assuage?
The Student.

Who goes into the "Golds" at times,
And chants the quaint old Coleridge rhymes,
Especially one called "Old Grimes"?
The Student.

Who always pays his little bills,
Who frequently has awful chills,
Which nothing but hot whiskey kills
The Student.

Who seldom drinks, or smokes, or swears,
Or puts on houghty toighty airs,
Nor finds it hard to get up stairs?
The Student.

Who loves to square up with Nudel,
Like anyone below loves?—(Well,
The name of it I shall not tell.)
The Student.

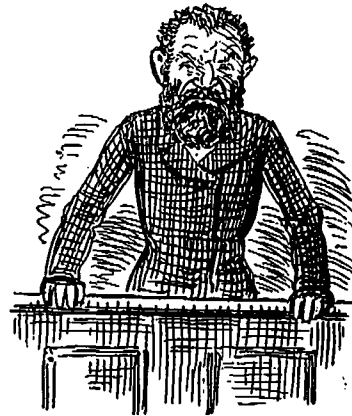
Who loves the "Globe" like lover true,
And reads its columns daily through?
There is but one 'tween me and you—
The Student.

And who, like Trevvy Ridout, rates
The "World," because it advocates
Our independence which he hates?
The Student.

Who is it seldom reads a book,
Or at Curriculum doth look,
If he can help, by hook or crook?
The Student.

Who says this is not doggerel rhyme,
But poetry inspired, sublime,
And for it pays his half-a-dime?
The Student.

JA KASSR.



THE GUILTEAU CASE.

THE CHIEF INSANITY EXPERT ON BEHALF OF THE DEFENCE.

Angelina—"I have been to hear Rev. Mr. Mistigush. He gave us a beautiful sermon. He is a very learned man you know." Frank—"What makes you think so, dear?" Angelina—"Oh, I know he must be, Frank. I couldn't understand at all what he was talking about. But it was a beautiful sermon.—*Boston Transcript*."



"THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG."

(UNAUTHORIZED CANADIAN EDITION, DEDICATED, WITH EVERY EXPRESSION OF SYMPATHY, TO MR. MARK TWAIN, BY HIS ADMIRING FRIEND "GRIP.")

Underground Theology.

IN THREE ACTS.—ACT 3RD.

SCENE.—Another basement, not quite as oave as the others, the residence of an amercian baby farmer, (on a limited scale,) to wit, Mrs. Spence, who ekes out a living by selling candies and bread ostensibly, also a dhrap of the unlicensed crayther (sub rosa). Mrs. S. has just given her four-months-old baby enough whiskey and paregoric to quiet it for the next four hours at least, and has now sat down to have a quiet bit of sympathetic gossip over a pint of beer, a tete-a-tete with old Mrs. Jore, her neighbour over the way.

Mrs. JORE, taking the shaved off her head and adjusting herself comfortably—

"I do declare, Missis Spence, I was just a-ayin' to Maria, As I was a-sittin' a-toastin' my poor old toes by the fire. Says I, there's Missis Spence now, no furdar than over the way, Might be dead an' buried for all we know, haint seen her since yesterday, So I throw my shawl over my head, an' here I be, Missis Spence. Come a-purpose to see how you are. How's the world been using you since?"

Mrs. SPENCE, in a hoarse, Hibernian voice—

"Arrah! don't yez be after axin', sure it's ruined meself will be, Wid their prachin' an' their convartin', an' fixin' folks up wid tea. The devil a dhrap of liquor I've sowld all this blissid day, An' that gurl a-comin' to-morrow to carry her brat away."

Mrs. JORE, shaking her head solemnly—

"Yes, ma'am, the times is bad, an' growin' every day worse, You can't turn an honest penny, without people makin' a fuss, You know them there three boys I rented my cellar to sleep in, An' only charged 'em ten cents? Well, ma'am, didn't they go a-weepin' To them big bugs as gets up the breakfast, Sunday mornin' at Temperance All, An' they've been an' gone an' took 'em for good, the one with consumption an' all, In course they wan't no profit, but still a few cents cum handy, To buy me a pint o' beer, or a horn to coax old Sandy, To do me a bit o' pawwin', or hook a loose heard off the fence, To kindle the fire of a mornin'. But whisper now, Missis Spence, Don't you think, between us private, the world's turnin' upside down? With all them queer on-goin's of them big bugs there up town,

Lor bless ye! when I was young, they'd go around givin' us tracks,

Them dressed up in silks and velvets, and hus not a dud to our backs.

Much we cared for their preachin' and prayin', hus, starvin' of hunger and cold, But now-a-days things are changed or else it's me gettin' old.

It do seem strange now, don't it? to see all the trouble they're at,

A-feedin', an' clothin', an' schoolin' some poor, dirty, motherless brat.

(An' they might small thanks they'll get for it.) That teetotal cobbler next door

Got drunk, and was sent up for somethink, but that's over three years an' more.

His wife, she took on so, she died, an' the way she was laid out with flowers

Would 'a' melted the heart of a stone. An' then there's young Polly Powers,

Well, after she had her babby, they kept her till she was well,

An' they got her a situation; ye'll never believe what I tell.

The family is all so fond of her, she's doin' so extra well. An' they do say that even them girls, they'll watch them a-passin' by.

An' they'll coax them, ma'am, so kindly, that really sometimes they'll cry:

An' I was told a great secret, that weddin' the other day, Was one of them self-same girls, brought back after goin' astray.

It's really wonderful, ma'am, the goin's on now-a-days, An' the queerest thing of all they wont take to themselves no praise.

My little granddaughter, she tells me, them are folks as love the Lord,

An' they do it for love of their Master, an' if I can believe her word,

He was once as poor as hus, an' went hungry many a day, An' was so hard up for a home, he went up a hill-side to pray,

Nor hadn't a hole to sleep in, no more than one of them boys

As slept all the time in my cellar, with the rats kickin' up such a noise.

I declare to ye, Missis Spence, I felt like as I could pray, When she said that *This* was the One, was to judge us all one day.

I used to be so scared when I'd think of the awful Lord, A-ventin' His wrath on poor sinners, as was allus a-breakin' his word,

But laws! it do look so different to think of a kindly man Up'n heaven, a-comin' to judge us, an' doin' for us all he cau,

(An' he needn't unless he likes, seein' he's God all the same as man.) I'd give up this rough way of livin', if I thought they'd give me a home,

For now I am old and tired, but I know I could help 'em some.

When John he lay a-dyin', (my John he was allus queer,)

Says he, with his hand on his heart, 'There's somethin' as tells me here

Your eyes will be opened yet, an' then you will understand

What I mean when I tell you, Mary, I'm going to the better land.

Yes, really, it *do* make a differ, it's one thing to hear people pray,

And another to see them a-actin' as though they believed what they say,

A-comin' down here right among us, as if we were one of theirself's,

Instead o' cockin' their noses at the sights, an' the dirt, an' the smells.

I tell you what now, Missis Spence, religion like that I believe in,

But the times is awful changed since the times I used to live in.

Lor bless ye, they'd preach an' they'd pray, but they'd care a sight more for a dog,

An' the way they would look down upon you, you'd think a poor man was a frog.

Yes, thank God! the times are a-changin', an' we are a-changin', too,

When they offer ye love an' kindness, what can a poor body do.

Now, what do you think, Missis Spence?"

Mrs. SPENCE, lifting the beer to her lips—

Faix, it's tittle I'm thinkin' about it, The praste he can fix all that, an' I'd niver pretend to doubt it.

But it don't do me any good, the folks afther turning teetotal,

So here's luck to us both, Mrs. Jore, its meself that'll stick to the bottle. (Drinks.)

(Exeunt.)

JAY KAVELLE.



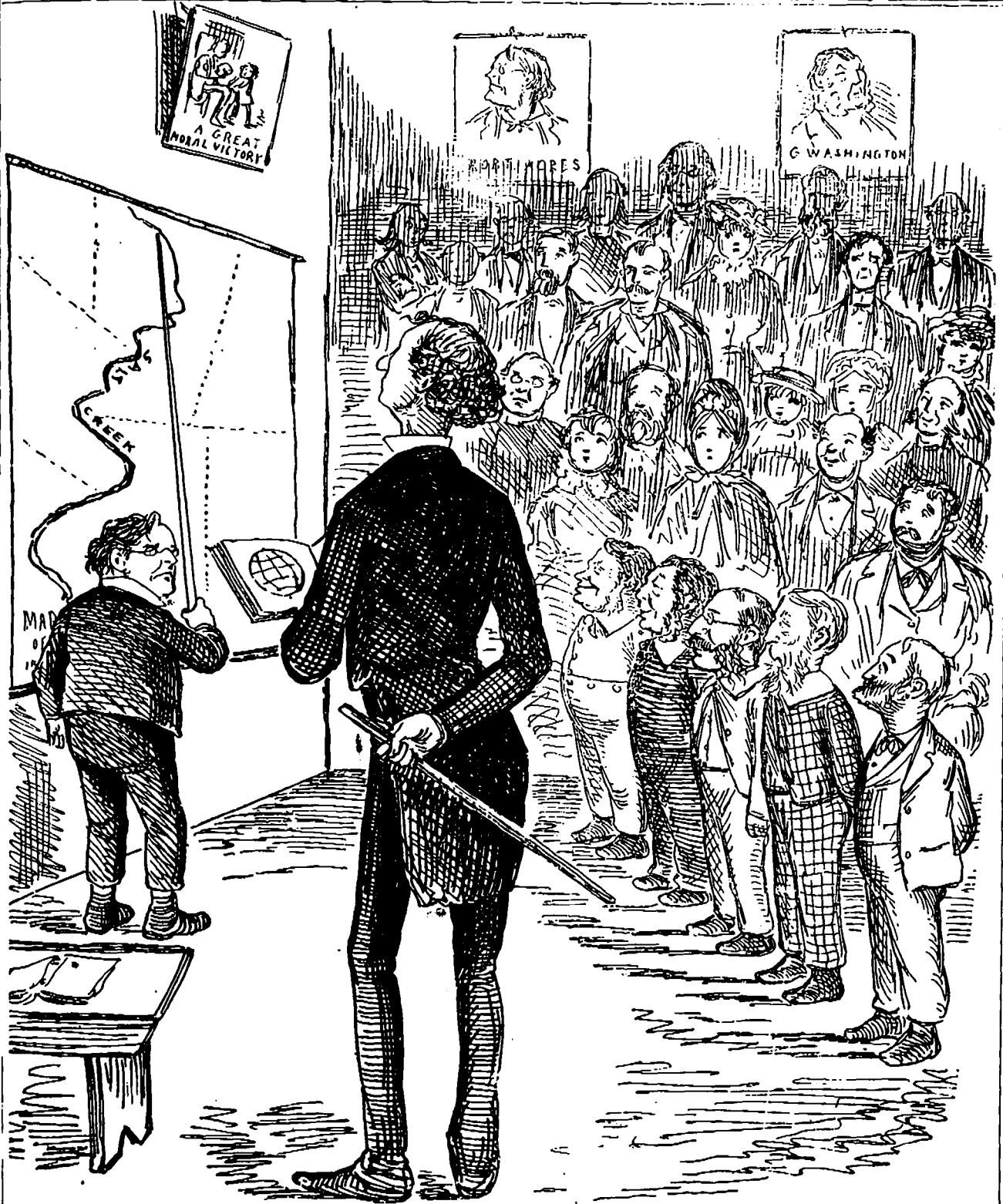
DR. COCHRANE, OF BRANTFORD.

"DISCIPLINING" THE CONGREGATIONAL BELL.

He seized the brazen clanging tongue,
And all his weight upon it flung,
And shouted, as he held it tight,
"My people shall not—must not be
Kept late for church by hearing thee—
Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Mrs. Pinch's boarder, who has been reading the anti-cram editorials in the *Globe*: "I see they are trying to do away with this system of cramming students so much." Mrs. Pinch, brightening up suddenly.—"Really now, is that really so? I'm mighty glad, I tell you. Victuals is so high, and these young growin' boys do cram so." Exit boarder.

What is wanted is not so much a burglar-proof safe, as a cashier-proof safe.—"Well, I'll be blowed," as the factory whistle said when twelve o'clock struck.—*Somerville Journal*.



THE CHRISTMAS EXAMINATION.

(First Class in Geography.)

THE HEAD MASTER.—"AND NOW, NEDDY BLAKE, WILL YOU POINT OUT WHERE WEST NORTHUMBERLAND IS?"

* See comments on page 2.

[There's no "cram" about this.]

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

For the Nursery Brigade.
(Denver Tribune.)



I.

Oh, what a Bad Mamma to Leave Little Esther all Alone in the Dark Room. No wonder Esther is Crying. She is afraid a Big Bugaboo will come down the Chimney and Eat her up. Bugaboos like to Eat little Children. Did you ever see a Bugaboo with its Big Fire Eyes and Cold Teeth all over Blood? The next Time Mamma leaves you Alone in a Dark room, perhaps One will Come to Eat you.



II.

The old Man is Blind and cannot see. He holds a Hat in his Hand and there is a Dime in the Hat. Go up quietly and Take the Dime out of the Hat. The Man cannot See you. Next Sunday you can put the Dime in the Sabbath School box and the Teacher will Praise you. Your Papa will put some Money in the Contribution box, too. He will put More than You do. But his Opportunities for Robbing are Better than yours.



III.

Here we have a Picnic. Is it not Jolly? The children are Running around and Playing Tag. But where is the Custard Pie? A moment ago it was Under the Elm Tree. Can it Be that Mr. Jones is Sitting on the Custard Pie? Alas, it is too True. And Miss Smith is Laughing at him. He looks as Badly Broken up as the Pie, does he Not?



IV.

See the Fish. The Fish is a Trout and Breathes through his Ears. He lives in the Brook and May be if you try you can Catch him. Any little Boy who catches so many Measles ought to be Able to Catch one little Fish. The Trout Weighs four Ounces, but you can say he Weighs four Pounds. Do not call him a Speckled Beauty or you will be Shot. Eat him Head, Tail, Inwards and All, and get a little Bone in your Throat if you Can.



V.

This is a Diamond Pin. The Editor won it at a Church Fair. There were Ten Chances at Ten Cents a Chance. The Editor Mortgaged his Paper and Took one Chance. The Pin is Worth seven hundred Dollars. Editors like Diamonds. Sometimes they Wear them in their Shirts, but Generally in their Minds.



VI.

Who Put the Salt in the Sugar Bowl? Mamma is Anxious to Find Out. Willie is Busy looking out of the window. Can you Guess what he is Thinking about? Perhaps he is Wondering what Mamma will Give him before he Goes to Bed without his Supper. If we were Willie, we would Feel safer with a Latin Grammar in the Seat of our Pants.



VII.

What a Delightful Mud Hole! It is quite deep and Inviting. How Cool and Pleasant it must be in the Mud Hole. Good little Boys

and Girls can Play in the Mud Hole and Make Lots of Nice Patty Cakes. Tell the Baby to come too, and then You can Put Mud in his Ears and he will Splash the pretty Black Water all over Susie's new Frock.

Sausage at wholesale price is dog cheap.—*Picayune.*

A good husband, like a good base burner, never goes out nights.—*Toledo American.*

A coal fire is a grate comfort, but a nutmeg often suggests a grater.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A new song is entitled "Sweeter than Sweet." There's lots of taffy in it.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A dog can keep up his pants without the use of suspenders.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Some are born rich, others achieve riches, while others become bank cashiers.—*Bloomington (Ill.) Eye.*

When a man has a plumbing bill to settle, he finds out what it costs to pay the piper.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

It is not so much what a man knows as what he doesn't nose, that proves his scentsibility.—*N. Y. News.*

The warrant read by a sheriff preparatory to hauling a man is a sort of noose paper, as it were.—*Somerville Journal.*

Because they call a little statue a statuette, is that any sign that a little sausage is a sausage e.—*Steuenville Herald.*

The word "presence" is spoiled in most wedding invitations. It should be spelled "presents."—*South Bend (Ind.) Tribune.*

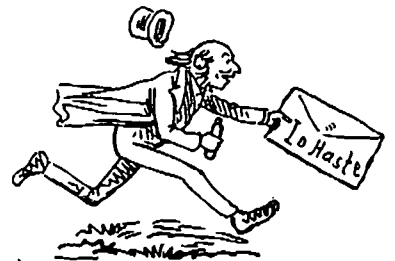
"Why sigh for dat which you can't re'ch?" remarked the darkey as he took a hen from his neighbour's coop.—*Decatur (Ill.) Blade.*

Advice to wives—Man is very much like an egg; keep him in hot water and he is bound to become hardened.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.*

When you see a banana peel resting on the sidewalk and a fat man unconsciously approaching it, the indications point to an early fall.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A Canadian Speaks.

When anything worth saying is spoken in that terse and pointed way that bears the impress of honest conviction, we like to have people know the nature of the communication. Of such a nature is the following from Mr. W. F. Haist, Campden P. O., Lincoln Co., Ontario. Mr. Haist says: With great joy over my restored health, I would write a few lines concerning that wonderful remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. For the last six years I have been using various medicines internally and externally, but nothing would help me. Finally I procured a



bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me after a few applications. My mother-in-law, who has also been a great sufferer from rheumatism, was also instantly relieved by the use of the Great German Remedy. St. Jacobs Oil is a great blessing to suffering humanity, and I shall do everything in my power to make known its merits.

The Chronicles of Flori, the Son of David.

FROM THE DAY OF HIS DEFEAT EVEN UNTIL NOW.

And behold Flori, the son of David, draw near, and entered into the tent of his fore-fathers, and there came out to meet him his aged sire.

And Flori lifted up his voice and wept; and said unto him, "Oh my father, the sword of Arma-Geddon, the Captain of the Host, has entered into my flesh, and his words, even exceeding bitter words, into my heart, and I am sore vexed and troubled in spirit."

And his father said unto him, "Oh, my son, be not troubled in spirit, neither let thy heart be sad within thee, for thou shalt yet have dominion over this Philistine, even Arma-Geddon, the Captain of the Host."

Then was the soul of Flori comforted and he bound up his wounds, and uncovered his head to the breath of Heaven. And he said unto his slaves, which were with him in the gate to do his bidding:—"It is well; bring forth the instruments of musick, even the sackbut and the psaltory, and make merry before me, and fear not."

But though he spake thus with his tongue, he hardened his heart, and took counsel with himself what he should do, saying:—"This man, even Arma-Geddon, the Centurion, the Leader of Foes and the Bearer of Brooms, shall surely die."

So he hardened his heart, and bound up his wrath within himself until the days of his fasting, even the weeks and months of the peace offering should be fulfilled.

Now it came to pass in those days, even in the days of the peace-offerings and sacrifices, that Flori went forth from the land of his fathers, and sojourned in a foreign land.

And his heart was sad within him, so he summoned unto him the wise men of the land, even the Smooth-flayers, the Bruisabns and the Boxahs, and said unto them:—"Behold now is my spirit sad within me; for the Centurion, even Arma-Geddon, the Captain of the Host, hath waged war against me, a man of peace, a sculptor of images, and a lover of musick and sweet sounds, and hath discomfited me."

Then the wise men of the land lifted up their voices and said unto him:—"Let not thy heart be sad within thee, neither let thy spirit mourn, for in thy land, even in the land of Jon-Lorn, the King, thou hast a man of great skill in such matters, one who maketh the wounded spirit to rejoice, and grants comfort to the mourner. He will aid thee against this Philistine, and thou shalt lay him even with the dust. Yea, verily, and so shall it be unto thee."

Then was Flori exceeding glad, and he said unto the wise men:—"Give me, I pray ye, some sign by which I shall know this wise man; lest peradventure I meet him in the way, and know him not." And they gave unto him a sign.

And Flori gave unto the wise men oneshekel, for, though he had many, they were very dear unto him.

So Flori departed for his own land.

And behold, as he journeyed upon the great sea, he fell into a deep sleep, and he dreamed a dream; and in his dream the bags of sand which lay around him arose from the ground and stood up before him. And he looked, and beheld the bags of sand bore the likeness of the Centurion, even of Arma-Geddon. And the bag which was the head cried aloud and said unto him, "Arise, thou bag of wind, why sleep thou?" Then Flori arose in his dream, and he smote the bags, hip and thigh, until they fell, and the sand ran out upon the ground.



Then Flori awoke from his sleep, and communed with himself, and said unto himself, "Are not these the words of the wise men, which they spake unto me, saying:—"Thou shalt lay him even with the dust." And he was comforted."

So Flori returned unto his own land, and he sought diligently among his kinsfolk and relations for the wise man who should aid him against the Captain of the Host; but he found him not.

Then was he grieved in spirit, saying unto himself, "Surely now have I been deceived by the wise men, and have given them of my wealth for naught."

And it came to pass that there was a certain slave in

the land, exceeding cunning in the art of forging iron. And Flori sent unto him, saying:—"Make me, even now, iron for my raiment, that I may be safe against this man who girds himself with a staff." And Flori was urgent, and said, "If thou dost not this thing thou shalt surely die; for art thou not a slave to do my bidding?"

And the slave made haste and drew near unto him; and it came to pass when Flori beheld him that he fell on his knees before him, and said unto him:

"Oh, my friend, live forever! For surely thou art he who shall grant me deliverance from mine enemy." And the slave said unto him, "I am he, be comforted."

Then they communed together, and took counsel respecting the death of Arma-Geddon.

Now when the weeks of fasting, and of the peace-offerings were accomplished, even in the tenth month, and on the twenty-seventh day of the month, Arma-Geddon arose early and said unto himself, "Behold the harvest is at hand; the harvest of stocks and of wurgins, and the season for the gathering in of shekels. Now must I hasten and get me down right early, lest they be all devoured by the bears of the street and the bulls of the corner."

So he went forth from his tent, and journeyed through the land of the *Black-Grogor* to that of the *Shinnoring-Sau*. And as he journeyed he thought not of Flori, the son of David, but he said unto himself, "Oh, self, live forever! Thou art mighty in warfare, and comely in person. The strong men and the fair maidens bow down unto thee, and thy name is of great report in the land."

But as he thus communed with himself a great noise smote the air, and a mighty voice, as of thunder, said unto him:

"Art thou he who girdeth himself with a stick?"

Then the knees of Arma-Geddon smote together, and he



quaked with fear, and trembled exceedingly; so that his staff, which was in his hand, fell upon the ground. For he knew that the voice was the voice of the bag of wind even of Flori, the son of David.

Then the wise man, even the forger of iron, upon whom Flori leant, said unto him, "Be mindful of thy dream, and smite him, for I am with thee, so that thou shalt prevail, and he shall surely die."

So Flori fell upon him and smote him, so that he fell, and the blood, even the blood of the Centurion, Arma-Geddon, flowed out upon the ground. Then Flori smote him again and again, and buffeted him, until the words of the wise men, which they spake unto him were fulfilled.

And Arma-Geddon, the Centurion, the mighty man of valour, the Commander of Foes, and the Leader of many, lay humbled in the dust, wallowing in his own gore. And he groaned in spirit and cried aloud, saying:—"It is enough, go hence from my sight, and mock not the voice of my groaning."

But Flori said unto him:—"If thou wert a man, then wouldest thou do battle as a man; but behold now art thou but a child, even a mere babe before me." And he smote him upon the right cheek and upon the left, and reviled him with exceeding bitter words.

Then spake the wise man, even the cunning forger of iron, unto Flori, saying:—"Let us go hence, it is enough." So they mounted into the chariot and departed. But the wise man took with him the staff of Arma-Geddon, which was in his hand, saying unto himself, "It is a token of remembrance for them that shall do likewise."

And Flori returned unto his own tent, and they prepared a great feast and made merry. For they said, now is the house of David exalted above its fellows. For we have smitten our enemy and laid him even with the dust. So they feasted and made merry, even until the eleventh hour. But on the morrow there was silence in the house of David, for the heads of the people were sore amazed and very heavy.

But Arma-Geddon lay within his tent, sick unto death, and troubled in his heart. And he called unto him the wise men of the land; the Physicians, the Scribes, and the Counsellors. And they took counsel together for many days.

Then one of them, a Counsellor, mighty with his tongue, and cunning withal, but of short stature, said unto them:—"How long shall this man trouble us? For he is a ndisy and a turbulent fellow, and no man's life is safe while he is abroad."

So they took Flori, the son of David, and cast him into prison, and made his feet fast in the stocks,

And it was a custom in those parts to do unto prisoners, even as they did in the days of Samson, to take their strength from them; but, though they searched diligently from morning until evening, they touched not a hair of his head. For it was not.



Then was there mourning in the house of David, and a great cry went abroad in the land, for they said, "Where is the wise man, the mighty Counsellor who shall deliver us?" And one said unto them, "Fear not, for I will bring unto you him of whom ye speak." And behold he brought unto him Gulelmus, the son of Hastings, a mighty Counsellor, a man of stately carriage, and comely in looks, who spake words as sweet as honey, yet were they sharp as barbed arrows.

And he said unto them, "Be of good cheer, fear not, for I will deliver him." And they took comfort, and gave unto him many shekels. And the number of the shekels which they gave unto him was so great that they filled even the whole *car* in which he rode.

In those days there ruled over the city a mighty judge, Sagud, the son of Colix, and when all these things were made known unto him he summoned before him Flori, the son of David, and a great multitude, even the whole city. And when they were all assembled together, even the Counsellors, the Scribes, the Physicians, the Smooth-flayers, the Brokahs, and the Boxahs, they wrangled and strove with each other for many days, respecting Flori, the son of David, and Arma-Geddon, whom he slew; and there was strife in the city, and between the Brokahs and the Boxahs.

Then stood up the Counsellors, four in number: He, who was short in stature, yet cunning with his tongue; Gulelmus, the son of Hastings, whose words were as honey on his lips, yet full of venom in his heart; Alderic, the son of Joseph, the spokesman of the great king; and another, who is surmised the wellfamous; and there stood also before the people those who were to give testimony in the matter, four score and ten in number.

And they all shouted and haranged together in the Court which is called *Smell-don* during many days.

And on the third day, even at the eleventh hour of the night, the people shouted with a loud voice and said:—"Let Flori, the son of David, be exalted in the land, for he hath done good and not evil before us, and hath cast down the mighty, the proud, and him of high stomach, even Arma-Geddon, the Leader of Dances and the Bearer of Brooms."

So they brake the bonds of Flori, the son of David, and set him free; but the great Judge, even Asgud, the son of Colix, said unto him, "Be thou henceforward careful in thy doings, oh, thou son of David; and that thou mayest remember these days, I command thee to cast into the treasury of the great king two mites."

So Flori, the son of David, triumphed in the land; and Arma-Geddon, the Centurion, went mourning many days, seeking rest but finding none.

Now the rest of the acts of Flori, the son of David, and the oaths which he swore, are they not written in the books of the Upper Ten, as a remembrance against him unto this day.

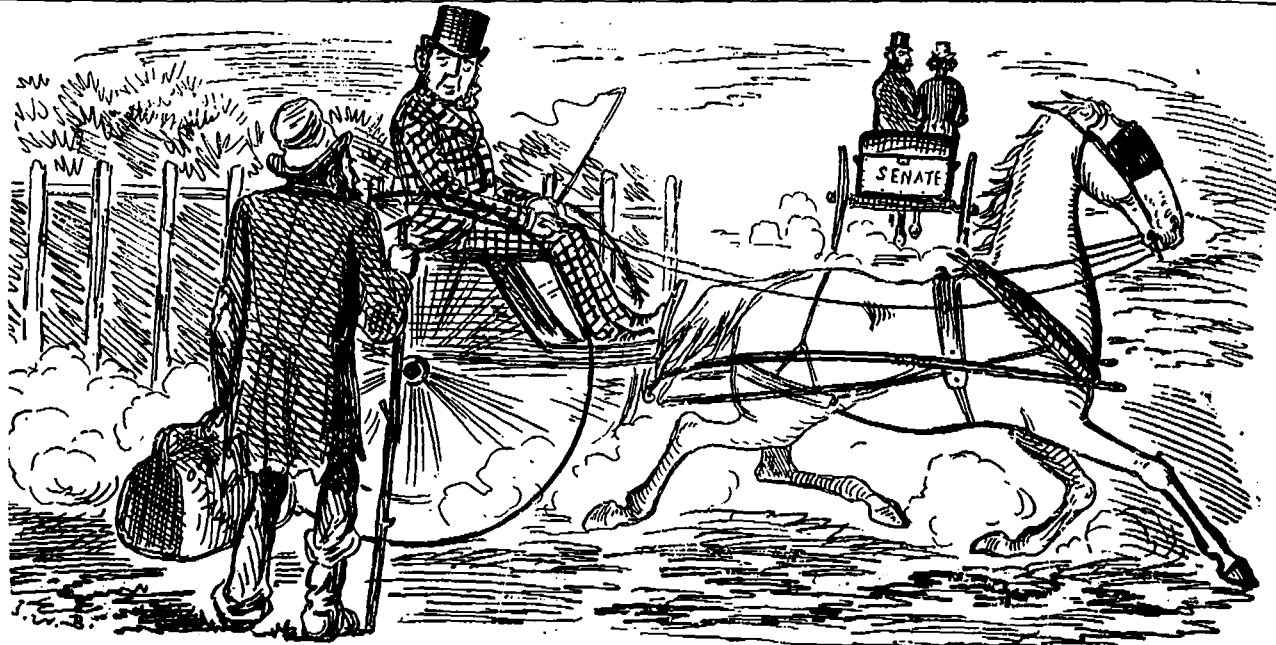
A Lady's Experience.

Mrs. G. A. Gist, No. 1201 Walnut-street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I had inflammatory rheumatism very badly. In one foot and ankle it seemed to have taken hold with the determination to stay some time; and the morning I obtained St. Jacobs Oil I could not put my foot down to the floor, even for an instant. I used it that evening for the first time, and the next morning for the second time, and that afternoon put my foot down for several minutes. On Sunday following I could stand up and walk a few steps. On Tuesday could walk about my room, and went down stairs by holding on to the banisters. Now I can walk quite well, and there is very little pain left. Just think! one bottle and a half and I am almost free from pain. It is a wonderful medicine."

The champion nine of the country—feminine.—*Burlington (N. J.) Enterprise.*

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"GIVE US A LIFT, SIR!"

WEARY TRAVELLER, (who resembles Mr. Robertson, of Montreal?) ON HIS WAY TO THE SENATE CHAMBER AT OTTAWA.

The only thing in this country that is not injured by bursting is applause.—*Marathon Independent.*

If there is ever a time in a man's life when he indulges in reflections about the welfare of his future, it is when he fails in a prolonged effort to get off a pair of boots at least three sizes nearer to nothing than his feet.—*Job Trotter, Boston Times.*

A penny makes more noise in the contribution box than a five dollar bill, and the man who gives the penny makes more noise than the giver of the bill when it comes to saying "amens" or voting on church management.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

Mr. L.—writes to inform us that his son has a taste for poetry, and asks, "What should he do?" Send him to us—he's the very young man we've been looking for! We have two baskets of spring poetry; we will let him eat the whole of it!—*Philadelphia Sun.*

To the humourist who is also a sentimentalist it must be pleasant to reflect that his witticisms have caused red lips to smile with delight, and white throats to swell with laughter that begets no sorrow. A2d, by the way, lard is fifteen cents a pound.—*E. R. Wick, Danbury News.*

Where is the use in puzzling one's brains over such intricate problems as the origin of man and the whitherness of his future, when one cannot tell so simple a thing as how the small boy in rubber boots gets his feet wet going twenty rods over frozen ground?—*Boston Transcript.*

W., the lawyer, did not like visitors. One day, being "annoyed" oftener than usual, he determined to insult the next man who entered his room. In came D., and in his usual cheerful manner said, "How are you, old boy," and sat down. W. was boiling over. "What is the difference," he asked, looking savagely at D., "between that stove and a jackass?" D. saw something was wrong, so he got up and walked toward the door. "Can't you answer?" said W. "Not positively," said D., "because I have not a fair rule with me. I'm going to get one to give you fair measurement! Please don't move until I return!" And he shut the door with a bang that made W. jump in his chair!—*Philadelphia Sun.*

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[Montreal (Canada) Post.]

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The man who says that water is not the proper thing to drink is apt to go a-rye.—*Greenbush Gazette.*