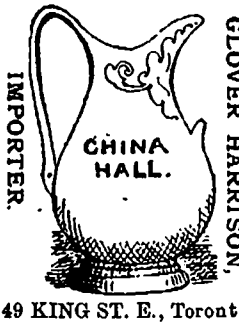


# SMOKE [ CABLE EL PADRE ] CIGARS.



VOLUME XX.  
No. 9.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 27, 1883.

\$2 PER ANNUM.  
5 CENTS EACH.

CINGALESE HAIR RESTORER!

PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT. REMOVES DANDRUFF, AND PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR. ALL THE LADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT.



THE PRESS LACROSSE CLUB.  
THE GLOBE MAN GETS THE BALL AND A GOOD START STRAIGHT FOR THE MAIL MAN'S FLAGS.



If we could not get another Machine we would not part from this one for three times the amount we paid for it.

WINANS & CO.,  
13 Church-st., Toronto.

THE REMINGTON STANDARD TYPE-WRITER  
FOR SALE AT  
BENGOUGH'S SHORTHAND BUREAU,  
11 King St. West, Toronto.

### DENTAL NOTICE.

Artificial teeth inserted so as to feel perfectly comfortable. FULL SETS, \$18. UPPER or UNDER, \$9. Partial Sets in proportion.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

F. H. SEPTON,  
Surgeon Dentist.

or. Queen and Yonge-sts., over Rose's Drug Store.



BRUCE THE PHOTO.

1ST GENT—What find I here  
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What  
Hath come so near creation?  
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE,  
so beautifully counterfeit nature.  
STUDIO—118 King Street West.

# RAIL COAL. LOWEST RATES A. & S. NAIRN Toronto.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH,  
Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORE,  
Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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.—Editors of weekly (Canadian) exchanges are not expected to send copies of their journals except when critical notices of GRIP are published. GRIP will be sent regularly as heretofore to all exchanges on the list.

Having made permanent arrangements in connection with the literary staff of GRIP, the Editor will not feel bound to accept or pay for any articles from outside contributors after the date of this issue.

### Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The Reform theatre is under new management—a fact which is every day becoming more patent. The present managers have cast aside the old-time policy of cold-shouldering certain well-known political stars, and are presenting themselves in an “engaging” attitude towards these gentlemen. The first move was to offer Mr. Goldwin Smith as many open dates as he wished to accept—an act of good temper which was applauded by all the *habitués* of the Grit House. And now acting-manager Mills has been making overtures to Mr. William McDougall, whose performance of “Wandering Willie” is amongst the brightest recollections of old political play-goers. The late manager, Mr. Brown, wouldn't give old Mac an engagement on any terms: indeed, he plainly declared that he would rather rent the house to a scratch Tory company any time. But Mr. Mills wisely sees that McDougall is a good card yet, and if properly managed would “draw” crowds that no other actor can reach.

FIRST PAGE.—*Appropos* of the Press Lacrosse Club Dinner, (noticed elsewhere), we give a little sketch of the progress of a game now going on between Grit and Tory.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Mowat is still suffering from his nightmare, and the doctors say there is no hope of his entire recovery so long as John A. keeps his present attitude.

### THE PRESS LACROSSE CLUB DINNER.

Rossin House. Last Saturday night. Splendid table. Jolly company. Big success.

But what we wish to note particularly was the discussion, neatly introduced by the chairman, on the subject of forming a Press Club in Toronto. Everybody spoke favorably of the idea—some enthusiastically. About seventy genuine press men were present, and the presumption is the talk was practical business talk, which will eventuate in action. Moses Oates' idea that the Lacrosse Club be accepted as a nucleus did credit to the level head of that great almanac man. We hope it will be acted upon, and would suggest that the authorities of that club call a meeting of press men, at which regular action may be taken to put the affair in shape.

### BOOK NOTICES.

“The Life and Speeches of the Hon. George Brown,” a bulky and handsomely bound volume, by the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, and printed by the Globe Publishing Company, has been laid on our table. As may well be imagined, Mr. Mackenzie's characteristic minute attention to detail is one of the chief features of an admirably written book: the subject being the life of a gentleman whose history is identified with that of Canada during one of the most interesting periods of the country's existence.

The volume is one of absorbing interest throughout, and reflects the highest credit on author and publishers alike, and will prove a most valuable addition to the libraries of those who are interested in Canada's history, and that of a man whose talents were so ably used in the furtherance of the country's welfare. The frontispiece of the book is an excellent steel engraving of Mr. Brown, and presents a striking and faithful likeness.

*Puck's Annual for 1883.* New York. Keppler and Schwartzman.

This important chronological and atmospheric work for the current year is just to hand. It arrives late in the season, and even now *Puck* appears without his winter trousers, his tailor having cruelly disappointed him at the last moment. The public maw, which was so generously filled with GRIP ALMANACS a few months ago, will find this annual very toothsome, especially in its pictorial department, which is made brilliant by the pencils of Keppler, Oppen, Graetz, Pillaw and others. There are some first-rate things, too, in the letter-press, notably “Mr. V. Hugo Dusenbury's poetical contributions, which we understand to be the work of Mr. H. C. Bunner, the accomplished editor of *Puck*. 25c. pays the bill at any of the book stores.

### AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE.

MONTREAL, Jan. 21.—(Special.)—Thomas Duplessis, agent, threw himself from the second storey window of the Hotel Rivard this afternoon, carrying the sash and curtains with him. He was mentally unhinged. He escaped serious injury, but fell into the hands of the police, who have locked him up.

We reprint the above telegram, not because there is anything funny about it, but as a signal exception to the rule that the police are never about when they are wanted. In this case they appear to have been directly under the hotel window with most fortunate results.

MR. J. D. EDGAR addresses a meeting in Temperance Hall this evening. His subject is “Canada's Right to make her own Commercial Treaties.” Of course she is, but why doesn't she do it?



### “NAKED WE CAME, &c.”

JONES.—Did you hear that old man Robin son is dead?

SMITH.—No! How much money did he leave?

JONES.—All he had!

### MY LADY'S GLOVE.

A TALE OF LOVE, AND WOE AND MISERIE.

My very brain whirls when I think of all that has happened within the past few days. If this tale smacks of lunacy, I cannot help it. I am, at the present moment, an irresponsible being. I am *pro tempore non compos mentis*, through wo-men tis who have achieved my ruin. Reason totters on her throne; staggers, wobbles. Soon may she be thrown therefrom. This is a pun. Laugh. I would feign relate my wrongs May I? I may. I will. Ah! Miseric. All sigh.

Every day I saw her. Every day, at a respectful distance, I worshipped her more and more. Worshipped her wildly, distractedly, yearningly: I knew her not, but I loved her, ah! how I loved her. She had burst upon my vision in one of my daily walks; She walked in beauty like the,—like the very mischief. From the hour when I first beheld her, I felt that I was, so to speak, gone. But why dwell upon those charms that can never be mine? 'Tis vain. Let me proceed as coherently as my shattered state will permit—per mitt, ha! 'tis yet another ghastly pun. I am in very truth, in a bad way.

Day after day, as I have said, I saw her tripping along in dainty attire—she never seemed a-tired though. She was fond of pedestrianism. So was I, and thus it came to pass that we constantly met, though “we never spoke as we passed by,” we glanced at one another and proceeded on our ways. I never dared to speak, though I longed with a longing that was painfully long to do so all along. But an opportunity arrived at last, and I resolved to take it at the foor, as one of those poets remarks. Queer fellows, poets! I once knew a poet who had only one shirt—but this is a digression; my mind wanders; let me to my tale—not shirt tail, no, no. Alack, also, well-a-day. In one of my daily walks, as I proceeded, thoughtfully ruminating on her who had enthralled me, my eyes bent upon the ground, I espied, lying directly in my path, a dainty little mitt; a dear little feminine, fur-bound mitt. My heart sprang into my mouth. I gulped it down again and felt better. Instinct told me at once to whom that mitt belonged, and with a wild yell of delight, I sprang forward and secured my prize. I pressed it to my lips. “The fates are at length propitious,” I cried, “Kiss-mitt.” It was still warm. The

vital spark was not yet extinct, and I thrust the corp—I mean glove—into my bosom. Again and again I drew forth my treasure and kissed it. The delicate rose scent still lingered around it. From that moment life seemed to be lit up with a rosette, glorious, final transformation-scene-in-a-pantomime light, and I walked on air. I weigh 210. What should I do with my prize? 'Twere bliss to keep it; 'twere blister to give it with my own hand to its fair owner. Perchance in the transfer my fingers might come into momentary, though blissful and ecstatic contact with hers. There was deliciousness in the very thought. For three days and three nights I kept it in guilty, sweet delight. By night I dreamed of it, and, waking, drew it from beneath my pillow and showered the spooniest of osculations upon it. Ah! love, thou art a mystery. By day I hugged it to my shirt bosom, occasionally, nay often, drawing it out to repeat the nocturnal process. On the fifth day I wandered forth to the spot where I had found my treasure. Joy of joys! She comes, she comes. I will return the glove, and thus secure an opportunity of addressing her. Be still, my heart. Peace, little flutterer. Bust not my costal cartilage. With face allame and faltering gait—rather poor style, laugh, all laugh!—I approached her, holding the dainty glove in one trembling hand, whilst with the other I raised my hat. With wild, wandering words of explanation, I begged her acceptance of her property. Ah! me. Those eyes; they pierced me through and through. I weigh 210 and am fat. With a blush, probably, methought, of the consciousness of love, she reached forth her taper fingers and took the little glove, and then, blind to my eyes' confession, she spoke—oh! those tones; rippling waters, tinkling of silvery bells, pink ice cream, everything that sounds lovely massed into one,—and said, "Thank you sir; my aunt, who lost it lately, will also thank you, I am sure," and with a stately bow passed on. Her aunt! her aunt! that prim mediæval old relic! that stiff, shabby old prude! fifty or five hundred at least. Ye gods! what have I done to deserve this? Heavens! spare my intellects. Anathema maranatha on the worthless, wretched, vile and hideous old glove! Fan me.

## HIS LORDSHIP'S NOSE;

OR,

HOW JACK FROST SNUBBED THE PEER.

In a not very distant bygone year, There sailed from England to Canada here, Lord Ivanhoe Vereker Vere de Vere, A peer.

His blood, if all that he said was true, Was the deepest and darkest of indigoblu, And he'd say to Canada's noblemen few, "Pooh! Pooh!"

Don't talk to me of your gentle blood, Why home you left is as clear as mud, You deserted that land for England's good, It would

Be rather absurd for any one here To vie with Lord Ivanhoe Vere de Vere, And the madness, as shown in the very idea Is sheer.

This nobleman argued that what most shows That the purest blood in one's arteries flows, Is that feature one smells with and snuffs and blows, The nose.

His own was an arch of a style unique, With a lump in the middle and a turned down peak, A little more Roman perhaps, than Greek, Such a heave!

He cherished that nose like an only child, He stroked its arch and complacently smiled, And if you made fun of it, wasn't he riled, And wild?



He held that nose high aloft in air, He fondled it publicly everywhere, At every fete that nose was there, And seemed his Lordship's every care To share. Well, winter came on and the bleak winds blew, The frost froze hard and the snow flakes flew, The bays were congealed, and the lakes were, too, Such cold was only remembered by few, Whew!

Lord Ivanhoe Vereker Vere de Vere Drove out in his sleigh as became a peer, He defied the Canadian atmosphere Saying "Nought in this land need a nobleman fear;" But here

Came the first of Lord Ivanhoe's awful woes, On peer as on peasant the chill wind blows, And though it is fearful to tell—his nose Froze.

He rubbed it with snow, which is good they say, He poulticed it, bathed it with arnikay, But it wouldn't get well, and in bed he lay All day.

With grief it was thought my lord would have died, When the doctor sat down by his grand bed-side, And said, "Your nose is mortified;" I decide

That it must come off. "And off it came With a snip and a slice Just exactly the same As if Smith and not Vere was his lordship's name; What a shame!"



And now when Lord Ivanhoe goes to rub His nose on the street, some ill-tutored cub Of a boy calls out to his pal, "Say bub, Shoot that snub,"

My lord, they tell me cannot live long With a nose like those of the commonplace throng, So I'll tell his knell at the end of this song, Ding dong!

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SHOE.

I am a lady's shoe. One of a pair; size, No. 12. When the author of my being made us, he smiled quietly to himself, but I knew not why, then. I know now, for I have seen more of the world. For weeks, aye, months, I stood on a ledge in the window of a Toronto boot and shoe store. No one seemed to require my services, at least none of the ladies of the Queen city. Time passed on, and I observed that the old gentleman with the mowing machine always cast a glance of satisfaction, as he scooted by, upon the high heeled absurdities and thin, paper-soled monstrosities that stood in our window. He knew that as their popularity increased, so would the garner of his bosom friend—That "Reaper whose name is Death"—be filled in proportion: the Mower the Merrier. ha! ha!

And still I stood, unnoticed save to call a fleeting smile to the patrician features of such of Toronto's daughters as chanced to see me, till at length a change came o'er the spirit of my dream. One morning two young ladies entered the store, and asked to be shown some shoes. They were strangers and evidently did not belong to Toronto. "Certainly, miss," said the bland proprietor of the emporium, "about what size?"—glancing at the pedals of the lady who had spoken. "I take No. 4's" she replied. "These are the very thing then, miss," replied the urbane one, taking down me and my mate. "What size are those?" she asked. "No. 4's, miss," he replied. Heaving help him! The sight of me and my companion, a pair of 4's (!) brought a straight flush to the lady's cheek. "The dance" whispered my pal to me, "if we are soled we will never betray our master." "Never," I replied, though my respiration became slow—temperature 109 in the shade—and pulse feeble, as the would-be purchaser

removed the boot she had on and essayed to draw me on her foot. "Fits like a glove, does it not, miss?" remarked the oily one, as he dusted a little flour into my chum and soaped the receptacle for the *os calcis*. "It does indeed" replied the fair one, as I split from stem to stern, and gaped with suppressed agony and laughter at one and the same time, over the instep. "You have a very neat foot, miss" continued the bland one. "So I am told," replied the victim, "but our city is famous for the delicate feet of its lovely daughters." "And where may I have the pleasure of sending these shoes, miss," asked the leather moulder, "where do you reside?" "In Hamilton," replied the lady, laying down her card, and passing out of the shop.

## SOME QUESTIONS

FOR THE NEXT CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION. Taken from Facts.

Two years ago an infant phenomenon was introduced to the theatre-going public. She was then five years of age. The same phenomenal child is still before the same public, but she is now only four years old. Twenty years hence, what age will she be if she lives?

If the poet Gay can make "blizzard" rhyme with "kangaroo" (as he can and does), why should people be prevented from punching his head? and how many thousand blows on his head with a s'edge-hammer would it take to produce concussion of the brain?

Zinci sulph. 1 oz. Value, 3 cents.

Aqua pura, 8 oz. Value, nil.

Phial. Value, 1 cent.

Put these three articles together and state their value, or allow a doctor to do the mixing and let him put a price on the combination. How much will he make it?

The *Globe* uses over 200 miles of paper in length per week in its daily issue; the *Mail* between 100 and 200. If the issues of each for one week were burnt in a separate bonfire, from the ashes of which could the greater amount of lye be extracted?

Find, by algebra, the percentage of bank clerks who part their hair in the middle, and the time spent daily on the operation. Then state what clothing they wear under their ulster besides a collar and pair of cuffs, and a boot or two.

Given, a girl with a large mouth, pulse normal, temperature variable, respiration, when not impeded by chewing gum, 19 per min., and No. 5 feet. How many pounds of caramels will it take to fill her up? And if her "feller" is a junior salesman at some haberdashery, with no credit at the tally architect's, how long will it be before she is filled up if he is her only "feller"?

A real blessing is the Stylographic Pen. It is the neatest writing instrument we have ever seen for the desk and the pocket, and uses any common ink, holding enough to write several days without refilling. It combines all the readiness of a lead pencil and the durability of any pen. For speed and legibility it is marvellous. There is no stopping to dip for ink when a word is half written. The entire material of the pen is non-corrosive. When it is not in use it may be closed up and laid away, or carried in the pocket for weeks, it being perfectly air tight, and then in a moment put to work. In writing, it does the next thing to thinking. Any person who has writing to do, will do himself a never-forgotten favor to get one at first sight.—*Editor Religious Telescope, Dayton, Ohio.*

## THE GREAT MONTREAL CARNIVAL.

FROM GRIP'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP,—By the time you reach this the great carnival and curling bonspiel, most appropriately so called, for I can assure you I saw many a bon spill executed by the performers, will be tottering on the confines of past and present. I would that space would permit me to throw my soul into a lengthy description of all that took place, for such a gathering of the *elite* of every place of any pretensions whatever, surely never took place before; and the scene, as viewed in the magnificent cooler, was gorgeous in the extreme, the rich costumes, and exquisitely tinted noses of the mayors from other cities, forming a rich harmony of color. But this gathering, sir, has at length come to a head, and in a few more hours will be—bust. I shall only be able to give you a brief description of a few of the most distinguished visitors, besides myself, who were present, and of the characters assumed by them on the occasion. I have endeavored, in my humble way, to sketch these individuals, and forward you the result of my labors.

First and foremost came our revered chieftain, as



"TOM, TOM THE PIPER'S SON,"

whose appearance and get up were the signal for rounds of applause, though many were bewildered at his assumption of a character so peculiar. He, however, explained the matter to your representative, saying, "I might, with propriety, have taken the role of the Piper himself, for those who dance are expected to pay the piper, and I have made many of my acquaintances pay dearly for their light fantastic efforts: but I am far too modest," he continued, blushing, "for the old man's part, so take that of his son and help myself."



AS "G. WASHINGTON."

Sir Charles, in his continental cocked hat, and old time make up, as the "father of his country," fairly brought down the ice-house. The sheen of his little hatchet was reflected from a thousand points on the walls of the vast refrigerator. Your representative, in order to test the thoroughness of his get up, asked him whether he loved Ed. Blake with the fondness of a happy mother for her first-born. "Old

man," he replied, "I cannot tell a lie, even if I had time to hatch it. Ax menosuch questions," and with an ingenuous smile pervading every nook and cranny of his countenance, he swept off to mingle with the glittering and jewelled throng of governors, newspaper men, mayors and such.



AS MICAWBER.

Dick came in with his white hat perched jauntily over his right ear, swallow-tail coat, tights and gaiters. He looked the character to perfection; hard up, ready to negotiate a note on any terms, and equally ready to grab anything to his advantage that might turn up. He was unanimously voted a complete success, and advised by solicitous friends to stick to the assumed character for ever.



AS OLIVER TWIST.

Mowat, as Oliver Twist, was a dead failure in one respect, as he looked far too fat and comfortable for his part. Again, Oliver T. was a very good, honest little boy; he was, also, in the language of the Artful Dodger, "unkimmon green." Readers, compare and keep mum. His, Oliver M's, first move was to button-hole the Piper's son and demand "more." "Yes," replied that worthy, "you shall have it; I will give you more; but not this eve, some other eve; at the next election I will give you more—trouble." Poor little Twist retired to a corner and melted away several chunks of the icy edifice with his scalding tears.



AS ROBINSON CRUSOE.

The poet looked and acted his part to perfection, which is to be accounted for by the fact of his long residence at the deserted hamlet of Niagara; in fact he privately acknowledged that the state of solitude in which he existed had always put him in mind of R. Crusee at Juan Fernandez, and this vividly brought home to him his own condition of "leftness." His secluded manner of life was, however, very conducive to a placid and calm state of mind, and he was, even now, preparing to launch a new volume of poetry on the public. On hearing this, the visitors at once took up a subscription to enable Mr. Plumb to remove to some crowded city, and thus avert the threatened catastrophe.



AS EXCELSIOR.

This statesman sailed in in great state, his banner with the strange device flaunting merrily in the blasts of the E flat cornets and trombones of the band. His face was decorated with the usual spectacles, and that celestial, yet sardonic smile so well known to the Ontario hayseeds and hawbucks, who have studied it when its owner has eloquently discoursed to them of the price of buckwheat, boundaries, autonomy, Ontario rights, and other cheerful subjects. Sir John, on seeing him, roared out, "Hallo! Ned, this is not the glorious 12th. Why comest thou hither as King Bill the III? Oh! you are 'Excelsior Take care, my boy, that you are not picked up 'in the morning' cold and grey,' one of these fine days, dead and frozen out of further political efforts." "Tis true," replied Ned, "that I carry a strange device, but is it, let me ask, stranger than some of yours, Sir John?" "Whisht," replied the chieftain, "I care not. Folks say I sometimes get high, but you are welcome to get higher if you can," and the two retired to a neighboring buffet. It was a pleasant tho' affecting sight to behold two such men thus forgetting their political animosities for the nonce and exchanging their execrable jokes with one another. Would space permit I could draw out this description to an indefinite length, but I must now conclude, remarking as I do so that during the few days that your representative tarried in Montreal, he felt himself to be where he was in his element, first, as the representative of the leading paper of the world, and secondly, in the society of all those who are great and good and honored in this glorious Canada of ours.

## MONTREAL.

Fogg dropped into a saloon the other morning and ordered a cocktail made up of raw eggs, beer, brandy, pepper sauce, and of every other article he could see in the place. "That's a queer drink," remarked a bystander. "It's mentioned in Scripture, however," replied Fogg. "How d'ye make that out?" asked the other. "Why, isn't it a unique horn?" replied Fogg with a leer. "Come now, that's not original, is it?" asked the friend. "Well, no; I must own up that I cribbed it from GRIP'S ALMANAC for 1883." Now for sale at every bookstore.



# ENGAGING A "LEADING SUPPORT."

*(Another bit of enterprise under the New Management.)*

["WHEN THE TUG OF WAR COMES HE (MR. McDOUGALL) SHOULD TAKE OFF HIS COAT AND HELP HIS OLD FRIENDS."—*London Advertiser*, edited by Hon. D. Mills.]

## Touchstone's Talk.

Now it really is not to be expected that a fellow can get off any very brilliant jokes with one-half of his cerebellum or cerebrum (which is it?) frozen into something that doubtless looks like a congealed "trille," whilst the other portion, the side next the stove, is bubbling and boiling like the seething contents of the witches' cauldron in "Macbeth," but that is just my case to a T this week, so I sincerely trust that anything particularly exerting will be passed over by the reader with a sigh of pity for the writer's deplorable condition; and, *apropos* of this terrible cold snap (for which Venner, Oates, and old Moore will have much to answer and suffer for in the dulcet subsequent, when / prophecy that all the frigidity now accumulated in their being will be thoroughly thawed out), I would wish to remark right here that --- it is a darned good thing these nights.

I will follow this effort up by asking a little conundrum, to which I am driven by glancing over the columns of some of our alleged funny co-tems; here it is:

Why are a prisoner's hours of incarceration very much like the jokes above referred to? Because they are passed in durance.

I have just looked out of my window and seen a sight that has harrowed the very subsoil of my soul, and I remark, with sorrow, that there is many a slip between the saloon and the lamp-post, and also that frail humanity does not know at this time which end is up. Perhaps not; but it knows, to a point, which end is down.

*A bas les bachelors. A la lanterne* with them? Why should their imbecile ravings be heeded by those who are in a position to give them the—the—contradiction, and, if necessary, send for them with the intimation that they are unarmed, when they (the bachelors) may place themselves under police protection or not as they see fit; this, apparently, being the correct thing to do in, at least, the upper circles of American society. And here I wish to relate a little story clipped from Chicago *Cheek*. As it is from a Chicago paper, it is merely necessary to mention that fact. Had it, however, been taken from a Detroit paper, I should have felt myself bound in duty and honor to not only state the name of the paper, but to supply information concerning the hamlet wherein it is published, for the benefit of those who have never heard of the city of Detroit or the river. Those Detroit fellows are very touchy when they do occasionally get off something funny, and cherish it with all the fondness of a mother for her only offspring; for these funny things, in Detroit papers, go hand in hand with the angelic population of the celestial regions, and their visits to us are very few and far between. But this is the story:—

## ONLY TEMPORARY.

Dan Pillsbury overtook an acquaintance coming down town from his boarding house the other morning, and the two entered into a quiet conversation as they jogged along in the nipping, frosty air.

"Well, our old friend Pillsifer was married last night," remarked Dan gravely.

"No!" said his acquaintance, "you surely don't mean that."

"Fact," said Dan.

"It's only temporary, I hope."

"Temporary!" exclaimed the astonished Dan. "Why—why what do you mean?"

"Temporary insanity. You don't suppose Pillsifer would do such a thing in his right mind, do you?"

All of which forces me to remark that that

acquaintance should never be permitted to act as a nocturnal foot warmer for one of those beings who are

"In our hours of ease  
Uncertain, coy and hard to please."  
Then and then only.

I often read of bodies, long interred, being exhumed and found to have turned over in their collins. Physicians state that the accumulation of noxious gases is the cause of this, but I beg to differ with them. My theory is that there is some way in which the sayings and doings of those still in the flesh are communicated to those who are supposed to be dead to all impressions from the living world, and that the effect of these communications is to make those alleged *cadavers* long to get up and "git;" hence the queer positions in which these bodies are often found. Such stories as the following, communicated by the occult means already alluded to, would surely be sufficient to make the departed Messrs. Blackstone, Coke, Littleton, etc., etc., long to step upon the face of earth once more and strangle the infamous originators of them without further ado:—

## APT TO THE LAST.

A well-known criminal lawyer, who prides himself upon his skill in cross-examining a witness, had an odd-looking genius upon whom to operate. The witness was a master shoemaker. "You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?" "Yes, sir; 'cause why, she confessed it." "And you also swear that she bound shoes for you subsequent to the confession?" "I do, sir." "Then (giving a sagacious look to the Court) we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their rascalities are known?" "Of course, or how else could I get assistance from a lawyer?"

I have just moved into a new quarter of the city and all my coal and wood are deposited in the shed. I made inquiries as to the character of my more immediate neighbors. Every one speaks most highly of their moral probity. The one on my right hand repeats a grace twenty minutes long before each meal, and never uses a big, big D. The one to the south is a very good man I am told, and an eloquent temperance orator. I revere religion and would not be deemed a scoffer at things which were never intended to be made light of, but, as I found padlocks were only twenty cents apiece, and staple, etc., another ten, I have purchased one and it looks very pretty and picturesque on my wood-shed door.

I passed a milk-wagon a few minutes ago, and the sight of the vehicle suggested the story of a little girl who recently went to visit her grandfather in the country. She was fond of milk, but firmly refused to drink any while there, without giving any reason. When she returned she was asked, "You had nice milk to drink, didn't you?" "I guess I didn't drink any of that milk," she indignantly replied. "Do you know where grandpa got it? I saw him squeeze it out of an old cow!"

"At least," I moralized, "our city dealers can plead a mitigation of this offence; in fact, I am informed that a few days ago one of our lacteal (alleged) fluid vendors took a trip into the country and on his return was loud in his denunciations of the reckless manner in which savage wild beasts were permitted to roam through the rural "deestreecks." "Why, what d'ye mean?" asked a bystander. "Mean! enough I should think," he replied; "why I saw a whole troop of ferocious horned brutes, and nary man thought of shooting 'em." "Why those were cows, man," replied the other. "Geewhillikins! dew tell!" exclaimed the milkman. Nuf ced. TOUCHSTONE.

## A GOOD REASON.

(Arkansaw Traveller.)

"Look here," said the Governor to a high State official, "when are you going to pay me that \$10?"

"Upon my honor, Governor, I don't know."  
"Why, sir, the other day when I mentioned the fact of your indebtedness you asked me where I would be Tuesday?"

"Yes, sir."  
"Well, wasn't that a promise that you would pay me Tuesday?"

"No, sir."  
"Why, then, did you want to know where I would be Tuesday?"

"Because I wanted to know where you'd be so I could make arrangements to be somewhere else."

## "FEMALE COMPLAINTS."

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I was sick for six years, and could scarcely walk about the house. My breath was short and I suffered from pain in my breast and stomach all the time: also from palpitation and an internal fever, or burning sensation, and experienced frequent smothering or choking sensations. I also suffered from pain low down across my bowels and in my back, and was much reduced in flesh. I have used your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription," and feel that I am well.

Very respectfully,  
DELLAH B. McMILLAN, Arlington, Ga.

## CANCERS AND OTHER TUMORS

are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp for pamphlet.

## EARS FOR THE MILLION!

Foo Choo's Balsam of Shark's Oil.

*Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the only Absolute Cure for Deafness Known.*

This Oil is abstracted from a peculiar species of small White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as *Carcharodon Rondeletii*. Every Chinese Fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing were discovered by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1410. Its cures were so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for over 300 years no Deafness has existed among the Chinese people. Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at \$1.50 per bottle.

## Hear what the Deaf Say!

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 Day-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. Day-st., N. Y.





## INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

We are permitted to give to the world the following correspondence, which cannot fail to prove interesting to Canadian readers.

HEADQUARTERS REPUBLICAN PARTY,  
NEW YORK, JAN. 1883.

Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B.

DEAR COLONEL,—Having observed in a recent issue of the *N. Y. Sun* that you are the greatest statesman on earth, with the exception of Bismarck only—now that Gambetta and Beaconsfield are dead—and knowing that the Republican Party of this country is at present desperately in need of such a leader, I write to ask you what your terms would be to take hold of our machine and run her for a few years. We are prepared to deal liberally on a cash basis with a first-class man, but if you are not what the *Sun* has represented, you needn't bother answering this letter, as we are in such an all-fired mess at the present time that nothing short of first-class ability would be equal to the task. Awaiting your reply,

I remain, Yours anxiously,  
ROSCOE CONKLING.  
Ex-Boss Rep. Party.

OTTAWA, JAN., 1883.

R. Conkling, Esq.

SIR,—Yours to hand. Would like further particulars before giving definite answer. As I have unfortunately lived most of my life in Canada, it is but natural that I should be in utter ignorance of your political affairs. I may say that the *Sun* has described me correctly. As to a cash basis, I am not particularly given to money grubbing, but if you think there's a good chance of getting into office and *staying there* that's all I want.

Yours with esteem,  
JOHN A. M.—D.

N. Y., Jan., 1883.

Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.  
DEAR GENERAL,—I send by express a bundle of American newspapers from which you may learn something of our form of government, &c. What we want just now, however, does not call for any particular knowledge of political principles—we simply want to get into office again. I may state that we have just been kicked out most ignominiously, and unless we can get up a good cry we are done for. From what I hear, you are the very man for us, having a special genius for getting up plausible gulls to catch the voters. What is that N.P. of yours we hear so much about? Do you think you could work that racket here? Awaiting your reply,

Yours, &c.,  
R. CONKLING.

OTTAWA, JAN., 1883.

DEAR CONK,—Yours rec'd. Sorry I can't possibly arrange to take the leadership of the Republican Party. Have had a tempting offer from the Democracy, through Mr. John

Kelly, which I must also decline. Would go without hesitation if it were not for the fact that the instant I withdraw my party here goes to pieces. The N.P. is the very thing you want, and what I would at once introduce were I leader—only it would be an N. P. of Free Trade instead of Protection. I can't go myself, but send you my talisman. Here it is—(to for the people's heart by way of their pockets. It never fails.

Yours with much esteem,  
J. A. MACDONALD.

Telegram.

Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald:  
Free Trade's our lay. Thanks. Sorry you couldn't come.

R. CONKLING.

## OUR FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Library matters are moving. The great institution is destined to become a *fait accompli*, and that before long—measuring time according to the City Hall calendar. Names are being suggested for the post of Librarian—the most popular as yet being those of Mr. C. Haight and Mr. Mercer Adam. Although an essential quality in a public Librarian is a loving disposition, few better men could be found than *Haight*: on the other hand Mr. Adam has certainly the advantage of ancient lineage on his side, being descended directly from the Adam of Eden. We do not mean to intimate that there is rivalry for the position between these gentlemen; so far as we are aware Mr. Adam has made no sign of his feelings on the subject. It should be borne in mind by all who would aspire to the office of Public Librarian, that in addition to an exhaustive knowledge of books and the sweet disposition aforesaid, such incumbent should possess

A profound hatred of party politics.  
A keen scent for book-thieves.  
A Faun-like deportment.  
A thorough knowledge of book-keeping.  
A passion for everything novel, and several other mental and moral attributes.

In connection with this subject we have much pleasure in noting that the following valuable presentations have been or are about to be made to our Free Library:

I. Blue Books and Sessional Papers of Ontario, 1883. Departmental Reports, Ontario. (These latter documents are musty with age, having been brought down some years behind time, but are of interest to the antiquarian.) Donated by Mr. Mowat.

II. "The Pleasures of Hope," and "A Midsummer's Night's Dream." Donated by Hon. E. Blake.

III. "Atmospheric Architecture: or, How to build Castles in the Air," by E. Chamberlain. Presented by Mr. J. C. Commer.

IV. Copy of a Bill to abolish Dry Rot, or for the suppression of Government speeches in the Local House. Donated by Mr. Creighton, M.P.P.

V. "Adventures in the North-West Shares," by the Duke of Manchester, 3 vols. Donated by Mr. O. B. Sheppard.

Other presentations we shall have pleasure in announcing from time to time.

"I want to improve my mind," said a rustic as he walked into a King-street bookstore, and accosted a clerk. "Have ye got any mind fertilizers?" "Yes sir; here's Hogg's Biography of Fryer Bacon; and Young's Night Thoughts, and—" "Oh! bosh, what's that over there with the greenery yaller cover?" interrupted Haw-buck. "That; oh! that's GRIP'S ALMANAC for 1883." "That's the stuff, hand her over," and he planked down his shin plaster and went out with an anticipatory smile on his countenance that was only prevented from decapitating him by the size of his auriculars.

## YE DOOK AND HYS COMPANIE.

Hys Grace ye Dook came o'er ye sea  
And started a goodlie companie.

A goodlie gang they were I ween  
As erst in Canada had been seen.

They came in droves and eke in mobs  
To join ye companie of ye mobs.

Men of much wealth and tight of fist  
Did write their names down on the list.

They bought ye stock and they bought ye shares.  
Gad Dooks! they thought them millionaires;

They bought them coats of heaver fur,  
Just like Hys Grace of Manchester.

They bought them canes with ivory crooks,  
And they fancied themselves so many Dooks,

And thought of the large prospective gains  
They'd make from their "spec" on the prairie plains.

Here times were slow and they couldn't wait,  
Each wanted to make his fortune straight.

And many a flagon of wine they took,  
And drank to the health of the noble Dook.

For "fiz" and Hock they loud did cry,  
And voted vulgar good old rye;

They wore kid gloves and silken hats,  
Just like A-r-aristocrats,

Or swells with blood of the deepest blue,  
Like Robert Strogo Montague.

They proud and prouder grew, until  
Each thought himself a Mandeville.

Their notions rose up high and higher,  
Till a cablegram came over the wire

From England's shore across the sea,  
To Canada in America.

They from that cablegram did learn  
The Dook had shook the whole concern;

And they all had the honor of being shook  
By the hand of My Lord Hys Grace the Dook.

## A WAIL FROM THE BANK:

OR,

I CANNOT LIE; THE COLD SNAP DID IT.

Oh! I sigh for that ulster I "spouted" in summer!  
There's no heat in celluloid collars and cuffs,  
And I envy the warmly clad dry-goods house drummer,  
I envy the ladies their tippets and muffs.  
Oh! the wind pierces so,  
As bankwards I go,  
All ulsterless, shivery, oh! oh! oh!

Ah! Clara, 'tis thou that I blame for my sufferings.  
You hinted at ice-cream and candies suggested,  
You knew that my salary could ne'er pay for my offerings,  
And I trust that those candies were badly digested.  
For the wind pierces so,  
As bankwards I go,  
All coatless and shivering, ugh, ugh, oh!

Oh! lend me two dollars to get out my top coat,  
Take up a subscription, ye cashiers and tellers:  
And, whatever you pawn in the summer, don't pop coat,  
Or in winter you'll rank with those heartrending fellers  
Whom the wind pierces so,  
As bankwards they go,  
All ulsterless, shivery, ugh, oh! oh!

—ASS'T TELLER.

[This poem is not excruciatingly funny, nor clever. When we consider who and what the writer is, we are not surprised at the fact. We are truly sorry for his misfortunes, and shall be happy to receive contributions to assist him to redeem his ulster. Let him take comfort in this fact, however: the ulster is all right and only awaiting the coming of its owner, for when we went, last Saturday, to return the ticket on our own, the tails of Assistant Teller's, which we recognized by the peculiar cut of its reef point, were wildly flapping in the breezes of Queen St. East.

If with rollicking fun  
You would never have done,  
And with laughter your sides you would crack.  
Just open the door  
Of the nearest bookstore,  
And ask for a GRIP'S ALMANAC.  
And the date of the one with which most pleased you'll be  
Is one thousand, eight hundred and fourscore and three,



MR. MOWAT'S NIGHTMARE.—“THE AWARDED TERRITORY IS BEING STOLEN!”

**THE CHURCH DOOR HOBBADEHOY.**

I.—HIS HABITS.  
Oh! I sing  
Of a thing  
That is seen in the spring,  
In the summer and winter and fall;  
Where'er  
You may stare  
It is sure to be there,  
And as surely will stir up your gall.  
And the name  
Of the same  
To the world I proclaim—  
Is that creature, not man nor yet boy,  
But a callow  
And fallow  
With complexion like tallow,  
And a head that might just as well be a marshmallow;  
So perfectly shallow and ideally fallow,  
A pimply faced hobba-de-hoy.  
Oh! in truth  
This uncouth  
And most angular youth  
Makes me painfully angry and nervous,  
As he stands  
With the bands  
Of church portal brigands,  
As he waits for the close of the service.  
Do spy  
What a sly  
Cunning look in his eye,  
As the girls at length make their appearance,  
Oh! I would  
That I could  
Of the whole callow brood  
Of these youths make a regular clearance.  
Hear him speak:  
What a squeak!  
It is really unique.  
His voice, gentle reader, is breaking.  
Now 'tis bass: now it floats  
Into high alto notes,  
As he favors his "mash" with some choice anecdotes,  
Whilst an impress he fancies he's making.  
II.—HIS GARB.  
Oh! the "pants"  
Of these "gents"  
Are really "impressive."  
So soulful, so utter, and intensely intense,  
As they lovingly cling to the skin  
Of the halves  
Of his pees,  
i. e., calves,  
Of his legs.  
Which are always most painfully thin.  
Then his coat  
Is so short  
That away goes each thought  
That is sad, when we see it, or solemn;  
Why it's end  
Don't extend,  
When his body doth bend,  
To the close of his vertebral column.

**FINALE.**

I opine  
You will "jine"  
Your opinion to mine,  
When I vote this young fledgling ridiculous:  
But why,  
Then, should I  
The poor creature decry,  
When with laughter the lacrymal drop to my eye  
He brings, and his oddities tickle us?  
Nay, let endeavor  
To sever  
For ever  
All thoughts that are cross from the subject:  
And the while  
Let us smile,  
In place of permitting a stir in our bile,  
For the hobba-de-hoy is a thing without quile  
Tho', in truth, a most laughable object.

"Mr. Drake, who put down the first oil well in America, and who at one time was worth 1,000,000 dols., died in the work-house."—Exchange. The unhappy Drake must have been assisted by the proverbial ducks in the disposal of his money.

A MUSICAL FISH.—We see that a famous Stradivarius violin has been purchased by a gentleman of the name of Haddock. We should have thought, the harp of 'Errin' was more "a his line."

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, consumption, night sweats and all lingering coughs, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy. Superior to cod liver oil. By druggists.

**CONSUMPTION.**

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOOUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

(Established 1854.)

**ECKERSON & MILLMAN,**

Photographers,

76 King-st. West, - - HAMILTON.

For the BEST PHOTOGRAPHS, at the Lowest Prices, go to ECKERSON & MILLMAN, Hamilton.



DR. E. G. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay, and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhea, caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse, or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box, or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantee issued only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 81 and 83 King Street East (Office upstairs), Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in Canada.

**"The Only one in America."**

The International Throat and Lung Institute, Toronto and Montreal, is positively the only one in America where diseases of the air passages alone are treated. Cold inhalations are used through the Spirometer, an instrument or inhaler invented by Dr. M. Souville of Paris, ex-aide surgeon of the French army, with proper dietetic, hygienic, and constitutional treatment suitable to each case. Thousands of cases of Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness and Consumption have been cured at this institute during the last few years. Write, enclosing stamp for pamphlet, giving full particulars and reliable references to 173 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.; 13 Phillip's Square, Montreal, P.Q.

**A. W. SPAULDING, L.D.S.**

DENTIST,

51 King-st. E. (south side),

Just west of Toronto Street,

**TORONTO.**

Evening Office and Residence, Jameson Avenue, Parkdale.