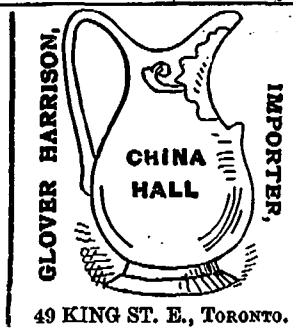
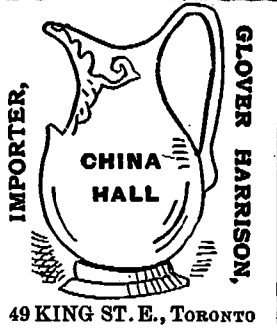


STUART W. JOHNSTON, Dispensing Druggist, 271 KING STREET W., Toronto, Ont.

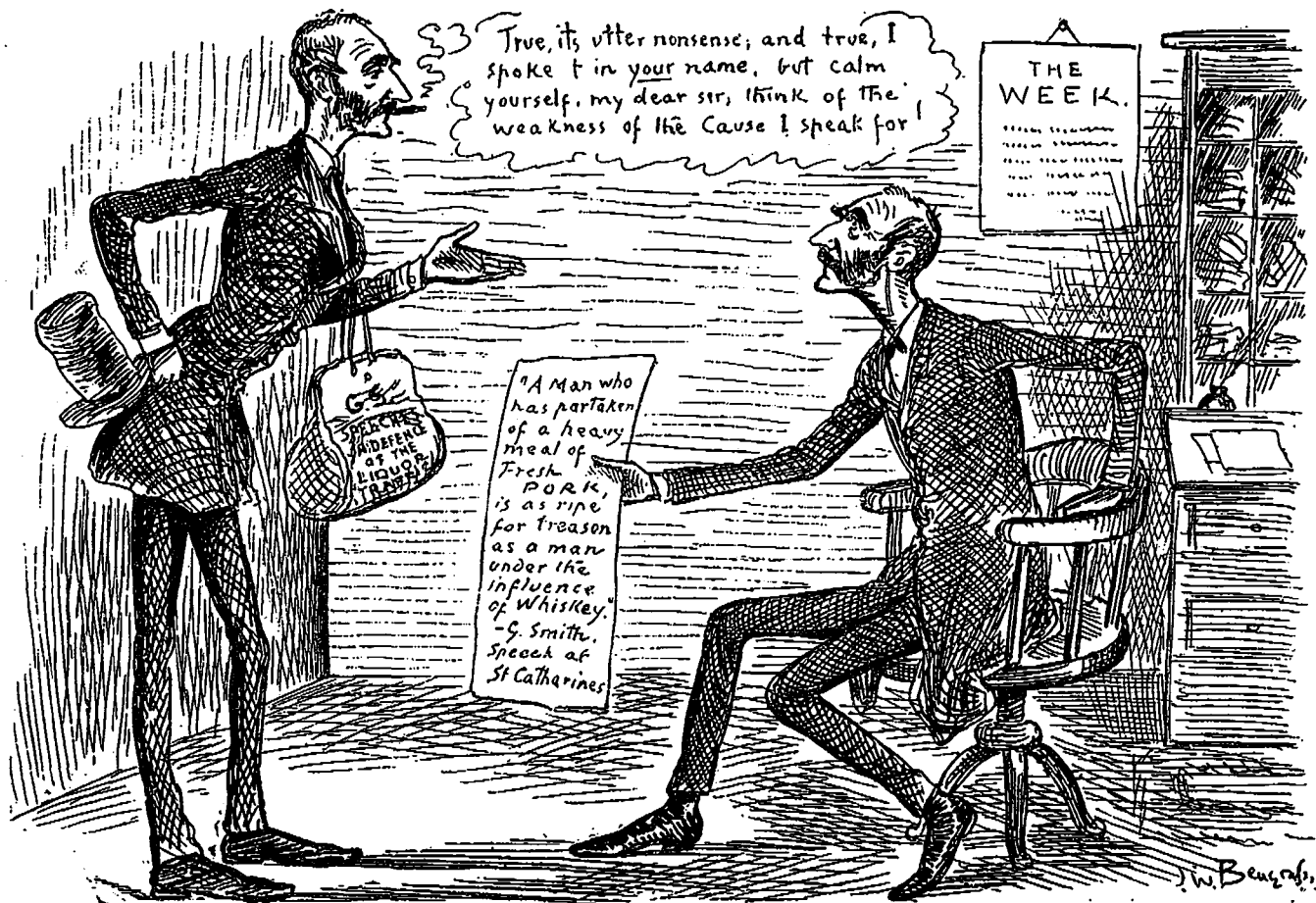
BRYCE BROS., THE LUMBER MERCHANTS AND BUILDERS. Save Notice by being your own Landlord. Houses built quickly and on easy terms. Call and see us. Corner Berkeley and Front Streets, TORONTO.



VOLUME XXV. }  
 No. 20.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 14TH, 1885.

{ \$2 PER ANNUM.  
 5 CENTS EACH.



HIS REPRESENTATIVE ON THE STUMP:

OR, GOLDWIN THE SCHOLAR, AND GOLDWIN THE CRANK.



Genuine Diamond, set in solid 15 karat gold.  
 DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.

**50 Per cent. reduction**

on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 800 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.

**CHAS. STARK,**  
 52 Church Street, Toronto, near King.



**JOHNSTON'S**  
**FLUID BEEF.**



Genuine Diamond, set in solid 15 karat Gold.  
 DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.

**50 Per cent. reduction**

on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 800 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.

**CHAS. STARK,**  
 52 CHURCH ST. TORONTO, Near King,

# GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND  
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company  
of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.  
All business communications to be addressed to  
S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH, Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

MONTREAL AGENCY 124 ST. JAMES ST.

JOS. S. KNOWLES, Agent.

NEW YORK AGENCY 150 NASSAU ST.

AZRO GOFF,

Sole Advertising Agent for the Middle and New England  
States.

## Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—The Reform Club is in a fair way of becoming an accomplished fact. Sir Richard Cartwright—who is really an energetic man—has been “booming” the scheme in this city, and the response to his appeals is regarded as most satisfactory by members of the party interested. In a late issue we suggested that whatever might be the usefulness of a club-house to the Opposition, a club of a certain kind, to wit: a live and aggressive policy, was certainly needed. It now appears that the Reform Club is intended to be a bludgeon of that kind. It is to be a weapon by the agency of which the hydra-headed monster of Toryism is to be in due time slain. In the meantime Sir Richard is doing a good work for his party by the agitation he has managed to kick up. We do him the honor of acknowledging his services in our cartoon.

FIRST PAGE.—No intelligent person who knows anything of Mr. Goldwin Smith, will hesitate to admit the ability and scholarship of that gentleman. Indeed, we have yet to meet the man who feels disposed to dispute Mr. Smith's right to the highest place in the literary world of Canada. But it is just as unquestionable that not infrequently this gifted personage writes and speaks things utterly unworthy, both of his ability and scholarship. On the Prohibition question he evidently finds it impossible to keep within the broad lines of common sense; his statements, both in print and from the platform, are frequently such as we expect only from fanatics and cranks. Observe this, for example; a specimen from his recent speech at t. Catharines:—

“A man who has eaten too much, partaken of a large meal of rare pork, and this followed by green tea, is just as disagreeable, just as ripe for treason as the drunkard.”

We confess to being puzzled over Mr. Goldwin Smith; and after a studious effort to reconcile such nonsense as the above with the gentleman's admitted intellectuality, the most plausible explanation we can hit upon is that presented in our cartoon, viz.: that the learned Professor who haunts the Anti-Scott platform is not in reality the erudite *littérateur* of the Grange, but a sort of emanation only from the latter—a materialization of the cranky and crochety and antagonistic elements of a nature that is (though highly refined on the whole) not all sweetness and light.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Sir John has respited Louis Riel until the 16th inst. This is unquestionably the most difficult act that the great political equestrian has ever undertaken; he is still riding his horses, but the strain is getting greater every minute. Mortal man cannot conceive how he is going to get through without a tumble if he can't coax the horses nearer together. Well, he deliberately undertook the business; he will have nobody but himself to blame if he comes to grief.



COMPANIONS IN MISERY.

### WE APOLOGISE.

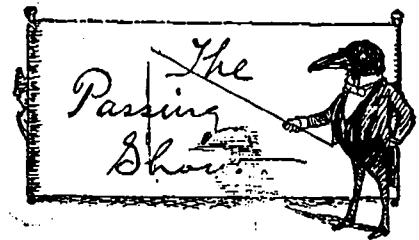
Inasmuch as the evidence now goes to show that the students of Trinity Medical School had nothing to do with the ghastly business of hanging the corpse in front of the butcher's shop on Parliament Street, Mr. GRIP, as in duty bound, apologises for the little sketch which appeared last week on the subject. It is needless to say that the exculpating evidence was not made public until after the paper had gone to press, and it is with pleasure that we take this, the earliest opportunity, of acknowledging that, with the general public, we were wrong in ascribing the scandalous affair to a silly student's prank.

### QUERY?

Has he been vaccinated  
Who has of vaccine ate?  
I hear that it's so staked  
By homoeopaths of late;  
Or is it over-rated,  
As claimed by Dr. Ross,  
Or is the curse abated  
By the vaccine of dose?  
If one gets perforated  
With poison by the act,

No wonder some folks hate it  
When by some doctors backed.  
How high the doctors rate it  
They can't themselves agree,  
And I think that far too late it  
Is for you and me  
To look on it with favor,  
Or say, avault! around!  
We are not in the way for  
To see the vaccine point!

—B.



The Popular Concert set for Monday night bids fair to eclipse its predecessors. Miss Emma Thursby, the vocalist of the occasion, is, like Miss Juch, an exceptionally pretty woman as well as a great singer. The advance sale of tickets indicates a splendid audience.

A collection of oil and water color pictures by Miss Maria Brooks, of London, Eng., Messrs. O'Brien, Perre, Martin, Watson, Forbes, Fowler, White, Verner, Cruickshank, Jacobi, Harris, Reid, Hannaford, Gagen, Baigent, Smith, etc., are on view at the Art Rooms, King Street, from 10 a.m. until 5 p.m. Admission free.

Mr. Stuart Rogers, whose entertainments we briefly noticed last week, deserved much better audiences than he was favored with. He is an exceedingly clever and versatile performer, being equally at home in Shakespearean selections and in the broadest farcical character sketches. He fully deserves the title, the “Actor of the Platform,” and withal, his manner is so unassuming that it never fails to win the audience from the first. We hope he may revisit our city before a great while.

“The Wages of Sin,” a London melodrama, which has enjoyed great success, is on at the Grand this week. This is to be followed by Miss Rosina Vokes and her English company in a round of characteristic comedies. Amongst these works is a one-act “farcicality,” entitled “The Tinted Venus,” a dramatization from Anstey's novel of that title, by Mr. W. Wilde, a brother of the aesthetic Oscar. We particularize this because of the rather striking coincidence that last summer Mr. J. W. Bengough dramatized the same work, without knowing that any other author had observed its aptitude for the stage. Mr. B.'s version, however, is in four acts, and introduces all the characters of the original with one exception. It is now in the hands of a popular comedian and may be produced in Toronto “ere long.”

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GRIP,—I read in an Ottawa G—t organ that “rum and money won the election in Antigonish.” I always thought that the elections now-a-days were decided by the count of the votes. Am I wrong?—POLITICAL STUDENT.  
No, my dear boy. The contents of the ballot boxes certainly decide the fate of an election. The poll clerk will not deposit either rum or money in the urn of political fate. But if you will supply the stomach of the voter with the proper quantum of rum and his pocket with a sufficient argument in the shape of Dominion notes, his ballot may generally be relied on to coincide with your views. For the details of the application so

as to ensure both efficiency and economy, you will have to apply to the financial agent of some successful candidate—either side will do.

DEAR GRIP,—Can you tell me what is the matter with the King Street footways? Between the holes in the walks and the men who are constantly employed in fixing them, I am always late in getting to my office.—LAW STUDENT.

If you would go to bed earlier and go round the other way you would never be late at the office. These walks were constructed with a special view to afford employment to men out of a job. The pecuniary interests of the bloated ratepayers who pay for the block-pavement are of no consequence in the eyes of a patriotic corporation as compared with the necessities of the men who can mend our ways and who would have nothing else to do if the corporation forethought had not left the gap open.

MR. GRIP,—Do you know when Sir John is going to spring the next elections?—VOTER.

Of course we know, but we are under a strict pledge of secrecy not to give it away before next Christmas.

DEAR OLD GRIP,—I know you are on the inside track of everything worth knowing. Does Sir John intend to hang Riel? Yours truly,—Q. O. R.

We are always ready to oblige a veteran of Cut Knife, and though it is a profound secret, we may tell you that Sir John will not hang Riel. He is too deeply occupied with more important matters. The man who is to hang Riel has been selected, and may be relied upon to perform his duty if called upon. Of course he will wait till Sir John calls upon him, and if the noble Chieftain inadvertently omits to give the order at the proper time, through pressure of urgent political business in Quebec, the actual hangman will delay the execution till such time as it is duly ordered. But under no circumstances will Sir John hang Riel. In fact, it is not quite certain that he will be hanged at all.

MR. GRIP,—Can you inform an anxious enquirer who is to get the Middlesex Registrarship? Believe me, your information will be regarded as strictly confidential. Yours,—ANX. ENQ.

P.S.—You might also say when the appointment is to be made.—A. E.

To answer the last question first, the appointment will be made just as soon as Mr. Mowat gets ready. As to the first question, the probability is that if Mr. Wood does not get it Major Walker will, and in the event of Major Walker not being appointed it is likely that Mr. Wood will. Either gentleman will fill the office with advantage to himself and honor to the people of Middlesex. A little later on we will be able to give you more definite particulars.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—I observe that you are pretty well posted on the true inwardness of current events, and I want to ask your advice. Some months ago I passed a qualifying examination for the Post Office Branch of the Civil Service. I have as yet received no notification of being appointed to anything. Can you tell me why this is, and what I must do to procure an appointment? Yours,—STUDENT.

P.S.—I have taught school for several years, and have never voted, desiring to preserve a strictly impartial position, in accordance with the spirit of the Civil Service Act.—S.

What you want to do Mr. Student is to vote. Vote early and vote often, and be sure you vote for the candidate who will promise you the office you desire, if he gets elected. Tell him that the ballots of your large and influential family all depend upon the essen-

tial question—how you are to get this office. Only be sure you vote on the right side. It is a mistake to suppose you must not interfere in politics. Patriotism and the Post Office Department alike call upon you to interfere, only you must get your work in on the right side. It is a total mistake to be on the wrong side. The wrong side is the losing side. It is impossible to tell just now which is going to be the right side, but all you have to do is to be sure you are right and then go ahead.



IDIOMATIC.

(And they say English is the language of the future, too!)

French Visitor.—I call to see Monsieur Rollard.

Mail.—You can't see him, sir; he's not up yet.

French Visitor.—Vat you tell? I come yester, and you say can't see heem because he not down; now you say can't see heem because he not oop. Ven vill he be in ze middle, mademoiselle? I no compr'end!

LOCAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Among a string of "ads" we read thus: "Eternal Punishment by Dr. Cochrane assisted by Archbishop Lynch—" and here follows a string of highly respectable and theologic names.

GRIP was not aware that the proprietor of Sheol had sold out, but since he evidently has, we are glad to know that men of such reputation for good nature as the Venerable Archbishop and Dr. Cochrane have gone as joint partners and Co. into the Everlasting Punishment business. One never knows what may happen—and here we may as well confess, while we are about it, that the thought of that horrid demon, with his inevitable tail and red-hot pitchfork, has often, as Hamlet hath it, "given us pause." Now, however, that it is not to the tender mercies of the arch-fiend—but to those of the Archbishop and Dr. Cochrane we are to be consigned in the event of well—a contingency—we breathe more freely. The very fact that Archbishop Lynch will be assisted in eternal punishment by Dr. Cochrane is sufficient guarantee that both Catholic and Protestant will have the cat laid on fairly. That this change in affairs will produce reforms, we believe—and we prophesy that the first step will be the removal by the Archbishop, with the aid of a step-ladder, of the celebrated shingle which has so long hung over the gate of Sheol—and on which Dante saw inscribed: "Abandon hope, all ye who here enter." In such case we would respectfully suggest that the discarded signboard be

expressed prepaid to Toronto—to be utilized by being nailed over some prominent tavern door. We suppose the premature abdication of his Royal Sulphurous Nibbs is attributable to the fact of his whole time being demanded for the work of defeating the Scott Act, and other preventive measures here, and the devising of the formation of moderate drinking societies—in which it is imperatively necessary for him to appear and preside as an angel of light, and the champion of freedom of conscience.

LAWDEDAW ON EDUCATION.

The people of Towonto—and I may add, of Canada generally, have a maufa law education. The masses heah have got education on the bwain. They take it in fits. Some yeahs ago all the cw was to waise the standahd; then they took anoath fit, and the cw was "cwam"—"down with cwam"—they were cwamming the childwen into pwematauh gwaves—they cwid. My pwivate opinion is that the people are being too much educated. Why, if you educate the common people's childwen like this—wheah, I ask—wheah are we going to stop? what are we going to do faw sehvants? the pwospect weally is to a thinking man most discowaging. The people of the leafy village of Hamilton, fawty miles from here, are exactly of my way of thinking—they saw dangaw ahead—sons of cawpentaus, masons, and—aw—in fact, mechanics, sons of ewvy kind, were actually stepping in and taking univehsity honaws and gold medalls—wight fwom undah the noses of the sons of—aw—pwofessional men—aw—people of family—you know—most absuhd state of things. Howevah, the *Times* took the mattah up vigowously, the collegiate institute was shown up as a dewoah of the wevenue, and so fawth—and this kind of thing was stopped—the whole school baud being now contwolled by two twustees, wemahkable faw their illiteracy, their paucity of bwains—and the hewiditawy qualities illustwated in the cawcews of their pachydermatous offspring. I considah the people of this village highly pwivilged in having faw their guide, counsela and fwend such an one as the editah of the *Times*. The Towonto Collegiate Institute is conducted on the anti-co education plan—evidently the managahs of that institution considahed it a mistake, the placing of men and women togethaw on one planet—and they seek to wectify the mistake as much as they can, by keeping the boys and girls apah. It is against the wules faw a boy to spawk to a girl, aw—*vice versa*—and when they assemble in the pwayah hall there is quite a fixing of bows and combing out of fwizzes on the way by the girls—who, howevah, are not supposed to equint at the boys—and—aw—as I said befaw—*vice versa*. In playing ball it is astonishing to see how often the ball bounds into the girls' lawn—and the wush on the pah of the boys faw its wescue from the fawbidded gwounds it had landed in so accidentally. The childwen of the masses are completely excluded fwom higher education heah by high fees, high-pwiced books, and, as a mattah of cawse, only the childwen of those wewy well off can get admission. This is as it should be. What I say is—keep the masses in their own place—if they do pay taxes for the support of this institution that is no reason for their pwesuming to educate their childwen as if they were people of family.

It is a mattah of supwize, howevah, that in a school so wewy stwict, and so neccassawly exclusive, some of the teachaws should be found using such phwases as, "I'll box your enhs!" or, "Shet your mouth." There is no doubt, howevaw, but that this can be accounted faw by the too close pwoximity to the demowatic style of speech in the neighbowing Wepublic.



WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

THE STUDENT.

"He's only a medical student  
He's passed neither College nor Hall."

Hark! hark! The dogs do bark,  
The students have come to town,  
We hear them howling through the Park  
And they frighten good citizens after dark,  
With their yells and cries when out on a lark,  
These aspirants for a black gown!

And the medcs., the medcs. ! what a lot of swelled heads  
They must have in the early morn,  
What *spiritus vini Gallici* pale,  
What bottles of English and Irish ale  
They take when they rise, without avail,  
As a recuperative horn!

And the "residents" up in their cloisters, too,  
Arc scarce like the monks of old,  
For they hoist in their ale with their oyster stew,  
And perchance of neat brandy a pony or two,  
And finish the night with unlimited loo,  
At least this is what we are told.

And the good people ask "can such things be  
With those high-bred youths demure?"  
But I suppose it is now as it ever shall be  
The students will have an occasional spree,  
And as it has nothing to do with me  
I'll wind up or they'll think me a boor.

—B.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE ON THE MEDICOS.

THE WAREHOUSE, Nov. 12th, 1885.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—I've heard o' a herd laddie that was sic a deevil for playin' tricks on fowk, that he cam tae get the blame o' a' the mischief that was perpetrated within a radius o' twenty mile roon. The hale kintra side was doon on the pur sowl, wha, ta tell the truth, was nae waur than the feck o' ither laddies. If a stane cam crashin' through a window, it was Tam; if a dowg cam careerin' through the toon wi' a tin pan tied till his tail, it was Tam; if an auld wife's lum tap

was stuffed up till the auld body was smeeakit oot o' hoose an' hame—wha else but Tam did it? If a patriarchal cat was amissin', of coorse Tam maun hae made awa' wi't. An' wha but Tam preened the dishclood tae the minister's coat tail when he was visitin', an' hauled out the bung o' the treacle barrel, when the shopkeeper's back was turned, an' rang the kirk bell at twa o'clock i' the mornin'? Didna the elder's wife, the cleanest an' maist pernickity woman i' the parish, come in frae an errand a'e day an' get a neebor's soo an' a' her litter o' pig's grumphin' awa' in her bonny clean bed, amang her snaw white sheets? Wha but Tam was possessed o' devilmint enouch tae dae sic' a thing as that? It didna maitter though Tam was lyin' on the braes watchin' the kye, or listenin' till a lairrick singin' on the edge o' a cloud awa' up i' the lift abune him, the time a' the cantrips were played; nae maitter though a complete *alibi* were proved—Tam did it nevertheless—he was like the deevil, he could be in twa-ree places at ance—an' as for his will an' ability tae commit ony kind o' outrage frae harrycin' a nest tae robbin' a kirkyard—naebody ever dooted either the one or the ither. At last the creater got doon-hearted ower the character he was gettin' an' a day he brak oot in his ain defence—"Yer a leers! I may be had an' bad enouch, but mind ye, I'm a hanged sicht waur than I'm ca'ed!"

Noo, Maister GRIP, that, I jalouse, is just exactly the case o' oor medical students in the ceety here an' elsewhaur; they are a leevin' multipleed ockler demonstration o' the proverb, "Ye may as weel hang a dowg as gie him a bad name." Seein, however, that the body o' students wha represent this onfortun-ate onhanged dowg are a' sons, dear, cherish-

ed sons o' lovin' mithers, an' the pride an' joy o' kindly modest sisters, I maun confess that it's mair than I can stammack—tae believe that ony one o' them consented tae the on-manly an' diabolical atrocity o' exposin' in the public streets, like a beast slaughtered at the shambles, the sacred representation o' the sex o' his mither an' his sisters. Na! na! the medical students may be bad an' bad enouch, they may even be like Tam—a hanged sicht waur than they're ca'ed, but, no, a deed like this was left for creatures o' a lower type; an' that commercial traveller an' the butcher, whaever they are, noo in custody, if fund guilty should be tarred and feathered an' ridden on a rail by the medical students, the commercial travellers an' the butchers o' the city o' Toronto. As a rule, I dinna believe in Judge Lynch, unless in cases that there's nae law tae meet; but I dinna think there's ony law tae punish as it ocht tae be punished, an' cotrage like this, sac I propose tae open a subscription for the purchase o' ten gallons o' tar an' twa-ree pund o' guse fethers, an' hereby head the subscription wi' twenty-five cents as follows:

By cash:  
For purchase of tar and feathers... 25c.  
HUGH AIRLIE.

CRITICAL CHIT-CHAT.

BY OUR GROWLING CONTRIBUTOR.

Mention is made in an exchange of a young lady having been made crazy by a sudden kiss. Humph, yes! Crazy for more.

"Suspected Street-car Drivers," is the title of a *Mail* paragraph. A man suspected of being a street-car driver needs close watching. Possibly he might prove to be an escaped coal-cart conductor, or a ticket-of-leave expressman, or some other equally dangerous character. If the eagle-eyed detectives go on at this rate they may happen across a suspected reporter. I don't think he would prove to belong to the *Mail* staff.

The editor of the *Globe*, who, on one memorable occasion, graphically described "the loose fish of the Tory party sniffing oats through the Government fence," must be transferring his able efforts to the correspondents' column. This will account for the letter in that powerful journal the other day, in which this beautiful passage occurs: "Your electric political eel tickles your fancy, and down you come blubbering on his neck and cry, 'Johnny, you haven't done the square thing.'" I'd just as soon see a man mix his drinks as his metaphors. The one is the outcome of the other, anyway.

With the winter season the church revivals start up. I hope I can hold my opinion about church revivals without being, metaphorically speaking, fallen upon and beaten with staves. Well, my opinion is this: A man who is converted at a revival service, after the minister has preached straight at him, the praying brethren have prayed right down on top of him, the sweet singers stirred up his sympathetic soul, and the aisle canvassers one after another coaxed him to "go forward," is on a par with the subscriber to the "Monthly No." publication, who puts down his name because he won't be behind other fellow-citizens who have signed for it. He pays at first in desperation, then with regret, then gets mad, and finally repudiates the whole thing. A man should never act in such matters except thoughtfully, conscientiously, consistently and courageously. Then he will stick to it.



J.W. Bennett

WAKING 'EM UP!



EDUCATIONAL.

In the *Telegram*, under the head "Education," we read the following: "Trunk will be sold for board if not called for." The grim, saturnine wag who put in that advertisement under that heading, had without doubt graduated in the school of stern experience, and knew how it was himself. He recognized it as educational. He was right—it *does* come under the head of education—this sort of thing—education of the most practical kind. Poor, impecunious wretch! Thou art a man and a brother! Shake!

BOBSERVATIONS.

"Cultivate a habit o' bobservation, Sandy."—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

I am deeply moved at the spectacle of a body of men such as the Liberal Temperance Union, who, having no connection with the trades of brewing and distilling, are yet so tender-hearted and mindful of the moral welfare of those who have as to go out of its way and threaten to invoke the law for their protection. I always thought a licensed trade such as brewing or distilling or wine-making was under the protection of the law, and as so claimed rights and privileges accorded to no other trade in the land, and therefore I am curious to know what kind of a law the L.T.U. intend to ask for. Even the L.T.U. says morals must have precedence of trade considerations; therefore, the first element in its new movement must be morals, and that is what the Prohibitionist and total abstainer ask for, that, and nothing else. They ask that the money that goes for beer and whiskey should go instead for bread and coals, for bedding and boots, for rent and butcher's meat. That the wife and mother should not have to be a bread-winner as well, because the husband and father drinks the product of those protected trades. That the children should go to school and wear whole clothes and clean faces instead of having to live on the streets, to steal coal at the wharves, to shiver and shake with the cold, or plunge about in the slop and mud in the endeavor to earn a few cents by selling papers.

What better does the L.T.U. ask for than this? Misery exists under the present régime; what law in favor of brewing and distilling is going to remove it?

I see that Mr. Davies says the Blue Ribbon Beer that Cooper and Beckett—silly fellows—got drunk on, was brewed last June, was thick, muddy, etc., and not fit to drink. How was it, may I ask, that such stuff was on sale? Is that the way Mr. Davies serves his customers who bring him good money! And what has its bad quality in other respects to do with its alcoholic percentage.

Mr. Davies says he can brew a beer entirely free from alcohol. Why, then, does he not do it and make a fortune? A truly non-alcoholic wholesome beverage is what the committee of the Church of England Temperance Society in England offers a prize for; it is the desideratum of the time; why, then, does not Mr. Davies meet the want with a beverage he says he can brew.

Rev. Mr. Macdonnell put himself in a tight place the other night at the Christian Temperance Mission meeting, when he said Prohibitionists ought to stop . . . trying to get the State to do what the Church fails to accomplish. I would like to ask the rev. gentleman why, if the Church fails to accomplish a grand moral reform of the greatest moment to the welfare of the individual and of society, we should not invoke the aid of the State or of any other power that will meet the need. Let me tell Mr. Macdonnell that half-way measures never accomplished any good yet; and that a certain old book tells a piece of history of a certain king who would not listen to

the voice of the prophet who rebuked his sin, but burnt the roll that contained the indictment, and turned to those of his courtiers who prophesied smooth things, but the prophet, who had to flee from his wrath, was fully avenged, for his *prophecy came true after all.*

Will Dr. Castle and Mr. Macdonnell explain why our law need have penal clauses against the unlicensed sale of liquor, and why there need be any restriction at all if liquor—be it beer, wine, or spirits—is an innocuous article of consumption, and if it is not innocuous, but harmful, even in the slightest degree, whether they consider it a legitimate part of our common food supply?



MORE THAN POLITE.

*Bevvar (who has just received a coin).—* Thank ye, sir; God bless you, sir!  
*Old Gent.—*Not at all! Not at all!

HOW HE GOT THERE;

OR,

THE RUSES OF THE RED RIVALS.

(Respectfully but firmly submitted for the *Globe's* big prize.)

CHAP. I.

"He cometh not—up to the mark," she said  
"I hate to have to say to you, oh, Edouard-belake, but Kanada is of opinion you don't suit. The Indian Maiden can stand your wooing, but she doesn't hanker for it. Leave me in my solitude. You haven't got snap enough about you! Go!"

With these words the dusky beauty turned haughtily on her heel and with a glance of mingled pity and rage began to let down her back hair.

Edouardbelake, surnamed Big-Head-Afraid-To-Do, stifled a cry of anguish and plunged into the forest towards his lonely wigwam.

Let us leave him there preparing a tencolumn speech on the Iniquitous Franchise Bill, and return to our heroine.

CHAP. II.

He was a man to all the country dear—*vide* deficit of 1885.

Kanada, having completed her toilet, was pensively chewing gum. She was a beautiful girl, worthy any young man's suit—even if he had to take chances of getting his name on the Toronto tailors' black list to procure it.

Safely she spake to herself, being the only one present:—"Oh, sad is the Indian maid's heart this autumn day—sadder than a young wife's first batch of bread. If Edouardbelake only knew how my soul yearns for him and will not be comforted—even with a warm breakfast

shaw! He might take the daughter of the Great Chief to his lodge, if he were not like blank—I must not swear—driven cattle but a hero in the political ranks. He's missing big chances, I tell you! But, hist! Who comes? It is the bold, bad, bully brave with the glass eye, as I thought. I do not like him, Dr. Fell; the reason I could easily tell. But he courts me with boldness, and dash, and daring, and—and—unlimited promises, and gall. He comes for my answer to his petition to be my accepted suitor for another term. Yes, this is polling day and the Revising Barristers' crops are about to be gathered in. Now or never I must settle this little business, shake Johnahaha and gave Edouardbelake a show."

A lithe figure bounds into the glade, clad in a bran-new C.B. regalia and a seductive wink.

"Light of my soul!" he exclaims. "I knew I would find you in a waiting-my-darling-for-thee attitude and a credulous and receptive mood. I have more promises for you than at any previous season since commencing business! Railway contracts, new post-office buildings, tall chimneys, Provincial subsidies, colonization schemes, timber limits, little offices for sisters and your cousins and your aunts, salary-grabs, Junior Judges' lips, Imperial Titles, Senatorships, Scott Act amendments, North-West rebellions and various other articles too numerous to mention, but which must positively be disposed of in order to make room for spring importations! Will you be mine? or have I bought up constituencies, bribed members, and made Revising Barristers in vain?"

There was a look of eager expectancy in his tones.

Kanada, on coming forward, was well received. She said:—"Come back in one-half hour, Johnahaha, and if you find this harvest mit on this stump consider my answer 'No!'"

CHAP. III. AND LAST.

All things come to him who gets up and does.

SCENE:—*Edouardbelake's wigwam. Dramatis personæ: Edouardbelake and Kanada.*

*She:* "You have only a few minutes to summon up your courage and promise me some promises if you do not want to be cut out dead by Johnahaha. Are you there, Moriarty?"

*He:* "I am."

*She:* "Will you promise to stiffen up your backbone from this henceforth?"

*He:* "I will."

*She:* "Will you let Imperial imaginings slide and take up Canadian capabilities?"

*He:* "Yes."

*She:* "Will you call off your dog on the Protection Question, honestly try to get me Reciprocity, and as a last resort champion a customs union?"

*He:* "I'm there every time."

*She:* "Will you take an active, earnest, sympathetic interest in the Young Men's Liberal Association of this Province and try to encourage like organizations in other Provinces?"

*He:* "That's me."

*She:* Will you, instead of provoking inter-provincial hostilities and rousing animosities of race and creed, try by every legitimate means in your power to unify the several Provinces and make us all Canadians—with a big C?"

*He:* "Count me on the affirmative."

*She:* "Will you expose succinctly, but thoroughly, the corruption, extravagance and maladministration of the present Government and solemnly pledge yourself and your followers to abolish it all and inaugurate a new and pure régime?"

*He:* "I am with you."

*She:* "Will you proceed at once to rouse and prepare in battle shape the Liberal party of Canada in a sound, sensible, systematic fashion and go to the polls with a De-cided

Policy that will have folks really believe you mean business?"

He: "My intentions to a T."

She: "Will you subscribe for the Toronto News?"

He: "Oh, come, now! That's— But stay, for heaven's sake! I will."

She: "Will you try to keep the *Globe* from being too previous?"

He: "I'd need to."

She: Will you encourage the *Mail* to keep up its present style of reference to you?"

He: "I should think I will!"

She: "Good! I'm satisfied! Now—Edouardbelake—do—stop—your—fooling. The engagement's only just begun!"

\* \* \* \* \*

When Johnahaha repaired at the appointed time to the big stump, he found an old harvest mit lying in all its ghastliness thereon. Throwing off his elegant cloak he fled shrieking into the swamp and was never heard of afterwards. T.

SARCASTIC SAYINGS OF OUR CAPTIOUS CONTRIBUTOR.

Did you ever notice a woman in a "circular"? That is to say, one of these ostensible India-rubber alleged "water-proofs." She is a nice-looking object, for a fact: particularly when she pulls the hood over her head, and holds her arms inside the slits and tries to wear a business air and walk fast! Doesn't she more resemble an animated bag of wool than the "angel" that rhapsodical rhymsters transform her into? If I were a woman—which, thank heaven, I am't—I'd sooner spoil a hat feather or lace flounce twice a week, or carry my grandfather's umbrella over me along a crowded thoroughfare, than go scurrying along robed in a "circular," looking for all the world as if I belonged to some strange order of creature just come down in the shower, and making for the woods to hide.

\* \* \*

"Hanging is too good for him," remarked one man to another in my hearing the other day, referring to Sir John Macdonald. The second fellow replied with an idiotic grin: "You might also say hanging to is good for him—hanging to office, you know." I could applaud the prompt way in which the first speaker turned indignantly on his heel, if I only knew it was the infernal wit he took offence at.

\* \* \*

In the *Globe* the other day I came across this item:—

At eight o'clock last night no less than fourteen loafers posted themselves on the corner of Sackville and Queen Streets. They were evidently spending the evening in a manner suitable to themselves, swearing and tobacco chewing taking a prominent portion in the proceedings. The police were not on hand.

Before commenting on it, I have waited two days to see whether the *Mail* would not copy it, and add that the party were a contingent of the Young Men's Liberal Club getting ready to attend a grand rally. The *Mail* has missed a big thing, let me tell you.

\* \* \*

Sir Leonard Tilley quits the Government, leaving over two millions of a deficit. It seems to me this bankrupt Finance Minister should have assigned instead of resigned.

\* \* \*

Have you ever noticed with what studied carelessness some writers let their conclusions follow their premises? Take this cunning little instance from a hog-cholera dissertation in the *London Free Press*:

"It is reported that a malignant type of hog cholera is raging in the counties of Essex and Brant. As the two localities are a goodly distance apart, it is not probable that the contagion was transmitted from one herd to the other."

Ah, the cute and modest style of reasoning! But the rest of it is even more and more guardedly unassuming:

"The prompt action of the Dominion Government in using all precautionary and suppressive measures in their power will be the means of circumscribing the malady to a limited area, and if this be done the cholera will have no chance to spread."

"If the cholera be circumscribed to a limited area it will have no chance to spread!" A man of less retiring nature might have said the same thing in a broader way that would not have been half so noticeable.

\* \*

Don't you think you can fancy Sir John, after reading the *Globe*, exclaim: "Well, I'll be d—d if I don't hang Riel. But yet, I'll be d—d if I do?"

\* \*

Macdougall is coming back into political life and wants a seat in the House. I beg leave, referring to Indian nomenclature, to christen the Hon. William "Wandering Spirit II." As a matter of fact, his spirits always do seem to be wandering—away down around his boots. Bro. Mills extends, too, through the *Advertiser*, the right hand of Opposition fellowship, and metaphorically bids him take something himself.

A CANADIAN LETTER TO MR. NYE.

DEAR WILLIAM,—You will no doubt be surprised at receiving a letter from a comparative stranger (as I am, for you have, I fancy, never heard of me), and you cannot have even the degree of satisfaction afforded by opening the envelope, Dundreary like, to "thee who ith from," as this is already an open letter and will be given to the world through GRIP (so as to get a good hold of the people) before you lay eyes on it at all.

You will pardon me for addressing you, but as you have ventured to approach the throne of royalty in inditing a letter to the gracious lady whom I have the privilege of owning as my Queen, I will in turn venture to approach the throne of humoristic genius on the steps of which you occupy even now so high a place, and on the back of which I expect to see you balanced some day—if I don't get there first.

Northern nations are hardy, so I have a good chance to weather you out though you have such a big start.

I'm real glad you have such fine lungs.

When a man needs a brass band accompaniment to his readings it says a heap for his lung power.

Lung life to you, William.

I notice your cranberries were souring on the vines when you wrote.

We had it worse than that up here, for our farmers were souring on the market, but prices have improved some and the grangers are feeling sweeter.

We had our Township Fair this week, but the weather was bid and the roads were simply mud-derous.

The big pumpkin was at the Fair.

How are you on pumpkin pie?

I wish you would let the Government which still lives at Washington know that our country stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from where yours ends to the North Pole, and that it doesn't follow that because the children at Bell's Corners have chicken-pox all the children in the Dominion are similarly afflicted.

You have great power with the Government, I know, because you told Cleveland where he would find the key of the White House last March.

I see Ohio has gone Republican.

Is there anything humorous about that? If so, please let's hear from you, care editor this paper.

Maybe it will occur to you that while the Democrats sowed political seed hoping to have

Victory for their harvest, they were only able to Reap-up-a-lickin'.

This may be far-fetched, but it is a good way from Ohio to Ontario.

I might mention before concluding that it rained in September and Mr. Riel was not hanged.

That is, not hanged up.

He is still hanging out at Regina.

That place was once named "Pile-of-Bones," and some people thought Mr. Riel's bones would be added to the pile, but it's hard to say now.

I'm sorry that while you are so Nyc you are so far. However, so far, so good.

Yours in the race,

CARL SNAX.

LIVER COMPLAINT.—A faint, weary, sick and listless feeling, with aching back and shoulders, and irregular bowels, proclaim a diseased liver. Try Burdock Blood Bitters, which cures all forms of liver complaint.

"Three too Many." Yes, my dear Sallie, that's just the number: indelicacy, coarse jokes, and vulgarity. Exactly so.

"The autumn winds do blow,  
And we shall soon have snow."

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of Wm. West & Co.'s lace boots? They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

"The American eagle still screams," thundered a silver coinage orator, holding up a silver dollar so the crowd could see it. "You bet he does," came a voice from the multitude, "he screams for that other fifteen cents."—*Cincinnati Merchant*.

THE LUCKY VOLUNTEER.

At the close of the recent North-West rebellion. The Toronto Stove Manufacturing Co., of this city, offered as a present one of their celebrated "Diamond A Ranges," or a "No 14 Square Splendid High Art Self-feeding Base Burner" to the volunteer who served in the recent rebellion and was the first to get married after the 17th day of July, 1885. Applications with proof of marriage were received up to the first of October. The firm on being interviewed by our reporter, informed us that Mr. Fred J. Nixon, of "C" Company, 90th Battalion, Winnipeg Rifles, who formerly belonged to "G" Company, Queen's Own Rifles, of this city, was married in Winnipeg on the 18th day of July. The Range or Parlour Heater will be shipped to him as soon as he informs the Company which he prefers.

It is said that electricity is now successfully used in removing freckles from the face. As this is the age of invention, there is no telling how soon a plan will be discovered to blow out corns with gunpowder. — *Phila. Chronicle-Herald*.

Before deciding on your new suit go into R. WALKER & SONS' Ordered Clothing Dept., and see their beautiful Scotch tweed suitings at \$18, and winter overcoatings from \$16.

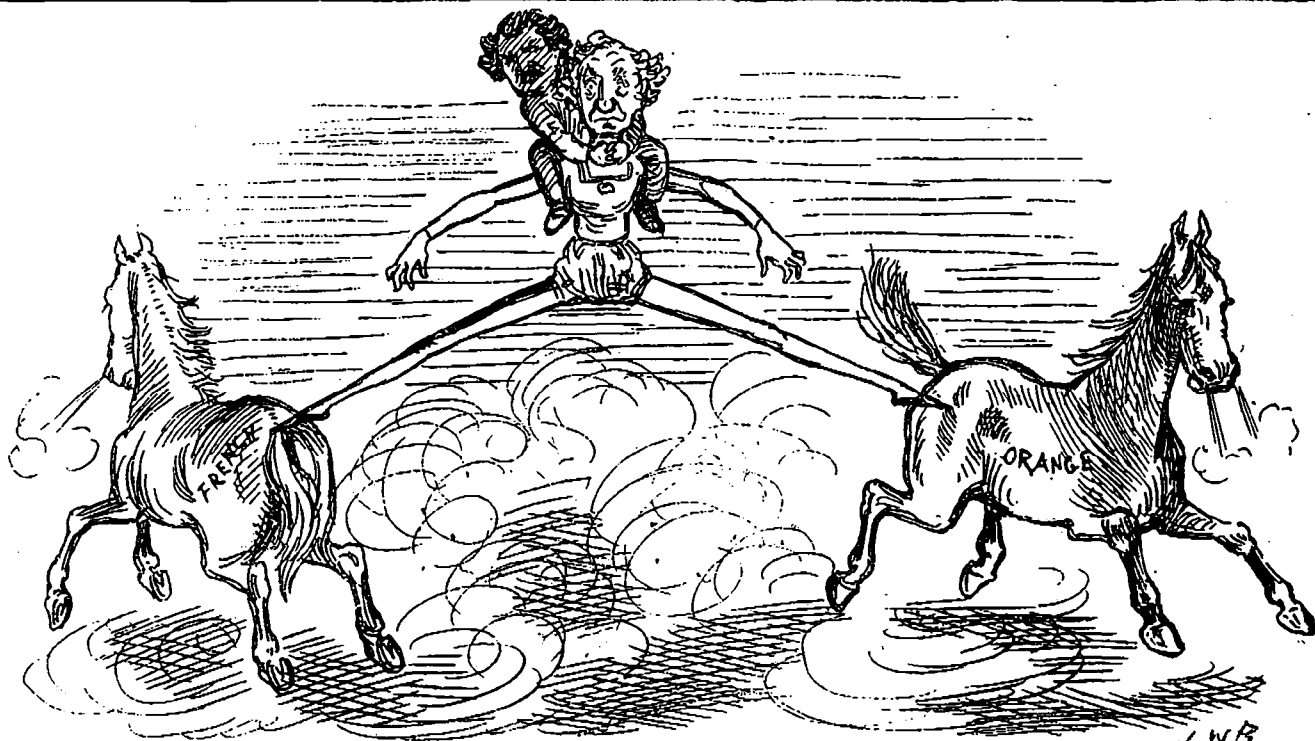
"The prettiest thing in bonnets," said Mrs. Bromley the other day, "is—" "your face, Mrs. Bromley," said the old gentleman, gallantly—and Mrs. Bromley carried around a nine inch smile for a week afterward. — *Phila. Call*.

Imperial Cough Drops. Best in the world for the throat and chest. For the voice unequalled. Try them.

Punch, a monthly comic short-hand magazine containing 32 pages full of fun. Phonographic Books supplied Wholesale and Retail. Short-hand thoroughly taught by mail. Teachers sent to country towns where classes can be formed. Address all letters, etc. to the head office. **THE ONTARIO SHORTHAND SOCIETY,** Head Office, 35 Arcade; Branch, 23 Adelaide-street, East, Toronto.

Engineering. Certificates granted, and situations procured. School teachers and advanced students will find this very valuable school to attend, and should at once send in their applications so as to secure the advantages we now offer. Short-handers should send for application form to be enrolled a fellow of our Corresponding Society, and also enclose 15c. for sample copy of Phonographic

Shorthand. Type-write-ing. Book-keeping. Com-mercial Arithmetic. English Grammar, Writing, Languages, Matriculation in Law, Medicine, Arts, and Civil



SOMETHING'S GOT TO GO SOON!

**SOMETHING NEW.** — Fragrant Philoderma. For chapped face or lips it has no equal. Not sticky or greasy. Ask your druggist. Price, 25c.

Say, isn't the *Globe* in a nice pickle over the Revising Barristers? Here they're all appointed, and they embrace representative members of the Bench and Bar that it daren't fling bricks at! Why, in the name of common cow sense, didn't the *Globe* let Sir John go on with his appointments as he at first intended to? Then, among the scamps and scallwags who would have got the Revising job, there would have been rare subjects for the editorial scalping-knife and tomahawk. But, no! The muton-headed warrior of the *Globe* struck the war-path too early, gave his plans away to the enemy, and doesn't now cut a very impressive figure trying to crawl into a hollow log in the swamp. "Sir John's masterly strategy," did some one say? Bosh! The old man has not been dealing in strategy—he has simply been availing himself of chances.

BOILERS regularly inspected and Insured against explosion by the Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co. of Canada. Also consulting engineers. Head Office, Toronto: Branch Office, Montreal.

**QUEEN CITY OIL CO.**



**5 GOLD MEDALS**  
Awarded in the Dominion in 1883-4 for  
**PEERLESS**  
AND OTHER MACHINE OILS:  
TORONTO.

**MCCOLL'S LARDINE**

Still takes the lead for machine purposes.

CYLINDER OILS, HARNESS OILS, WOOL OILS, ETC., ALWAYS IN STOCK.

**OUR "SUNLIGHT"**

Is the best Canadian Coal Oil in the market.

MCCOLL BROS. & CO., TORONTO.

Prompt shipment and lowest prices guaranteed.

**CLOTHING.** J.F. McRAE & CO., Merchant Tailors, 156 Yonge-street, Toronto.

Go to Kingsbury's 103 Church-street, Toronto, for fine Cheese and Groceries.

**SPECTACLES** THAT will suit all sights. Send for an Illustrated Catalogue, and be convinced. H. SANDERS, Manufacturing Optician, 185 St. James Street, Montreal.

**BRUCE IS STILL AT THE FRONT AS** heretofore, and always on hand to attend personally to his patrons. All work in the highest style of the *Photographic Art* at bottom prices. Studio, 118 King Street W.

There is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, PEARLY's is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

COOK & BURNER, Manufacturers of Rubber and Metal Hand Stamps, daters, self-inkers, etc., etc., railroad and banking stamps, notary public and society seals, etc., made to order. 86 King-street west, Toronto.

What are you thinking of? Others claim to be Kings, and Crowns, and Perfect, but we claim to be only a DOMESTIC, but one that no lady will part with. Found only at 98 Yonge Street, Toronto. Call and be convinced.

**LEAR'S** NOTED GAS FIXTURE EMPORIUM, 15 and 17 Richmond-street West. Proprietor, having business that calls him to the Old Country in June, has decided to offer for the next two months inducements to buyers not often met with. Ten Thousand Dollars Wanted. Cash customers will find this the golden opportunity.

R. H. LEAR.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—It pays to carry a good watch I never had satisfaction till I bought one of WELCH & TROWER's reliable watches; 171 Yonge-street, east side, 2nd door south of Queen.

**BOUQUET,** SWEET BRIAR, WHITE CASTLE, PRINCESS LOUISE.

Best Value in Canada.

**MORSE SOAP COMPANY.**

**THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRY BAR.**

ASK FOR IT AND TAKE NO OTHER. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Made by THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.

**COVERNTON'S Fragrant Carbolic Tooth Wash** cleanses and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, purifies the breath. Price, 25c. Prepared only by C. J. Covernton & Co., Montreal. Retailled by all Druggists; wholesale, Evans, Sons & Mason, Toronto.

**CLOTHING.** J.F. McRAE & CO., Merchant Tailors, 156 Yonge-street, Toronto.

**PHOTOS**—Cabinets, \$2.50 per dozen. J. DIXON, 201 to 203 Yonge-street, Toronto.

**VIOLINS**—First-class, from \$75 to \$3. Catalogues of Instruments free. T. CLAXTON, 197 Yonge-street, Toronto.

**TENTS** and Camp Furniture. All kinds for Sale or Hire. Send for catalogue. Tent and Camping Depot, 369 Yonge-street, Toronto.

**COOK'S AUTOMATIC POSTAL SCALE:**

{ NOVEL, SIMPLE, CONVENIENT, ACCURATE. Indicates instantly Weight and Postage on LETTERS, PAPERS and PARCELS. The trade supplied. Send for circular.

**HART & COMPANY,** 81 and 83 King St. West, Toronto. SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA.

**P. BURNS,** Wholesale and Retail Dealer in **Goal and Wood,** ESTABLISHED 1866. Telephone Communication between ALL OFFICES. **TORONTO.** OFFICES—Cor. Front and Bath Street E., 109 Queen-street W., 350 Queen-street.