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

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### Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—It is no fun being a father to two such prodigal sons as the C. P. R. Syndicate and the Province of Quebec. Poor old Sir John is proving this at the present moment. The former is a rather reckless speculator, and by a series of unfortunate deals made on the strength of the pile he got in the first place, has been obliged to come back to the paternal treasury for a slight temporary loan of thirty millions or so. The latter is a disreputable spendthrift, who has no excuse to offer for being in poverty; whose portion has been squandered in all manner of riotous living. As a judicious father it cannot be doubted Sir John would send this young scamp to the right about with his impudent demand, but what is the most judicious father to do when there is a pistol held to his head? His demand must be satisfied and of course it will be. This is what the old man gets for bringing up his boys in the way they shouldn't go, and the only pity is that the punishment falls on people outside of this happy family.

FIRST PAGE.—Nothing is better calculated to encourage the growth of democracy in this Province than the senseless waste of time over the speech from the "throne" in our Legislative Assembly. The speech in reply and the debate thereon have this session occupied a week of valuable time, for which the province

pays dearly. And what does it all amount to—a veritable soap-bubble. If this is a necessary part of the monarchical system, the sooner it is abolished and replaced by something more in accord with practical common sense the better.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Meredith has thrown his dagger on the floor! The tragic theatricals he indulged in on the stump have culminated in action. He vowed he would impeach Mr. Pardee for "High Crimes and Misdemeanors" against the Election Laws, both in the Courts and the House, and he has kept his word. A writ has been served and a motion made! The trembling culprit is on his way to trial; the *Mail* dances for joy, and the ministry shake in their boots! We calmly await the fun.

### PUTTING ON HEIRS.

In the *Mail* of January 30, a Mr. Scott announces his wife has blessed him with a son and heir. The happy father also makes the somewhat general request, "English papers please copy." It is to be hoped that the heir to all the Scotts will keep up the dignity and importance of the family, which is, no doubt, great, and will be heralded throughout the length and breadth of the land, if the English papers will only "please copy."

### THE REDSKIN'S REVENGE.

The Indians on the Reserve near Brantford have passed a ukase.

It declares a person named Mackenzie too truly bad to any longer enjoy the freedom of their city, as it were.

In other words, they have prohibited Mr. Mackenzie from entering on their land at any time.

Mr. Mackenzie's offence was writing a letter to the papers commenting on an alleged increase of crime on the Reserve, which increase the noble redmen deny.

Mac. says he really "don't ken hoo the Injins moc-casin out o' that."

But the Indians do, and vow they will make his wig-wam if they catch him on their land. They say that no bold buckskin shall insult them with impunity.

Ven-i-son of a gun of a Scotchman tries to arrow their finer feelings, they Kalamut tough customer right straight.

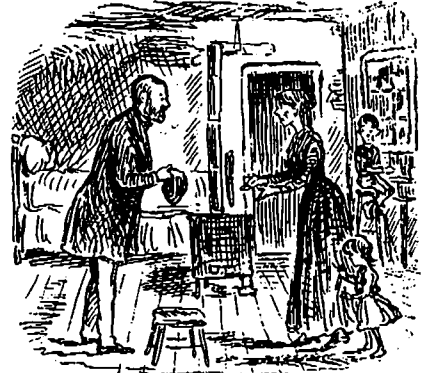
And brave-ing mad about it.

But Mac. needn't go and drown his sorrows In-jin.

### NONE OF THAT NOW.

The *Mail* is going to have libel suit for dinner one day pretty soon. It all comes of publishing "an insinuating despatch," according to what the *Globe* says. But the *Globe* is probably prejudiced about the case and makes this mean explanation to defeat the ends of justice and ruin the *Mail's* business. "Insinuating despatch," indeed! As if the *Mail* ever "insinuated" anything! The editor would not permit it. He is not used to it. He does not have to be, either. If there is any libel suit in store for the *Mail*, the able editor will see that his journal's repute for plain, out-spoken, over-proof lying is going to be sustained. No "insinuation," while the dictionary holds out.

"When a girl proposes and is jilted," we started out to observe. But one glance from her fierce and blushing eyes convinced us that she didn't propose to be jilted. When she goes for a fellow, she is going for him for keeps.—*Chicago Sun*.



### THE JOLLY MAYOR.

Air, THE JOLLY BEGGAR.—An old song in a new dress  
Respectfully dedicated to J. J. Mason, Esq., Mayor  
of Hamilton for 1883.

He was a jolly Mayor, an' a ovin' he was boun',  
Among the poorer quarters o' famous Hamilton,  
An' there he gaed a-rovin' frae morning until nicht,  
An' aye he gaed a-rovin' when the frost was keen an'  
bright.

Up raise the puir man's dochter,—a knock cam to the  
door;

An' there she saw the Mayor, a standin' on the floor.  
Quo' he, "I come a-rovin', sae dinna ye tak fricht,  
What ails yer fire, it winna burn, on sic' a' bitter nicht?"

"The times are hard, we couldna' save, oor wage at be t'  
is sma'";

For broken time an' sickness docked, o'or back's aye at  
the wa'.

An' seekin' wark we're rovin' frae mornin' until 'icht;  
But wark is scarce, we canna beg, o'or sufferin' aren't  
slight."

Up spok' the jolly Mayor, an' tears were in his een,  
"There's wood enow in Hamilton to warm ye a', I ween.  
Ye'll starve nae mair, nor hungry gae, frae mornin' until  
nicht,

An' ye sall hae baith food an' fire, for the frost is keen an'  
bricht."

He saw the starvin' bairnes, wi' faces pinched an' blue;  
He saw the sick wi' patient e'en, on beds that made hi-  
grue;

An' aye the cry was want o' wark, frae mornin' until  
nicht;

"Oh we wad wark, gin we had wark, tho' frost be snell  
an' bricht."

The Mayor in the Council stood, an' wow! but he looked  
braw,

"Mang Aldermen an' citizens, the mauliest o' them a',  
Quo' he, "I've been a-rovin' frae mornin' until nicht,  
My e'en are sick o' misery, my heart is far frae licht.

The decent puir are starvin', they've neither food nor fire,  
The fell wulf stands at every door, wi' sufferin' keen an'  
dire;

"I'll never dae, we a' maun stir, we live in Gospel licht,  
The puir they maun be cared for, when frost's sae keen  
an' bricht"

Sic rattle as Ezekiel heard, the auld dry bones amang,  
Sae quickly turned to flesh and bl id, the auld, the rich,  
the strang;

For Charity's warm breath divine, thawed Mammon's  
frosty nicht,

And sweet humanity prevailed, frae morning until nicht.  
Oh! cheerie glints the firelight noo; the bairnes, happy,  
play,

In hames where cauld an' hunger crouched, wi gaunt e'en,  
yesterday;

An' mony a secret prayer goes up, whaur weans "Our  
Father" pray—

God save the Mayor o' Hamilton an' lengthen long his  
day.

### EPILOGUE.

The Judge in yon High Court above, His e'e rins ower  
the bill,

For coal an' wood an' food supplied, frae oot the public  
till:

"Charge this to Me in yonder Book—Time to Eternity.  
What's done unto the least of these, is chargeable to Me."

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SYLVESTER SWITCHER.—Shall be glad to welcome you to our columns, and hope you may always acquit yourself as well as you have in this first attempt.

HENRY JUVENAL.—Much pleased to make your acquaintance in the capacity of a writer. Could you favor GRIP with a personal visit at his Front street palace some fine day?

J. F., GLASGOW.—Many thanks for papers.

## MEMORIAL LITERATURE.

I.—LEGEND.

(By a member of the Canadian Institute.)



N starting these historical records of Toronto, I have sent across the way three times asking our neighbor to straighten the blind on a front window. It has disturbed me for some time past, and forms a discord in the symphony of the street. On like principles I have not spoken to my adjoining neighbor lately, the front gate of his house being ruth-

lessly divorced from its natural supports. I want the poem to be complete. These trifling details will give the reader an idea how exact a record I propose my memorial volume of this city should be, and may possibly give an inkling of the poetic nature of its humble compiler.

Fifty years ago the street as well as the portion of the city which I am at present describing was entirely covered by a large oak tree—or, as some chronicles say, an oak and a maple: high mountains towered to the north and west, while deep lakes intersected the plains. Two-and-twenty windmills with several log-cabins of the early pioneers (of the wooden age) were artistically dotting the northern prospect. The weary traveller, seating himself on the southern shore of Lake Semi-Co could with difficulty discern the first windmill to the west, and with a sweep of the eye make the best way he could through windmills and log-cabins. All the east was confounded with the Dawn—since called the Don—he would gladly linger on the Dawn, but at the distant days of which we speak it was not a pleasant stream. Several Indian tribes had been beguiled to its sloping banks and had pitched their tents there in the twilight; alas! on the morrow they folded them quietly and stole away,—they stole whatever they could lay their hands on. Various were the pow-wows (now called In-



vestigating Committees) that were held as to the sanitary condition of the Don. One of these, published by the then Society for the Confusion of Knowledge, traces the curse that is attached to this fated stream. Ages ago, says the secretary, deputies from the Semi-Co and Musk-Coco tribes were summoned to the Councils of the Chief who resided in the

centre log-cabin before referred to, and about whose chimney smoke three windmills flapped their sails lazily in the zephyrs. The Chief dispatched a trusty warrior with sealed ballot-boxes, and in due time and to suit his purpose the ratepayers, permeators, scarecrows, dead men and duplicators were instructed in the great issues then before the people, and drawn to the polls in the private conveyances of the candidates. The returns were made by the trusty warrior, who brought back the ballot boxes unopened, and concerned himself merely with the name of the person duly elected. The case having been thrown from one court to another till the wealthy candidate became a pauper and his counsel retired into private life, the last court of three judges refused the unanimous findings of twenty-seven other judges, and directed a new trial on the open voting system; the trusty warrior to be flogged and ordered to collect all evidences of the said election and throw the same into the lake. After several months the trusty warrior collected all the had whiskey, electioneering fly-sheets, tin cans, spoiled ballots, dead pigs, etc., and on returning to the great chief was unfortunately capsized with his load and buried in the Don. At this point the chronicle and its entertaining secretary come to a dead halt, and what was done by his Committee, or what was the result of the accession to the River, is left in obscurity. He abruptly breaks off into a biographical sketch, which I will defer till later.

## OUR LOCAL ROYALTY.

## A POETICAL LETTER FROM MISTHER O'SHAUGHNESSY CONCERNING IT.

Oh! GRIP, oh! GRIP, upon my wurr'd wid' laughin' I nearly died!  
At the openin' of the parlymint, an' I laughed an' laughed till I cried  
To see the way thin folk went on, an' the way they bowed and scraped,  
An' made a grand burlesque, bedad, of the Sassenach coort they aped.  
You'd think they was all gone mad,  
To see such cuttins up,  
An' their antics was such that they looked very much  
Like those of a poodle pup.

The Lutinant-Governor av course was there, wid a beautiful gilt cocked hat,  
An' clost to him was his aidy-cong, an' wasn't he cuttin' it fat?  
He was dressed in a Hielan' kilt an' cap, wid a sword an' a skene-dhu line.  
An' he put me in mind, for all the world, of a Yonge street tobaccy-nist's sign,  
Wid his bonnet an' aigle's ploom,  
An' his knife an' sword an' bilt,  
An' his legs all bare to the cowl'd, raw air,  
An' his tartan plaid an' kilt.

The Governor-Gineral's throops were there, on a horse each throoper sat,  
Wid his sword in his fist an' a big white ploom a-top av his ould tin hat,  
Or himit, that's the name I think, but it looks like an ould tin pot.  
An' my! what a banging an' clanging they made when their horses started to throot,  
Such a clatther I never heard!  
But the band wasn't able to play,  
For the bandsmin blew a note or two,  
But the rest got froze on the way.

Oh my! wasn't it cowl'd that day, as sure as eggs is eggs,  
And I felt quite sorry whiniver I looked at aidy cong Geddes' legs:  
For it looks so quare to see a man widout his throwers, eh?  
Especially when the air's as keen an' cowl'd as it was that day.  
An' that bit av a pitticoot!  
It's a wonder he didn't freeze,  
For so short 'twas cut that 'twas near a fut  
From reachin' down till his knees.

At last they got to the Parlymint House, an' then there was lots of fun;  
The Grimadiers dhravn up in line, an' each man armed wid a gun,  
Printed arrums, an' the governor bowed from the carriage in which he sat,  
And he put his fist up twenty times to the brim av his ould cocked hat.  
An' the funkeys opened the dure,  
An' down Misther Robinson stipped,  
An' thro' the dure and across the dure  
The Lutinant-Governor tripped.

The place was packed wid high-toned folks, Toronto' purest blood  
Was riprinted, min whose kin was swells before the flood,  
An' people, too, as thried to pass as English by their spache,  
An' played the very ould Nick himself by neglectin' the letter H.

I could see wid half an eye  
That they wasn't nobody much,  
They wasn't nobility, or rele gintility,  
But thry goals min an' such.

I don't intind to say much more about the things I seen:

There couldn't have bin much more display and poms if England's queen

Had done the openin' business and her faytures here had shewn,—

There couldn't have bin more bowin' if she'd bin there on the throne!

Such januflitions, too,  
Such bendin' of backs, av'ck!

Such vain display as was made that day  
Makes Misther O'Shaughnessy sick.

And now, dear GRIP, I'll say good by, an' I hope ye'll find a space

For this, for don't you think thin things is rather out o' place.

But what seemed quarest of all to me was the heaps o' goold an' gilt,

An' to see an Englishman dhressed up in a bonnet an' a Scotchman's kilt.

An' so I laugh an' laugh,  
Till my breath is nearly spint.

When I think of the slobbery and empty bobbery  
At th' openin' of Parlymint.



## TEACHING WILLIE MEREDITH HIS CONSTITUTIONAL A. B. C.

Judged by his own public statements on constitutional points, Mr. W. R. Meredith has a good deal to learn about the principles of British Government, and a great deal of what he needs he might learn from the proverbial school-boy. Fancy a man holding a position of a party leader—and that party the one which claims to have most reverence for the British Constitution—standing up before an intelligent audience and saying that it is the prerogative of the federal power to take away any provincial right—however unquestioned—if that right is badly administered! He actually said this. He holds now that if the Local Government administer the license law of the Province badly, the Government at Ottawa may—and should—take the licensing power away from us altogether. Any intelligent boy could inform this brilliant statesman that neither the federal government nor the imperial government can—without outraging the constitution—lay a finger on a single one of our provincial rights, no matter how they are administered; that is altogether a matter for the people of the province to settle. Willie Meredith ought to learn his alphabet before he undertakes to talk about the constitution, or to lead a party.

We do not know whether Washington or Brigham Young was the father of this country.  
—Pretzel's Weekly.



THE COLD FACTS.

SKETCHES IN OUR SENATE CHAMBER.

CANADA CARNIVALS.

A PROTEST.

If there is anything in the literary or pictorial line that would impress the European with the beauties of our Canadian clime it is the carnival supplements of the Montreal papers. Everybody is depicted as being clad

either in beaver or buffalo robes, or wearing strange suits of blankets, moccasins and woolen night-caps that nobody elsewhere wears. And oh, those toboggans! the man in "furrin' parts" would imagine that all Canadians have one of these primitive vehicles eternally dragging after him, and the natural conclusion must be that Canada is a land of perpetual ice

and snow; that the inhabitants in their *outré* costume are unlike anyone else, and that people come from "the States" to witness the antics of these strange beings in their national pastime. The papers don't attempt to show that all these torchlight processions of snowshoers, skaters, and tobogganists are merely on the warpath for their own amusement, and their costumes and paraphernalia are as distinct from their ordinary vocations and routine of life as they can possibly be. People, as a rule, don't associate the ordinary Englishman with a suit of white flannel, a willow club and spiked shoes, or a red cutaway coat and a plug hat on the back of his head, then why in thunder should everything in the way of Canada illustrated, be in ice? A healthy man with warm underclothing can "knock around" all day in Quebec without an overcoat in winter, except, indeed, in exceptionally cold weather. Folks "way down south" this winter have been frozen to death! Yet people imagine mosquitoes are buzzing the year round there, amid the orange and lemon trees! If an unsuspecting emigrant should leave the blustering, blood-freezing breezes of Liverpool docks in July or August, and find himself on Champlain-street, under the Citadel of Quebec, he would say, while his eyes stuck out of his blistering head, "Blowed hif I don't think this must be the West Indies; where the bloomin' thunder is the Hice Palace?"

FIRE!

A youth in a gunmaker's store,  
Had a head the bright color of gore;  
Last week the young feller  
Went down to the cellar,  
The cause of some noise to explore.

He thought that it might be the cats,  
Or a large healthy family of rats,  
So he got a long pole  
Just to stir up each hole,  
And a ponderous pile of brick-bats.

Well, a he was prying around,  
With his rubicond head near the ground,  
The sill young goose  
Took some powder layin' loose,  
For to kill all the rats he was bound.

But the youth did not take proper care,  
And the loose powder fell 'mongst his hair;  
Tho' his locks were "not loaded,"  
The powder exploded,  
And the young man went up in the air.

At length he came down on his back,  
And his boss, when he heard the loud crack,  
A teleph ne went for  
The doctor was sent for  
And the youth was sent home in a hack.

The moral of this little rhyme  
Should be studied by all in the line  
Of deadly explosives,  
Fire arms or corrosives,—  
Discharge all your ambitions in time.

RUM PUNCH.

"Punch; or, the London Charivari," is a rum'un. This remark is suggested by the following jokes in the pages of that journal of January 12th, and what GRIP considers to be a sort of humble and colonial attempt to imitate the same.

JOKE 1.—"Change of Ireland's emblem \* \* instead of Shamrock the real rock ahead."

JOKE 2.—(Re Mary Anderson and her dinner to destitute boys) "Bravo, Mary! you're the Gal-a-tea who gives the Boy-a-laugh."

JOKE 3.—(Mrs Ramsbothan says to married niece) "While you were out the turkey-cock called for a christmas box, and I gave him five shillings."—It was the turn-cock.

JOKE 4.—(This one is a terror) THE CRY OF THE NEW YEAR'S CHILDREN. "Hang out our stockings in the outer hall." And while Santa Klaus pops in the toys, may be added, as the children are asleep, "The cry is still. They come," Oh, shades of Thackeray and Jerrold!



THE PRODIGAL SONS:

THE SPECULATOR AND THE SPENDTHRIFT IN TROUBLE AGAIN.



## KING LEVVILHED'S CONCEIT.

King Levvilhed, as everybody knows, was the mighty ruler who reigned over the people of Quellopart for so many peaceful years. King Levvilhed took a fatherly interest in the welfare of his subjects, and was ever on the alert to discover some new plan for their well being.

King Levvilhed went in and out amongst his people as though he were one of them instead of being their sovereign, and no injury could come to any, no injustice could be done, and no opportunity could arise for ameliorating the condition of even the meanest of the population, without the good king knowing it, and immediately the injury was healed, the injustice was removed, and the opportunity availed of.

In travelling to and fro, King Levvilhed had noticed one very peculiar circumstance. It was this: that by some sinister fortune the persons best fitted for positions of trust and responsibility were never found therein, and that the persons most skilful in one occupation were invariably employed in an occupation quite dissimilar. Everybody held a place which everybody else would have more highly adorned, and everybody could better perform what was vainly attempted by another.

At the theatre King Levvilhed ascertained, by mingling amongst the critics in the audience, that the actors were one and all lamentable failures, and while the king was saddened at learning this fact, he was, on the other hand, much pleased to know that there were so many fine actors amongst the critics. In short they were the least competent persons that could possibly have been found for that vocation. This fact King Levvilhed got from the actors, in whom the critical faculty, as they took occasion to impress upon his majesty, was specially acute.

And so it was in every department of art, science, and business enterprise.

This grievous state of things caused King Levvilhed to ponder long and earnestly that he might rectify it. He felt that it would not only redound to the happiness of all for each to be placed where he properly belonged, but it would also be of incalculable benefit to the kingdom, and increase the wealth and prosperity thereof, should the right man everywhere be put in the right place.

Therefore, on a certain day, King Levvilhed made proclamation that all his subjects, whatever their place, post or position, should forsake their several callings simultaneously, and meet upon a great plain, where the king would meet them and give to each man the place for which he felt himself best fitted.

This plan seemed good to King Levvilhed and he straightway set about to put it to trial. The people forsook their occupations as he commanded, and gathered together upon the great plain in the presence of the king; but when the people were asked to choose that for which they were best fitted, it was found that each could do everything excellently excepting that branch of industry in which he was already engaged.

Here was a dilemma the king had not foreseen, and he knew not what to do. It is true that each of his many subjects thought himself peculiarly fitted to edit a newspaper, but it was, of course, quite out of the question that all should become journalists. A kingdom composed entirely of newspaper writers would be altogether too peaceful.

The king was quite overpowered by the versatility of his subjects, and there is no knowing how ever he could have got out of the predicament in which he found himself, had not his prime minister, the sagacious Blunderwell, whispered a word of counsel into the royal ear. King Levvilhed was pleased with the advice of his prime minister, and commanded everybody to go back to the occupation which he had forsaken.

And so it was.—*Boston Transcript.*

## SCISSORS' TRANSLATIONS.

By our own LL.D. and A. S. S.

## HYPERBOLE.

"What think yourself, in Heidelberg met I once an African, who was so black, that one a Light strike must for him to see."

"And I have in Mannheim recently a Gentleman seen, who was so thin, that he twice in the Room enter must for generally noticed to be."

## DURING INSTRUCTION HOUR.

LIEUTENANT:—"Say once, Wintermeyer, what is Subordination?"

RECRUIT:—(gives no Answer).

LIEUTENANT:—"Well, now, think once of thy beautiful Paulina!"

RECRUIT:—"Subordination is, if the Herr Lieutenant of my Sweetheart a kiss have will and I have no objection to it."

OFFICER:—"Who has the Powder invented?"

RECRUIT:—"Possibly, one of the Artillery?"

## FAILED TO WORK.

(Herr Joker lays at the end of a consultation with the toothphysician three marks upon the table)—"That is probably for my servant?" questioned the tooth-artist condoingly, "No," replied Herr Joker, "for you both."

## INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

STUDENT FRITZ:—"Say, Karl, the Jenkins, our tailor, has himself an estate bought."

STUDENT KARL:—"The tailor! That is to me, however, inconceivable how a tailor rich became can, whom pays at all no one."

## NATURAL HISTORY.

PUPIL (recites):—"The lion is a fierce, wild animal; the lion, if he once blood tasted has, then wishes he immediately a whole-blood-pudding."

## FALSE IMPRESSION.

JUDGE:—"So you regret, to the plaintiff in your passion a box-on-the-ear given to have?"

## WANTED TO QUALIFY.

Mr. Puffup Doughnot received an appointment to office the other day, and with an important air he strode into old Squire Squintum's room and remarked:

"Squire, I want to be qualified for my new office, and pretty blamed quick too."

The Squire looked him over and then slowly said:

"Well, Puffup, I can swear you in, but no power on earth can qualify you for the office."  
*Hatchet.*

Bad cheese—Comanches.—*Newman Independent.*

Business week—the week before Christmas.  
Business week—the week after Christmas.—*Hoosier.*

## WHAT HIS VOICE NEEDED.

A prominent young newspaper man in the city, who is noted for his versatility and varied accomplishments, lived in the same house with a professor of music.

During the course of the evening they called on the professor who entertained them with playing choice selections on the piano.

At last the young newspaper man who prided himself upon his voice said:

"Professor, I've got the finest uncultivated baritone voice in the city."

"Ah," said the professor, "I'm delighted to hear it." Give us a song. U'll play the accompaniment."

The newspaper man, nothing loth, approached the piano, selected a song, and proceeded to sing to the professor's accompaniment.

When the song was finished the singer inquired:

"Well, professor, don't you think my voice would improve with cultivation?"

"My dear sir," replied the professor, "cultivation wouldn't touch your voice. What your voice needs is ploughing, ploughing, sir. Nothing short of that will reach it."

Since that time the voice of the singer has been silent. 'Twas too harrowing.—*Hatchet.*

## JUST WHAT HE WANTED.

"Say, mister, ain't you the orator man what made a speech to us yesterday?" asked a country bumpkin of a Newman politician a few days ago.

"I have that honor," was the reply.

"D'ye remember what you said?"

"Well, no—yes, I remember the substance of my remarks. But why do you ask?"

"Why, you said that you made the welkin ring, and I've tried all over town to get one big enough for Maria's finger, and there ain't any big enough, and I thought as how I would come to your shop and get ye to make her one of them thar welkin rings. She's a stunner, and it'll take lots of welkin to make one big enough for her."

When you are forcibly struck by an idea, a judicious application of arnica and liniment to the affected parts, will be found to afford speedy relief.—*Chicago Sun.*

Ella Wheeler says there are no secrets about her age—she is sixteen. We supposed she must be fully seventeen. How easily one can be mistaken.—*Ely.*

"Why are you whipping that boy?" asked a policeman.

"He's my son."

"What has he done to deserve such severe punishment?"

"He ain't done nothin' yet, but as I am goin' away from home to day to be gone sometime, and knowin' that he'll need it before I get back, I thought I'd better give it to him now."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

"How's business, doctor? Many patients now?"

"Fine. Yes, quite a number."

"What is the prevailing complaint?"

"Meanness, and you need not hesitate to say that I ain't much of a doctor for that disease. It beats me and it will beat any physician who prescribes for it! But it's all over town."—*Hartford Journal.*

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says: "I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King-st. East either for a pad or for a treatise, etc.

THE MUSKOKA MAID;  
OR,  
FROM NORTH TO SOUTH.

BY JEMIMA JANE JAMESJAM.

CHAPTER I.

THE WOODLAND HOME.

Reclining against the gate opening with a path leading to the "front stoop" of a comfortable-looking farm house, facing the margin of one of Muskoka's picturesque, pine environed, and pike populated, purling pools pensively perusing a pictorial paper posed a pretty maid. There was no doubt she was pretty, so pretty in fact that she was acknowledged to be the belle of the 17th Range, on which rather tortuous and somewhat muddy line her father's house, mentioned above, was situated. The gate was rusty and the whole scene was rustic.

Ah, here it is that we get it! What is rusticity without grace? What is prettiness without culchaw. These at least were the thoughts of Hildibrand Fitz Hogan, as from beneath the dark shadow of a tamarac bush he looked upon the form of the young girl at the gate, his own *fiancee*, Jane Ann Jenkinson.

Hildibrand stole out from his covert of the bush with the panther-like stride of a political agent entering a doubtful voter's house with a surreptitious \$10 "to buy a calf." Approaching the unsuspecting maiden he gently whispered in her left ear "Jenny!"

"My, Hildy!" was the startling response, "how you did friken me!"

"Don't say 'friken' for goodness sake," uttered the young man. "Say agitated or something less vulgar. Nay, dearest," continued he with less sternness, "calm yourself; put away that silly paper and listen to what I have to say. You know, dear, that I am rich. My hay alone will bring in at least \$200 next summer, and that I am of aristocratic family. Mother's father kept a dry goods store on—I mean once—in Toronto. She likes you, in fact loves you as a daughter, but she insists before we marry, that—in short—you must get something approaching a lady-like manner and appearance; that, in fact, you must go to a lady's academy for some months and make yourself fitting to appear as—a hem?—my wife."

"Laws! I don't care," said the fair girl, with a twirl of her cinnamon-scented curls. "I know your ma is pretty high-toned, and I reckon I can git myself up just about as quick as any girl in Muskoka. Aunt Hanner will let me have the dimes and I'll start for town tomorrow."

"'Tis well," replied her lover. "I will escort you to the train. For the present, adieu."

"Over the river, later," said the young girl, laughingly. "If I don't astonish them all when I come home," she mused, "I'm a sucker, bet yer life!"

CHAPTER II.

THE ACADEMY.

It was late next evening when Jane Ann Jenkinson arrived at Madame Pompydours "Seminary for Young Ladies," and was escorted to the reception room, where she made known who she was, where she came from, her futuro prospects, and several other facts, all of which Madame P. listened to with apparent interest, for she perceived in the young rustic beauty a paying and profitable pupil, which did not prevent her fellow-boarders, who stared into the room and viewed her rather *outré* costume from passing a few running comments on her appearance.

"Get on to her hat," was the remark of Anastasia Anser, whose head gear was the envy of the whole school.

"Tumble to her bangs," said another.

"Stag her boots!" was the lady-like remark of a third.

"Where did it blow in?" "Is it alive?" "The woods are full of them," composed a portion of the appreciative comments of the young ladies of the fashionable temple of learning.

Though somewhat abashed at first by their magnificent apparel and haughty ways, the new pupil kept up her courage, and by a happy scheme in which she contrived to smuggle in a quantity of caramels and chocolate drops to the school for the refectory and comfort of the scholars, she soon gained popularity with them, and, being assiduous in her studies soon became a favorite with the principal. Although her French would make a Parisian or even a Matawan *voyageur* stare, still it would pass muster, as she knew in Muskoka. Although not exactly a Gottschalk, she could punish the grand piano to the extent of the "Maiden's Prayer," and the Silver Lake waltz. She could "tat" and crechet, and work woolen cats and other somewhat doubtful animals in all colors, in fact, she was as accomplished as the majority of the older pupils, and dropped her r's and broadened her vowels equal to a New York dude. She could also chew gum. At the end of her course of three months she returned to her happy home in Muskoka.

But in the meantime she had made a *mash*!

CHAPTER III.

HO, MUGGIN!

Jane Ann sat by the fire-place in her father's parlor, the bright sparks flying upwards, lit up with sparkling, though furtive radiance, the new set of jewellery that her lover had purchased as an engagement present, and which she donned on her return.

The light from the magnificent kerosene lamp (gas not yet being introduced on the 17th Range), showed her clad in the latest and most fashionable attire. A sky blue basque fitting neatly her graceful form and shone out in harmonious contrast with the sage green overskirt and maroon-colored polonaise. A simple gladiola was in her hair, and altogether she was a daisy.

It was not long before Hildibrand on the wings of love came to the house, bounded, so to speak, into the parlor, and clasped the young girl to his manly bosom. He only murmured "Jenny" in her ear.

"Sir," said Jenny, calmly but firmly, disengaging herself from the young man's loving, though "grisy" like grasp. "Your manners are somewhat rude, and I must say quite what I am unaccustomed to. Ah! weally is that you Hildibrand. Why I hardly knew you. Weally you do look so countrified! An! Hlaw, ye daw?"

Hildibrand stood aghast. Was it for this that he had advised his true love, his own Jane Ann to leave her parental roof to seek accomplishments and culture which resulted in such a display as this? "No, By Jupiter!" said he. "I-I Hildibrand Fitz-Hogan will teach this silly girl that I am to be her future lord and master."

"Jane Ann," said he, sternly, "what is the meaning of these airs?"

"My dear sir," replied the girl, "your language is coarse, and your manners are hardly what they should be. We will not prolong the conversation, if *you* please."

Now, it happened that since Jane Ann's departure for the school Hildibrand had become a steady and assiduous reader of a Toronto newspaper of democratic proclivities, yclept the *Daily Noose*, and had become strongly imbued with its republican sentiments, consequently his former aristocratic proclivities were very considerably weakened, hence when he found that his inamorata had blossomed into a full bloom aristocratic *grande dame* he waxed wrath, and made the following somewhat undignified remarks: "See here, Jane Ann, you've bin to Toronto for a few months in a

boardin'-school, and you are now puttin' on more airs than a country boss. You forgit, I suppose, how to milk cows, as you uster. I tell you I won't have it!"

"And I tell you I won't have you," replied the young lady with asperity.

At this moment a distinguished-looking stranger dressed in the height of fashion, drove up in a magnificently appointed barouche, coolly walked into the parlor, tucked the triumphant Miss Jenkinson under his arm, and led her to the carriage, the young lady merely remarking *en passant* that the orange groves of Florida "would be pleasant at this time of year," leaving her jilted Hildibrand standing like a statue before the fire.

L'ENVOI.

Shortly after Hildibrand received a piece of the bride cake and a box of oranges (per express, C.O.D.) he made up his mind to contest the riding, got elected, and is now known as the Radical member of the Local House, and is down on all Governors, Lieutenants, and otherwise.



P. P.

The soliloquy of PHILIP HARDING (missionary to Chandos), on sending his list of marriages to the "Church Guardian," proclaiming himself P. P. (PARISH PRIEST).

Philip was once an "Evangelist" called,  
But this will not do for me;  
I must have something imposing and grand,  
And will dub myself—P. P.

Since last ordained, I have taken great care  
To make all the people see  
That whether the gospel I preach or not,  
A "Priest" I am bound to be.

That unhappy schism fanatics once made,  
Although it set England free,  
I always felt, was a sad blow to faith,  
I'm sorry it's shared by me.

I want all around, my "Mission" to know  
Henceforth is a "Parish" to be,  
That I am the "Priest" with fulness of power,  
And, *this* makes me write P. P.

I love Rome so well, I wish we were one,  
But this, at present, can't be,  
Like a "Roman" as much as I can so seem,  
I'll mark myself with P. P.

Between us and Rome the difference is small,  
I fain would have them all see,  
For once, 'twas well said, and still it holds good,  
That difference is only a "P."

The Romanist, all men at once will declare  
A full blown Pa-pist to be;  
The Ritualist, child-like, at Popery may play,  
But only an A-pist is he.

"Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion." —Day's Business College, 96 King-st. W., Toronto.

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**CAWS AND CROAKS.**

John Frost has been elected president of North Grey Reform Association. It knocks us cold!

Fred Douglass, the colored orator, has got married. He wants to hear a little oratory from some one else occasionally, for a change.

Here is a Russian Prince acting as correspondent for the *Nineteenth Century*. But this doesn't overlap the Canadian journalistic Khan.

A Chicago doctor wouldn't slight a friend while he was alive. But when he found his friend on a dissecting table old-time courtesies were forgotten. He cut him dead.

Young Nutt, talked to about his assassination of Dukes, says the circumstances of the shooting to him are "a blank." But that isn't what was the matter with the cartridges.

The *Toronto Globe* contains an advt. from a man who wants to trade his farm for a newspaper office. And yet there are people prepared to dispute that this is an age of progress.

Cherubino, Baroni, and Angelo Cimeo are the parties to an assize court suit in this city. Seraphino Maccaroni has, probably, something

to do with the case also. They are Italians, although you would fancy them to be celestials.

Talking about the Provincial Photographers' Association, the members are interested in photographic pictures and not one of them is a foe to graphic—but fix this up for yourself. The material is all here for a powerful joke.

A man has invented a locomotive that will consume its own smoke. What the world is anxiously waiting for now is a boarding-house Missis who will consume her own hash, after which, a sponge who will consume his own tobacco may be attempted.

Col. De Winton is going to lecture on Canada. There are several Canadian newspaper men who are prepared to lecture on De Winton. If the Colonel cannot say more about Canada than the newspaper chaps can say about him, there will be no need of increasing the staff of our Immigration Department.

A couple of Canadian lads who were arrested as vagrants in Oswego, said it was all on account of reading "Peck's Bad Boy." They wanted to become pirates. You know Peck's Bad Boy was a free-booter. But the trouble was he did not get enough of real, first-class free-booting. The old gentleman was too fond of wearing light shoes.

A scientist says that man shows his superiority over woman in the number of pockets about his clothes. But is this scientist not aware that not only does this show his superiority of brain power but also his largeness of heart. He knows the pleasure a wife enjoys going through her husband's clothes on his return from lodge. And he indulgently panders to it.

Russia is rendering her accounts. She has a little one against Turkey—"war indemnity-bal., £250,000." "Please remit without delay" is marked on the bottom of the bill. Turkey will be so mad at this reminder that she will promptly send the amount and withdraw her custom for ever from Russia. But you really can't blame Russia. Business is business, you know!

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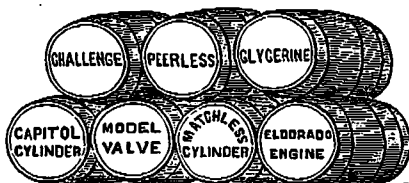


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