



VOLUME XXIV.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1885.

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· GRIP ·

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH

Rditor.

The gravest Beart is the Las; the gravest Bird is the 6wi; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON .- Since the barbarian world beyond our borders will persist in regarding the toboggan as the national emblem of Canada-a mistake which it seems uscless to get mad about-GRIP feels impelled to make the best of the matter, and he can think of nothing better than to extract such moral lessons from tobogganing as that popular Montreal sport may afford. Mr. Gur himself has never had the temerity to take a slide on one of those machines, though, unlike the vast majority of his countrymen, he has seen a toboggau. But he is given to understand, and has no reason to doubt, that it is far from healthy or convenient for a party on one of them to come in contact with a tree, when at full speed. The toboggan, it is alleged, is quite likely to take its departure in opposite directions when the collision occurs, having deposited its passengers up the tree, or elsewhere. In this peculiarity of the sport, GRIP sees a fine illustration of what lately happened to a certain reckless Premier and his confiding friend, the holder of the Dominion License. His frail bark, the McCarthy Act, which in the first place started unconstitutionally, came a terrible cropper the other day when it went bang against a decision of the Supreme Court. The Premier himself, was sent up the tree, but as that is a polition in which he has often been before, and which he is used to, he sustained no injury beyond a very slight shake. His Confiding Friend, however, who never for a moment expected such a catastrophe, is very badly hurt-not only in his feelings but what is more serious—in his pocket. In addition to being wounded, he is also liable to arrest at any moment, and nothing but the forbearance of the proper authorities can save him. This ought to teach Confiding Friends not to trust themselves to political tobogganers unless they are sure that there are no trees in the way.

First Page.—The Globe charges Hon. Peter Mitchell, M.P., with being a paid retainer of the C. P. R. Syndicate. Hon. Peter vigorously denies the charge, and in order that he may be understood as not taking refuge in a "mental reservation," he says "if any other form of words will better convey an absolute denial, consider me to have used those words." To this the Globe rejoins to the effect that it does not believe the Hon. Peter. Meantime, the Mail very properly denounces the meanness

o. Itho Globe in refusing to publish Mr. Mitchell's denial as written—a meanness, which, we regret to say, is systematically practised by the Mail itself. Now, what is wanted to clear up the whole trouble, is that Mr. Mitchell should confess the truth of the charge, or make the Globe eat the leek. No public man, least of all a Member of Parliament, can afford to leave such a statement unapologized for. Go for him, Peter; cram the onion down his throat, or let the people draw their own conclusions.

Eighth Page.—The workingmen who are out of employment in Montreal seized the opportunity afforded by Sir John Macdonald's presence, the other day, to seek an interview for the purpose of securing some alleviation of their sufferings. Sir John did not make an appointment with them, knowing that it would mollify them but little to hear from him a confession that Government could do nothing for them. Sir John is naturally not fond of making confessions which run counter to previous professions, and his declining to be interviewed on this ocasion was statesmanship of a certain type. A similar appeal was made by unemployed workingmen to Mr. Mackenzie, during his term of office, and he was also obliged, as Premier, to send them away empty, although he spoke words of sympathy and contributed something as a private citizen. It is in fact now admitted by both parties that Government can do nothing to assist the Workingman by Act of Parliament, and it is time the members of that class grasped this truth. However, when people make false professions, and succeed in getting dullards to believe them, they deserve to be pummeled by the ignorant giant they have aroused.

THE NEWSBOYS' BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

"Oh the snow, the beautiful snow!
Now we'll have dinner to-day I know.
We'll have taters an' turnips an' five cent's 'orth o' meat,
As nice a 'ot stew as you'd wish for to eat;
An' for five cents I'll bring home a cordwood stick too;
An' five cent's 'orth o' sugar an' tea, man—for you.
Chirk up man, we're going to live high you know,
For 'ore comes the snow down, the beautiful snow.

"Oh the snow, the beautiful snow!
How I like them big flakes fallin' down soft and slow;
An' watchin' them whirlin' an' bobbin' an' flickerin';
I tell yer it sometimes just sets me a suickerin'.
It's so easy to showel that feathery kind,
Tho' I aint got no mits on, you see I don't mind;
Once I'm started to shovelling I'm all in a glow;
There's nothing in winter like plonty of snow.

"Oh thosnow, the beantiful snow!
It's dollars on dollars I'll carn I know;
Oh won't I justgo for them. Alderman A—
He gave me a quarter last year—and oh! say—
I must hunt up old Broadbrim, he always pays well,
But I wont work for Alderman B.; he's a sell—
Just gave me five cents for two hours on the go
Round that there vacant lot of his—cleariu' off snow!

"Oh the snow, the beautiful snow!
Tell yer what, Mamy dear, it's just like this, ye know
It's the fifth day now we aint had any dinner,
And I ken just see you get thinner an' thinner.
All the stamps I ken earn goes for firin' an' rent;
Mighty little we eat now since father, he went.
But you ougter see me make that shovel go,
When I clear off the sidewalks the beautiful snow.

"Oh the snow, the beautiful snow!
You lie still there, Mamy; it is freezin'so,
An' the very first ten cents! earn I'll bring wood,
An' maybe perhaps something more that is good,
An' after the fire's lif I'llearn a quarter,
An' that Il buy bread, an' some beef an' some butter.
An' we'll have a jolly good breakfast—just so—
Oh you better believe, I believe in the suow."

Oh the snow, the beautiful snow!
By the brave little lad how 'twas tossed to and fro!
While the small fingers tingle with frostbite and pain.
And now to his home he's returned again.
"Hello! Mamy! chirk up! see, here's wood, heef and bread,
Mamy, oh Many!" Ills mother was dead!
Dead of heart-siekness, and hunger and woo,
While silently down foil the heautiful snow!

JAY KAYELLE.



Society is in a flutter over the forthcoming performance of our amateur minstrels.

McKee Rankin and his admirable company—the ablest we have had in Toronto since Irving's visit are drawing good houses at the Grand. The play is a new melodrama, "Notice to Quit."

The Garrick Club, of Hamilton, whose performances of light opera surpass those of most professional companies, are to favor Toronto with a taste of their quality, on Saturday of this week, when "The Pirates of Peozance," will be given at the matinee, and in the evening at the Grand Opera House. The proceeds will, as is invariably the practice of the Garricks, go to the local charities.

The Gigantean Mastadonic Dudes, "35—count 'em—35," are to appear on Thursday evening, 5th February, at the Grand Opera House, and a programme of ballads, jokes and statue-clog, warranted not to bring the blush to the cheek of the oldest minstrel professional, is being actively rehearsed. In the centre of the dark but intellectual rainbow will sit that eminent interlocutor, Mr. Morley Punshon, and at either end of the sable are there will be 4—end men—4. The ivory-manipulators on the occasion will be Messrs. Geo. Lindsay, A. W. Morphy, R. W. Moffatt, and E. C. Rutherford; the tambos will be Messrs. E. C. Arnoldi, G. H. Dunston, J. McLennan and H. F. Wutt. F. Wyatt. As a background to this phenomenal group there will be an orchestra of twenty parts. Mr. Jack A. Fraser has been for some time concentrating his intellect on a series of hew, copper-bottomed puns and patter songs for the occasion, and Mr. E. W. Schuch's right arm is developed enormously with his batourehearsals. A bumper house and a jolly evening is a matter of certainty.

The Burns concert was a huge success this year, though it must be confessed the home talent eclipsed the imported article. McCulloch (Miss Maggie Barr) acquitted herself magnificently throughout. Miss Jessie Robertson was very good in the line of character songs, but her voice is unsuited to the rendition of ballad music. Mr. McDonald sings with downright honesty in a good fire-side fashion. Mr. Harry Blight fairly surpassed himself, and well deserved the enthusiastic applause he received, though no small part of his success and that of all the others, was due to the artistic and intelligent manner in which Mrs. Blight played the accompaniments. (Hint to managers: If you would assure success for your concerts, get this judicious lady to preside at the instrument. It is half with his usual ovation, and made a special hit in his topical song, "Pardonnez moi" Mr. Alex. Macnabb read the prize poem of the year, by our grand old bard, McLachlan, and did it with a fervor which bespoke his intense admiration for the Canadian Poet. The Hielan' lads dancit vera weel, indeed, an' mak't no en' o' an uproar.



THE GOOD WORK GOES BRAVELY ON!

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAIN-MENTS.

THE ONE THOUSAND AND SECOND NIGHT. (Dedicated to the Mayor and Council.)



HAVE already related to you the adventures of Sind-bad the Sailor," said Scheherazade, placing her cold feet against the small of the Caliph's back, and nudging him in the ribs to prevent him falling asleep, "and I now propose to give you an account of the still

more extraordinary things seen by Plumduff, the Bargee, in his wanderings about the world."
"Very good," said the Caliph, "and if Plumduff be but as truthful as Sindbad, I shall be much entertained. Proceed."
Scheherazade then, munching a handful of

Scheherazade then, munching a handful of dates, proceeded as follows:
""When I came to my senses after being cast ashore on the banks of the Can Awl, in which my barge had sunk"—so Plumduff's narrative runs—"I found myself lying on the green sward of some strange country, the like of which I had never seen in any of my pre-vious voyages. At a distance of some four hundred feet was a vast palace which was entered at either end through several tall and gateless arches into each of which ran two lines of some hard and shining metal which I took to be silver, and which ran parallel with one another through the palace and extended many miles beyond it at either end: how far I could not say, for I was unable to perceive where they came to an end. Many creatures resembling human beings crowded about the palace wherein was much uproar and con-fusion, and whence issued the clanging of a gong and the voice of some creature crying out, as nearly as I could make out. 'Al abord goineeste,' and at this moment I thought I should have died with terror at what I saw.

"'Advancing along the lines of metal came a huge monster, the snorting and groaning of which were fearful to hear. In its forchead was set one eye of a brilliancy like unto that of the sun, and from its single nestril, which was set upon the top of its head, issued a volume of breath of a pitchy blackness. This terrible monster crawled along with incredible swiftness, dragging its whole length, which was many hundred fathoms, directly above the was many hundred fathoms, directly above the metallic lines, and, dashing into the palace, thered a yell so awful in sound that I can liken it to nothing else but the shrieks of a thousand imprisoned genii.

""Though well nighoverpowered with fear and horror, I allowed my curiosity to master me, and it is not the topic of the related to the related

and rising, I tottered towards the palace, where I beheld a multitude of people, for such they were, ascending into the very body of the tearful monster I have described, and whom I followed though half-dead with fright.

"'No sooner had I entered the body of the monster than a gong sounded, and the creature, uttering two piercing shrieks, darted off with the speed of an arrow across the land which, from the inconceivable velocity of the monster's flight, appeared to be whirling round and round, trees, water, earth and clouds all being mingled in our undistinguishable mass of confusion. I feel certain that the rate of speed at which the monster flew could not be less than three score of miles in an hour.

"Oh!" exclaimed the C-liph, "what are you ving us? Tell that to the marines."

giving us? Tell that to the marines."
"I fainted with terror,' went on Scheherazade, regardless of the king's interruption,
and when I once more regained consciousness,
I found that the monster had ceased its flight and was standing motionless. The people were now descending from the creature's body into a palace similar to that which I had seen when first cast ashore, and I arose and got me out likewise. I found that I was in some vast city, the streets of which were paved with circular blocks of wood which, in places, were as uneven as the humps of Bactrian camels, and

emitted a most unsavory odor.

" 'In front of this city was a broad expanse of filthy water on whose surface floated dead and decomposing animals and fish of every variety, mingled with garbage and refuse whose odor nearly caused me no lose my senses. I, how-ever, strolled along the margin of the water and beheld numerous large pipes emptying themselves into it, and whose contents I could conceive to be nothing but the refuse and putrelying waste of the city, and I was overcome with horror to note that other pipes conveved the water from this inland sea or lake. back to the dwellings of the inhabitants where it was used for purposes of drinking, and the

"Oh! I say," shouted the Caliph, "come, draw it mild, I say, what do you take me for?"
"'Nevertheless," replied Scheherazade, somewhat indignant at her word being doubted,

"it is true."
"Hm," n, muttered the Caliph, "it may be so, but I have scrious doubts about it. However, proceed."

(To be continued.)

TABLE ETIQUETTE AND HINTS FOR DINERS-OUT.

1. Having seated yourself at table, deftly slip the dinner napkin provided for you into your pocket and substitute an old, ragged and dilapidated one, which you must bring with you. You can thus replenish your own stock

of naperic at a very trifling cost.

2. Your conversation with the ladies on either side of you should be of a light and agree ble nature. For instance, describe the appearance of the bodies you happened to see at the morgue in the afternoon, or explain the method of amputation at the hip-joint. If you are a good mimic, imitate the screams of the patient whilst undergoing such an operation. This will class you as a yewmorist of an original turn.

3. It is a breach of etiquette to arrive long before the appointed hour, but should you present yourself an hour or so too early, do not fail to inform your host and hostess that you are uncommonly hungry, and suggest the pro-priety of commencing dinner at once without

waiting for the rest of the guests.

4. Be assiduous in your attentions to the wants of the lady sitting next to you. Should you detect her shovelling peas or mashed pota-toes into her mouth with her knife, immedi-ately call the attention of all at table to the fact with some such airy and factious remark as "Whew! you've a fine mouth for a soupladle," or "Don't cut your mouth; it's plenty big enough as it is." You will be classed as a brilliant wit, and the lady will be everlastingly grateful to you.

5. Never pick your teeth at table if you can possibly avoid it, but if you must do so, ask your hostess in a loud voice for the loan of a hair pin for the purpose, adding, with a knowing wink, "your hair ain't like some I see round this table; your hair don't want to be

pinned on."

Maintain a running fire of commentaries 6 Maintain a running fire of commentarics on the appetite displayed by the lady next you. Say, for instance, "My eyes! but you can stow it away, can't you?" or "I like to see a gurr! walk into her grub as you do." Then pat her shoulders, feel her arms and punch her sides, remarking "Ah! there's muscle for you; there's bone; you're the gurrl for me," and such pleasantries.

7. When you are helped do not wait, with

7. When you are helped do not wait, with your plate untouched, until everyone clac is served. This stiff piece of mannerism only occurs in the country, at second-rate boarding houses and amongst shoddy upstarts. Pitch

in at once and keep your host so busy carving for you that he won't be able to eat a morsel, himself.

8. Never cat fish or pie with a knife. Take your flugers.

9. If a lady asks you to peel an orange for her, do not use your ingers for that purpose. Use your teeth.

10. Do not omit to ask your host how much he paid for such and such an article, and if the sum he states seems to you to be exorbitant,

tell him so.

11. Never take soup with a fork. It is is better to put your mouth down to your plate and lap the liquid up with your tongue.

12. Should any delay occur between the courses, relieve the uneasiness of your entertainers by throwing pellets of bread at them; asking your host whether his spoons and forks are real silver, or only electro; twirling your plate round on the top of your fore finger, or by doing anything which your lively fancy suggests, and when the servants enter with the delayed viands, undo the two lower butthe delayed viands, undo the two lower buttons of your waistcoat and say, "Better late than never."

These few simple rules, if carefully attended

to, will



RAISE YOU in the estimation of all well-bred people.

QUEEN ELEANOR AND FAIR ROSA-MOND.

BEING A VARIATION OF LORD TENNYSON'S LATELY PUBLISHED DRAMA.

Court of King Henry the Second. The King, Queen Eleanor, Nobles, Ladies and Fair Rosamond. Enter Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster, Ircland. King Dermot.

ing Derinot.

Av it plazes yer Majesty, Henry the Second,
I.y Oireland, me counthry, to Doblin you're beckened,
When you taste the potheen, you will like it, 1 swear;
And we'll build you a palace in Domphrook Fuir.

And our blackeyed colleens have such ankles— (Queen Eleanor hits him with her sceptre.)

-O murther !

Queen E.

Let the profligate wretch not presume to go further! Enter Archbishop a' Becket, in shovel hat, gaiters, etc.

King Dermot.

And if any spalpeen says a word that's uncivil,
Sure we've brave Gallowglasses will fight like the divvie.

Archbishop.
Those flirts of colleens to your conscience are risky,
And the "brave gallow glasses" are half-full of whisky!

Fair Ros.
Great King 1 stay at home, you won't find it a treat—
And those bog-trotting beauties have stockingless feet! (She drops a small adjunct to her tollette; the King picks it up, and founds the Royal Order of the Garter.)

Queen E. (aside.)
If she thinks to deceive me, that minx must be smarter,
For her morals, I fear, are as lax as her garter!

Dear friends I adopt my friend Dermot's suggestion, And England takes part in this vexed Irish question. (King Dermot waves shillelagh and whisky bottle.)

King Dermot.
Come along, sor, wid me, you shall taste in a jiffy,
What Kinahan brews on the banks of the Liftey.
Exit.

Archbishop.
To Ireland he'll go, dispossess its possessors, And leave it a puzzie to all his successors!

For trouble on trouble for ever according,
Will follow this wanten first act of wrong doing!
Exit.

ACE II.

The Maze. Enter Resamond singing. You'll have to get upearly, and to know a thing or two, Before you can to me catch on, a pert old chump like

you; For I repeat, of this retreat, you cannot guess the ways, For I am the Queen of the Maze, madam, I am the Queen of the Maze!

(Enter Queen Eleanor.) Queen E.

Now there you get left! I'm possessed of the clue— And this day you will find, Miss, a cold one for you!

Rosamond (aside.)
Great sakes! who is this? It is surely Queen Eleanor!
And the game is U. P. now, since some one's been telling her!
(Aloud) Please, ma'am. 'twasn't me!

Queen E.

Pill soon settle your hash—
And King Henry, my husband, for making a mash!

(Offers Rosamond a dagger and a bowl of poison.)

Queen E.
Then bold one, you'll now get bowled out by this bow!! Rosamond.

No! of total abstainers my name's on the roll!

Queen E. The dirk then! of this joke you'll soon see the point.

Resamend.
You are really too pressing! (Enter Archbishop a' Becket with Dublin hornpipe.)

Archbishop.
Your interests are joint,
Since the King gives the mitten to both, has withdrawn,
And adores Bridget Murphy the fair Colleen Bawn!

Rosamond.

Queen E.
We to pull her red wig will endeavor,
And for that reason swear to be friends, here, forever!
Excunt.

Archbishop a' Becket.

Ayo! love betwixt ladies is over the word,
When you find them conspiring to injure a third.

ACT III.

King Dermot's Palace. At a table with pothern jur and glasses. King Henry II. and Knights. Enter the Collecn Bassa singing.

Do you want a kiss, yer anner? I can spare wan if

ye do; Sure the boys ud fight to get it till their heads were black and blue!

(Hands the King a letter) This came by the mail, sor,

(King roads letter.) King II. from Becket—
This upstart's impertinence, how can I check it?
Hol Knights of my Court, in your ranks is there none,
Who will tid me, for good, of this son of a gun? (Four Knights draw their swords and rush from the

King.

And now for a feast that shall ne'er be forgot,

By those who were present and those who were not!

Canterbury Cathedral. Churchwardens and sides-men engaged in taking up a collection. Enter assassins and kill Archbiskop a' Beeket. Queen Eleanur and Rosamond throw hymn books at them, They escape.

Queen E.

Alas! the police cannot tell where they've gone to,
No more than detectives employed in Terento! Exaunt

Genius of Ireland appears on the scene.

Genius.

Poor Becket is killed, and the King has repented.

For what's done, as the saying is, can't be prevented!

And to-day have poor Iroland's wrongs their beginning,
Which the nation thus sinned against answers by

Which the nation thus sinned against answers by sinning;
But those wrongs in the future will surely be righted, When the Scott Act is voted by Ireland United.
When the Irish by Home Rule concessions made grateful,
Think dynamite outrages hideous and hateful!
And Ireland made peaceful and willing to show it,
Elects politicians like Blake and like Mowat.—C.P.M.

FINIS.

GRAND CLUBBING OFFER.

The Educational Weckly, edited by Mr. J. E. Bryant, M.A., already recognized as the leading paper of its class in Canada, is now clubbed with GRIP. Both papers will be supplied for \$3 per year.



Saturday Sermons.

BY PROFESSOR SPENCER E. VOLUSHIN.

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

SERMON II.

Text: What is Life?

BELOVED HEARERS,—In my opening discourse last Saturday, I endeavored to convince you, and of course I succeeded in demonstrating, that Human Nature is all right; that man, having evolved himself, and having progressed without any extraneous help to his present condition, has reason to look upon himself with complacency and to consider himself and his doings very good.

On this occasion I propose to follow up this interesting line of thought a little further, and to offer some observations on the great question of my text—"What is Life?"

Let me remark that I use the word life here as indicating the activity of sentient beings in the world about us—which, of course, is the only world. And the question may be briefly answered by saying, in the words of the poet,

Life is a turmoil, A troubled dream.

It cannot be denied that human life is full of sorrow, pain and trouble. I do not for a mo-ment dispute that. Indeed, in contemplating this profound fact I often wonder what could have induced man to evolve himself. We were all, beloved hearers, much happier when we were unconscious germs. Although it was undoubtedly a clover thing to do, I cannot but feel that it was a mistake on man's part. Still, as Haekel has beautifully said, "There is no use in crying overspilled milk." Here we are, and the only question is, "What are we going to do about it?" We find ourselves surrounded on all sides by cares and troubles, and within us we feel an unnameable longing for something, we know not what. Moreover, we cannot close our eyes to the existence in and about us of forces which make for inconvenience-I refer to those impulses which manifest themselves in what unscientific people call crimes.
Our newspapers are full of records of overt acts, the outcome of these inner propensities; the very best of us must be conscious of feelings which, if they took the form of avert acts, would look badly in print. Now, this being the true state of the case with reference to Human Nature, the question comes back to us. What is to be done about it? We all feel that something must be done, and, speaking for my-self and you, my hearers, it is perhaps un-necessary to add, that Something must be in accordance with our scientific theory.

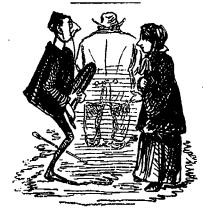
The remedy offered by the Church is, I must confess, admirably suited to the case, but, as I have already indicated, it is in direct antagonism to our cherished postulate of Biind Force. If we could only reconcile our Scientific Intellects to the conception of a Benignant and Eternal Creator, how clear the whole mystery would become! From that hypothesis we could see the reasonableness of a Divine Revelation, and in that Revelation, as the Church has it, we could indeed find the balm of Gilead. And mark you, having once accepted the idea of a Personal Creator, we could avail ourselves of the remedy offered without the alightest violence to Science, for it would be scientific then to believe that Human Nature is really all wrong, and that it needs regeneration by the intervention of a Power sup rior to It would then also be unnecessary for us to close our eyes to the historical facts of Christianity, which, on examination, might be found to be quite as easily authenticated as those of Greek or Roman literature. But, my friends, all this we must put on one side. We must try and solve the problem of life aside from Christianity, because our theory demands that we exclude the idea of God from the

universe.

Happily we can solve the problem. Modern Thought has solved it. These are the Glad Tidings I am commissioned to preach, beloved friends! I have to tell you to-day that the vilest malefactor may be regenerated by gazing upon the masterpieces of classic art; that the impure mind may be cleansed by the contemplation of the lily; that domestic infelicity may be purged away by the gracious offices may be purged away by one gravitors vinces of bica-brac, and that, in short, the sin and misery of Life may be cured by Culture.

Next week I shall give you a discourse on Hope. A special collection will now be taken

up to supply a bercaved family with a volume of Homoric Poems, of which they are very much in need.



LATEST FROM DUDEVILLE.

"Oh! oh! bay jowve!" screamed young Foppleton Dudeskin, as a stout man tramped on his tooth-pick shoe, "that gweat bwute

"Lor, sir," said a pale, care-worn looking woman in the crowd, "do'e give it to me, sir." "Give you what, female?" asked Dudeskin, his features still contorted with anguish.

"Yer fut, sir: if it's squashed to a jelly it's just what my little sick gurl at home wants, for the doctor says she must have some calf's foot jelly, and I can't afford to buy none."

LOT'S-WIFE CITY.

Grim old party, an ex-resident of Hamilton, reading the Hamilton news in the "Globe."

"The present Board of Education is made up of excellent material—" hum—haw—'pon my honour—glad to hear it I'm sure—remarkably glad! Let's see—Pommodeterkins de Chapeau is in again—humph!—bound to abolish the Collegiate Institute on one pretense or other,-voters got to feed as he feeds -mentally-humph! weak stomachs, poor blood-poor brains-can't see for the pennies on their eyes—dead—and turned to clay. Poor old Advance! And then there's Cloots, another specimen of the Board material-pushing man, Cloots-got on without any education whatever himself-don't see why Hamilton boys can't all do as he did; he'll see they don't get any higher education than he thinks good for 'em—you bet—Bully boy Cloots! Hooray for Cloots and Pomme!—ministers of lower education. And Specs. too, one of the few who believed in the right of rich and poor alike to higher education, had to resign or be thrown over next election—eh?. These Hamiltonians are the queerest specimens. For nigh on twenty years they hired a man and paid him a salary for keeping and looking them out of their own park! Ha! ha! ha! Yes, sirce! their one only microscopic park. the ratepayers paid a man all these years for locking themselves and their children out of their own park! And now that they have got that opened, they offset it by appointing

trustees to deprive them of their Collegiate Institute—ah! ah! ah! ha! They are so economical-couldn't afford to keep up one Public Library-had enough to do keeping up some hundred saloons—without the addition of a library! Ha! ha! ha! they voted on both questions—the Library and the Saloon question—well—they voted the Library should be shut up, and the saloons kept open for the moral and intellectual improvement of the youth of the city Ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! In justice to them, tho' they are sometimes ashamed of themselves; had a fit of that kind last summer. They were going to have parks like other people—they weren't going to be a by-word in this age of progress—not they! There were mass meetings, no end of fuming and puffing—perfect godsend to the rival papers—they voted on three parks—and so it ended—ha! ha! ha! I'm most dead laughing. Now we'll see they'll vote for three librariesrow we if see they it vote for three interestings round of gaseous discussions—everybody excited for a few days. Puff! flop! it's over at last, and everybody's coughing with the smoke. Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! That's the usual finale.

(Reads again)--- "And composed of a number of business and professional men who are de-termined that Hamilton's high standard in educational matters shall not be lowered." Well now, I call that very good of the Globe to give them the clue as it were—good promp-ter the Globe—but as long as Brudder Gardner rules the roost in the Lime Kiln Club its no go -he's tenacious, is the old man; got his teeth once in he never lets go—ha! ha! ha! he'll hang on till strangers from a distance come to see Hamilton and its inhabitants as curiosities of the 19th century—a city with its toes where its heels should be—a city called Lotswife City—because she stands still looking backwards. Ha! ha! ha!

*The old gentleman who penned the above has since been removed to the Asylum for the incurably insane, which is situated at the head of Queen Street on the mountain overlooking what he is pleased to call Lotswife City.—[ED. GRIP.]

THE MONTREAL CARNIVAL.

Thousands of people from all parts of the continent are at the Montreal Carnival. The Star has brought out a Carnival number, that eclipses in artistic merit and absorbing interest every illustrated paper heretofore issued in this country. It will be remembered that there was a tremendous furore over the last year's Carnival number of the Star, the issue running up near a quarter of a million. year's number will be far ahead of last, The year's number will be far allead of last. Ine artists are Bengough, Julian, Harris, and Haberer. The writers, George Murray, John Reade, Dr. Beers, "Adirondack" Murray, and W. H. Turner. GRIP sends for production in the Carnival Star a double page which is considered the most side-splitting cartoon ever published in this country. Fifteen cents in tamps sent to the publishers, Graham & Co., Montreal, will secure a copy of what we unhesitatingly pronounce the greatest illustrated paper ever issued in this country.

According to the British Medical Journal football is not a manly and healthy game, but a barbarous amusement, which ought to follow bull baiting, prize fighting, and other such brutal "sports" into disuse. The learned editor probably means baseball. If he doesn't, it is because he has not seen the game as played on this side of the Atlantic. It is only a question of time, of course, till all these violent games, including golf, lawn-tennis, croquet, and carpet-balls, must go. Prople will sometime learn to be satisfied with such healthful amusements as poker and bagatelle.

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· GRIP ·

DID YOU EVER?

"I wish I could go to some country where there are no ladies," exclaimed Mr. Cynicus Snubb to a friend.

Snubb to a friend.

"Ugh, you brute!" cjaculated the other.

"What do you mean? A country where there are no women! Why, you horrible——"

"Stay; I didn't say that," interrupted Cynicus, "I said no ladies, not women. I adore a true woman—but we haven't any in Canada"—and he sighed—"they are all ladies; shopladies, sales-ladies, etc., the lady who superinthe pots and pans in the kitchen, the lady who condescends to sweep our floors and who asks condescends to sweep our floors and who asks for an occasional Sunday out, to visit her mother, the lady who owns the laundry; lady clerks, lady book-keepers, lady cashiers; I suppose a milk-maid is the cow-lady, and —"

And here his discourse was rudely cut short by his being bundled off the sidewalk by two policemen who were conveying an inebriated lady to the ladies' department at the lock-up.

THE CEMETERY VOTERS. .

SCENR: Two Citizens meet in the Arcade. First Citizen, slapping Second Citizen familiarly on the shoulder.

Well! How d'ye feel old man? We beat, you see.

Second Citizen, dolorously.

Mention it not! I have been suffering since
From such a strange capillary crection
As makes me feel—it is no longer hair
But goose quills that adorn my outer brain pan. 1st Cit.

How now? what's up? What's all this jolly racket? Have you been betting on your man—and lost? No! Well then, if your man missed it, why, our's won. Come, wish us luck; "All's fair in love or war."

Yes, yes, all's fair in love, war or elections, So long as you confluo yourself to mundane spheres, But when you bring in aid from unseen worlds And by some unknown "devilish cantrip slight" Open the graves and from the glooms of Hades Bring hither voters —

Why man, you are drunk!

I do believe the Scott Act after all
May do some good—I mean to such as you,
By the way, I suppose they'll soon submit it here.

It may do good—for instance as just now
To draw it as a herring athwart the trail,
Keep to the point, sir. Tho' "the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets,"
We nowhere read they voted at the poils
As they did in this city at th' late election,
All day did Charon backward ply his boat,
Bribed by the hope of ferrying o'er the Mayor
Before the year was out. Hark ye! old friend—
Drunk or no drunk—that day as I crossed the street
I saw a form familiar pass me by.
Dull, bushy brows oerhung his lifeless eyes;
His board lay flat and damp upon his breast;
An overcoat he wore, and that old cap—
I recognized it first—a beaver fur,
Yellow and time-stained, with projecting poak,
He passed; and, as he passed, a whiff of mou d
Musty and dark—whew !—chilled me to the bono.
"Why! who is that?" I cried to young Tom Grey.
"That! oh, some fellow just been to the polls."
But I, by memory hamted, stood and gazed
After the figure as it stumped along,
Till, turning the corner, I his profile sow—
It was old Gripfast who'd been dead a year!

Ist Cit. It may do good—for instance as just now

Look here, ald man—this thing's get to be stopped;
Think of your wife and children—you must have em bad
To see ghosts walking round here in Toronto.
Come—I'll go up to Dr. Temple's with you;
A little chloral now— 2nd Cit.

Snd Cit.

A little dovil!

I tell you sir, I saw him with these eyes;
More than that, thinking it might be illusion,
I sought the scrutineer—one of our lodge,
And through his kindness saw the voter's list.
There was his name, "John Grippath" sure enough;
I'd know that signature among a thousand.
Not only that—what made my cyc-balls burn,
And queer cold chills meander down my spine;
I saw so many more—familiar names,
Whose owners I had followed to the cemetery;—
Saw them committed to the silent grave,
There to await the day of resurrection,
Ne'er dreaming that that meant the voting day!
One name sepecially filled me with dread—
Old Scraper's—when he died he held my note
For fifty dollars. Fancy my feelings!

After me thinking that Death paid all debts, Here he had been in town! What if I met him? I tell you I felt weak. Homeward I slunk, And on the way could sniff now and again. The tumes of brimstone, but I no'er looked up, Lest the defunct should slay me with his eye and I should fall dead at old Scraper's feet. 1st Cit. (aside.)

Poor fellow! What a wreck! I'll see Langmuir And get him quietly off to the asylum. and Cit.

2nd Cit.

Nor was this all; when I arrived at home
My wife cried "Oh! James, I'm so glad you've come.
A man was here who wanted you so bad;
He numbled someching about fifty dollars,
And left behind him such a sulphury smell.
I asked him if he couldn't call to-morrow,
But he growled, 'No; old Charon wouldn't wait.'
Who's Charon anyway?' I thought I'd faint,
But—taking courage now that he was gone—
At least until another voting day,
I answered "Charon, why, he's Minister of Militia."

1st Cit. (aloud to himself.) This is deplorable. Look here, my man;
These here D.T.'s will be the end of you.
Come now, I'll see you home. I really think
A man who thus forgets himself — 2nd Cit.

Great Heavens!
Will nothing then convince you? There; read you that list
Of bona-fide voters; scan these names—
Ha! starting, ch? | Keep cool—say—who's drunk now?

SCOTTIE AIRLIE AGAIN.



Toronto, Jennywar, 25th, 1885.

DEAR WULLIE, - This is just twa-ree lines tae let ye ken I'm aye in the land o' the leevin' as yet, though hoo lang that may be I'm sure I canna tell. I've nac doot but what ye a' thocht I was deid an' buried by this time, but I would just say, that if ye hae really been wearin' weepers an' crape on yer hat—dinna be at the expense o' takin' them aff again till I let ye keo in ma neist letter whether I'm deid or no, for what atween frost an' doon-richt starvation I'm just as likely to be deid as livin'. I'm sure gin I was deid I couldna be waur off than I am—ae thing's certain—I wouldna' be any caulder.

I tell ye what it is, Wullie, gin I ever come across that leein' deevil o' an emigration agent I'll pit a flea in his lug that'll gar him dance Ill pit a feet in first lag title it got film tollice the deil's hornpipe like a hen on a het girdle. Here's me, that cam oot here, a fine lookin' fallow gaun aboot like a bull dowg wi' his lugs clippet—I ken ye'll no believe me, but it's rally the case, I've only half a lug on ilka side o' ma head noo, —the bit was bitten clean oot o' them wi' the frost, an' when I pat up ma hands to rub them they brak aff as frush as a bit o' shortbread. Losh, Wullie, when a man suffers as muckle as I've dune he grows onmercifu', ar' as shure's death, if ever I get my fingers on that agent's thrapple, I'll thraw his weasand without gein' him time to say his pravers.

Oh man, Wullie!-ye has nas notion hoo sair it is tae lie on a hard, ill-happit bed, wi'
yor teeth chatterin' in yer head, yer nose
rinnin', an' yer fingers stingin' wi the cauld,
sleep is oot o' the question. "Sleep that comes
to rude sea boy," as one o' the Henrys says never vecsits the weary e'e o' the man that has never vecsits the weary e'e o' the man that has to lie a' nicht clawin' an' tearin' at his puir frostbitten heels an' tacs, that sting an' burn for a' the world as gin they had the itch. Mony an' mony's the nicht I've lain an' grutten' mysel blin' thinking o' the gude, cosy feather beds at hame i' ma mither's hoose, wi time pair o' blankets on every wan o' them, an' twa gude bed lids that ye could steek richt up an' keep oot every breath o' air—eh—waes me! Mony a nicht when every nail head to be seen in the hoose was like a tappit hen wi white rime; when the windows were nacthing but frozen landscapes an' jungles o' Alpine scenery, an' when the vera breath o' my nos-Alpine trils was veesible to the naked e'e, an' hung like bawbee caunels frae ma beard, on sic nichts—I've earnestly prayed—oh that I could just get a gude bowl o' warm brose! re-kin' het, wi a lump o' saut butter an' plenty o' pep-per in't. An' there I would fa' asleep wi my mooth waterin', an' a' nicht I would dream that I was suppin' an' suppin' an' suppin' fine butter brose, till ma vera lugs were crackin'.

Dear Wullie-dinna take it ill-an' I'll try to break the news as kindly as I can tae yenoo try an' bear up like a man—ye ken things wull happen in the best o' families—I didna do it till I was fairly driven till't. It was sair work to pit ma pride in ma pouch—an' buckle tae, I've mony a time putten a stoot heart till a stay brac—but faith! this was the steepest brae ever I set ma face till. Dinna be alarmed, I'm no the first ane an' I'll no be the last. But to pit yer mind at rest so far, I'll tell ye I'm no marrit—na, nac fear o' that—its no that; an' yet, I dinna see hoo I can tell ye, or hoo ye'll ever break the news tac my mither. I dinna ken o' ony Scripter that wad be applicable to my case-or I wad gie ye some to fortyfee ye to bear what I'm gaun to tell ye. Ye see, Wullio, there's a kind o' thing they ca' the National Policy in this country—a thing that was tae set a' wrangs richtan' gie the folk o' Canada—the preevilege o' the fir.t copy in advance—o' the first instalment o' the milennial age. There was to be work for a'body, man, woman an' child. Under the shadow o' its protectin' wing business was to grow and expand—most extraordinar. An' the country was to rise on the wings o' this National Policy—up—up—as high as Gilderoy's kitc. Weel, it did—for a while, very near as high—but the string brak, business expanded till it burst a'thegither, an' noo ther's naething but hunger an' hardship to the fore. Weel, Wullie, what was I tae dae, I tried to get wark, but feint the turn could I get tae dae. I chappit at the door o' every manufactory in Toronto, but they were payin' aff instead o' takin' on. I tried Hamilton—they leuch in ma face at the notion o' a man gaun there to luck for wark. Weel noo—what was I tae dae? Without siller, without a bite to ent, nae wark to be gotten—I was desperate. The only thing that gue me consolation was a rumour I heard that Barnum, the great Humbug Exhibitor, was Barnum, the great Humong Exhibitor, was negotiating for the purchase o' the National Policy—an' he's willin' to plank doon "anither ten thoosan'." to Sir John for the preevilige o' exhibitin' the greatest curiosity o' the age—the invention o' Sir John Macdonald—wha hauds the patent for gullin' baith Canada an' England an' wha is the only leavin' man in wha hauds the petent for gullin' bath Canada an' England, an' wha is the only leevin' man in this age wha can haud the cat while he plays wi'her kitten. Weel, Wullie, my man, ye winna think ower hardly o' me—when I teil ye what I was driven tae at last, an' ye'll promise to keep it a dead secret atween oor twa sel's—ye ken cauld an' hunger are sair to bide. A tume pouch mak's a blate merchant—



HIDING FROM THE GREAT UNEMPLOYED.

Fee-fo fi fum, I fail to hear the N. P. hum. Where's John A., the man who said We'd all have plenty work and bread?

they say—but faith it made me bauld. I can see the brass in ma face every time I look in the gless, my tongue has grown twa inches longer sin I tuk tae the business-noo, Wullie, odina be doon i' the mooth, I'm no a high-dina be doon i' the mooth, I'm no a high-way robber, nor yet a leer—though I maun confess I'm next door till my dear brither— I'm—(bear up noo)—I'm a BOOK AGENT! Next week I'll tell ye something o' what I saw in my travels round the toon—Yer Brithor, HUGH AIRLIE.

'MR. ARTHUR Cox, A.R.C.A., has placed a number of his original Etchings on sale at the These works Art Gallery, and at Matthews'. are highly creditable to the artist, and have additional interest in being the first works by a Canadian Etcher ever offered for sale here.

TOPICAL TAŁK.

THE newspapers are making frequent reference to Gordon Pasha's English spy. Very likely Gordon Pasha's English pie is of the mince variety.

THE Montreal Witness dubs Prince Bismarck "Nebuchadnezzar." "Job" would be a more appropriate name, if the Scriptures are to furnish one. Job, you know, was always boiling over.

Has it ever occurred to any one, save myself, that the difference between Mother Mandelbaum and Mrs. Lofty, immortalized in song, is

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels.

IT is stated that in New York two gentlemen out of every three are wearing corsets. These must be the stayed old bachelors so often spoken of.

An exchange has an article on "How the Telephone Talks," But everybody knows how the telephone talks. The real question at issue most frequently is, what the mischief the

A "mouth-organ contest for the champion ship—presumably of the world—was the latest thing here. I always thought that Mr. C. E. Courtney was the undisputed champion at this kind of thing."

"Don't suffer with indigestion," is the counsel contained in a patent medicine announcement. No, don't suffer alone, if you really have to. If indigestion wants to do any suffering let her enjoy it by herself.

TALKING about titles and things, why should not Mr. Erastus Wiman be invested with the Order of the Bath at the hands of the city council? A resolution conferring it ought to A resolution conferring it ought to pass through the council swimmingly.

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