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49 King St. East, Toronto.

VOLUME XVII.  
 No. 22.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1881.

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 And be silent that you may hear.'  
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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.

### Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—The *Globe* expresses itself utterly unable to see the tall factory chimneys which, according to Sir John Macdonald, have been reared in every town and village of the Dominion as a result of the N. P. It is suggested that Mr. Gordon Brown has been all the time looking through ordinary spectacles, and that if he were to take a squint through the medium indicated in the picture, he would be able to see as much as the Premier does.

**FRONT PAGE.**—A little sketch in honour of the Brantford fair—the greatest of the season, of course, and of interest outside of that enterprising city because it contains the only authentic portrait of Mr. J. J. Hawkins, the great practical politician, extant in the country. Mr. H. may be recognized by his massive, intellectual forehead, and his attitude of anxious expectancy in the vicinity of the Premier.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—The *Globe* correspondent and his buckboard have returned in safety from the trans-continental journey by which they have become immortalized. The correspondent expresses himself delighted with the country, and feels confident that, with the exercise of a little prudence and forethought on the part of the Government towards the wild Indian tribes at the base of the Rockies, the future of the Great West will be peaceful and glorious. A few thousands from our plethoric treasury expended in improving the Indian live stock and assisting the red man generally, will be a good paying investment, and will be but a paltry price to pay for the magnificent territory he is resigning to our hands. If this act of common sense is neglected, however, the roseate hue of the future may deepen into the redness of blood. It may be mentioned that simultaneously with The Correspondent and His Buckboard, the Governor-General has also returned.

Elsewhere in this issue our artist has illustrated the present (and probably final) phase of the circulation controversy. The *Mail* man has ignominiously backed down, and it is now in order for the foreman to make certain modifications in the standing paragraph which claims the *Mail* to have the "largest circulation of any paper in Canada." Mr. Graham, of the *Montreal Star*, states the circulation of that paper to be 71,200 (daily and weekly), and is prepared to show his books. Mr. Bunting declines to state in plain figures what *his* list amounts to, and there the matter ends.

The *News* returns to its attack upon the Central Prison management, and makes a number of direct, specific charges, any one of which, if proven, ought to be sufficient to bring swift punishment upon the warden and his underlings. If the instances of cruelty cited by the *News* are not wholly fabricated, then it is certain we have a number of full-fledged fiends in charge of the Central Prison. The particulars of one case are particularly horrible—that in which a wretched prisoner was for some trifling irregularity tied to the triangle and so brutally flogged that he lost his reason, and is now an inmate of the asylum. Mr. Mowat, you are an honourable politician and a Christian man; let us have a searching investigation without any further delay, and if these officials are guilty let them be fittingly punished.

Mr. R. Balfour Brown, of Yarmouth, N. S., wields a skillful pencil. At the late exhibition in St. John, Mr. Brown made a display of his caricatures which, as we learn from the *Telegraph*, was visited by hundreds of delighted picture-lovers. We hope shortly to give the readers of *Grip* some specimens of Mr. Brown's handiwork.

The following fact reached our ears too late to be illustrated for this week, but the reader can picture to himself "the scene," which is laid in Montreal.

THE COUNTER OF OUR FIRST BANK.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

The *First Teller* and *Coloured Boy* who enters to cash cheque.

C. B.—Can yer gimme *twoos* for dis yer cheque?

TELLER.—(loftily) You will have to get identified—I don't know you!

C. B.—(turning to man next him), Golly, boss, he don't know me. I reckon he don't move in our *first* circles.

Ch-que paid.—*Exeunt.*

President Arthur continues to hold the confidence of respectable America. His firmness in dealing with the office-seekers, whose hungry eyes glare through every knot-hole in the fence surrounding the Presidential residence, is extremely encouraging. He has only to fight it out on this line to become one of the most popular and successful Presidents the Republic has ever had. Whether he will have the disposition and the ability to guard himself against the more insidious wiles of Conkling remains to be seen.

The Marquis has made a hit at last! His speech at Winnipeg is worthy to rank side by side with that of his illustrious predecessor, and cannot but prove of great service to the country so eloquently described. As a slight recognition of this vice-regal advertisement the least thing we can do is to pay the piper that the Campbell had w' him.

Speaking of the Marquis reminds us that it is now officially announced that the Princess is

not coming back until spring. This time the court newsmen, as instructed, blandly adds, "possibly." The fact is, Her Royal Highness went home to stay, and all this nonsense of periodical announcements of her return was for the purpose of keeping the Canadian mind in composure. Quite unnecessary trouble, too. If Her Royal Highness likes England better than Canada she is at perfect liberty to stop there. The people of the Dominion are far too polite to care whether she resides here or not. The Marquis is going home too, by the next steamer. We hope he may have a very jolly passage, and if we don't see him again, hallo!

If it should turn out to be *Farewell* and not *au revoir* in this case, nobody will be astonished. Indeed, it is already announced that Lorne is going to resign his post and take a seat in the Lords, and the *quid nuncs* are discussing the appointment of his successor. A couple of lordlings are named, but if Mr. Gladstone respects this Dominion he will send us no more boys. If fact there is no need of his sending a blooming swell from England at all. We have scores of capable Canadians to choose from, and now that Canada protects her industries there is no reason why she shouldn't protect her idleness as well, and of all the emphatically soft things, the billet of Governor-General is about the softest.

It is a sufficient commentary on the "law's delays" to read that Guiteau's trial is likely to be a very protracted one. If it were possible to apply merely the rules of common-sense to the case, Mr. Guiteau could and would be tried and sentenced inside of two days.

### Our Private Box.

"Muldoon's Picnic" was given at the Royal for the first three evenings of the current week. It is a variety farce in two acts, and though deformed to some extent by a rough element, proved very laughable. The acting of Messrs. Barry & Fay as Michael Muldoon and Michael Mulcahy was excellent, no better presentation of the Irishman of real life being possible. The farce was preceded by a variety programme not above the average in merit.

Wallack's Company at the Grand are presenting a series of fine plays in the manner which has won for the theatre whence they come a first place in the Metropolis of Yankeland. Matinee Saturday.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," which has been extensively repaired and renovated for the season, is being presented at the Royal by Jarrott & Palmer's Company.

Next week Mr. Frank Mordaunt, an old Toronto favourite, will appear at this house in his new piece "Shipmates." Mr. Mordaunt is a capital actor and it is said his new part fits him like de paper on de wall.

### Reflections by the Hon. Cholmonley Buffer.

D'ye know it strikes me that the proceedings of St. Gawge's Society last Fwiday night wad, to say the least, vewy etwange. I mean in wewewonce to the tabooing of Mr. Goldwin Smith, the Society wewusing to admit him as an hon-



THE 'UMBLE ARISTOCRACY.

SALISBURY (log.) Land Bill, Fair Rents. Anything, Hodgo, I'll give you anything you ask for, if you'll only put me in.

wasy life membah, altho' he is down alweady in the books of the Society as a weal life membah theahof.

It appeahs that this Mr. Smith was at one time a pofwessah in one of owah univesities, weah he was consid wather a cleveh scholnh, and all that, ye know. Subsequently he came out to the United States, and aftah wemaining a shawt time theah, came to this country, weah he dabbled in jehneliam, he being consid quite a litewawy cawacteh. On his ret'n to England, he wites an awticle in the *Fo'tnightly Review*, and speahs wathah dispa'wingly of Canada, and is of opinion that it will ultimately become a pawtion of the United States,—vewy good. Mr. Smith has a wight to believe any thing he likes as to futuah of this or any othaw country. He is, as a gentleman expwessed himself at the meeting refewed to, a "doctwinairo," and consequently a—aw—dweamah, he is also a nowspapah fellah, and must wite something stawtling if possible, and the *Fo'tnightly* awticle is me'ly one of his dweams. It appeahs to me that theah is such a thing as being too ultwa loyal especially in a chawitabie affah such as the St. Gawge's Society assumes to be, and no doubt is. Sir Fwedewick Williams of Kaws was hon'ahd with an houowawy membahship of the Society for his great se'bvices to the Bwedish Empiah, and is quoted as the authethisis of our twiend Smith,—now it is gwanted that Mr. Smith has aided the Society "by his money and good will," but what the militawy hewo has done towawds helping the pooah of Towonto is not in anyway indicated by any of the membahs at the meeting. What Smith or Bwown or Wobinson may imagine is to be the fuchaw of my adopted country, will not I fancy have any mawked effect upon its destiny, and it seems wathah hawd that Smith should get such a setting out from his compawtviots so to speak. Pewaps, howevoh, it won't effect the ex-pwofessah vewy much, or cause him to lose his natuwal wuy; still I'm wather sawy for Smith—I am woally—yaa's indeed.

The Chief Points of the Compass.

FOR THE EXPRESS INFORMATION OF "ANCIENT" AND MODERN MARINERS.

There lived a blue stocking up NORTH,  
Who loved on her "Rights" to hold forth,  
But she talked such a heap,  
That it sent her to sleep,  
And she nodded her head nearly *orf*.

There was an old codger down SOUTH,  
Who was proud of his cavernous mouth;  
So he ope'd it so wide,  
That he let in the tide,  
And drowned that old codger down South.

There came a Hindoo from the EAST,  
(In his own country he was a priest),  
Yet the people all flew,  
For they said that they *knew*  
He was ripe for a cannibal feast.

A sweet little darling out WEST,  
Whose appetite was of the best,  
Gormandized her oatmeal  
With such eloquent zeal  
That she ruined the oat crops out West.

The Permitted Crime.

ACT I.

SCENE.—The Court House—Surroundings as usual—Lawyers galore—Judge sitting.

Enter Elderly Party.  
ELD. PART.—"Justice! the law! My ducats and my daughter!

"She was my darling, my ewe lamb, the light  
"Of mine old eyes, now quenched, alas!  
"And all her usefulness quite lost to me  
"From henceforth, through the devilish deceit  
"And artful scheming of a heartless villain,  
" (Well represented by his counsel here.)  
"The innocent nursing of my wife's pure breast,  
"We fed her, clothed her, trained her how to live  
"So happy she might die. With jealous care  
"We guarded well the life so dear to us,  
"And yet, she hath lost more than life is worth,  
"Lost all the irrecoverable joy of youth:—  
"Love,—honour,—all!—dropped in th' insatiable maw  
"Of one of the human basilisks who come  
"Luring the trusting to their certain doom,  
"Charming their senses with the spell of Love,  
"And oh! my lord, reason lies bound and gagged,  
"Once Love hath captured the heart's citadel,  
"He sought her, wooed her, won her, ruined her,  
"Then cast her from him like an unclean thing,  
"Till now she lies upon the world's rude shore  
"A sad, deserted wreck."

JUDGE.—"Hath this man means  
"Whereof we well can mulct him? Wounding him  
"In his most vulnerable part, his purse."

ELD. PART.—"He hath, my lord, and Prithee, bleed him well,  
"All that he hath, but ill could solace me."

JUDGE.—"Damages, two thousand ducats, and the doom  
"Of durance vile, until this shall be paid."  
*Exit Elderly Party*—Muttering, "Oh, noble Judge!  
"Oh, excellent young man!"

ACT II.

SCENE.—As before.

Enter a young girl looking pale and woe-begone, with a wailing infant at her breast.

JUDGE—(Sotto voce.)—"How now! how's this? (aloud)  
"Young Girl, how come you here?"

YOUNG GIRL.—"Oh! please sir, I have come to you for justice."

JUDGE.—"Justice! Why, who has wronged you?"

Y. GIRL.—"A man, my lord,  
"Through all of man about him is the name,  
"I was a decent, virtuous, working girl,  
"Earning my daily bread from day to day,  
"With heart as cheerful as the buoyant lark  
"That fills with music all the morning air,  
"In the green fields of my old English home.  
(*She weeps.*) "Pardon, my lord! oh hush! my baby,

hush!  
"He met me in the workshop, followed me  
"Where'er I went. I would not look at him;  
"I hated his false face and bare civility  
"Was all I gave him for his proffered love.  
"At last he sickened, and so pale and ill  
"He looked, (and all for love of me, 'twas said),  
"That first I pitied, and then loved the man,  
"As one may love once only in one's life,  
"He swore I was the one hope of his life,  
"That he would love and shield me evermore.  
"How in a nice snug cottage of our own  
"We would be happy as the day was long,  
"And I—I listened to his siren song.  
"The name of 'home' sounded to me so sweet;  
"Having so homeless, and so friendless been,  
"Since Father died."

JUDGE.—"Stay, hold! What do you say?  
"Have you no father? have you no brother?  
"Have you no sister? have you no mother?"

Y. GIRL.—"None, my lord."

JUDGE.—"Then justice you can't have.  
"The law of Canada protects but those.  
"Who have already natural protectors.  
"Such as a father. The fatherless and those  
"Who have no friend to guide their erring steps  
"Out of the slippery paths that lead to doom,  
"Whose hungry hearts, a-faint for lack of love,  
"Fall easy prey to falsehood and to vice;  
"For such there is no law and no redress,  
"Save what the Judge of all the earth may give  
"In the hereafter, and even that, some say,  
"Has no existence. This case is dismissed."

Y. GIRL.—My God! what shall I do?

[The baby wails faintly, and she goes out. *Whither?*]

Photographs.

BY J. A. SMITH.

There was a young fellow of Waterford,  
Who never could pay for his clothes and board,  
But he married a widow  
Whose name was Boggs,  
And she butters his toast,  
And pays for his togs,  
This lazy young fellow of Waterford.

There was a young lass at Elora,  
Whose Christian name was Deborah,  
And all the big boys  
Made a wonderful noise  
With singing the praise of Deborah,  
But she took an old fellow all wrinkled and thin,  
With teneament houses and plenty of tin  
And left all the lads of Elora.

There was a man in Hamilton,  
Who always when his work was done  
Would hustle home for his dear life,  
Then wash his face and kiss his wife,  
This model man of Hamilton.

There once was a preacher of Collingwood,  
Whose tie was white and whose text was good;  
But alas! his heart was filled within  
With worldly thoughts and a flavour of sin,  
This plausible preacher of Collingwood.

There is an old man up at Barrie,  
Who lies like the very Old Harry,  
Telling wonderful tales  
Of the thousands of rails  
He has split in the main street of Barrie.

There was an old maid in the city of Guelph,  
Who was so very forgetful of self,  
That she never would take all the years by a dozen,  
That were rightfully hers, on the word of her cousin.



**A NEW CREST.**

We understand that the time honoured crest of St. George and the Dragon, is about to be slightly altered at the request of the Toronto Society. The horse will remain in the same general attitude, to wit, in the act of rearing up—indicative of the fact that the St. George's Society of Toronto is on its last legs. Important changes will be made in the Rider and the Dragon. In place of the present figure of St. George, one will be substituted more typical of the bigot and numbscull variety of Englishman, that particular class being in the majority in this Society. The head of the dragon will be removed, and that of Mr. Goldwin Smith will replace it, the new design being in commemoration of the senseless, p-headed and contemptible action of those who did their little best to injure that gentleman by casting their black-balls against him on his nomination for honorary membership. Coppers and pennies bearing the usual crest of St. G. and the D. will not of course be received by the Toronto Society after this date, and it is also expected that the Society will have the honesty to return the hundred dollars donated by Mr. Smith under the mistaken belief that said Society was organized for charitable purposes and not as an inquisition of private political opinions.



**HIGHLY SATISFACTORY.**

During Sir Langevin's visit to Hamilton he happened to pass a school while the children were enjoying the recess hour. The *Spectator*, sagely remarks that "the quantity and quality (of children) exhibited must have impressed Sir Hector with the idea that the N. P. had not worked to the disadvantage of that industry at all events."—*Advertiser*.

*Sir Hector.*—*Mon petit homme!* You look like ver' fine healthy boy. How have you obtain' such red cheek? : Eh? I am glad to see ze Poleccy National shall not have work to ze disadvantage of you. I deed not know but you shall look sick and ragged, ze food and clothing is so dear!

**An Aesthetic Pair.**

If I were Anglo-Saxon  
And you were Japanese,  
We'd study storks together,  
Pluck out the peacock's feather,  
And lean our languid backs on  
The stiffest of settees;  
If I were Anglo-Saxon  
And you were Japanese.

If you were Della-Cruscan  
And I were A.—Mooresque,  
We'd make our limbs look less in  
Artistic folds and dress in  
What once were tunics Tuscan  
In Dante's days grotesque;  
If you were Della-Cruscan,  
And I were A.—Mooresque.

If I were mock Pompeian  
And you Belgravian Greek,  
We'd glide 'mid gaping Vandals  
In shapeless sheets and sandals,  
Like shades in Tartarean  
Dim ways remote and bleak;  
If I were mock Pompeian,  
And you Belgravian Greek.

If you were Culture's scarecrow  
And I the guy of Art,  
I'd learn in latest phrases  
Of either's quaintest crazes  
To lisp, and let my hair grow,  
While your's you'd cease to part;  
If you were Culture's scarecrow  
And I the guy of Art.



**OUR CUSTOM HOUSE POPE.**

Extremes meet, they say. On this hypothesis we can understand how an Orangeman like our Minister of Customs can adopt the tactics of his *bete noir* the Pope, and undertake to establish an *Inlex Espurgatorius* at the Custom House. This is what Hon. Minister Bowell has done, if Mr. Customs Collector Patton is not mistaken in saying that he acted on instructions from Ottawa when he confiscated the infidel books, the other day. Of course we must accept Mr. Patton's word in the meantime, and all we have to say is that Mr. Bowell has even less sense than we had given him credit for. It is a good thing to be a Christian—as Mr. Bowell honestly tries to be—but it is a very short-sighted policy for Christianity to advertise infidelity gratuitously. Mr. Cooke, the importer of the books in question, has been made a little martyr of, and in all likelihood will sell more of the works when he does get them through

the Customs (as of course he will) than he would have done before. Hon. Mr. Bowell has as much as he can do to think for himself; if he finds he has any surplussage of intellect he might divide it round amongst his colleagues with good effect; but he should not undertake the Herculean and uncalled-for task of supervising the thoughts of the whole population.



**THE LAND IN DISPUTE.**

There was an old couple of Wrangel Land,  
Who kept up an unceasing jangle, and  
They were such a bad pair,  
We are glad to declare  
That Canada don't own this Wrangel Land!

Sweet simplicity: We hail a passing milk-wagon and ask the "boy" if he has a quart of milk to spare. We get the milk and ask facetiously if it is cows' milk. "Oh, yes, sir." And then with sweet simplicity, "We keep the cows' milk separate from the other."

A girl in New York was robbed of her long and beautiful hair by burglars recently. No clue to the thieves.—*Blmira Advertiser*. This should be a warning to girls with beautiful hair to lock it up in a bureau at nights instead of hanging it on a chair back.—*Illaco Journal*. When burglars attempt to take a Western girl's bangs away, she gets up and bangs away at them.



**HE DROPS THE LAW.**

STONOR BLAKE has come to the conclusion that it is safer to ride one horse than two, and we are pleased to announce that he has thrown up his hold on the law and will devote his entire attention to the affairs of his party. This is hopeful tidings for the Grits, but the other fellows do not relish it as much as they ought to, considering that Blake does not amount to anything as a political performer.



## THE AID OF A GLASS!

GORDON B.—AH! YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR JOHN, LOOKING THROUGH *THIS* MEDIUM I DO SEE FACTORY CHIMNEYS IN EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE COUNTRY!

\*. See comments on page 2.

## The Joker Club.

### "The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

An autumn idyl—the corner loafer.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A poor turn out—Bouncing a bumper.—*Richmond Baton.*

Trifles light as hair spoil our appetite for butter.—*N. Y. News.*

The batter always supplies "a long felt want."—*Wit and Wisdom.*

The bad boy takes the cake—away from his little sister.—*Quincy Modern Argo.*

Graveyard insurance smells toomb much of a rotten policy.—*N. Y. Enterprise.*

"Come, birdie, come," is the sportman's song now.—*Hartford Sunday Globe.*

They say Sara Bernhardt is going into journalism. She is thin enough to go into politics.—*Hawkeye.*

A Yonkers man calls his dog Money, because he is never on hand when most needed.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"Oh, dear, I feel all dragged out," as the net said to the fisherman when it was drawn ashore.—*Yanvob Strauss.*

"The charge of the light brigade"—the exorbitant bills of the average gas company.—*Toledo American.*

Out west when a man dies of delirium tremens they say he died a natural death.—*Rochester Express.*

"Better rent than buy."—*Rochester Sunday Herald.* Of the two evils choose the leased.—*Elmira Free Press.*

Maid of Chicago, ere we join our forces, tell me, who shall pay for the divorces?—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

The Missouri train robbers transact business on the C. O. D. principle. Come Omediately Down.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"There is always room at the top," said the customer when he saw the way the grocer filled the measure with potatoes.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Plumber and plunder are not the same words, though, take it in the long run, there is only a little difference in the 'nd.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

It is rumoured around that boys having no other kind wear white pants, so do—their sisters and their cousins and their aunts.—*Meriden Recorder.*

Keenan, a Chicago murderer, who murdered a man whose house he was burglarizing, has actually been sentenced to be hung. Wonders will never cease.

"Sick" is an Americanism, often illy used.—*N. Y. News.* How about "illy"? Isn't "illy" also a frequently ill-used Americanism?—*Norristown Herald.*

The Des Moines girls are going to organize a Knitting Club to aid the poor. Giving the mitten has always been one of their strong points.—*Des Moines Mail.*

Venor announces that he will make no more weather predictions until October. This will give us a chance for a few weeks of decent weather.—*Meriden Recorder.*

"Do you drink?" said a temperance reformer to a beggar who had implored alms of him. "Yes, thank you," returned the candidate pauper, "where shall we go?"

The Philadelphia *News* hears that King Kalakaua mistook a reporter of that city for a lord. If the reporter asked the King for a loan of five or ten dollars, old Kalakaua's mistake was quite natural.

"Do you catch on?" asked the omnibus driver, as he swung his whip lash to the rear. "Yes, I tumble," answered the small boy, as he rolled into the gutter.—*Boston Transcript.*

At a ball a maiden named Peak,  
Gave a wild and hysterical shriek,  
When a splash of clam chowder  
From her face washed the powder  
And showed a big mole on her cheek.  
—*Detroit "Chaff."*

A brainless swell resembles the first floral offering of gentle spring because he's a dandy lion. One is a plant with a naked, hollow stalk, and the other is a plant with a vacant, hollow head.—*Toledo American.*

An agricultural exchange offers some advice on "How to Tell a Bad Egg." Didn't read the article, but our advice would be, if you have anything important to tell a bad egg, why break it gently.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Topsy Venn is dancing and singing on the Philadelphia stage, while at the same time she is demanding a large sum of money for internal injuries, received through a railway accident, Venn she was turned Topsy-turvy.

Time is money, but it don't go into circulation again after it is once passed.—*Lowell Citizen.* Oh, yes, it does. Isn't playing baseball pastime, and there is plenty of circulation about that?—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

The barber's children are little shavers; the upholsterer's are little tackers; the butcher's are young lambs; the carpenter's are chips from the old block; the baker's are crum baby tarts; and the angry man's are little pets.—*New York News.*

Between "drouth" and "drought," the press of the country appears to have no particular way of spelling that which indicates a dry spell.—*N. O. Picayune.* Why not spell it "draught"? There is nothing better to put a stop to a dry spell.

A Boston reporter calls his darling's hair "Chaff," because it is considerably red.—*Mel-notte Tarheel.* And the Blonde of the Texas *Sunny Clime* calls her Detroit lover's hair "boz," because it is clipped so often.—*Bay City Box.*

"We'll fillet," as the butcher said when his boy brought in an order from one of his best customers.—[Win Wurtle.] We'll steak four-quarters that we can fillet whole column with such puns, but we haven't the pluck to do it, as we wish to liver while longer.

Women barbers are multiplying. If they have pretty mugs they will, no doubt, keep their customers in hot water all the time.—*Boston Courier.* There will be one great difficulty to overcome. An unmarried woman barber will expect every bare-faced man to be hir-uter.

Early rising is said to be the cause of many nervous diseases. Married men take the necessary precaution by heroically permitting their wives to get up first to make the fires, do the marketing, etc. A man can't retain his health without making some sacrifices.—*Norristown Herald.*

The "pink eye," the new horse disease, is spreading in Chicago. They probably take it from the hostlers, who are addicted to the old-fashioned "red eye," though the horses do not have it in so violent a form. Their blood being purer, it is only a sort of varioloid with them.—*Peck's Sun.*

A new book on "Word Building" was probably written by a man who struck a clothes line while splitting wood in the back yard. Very few aggravations will make a man build words more rapidly, but some of them possess too much emphaticness to preserve in book form.—*Norristown Herald.*

Customer—"I don't know how it is; but my clothes never fit me nicely. Now, you always make my friend Captain Stoller's coats to set beautifully!" Tailor—"Yes, sir; but he's got shoulders to hang 'em on! If a gentleman's made like a champagne bottle, no tailor can't fit him!" Exit customer in high dudgeon.—*Punch.*

The willingness of the people of England to help celebrate the surrender of Yorktown is not hard to understand. They have seen some of the so-called Americans who try to pass themselves off as Englishmen at home and abroad, and are thankful the land that raised them has no connection with England.—*Phila. News.*

A young lady who went fishing yesterday morning says she had "splendid luck." She got a boy to put the bait on her hook as soon as she got to the river, and she fished four hours without having to take a nasty worm in her fingers to renew the bait. She didn't get a bite, but that was a secondary matter.—*Norristown Herald.*

Bliffers said to us the other day: "There is nothing so good as cranberries for making a good fall sass." We agreed with Bliffers, at the time, but a few nights afterward we saw the play of "Midsummer Night's Dream," and we came to the conclusion that Bottom, the Weaver, in his ludicrous impersonation, with his donkey's head, made a far better false ass.

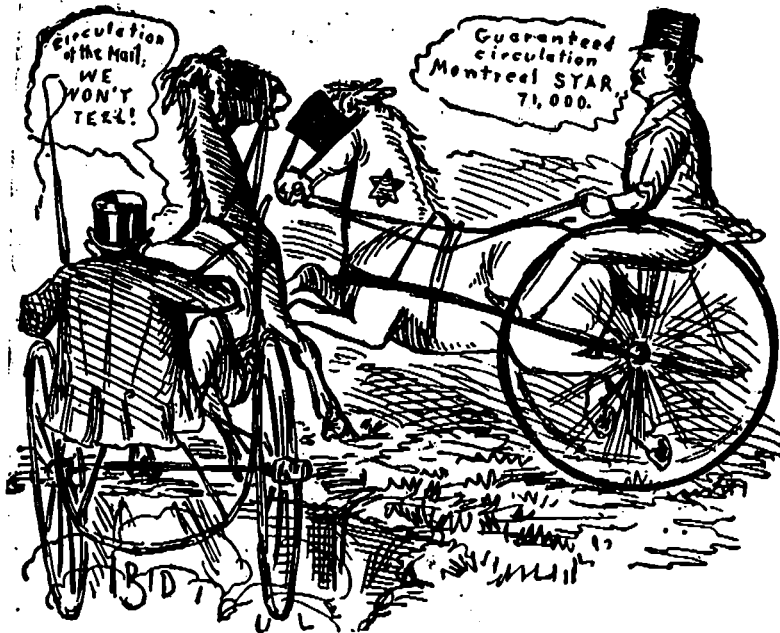
"The erubescens exorescens on your olfactory organ is yet in its adolescence," said a physician to the young man with an abnormal development of his *nez retroussé*. The doctor merely meant that the boil on the youth's nose was not yet ripe. But the fellow thought he wouldn't live to get home. He now carries a dictionary in his coat-tail pocket, in place of a revised flask.—*Hackensack Republican.*

The sour krout crop is reported short, and prices will be high this winter. There is likely to be much suffering in consequence among the thousands of Germans who have arrived in this country since the first of the year. But a person of delicate nostrils may be able to pass Hans Speelhoefer's beer saloon when the door is open without being knocked off his feet by the odor wafted therefrom.—*Norristown Herald.*

A horse car conductor was before the court a few days ago, charged with assaulting his wife. It was shown in the evidence that he had struck her with his fist and knocked her down. He acknowledged the assault, but pleaded in extenuation that his calling led him into habits of punching the fair. The judge said it was all right as long as he confined himself to punching the fair, but he would fine him for knocking down the fair.—*Somerville Journal.*

Several waggon-loads of leather have been dug out of the ground near Sandwich, Mich., and the people have no recollection how it came there. The mystery is easily explained. A railroad restaurant once stood on the spot, and what is supposed to be leather is merely the remains of thousands of ham sandwiches, which passengers threw around promiscuously after vainly endeavouring to insert their teeth into them. Hence the name of the adjacent town.—*Sandwich.—Norristown Herald.*

Silence will sometimes waken a man more expeditiously than the loudest uproar. For instance: when a minister is discoursing at the top of his voice on a hot Sunday, how sweetly somnolence broods over half of the congregation! but let the minister stop suddenly in his discourse, and he is absolutely silent for half a minute, how wide awake they are! No thunder-clap in the country, or gong at a summer hotel, ever aroused slumberers more speedily or thoroughly.—*Earl Marble, Newton Republican.*



### THE MAIL'S BACK DOWN!

#### The Song of the Shirt.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL CHINESE OF SAM CONFUCIUS SING.

What is a poor man's shirt  
That we hear of so much of late?  
Which in politics now they convert  
Into a grave matter of state?

Is it of hickory strong?  
Is it of composite stuff?  
Is it to short or too long?  
Has it a frill or a ruff?

Oh, tell me, Ned, why you seek to convert  
And turn to base uses the poor man's shirt?

What is the poor man's shirt  
That frets you so much, oh, Flake?  
Why is your tender heart hurt,  
Is it because of its make?

Is it of flannel or wool?  
Is it of cotton or flax?  
Or hair of a buffalo bull?  
Just tell us of something it lacks.

Don't try, if you please, our minds to pervert,  
And prejudice the case of the poor man's shirt.

Have you not subjects enough  
To wake up the people inert?  
That you strip a poor man to the buff,  
And wave in their faces his shirt?

Oh, Edward, do give us a rest,  
And talk about sugar or coal,  
Of something that's over-assessed,  
Or subject to too heavy toll;

While round the country you're taking a spurt,  
Don't try to make shift of the poor man's shirt!

#### The "Mail" on Woman Suffrage.

The Montreal Herald wants to know if "The Mail" is going in for female suffrage," because we said the N. P. has proved itself to be a great boon to the female portion of the population of Canada.

Oh no, no, no, no, good Mr. Herald, oh dear, no, not at all! You quite mistake us. Female suffrage indeed! That is quite too, too, altogether so. Never entertained such an idea for a moment. Never had such an idea. No, no, this is what we meant. That "the female portion of the population have (sic) a right to be considered by the legislators of Canada, and that in the establishment of prosperity by

means of the N. P., they have been considered." Don't you see, they can go to work in factories, there's a boon for you! Actually they may work for their living, become factory girls, you know, when but for the N. P. and the considerate "legislators", they would have had to stay at home, or, Heaven preserve us! go to the States. There's a contingency for you! Hadn't they ought to be grateful to be saved from so heart-rendering a fate, this "female portion," oh?

And then they can get married. Only think of that. Married, you know, and have homes of their own. There's luck for you! There's happiness! What more can they want? Why if they only knew how much they were indebted to the N. P. for this 'boom' in weddings they'd vote red every time. Oh, dear me, no, they can't vote, to be sure not. Who wants their votes. Woman suffrage, indeed!

PAT.



#### A FIERY TALE OF LOVE.

At the picnic Bob called Lucy aside, saying he had something to show her. When they reached the spot to which he led her, he pointed up, through an open space in the network of foliage above, to the sun, which, seen through the hazy atmosphere, resembled a great glowing globe. "Oh!" said Lucy, "it's just like a ball of fire."—*Unwritten Romance.*

The sun set red,  
And Lucy said  
To Bob, who stood just by 'er,  
In common speech  
Easy to teach,  
"It looks like a ball of fire."

Soon Jack came down  
To our small town,  
His head was of brilliant hue,  
And Bob remarked,  
As Jack disembarked,  
"Luce, here's a con. for you.

"Why's that pate of flaming red  
Like the glorious orb above your head?"  
"Now, Bob, I don't know,  
Don't tease me so,  
But tell to me,  
Immediately  
The answer yourself instead."

"Well, Lucy dear,  
Don't think me queer,  
Or threaten with vengeance dire,  
When I say to you,  
'Tis just like a ball of fire;

"And then likewise  
When Sol sails skies,  
Lesser lights do vanish from view,  
And when Jack comes here,  
Oh! trembling with fear  
All rivals fast bid adieu!

"I've sought for days  
For means and ways  
To tell you my heart's your own"—  
Here Luce took a fit,  
But had still enough wit  
To ask for her eau-de-cologne;

But Bob went on,  
(Chance might be gone!)  
'Twas but *yes* that to hear he'd desire,  
For to use the old phrase,  
(He now felt such amaze)  
His heart "burned like a ball of fire."

"Oh! Lucy dear,  
Look on me here,  
Oh! hark to my mighty request,  
And quickly say "no"  
To that red-headed beau,  
And tell him you love Rob the best."

Now Luce loved Bob,  
Who never did "slob,"  
So her answer is easy to guess;  
She drooped her sweet head  
On his shoulder, and said,  
"Oh! Bobby, dear, ducky, oh! yes!"

Young man, take heart,  
Play well your part,  
Just carefully bide your day:  
You sweetheart will give,  
As sure as you live,  
You a text to say your say.

Charlie Jay.

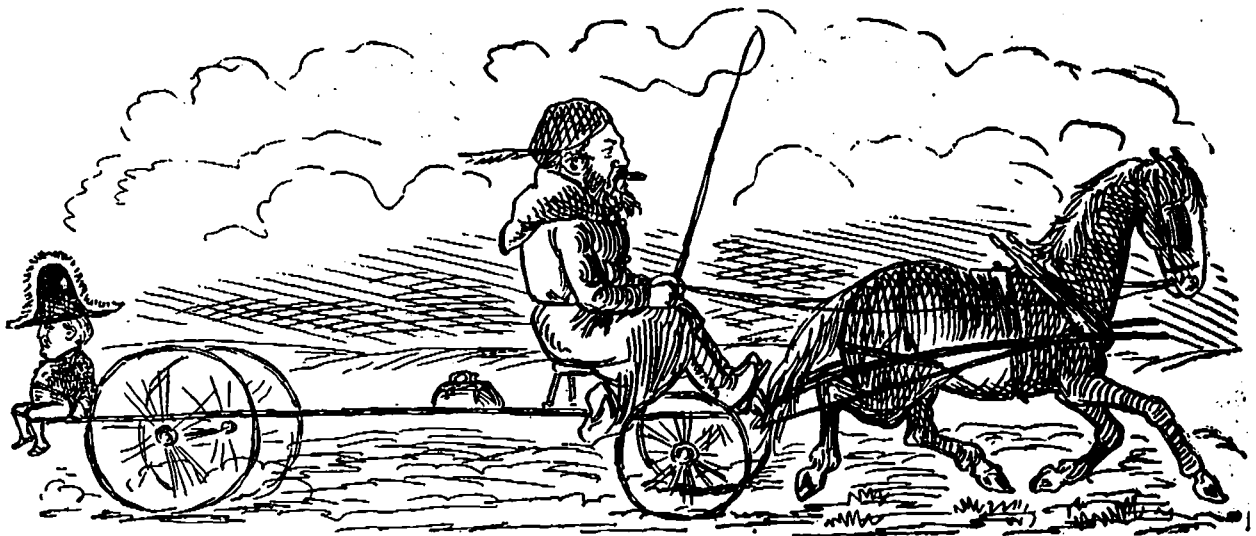
#### Well Done, Tam!

The Scotch manufacturer alluded to, a leading man in his line, thought that if he saw the American authorities personally he might win them over to his way of thinking. He accordingly visited Washington, and after a good deal of palaver managed to demonstrate that the articles alluded to were all made up by knitting, and not by weaving. Hence, on this class of goods the tariff has been lowered, and as a consequence this branch of trade has been unusually developed, and is giving what promises to be permanent employment to a large number of hands in the south-west of Scotland.—*Globe.*

There's nothing like attending to business one's self. A brilliant idea that, of going to Washington to have "a crack" with Uncle Sam, and to enlighten and instruct him as to the difference between a woven and a knitted "Tam." "As iron sharpeneth iron," you know. Thirty per cent. is no joke in these N. P. times, when the goose hangs so high that there's no getting up to it, but now, thanks to this redoubtable Scotchman, next time Grip buys a new "Tam," he will get the price of a pound of third class butter back in change. Sam Slick! Why, he's nowhere, when Tam o' Shanter girds up his loins and departs to Washington to tackle Uncle Sam, and softens under him into throwing thirty per cent. off his favourite tile. Now if this canny missionary could only be induced to carry the war into Africa, by handing Sir John his sneeshin' mill, and requesting him in view of the coming winter, and suffering consequent thereon, to remit that odious coal tax, and thereby give us a chance to keep ourselves from freezin' into clear Grits for all time to come, he would certainly succeed, and we would as certainly make

A remarkable book. Every Man and every Woman will want it. 100,000 copies have been sold in Paris and London. Address, J. S. ROBERTSON & Bros., Whitby, Ont.

**WOMAN'S LOVE AND LIFE.**



**RETURN OF THE CORRESPONDENT AND HIS BUCKBOARD.**

(ALSO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.)

it a matter of conscience to testify our gratitude by wearing a "Tam," a whole "Tam," and nothing but a "Tam," in order to encourage the manufacture of that famous article of male and female head-gear. "Oh! Tam, oh! Tam, thou'lt get thy fairin' in—" Hold on! that ain't the revised edition.

"March! March! March in good order,  
All the blue bonnets are bound for the border."

**In Memoriam—Queenston Heights.**

OCTOBER, 1813.

I stood on Queenston Heights;  
And as I gazed from tomb to cenotaph  
From cenotaph to tomb, adown and up,  
I cried "O clothed with honour and with glory crowned  
Tell me the meaning of those sculptured stones."  
Straightway the shuddering cedars wept;  
The solemn junipers indured their greyest pall;  
The moaning wind crept through the trembling oaks  
And shrieking fled. Strange clamour rent the air.  
Around me rolled the tide of sudden battle;  
The booming guns pealed forth their dreadful knell;  
Musketry rattled: shouts, cries, and groans coming-  
led.

The steep hill shook beneath the stamp of men.  
In deadly strife contending. From side to side  
The singing com'at rolled, but ever downward,  
Till, the first fury spent, the curb that marks  
The modest hamlet nestling in the dale  
Brought up the angry foes with partial check.  
Then, boding quiet fell. Upon the hill  
An alien flag flew flaunting in the wind,  
Mocking the silent gun. Dark forms poured o'er  
The height's broad crest, and hid amid the trees,  
And Canada's October day fell dark.

But hark! a ringing cheer peals up the height!  
Brook to the rescue! Down goes the alien flag,  
Back, back, the dark battalions fall. On, on,  
The "Tigers" spring. On, York Volunteers,  
Though storms of shot pour rattling from the grove.  
Aha! the day is ours! See, how the hero comes  
In conquering might, quick driving all before him!  
O brave ensample! O beloved chief! Who follows thee  
Keeps even pace with honour. Shout "Victory!"  
Proud Victory is ours! Ours this dear Brock!

Ours! Death's. Death wins. Death winged that  
leaden bullet,  
And he fell—the hero—Brock.  
Ah, shudder still ye darkling cedars;  
Chant yet your doleful monotone, ye winds;  
Indue each year your grey funeral pall  
Ye solemn junipers, for there he fell.  
And here he lies, dust, ashes, nothing.  
Such tale the spirit told me and I wept.  
Nay, wept I not! 'Twas hot, indignant thoughts  
That fired my breast burned up the willing tears  
Ere they had chance to flow; and forward Hate  
Spoke rashly; but cool Reflection  
Laid her calm hand upon my beating heart  
And whispered "As crept the hardy Norseman

Up the misty stream, ye saw white banners wave  
Kindly salutes from yon opposing shore.  
And as ye peered the dusky vista through  
To catch first glimpse of yonder glorious pile,  
It towered so high above the common plane  
Ye saw it not, till I your glance directed.  
So—towering over Time—shall Brock e'er stand.  
So—from those banks—shall white-robed Peace e'er  
plead.

Oct. 12, 1881.

S. S. C.

Love impresses its tender image on all its environments. Even the scattered peanut shells at the front gate on Monday morning are silent witnesses of its all-embracing sway.

When an Ohio man told his wife that he had just traded for a new spring waggon, she replied, "You dunce, you! why did you get a spring waggon in the fall of the year?"

The editor of a Virginia paper was asked by a stranger if it was possible that little town kept up four newspapers, and the reply was: "No, it takes four newspapers to keep up the town."

"Do you reside in this city?" asked a masked man of a masked lady at a masked party the other evening. He felt sick when she said to him, in a low voice: "Don't be a fool, John, I know you by the wart on your thumb." It was his wife.

Turks at a French Banquet.—Toward the conclusion of the feast a Frenchman selected a toothpick from a tray lying near him, and politely passed the receptacle to his neighbor, who declined his offer, exclaiming, "No thank you; I have already eaten two of those things, and I want no more."

**If You Don't Believe It, Ask Any German,**

And he will convince you that St. Jacob's Oil is the most wonderful remedy that has ever been brought before the public. Rheumatism of many years standing has yielded immediately to its almost magical influence. As many have expressed it, its action is electrical, seeming to drive the pain before it, until all discomfort leaves the body, and the warm glow of health and comfort remains. It is a certain cure for neuralgia, giving immediate relief upon the first application, and curing, in a short time, the most inveterate cases.

**"Two Hours at Home."**

**SHAFTESBURY HALL.**

FIVE NIGHTS ONLY, COMMENCING  
**MONDAY, 17TH OCTOBER,**  
**MR. KENNEDY,**

The Scottish vocalist, will give his Entertainments on the SONGS of SCOTLAND, assisted by the following Members of his Family.

- Miss Helen Kennedy - Soprano.
- Miss Marjory Kennedy - Soprano.
- Miss Maggie Kennedy - Pianoforte.
- Mr. Robert Kennedy - Tenor.
- Master John Kennedy - Violin.

COMMENCE AT 8.

**ADMISSION 25 & 50 CTS.**



DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.  
Toronto, 6th October, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that, under an Order in Council, Timber Berths in the undermentioned townships in the Muskoka and Parry Sound Districts will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the Department of Crown Lands at twelve o'clock noon, on

**TUESDAY, the 6th Day of December, Next,** viz:—Townships of Mowat, Blair, McConkey, Hardy, Patterson, Mills, Sinclair, Bethune, Proudfoot, Gurd, Machar, Strong, Joly, Laurier, Pringle, Lount, Nipissing and Hinsworth.

The area to be disposed of in the above townships as timber berths is upwards of 1,400 square miles, and to suit all classes of purchasers each township will, as nearly as practicable, be divided into four berths.

Sheets containing conditions and terms of sale, with information as to area and lots and concessions comprised in each berth, will be furnished on application personally or by letter, to the Woods and Forest Branch of the Department, or to the Crown Timber Offices at Ottawa, Belleville and Quebec, and the office of T. E. Joluson, Esq., Parry Sound.

T. B. PARDEE,  
Commissioner.

N. B.—No advertisement will be paid for unless previously ordered by the Department.