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The Greatest Beast is the Ass.




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The Greatest Man is the Fool.

The Greatest Bird is the Owl.

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THE "GLOBE" SUGGESTS A STATUE TO SIR JOHN!

SIR JOHN.—HOW WOULD IT BE FOR YOU TO PAY ME SOME RESPECT WHILE I'M IN THE FLESH—I MIGHTN'T APPRECIATE IT IN MARBLE.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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

Please Observe.

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

NOTICE.

To prevent constantly recurring mistakes, we would notify correspondents that the "Shorthand Bureau" has no connection whatever with this office, but is managed by Mr. Thos. Bengough, at No. 11 King Street, West. All letters pertaining to phonography should be sent to that address.

Cartoon Comments.

The principal pictures this week are founded upon current topics so generally understood that comment seems unnecessary. In case there is any obscurity about the leading cartoon, however, the anxious enquirer might apply to Dr. Orton, or any other competent authority on agricultural protection.



William Stafford, the rising young tragedian, is the present attraction at the Royal, and lovers of the legitimate have an opportunity of witnessing admirable performances. Mr. Stafford bids fair to realize the high position predicted for him by Edwin Booth, who was an interested spectator at his debut in Boston a few years ago.

The programme at the Royal next week embraces the production (commencing Thursday evening) of the fine new play "Ranch 10," a beautiful portrayal of western life, by Harry Meredith and company.

Dr. Townsend is delighting all who go to witness his mesmeric entertainments at Shaftesbury Hall. For downright fun, mesmerism beats comic drama "all to pieces."

A total abstinence man drank a good deal of city water on first coming to Toronto, and it made him wretchedly sick. "I don't think I should have recovered at all," said he "if I hadn't given up my drinking habits."



A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.

GRIP sincerely hopes that Mr. Mowat really will "consider" the suggestion made to him by a deputation the other day, that an open fence should be placed round the Government House grounds, so that passers by might have a chance of at least looking at the beautiful park for which they pay so handsomely every year. And it would be well if some influence could be brought to bear to have the same excellent idea carried out in the case of private parks throughout the city which are at present selfishly hidden by close board fences. The good effect of thus enhancing the beauty of our city can hardly be over-estimated, and it ought to be possible to devise a scheme whereby it might be practically carried out.

Dr. Wild is a prophet who appears to enjoy honor in his own country. Not only has he the satisfaction of preaching to the largest regular congregation in Canada, but he is frequently the recipient of other marks of favor. At present a movement is on foot to present the distinguished Israelite with a purse as a Christmas gift, and already a goodly amount has been subscribed: Mr. Geo. Clarke, of the Li-Quor Tea Co. is the acting Treasurer of the Committee.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Messrs. Jas. Campbell & Son have kindly sent us samples of their line of original Canadian Christmas cards for the forthcoming season, and we have great pleasure in calling attention to them as a striking instance of what native enterprise and talent can accomplish. The designs are all by Canadian artists, and the elaborate lithography is also of home performance, though as a series the cards are equal to anything imported.

CAUTION TO LADIES.

Organetta Pavaffina, writing to Adolphus Clarence, acknowledges "the receipt of several grips." Ladies making such an acknowledgement must not write the last word of the former sentence with a small "g." If they do, they can be fairly understood as referring to divers amatory pressures—or, in plain English, loving hugs—received, say at the front gate while watching for the comet. If they mean copies of this publication, they must use a capital "G," and underline the word. Said grips, alias amatory pressures, alias loving hugs, and the gift of copies of this publication are in perfect harmony with each other. The one may lead to the other, and both may bring about—ah well, the wedding ring and so forth. Still, they are two perfectly distinct things. Ladies, therefore, who do not wish to be misunderstood, must ponder well the foregoing rule, and govern themselves accordingly.

TORONTO, Oct. 20th, 1892.

MY DEAR GRIP,—Referring to the communication of "Puzzled Student," did the idea never occur to him that *Mabee* it was a mistake on the part of the printer?

Yours, etc.,

A STUDENT NOT PUZZLED.

YE MOURNFULLE BALLAD

OF YE PAINTER MAN AND YE PASTRY COOK'S DAUGHTER.

It was the lovesick painter man
The pastry cook's fair daughter
Loved, "I'll color if I can
From the crowds who've sought her"

Cried the painter in his prime;
But she spurned his pleading—
"I dough not love you, sir," she said,
"Your suit I am not kneading."

"Does it not ochre to you?
That I love you deeply?
Can you let me potter on,
Brushing me off cheaply?"

"That you do not love me, miss,
Is my blue impussion:
My blood with love-sick, pulsing throbs,
Through my heart is rushin'."

"Down, away down, in my boots,
Now my hopes are zincing;
For your helpless painter's sake,
Change your mode of thinking"

"I can't sienna girl like you,
Oh, pink of all that's beauteous;
Prythee do not umberage take,
I mean but to be duteous."

Came the maiden's cornful laugh—
"I'll oven no man like you, sir,
That twistful look is only chaff,
Leave me now; pray do, sir."

"All your floury speerches are
To meal like low-bread flattery:
True you do not go so far
As assault and batter-y."

Thus she tartly answered him,
"Carmine know and heartless
You must be," the painter said,
"If you are not to tie s."

"Will you then, no putty take?
I'd lose you not vermillions;
I would give you all my gold
If I owned two billions."

"You have lead me on to this!"
Thus he cried in sorrow,
"I care not one snap for you,
Sir," she said; "good morrow."

Deeply breathed the painter's size,
His tongue clove to his pallet;
"The curse is on me," then he cries,
"Like the dame of Shalott."

And he wailed, as, losing hope,
He varnished from her, shrinking,
"The only cure for love is smart,
And so he took to drinking."

SWIS.



MORRISBURG REJOICING.

A little sketch dedicated to the citizens of Morrisburg on the occasion of their unanimous vote in favor of the Ottawa, Waddington and New York Railway By-law.



SONGS OF THE SEASON

THE HUNTER.

'Tis now the shootest goeth forth
With shot gun and breech-loader,
And fills the wild woods of the north
With fumes of sulphurous odor.

Now trampeth he the cedar swamp,
Far, far from human creeter,
Where erst the red deer used to romp,
And buzzed the dread musketeer.

He trampeth East, he trampeth West,
The wild goose North is scootin';
He sits him down to take a rest,
Too, whoo! the owls keep hootin'.

The deer is nowhere to be found,
The cariboo is missing;
The bears and wolves have taken ground
Way north of the Nipissing.

At least so said the Indian guide,
Wrapped in his greasy blanket;
"We best go home," the hunter cried,
Amen! the laws be thankit!

This guide he was an Indian brave,
A red skin savage, dusky,
An out and out old cunning knave,
His clothes reeked of musky.

The Hunter said, "This is a fraud,
Here I'll no longer tarry";
And back he tramped o'er the wet sod,
And took the train for Barrie.

Now rolls the Indian on the moss,
And whoops and shouts in laughter
"Caw-win nits-shits, in Shoo-gan, nans,
You got not what you're after."

But me know where is cariboo
From here way to Lake St. Jean;
But cariboo is not for you,
I keep 'em all for Injun.

SUNSHINE AND STORM CLOUDS.

ROMANCE OF LOVE AND LOCAL POLITICS.

CHAP V.

Mr. Meredith sat alone in his law office. He was a strong swimmer who had never to battle with heavy seas—whose teeth never proved the toughness of the *vache enragee* whose iron fibre has nourished so much human greatness of that Alpine sort—thunder-scarred, solitary, sublime—which flings its vast shadow over the future, and to which generations, as they spread their sails and skim lightly along, turn ere they pass away, once and again from love and laughter, from hoaxing and buxtering, to contemplate with admiration and awe the slowly piled-up monument of Titanic energy and mournful immortal longings begotten of some divine despair. This description was originally built up for another man, but as it will answer just as well for Meredith, the author has secured the right of way from the original patentee, Mr. N. F. Davin. We take pleasure in drawing the attention of writers and others to this admirable *cade mecum*. It is warranted to fit every time. It is equally useful for a funeral sermon, an editorial, an after-dinner speech, a stump oration, or a biographical notice. It is adapted to all sorts and

conditions of men—will keep any length of time without fading. Simple in the extreme, even a child can use it. None genuine without the maker's name on the wrapper.

"So," muttered Meredith between his clenched teeth, "Phipps is to be taken into the ministry, is he? Then all is lost. The game is up!

"No!" shouted a man who precipitated himself headlong into the room. "Do not despair. There is yet hope!"

"Bah! Who can save the party now?"

"I will!"

Tableau! Stage embrace.

"But how?" asked Meredith, when the enthusiasm had subsided.

"Easy enough. By means of parrots."

"Parrots??"

"Yes. Parrots!!! Them birds which talks, yer know."

Epictetus Whitelaw was but a Canadian—hence their grammatical solecisms.

"Explain!"

"Yes, yes. Big scheme—as thus:—The party has money—say a few thousands. Very well. Buy a thousand parrots. Teach them to talk. Have 'em learned to say 'Mowat must go—Mowat must go—must go—go, go, go.' That's all they want to know. Then sell 'em at nominal prices—give them away or turn them loose for the matter of that; have 'em everywhere, in hotels, shops, streets, parks, houses, railway stations—repeating all the time. 'Mowat must go—must go!' Do you catch on? Get the idea into the public mind. Presently everybody tumbles to it. People all take it up—repeat it—reiterate it—here, there and everywhere. That'll do the business. The party can yet be saved."

During this hurried elaboration of the parrot scheme Meredith's downcast expression of countenance had changed to one of triumphant anticipation.

"Yes," he said, "thanks to you, there is yet a glorious future within our grasp. You must return to Toronto at once. Send me the lowest market quotations for 2000 parrots. I will have the money raised immediately. You are prepared, I presume, to take charge of the political education of the birds?"

"Yes, on one condition."

"And that is—"

"That when the party attains power Parkdale shall be obliterated from the map."

"A strange consideration," said Meredith.

"However, I consent. And now, R. W. Phipps, do your worst—ha ha!"

CHAP VI.

It was a fearful scene. The heat was intense! The rain had fallen for weeks in cataracts. The thunder roared incessantly. The sky was one vast blaze of vivid sheet lightning. The swollen waters of Lake Ontario, lashed into fury by the bellowing blizzard, rose momentarily higher and flooded the lower portion of the city. The terror-stricken populace fled in every direction. The streets were a mass of floating debris. The great storm had come.

One man stood calm and radiant amid all that uproar. It was Moses Oates.

"Ah," said he, "I told you what would happen when the comet fell into the sun, but you wouldn't believe me."

"Mowat must go!" shrieked a big grey parrot that fluttered overhead on the telegraph wires.

"My storm is a big success," continued Moses, as the incoming flood swept up to his waist. "I knew it would be, and it won't let up for a week or so yet, either. I tell you when a comet runs whack into the sun it's no fool of a business—"

Here a huge wave overwhelmed him, and the next minute he struggled on to a section of floating sidewalk, and was last seen sailing up Yonge-st.

CHAP VII.

The sun was visible again, the force of the storm having spent itself. Some miles out in the township of York patches of land began to be noticeable here and there, as the flood subsided.

Dishevelled, limp, and demoralized, Beekie Arundel crawled down from the tree top where the flood had landed the packing-caso to which she had clung for safety.

All around was a solitude: the stillness became intolerable.

"Mowat must go!" screamed a draggled-tailed parrot from the tree, and, Grit as she was, Beekie felt cheered even by the slogan of Toryism.

Do not blame her. Supposing you were cast away upon a desert island, even a Tory would be better than no companion. You would have somebody to swear at, anyhow.

O joy! A figure approaches. Can it be? Ah, yes, it is indeed Epictetus, the long-lost, the estranged Epictetus!

"What, Beekie! Then you are saved also! This is indeed— * * * * * !!

"Yes, Epic. Is all forgiven? Are we once more as previously?"

"It would appear so," replied Epictetus, "and really, as Parkdale has been effectually obliterated from the map, there seems no further obstacle to the consummation of our cherished hopes."

And so they were re-united, and as he once more folded her to his bosom as a mark of his esteem, all nature seemed reanimated, and the parrot fluttered overhead in the branches crying out more vigorously than ever—

"Mowat must Go!"

THE END.



OUR USEFUL MAYOR.

It is not generally known that our worthy Mayor is in the habit of inspiring an organ, but it appears that when the instrument in Knox church is in need of a little help, his worship is willing to make himself useful by taking his place at the blowing apparatus. Having got his hand in at this business, couldn't the esteemed chief magistrate get hold of the handle of a few of our influential newspaper organs, and pump them up on the subject of the Waterworks. Our citizens have not forgotten that as yet no action has been taken to remedy the existing state of affairs whereby we are losing over \$30,000 a year through bad management in the matter of coal alone. The facts were but recently set forth by a practical and disinterested engineer, and are, we believe, admitted by the officials who have charge of the Waterworks.



“ROYAL” FAVORS, “SNOWS,” AND BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

“Haw, what the deuce have we heah?” exclaimed the Right Honorable Fitz Hugh Patepomme, Lord Comptroller of the Pastry Department, as a barrel marked “Victoria Regina, with compliments of J. French,” was dumped down from an express wagon at the postern gate of Buckingham Palace.

“I weally couldn’t infam your ludship,” replied a pampered menial in royal scarlet livery, “but hi would advise your ludship to be keorful. Hit may be some Fenian dewice to blow us hall up.”

“Haw! nevah! thought of that,” said the Right Hon. Patepomme, retreating a few paces. “Turn it ovah James, and see what’s on the othah end of the bawell.”

The P. M., with trepidation, “up ended” the package and discovered the legend, “Snow apples from Canada, presented to H. B. M., Vic. Regina, Empress of India, by J. French.” The inscription was duly read over to the R. H. F. H. P. L. C. of the P. D., who became as white as the belts of the sentry on duty at the gate.

“By Jove!” said he, “theah is a dangewous, I n say tweasonable look about this mystewiou, bawell of snow apples! Who the deuce evah neard of apples growin in snow? The game is altogethah too twansparent I, of eauth, an awah that Canada is a depowably cold country, but snow apples! is altogether too good! And,—who the deuce is Fvench? James, see that the bawell is caahfully dumped into the Thames.” And the hon. gentleman went into the palace, muttering: “Snow apples! Well, by Jupiteh! Snow apples! If I knew the cartaw who brough it, I would have the fellow awested.”

THE MINISTERIAL RECITAVO.

SIR JOHN—I’m a limb of the law.
 SIR CHARLES—I’m of physic a claw.
 SIR LEONARD—Drugs over the counter I sold, sir.
 ALL—And it’s awfully queer how we find ourselves here, And all heaven-born statesmen, we’re told, sir.
 SIR JOHN (to Sir Charles)—But between you and I.
 SIR CHARLES (to Sir Leonard)—And between you and I.
 SIR LEONARD (to both)—And between each, in secrecy greatest,
 ALL—Just of all the mistakes which the great public makes, This one here is the largest and latest.
 SIR JOHN—Oh, how gay does each year In the distance appear, When my French vote Ontario kept down.

SIR CHARLES and SIR LEONARD—But the country was cussed, And our friend’s patent bust,
 ALL—By a person atrocious named Brown.
 SIR JOHN—But the help of Sir Hugh,
 SIR CHARLES—Would have quite put us through,
 SIR LEONARD—And have built up our fortunes past dreaming,
 ALL—When ’twas knocked on the head, And our fortunes killed dead, By that villainous Huntingdon’s scheming.
 SIR JOHN—Oh, how vile to tell tales,
 SIR CHARLES—Ah, wrong feeling prevails,
 SIR LEONARD—Where ’tis do e by the tongt e or the pen, sir.
 ALL—’t think Huntingdon’s course Showed he lacked moral force. And we are all religious men, sir
 SIR CHARLES—But the country said not,
 SIR LEONARD—And we caught it quite hot,
 SIR JOHN—And they kicked us right slap down the stairway.
 ALL—And condemned us to be reft of our sal-a-ree, which it was not a right or a fair way.
 SIR JOHN—Why, if Heaven help men,
 SIR CHARLES—Who will help themselves, then
 SIR CHARLES—Why did punishment heavy ensue?
 ALL—Deprive us of our nest, For we vow and protest, That that was just what we were doing?
 SIR JOHN—(piously)—But in Gilead there’s balm,
 SIR CHARLES—(piously)—And a sweet, holy calm
 SIR LEONARD—(piously)—Soothes our souls when we think the most dearly
 ALL—And most fully loved here, In this vale of the tear, Must be frequently licked most severely.
 SIR JOHN—Then we wandered about
 SIR CHARLES—In the desert of Out,
 SIR LEONARD—For a series of years the most frightful;
 ALL—But a Moses he showed Us a policy road, And we came to the land most delightful.
 SIR JOHN—Then straight I of the law,
 SIR CHARLES—And straight I of the saw,
 SIR LEONARD—And straight I of the pill and the bolts,
 ALL—Threw slap over the man Who had brought us the plan, And went in for the spondulicks solus.
 SIR JOHN—Do not call us ingrate,
 SIR CHARLES—No, our course was most straight,
 SIR LEONARD—And no Biblical person can quarrel;
 ALL—For he, sure as you live, Was no Conservative, And to spoil an Egyptian was moral.
 SIR JOHN—Yet with him though we’ve done,
 SIR CHARLES—Still his plan was A. I.
 SIR LEONARD—And it’s almost past force of believing
 ALL—What a surplus we’ve got, And what spoils and what not, And what fortunes our friends are achieving.
 SIR JOHN—But some bitter, you know,
 SIR CHARLES—From sweet fountains will flow,
 SIR LEONARD—And our fountain, still bitter, keeps flowing—
 ALL—While that Naboth, you know, Who’s called Mowat, won’t go, Won’t go, and don’t seem to be going.
 SIR CHARLES—Ah, pray tell us, Sir John,
 SIR LEONARD—How the “byes” he has won.
 SIR JOHN—Oh, that’s all in my eye, my dear fellows.
 SIR LEONARD and SIR CHARLES—What! are things not so bad? We were feeling quite sad. Sir John, won’t you privately tell us?
 SIR JOHN—Come, the old man you’ll trust.

SIR LEONARD and SIR CHARLES—YES! (aside—whenever we must.)
 SIR JOHN—Well, now, you’ll soon be fly. I wrote, “Boys, don’t half try!” And each Grit is puffed up to the sky, see.
 SIR CHARLES—What a head he has got!
 SIR LEONARD—What a head, has a got?
 SIR JOHN—Then next summer while lulled in security, Coming down in our might, Like the wolf in the night, We’ll floor Mowat, in spite of his purity.
 (SIR CHARLES and SIR LEONARD take attitudes of mingled surprise, delight, hope, and admiration. Scene closes.)

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE.

[A Retrospective Poem, suggested by the late proposal to erect his statue in Toronto.]

“If you would see his monument, look round.” Lo! the vast church he planned from crypt to spire Shall best preserve his memory with men. As with the artist’s, so the patriot’s work; So with MACKENZIE: long a name proscribed, Long by the lying lips of fear defamed, Now to the memory of his work and worth Is tardy justice done by other men, And they would set his statue up, you say, Here in Toronto, when not so long since, Could they have caught him, gladly they had hanged! So change the times, and men and human thoughts; To bet on what Future is unsafe! And yet what work for Canada has wrought “The grand old rebel,” he and his compeers.

How stood our case? look back some fifty years— Not “democratic” yet, but very “raw,” And rule of Church and “compact”-caste supreme; No freedom anywhere of voice or vote, And no free legislature where to speak; One-tenth the soil of Canada the claim. Of priests, kept closed against the settler’s axe. Yet there were signs of progress; schools arose; With growing wealth grew public thought, the press Spread her white wings and flew throughout the land.

Mackenzie came for equal rights to plead, For things that now seem commonplace and trite, Against abuses no one now defends; A Moses whom those Pharaohs would not hear; So he from Church and Caste, all powerful then, Turned to the people, then for years, untired, He taught and trained, was trusted and beloved, A man whose eloquence was in his worth; No wordy orator like some we know, But incorruptible and steadfast-willed, In fact in all things quite the opposite Of some more modern leaders. Friends and foes Knew that the rebel chief could not be bribed!

But Church and Caste were mighty, they resolved To crush him, made revolt his sole resource. So, as the tribesmen to the Sacred Mount Led the seceding people of old Rome, He led his farmer-host, half-armed, but brave. Old men recall his camp on yonder height, And show the spot where the first blood was shed.

He was a man before his age. He sought What we too hope to see for Canada, The fair republic of the future day, And wearing bloodless robes, won peacefully. He knew not revolution cannot change, A nation’s life rests not, cannot be forced. What then his work for us and ours? Why this; When England heard the clash of swords afar Her generous mother-heart was grieved, she rose, Turned out the tyrant-clique from place, and bade Judicial murder yield to Amnesty, The farmer, not the church, to have the land.

All this; in fact, our freedom, as I said, We owe the grand old rebel and his men; Few thanked them living. Hear his story’s close. His effort foiled, he fled; in better days Returned a wiser, more experienced man; Still worked for Canada with pen and voice, Still by a few who knew his worth, beloved, Lived staunch and upright to the end, died poor.

A monument! But would it not look strange, A sadly-comic, queer, incongruous thing To see the selfless rebel chief some day Leered at by statues of Sir John and Blake? (They’ll die sometime; and then, you bet your pile, The wire-pullers will set their status up.) No matter. Worthy friends, if such your will, And if Mackenzie’s statue is to be, And not much uglier than the ones we have In the Queen’s Park, Grip’s mite, and mine is yours.



THE AGRICULTURAL QUESTION.

"WHEN IS THE PRICE OF GRAIN GOIN' TO RISE?"

SCIENCE IN CANADA.

SUNFLOWER VERANDA.

De tex ob de fo-going marks, deah readers, yo' will find in a late numbah ob de *Mail*. De article am copied from de London *Times*, and am de fo'teenth verse ob de third chapter ob de 'pistle' cording to CHEEK. It am as follers and am *apropoh* ob de visit ob de British Science 'Sociation to dis here kentry in eighteen eighty fo'. Verse 14th, "*Canada is great in extent, but not great in Science.*" Now good lawd! dis niggah wants to know how much Mother Britannia knew about science when she was de age ob her youngest darter Miss Kenady. When Mrs. Britannia was de present age ob our country she didn't know how to eat her victuals wid de aid ob a fork; and all she knew about science was how to burn in a tar barrel de old folks dat knew anything 'bout it, kase dey were witches and sich. She was mighty afeard ob science in dose days. Verse 15th, "*Humbler scientific views and less advanced thoughts than the British Association will bring out with it, would serve her us well, or any instruction she will derive from them.*" Dis statement, sah, oughter be bottled up, an' sealed an' labelled, "Double-condensed, sublime-essence ob cockney impudence. A poisonous irritant." Fo' de Lawd! Am Kanada a dog d-t she should eat ob de crumbs dat fall from de table ob British science? Why can't she sit up at de table like de chillen? Am she a prodigal, dat she should fain to eat ob de husks dat feed de swine? Look heah! you *Times*, and dat ar mis'ble penny-a-liner, de writer ob dat ar chapter ob CHEEK, we want you to understand, de sooner, de quicker, dat we don't take no sich back seat, and don't come to anybody's do' a-beggin' for col, left victuals in de way ob science. Dis yer Kenady ob ours hab got to feed her chillen on fust class mental fare, de feast ob reason and de flow ob soul hab got to be ob de best dat can be had, and she am willin' an' able to pay for it too. We don't take no stock in "humbler scientific views and less advanced thoughts," we am de "heir ob de ages" and deal only in de bery latest style ob scientific diskivery. Verse 19th, "*Their acquirements and their performances will be alike taken on faith.*" Dat sarves us right fur de great 'mount ob faith we hab in de big opinion dey hab ob Kenady an' de Kenadians ober dere. Verse 20th, "*If they talk sense they will be listened to. If they talk nonsense they will be listened to all the same, and with the same degree of intelligent appreciation.*" Mistah *Times*, de hole Dominion rises en masse to bow dere purfound acknowledgments, fur de extror'nary compliment you pay to de inferiority of Kenadian intelligence, de only bitter drop in de taffy am de fact dat de writer ob dat compliment am not here in *propria persona*, so that he might be able to report at what degree of rarified altitude he suddenly found his horn exalted by the skyward propelling properties ob de Kenadian big toe acting in de rear. Verse 22nd, "*The invitation to Canada ought not, we think, to be accepted.*" All right, Mistah Cheek, in dat case you will hab de chance ob showing de 'spiorior manners ob de ole world by de polito declination ob our courtesy wid thanks all de same. We will now, my deah readers, pass ober a great morass ob hosh about Kenadian good feelin' to de mother country, simply remarkin' dat any little display ob good feelin' am what seems to cause de greatest surprise an' thankfulness, jus' as if dey in justice ought to look for something, quite de opposite all de time. Dis am probably a case ob conscience wid individuals. Verse 24th, "*The wish of our colonists is that they should not be strangers to us. Their country is to be a part of our country.*" Dere's where dey have us, yo' see, we hab no country, we are only a part ob dere


country, a depondency, and as such hab got to swallow any amount ob sich small meannesses as are usually doled out to dependents, individually or nationally. Dat de time is fas' 'proucin' when we will no longer be a part ob any country, no "Dominion" any mo', but a NATION, a Power among Powers, nober seems to enter de head ob dis yer gomeril, he looks upon Britain as de sun, and thinks dis "colony" hab got to revolve round her till de crack ob doom. Verse 27th, "*They are our rivals already in some things more congenial to their habits of life than scientific pursuits are.*" Aheh! Dis den am de true finwardness ob dis article, "Dey are our rivals already, and if dis heah British 'Sociation go ober dere wid all dere learning and science, fore we know where we are, dey will be beating us in dat too." Dat am de 'turpertation ob verse 27th. Verse 30th, and last, "*Her hospitable intentions are beyond all doubt, but if her hospitality is accepted, it must be accepted on its own account, and not for any added notion that Canada is a fit place for a scientific gathering.*" Now look heah! we took pity on dat po' hard working 'Sociation cooped up in a little bit ob an Island where de 'sources are natty limited, an' we says let's invite de po' devils out heah to give dem a notion ob what fresh air, and distance and onlimited capability really is; let's give 'em a jolly good bath of asses milk, dat is, de milk ob human kindness. Let's take 'em out to 'splore our mountain ranges, our prairies, our rivers, lakes and waterfalls. Let's get Purfessor Bell to tell 'em all 'bout de geology ob de kentry, its coal fields, its minerals, its iron, silver and gold and other precious metals. Let's shew 'em, "Lo" past, present and future. Let's get Purfessers Selwyn, Chapman, Macoun, and other scientific men to entertain 'em wid de flora and fauna ob British Columbia, and oder small suburbs ob Kanada. In short, let's have a heavenly time. We'll listen while dey tell us what we know already, and we'll tell 'em a great deal dey know nothing at all about. Finally, we'll treat 'em handsomely, pay all dere expenses, and send 'em home every mother's son of 'em, with his money in his sock's mouf—not sadder but wiser men. Now it is open to de 'Sociation to accept or decline dis very generous invitation jes' as they see fit, but we don't want dat superannuated old weathercock de London *Times* to waste good money payin' penny-a-liners for insultin' us to our teeth jes' kase we choose to open our hospitable doors to the scientific world, and guarantee to stand treat all round so long as our honored guest choose to stay among us. Dis niggah am bery much afraid dat de writer ob dat cheeky article hab been led away and deloded by de fabulous accounts ob de great orjunes dat listen to de lectures ob Purfesser Astronomical Johnson, and am afraid to trust dere men ob science ober heah, lest de pow'ful arguments ob dat filosofphet convince dem dat de sun do move, and upser de hole solar system in consequence.

JAY KAYALLE WASHINGTON WHITE.

Melville reports no plumbers in the Arctic regions in the winter season. A new color is called "Honeysuckle." It must be "too sweet for anything." It is pleasant to find a four-leaf clover, but beware of the poison IV plant. Fashion note—Large figures are much sought after this season—by fortune hunters.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*. They say if you hold your thumb tightly over the muzzle of a gun you may fire the gun and the bullet won't be made to hit your thumb. We accept the truth of this statement at once. We don't propose to try the experiment just to gratify an ephemeral curiosity.—*Boston Post*.

"No Indian ever has his pony shod," observes the *Detroit Free Press*, "and yet the Indian Department is charged with \$18,000 worth of horseshoes per year." Oh, that's all right. The Indians hang 'em over the doors of their wigwams to bring good luck.—*Norristown Herald*. It is all very well to say, "give a boy a chance to work at what he takes to;" but supposing he doesn't take to anything? Why, then the best course to pursue is to give him a chance to work at something he doesn't take to. If he won't go willingly to the work, the work must be brought to him. An Arkansaw editor, in retiring from the editorial control of a newspaper, said: "It is with a feeling of sadness that we retire from the active control of this paper; but we leave our journal with a gentleman who is able than we are, financially, to handle it. The gentleman is well known in this community. He is the sheriff."—*Arkansaw Traveller*.

RUPTURE CURED.



OF four months' duration, the patient was unable to walk, and the pain was so severe that he was obliged to lie in bed. He had consulted several eminent physicians, but without success. He was then advised to try the 'Hernia Cure' and after using it for a few days he was able to walk and the pain was completely relieved. The patient writes: 'I have been cured of my hernia and I am now as well as ever. I can thank the 'Hernia Cure' for what it has done for me.' The 'Hernia Cure' is a simple and effective remedy for all kinds of hernia, and it is sold by all druggists and medical stores.

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It has performed a miracle in my case. I have no unearthly noises in my head, and hear much better. I have been greatly benefited. My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me. "Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation. Write at once to HAYLOCK & JENNEY, 7 Dey Street, New York, enclosing \$1.00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing so."—EDITOR OF MERCANTILE REVIEW. To avoid loss in the Mails, please send money by REGISTERED LETTER. Only imported by HAYLOCK & JENNEY, Sole Agents for America. 7 Dey-st., N. Y.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

SEIZED FOR NON-PAYMENT OF POSTAGE, BY
JULIUS SEIZER.

To the Editor of the Mail:

SIR,—Will you kindly grant me space for a few words anent the "Marmion" controversy. I have watched with pleasure the manly and straightforward manner in which the *Mail* has conducted the discussion. You are certainly entitled to the thanks, not only of all Scotchmen, but also of all fair-minded and unprejudiced people. In marked contrast with the *Mail's* able and convincing articles in defence of Sir Walter Scott, has been the *Globe's* despicable attack upon the name of one whom every cultivated literary mind delights to honor. The *Globe's* action in this matter is contributing more to the success of your party at the coming elections than anything else.

Hoping that you will always preserve your independence, and that you will continue to champion the cause of right and justice,

I remain,
Yours, etc.,
REFORMER.

(Private.)

DEAR B-N-T-NG,—It is needless for me to state that I am no Grit. But the fact is we must get up some kind of a scare or the *Globe* will steal every Catholic vote in the Province. By inserting the enclosed under the head of "Letters from the People," I am convinced that it will serve a good purpose. It may cause the organ to reflect that possibly there are some of the Grits who do not altogether endorse its action.

In order to still further carry out the deception, you can write a similar letter or two every day, always being particular to sign them "Reformer."

Yours, etc.,
DAVID DEAN.

DEAR BLAKE,—And now I breathe more freely. Has not the result of the bye-elections surprised even you, who are usually so confident? I am now gaining my usual self-control and composure. I had been reading the *Mail* so closely of late that I began to regard myself as really defeated—actually "going," you know. But there is still one thing which I dread, and that is the *Globe*. You may not have forgotten how signally you were defeated at the Dominion elections, and mainly through the *Globe's* persistent and stubborn advocacy of certain principles which were distasteful to so many Grits. I have feared just such a result in the Provincial campaign. In view, therefore, of the feeling which the bye-elections indicates, would it not be well to bring on the general elections at once? This would be in a measure imitating the tactics of Sir John, and which you so severely denounced. But it can't be helped. "Self-reservation," you know. Let's hear from you at once.

Yours,
MOWAT.

DEAR BROWN,—It is a source of great annoyance to me to see that a number of Reformers are writing to the *Mail* criticizing your attitude on the "Marmion" question. To counteract the damage which these letters will assuredly do our cause, would it not be a wise expedient to prepare a number of letters censuring in severe terms the *Mail's* course. By placing the signature, "A Conservative," to such letters, the injurious effect of those appearing in the *Mail* will be very materially diminished.

Yours, anxiously,
A. KROOKS.



A SHOCK TO HIS NERVES.

(Old rev. gent. from country reads placard in window of Willard Tract Repository.)

Dear me! Works on the Sabbath, does he? Shocking! I must see Mr. Willard about this!

THE TRIALS OF A COOPER.

The Skurig sat on the parlor pump,
Where the Wagle sat also;
And he shook his head as he quaintly said,
"I'm floud if it is so!"

"That they got hold of a Cooper bold,
And carried him off to be
The partner, O, of a Wacamo,
Is more than I can see.

"That they left his hat on the nor'-west flat,
And his stick from the Crudle tree,
And dand his eyes with tears the size
Of an average inland sea.

"That they struck his lug with a loaded slug,
And beat him unto death,
And gagged him tight, so he that night,
"Thank goodness! held his breath."

Then the Wagle spoke in no loose joke,
For sternly then spake he;
And the Skurig saw how very raw
The Wagle chanced to be.

"O, they carried him off in the dead of night,
One hundred miles, I woen;
And then at noon they took a balloon
O'er Niagara all serene.

"And they brought him to the Wacamo,
With eyes of amorous flame,
As she lounged in ease where no chilling breeze
From the land of the Beaver came.

"And the horrid gag they tore like a rag,
But his watch they left to show
That a robber's mind is too refined
For anything so low.

"The Wacamo spat on the Cooper's hat,
In the land of the brave and free—
Not the broken hat that he left on the flat,
With his cane from the crudle tree.

"They sang in praise of a lover's days,
And spoke of a peace to be;
While the watchers brought from the room below
A slice of diluted tea.

"Then he rubbed his chin—'I'm getting thin
On this meagre fare,' said he;
So he floated out through some hole, no doubt,
And alighted airily."

Then the Skurig quaffed his beer and laughed
As soft as soft can be
At the Wagle's tale, o'er that mug of ale,
And therefore thus spake he:

"I've heard of the log of Miss Kilmansegg
And the rhyme of Iwerdledde;
How the Walrus and the Carpenter
Gulled Oysters from the sea

"I've left my grub for 'The tale of a tub,'
And—as everybody has—
Been cheered all night, and found delight
In the 'Wagtail and the Ass.'

"I've read of ghosts, of goblins, hosts
Of mermaids and mermen;
I've cried, 'Tut! tut!' o'er Lilliput
And the wondrous little men.

"I've heard of the tale of the mighty whale,
When Jonah let his h-me;
I've heard of the fish of wrong and right,
When Horatians fought for Rome.

"But never, I wis, has a tale like this
Been told for two thousand years:
O, it's far too big for a plane Skurig
As hasn't a donkey's ears."

T.

ENQUIRERS' COLUMN.

(SWIZ, EDITOR.)

"I have made a lot of money," writes TOAD-spool, "in the tallow line, and want you to initiate me into the manner in which I ought to conduct myself. My parents were poor, but so confoundedly honest that I had to start in the world poor also. Please direct me, as I don't wish to be a laughing stock."

Well, sir, you've about as nearly got us this time as anyone ever did get us. We can hardly lay down any rules for you, but we can tell you just how a good many of your class do conduct themselves, and it may be, probably is, the correct way. In the first place build a house, in the appearance of which all taste and decency must be outraged. Then get into it. Furnish it just as your notion of elegance suggests, taking care to have as many different colors in the curtains, sofas, &c., as you can manage to procure. Always sit in your most flashy room in the evenings with blinds drawn up, and the whole interior exposed to the view of passers by. This will let them see what wealth you are possessed of, and they will be envious. Be sure and do not neglect to have spittoons in this room. No gentleman spits on his drawing-room carpet. When you give a dinner party always expatiate on the prices of the edibles and liquors you set before your guests, and remark to some humble individual, such as an editor or an artist or some such fellow, whom you may be patronizing, that "he don't get such a glass of wine as that at home, eh?" This is not only the height of good breeding, but it is very facetious also. Be studiously arrogant and overbearing in your treatment of your domestics. You pay them, and have a right to treat them as they deserve. They are only menials. Do not, however, proceed to too great lengths with your six foot slunkies; some of them kick harder than army mules. If you engage a governess for your children, do not fail to remind her constantly of her position, which is one on a level with that of your cook. Get perfect in these few rules and we will give you a few more.

* *

"I am going to accept a position as a dry goods clerk. Will you kindly tell me what I should do to succeed in that line.—TAPE." Well, Tape, if you want to be one of the lah-de-dah, lay-me-down-easy, die-away-scented kind, we don't think you will do, for we know who you are and believe nature gave you a brain or two. We will, however, give you a few hints as to what things might be deemed superfluous on your part by your employer. In the first place, if a lady with a wart on her nose enters the store, you need not call the attention of your fellow countersippers to the fact in an audible voice, nor are you imperatively called upon to snicker in the lady's face. If a middle aged gentleman comes in and asks to look at some silk stockings, it would be out of place on your part to say, "You're a nice old gander to want silk stockings, ain't you? What dy'e want 'em for? Go in' to see the gurls?" This would be facetious, of course, but there is a place for everything, and GRIP's pages are the proper place for facetiousness; it is not called for, luckily, in dry goods stores. If a young lady



AT PRESENT THERE SEEMS TO BE RATHER POOR SHOW FOR LOOTING—BUT WAIT UNTIL MOWAT DOES GO!

wishes to make a purchase, you need not try to make yourself agreeable to her by your conversation. The chances are that she knows more about the topics you choose than you do, and she will think you an ass; whereas, if you keep your mouth shut, you may be as big an ass as you please, for you don't look amiss, Tape. Asses are known by their bray and ears. You can keep silent and pin your ears down under your collar. If a man's wife elopes with a hotel waiter, colored, and the bereaved husband drops in to buy any little article, it might vex him if you were to inquire "how the old lady likes her swap," or to tell him that she seemed to be always making mistakes. He will probably think you mean to be personal, and will most likely retort in language unmistakably so. If any of your fellow clerks are females and pretty, if you must kiss them during business hours, beware of doing it with your heads in an empty packing case, for though no one will see you, the reverberation of the osculation will be terrific, and will probably bring your employer to the spot with your weekly \$4.37 and a free pass out of his emporium. By bearing this negative advice in mind, you may avoid becoming what a number of young men in dry good stores are—unmitigated nuisances.

"We are a party of young amateur actors, and wish to surprise our friends with the production of some new play. You can, doubtless, suggest something that will have that effect: please do so.—Roscius." Certainly; there is a drama that will about hit the mark, if you can procure a copy, though we do not know if that is possible, as the company who acted it here had their own M.S. parts with them. It is entitled Uncle Tom's Cabin, and it is nearly a week since it was performed here last.

"I think if I could obtain a position as an editor, I could run a newspaper: where can I get a sit.?" asks LAW SQUIRE.—So do 97 out of every 100 youths in your position. Confine your aspirations to paying for some good paper regularly. GRIP for instance, and you will be doing what about fifty per cent. of newspaper subscribers find an impossibility.

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