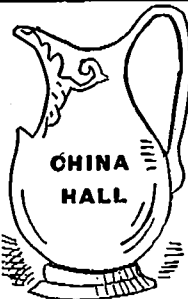



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TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEB. 7, 1885.

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GRIP

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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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.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

- ALREADY PUBLISHED:
- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald... Aug. 2.
 - No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat... Sep. 20.
 - No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake... Oct. 18.
 - No. 4. Mr. W. R. Meredith... Nov. 22.
 - No. 5. Hon. H. Mercier... Dec. 20.
 - No. 6. Hon. Sir Hector Langevin... Jan 17th.
 - No. 7. Hon. JOHN NORQUAY:
- Will be issued with the number for..... Feb 14.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON—No comedian of the present day ventures more on his established popularity than the Premier of Canada. Sir John has the most childlike and unquestioning confidence in the good nature of the "House," and accordingly conducts himself in a manner which is often contrary to all the accepted rules of ministerial success. Look at him at the present moment. The audience is assembled in expectation of something unusually brilliant. It has been whispered abroad that the popular Star is to make his first appearance as the *Friend of the Factory-hand*, and intends also to give several other novelties on the occasion. Under such circumstances almost any actor would feel put upon his mettle, and however old in his profession, could not but feel nervous lest he might in some measure disappoint his anxious friends. But Sir John isn't a comedian of that sort. He sends the Vice-regal Chairman out to announce a programme in which there isn't a taste of novelty, and which makes no mention of *factory hands*, whatever. He feels perfectly confident that a round of his old business will secure him just as much applause as any attempt at novelty would, while it will be a deal less risky and troublesome. The Session's entertainment will therefore consist of a screaming three-week comedy, entitled "Nothing to Do," followed by a six-week farce, entitled "The Blather-skite," the whole to conclude with a one-week pantomime, called "Subsides all Round," John A. in his old familiar characters in each piece.

FIRST PAGE—Professor Foster will please accept GRIP'S condolence on the sudden demise of his dear little Parliamentary offspring, the McCarthy Act. Perhaps no words of ours will mollify the wound in the fond parent's heart, but it ought to be a consolation to reflect that the deceased Act was conceived in

cussedness, and brought forth in unconstitutionality. Moreover, the Professor has the gloomy satisfaction of attending the funeral alone, and acting as hearse, chief mourner, and sexton himself. Nobody else can be induced to follow the corpse. McCarthy, its godfather, has an engagement elsewhere, while John A. and Tilley wish it to be distinctly understood that this is none of their funeral. This comes, dear Professor, of sitting behind a Government which has invented the convenient trick of divesting themselves of their responsibility when it seems desirable to do so, and casting all the onus of doubtful acts on those who are soft enough to assume the blame.

EIGHTH PAGE—For the information of the bucolic Canadian, who has never been at Ottawa during the opening ceremonies of the House—who, in fact has no share in the magnificence, except the felicity of paying the piper, we present a graphic picture of the scene with which Parliament is opened. The back country subscriber may be surprised to learn that the three knocks and three bows here depicted are an integral and highly precious part of the British Constitution, and that they cost more than \$500 each. They are dirt cheap, too, for the entire intellect of the Usher of the Black Rod is concentrated on their proper delivery. We do not publish these pictures with the view of bringing about a sudden abolition of Black Rod and his nonsense. We hope, indeed, that the average Canadian will be able to look upon them with composure, if not with pride, for we can conscientiously assure him that the Usher of the Black Rod renders more public service for his salary than half the members of the House.



HOW TO BECOME AN ART CRITIC.

I'm a critic—picture critic—and some hints I will impart Upon the way to criticize the modern works of art. You really needn't know a thing of art; you merely need To be well posted in its terms, and, if so, you'll succeed. If to be a picture critic you desire, set to work. And some technical expressions learn; and don't attempt to shirk. And leave your task half-finished; for the person who intends To be a critic must have "terms" right at his fingers' ends. And when critiques you start to write don't care about their sense;

Use terms judiciously and folks will say you are immense! I'll mention just a few of them to put you in the way: They are so sweetly simple you can learn them in a day. You may depend upon it that if you use them right, Your defects and lack of knowledge will be hidden—out of sight. Those artists who exhibit, when you praise them, will declare That, as a picture critic, you've no equal anywhere; They'll treat you to the best on earth; good dinners; choicest wine; And—if they've got them, bank-notes they'll lay before your shrine. They'll see the power your good opinion has: each painting Will do his best to win that good opinion for himself. Those others whom you castigate, of course, will angry be, But they'll strive to win you to their side with dainty, golden fee. Then, next year, give them "taffy," and declare their work is fine; By following these rules, be sure, a critic you will shine. At times, of course, upon some works you must not be decided, But be a little vague, for that's the very way that I did: And when you see that picture "takes," then praise it to the skies! Its author will declare you have a judgment sound and wise. Now, here are some expressions which I vary as I choose, But some of them, of course, in every article I use. "Breadth," "depth," "light," "shade," "style," "energy," "tone," "outlining" and "repose," "Foreshorten," "unobtrusive," expressions such as those Will stamp you as a critic of discernment, rich and rare: Next, "chiaro-oscuro," that you'll see's a settler everywhere. Then, compound terms, as "harmony of coloring," and such, Next, "easy-flowing pencil" and "facile grace of touch." "Great dignity and grace" is good, and "grand relief" as well, And "boldness of foreshortening's" a term that's sure to tell. Then "admirable study," and "exquisite moreaux." And "grand perspective beauty" "an idea of deep repose." "Fine receding of the objects," then hint, with some asperity At "B's great youthful boldness which borders on temerity." "Colored with dainty sweetness," sounds really very fine, And "union of harmony" 's a ripper in its line. "Delicious depth of vagueness in the foreground and perspective." "The chiaro oscuro wonderful; decidedly effective." These few will do for praising: next you must use the lash. Well, "faulty in expression," "his use of yellows rash." "Not exempt from vice of mannerism," "slovenly production," "Gaudy to offensiveness," "injudicious introduction." "Somewhat awkward and constrained," and "too clearly out of keeping." Such terms as these will send a youthful artist mad with weeping. When you wish to praise, yet not too much, say "This artist" (giving name) Is rapidly ascending the glittering steps of fame; His latest work might rank with some now hanging in the Louvre— But he might have added, certainly, to this, his real *chef-d'œuvre*, Had he given more attention to what we, last year, said, And been just the voriest trifle more sparing with his red." Now, to be an able critic, you really do not need To know the least of art itself, but of its terms take heed. And use those terms judiciously, and artists as they pass. Will acknowledge you a critic; or, if not that, an—ass! —S.

A SLANDEROUS PICTURE.

MY DEAR GRIP,—Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! I've got to laugh; can't help it. I got a copy of the *Illustrated London News* the other day, and lo! it contained a miraculous picture entitled "Christmas in Canada." I will endeavor to describe the scene.

A man and a woman are depicted descending a gloomy, disolute-looking mountain path, apparently on their way to worship, as the female carries some books. (The artist is generous enough to allow that some Canadians can read.) The man is attired, as becomes a person who has to encounter the fearful blizzard that blows continuously in this country, from September the 30th to May the 15th—in

a huge fur cap, immense overcoat, vast mitts, strongly suggestive of soft boxing-gloves, home-spun trousers and—moccasins. Over his shoulder he carries the trusty flint-lock gun, without which no Canadian would dare to venture out of doors, surrounded as we are out here with bears, wolves, rattlesnakes, book-agents and other beasts of prey—though the presence of this weapon may suggest to our trans-Atlantic friends that it may be necessary should a theological dispute take place between the man and the preacher—whilst at his belt he bears a huge butcher or hunting knife, or a bowie or a skene dhu; some kind of an edged tool, anyway. The gentleman's snow-shoes are slung at his back, and he peers cautiously around, not knowing at what moment a panther may spring out of its lurking place upon him. The woman is muffled up in Siberian costume, which leaves only two inches of her face visible. A buffalo's skull is introduced in the right foreground.

Now, isn't this a true picture of the manner in which we Canadians go to church on Christmas, or any other day? Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!

Doubtless the good people in England will look at that picture and take it all in as a true representation of us poor benighted creatures out here, our manners and customs. No doubt they read of St. James' Cathedral and imagine it to be a log edifice with the top of a tin spire just visible above the hundred feet or so of snow that covers Canadian soil from year's end to year's end. No doubt they picture to themselves His Lordship, the Bishop, plodding along on snow-shoes towards this edifice, encumbered with a couple of muskets and a tomahawk, stopping every now and then to shoot some immense bear that disputes his passage down Church-street—a desolate mountain fastness hemmed in by tall pines and leafless maple trees. They, of course, picture the reverend canon scurrying along for dear life from their houses on a bleak expanse of prairie, through which Yonge-street runs, with a tribe of blood-thirsty Indians whooping at their heels, and the curate making a 2.30 gait before a pack of wolves which pursue them up to the very doors of St. James'.

If the British people do not thus picture us and our life in this land of eternal ice, it is no fault of such artists as the delineator of "Christmas in Canada, Going to Church."

Oh! ye British artists, do come out here and learn something about the country before ye give your vivid imaginations full play. Don your buffalo coats and moccasins and come over here next summer, and if we don't make it warm enough for you, call us duffers. Leave your befogged old country and come out here and see the sun for once in your lives. Come to Toronto and see A CITY. Visit the City Hall and behold a TORONTO ALDERMAN—and then go back home—as you'll doubtless want to do. Please try and get rid of that idea, so prevalent in Britain, that we wade through the July snow in the icy summer air, and have to scare away the wolves before we can go out to the shed for a stick of wood; or that we are compelled to set spring guns and snares in the street in front of our shanty doors in Toronto, to prevent the bears breaking in and devouring us. Don't go on deluding your unfortunate and gullible countrymen with such pictures as the one I have alluded to, but mingle a little faith with your fanciful representations. It would be quite as just and true to fact for a Canadian artist to draw a picture of "Christmas in England; Going to Church," and to represent the English in the guise of ancient Britons, clad in a simple suit of "wude," with their coracles slung at their backs, gathering round a gang of Druids in a circle of big stones set up on end, as for you to depict us Canadians in the manner you have done. Go to. The truth is not in you.

Now, dear old Raven, I have done. That picture's very laughable. Ha, ha, ha! and again Ho, ho, ho! and yet once more Ha, ha, ha! and Ho, ho, ho! Yours mirthfully,
—S.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE ONE THOUSAND AND SECOND NIGHT.

(Continued.)

"As daylight was now commencing to wane," continued Scheherazade, "I thought me of procuring some entertainment for the night, and with this desire bent my steps into the city in search of some caravanserai wherein I might be received, and though I enquired for a night's lodging at full half-a-score, I was refused a chamber at each, for what reason I am unable to say, but apparently my person was not prepossessing, or my garments were such as those of whom I enquired had never seen the like before. At length I came to an immense caravanserai, in front of which hung lanterns whose brilliancy far eclipsed that of the sun at mid-day, but the light of which was not furnished from oil drawn through wicks as is the custom in my country, but was produced by the ignition, as it seemed to me, of pieces of stone which burnt with a splendor that fairly dazzled my eyes. Long ropes of metal extended from pole to pole along the streets, and thence to these strange lanterns, and I was afterwards informed that these ropes conducted fire to the pieces of stone in the lanterns from, I doubt not, the infernal regions. In addition to these were many other lanterns set on the top of posts, throughout the length and breadth of the city, and these burnt neither oil, nor wick, nor stone, but the flames of them appeared to be the spontaneous combustion of some foul air, for I ventured to apply my mouth to one of them and to blow out the flame, whereupon my nostrils were assailed by an overpowering stench which I can liken to nothing I had ever before smelt and which well nigh caused me to swoon."

"Oh! bosh," remarked the caliph, "this Plunduff is the most terrible liar I ever heard of. But go on."



"I entered the caravanserai and advanced to a long table behind which was ensconced a young man whose learning and information struck me dumb with amazement, for he was constantly surrounded by people who never ceased asking him questions on every conceivable subject, all of which he answered, the while he kept up an incessant strain of music with numberless bells, which he rang by pressing small knobs in the table. Beneath his chin sparkled a jewel whose brilliancy far eclipsed that of the stars, and which impressed me with an overwhelming sense of the wealth of the young man until I sallied forth later in the evening, when I beheld in some of the bazaars numerous similar jewels marked with their values on a ticket; thus, 'Real Diamond: 25 cents,' 'Genuine: 60 cents,' and so forth,

these sums being, I learn, but very insignificant. I intimated, by signs, to this young man, that I desired refreshment and a couch whereon to rest for the night, when he surveyed me for the space of several minutes and then said 'G'tout yet ramp, we donwant bumsroun dere,' but upon my displaying several pieces of gold he beckoned to a sable attendant who conducted me to a small chamber which we entered, and he, touching a small spring, caused the chamber to fly upward and we ascended with the speed of an eagle toward the skies. At length this chamber came to a stand, and I was led to a small closet at the extreme summit of the caravanserai, the appearance of which suited me not at all, so depositing a small piece of gold in the hand of my attendant and showing him a purse well filled with broad pieces of the same metal, I signed to him that I desired better accommodation, when he vanished but presently returned and conducted me to a spacious chamber nearer the earth.



"Having refreshed myself I sallied forth into the streets, and although the hour was late, all was as bright as day, and crowds of people hurried to and fro. As I was passing a large dwelling place I chanced to peep through a casement, the blind whereof was drawn up and the sash thrown wide open to admit the cool evening air. In a chamber furnished with a large couch and other furniture, I beheld a houri of extreme beauty, whose hair fell in golden waves below her waist, and whose teeth sparkled like the gilded minarets of a mosque when tipped by the rays of the setting sun. I was rooted to the spot with admiration and delight, which were speedily changed to horror when I beheld the houri actually detach her ravishing wealth of hair from her head and suspend it from the golden knob of a mirror, following this act by taking all her teeth from her mouth and depositing them in a crystal goblet partially filled with water."

"Allah is great!" exclaimed the caliph, "and Mohammed is his prophet, but beware, oh! Scheherazade, what further falsehoods thou tellest me. But proceed."

(To be continued.)

THE successful weather prophet is worthy of all commendation, just as the unsuccessful seer is deserving of all execration. One of the inspired meteorologists writes for the New York Sunday Mercury. He writes for a whole year ahead also. Talking of next September, for instance, he says:—"The 5th will be warm, and it may be fine, yet there are chances that it may rain and thunder." Now, there can be no doubt whatever, of the perfect honesty, to say nothing of the prophetic prescience, of this party. It is precisely of such stuff as this that the good and true weather forecaster is made. You are prepared to bet on him every time. His calm confidence and explicitness challenge your trust in him. You never wonder at his great complaint being the scarcity of savings banks. In his rise you see the slow but sure decadence of the once powerful and respected patent medicine almanac.



SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

TORONTO, Febyrur, 1st, 1885.

DEAR WULLIE,—I jist think I see ye haudin' up yer twa hands an' exclaimin' "Ma' conscience! gude gosh! has't raily come to that—or Hughie, a Book Agent! heh! heh!" It's awfu to think o' me, Hugh Airlie, a braw Scotchman, the offspring o' decent parents, a gude scholar, weel read i' the Catechism, an' a member o' the Established kirk—degenerated doon until what wad in auld times be ca'd a gangrel bodie, but noo, wi' modern politeness designated—a Book Agent. Weel, what's done is na ta dae, but I'm fear'd the name o' the thing will stick tae me for life. The bookie I was tae sell is ca'd "*Canadians as seen by Englishmen*"—a maist remarkable publication, by a man that spent a hale weck in Canada, an' kens a'boot it—a book nae intelligent Canadian should be without, seel'n it gies him a glisk o' himsel as ithers see him, detailin' a' the mainners and customs o' the Canadians in a way that mak's the folk an' the kintre quite onrecognizable, an' wad seem tae hae been gotten up specially for the wonder an' astonishment o' Canadians. A' this rignarole I had to rin off my tongue end like thread off a pin at ilka door I cam tae, an' losh! Wullie, it was awfu' monotonous, sayin' the same thing ower an' ower again, it was waur than the prayers in the English Kirk. It was terrible cauld the first mornin' when I set oot wi' ma valeeccc in ma haund tae tak the toon by storm. The windows were white wi' rine, so I cudna see what kind o' a day it was, but I could hear the cart wheels screechin' wi' the frost, an' the folks feet gaun chirk, chirk, chirk, over the frozen snaw, an' every noo and then the sidewalks wad gang crack! in a way that made ye think that O'Demon Rossa, maun be busy liberatin' Ireland. Sae I rowed up ma chowks wi' ma now red an' yellow grauvat, pittend roon my haffits five or sax times so's the best fringe wad hing doon in front below ma beard, an' then I pat ma gude kilmarnock on, an' wi' mittens on, an' ma valeeccc in ma' haund, I slippit intill the next room whaur a muckle gless hung, an' tuk a gude view o' mysel afore settin' oot. After takin' a gude steady look o' m sel I cam to the conclusion that ma vera appearance wad sell the book. A braw decent lookin' fellow like me, was a guarantee that the book see a man carried maun be gude, in fact, I began to think a man can make any trade respectable. There was Garibaldi noo, for instance, made caunels for his livin' at one time; it's the prerogative o' great men, they can dae anything without the dirt stickin' to their fingers. Sae takin' this consolation to mysel I gaed up the steps o' a very respectable luckin' hoose an' very genteely chappit at the door. Then I tuk oot ma pocket-neepyin' an' blew ma noose quite easy like, an' stuck ma kilmarnock a wee tae the one side, an' spread oot ma beard a kind o' frisk like, for thinks I, maybe some braw young lass may come to the door. Then as nobody cam, I chappit again an' waited; nao

answer! I kent they were in, for I heard a piano playin' an' somebody cryin' oot "one-two-three-four; one, two, three and four and"—an' then I heard them laughin'. This provoked me; the idea o' them gigglin' an' singin' an' me stannin' near frozen tae death on the door-step was enough to provoke onybody, but thinks I—'od l'll mak them hear whether they will or no. Sae I tuk ma fit an' began kickin' on the panels o' the new varnished door. I hammered so lood the folk on ilka side next door, oam peekin' oot tae see what a' the noise was about. But I just nodded to them an' gaed on kickin', when on a sudden the door flew wide to the wa's an' a little white-faced mannie, wi' twa lang waxed ends on his moustache, an' a dandie dressing-gown wi' tassels hingin' frae his waist, yells oot very oncivilly "What the devil do you mean, sir? Why didn't you ring the bell?" "Na! what the deevil do you mean, ye insignificant lookin' cretur," says I, for I was mad, "hoo was I ta ken ye wanted yer bell rung? I didna come here tae ring bells, I cam to see gin I could sell you a vera fine book, it's—" at this meenit his e'e lighted on the panel o' the door whaur a' the varnish was kicked off wi' ma feet, an' afore I could onerstaun' hoo it happened, up flew the dressin' goon, something struck me right in the staurn, an' I lighted headforemost wi' ma valeeccc amon' the snaw on the edge o' the sidewalk, an' heard the most awfu' profanity ringin' in ma lugs an' the door bangin' like thunder. When I pickit mysel up again the hale rae o' doors was fu' o' folk grinnin' an' laughin' at me an' my valeeccc lyin' in the snaw, but heth I defied them, an' after I shuk the snaw oot o' ma een, I strutted doon afore them a' wi' ma heid i' the air, the very same as gin I had been a Duke o' the Highlands wi' a piper playin' afore him. It was a mair humble hoose I chappit at next time, nor did I have to wait a meenit afore it was opened by a sleepy lookin' fellow wi' a muckle red jersey sark on outside o' his waistcoat. Afore I cou'd open ma mou to speak, he yells out "Halleluia!" wi' sic a vengeanee that I was frittuned amais to say a word. Sae very ceevily I began, "This is a work, sir—" "Ow! I down't want it," says he, interruptin' me in the maist ill-bred maniner, "I've renounced the devil and all his works." "I'm vera glad to hear that," says I, "but this book—" Naething wad dae bnt he maun interrupt me again. "Do you belong to the ahmy?" says he. "Weel, no exactly," says I, "but I'm a kind o' connect wi' like, my gude brother's cousin was a sodger an' gaed a' through the Crimean war, an' was at the siege o' Lucknow—" "Ow! that's the devil's ahmy!" says he wi' a kind o' a sneer. "Weel that's true, they were deevils to fecht, nae doot about that," says I. "But we fight against the devil," says he. "Weel noo," says I, "the best thing ye could dae would be to buy one o' the books, for gin the devil was to get readin' this book, the representations wad be the death o' him." Happenin' to look around at this meenit I saw a great crowd o' men gathered roon the gate o' that muckle brick dwellin' on the corner o' Elm an' Elizabeth streets. Thinkin' some murder or sic like had been committed I rowd up my book an' ran across the road tae see what was a' the steer. They were a lot o' decent luckin' men, only they were cauld blawin' on their fingers, stampin' their feet, an' coorin' a' the-gither like hens on a rainy day. What's the matter," says I, stepping up. The man I spak till, gaed me nae answer, but just turned awa his head, but the man in front o' him, he turns roon on me like a red wud teeger and says he roarin' right in ma face, "I'll tell ye what's the matter. Yer fine Canadian Government paid a lot o' damned rascals tae come tae the old country and tell us there was plenty o' work and high wages for all comers instead of which there's neither work nor wages, and here we are, respectable workmen,

with our great-coats in the pawnshop, shiverin' and knocking at the Poor house door." I said naething, weel did I ken it was ower true, but as I gaed slippin' awa I was wonderin' what emigration agent wrote the first paragraph o' the Governor General's speech about the "commercial prosperity" and general condition of the country—but losh, I maun stop.

Yer brother,
HUGH AIRLIE.

THE SCALPEL.

EVERY LITTLE COUNTS.

A famous cook says: "The secrets of good cooking are fire and flavoring."

Another little requisite, which seems to have been overlook'd, is something good to cook.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

The British flag has been planted at Durnford.

ALL EXCEPT ONE THING.

A little boy in one of the city German schools; while engaged in defining words a few days since, made a mistake which was not all a mistake. He said: "A demagogue is a vessel that holds beer, wine, gin, whiskey, or any other kind of intoxicating liquor."—*Hollander*.

But not its tongue.

ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.

Mr. H. N. Truedell, dentist of this town, has purchased the Gillson mills.—*Collingwood Paper*.

When a dentist goes into the grist mill business he is only enlarging his sphere of labor in the matter of grinders.

HAPPINESS NOT WHOLLY UNALLOYED.

When one has accomplished something that tests his ability, proving to him that he has resources on which he may depend, he is perfectly happy, and nothing can perplex him.—*Some Sage*.

Now, there is where you are mistaken. Often and often it is a most perplexing problem to know how you are going to save enough out of a small salary to redeem the ulster simultaneously with the advent of the cold season.

A MORE PRESSING NEED.

Berlin gives the other big cities of the world a useful example in the establishment of an umbrella loan society, which is about to open offices in various parts of the city.—*News Item*.

An umbrella loan society is simply superfluous. The whole world constitutes itself one. What is certainly needed is an umbrella detective agency, coupled with an infirmary for disabled ones accidentally left in exchange.

ANOTHER SORT OF LAX.

Fragments of the late convention continue to drag their weary way through the columns of the Tory country papers. The subject will suffice some of them until the advent of the big egg season, which is always an occasion of thrilling interest with our rural contemporaries.—*World*.

True; but even at the present time, when the big egg season is yet in the dim future, the country newspaper man is anxious for subscribers to shell out.

AT LAST!

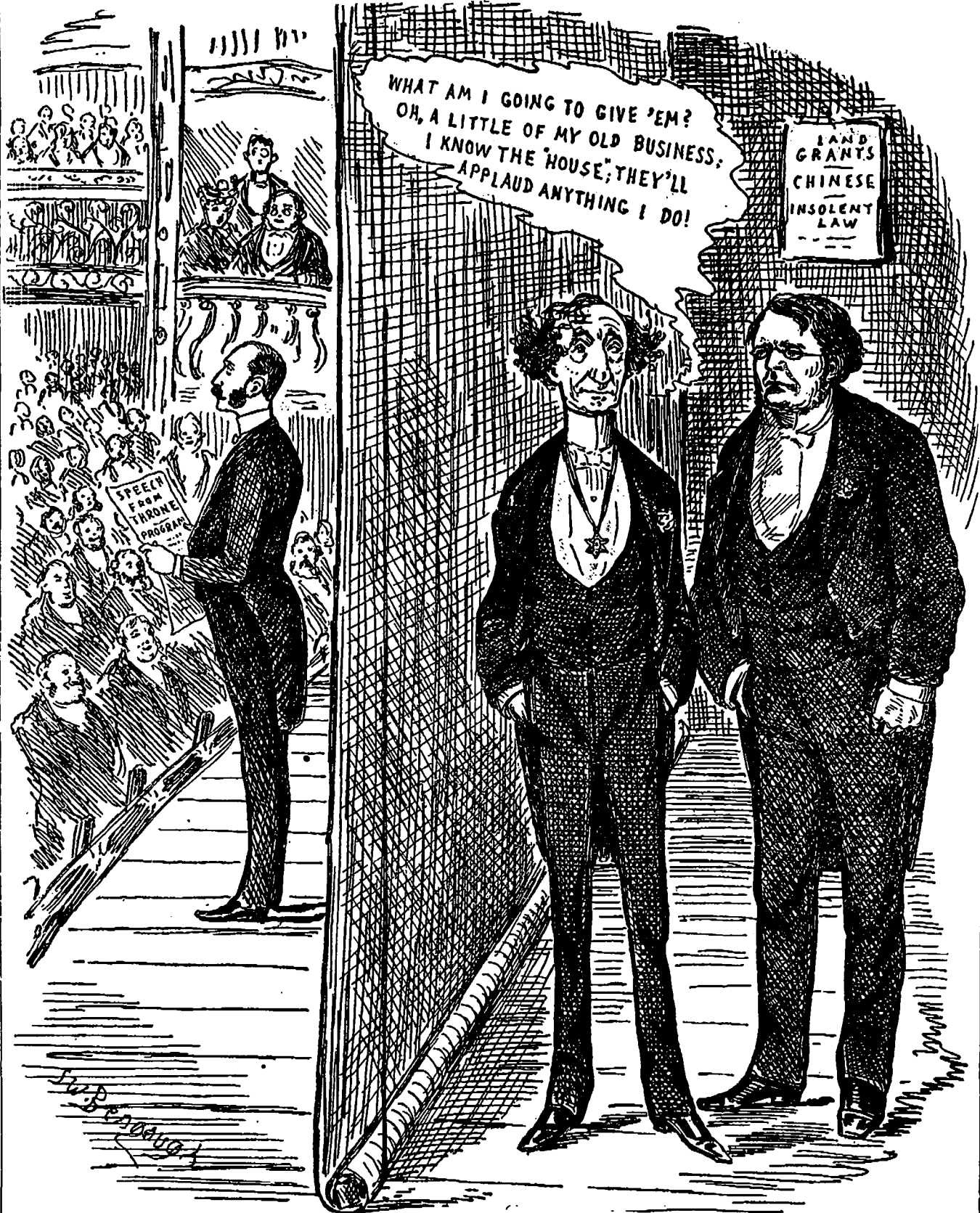
A smart rubbing with dry newspapers will polish glass and leave no lint behind.

Now we have a mission for the Toronto *Telegram* clearly defined.

AN AWFUL WARNING.

READING, Pa., Dec. 24.—Rev. Samuel Witmer, of Lancaster county, says that while going home from a meeting last night, he was joined in the field by a headless apparition carrying a lantern. The supposed ghost accompanied him to his door and then disappeared.

Very likely some member of the congregation who had departed owing his pew rent. Or, more probably, a regular attendant who has regularly slept during the sermon. You could reconcile your idea of a headless ghost with that sort of a man. This awful warning ought to arouse every congregation in the land.



THE POPULAR COMEDIAN.



LIVELY IN COMPARISON.
Scene—Burlington.

Gent (from Toronto)—Do you not find it dreadfully lonely here?
Miss Smithje.—Lonely?
Gent—Yes—isolated, bleak, solitary, as it were?
Miss Smithje.—Oh, no, indeed! we've just moved over from Hamilton, you know!

“JOHN” ON THE SITUATION.

Melican whitel belly coldee
Chinaman laugh how Melican soldee,
Got no silvel, got no goldee,
Got no workee—got no meatee,
Shake his headee—say ya! pittee!
Chinaman he laugh.

Melican man, he eatee, dlinkee,
Allee summel spondee clinkee;
Cly out “Chinaman, he stinkee;
Chase out Chinee!—he eat ratee!
He eat mousee!—he eat cattee!”
Chinaman he laugh.

Chinaman he washee shirtee,
Melican man shirt, blackee, dirtee;
Makee smoothee—rubee, squittee,
Pocket dimcee—savee doller;
Melican, eatee dlinkee allee!
Chinaman he laugh.

Melican's monoo spenteee—gonee,
Melican clyee, sighoo, gloanee,
Allee stampee gonee—left no oncee!
Dlossoo, dittee, dlinkee, dancee
Allee summel—tust to chancee,
Chinaman he laugh.

Melican he go three ballee,
Paw-ee coatee, for a doller;
Chinaman, he warm and jollee,
Chinaman he workee, savee,
Chinaman he money havee,
Chinaman can laugh.

“Chinaman he heathen swincee,”
Melican man he say; he whinee;
“Chinaman get work that's minee.”
Yaw, you workee—but no savee,
Allee spendee, no stamp havee,
Heathon Chinee laugh.

—JAY-KAY-ELL.

Saturday Sermons.

BY PROFESSOR SPENCER E. VOLUSHIN.

Published by special arrangement with the Protopleasim Free-Thought Society, as a set-off to Spurgeon's sermons in the Globe and Tatnagge's in the News.

SERMON III.

Text: “Hope.”

BELOVED HEARERS,—In accordance with my announcement last week, I proceed to offer a few thoughts on the subject of “Hope.” We gather from the researches of the most enlightened poets that “Hope is the anchor of the Soul,” a proposition to which, with some slight modification, I am willing to assent. That Hope may be regarded as performing the general functions of an anchor I cordially admit, but I cannot go so far as to accept the word “soul” into my vocabulary. It is here used, of course, by poetic license. As a scientific Agnostic I carry on business without a license, and cannot therefore use a term which signifies a thing which, according to my theory, has no existenee.

Man, as you are aware, my friends, is a mere animal, and like other animals is soulless, if by soul we mean any inherent property of immortality. It is true he is above all other animals in intellectual and physical development, a consideration which is gratifying to his natural vanity, but in no other respect is he other or better than his fellow beings of the mammalia or reptilia. While, consequently, I reject the idea of a soul, in its popular signification, on the other hand I see a great truth in the line I have quoted from the treasury of

Poesy, for man does possess something which renders Hope a peculiarly pleasant and precious sentiment to him. Regarding man as an atom in a world of strife and care, it may indeed be truly said that Hope is a sort of anchor to him. I, myself, am conscious of the power of this feeling. I do not think the thing we call Hope would successfully endure critical analysis, for it certainly belongs to a group of feelings having their root in the emotional and hence unscientific portion of our nature. My own investigations on the subject incline me to the view that Hope is the result of an obverse pressure of the sensitive tissue of the brain, superinduced by the action of the lungs, which accompany any pleasurable emotion. But however easily accounted for by science, it is still true that Hope performs a great function in life. As I have said, I am myself often conscious of its power. What prevents me from ending my life at this moment, but hope? I am hoping for something in the future. What induces any one of you to continue living? Hope. Your pleasures outweigh your cares, or you are hoping to come shortly to that desirable state. And so from day to day we live by the pressure of this sensitive brain tissue—by what we call Hope. In the course of my ministerial duties I was called the other day to the bedside of a dying man. I found him in a wretched garret. His starving family surrounded his bed. His poor heartbroken wife, who had followed his failing fortunes from affluence to poverty, sat by the cheerless hearth, the picture of abject misery. The sufferer, whose illness it pains me to say, had been brought on by an evil course of life, was evidently near his last moment. The scene altogether was one well fitted to throw the coldest thinker out of equilibrium, if not, indeed, to provoke from him those illogical expressions of the emotional nature—tears. Happily I remained unmoved, and proceeded without delay to arouse the dying man to a contemplation of the hopes which I was able to hold out to him. Kneeling by his bedside—an attitude which, it is needless to say, I assumed only to be conveniently near the sufferer's ear,—I hastily repeated the glorious truths which Agnosticism holds out to man. I reminded him that Education and Culture would, in the course of time, make men as moral as there is any necessity for; that Nature is a gigantic machine which has set itself agoing, and is now controlled by laws which evolved themselves; that the fittest survive and the others do the opposite; that there is, so far as we know, nothing beyond the present life. The poor man seemed to drink in these great thoughts, but he gave forth no sign. Then I gave him that sweet consolation which alone we feel at liberty to give the dying; I told him he was going to resume his original condition of matter, and would have the satisfaction of knowing beforehand that he would bloom again in some infinitesimal degree in the vegetation of the cemetery, as the properties of his body would become a fertilizer. He opened his eyes and looked round at his weeping family. Then he peacefully closed them again and life was extinct. I departed, musing on the power of hope, and felt constrained to use this little incident to illustrate my subject. The collection will now be taken up.

GIT, GET, GOT.

Said Gottfried, of Gettysburg, waking his wife
To get him his breakfast; for always she set it:
“Come, get up, for breakfast has got to be got,
And you've got to get up and git, and then get it.”

“Mein Gott,” cried the woman, “I nearly forgot.”
“Why, what are you for, if you are not for getting?
You forgot you're for getting my grub and what not,
So get up and get it: get done with your fretting.”

So she got out of bed and got Gottfried his grub;
Got hersers of bacon and eggs to put pot in;
Then got ready for washing some things in a tub:
What she got for her getting I've really forgotten.

Our Own at Ottawa.

GLITTERING, GORGEOUS, GLARING !!
MAGNIFICENT MUMMIES!

Ye Lord of Misrule and his Merrie Crowe!—Pageants in ye House of ye Lords!—Parade of ye Common People!—Loyal Levees!—Success of the Carnival Assured!

Montreal may hide her diminished head, in view of the overwhelming success of the opening ceremonies of the Ottawa Carnival, which took place in this city on Thursday, the 29th ult. Your correspondent arrived in the directors' car of the C. P. Railway at an early hour on the morning of that eventful day, and succeeded in getting rid of the different reception committees, who waited on him with addresses, etc., in time to witness the whole of the magnificent pageant. He was furnished with tickets of admission to all parts of the Parliament buildings, and was enabled by the Magician of the Senate—of whom more anon—to be present in several places at the same time. As he cannot, however, describe all the proceedings at once, he will begin with the

SIEGE OF THE SENATE.

Skirmishing parties of ladies, Yankee visitors, small boys, etc., were seen together about the precincts of the Senate Chamber as early as 12 o'clock, and gained admittance to the galleries in small squads, and almost unobserved by the defenders of the place. In an hour and a half they had taken possession of the best strategic positions, both inside and on the terrace without. During the same period individuals in glittering uniform, more or less disguised under overcoats and mufflers, and supposed to be the leaders of a secret military organization, unknown to the police, mingled with the throng, and even intruded themselves into the corridors and upon the floor of the chambers.

Notwithstanding these threatening movements, groups of

PALE BUT DETERMINED SENATORS assembled about 2.30, and proceeded with the usual ceremonies of opening their session. The Chaplain read prayers in a trembling voice. The Sergeant-at-Arms, his Deputy, Usher of the Black Rod, and all minor defensive officers of the House, stood bravely to their arms, and glared defiance at the beleaguering hosts. Wild cries of derision, rage and anguish, resounded meanwhile from the galleries. During and after prayers fresh reinforcements of

LADIES IN FULL WAR PAINT pressed in and gradually filled up the floor. By three o'clock the rout of the Senators was complete, and all the seats on the floor were occupied by amazons, fully equipped for conquest—except a few in front tenanted by certain old persons whose sex seemed doubtful to the spectator, wrapped in red piano covers with white fur trimmings. At the same time the

BOMBARDMENT BEGAN

from the signal battery on Nepean Point, and the Infantry supports were brought round to the terrace in front of the building. About 3.10 a magnificent charge of the Household Regiment of Cavalry cleared the way for a triumphal chariot containing the

CONQUERING LORD HIMSELF.

On its easy cushions sat The Rt. Hon. the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl (of a number of places), Baron (of several places also), K. P., K. C. M. G., a Baronet, M. A., LL. D., etc., etc. He immediately entered the Senate Chamber, and took his seat on the Throne to receive the homage of his subject lords—bowing to him in the first humiliation of defeat. This over, he

ORDERED THE COMMONS TO BE BROUGHT BEFORE HIM,

and the Mystic Messenger of Fate, with his Symbolic Wand, hastened to obey his behests. With winning yet solemn bows he delivered

his message, requiring the attendance of the Commons at the Bar of a higher power, and vanished with a wave of the wand. The Commons followed—not with their usual dignity—but

LIKE A MOB BEWITCHED,

as indeed they were. The Black Magic had prevailed even over the virtue of the Palladium, and this too was borne along the mad rout. Arrived at the Senate Chamber, the Speaker took the van, flanked by the ineffectual mace, and all listened in subdued silence to the Speech of their conqueror, which was to tell them why he summoned them from their hearths and homes. But, since speech is known to be a means of concealing our thoughts, it is not probable that any of the Lords or Commons were much the wiser for what they heard. Then the conqueror

WITHDREW HIS FORCES,

firing a parting cannonade by way of warning against future disloyalty, and the Commons retired to their own place. But they came back so worn and jaded by their startling experiences, that they could do no more that day, and resolved to “consider the Speech from the Throne to-morrow.”

Your correspondent will keep you posted on the further proceedings and pageants of this great carnival, which promises to equal, if not excel, its predecessors in interest, lavish magnificence, and prodigality of expenditure for the amusement of the public.

TABLEAUX AT KINGSTON.

While on my way home to Montreal to spend my Xmas holidays, I received a kind invitation from a friend to stay a few days at Kingston. Anxious to become acquainted with the aristocracy of the “Limestone City,” I gladly availed myself of the opportunity, and forthwith plunged at once into the vortex of dissipation, for which the good old town is so celebrated. I went to three dinners and a “Tableaux Vivants.” The latter entertainment I feel constrained to describe. My chief reason for doing so is to enlighten some of the ignorant upon a few points of history, concerning Joan of Arc, Cleopatra, Jephthah's daughter, and a few other interesting females.

The opening scene was a dream of Fair Women. The affair was evidently intended for a burlesque, as the dream was more like a night-mare than anything I have ever seen upon the stage. Some of the costumes were extremely unique, one or two startlingly fanciful. For example—Joan of Arc wore a tricolor. Perhaps my ideas are hazy about French history, but an inward monitor seems to tell me that the tricolor first appeared during the great French Revolution. But here was a female who was cremated by the English, quite a while before the Revolution, sporting the tricolor in the face of all historical fact. As the Kingston *Whig* has said nothing about it and the *Daily News* made no mention of the fact, you must acknowledge, that we and Macaulay are wrong, because you know these two papers are incontrovertible authorities.

I have not got much taste in dress, so when a lady appeared as Cleopatra, I made a mistake and said to an old gentleman beside me, “Isn't this that old advertisement for Rising Sun Stove Polish?” thinking all the time that I had got the right character. I must confess also, that Iphigenia puzzled me. I thought that she was a rather poor representation of Pochontas. I made no remark though, and found out in time that she was not meant for Pochontas, but I maintain that she looked like that dusky maiden. Jephthah's daughter came on next, and I protest that I lost my hold on history altogether when she appeared. I had a faint idea that she represented a heathen goddess, but when she began to sing “Angels ever Bright and Fair,” I broke down and gave

up. Where does history say that Jephthah's daughter sang that song? I assert boldly—Nowhere! I don't think that the melody had been composed when that female decorated “this earthly mould.” But stop, I must be wrong, if there had been anything incongruous in this, the omniscient Kingston press would have recognized it at once. It is presumptuous to criticize when these embodiments of knowledge have passed over the resemblance of Iphigenia to the late Mrs. Smith (*nee* Pochontas).

At this lapse of time even, the scene from Hamlet comes before me with wonderful clearness. I had one objection to it. Horatio was not what he should have been. He looked vapid, not to say inane. The wild glare in Hamlet's eye was unbecoming, and looked decidedly glassy. The dresses were marvels of tinsel and tinfoil. Why did Horatio wear a large lump of sawdust on each leg? I repeat, why did he? Again, a red light thrown on the scene, had the effect of making the people look extremely drunk. Two figures, which I had taken to be Peruvian mummies, introduced for effect, turned out to be guards. After that repulse, I abstained from enquiring about the characters.

The grand coup was the wrestling scene from *As You Like It*. Orlando, I maintain, was not a success. He, like Horatio, wore sawdust calves. Now, sawdust calves, in my opinion, are apt to overturn any feeling of respect which you may entertain for the wearer. But when the sawdust calves are accompanied by a large, curling, yellow wig, and an expression verging upon idiocy, the effect is too great for ordinary mortals to bear. I must criticize, if only for the sake of suffering humanity. Upon what authority did Orlando assume that semi-idiotic expression, those sawdust calves, and that yellow wig? Why should he have snorted so loudly, and glared so madly during the wrestling match? Was it to intimidate the band of “B Battery” R. C. A., who had just slaughtered a composer's *chef d'œuvre*? No one seems to know why he did so, and the reason will always remain buried in his own breast, which, indeed, is not a very deep receptacle. —A. C. M.

TOPICAL TALK.

It is stated that the Empress of Austria makes excellent bread. Vienna rolls, probably.

I SEE that Edmund Yates, of the London *World*, is doing his four months imprisonment for libelling Lord Lonsdale, his appeal having been dismissed. We don't often see Canadian editors jailed for libelling lords, I presume because the latter articles are scarce out here; in fact we seldom hear of editors being sent to goal, anyway, but that isn't saying that a good many ought not to be.

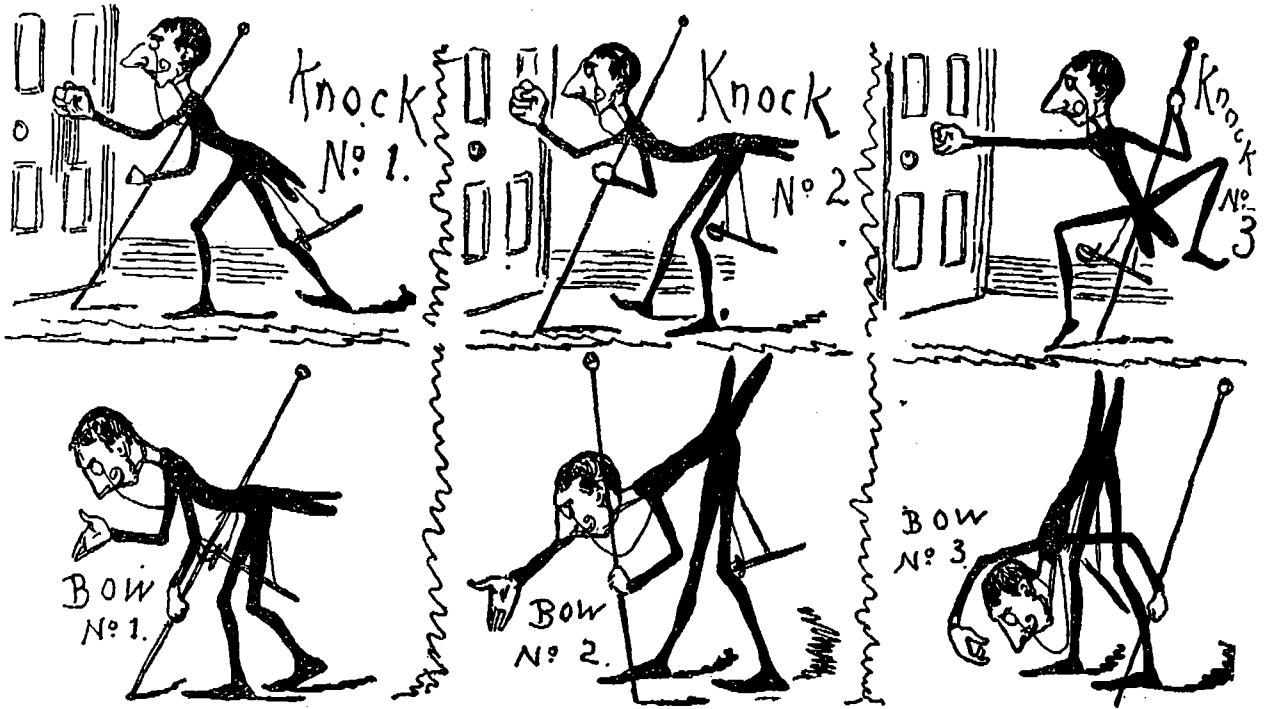
CHICAGO physicians are much exercised over the discovery of a young man whose heart is on the right side. I can't see what is wrong about this, but the doctors say that the heart, to be right, should be on the left. If it is left how can it be right, and if it isn't right when it is right when is it right? The young man in question seems to think his heart is all right, and he has a right to think so, because it is all right, and the youth doesn't want his heart to get left.

In spite of the determined stand that a number of newspapers are making against slugging matches and the importation of any more of the massive torso'd and short-haired disciples of the Marquis of Queensberry, I can't help noticing that many able articles are published concerning “The Milling Interest,” and these articles are all in favor of milling, even when they appear in those very papers that decry the P. R. and the “manly art.”

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THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CEREMONY.

If all is true that the papers say, then it seems quite probable that Mr. Duncan C. Ross is about to abandon the wrestling arena and become a minister of the gospel. This world is full of strange things, and this latest freak of the champion wrestler is one of the strangest of them. D. C. will find "Auld Klooitic" a tough customer, though, and one he won't down so easily as some of his earthly opponents. Possibly in the year 1900, our most popular divines may be the Rev. John L. Sullivan, D.D.; His Grace, Archbishop Mark Cheekley; the Venerable Archdeacon Tug Wilson, M.A.; and perhaps, the Right Rev. Paddy Rats, D.D.: who knows? Queerer things than this have come to pass. By jingo, I might be a preacher myself by that time, for all I know.

I READ this in one of the papers:—"Prof. Winters, a French scientist, could not satisfactorily determine what made the wind blow, and so he blew his brains out." Perhaps the Professor was first aroused to inquisitiveness by Swift's rhymical solution of the problem involving the pronunciation of the word wind:—

I cannot find in my mind
(Short "i's" in this)
Which way the wind doth blow;
But I can find in my mind
(Long "i's" in this)
Which way the wind doth blow.

Having found out which way the wind doth blow, the professor should have felt easy. But

some men are never satisfied with knowing enough. Yet maybe if the whole truth was known his real efforts were towards raising the wind in a pecuniary sense, falling in which he fell back on the winding-sheet.

MAJOR DRAPER is positively provoking. The *News* dismisses him and he actually won't go! A full explanation of this unaccountable obstinacy ought to be insisted on. What is the good of a newspaper going to the trouble of discharging civic employees if they refuse to be sacked? There is some serious deficit in the municipal constitution when such singular spectacles as this are presented. Some one must reason with the Chief of Police. He should have his duty towards the newspaper, to say nothing about the editor personally, gently but firmly pointed out. There can be no more trifling. Major Draper surely must recognize that there has been quite enough done to try and fling him out. Is he only joking? or does he seriously mean to hang around after the *News* has struck his name off the police pay-sheet in cold type? Will he bow to the inevitable? or does he intend to make a liar of a newspaper? The editor, at all events is quite sober in this business. I pray the major to reconsider his mad resolve! If it were nothing more than a matter of courtesy to the press, he ought to meander. Otherwise, there will be nothing for it but to turn the job of moving him, over to the agricultural essayist of the *News*.

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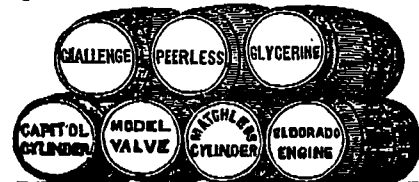
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