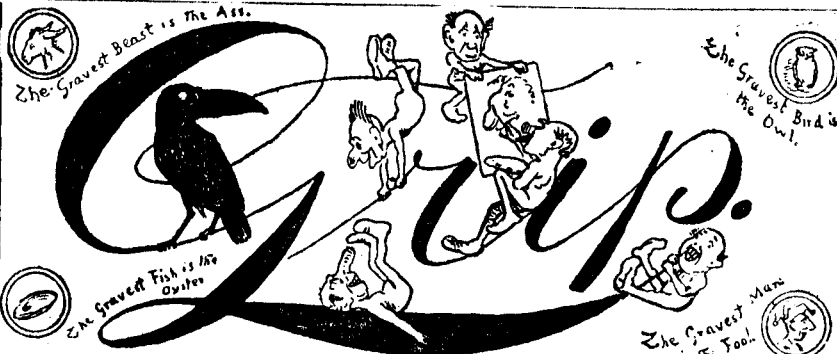
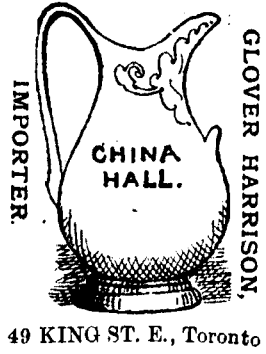


SMOKE [CABLE EL PADRE] CIGARS.



VOLUME XX.
No. 4.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1882.

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MORE

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Surgeon Dentist.

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 Hath come so near creation?
 2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can
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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

W. BENCOUGH, Editor & Artist. S. J. MOORE, Manager.

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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.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The local legislature is now in session for a brief season, prior to dissolution and a general election. Like the old-time author in Mr. Marks' picture, Mr. Mowat's effort in the speech from the throne falls very tamely upon the critical ears of the Opposition. The original from which our cartoon is adapted forms the frontispiece to the volume of the "Leisure Hour" for 1882, which may be found at any of the bookstores.

FIRST PAGE.—The popular feeling against Disallowance and all other encroachments upon provincial rights, continues unabated throughout Manitoba. Mr. Norquay's position is about as comfortable as that of a wight overtaken in the midst of a sea of prairie grass, with a fire raging in his rear, and without a match wherewith to light the grass in front, and thus provide the only way of escape.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A notable increase in American imports from Canada, and a great falling off in exports to this country, taken in connection with agitation in favor of Reciprocity amongst our Republican cousins, are current facts which must make Sir Leonard Tilley feel more or less jubilant. That the N.P. has done something to bring about this state of affairs cannot be doubted. We have hit Uncle Sam a hard one on the nose, but perhaps we have sprained our wrist in doing so.

NEW ROUND.

(To be sung by the Jubilee Singers.)

Says Cushing to Thompson,
"I'll smash your proud snoot!"
Says Thompson to Cushing,
"O, you're a galoot!"
Says Cushing to Thompson,
"Take that in the eye!"
Says Thompson to Cushing,
"I'll meet you by 'me'bye!"
Says the P.M. to Cushing,
"Doesn't Thompson appear?"
Says Cushing to Denison,
"No, he isn't here."
Says the P.M. to Cushing,
"The case is dismissed."
Says Cushing to Denison,
"Give us your list!"



Toronto was honored last week with the presence of two theatrical "parties," the *Karl* party at the Royal and Haverly's *Merry War* brigade at the Grand. The *Karl* play was almost a mere vehicle to carry the leading man through the evening, and written, of course, with the object of giving him a chance to show off his quasi Dutch specialties. The gypsy scene in the second act, when the stolen child is rescued, was taken from *Rosdale*, and the gypsy characters were made up after the style of *Guy Mannerling* hags and *Fra Diavolo* bandits, and the picnic scene a weak suggestion of that of the somewhat played-out *Vokes Family*. The wretched log piece at the Grand was a mere apology for an Opera, the leading singers indifferent, and the chorus execrable. This company manifested their contempt of the public who so generously patronized their wretched attempts during the week by cutting out the only number worth hearing, "The Silver Line," and did not even condescend to "make up" for the "final march." If this party are to be considered exponents of Strauss' operatic works, and a criterion of their merits, he had better keep them for the dwellers on the banks of the beautiful blue Danube, for the way his "Merry War" was given here was an insult to, and an outrage on, a too tolerant public.

This week at the Royal, Jos. J. Dowling exhibits his talents as a shootist in "Nobody's Claim," which is, as a play, better than the usual samples of the backwoods drama. The scenery shown in the flatboat scene is very good, and the play is relieved by the more than ordinarily good acting of some of the company, who are evidently "old stagers." Taking it altogether, "Nobody's Claim" is interesting and worthy of a visit.

Hague's British Minstrels show three nights and a matinee at the Grand. One nigger performance is so much like another that any criticism is uncalled for regarding this. The inevitable quartette sang in the usual acceptable way, and there was no exceptional vulgarity displayed which would tend to keep the fastidious away. The Minstrels played to crowded houses as usual. For balance of week Robt. McWade as "Rip Van Winkle."

Those eccentric creatures of Mr. Stockton's humorous imagination, the Rudder Grangers, have gone to Europe, and the *January Century* will contain an account of some of their adventures in England. Pomona, with characteristic energy, calls upon an English lord to satisfy her curiosity regarding the aristocracy. Another humorous paper in this number will be the story of a trip on a lower Mississippi steambot, amusingly told in "The Trip of the 'Mark Twain,'" with illustrations by Pennel.

KINDERGARTENS.

TODMORDEN, DEC. 10th, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP,—I am glad to see that there is some prospect of the Kindergarten system for teaching young scholars being adopted. For my part, I think the system an excellent one, as it combines instruction with amusement, and the child is glad to go to his lessons, instead of, as heretofore, playing "hookey," with a prospective lambasting with the "taws" at the hands of the cruel master. A practical illustration of addition or subtraction

may be given by the manipulation of a number of blocks of wood or in the absence of the regular paraphernalia of the school, any article may be utilized. For instance, a boy has in his pockets twelve apples (which he has probably hooked out of some orchard) and the master takes away two, the boy will doubtless not forget the "remainder," and when asked will reply at once, "Ten." Or on the other hand, a boy who has but one apple, and the master gives him those he took from urchin No. 1, when asked the sum of the apples in his possession, will reply with glee and with promptness, "Three." This is a far better way than expressing the result— $12 - 2 = 10$, or $1 + 2 = 3$. How many of us are indebted for the ready calculation of the days in any given month by the familiar rhyme,

30 days hath September,
April, June, and November, &c.

Now, Mr. Grip, I am of the opinion, as the lawyers say, that the older or more advanced scholars could be taught, let us say the history of his or her country, by describing the various incidents and historical characters in pleasant rhymic verse. I will give you a few illustrations of my method, which may not be strictly accurate as regards the actual incidents in connection with the historical personages mentioned, nor do I intend them so to be regarded, but merely as the *modus operandi* of my system, after the manner of nursery rhymes. How well we all remember "Old Mother Hubbard," for instance. And I maintain that system is everything.*

Yours faithfully,
NEHEMIAH NUTTBUTTER.

P.S.—Hero goes:

JACQUES CARTIER.

Oh, don't you remember Jack Carchy,
Who sailed from the port of St. Malo,
Who wore a shirt stiff and starchy,
And anointed his long hair with tallow?
When he got to the mighty St. Lawrence
He commenced for to whoop and to holler,
For the rain poured down on him in torrents,
And took the starch out of his collar!
"I don't like this," said he, "in the least,"
As his visage grew pallid and sallow;
So he turned his ship's head to the East,
And sailed back again to St. Malo!

FRONTENAC.

Did you ever hear tell of Frontenac,
Who committed many a wanton act?
He used his shoes
For birch canoes,
Which might be called a pontoon act.

JOSEPH BRANDT.

Joe Brant was a long and lanky chief,
Who never used his hankychief;
So I suppose
He wiped his nose
Upon a captured Yankee chief.

GOVERNOR ARTHUR.

Bold Arthur was a governor in the year of '38,
We haven't had as fine a one to govern us of late;
He was amiable and kind, benevolent and good,
And he hung up all the rebels who were captured that he could.
But some people didn't like it, and it was their fondest hope
To see bold Arthur dangling himself from a stout rope.

1838.

Some forty years ago,
In the reign of Queen Victoria,
The vulgar had no show—
They ruled them *con amore*.

Res-pon-si-bil-i-tee
Was not then much in fashion,
And the grand ma-jor-i-tee
Of times received a lashin'.

The Government was prone,
When the House would pass a measure,
To let them know the Throne
Would consider it at leisure.

So children, be content,
Be your parents Grit or Tory;
Don't run for Parliament,
And you'll flourish hunky dory.

*You'll do.—ED. GRIP



"OUR BOYS."

Awful baw, this snow-shoe twamp without snow, evewy week, don't cher know. But then we can't be behind Montweal, even if we've got to twavel in our boots!

THE GIRL WITH THE GAINSBOROUGH HAT.

BY A PLAY GOER.

I.

Of all the monstrosities worn on the head,
That ever dame Fashion begat,
As a means of displaying all manners ill-bred
There is none like the Gainsborough Hat.
Like a second-hand cartwheel it's warped and it's bent
And its fur so suggestive of cat!
To block your prospective it seems the intent
Of the girl with the Gainsborough Hat.

II.

he's seated in church and you're feeling inclined
To hearken to sacred discourse,
You'll find such intention has fled from your mind.
And the subject has lost all its force,
For Lo! in a pew and obscuring your view,
(You'd as well be as blind as a bat.)
Is a gorgeous damsel in crimson and blue,
And a gigantic Gainsborough Hat.

III.

Just go to an Opera House Matinee
And take a seat in the parquette,
You may hear the sweet tenorsing *Tu, M'appari,*
Or the Commodore in *Olivette.*
You may twist, you may turn, from that side to this,
And perhaps get a glimpse of a "flat,"
But your view of the stage is quite closed by a "Miss"
With her gorgeous Gainsborough Hat.

IV.

Just watch her contortions while peering around,
With that odious hat on her head!
Its rustling ribbons confuse every sound,
Combined with her chatting to "Fred,"
"Oh Fred, ain't it lovely!" she'll say to her beau.
"Ain't you glad that we took in the 'Mat'?"
(Her lover's a far better critic on "loo,"
And so is his dame in the hat.)

V.

The hat is O.K. when confined to the street,
And perhaps sometimes comfort it brings
To the lady when worn in the rain, snow or sleet.
But to wear one of old Saturn's rings,
Or the orbit of Venus, when goin' to a show
Is a scandalous nuisance; that's flat!
And I side with the *gamins* who stand in a row
And shout, "shoot the Gainsborough Hat!"

A DISAGREEABLE PAPER.

CONTRIBUTED BY JAY KAYELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.

A solibrated poot, I fo'gethis name, has said
"De meloncholi days hab come," an' I tell you
what, sah, dat am a fact. De golden petals
ob de sunflower am arollin' in de slush, it am
brack in de face; instead ob lookin' up to de
sun, it droops sorrowfully downward, while
de seeds like tears am droppin' quietly into de
cold ground. Dis disagreeable time ob de yah,
nat'ly suggests to de mind ob a philosophic
niggah all sorts ob disagreeable ideas. It af-
fects one wid a kind ob mental dispepy, it
ain't neither spring, summer, autumn nor
winter, jes a kinder mixt're ob de fust an de

last, all wind an rain an bluster. By-me-by
when winter hab fairly set in, wid plenty ob
sleighin' an skatin' an circulation ob de blood
an' de dollahs gen'ly, dis niggah habing re-
infosed himself wid a secondhand great coat
and a pair ob mitts, will exclaim "A horse, a
horse, my kingdom fo' a horse," an' habing
got one, will bravely wield de bucksaw dere-
upon, go far de cordwood, an' like Richard
be "himself again." "But I anticipate," as
de ole time novelist would say. In de mean-
time dat am everlastin' wind comes a whinin'
an' caterwaulin down de chimbley ob de cum-
fable an' well to do an' in de mos' disagreeable
way keeps wailing in his ear, "Ah! who-oo-oo-
oo-oo-oo! Dis toastin' ob yo toes an' a takin'
ob' it easy gen'ally am all bery well,
in its way, all bery well, maybe yo deserve it
maybe no, maybe no; but what of yo po fel-
low critters dat am a shiverin' an' shakin' in
scanty clothing, ober a scanty fire, to whom
de crumbs ob yo table would be food an' fire
an' salvation here an' hereafter? What kind
ob purvition in de way ob reflection am you a
layin' up fur yosef agin de day when de light
burns low, when de eyesstare but don't see
when de voices by de bedside sound faint an'
far away, an' de feet am chilled through wid
de fast dip in de cold river, we all hab got to
wado through somehow in de dark alone.
H'm? "Now dat am very disagreeable talk fur
de wind to be keepin up in de ears ob people
who want to be let alone, an' be allowed to live
to an' fo themselves and take care ob num-
ber one only. It will pursist in mewin' in yo
ears dot poverty am de parlitic parent ob
crime, an' dat an empty stomach am a source
ob weakness, when temptation comes smirkin'
an' smilin' along, an' it keeps harpin' on in
dis strain dat, if a considible portion ob dat
dere ample bank account, vero put to de cred-
it ob de Lawd, in de shape of purvilin' re-
numerative work, and bread fo his po people
which am always wid you, de capital, wid
more'n a hundred per cent interest, would
come handy to yo in de oder world, secin' dis
am de only known method ob convertin' de
filthy lucre of dis world into de legal tender
ob Heben; an' de Lawd am perfectly respon-
sible."

De slush am also bery disagreeable. For
instance, yo am walking along de street just
a few yards ahead ob de gal who gave you de
mitten last week, yo throw up yo head an'
back yo shoulders, an' am footing it wid the
tread of Jove, just to show de kind of man
she throw over, sud that yo don't care a rap.
Could anything be no disagreeable dan to sit
down suddenly in de slush an' behold de ap-
parition ob yo own boots wavin' in de breeze
before yo eyes, while de gal yo left behind yo
comes up and hands yo your hat an' cane, an'
wid a "laughin' devil" in her eye, sweetly
enquires if yo are hurt?

Or if yo are a reporter and yo don't want to
tramp through all dat wind an' rain, to hear a
mis'ble twaddle, yo know de style ob de prin-
cipal speaker, his ideas on de snbjet in hand,
an' all he hab got to say on de matter. So yo
sit in yo boarding house an' get up a first-class
report ob de gentleman's speech, insertin' all
de "cheers," "laughters," an' "applauses"
jes at de right place ebvery time. Yo begin by
tellin' how he looked, and what an ovation he
received, an' conclude by givin' de brilliant
purorative at de end 'holesale. How bery dis-
agreeable de next mornin' to find de paper-
readin' public a holdin' dere sides at de way
yo hab giben yo'self away, kase dat gen'leman
whos speech yo reported was unfortunatly,
like yourself *not present*. D'seam de days when
de frequent sight ob a father ob a family goin
home drunk, riles yo to such a pitch, dat yo
fo'get yo christian principles an' catch yo'self
wishin' ebvery saloon at de bottom ob de Red
Sea. Yo am a ravin' an' declarin' dat dis here
gigantic drinkin' system am de molock ob de
nineteenth century, dat dere am thousands ob

little children offered up yearly as a sacrifice
to the insatiable monster or God of appetite;
and dat his licensed high priests stand be-
hind the altars, vulgarly called the bars, and
receive the offerings ob infatuated and debased
devotees. And yo declare the ignorant
heathen from afar lifts up his hand in astonish-
ment at de sight ob a christian govern-
ment deriving a revenue from de debasement
and distraction ob be people. Yo stamp yo
foot metaphorically at de sight ob a man who
fills his neighbor drunk on Saturday night, an'
has de conscience to walk in to de table in de
house ob de Lawd on Sunday, not only dat,
but he am a pillar ob de church, an' de church
recognizes him fur de sake ob de money he
brings to de treasury! Disagreeable facts,
but doubly disagreeable at dis time ob de
yah, when de chil'en are without shoes, "kase
father drinks," an' when de sound ob de coal
shovel roberverates through de land, but dere
am no fire at home, "kase father drinks."

But de mos' disagreeable succumstance is
dat which happens not only at dis but at all
seasons ob de yah. It is when dere comes a
knock, knock, knockin' at de do', an' dat dar
ole bailiff, DEATH, hands yo' a summons to
appear instanter at de Court ob Assizes dat am
sittin' all de time in de city called de Future,
oderwise known as dat "bourne, from whence
no traveller may ever return," and, like
Paddy, yo' am mighty afraid dat yo'll get
justice. Yo' feel it am too bad. Yo' hab got
ober de mistakes and inexperience ob youth;
yo hab weathered de storms ob life an' hab
just got comfortably into calm water, an' am
doin' yo' best to pilot others safely over de
breakwater; yo' hab learned to think less ob
yo'self an' mo' ob others, yo' own trials an'
troubles hab taught yo' charity to all men, yo'
failings are lived down an' yo' faults condoned,
yo' are in a position to estimate things at dere
true value, in fact, yo' are jus' beginnin' to
live in de true sense ob de word—when oh!
dere comes dat knockin' at de do! an' dere's
no sayin' no any mo'! But yo' mind will be
cousid'ly easier when dat summons comes, if
befo' den yo' am sure ob de good offices ob de
only Advocate dat am allowed to plead in dat
ar Court.

Sunflower Veranda.

Nov. 7th, 1882.

QUESTIONS OF PRIVILEGE.

When will the Grand Opera House, here,
be the occasion of such v-h-ealistic acting again?

If the utterances about the Lost Tribes of
Israel, which emanated from a *Willd* source,
have not become *manifestly* a tame subject
now?

Is it far from being dolorous to suppose
that Grip's almanac for 1883, is the most
risible of things visible; and that its cheapness
will en-dear it most to the purchaser?

If the reception tendered to the English
Champion amateur runner, in this city, was a
g-e-o-rgeous affair?

Did dyna-mite receive its appellation from
the *might-y din* which it first made?

Young and middle aged men suffering from
nervous debility, premature old age, loss of
memory, and kindred symptoms, should send
three stamps for Part VII of pamphlets issued
by World's Dispensary Medical Association,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Miranda is celebrated for the aptness and
felicity of her quotations. When she was all
ready to go to her home in the far west with
her newly-acquired husband, her old aunt
said, "Who'd have thought, Mirandy, that
I'd have lived to see you go away so far?"
"Ah, who indeed," sighed Miranda, "but
you know, Aunt, you can't tell from the
looks of a frog how far he will jump."



HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

"Mr. Chapleau and two of his Montreal friends narrowly escaped being killed in New York the other day by the horses attached to their carriage running away. They all received bruises in jumping out, but their injuries are not considered serious."

This news item from Monday's *Mail* is noteworthy as a remarkable repetition of history. A few months ago this same Mr. Chapleau had a similar escape from a tragic fate—only on that occasion it was political. He had been driving the ministerial carriage at Quebec in a reckless manner, and with a very loose rein, when all at once he found that the horses were beyond his control. Without a moment's hesitation he jumped out, but more fortunately than in his new York episode, on that occasion he landed safe and sound in the fatherly arms of the Dominion Premier, who, apprehending the catastrophe, sagaciously placed himself where he could be of service.

PORTRAITS OF FAIR TORONTONIANS

Not by FRANK MILES.

III.—MRS. CRAMEM AND MISS SHYLOCK.



MRS. CRAMEM is a lady of yet another stamp. Of noble presence and commanding mien, she makes no pretence of any extraordinary affection for her pupils nor does she demand theirs. Content with enuring their respect, she looks well after their health and happiness and leaves the rest to their own inclination. Mrs. Cramem's speciality is the higher education, and very highly educated her pupils usually are. They never die, never go mad, never have brain fever. They know the Atlas and Cornwell's Geography off by heart. They can do every problem in the arithmetic book; are deeply read in theology, botany, syntax and ornithology. They can play the piano, the harp, and the violin. Can talk French and

German like Canadianized natives. Their small brains are expanded as sponges with the amount of the water of learning with which they are soaked.

Many of Mrs. Cramem's girls marry. Not while they are with her, oh! no! for shame! of course not, but afterwards. Then for glory! Their husbands, swelling with pride at the little wife's erudition expect wonders in housekeeping, needlework and puddings.

Alas! for the vanity of human expectations. What! expect a lady of her attainments to sit down and sew like an ignorant sewing girl. Or to mind the baby, or to scour the spoons. Why! Why! Mrs. Cramem never included low subjects like those, in her course of education for young duchesses. Little wife has never held a needle in her hand throughout her life; though she remembers once seeing one. She knows that an *gijot de mouton* is the French for a log of mutton, but she had no idea but how very funny!

that the *gijot* required any attention while cooking. She thought you stuck it in front of the fire and it cooked itself.

MISS SHYLOCK is a lady of yet another pattern still. Her speciality is dogs, and the pupils are quite a secondary consideration. The dogs get all the love, consequently there is none left to spare for the girls. A large hound, a small hound, a black and tan terrier, a baby brown terrier, popularly supposed to be the infant of Mrs. Black and Tan; a fluffy white, a pepper and salt, and a Pomeranian dog compose Miss Dread's humble kennel; and most of these animals accompany her, when she accompanies the girls, forming (since most of them are males) a very suitable rear-guard, van guard and flank-guard for the galaxy of beauty within the circle.

Miss Shylock does not affect either the gentle motherliness of Mrs. Lovem or the imposing dignity of Mrs. Cramem, she is simply cross. But she is so *very, very* cross, or so say the girls, she would befeared like the plague were it not for a younger sister who is the pleasantest and most kindhearted little woman in the world, and who sometimes softens the asperities of the dragon's temper. Miss Dread pays her governesses less by \$100 a year than any other preceptress, but she makes up for this by exacting three times the amount of work out of them, and also by a judicious bargain well calculated to promote the cause of justice. The bargain is that they are to stay with her for a year, certain, no shirking, no slipping out of the bargain, no sneaking away on the plea of father's death or mother's illness. Any such weak or puerile excuses are met with the—you forfeit a quarter's salary Miss Malheureuse.

All these ladies by dint of immense self-control and perseverance have acquired a stiff and monotonous courtesy of manner that re-



minds one of a soldier at "stand erect." They have their smart little affirmative bow, in place of yes or thank-you; their dignified bow on entering the drawing room; their studied refinements of speech and expression; all of which passes with upstarts for innate good breeding, and which they sedulously labor to inculcate upon their pupils.

The young duchesses are trained to walk nicely two and two in the street, each couple exactly behind the one in front. Swinging of arms, glancing over shoulders, and talking loudly are amongst the seven deadly sins, but making eyes at young men is the unpardonable sin. Boys will be boys, however, they say and young duchesses young duchesses, and we expect the same rule holds good for girls, and will do so, even when school-days are over and Mesdames Lovem, Cramem and Shylock shall be no more.

THE MONTREAL CARNIVAL.

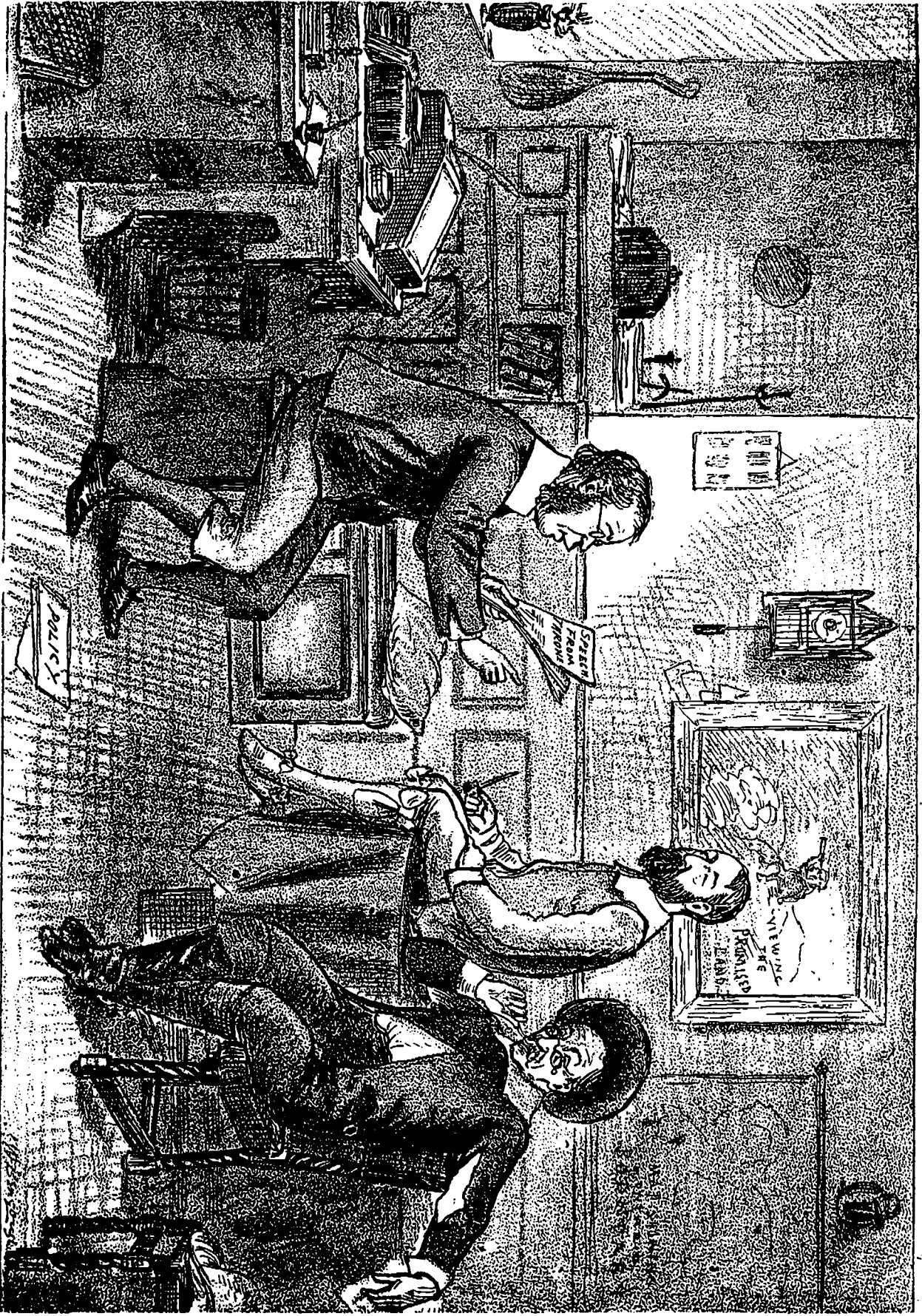
We understand the following "characters" are booked for the approaching Grand Winter Carnival to be held in Montreal:—

- The Babes in the Wood*.... } Sir J. A. M—d,
- } Sir H. L. L—n.
- Jacob Homespun*..... } Sir L. T—y.
- King Canute*..... } Speaker M—n.
- T'non, the Tartar*..... } Mr. Ed. B—e.
- Damon and Pythias*.... } Dr. G—n S—h,
- } Mr. G—n B—n.
- William, the Silent*..... } Mr. J. B. P—b.
- The Pathfinder*..... } Mr. N. F. D—n.
- Ataschar*..... } Mr. W. M—ll,
- A Nobleman of the 19th Century*..... } Lord L—e.
- Saint Paul*..... } Mr. J. A. C—n.
- Oliver Twist*..... } Mr. Oliver M—t.
- Capt. Macheath*..... } Mr. N—y.
- Joseph Surface*..... } Sir Charles T—r.
- Solon Shingle*..... } Mr. Jno. H. P—e.
- Prince Goodfellow*..... } Mr. James S—t.
- The Mock Duke*..... } Mr. Thos. W—e.
- William III*..... } Mr. M—o B—ll.
- The Artful Dodger*..... } Mr. L. A. S—l.
- Cupid*..... } Judge H—y.
- Sir Giles Over-reach*..... } Principal D—n.
- The Count of Monte Christo*..... } Mr. G—o S—n.
- Mrs. Malaprop*..... } Mr. Adam C—ke.
- Athello*..... } Sir R—d C—t.
- Davenport Dunn*..... } Mr. C. W. B—g.
- Pantaloon*..... } Mr. M—e.
- Old Mortality*..... } Rev. Dr. S—g.
- The American Senator*..... } Mr. John G—y.
- Mr. Toots*..... } Col. G—i.
- Sir John Falstaff*..... } Senator O—e.
- General Sarsfield*..... } Mr. C. F. F—r.
- The Duke of Brandon*..... } Mr. W. B. S—h.
- Capt. DeBoots*..... } General L—d.
- Bombas ex Furioso*..... } Lt.-Gov. R—n.
- Captain Cuttle*..... } Mr. H. J. M—n.
- Chevalier Boyard*..... } Mr. A. P. C—n.
- Laird of Oaklands*..... } Mr. John M—d.
- Paul Pry*..... } Mr. Fishery S—h.

Sometimes I dream of you,
 Leonora!
 Sometimes to you I'm true,
 Fairest Flora!
 Sometimes if I could view
 Charming Cora,
 I could almost eschew
 Lovely Lora.
 And still I must pursue
 Precious Nora;
 But oh! until I grew
 To love you as I do,
 Sweet Azora!
 I often thought of you,
 Dearest Dora!

"Will you be a good girl if I let you out?"
 Was asked at the bolted door;
 "I will," she replied, and then scampered about,
 And acted much worse than before.

That mother's senses were all in a whirl,
 When out spoke little Kate;
 "I'm certainly going to be a good girl,
 But I can't just fix the date."



AUTHOR AND CRITICS.

After the Royal Academy Picture by H. Stacy Marks, R.A.

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

TAKING THE EDITORS.

He was an exceedingly picturesque-looking individual. His hair fell in heavy masses over his shoulders, and a very broad slouched hat crowned his large head. A dark green cloak came almost to his heels, and he carried under one arm a large portfolio, a camp-stool and a folded easel. He entered the editorial room with a confident stride, opened his camp-stool and proceeded to rig his easel in front of it. Then he pulled out a large piece of drawing-paper from his portfolio, and, slapping it on the easel, seated himself before it and commenced leisurely sharpening a stick of chascoal.

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked the office boy, approaching the picturesque object cautiously, and keeping his hand within reach of an inkstand.

"Everybody!" ejaculated the visitor, flourishing his charcoal gracefully in the air, and smiling a pre-Raphaelite smile upon the suspicious boy. "I'm the lightning portrait artist, and I wish to show the distinguished members of the Eagle staff how I do it. Only takes five minutes to a sitting. Just let the gentlemen know I'm here, please," and he threw his hat carelessly upon the floor at his side.

"What's up?" asked the dramatic editor, coming to the door of his room.

"As you are," cried the artist, catching sight of the editor, and commencing to sketch rapidly upon the paper before him, "Don't move. Excellent pose. Just the style of head to delight the soul of the lover of the truly antique. The young Augustus come to life. Head a shade to the left, please. Ah! that's it."

"When did it blow in?" asked the dramatic editor, stepping forward and gazing curiously at the artist.

"Stop!" cried the artist. "You will ruin everything. Another pose gone wrong," and he threw down his charcoal and sighed.

"What's the row?" asked the city editor, coming to his door.

"Ah! my ideal at last," cried the artist, whisking another sheet of paper from his portfolio. "Head a little back, please. Eyes slightly turned towards the ceiling."

"What does it want, anyway?" asked the city editor, stepping forward.

"I beg of you, sir," said the artist, dashing at his sheet of paper, "just five minutes as you are, and you are immortal for life."

Just at this moment the court reporter sauntered in.

"Ah, Wilde, old man," cried the artist, catching sight of him, "really beg your pardon; likeness so strong to my friend. Sir, you shall be my test sitter. Just lean against that desk over there. Cross your limbs; throw your arms behind you and keep your eyes on that ink bottle over there."

"Where did it drop from?" asked the court reporter, and by this time a little group of editors and reporters stood gazing curiously upon the artist.

"Gentlemen," said the artist, running his fingers through his long hair and leaning back in his camp stool, "I am the lightning portrait artist. Give me five minutes of your time and you are famous for life. Won't charge you a cent. Just wish to make myself so id with the press."

"Suppose we give the crank a show," said the police reporter.

"Only five minutes each, gentlemen, and we will have a gallery of portraits to be proud of," said the artist.

"He's a good taffy slinger," said the dramatic editor.

"It's a way those artists have," said the art critic, looking very skeptically at the visitor; "I'll bet you ten to one he uses solar prints."

"Take your bet," said the artist. "You might be more picturesque, but you'll do as a starter. Just sling of your overcoat and hat and I'll show you a specimen of free-hand drawing--"

"Never accept anything but oil paintings," said the art critic.

"Suppose you give me a sitting," said the artist turning to the society reporter.

"Couldn't think of sitting to any one short of Daniel Huntington," said the reporter.

"Ah, here's our sitter," said three or four of the group, as the cashier entered the office.

"Delighted," said the artist. "Rather modern, but good form. Not exactly esthetic. Might be a little more Florentine curve of line, but--"

"Not this morning, some other morning," said the cashier.

"Tell you what you do," said the sporting editor. "I have a perfect beauty in the way of a bull pup. White with a brindle eye. I'll just let you have a couple of Xs for a good portrait of that--" But the artist gathered up his traps and stalked majestically out of the office.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"FEMALE COMPLAINTS."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir,—I write to tell you what your "Favorite Prescription" has done for me. I had been a great sufferer from female complaints, especially "dragging down," for over six years, during much of the time unable to work. I paid out hundreds of dollars without any benefit till I took three bottles of the "Favorite Prescription," and I never had anything do me so much good in my life. I advise every sick lady to take it.

Mrs. Emily Rhoads, McBrides, Mich.

MINSTREL JOKES.

Curtain rises and discovers a band of dusky figures. Brother Backus on one of the ends and Billy Sweatnam on the other.

The latter has a large reputation for minstrel wit—a reputation that brings him in a salary of \$150 a week.

Backus—"Brother Bones, how do you do this evening?"

Sweatnam—"Very well, I thank you, Brother Tambo."

Interlocutor—"Opening overture, gentlemen."

The song goes well and is applauded. It is a glee, and some boys' voices that are introduced give it a charming effect.

Mr. Sweatnam to the interlocutor: "Now, can you tell me, sir, why a tree is like a mother-in-law?"

Interlocutor—"Why is a tree like a mother-in-law?"

Sweatnam—"No, not why is she like—I mean what is the difference between a tree and a mother-in-law?"

Interlocutor—"I cannot tell. What is the difference between a tree and a mother-in-law?"

Sweatnam—"Why a tree leaves in the spring."

Interlocutor—"Well?"

Sweatnam—"Well, a mother-in-law don't she never leaves if she once gets settled. By the way, did you hear they were going to put four coats of paint on the Brooklyn Bridge?"

Interlocutor—"No, what for?"

Sweatnam—"To cover the steal?" [Roars.]

Interlocutor—"Comic ditty."

Mr. Backus sings this. The effect of the boys' voices in the chorus is very pretty again. This idea is one to be commended.

Sweatnam—"Do you know why a loaf of bread is the mother of a locomotive?"

Interlocutor—"Why, what earthly connection can there be between a loaf of bread and a locomotive?"

Sweatnam—"Well, there is. Now, you answer me. Why is a loaf of bread?" etc.

Interlocutor—"Give it up."

Sweatnam—"Bread's a necessity, ain't it?"

Interlocutor—"Yes."

Sweatnam—"And a locomotive is an invention?"

Interlocutor—"Yes."

Sweatnam—"Well, ain't necessity the mother of invention?"

Interlocutor—"Ballad: 'Last Night I was Dreaming of You.'"

This is sung by Stanley Grey, a falsetto singer. He is a large fat man, while the bass of the company is a small, thin, spare man.

After Hamilton's song, which is encored, there comes a plantation ditty by Sweatnam—"Rock and Roll Dem." It has the regular negro swing, and the feet of the audience keep involuntary time with it.

Sweatnam—"Have you been past my place lately?"

Interlocutor—"Why, I didn't know you had a place. Where is it?"

Sweatnam—"You know that little shanty just out that way (pointing), with rocks all round it!"

Interlocutor—"Why, yes. Myself and a friend drove out there the other day, and I remarked as I passed the place—the man who owns that must be miserably poor."

Sweatnam—"Well, I ain't so poor as you may think."

Interlocutor—"Why?"

Sweatnam—"I only own half of it. [Laughter.] Do you know I get some famous eggs out there?"

Interlocutor—"How is that? I didn't see any hens."

Sweatnam—"Oh no, the farmers around raise the hens, all I do is to raise the eggs." [Laughter.]—[*N. Y. Journal.*]

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It has performed a miracle in my case. I have no unearthly noises in my head, and hear much better.

I have been greatly benefited. My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

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A PICTURE FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

See these three men? They are running, are they not? You bet they are. What do you suppose they are in such a hurry for? Ask your pa-pa, and he will tell you they are after the hon-or of the May-or-al-ty. But your pa is wrong. These gen-tle-men are not all run-ning for May-or, but they are all dread-fully in earn-est to get a copy of Grip's Com-ic Al-man-ac for 1883, and that is why they are making such good time just now. Mis-ter With-row is al-so aft-er the May-or-al-ty, and so is Mis-ter Bos-well, and if you want to win any mon-ey you just bet on both, es-peci-ally Bos-well.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS.

BY SARAH JANE SMYTHE.

I.

Miss Evaline Magee had lately wound her tour up—
Just come across the sea, after taking in all Europe;
From her bonnet to her shoe
Every article was new,
And of the latest fashion, as no doubt they ought to be,
To grace the lovely person of the charming Miss Magee.

II.

She'd done the mighty Rhine, and each hoary rock and
castle,
The Alpine heights did climb and had many a serious
wrestle
With glaciers and crevasses,
In the snowy mountain passes.
She had traversed the blue Danube and had been upon
the Spree,
(Of course I mean the river), had the lovely Miss Magee.

III.

She had visited each city from St. Petersburg to Rome,
From the Netherlands to Naples she had made herself at
home;
In Palermo and Milan,
Cologne and Amsterdam,
In Metz and on the Matterhorn, Mount Blanc or Zui-
der Zee,
Most any time might be observed the gay young Miss
Magee.

IV.

Of course she travelled Britain from Land's End to Aber-
deen,
From Yarmouth west to Liverpool she everywhere had
been.
Cathedrals one and all
Of York, Chester and St. Paul,
And Salisbury, suggestive of the pilgrim on his knee,
Were gazed upon with rapture by æsthetic Miss Magee.

V.

She had invaded Ireland. In Dublin, Cork and Derry,
In Killarney and the Curragh, she had made herself quite
merry.
She had kissed the blarney stone,
And had learned to cry "Ochone."
Just as natural as the natives of Tyrone or Tralee,
And could drink her glass of potheen, oh, naughty Miss
Magee!

VI.

Her speech was greatly tinged with German words and
French,
Though on the rules of grammar she'd occasionally en-
trench.
"Salvio Moonsier, Bong Ju!
Trey beang, Mercree; ay vou!"

She pronounced Vienna just like "wine," and Paris like
"Paree,"
And Naples she called "Napolee,"—Accomplished Miss
Magee!

VII.

In honor of her coming home her friends gave a large
party,
And all the friends of the elite had invitations hearty.
Of the *bon ton* and *beau monde*
She especially was fond,
But as for the low *hoi polloi* you must of course agree,
That they were hardly *la frimige* to visit Miss Magee.

VIII.

The evening came, the brilliant lamps lit up each window
pane,
Italia's sons (from noble ward) struck up a lively strain.
Each *galop*, *valse*, quadrille,
They "went for" with a will.
"I hope you'll all enjoy yourselves to-night *Sans cer-
monie!*"
Was the very neat expression of the radiant Miss Magee.

IX.

Among the honored guests who were invited to the party
Was a youth well-shaped and handsome, Mr. Hildebrand
McCarty,
On the "list" was not his name,
But he was there all the same;
He accompanied a young man, friend of the familie,
And the accepted lover of Miss Evaline Magee.

X.

"Who is that gentleman—your friend? Why don't you
introduce him?
He looks so sad and lonely!" Her lover looked quite
gruesome,
For McCarty, though his chum,
Might perhaps not feel "to hum."
It was true he was a "slugger" and a rattler on a spree,
But he might commit some *gaucherie* if he spoke to Miss
Magee.

XI.

But Miss Magee insisted, and her lover brought forth
Mac,
And McCarty felt an icy chill run up and down his back,
But her manners were so sweet,
When she waved him to a seat,
And brought another chair along and sat close to his
knee,
That she completely captured Mac, did sparkling Miss
Magee.

XII.

"Your face seems quite familiar, sir, we must have met
before,
Was it London or in Paris?" and she looked him o'er
and o'er;

"I was there last June," says Mac,
In fact I'm not long back,
I'd sometimes go out to Berlin, but 'pon me word, d'ye
see,
I hate all thim small places, they're lonesome, Miss
Magee."

XIII.

"Paris! Berlin! London! and you think them all too
small!
What thought you of Vienna. Did it suit you not at all?
Oh sir, I fear you joke,
And fun at me you poke."
"Upon me sowl I don't," said Mac, "for Miss I'll have
ye know
That Vienna is the meanest hole in all On-tay-ree-O!"

XIV.

"I used to bring my samples and stay there sometimes
nights,
(Twas in boats I travelled, Miss) Oh 'twas there y'd see
the fights.
Sure London's had enough,
But Vienna's mighty tough!"
Then Mac looked up. "Perhaps," he thought, "I'm talk-
ing rather free."
But his listener had vanished, poor, disgusted Miss Ma-
gee.

XV.

Take this advice young ladies (and she "may read who
runneth")
If not "fixed" don't think of Europe, for here in one sho't
month,
You can say with truth you've been
To Paris and Berlin,
To Sandwich, Windsor, London,
Brighton and Scarborough,
And never cross the confines of your own On-tay-ree-O!
You can say "when we left London we went straight on
to Paree!"
And astonish all the natives just as well as Miss Magee.



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\$25 to the St. George's Society if any man will
produce one fact of science which is not con-
sistent with the Bible.

MR. ATHEIST—Done, sir, said Atheist, here
is my \$25, and now let us fix the terms of the
contest.

CHRISTIAN—Not so, said Christian. I know
you and your whole family. You want to
argy!

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The New Orleans Times observes that the "Escaped Nun" business is played out as a sensation for the lecture platform. Such characters are always frauds and less interesting than escaped lunatics.

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