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 The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

49 King St. East, Toronto.

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 No. 5.

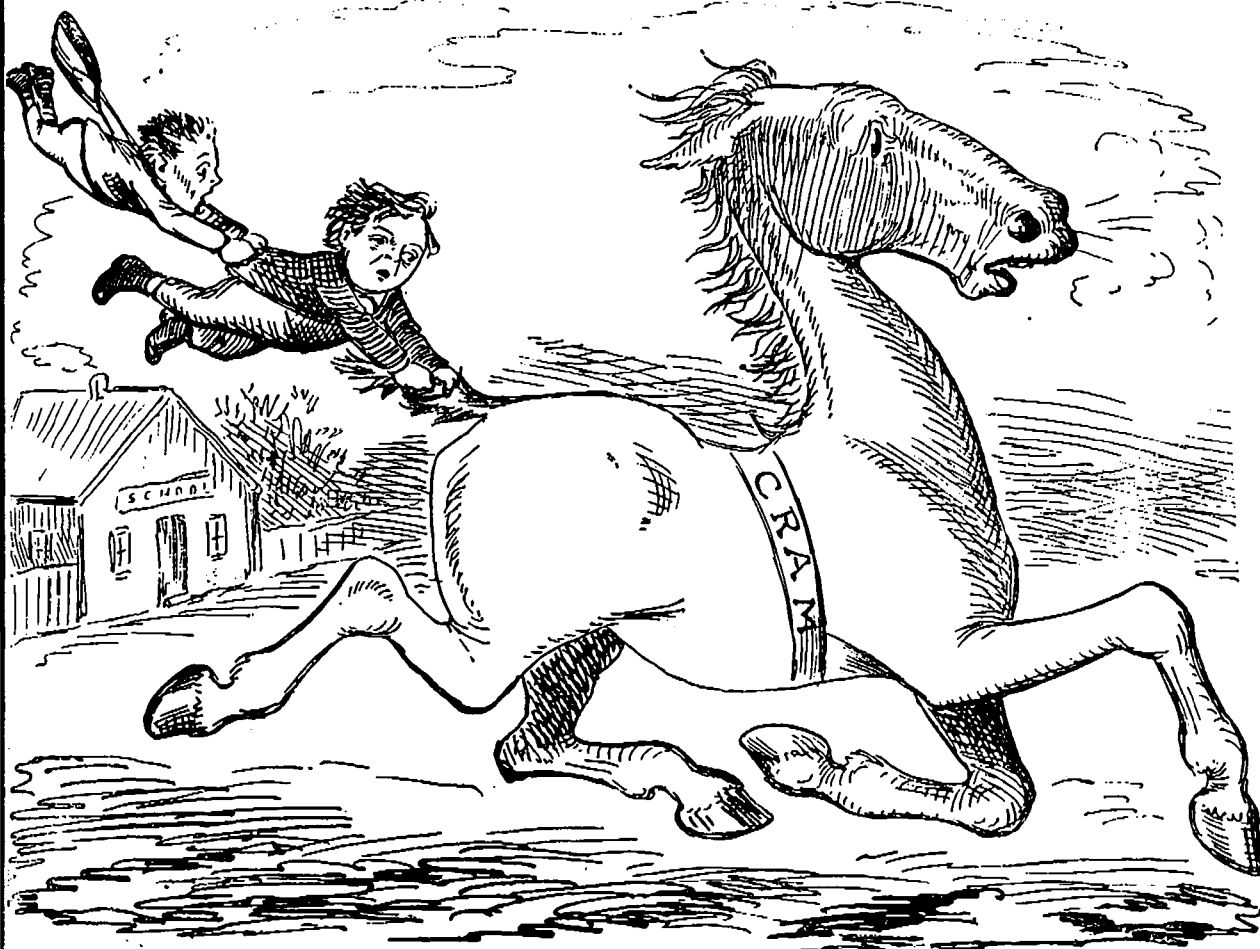
TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1881.

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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.

### To Correspondents.

*Mc., Watford.*—Of course we would require photos.

*E. B., Montreal.*—Will return your MSS. as desired.

*A. B., Chatham.*—We are awaiting your second sketch.

### Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—There seems to be a general dread that the Government will disallow the charters granted by the Manitoba Legislature to the South Eastern and South Western Railways. This apprehension at all events prevails in the Province most deeply interested, and we find our exchanges from that vicinity, without respect to party, crying out in tones both of warning and threatening. The Portage La Prairie *Review* goes so far as to intimate that the secession of Manitoba from the Dominion will be the almost certain result of such action, should it be actually taken by the Ottawa Administration. This is a question which should be looked at aside from partizanship, if ever there was one. If the Government consults the wishes of the Syndicate instead of those of the people, it will be doing a grievous wrong, and doing it gratuitously. Nobody pretends that any principle of Conservatism requires the disallowance of these charters, nor is it asserted on any side that the bargain binds the Government to do so. On the contrary, Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper both gave the Syndicate and the country to understand that charters granted by Manitoba before the ratification of the contract would not be interfered with. Sir John Macdonald has never been wanting in pluck, and now or never is his opportunity for nobly showing it. Let him stand by the rights of the country against the grasping giant, and snub its insolence once for all, if he wishes to have his name honoured and cherished by future generations. We earnestly trust that he will prove himself equal to this great emergency.

FRONT PAGE.—The cramming system in our public schools has of late received a pretty thorough ventilation, and not a moment too soon. The position of the average pupils hitherto is pictured in our sketch. As a committee of the School Board now have the whole matter under consideration, we hope they will hit upon some means of rectifying the evil by rescuing the juvenile Mazepas from their frantic charger, or

else inducing that noble steed to go a good deal slower.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A few sentences of Mark Twain's speech at Montreal were believed to have reference to our esteemed contemporary, the *Telegram* man, who is distinguished above all other "Toronto publishers" as an adaptor of two dollar American books to the popular price of 15 cents. Mark's joke was very good in its way, but J. R. R. is also a great wit, and perhaps *his* joke will be still better when he seizes Mark's forthcoming "History of England" and publishes it at the usual discount. And we are informed he will be perfectly safe in so doing, notwithstanding Mr. Clemens's "domicile" in Canada, which is altogether too gauzy to hold legal water.

Rev. Father Stafford has written a noble letter to the *Kingston Whig* in reply to Mr. Anglin, a member of the local Public School Board, who at a recent meeting objected to the appointment of a lady teacher on the ground that she was a Roman Catholic. Although Father Stafford's letter is of course couched in the most courteous and tolerant language, he might easily have been excused had he written angrily of this irritating piece of bigotry. When the School Law so pointedly states that the teaching profession in Canada is open to all, without regard to creed or colour, it is humiliating to find a man occupying the position of a trustee in a leading city of the country who would allow his personal feelings to impose a wrong upon a large class of the community.

One sentence in the good priest's letter, however, strikes us queerly. It is as follows:—

"I have no fault to find with Mr. Anglin's preference to have his children taught by Protestant teachers, provided he does so legally and not at the public expense, and to the prejudice and detriment of other men's rights.

To this it might be replied, that if Protestant people are only right in preferring Protestant teachers when they do so at their own expense, then Roman Catholics should be subject to the same rule, and thus the whole separate school system is acknowledged to be wrong.

Mr. McMurrich is in the field for re-election to the Mayor's chair, and the citizens certainly cannot do better than return him. His course during the past year has been distinguished for just such qualities as we wish to see in our chief magistrate, and his natural gifts and graces fit him pre-eminently for the position. *Grip* will plump for McMurrich!

A number of esteemed subscribers have written us with reference to the circular enclosed with the issue of a fortnight ago. Had these worthy gentlemen read the business manager's notice in the same issue, they would have learned that the circulars referred to were not intended for any excepting those whose subscriptions are unpaid. Besides, the wording of the circular itself made this quite clear.

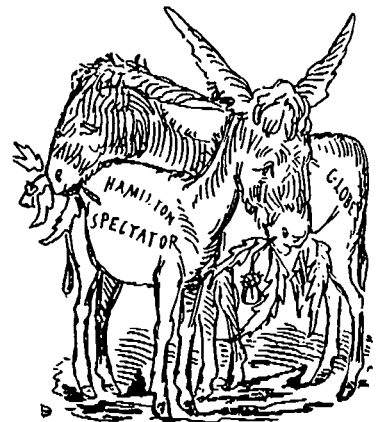
We are in receipt of a letter from a very witty but judiciously anonymous correspondent, who suggest that our title should be spelled with a final "t" instead of "p." If the correspondent means to allege that *Grip* is conducted with an unfair leaning to the Grit side of politics, a few dry facts would go further to convince than a little joke, however funny. *Grip* owes allegiance to no party at present existing in the Dominion. Its mission is to hold up the weaknesses of public men and measures without regard to party, and if in any recent case it has failed to do so, it ought to be easy for our correspondent to point out the circumstances.

There is only one thing that excites our contempt more than the falsity, fatuity, and intolerance of partyism, and that is the habit some people have of making sweeping charges without backing them up by facts.

The *Budget*, an ably conducted insurance paper published in this city, is making a series of spirited attacks on the Mutual Aid Associations that profess to insure the lives of their members. These associations are declared to be illegal and fraudulent, without exception. If this is so, why doesn't our Inspector of Insurance look after them?

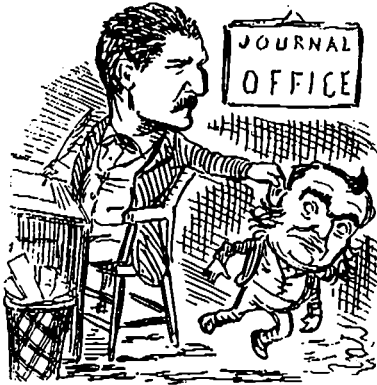
The Whitby Collegiate Institute has won the handsome silver cup offered by Sir Hector Langevin for competition at the annual athletic games. This Whitby school has a habit of winning things, and its muscular record bids fair to equal its scholastic fame. We acknowledge with pleasure a photograph of the cup kindly sent by the Principal, who says he would like to pledge every old boy of the school on this mighty goblet. Long may he live and the good old school too!

By an oversight of the mailing clerk, *Grip* was not sent to certain of our exchanges for the past two weeks. We hope this will not occur again.



THEY KNOW ALL ABOUT IT.

An allegorical sketch, respectfully dedicated to certain prominent journals who have worn out our patience with interminable articles on "The question of Onts."



SERVED HIM RIGHT.

An Editor's *sanctum* is a proverbially dangerous place for a certain class of intruders. Mr. Rykert of St. Catharines belongs to this class, and he found it out when he ventured into the office of the *Journal* the other day and undertook to dictate to the Editor on the subject of introducing politics into the Mayoralty contest. The Editor of the *Journal* is a thorough-going Conservative—a better one in every sense than Mr. Rykert—but he failed to see what connection there was between the N. P. and the local Mayor's chair, he therefore declined the dictation proffered, and wrote in favour of the man he considered best fitted for the place—and who happened, as we surmise, to be a Grit. It is not related that Mr. Rykert was shown out of the *sanctum* in the exact manner indicated in the above sketch, but that is exactly the way in which Editors should handle wire-pullers of either party who presume to run their papers for them.

**The Time of Year.**

Now is the citizen at a premium and the alderman at a discount. Now doth the energetic citizen hunt up his grievances and lay in the balance his flooded sidewalk and his foundered horse, and hath no compunction in claiming compensation for either—all his compunction arising from the knowledge that he cannot get compensation for both. Now doth the aldermanic conscience twinge on account of unfulfilled promises made to constituents last year, and now is it quieted by sundry other promises registered until the second week in January, 1882. Now doth the voting citizen carry his head proudly and step high; and the candidate for municipal honours becomes "child-like and bland," and is very hospitable to the residents of a certain ward; moreover he is anxious about the health of the families therein residing, and asks his wife for nice receipts for the cure of whooping-cough and the mumps.

Now is the school trustee very amiable, and quite as ungrammatical and pragmatical as usual. Now doth he assure his friends that he will be down on those teachers, especially the women, if they ask for better salaries, and will see that lessons to any extent are laid upon the children of ignorant parents, who use this engine as a power for keeping their growing children from their necessary play. And to the wise he saith "Why should the little ones be bored with lessons out of school and in? I will alter this thing an't please you."

Now doth the cabby grin because he knows who will pay his election expeditures; and the saloon-keeper painteth a door so that it looketh like a window, and he studieth transformation thence diligently. Now do loafers hang round bar-rooms, like pearls on beauty's neck, and talk high politics and go into argument on the usefulness of the *genus loaffer* to the state, and especially to the city alderman. Now do the ladies throw out many hints to their lords about

getting "tight" on election day. Now do the lords resent the base insinuation and look fierce and straightway go into training. Now is it a pretty sure thing that they will win. Now doth the Past Grand—Alderman—declare that the streets are a disgrace to the City and that "somethin' oughter be done."

Now doth the easy citizen declare "That's so!" swear at his horse; blaspheme his wagon; and let the Board of Works off this time.

Now doth the Toronto merchant and also the city tradesman invoke the "beautiful snow" as the best contractor for roads he knows of.

(CIVIS.

**The Schoolmaster to his Love.**

"*Arma virumque cano.*"

When through the telescope I view  
The orbs that fill the skies,  
I think of their conjunction too,  
And then about your eyes;  
Why dost thou, like a wandering star,  
Four forth a wasted light?  
No more thine orbit trace afar,  
Become my satellite!

When separate sentences combine,  
United by conjunction,  
Each part in harmony divine  
Performs its special function:  
A period they—may, do not pause—  
We'll make; so let me be  
Your Principal; oh! be a clause  
Subordinate to me!

Whenever I and I we view,  
We only see I,  
Then let addition make us—  
A number prime but even,  
Two integers to be in life.

Divided by Subtraction?  
No! be my better  $\frac{1}{2}$ , my wife,  
My love, my vulgar fraction!

United thus no Gaul we'll be  
Divided "in tres partes,"  
To conquer in detail, you see,  
A general's true art is:  
But I will be your Caesar,  
His Cleopatra be!  
He did his best to please her,  
Come do the same to me!

We'll think not of the future, then.  
For present joys are perfect,  
Nor say too late "It might have been,"  
(Subjunctive mood, plus perfect);  
One part alone of veris active  
We'll choose—1st conjugation,  
1st Plural of Indicative  
Present—for recitation.

Then come and share my humble store,  
Reversions of my pension,  
My smatterings of various lore—  
And, lastly, need I mention,  
That never from that hour we'll part.  
We'll live and love so true,  
Reports that monthly vex my heart  
Shall vex *thine* own heart too!!

**Canadian Wayside Sketches**

THE COUNTRY HOTEL (continued).

No. 2.

The average meal here is a sad affair at its best, sad enough to somehow connect it in your mind with Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy; sadder even than its hot biscuits, "without which Louie is genuine." We all know its bill of fare, and can repeat it far more glibly even than the attendant, Hebe, it is as immutable as the statutory enactments of the late lamented Medes and Persians—men may come, and men may go, but it goes on forever.

Beef is good, but if the beef hath lost its savour, wherewithal shall it be beef? Pork is good, but if the pork be swimming in its native grease, I take it there may be some objections, at all events from a digestion and a palate which have been, in days of yore, accustomed to other catering. Cucumbers are good (pickled, of course), such at least was your impression of them under the manipulations of Messrs. Crosse & Blackwell; but after three years' experience of three times a day, you have been forced to the conclusion that you cannot support home industries in every respect, especially when they

have ceased to support you. For my own part, I have somewhat of a bias against pickled cucumber since the day I saw my *vis a vis* at the table devouring them with his codfish *a la creme*, there was a sort of savage incongruity about the act that I have never quite got over. I have witnessed many and varied gastronomical performances that would somewhat startle a Savarin or a Soyer, but as an unique exhibition of a refined and cultured taste this eclipsed all—no—when cucumbers are mentioned I pass. Apple-sauce is good, but the sacredness of this time-honoured institution forbids comment, but still one cannot live by apple-sauce alone, and yet one is sometimes driven to doubt it whilst sojourning in the wilderness of the Canadian Country Hotel. Last summer's crackers are good, by way of ornament, and from a depraved artistic point of view, but despite the mandate of Johnson, from an edible standpoint one prefers to do that kind of thing as gradually as possible, though that is not saying much under present auspices. Mustard is good, it is a condiment introduced from that land of epicureanism—the East—but I am not aware that flies are to be found in the original receipt; on the whole, mustard is perhaps preferable without flies, but *chacun a son gout*. All these things I say are good, but certainly not in the way they are produced before you.

As you look round the table, the impression that time is the essence of the contract becomes convincing; constant relays of hungry guests have come and gone whilst you have been endeavouring to get your cold plate heated to the proper temperature for the reception of hot viands, and by so doing, incurred the implacable hatred and contempt of the aforesaid Hebe, and of the whole establishment of "The Drury House." "It faut vivre," and you attempt to prolong the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest as best you may; but as you rise from the table, if there is one thing more forcibly impressed on your mind than another, it is the absolute necessity for the extension of the provisions of the Act regulating the use of knives and other dangerous weapons; you have also other impressions which you propose conveying in due season.

VIA TOR.

**Underground Theology.**

IN THREE ACTS.—ACT 2ND.

SCENE.—A small apartment in an underground base ment, populated by people unable to pay an above-ground rent. A man with a decidedly intellectual cast of face, a face having a history behind it, sits mending shoes, a useful trade he picked up during his compulsory sojourn at Kingston. Enter a rather well-to-do individual with a pair of boots in one hand and the latest number of the "Truth Seeker" in the other. He starts in surprise to find in the cobbler an old free-thinking disciple of his, whom he had lost sight of for some time.

FREETHINKER, (offering his hand which the cobbler does not see)—

"Why, Leon, what does this mean? How do you do? It's more than three years now, where have you been?"

LEON, (sternly)—

"Where have I been? to where you led me, sir!"

FREETHINKER, (pompously)—

"Ah! to the goal of free, unfettered thought, where, freed from all conventional restraints, from fear of God, or worse, God-fearing men, you taste at last the sweets of liberty."

Let me congratulate you, give me your hand. You won't, eh? are you ill? have you been ill?"

LEON, (starting up fiercely)—

"Ill! yes, I have been ill! ill with an ill that comes to all who follow such as you. Ill to the death,—of all in me of good."

So freed from all restraints, that here I stand a liberated felon! Ha! you start!"

FREETHINKER, (sneeringly)—

"Why, what's the matter? have these hypocrites, these sanctimonious snivellers tackled you?"

Or has your praying wife been a henpeck—?"

LEON, (clenching his fists)—

"Hold there!

Another syllable, and I will stretch you prone

As any grovelling serpent! serpent! aye,

Who stole into the Eden of my life;

A DUET FROM "PATIENCE."

AS PERFORMED AT THE OPERA COMIQUE, OTTAWA.

JOHN A. BUNTHORST, a "wired, wild, fleshy" poet.  
 ED. B. GROSVENOR, a politico-lyllic poet.



J. A. B. (sings)  
 I'm a devil-may-care young man,  
 A laugh-it-away young man,  
 A ghost-of-Ben-Dizzy-cal, quippy and quizzical,  
 I thumb-to-my-nose young man.  
 Defeat me if you can!  
 The luckiest-out young man,  
 The ghost of, &c.



E.B.G.  
 I'm a Northern Lights young man,  
 A soft-felt-hat young man,  
 A high-theoretical, iron-rimmed "spettical,"  
 Mill-and-John-Bright young man.  
 Oh! follow me if you can.  
 A pronising, fine young man;  
 An awfully sensible, scarce comprehensible  
 Hope-of-the-Grits young man!



J.A.B.  
 I'm a jaunty-old-boy young man,  
 A go-as-you-please young man,  
 A Charley O'Mallory, cher from the gallery,  
 And popular pet young man.



E.B.G.  
 I'm a Poor-Man's-Shirt young man,  
 A National-Hopes young man,  
 A close-exegetical, long-p unorthetical,  
 Lay-em-all-out young man.



J.A.B.  
 I'm a C.P.R. young man,  
 A great N.P. young man,  
 A practical-policy (Just like St. Paul, ye see)  
 Dish-all-the-Grits young man.



E.B.G.  
 I'm a logical, calm young man,  
 Sarcastic and cool young man,  
 An amply-sta istical, mazy and twistical.  
 Wind-you-all-up young man,  
 Oh! follow me if you can.  
 \*\* All things to all men, &c.

My happy life, with wife and children crowned,  
 And blessed and hallowed with my mother's faith.  
 Aye, sneer, (yes, I was weak beyond belief)  
 The sneer is weapon worthy of the man  
 Who used his stronger mind and greater knowledge  
 To wrest from weaker ones the faith and trust  
 Wherein their strength and their salvation lay  
 From self and human weakness. Noble work!  
 But when from yonder grizzly prison walls  
 I came, a blighted, branded, homeless man,  
 Was it a freethinker, do you suppose,  
 Met me with smile and warm extended hand  
 Bidding me welcome back to life and hope?  
 Not you, or any of your hopeless creed!  
 But one of those we oft have laughed to scorn,  
 (Whom you call snivelling, praying hypocrites.)  
 Bid me take heart again, the world was wide,  
 And said there yet was good in store for me.  
 I was ashamed. Said I, "I will go home."  
 "Yes, by-and-bye," said she, "but come with me  
 And have some dinner, after we will see.  
 Perhaps my husband may go with you home."  
 So I went with her, and I told her all,  
 And then said I, "I'd like to see my wife;  
 She was like you, a Christian sweet and true,

'Had I but minded her——' but I broke down.  
 'I cur soul,' said she, "don't fret, she is at rest!  
 She sent you love and blessing at the last,  
 And prayed for you and the dear children left—"  
 "Left! God! is my wife dead?" I cried, and rushed  
 Out of the house, into the glaring street,  
 Pursued by howling devils of remorse,  
 Until, I know not how, they found me here,  
 The Christian neighbours, *Christians*, mark you that!  
 They told me, since that night when, mad with drink,  
 I broke the law, she pined and pined away,  
 Dying by inches of a breaking heart,  
 But how through all she wanted not for aught  
 That well could smooth her pathway to the grave.  
 My children, they were cared for, fed and clothed,  
 By one who was a Christian indeed,  
 Who waited for me at the prison gate,  
 With my dead wife's last messages of love.  
*You will please mark all this was done for love,  
 By followers of One you call—impator.*  
 Hush! not a word! your words are veinless wind,  
 Weigh'd in the balance, against deeds like these.  
 This creed of love and hope's the creed for me!  
 Show me what fruit this tree of *yours* brings forth,  
 What have *you* done to elevate mankind?

How many creatures have *you* saved from ruin?  
 How many lifted to a purer life?  
 Have *you* at all enriched your native land?  
 Snatching the young from poverty and crime,  
 By feeding, clothing, educating them,  
 Till they become good men and honest citizens,  
 So strengthening the foundation of the commonwealth,  
 By that which, left neglected, proves a menace,  
 A source of weakness, danger, and decay?  
 Where are *your* homes to shield the homeless poor,  
 Your hospitals for children, sweet and clean,  
 With flowers bedecked, and pictures beautified,  
 And waited on with kindness and with love,  
*All this the followers of Jesus do.*  
 When I contrast His pure and holy life  
 With that vile sheet of yours, that blatant page,  
 The offering of a course and vulgar mind,  
 Who advertises his own photograph,  
 Price fifty cents, upon the back thereof,  
 I sometimes wonder whether I was sane,  
 Hoping from upas tree to gather grapes.  
 There, go, my choice is made,—God send to you  
 Less power to poison and destroy His work!  
 (Exeunt)

JAY KAYLIE



# JACK, THE GIANT-MAKER.

**THE SYNDICATE.**—YOU MUST DISALLOW THAT CHARTER. I KNOW IT WILL BE AN OUTRAGE, AND IT IS NOT STIPULATED IN MY BOND, BUT I WANT IT DONE, AND YOU HAVE POWER TO DO IT. YOU UNDERSTAND ME!

\* See comments on pages.

## The Joker Club.

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

"You lie like a tombstone," is a more forcible than eloquent expression.—*Rochester Express*.

No girl of proper spirit objects to seeing freckles on another girl's face.—*Seneca Falls Reveille*.

The footsteps of Death are as silent as the brass band of a defeated candidate.—*Rochester Express*.

"He has a Florentine, fourteenth century frenzy," said the aesthete, as he beheld the man with the jim-jams.—*Elmira Gazette*.

Bluffers says that a young lady on his street plays the piano with a good deal of feeling—around after the right keys.—*Yacoub Strauss*.

A celebrated writer says, "debt is a great stimulant." If he is correct in what he says, there are some men around this town in a chronic state of intoxication.—*Lovell Citizen*.

When Charles the First was about to lay his head on the block, he sighed and murmured: "This comes of not advertising in the local paper."—*English History*.—*Detroit Free Press*.

As President Gonzales of Mexico has been shot at only thirteen times during the past week, he considers himself in better health, and will hereafter wear but one corrugated under shirt.—*Ex*.

How is it that when a young lady runs off and marries a coachman, everybody generally, and her parents in particular, raise old Cain about it, and nothing at all is ever said when a bride marries a groom.—*Ex*.

The dumb oyster is never clamorous.—*The Judge*. No more is the dumb clam b'oyterous.—*Wit and Wisdom*. Both of these assertions are, of course, offishal, but may have been committed bivalvular processes.—*Ex*.

A man in Colorado a short time ago was sentenced to a life of solitary confinement, and the judge condemned him to serve out the balance of his days in the greenback party.—*Laramie Boomerang*.

A gentleman in New York has just moved out of a flat, and gave as his reason for doing so that his fellow tenants made so much noise stealing each other's coal and kindling wood every night that he couldn't sleep.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

The Mother has made a Lap. The Boy is in the Lap. He is looking at the Carpet. What has the mother in her Hand? She has a Shingle in her hand. What will she do with the Shingle? She will put it Where it will do the Most Good.—*Denver Tribune*.

Why are small-pox pits like members of a fire company? Because they run together.... A thing that kicks without legs—A gun.... How to treat a bumner—Show him no quarter.... An election return—Brought home drunk.—*The Baton*.

It is now said that Edison has turned his attention from electricity, and is studying on a patent medicine. In this he will fill a want long felt. What this country wants is a patent medicine. There are diseases enough, but no patent medicine. If he can strike a medicine that the people can take with a consciousness that by patronizing Edison he will not invent any more electric things, they will confer a great and everlasting favour upon the country, even if they are not cured. Edison may be lightning on a patent medicine, but he is a slouch on electric apparatus.—*Peck's Sun*.

"Bah!" he exclaimed, with an expression of great disgust, after kissing his wife, "I do believe you've been smoking cigarettes, cheap and nasty ones, at that." "It's only too true," she replied, nonchalantly, "I took them out of the bundle you brought home last night."—*Brooklyn Sunlay Eagle*.

The man who said the "pen is mightier than the sword" imagined, no doubt, that we wrote all of our rip-snorting articles with a pen. This is a common error. Some of our most eloquent and destructive gobs of logic were written with the stump of a carpenter's pencil on a paper bag.—*Bill Nye's Boomerang*.

Last Monday morning a poor but cheeky young man went into the employ of one of our leading dry goods houses, determined to get a speedy footing there. He got it Saturday night—the footing we mean—and now he is open for engagements, work no object if salary is satisfactory.—*Elevated Railway Journal*.

At a social party on Austin avenue the following proceedings were had: "So your nephew is going to get married?" "Yes, ma'am; next Saturday the knot will be tied." Little Johnny, who has been listening, says: "I say, ma, on the last day they let the poor fellow eat anything he wants to, don't they?"—*Texas Siftings*.

An Ohio young woman borrowed a pistol of one beau and while showing it to another fired it off. The ball struck her upper lip and went through the roof of her mouth. Here she took charge of it herself and swallowed it. The Ohio nature is the same throughout. It will keep everything that comes along.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A new boarder at the Occidental gazed at his plate, the other morning, and then said: "Is there a reliable physician stopping in this house?" "Yes, sir," said the waiter, "Good surgeon, too; eh?" "Believe so, sir." "Then, just see if he is in his room before I start in on this breakfast. I had a brother choked to death on a steak like that once, and I'm bound to take all the necessary precautions."—*San Francisco Post*.

"How to keep the boys at home" is a conundrum that is agitating the parents of the land. "It all depends," remarks the New Haven Register, "on the kind of boy. Some boys could be kept at home by establishing a beer saloon in the basement, others need a ball-room in the parlour; but the best way to keep a boy at home is to tell him to stay there, and make it a point to have him obey you. Begin early, and you have the problem solved."

A fond young lover who grew up in the sentimental shades of Riverdale, knelt at the feet of the girl he loved, and begged for a lock of her hair. She shook her practical head. "Can't do it, Harry," she said. "Hair's hair this season: \$5.75 for a curled bang, and a small fortune for a real switch, but never mind," she added, seeing her tender-hearted, sensitive lover weep, "never mind; just wait here a minute and I'll run up and bring you down a spoonful of my Sunday complexion." That comforted him.—*Hutchinson's Bulletin*.

There is now a brand of fine-cut tobacco known as Thistle Dew. When a man asks for a certain kind of weed and can't get it, he just purchases a package of the new variety and murmurs as he takes it, "Thistle Dew." This is an example of a new handmade English joke that we are now turning out at this office. We have, in addition to the above highly classic style of mirth, a good fair, average stoga joke at a much smaller price. Estimates made for almanacs, minstrel shows, and funerals. Send 10 cents for catalogue.—*Bill Nye*.

### Its Work in Strathroy.

It often happens that the opinion of an experienced man, an expert, if we so call him, conveys greater force than an aggregation of outside, uneducated testimony. And then, too, personal experience or observation is so much more convincing than mere assertion. Trained to habits of analysis and keenest accuracy, and from the very nature of their daily occupation, given to the most incisive criticism of anything of a proprietary nature, chemists, as a class, hesitate very long before indorsing anything of a remedial nature whose virtues have been announced through the public press. St.



Jacobs Oil, however, is so universally successful and so unvaryingly accomplishes all that it promises that the able chemist, W. J. Dyas, Esq., of Medical Hall, Strathroy, Ont., sends, with his friendly recommendation, the following from David Harrison, Esq., 9th Conc., Township of Caradoc:—Having suffered with inflammatory rheumatism since last July, and hearing of St. Jacobs Oil, I sent for a bottle of the article on the 15th of October. At that time I was confined to the house, and could not possibly get out of bed without assistance. After four applications of the Oil, the pain ceased entirely, and I was able to go about Strathroy in less than a week. I cannot give too much praise to St. Jacobs Oil for what it has done for me, and I believe it to be a most reliable remedy in rheumatism. Its wonderful efficacy should be brought to the knowledge of everybody.

### First Meeting of the Froggleton Association of Learned Longheads.

(By Telephone.)

(Continued from last week.)

FROGGLETON, Nov. 2nd, 1881.

Professor Fudge begged leave to draw their attention to a matter of vital importance to the public—he referred to patent medicines. A careful inquiry on his part had brought out the fact that in the United States and Canada there were, at present, 7572 different remedies. Of these 3931 were guaranteed to cure every disease known to man, while the balance would cure nine-tenths of them. Thus, if a person tried one of these cure-alls and failed to receive any benefit, he still had 3930 to choose from. If all these failed there yet remained 3641 remedies of the second-class. Truly we ought to be thankful!

Professor Swillpot quite agreed with his learned friend that patent medicines were a boon to mankind. He, himself, never failed to try every remedy as soon as it came out, and, as a consequence, had only spent \$352.10 on medicines during the past three years. But his friend had left unnoticed one great benefit which the enterprising manufacturers were now conferring upon the public. He referred to the method of advertising their wares in connection with some curious, scientific or other news. Thus were the masses educated and the road to health opened to them. It was a fact, however, that persons of uncultivated minds were inclined to indulge in pro-

fantly upon reading one of these articles. He had heard, not long since, a gentleman, who should have known better, curse not only the medicine but the paper in which the article appeared. This was to be deplored, but no drastic remedy could be applied; time must work the cure.

Professor Thumskrew drew the attention of his colleagues to a grievous want that existed at the present time. Doubtless they knew that all young gentlemen of breeding congregated around the doors of churches and theatres at the time of closing and amused themselves by squirting tobacco juice about, and staring in the faces of the ladies. Now, this habit was such a commendable one, that he would like to encourage it in every possible way. He thought if cushioned chairs were arranged for the benefit of these exemplary youths it would be a good idea. He had thought of spittoons, but the ladies' dresses would serve that purpose in the future as in the past. Also all the ladies should be compelled to stand for at least five minutes to allow of a few choice remarks being passed upon them. If his plan were carried out he felt certain it would elevate the morals of the community very greatly.

2.30 p.m.

Professor Tearem continued the discussion, after the noon recess. He thought that a petition should be presented to Parliament asking for an appropriation for the carrying out of his learned colleague's idea. A subscription might also be opened, the co-operation of the clergy being secured.

Professor Thumskrew said he would take his learned friend's suggestion into consideration.

3.30 p.m.

Professor Kant said he had noticed during the past few years a desire on the part of several clergymen and others to show that hell was not as hot as we had supposed. In fact some doubted its existence. This must be stopped, and he knew of no body of men better able to do so than this Association. Now was the time for them to settle the matter for ever, and give the people a hell on which they could depend.

Professor Leatherworks approved of the idea greatly. Such a chance might not occur again. He thought, however, that most people were punished enough on this earth without going for them so lively afterwards. He moved that fire and brimstone be omitted, unless in the case of those convicted of the heinous crime of dancing.

Professor Thumskrew (fiercely)—"No fire or brimstone? Why, what kind of a hell do you want, anyway? No fire! By the long horn spoon, I wouldn't give five cents for such a miserable abortion!"

Professor Tearem—"I agree with my learned friend; we want fire, and plenty of it. I hope Professor Leatherworks' resolution will be voted down."

Professor Swillpot suggested that they substitute a course of *Globe* editorials for the fire and brimstone.

Professor Fudge, sarcastically—"Or the Saturday religious articles of the *Mail*."

Professor L.—"Do you mean to state that the *Mail* articles are not written forcibly and well?"

Professor F.—"I mean that I'd as soon be roasted awhile as wade through such blunderdash. Hell is mild in comparison!"

Professor Swillpot (savagely)—"You're a bald-headed prevaricator, and for two cents I'd smash you!"

Professor Fudge—"Try it, you pot-bellied old humbug! Your chance is good."

3.40.

All is chaos. A general fight is in progress, and the air is filled with furniture and profanity. I have barricaded myself in the north-east corner of the room.

3.50.  
The row still continues. Professor Fudge is trying to ram an old copy of the *Globe* down Professor Swillpot's throat, while Professor Bilker is vigorously applying the boot of his short leg to the latter's rear.

4.00.

No cessation is apparent. Professor Kant is gouging the left eye out of Professor Tearem. Professor Leatherworks is under the sofa. Professor Fudge has got part of the *Globe* down, and is now beating a tattoo on Professor Swillpot's stomach. Professor Thumskrew has four fingers of Professor Bilker's right hand in his mouth, while the latter is chewing Professor T.'s ear.

4.30.

Calm has once more resumed sway, the storm having completely subsided. The discussion of eternal punishment has been indefinitely postponed, and the Association has closed its labours for this time. The members are now busy applying sticking plasters and washing off the gore. I am given to understand that they leave town for their homes to-morrow. It was originally intended to have a grand banquet to-night at the Rotten Egg and Blue Racer, and the landlord had purchased a couple of chickens for the purpose, but it will not come off. The visages of some of the distinguished gentlemen would hardly bear public scrutiny, and they feel indisposed after the last hour's exertions. You will bear me out when I say that the Association deserves the thanks of the nation for their disinterested and arduous labours.

6.15.

The landlord tells me that he will enter an action for damages against the Association on account of the chickens. This is really too bad.



PHOTOGRAPHIC.

SOUVENIRS OF A TRIP TO THE NORTH-WEST.

A Mr. Giga-chook, (or chew potatoes) Mr. Sitting Bull's butler-in-chief, who obtained his situation on account of his ability in imparting just the right coal oil flavouring to a pain-killer cock-tail, and who was presented with a silver-mounted cork-crew by a deputation of the Ontario Government when they made their celebrated trip.

B Miss Tish-won-Tish, (or terror on bread) who is now in the possession of the hearts of several of our gay and festive Mounted Police, and who is justly noted for the lovely manner in which she can do up a scalp.

N.B. She is the belle of Mr. Bull's camp.

C Hinnu-ma-ma, (or bones outside) Mr. Bull's favourite charger, the picture of Mand S., and who has been known to do his mile in 2.00 1/2.

D Koo-no-mis, (or nightingale) Mr. Bull's pet canine, who is supposed to have been the original of "man's noblest friend," and who nightly fills the air with melody.

E Wia-ha-tha, (or the moon) who in these savage latitudes is beneficent enough to allow itself to be sung to without calling on a shower of boots, hair-brushes, profanity, etc.

Our Telephone.

The other morning Grip came down to his office and sat for a long time, biting his quill and meditating upon things in general. The more he thought the more bewildered he became in trying to understand the actions and motives of men. Nothing seemed to be going right, everybody seemed to be at sea, and he

finally came to the conclusion to personally inquire of everybody what everybody was doing. So, picking up the telephone which hung at the side of his desk, he first rung up Sir John A. Macdonald. The following colloquy ensued:

Grip.—Sir John, what do you mean by all this loyalty business?

Sir John.—That's just what I mean—business.

Grip.—But how?

Sir John.—You won't tell?

Grip.—Never.

Sir John.—Honest Injun!

Grip.—Hope to scream.

Sir John.—Well, I'll tell you. Don't you see I've got to have something to off-set this confounded coal tax; and to throw against this measly affair of the Syndicate gobbling up the Manitoba and North-Western, and putting the screws down upon Wiunipeg.

Grip (with a long breath).—Oh; I see. But won't it have a demoralizing effect upon Boulbee's Band of Baldheads?

Sir John.—Not at all. It gives men like Ridout a chance to show their oratory which would never be heard. It thus saves life, you see.

Grip.—What did you mean by putting Wallace forward at the Convention to talk all that rag-baby rot?

Sir John.—S—s—sh. That's a big secret. You see the N. P. will not stand more than one racket yet, so I must get something ready for 1888. Then the National Currency will come in handy, and I've opened up the way with Wallace. If I don't need his rag-baby, I can easily shove him off.

Grip began to feel disgusted, but called up Hon. Edward Blake.

Grip.—Hello, Ed.

Hon. Edward.—Hello.

Grip.—Have you found a platform yet?

Hon. Edward.—Naw. 'Ain't looking for one. Let the others get up a platform, and I'll tear it into smithereens.

Grip felt a little more disgusted, but after smoothing down his top-knot, he called up Judge Mackenzie.

Grip.—Say, Judge, who burnt that contract? Judge Mackenzie.—Well now, d'ye see, I don't know about that. D'ye see, I've got to read about one thousand pages of evidence yet, d'ye see even then I'm only supposed to find that it was burned.

Grip.—But everybody knew that it was burned.

Judge Mackenzie.—Well, d'ye see I can't help what anybody knows; I'm not supposed to know anything, d'ye see?

Grip mentioned something about "knowing anything," and then called on Mr. Manning.

Grip.—What do you mean by offering that \$2,000 for a free library? Have you struck a gold mine?

Mr. Manning.—No, but I'm in the field for Mayor, and I calculate that \$2,000 will bear interest in the shape of votes.

Grip.—What are your chances?

Mr. Manning.—Good, as long as the *Mail* keeps quiet. But if they open out, I'll be "closed" up like a certain candidate last year.

Grip next called up John Riordan.

Grip.—Where is Christopher W.?

John R.—Gone to New York to try and get Farrar back.

Grip.—What do you want with him?

John R.—We are afraid he will write the Grit campaign sheet, and if he did he would bust the party higher than Gilroy's kite.

Grip then asked Mr. Trevalyen Ridout what he thought of the *World*.

Ridout.—It's a nasty, dirty, lying, miserable—and Grip dropped the telephone in a fright.

Grip next called up the Zoo, and yelled, "Harry Piper."

"What d'yer soy?"

"How goes the Zoo?"

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PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.



MARK TWAIN'S LITTLE JOKE.

IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A TORONTO PUBLISHER WHO TOOK THOSE DIAMONDS, 'CAUSE, YOU SEE, THE SHIRT IS LEFT!

"Blooming, my cockey, have made a skating rink, getting in an alligator, and a Fegee cannibal, goin' to have fox hunts,"—and the rest was lost in a jumble of words in which only "take somethin'" was recognizable. Gus thought awhile and came to the conclusion that he knew almost everything worth knowing.



A STRONG RESEMBLANCE.

Little Arthur is taken by his papa (a young-old gentleman who is constantly endeavoring to turn the hands of time backwards) to see his newly arrived baby brother.

PAPA.—Well, Arthur, do you think he resembles his father? That is, my chikil, do you think he looks like me?  
ARTHUR.—(After a very deliberate survey of baby and father) Well, no, papa, except I think he looks like you on the top of the head.  
PAPA.—Hee! That will do, my son, run away and play.

**Winter.**

(AFTER AN ANCIENT ENGLISH HALLAL—SOME DISTANCE.)

Air—*Summer is a-comin' in.*

Winter is a-comin' in.  
Loud sing, hello!  
Water freezeeth. Nor-west breezeeth,  
Poor man shivereth now.

After "acmes" sigheth boy;  
After "stones" doth curler hic.  
Sing loud, hello!

Loafer longeth after drink;  
Youth for ticket seeketh rink;  
Nymph declareth hers are "3";  
Masquer wondereth "when 'twill be."  
Fascinating hand night comes,  
Skater meeteth last year's chums.  
Sing loud, hello!

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TRADE MARK



THE GREAT  
**GERMAN REMEDY.**  
FOR  
**RHEUMATISM,**

*Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,  
Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,  
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and  
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,  
General Bodily Pains,  
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet  
and Ears, and all other Pains  
and Aches.*

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil, as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.  
Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

**A. VOGELER & CO.,**  
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Hello! hello! merrily sing hello!  
Sleigh bells jingle; fingers tingle.  
Loud sing, hello!

Merrily sing, hello!  
Frost-bites have a chance now,  
Cease ye not to sing hello!  
Loud sing, hello!

SHAKES-A-PAW.

"What made you so late?" asked Miss Adams of a little girl who was tardy at school the other morning. "We have got a little baby at our house," replied the girl. "Don't let it happen again," said the teacher reprovingly. The girl said she wouldn't, and took her seat.

A devout unbeliever: The great hit of the recent congress of free thinkers at Paris was the speech of an illustrious orator who, having inserted his left hand into the breast of his coat, made a passionate gesture with the right, and bellowed, "Gentlemen, I am an atheist—thank God."

**"On The Hip."**

This rather inelegant expression, used popularly to indicate that condition of things in which one person holds another securely by some circumstance, word or act, finds literal exemplification in the following narrative by Mr. John Rourke, of Ottawa, Canada. Mr. Rourke says: I have been subject to hip disease for 8 or 9 years, and have tried all kinds of remedies, but found nothing to give me any relief until a friend advised me to try St. Jacobs Oil. I tried it, and after using 1 1/2



bottles I am entirely relieved of pain, and have not been troubled since, now nearly six months. This is what people would call getting hip disease "on the hip."

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