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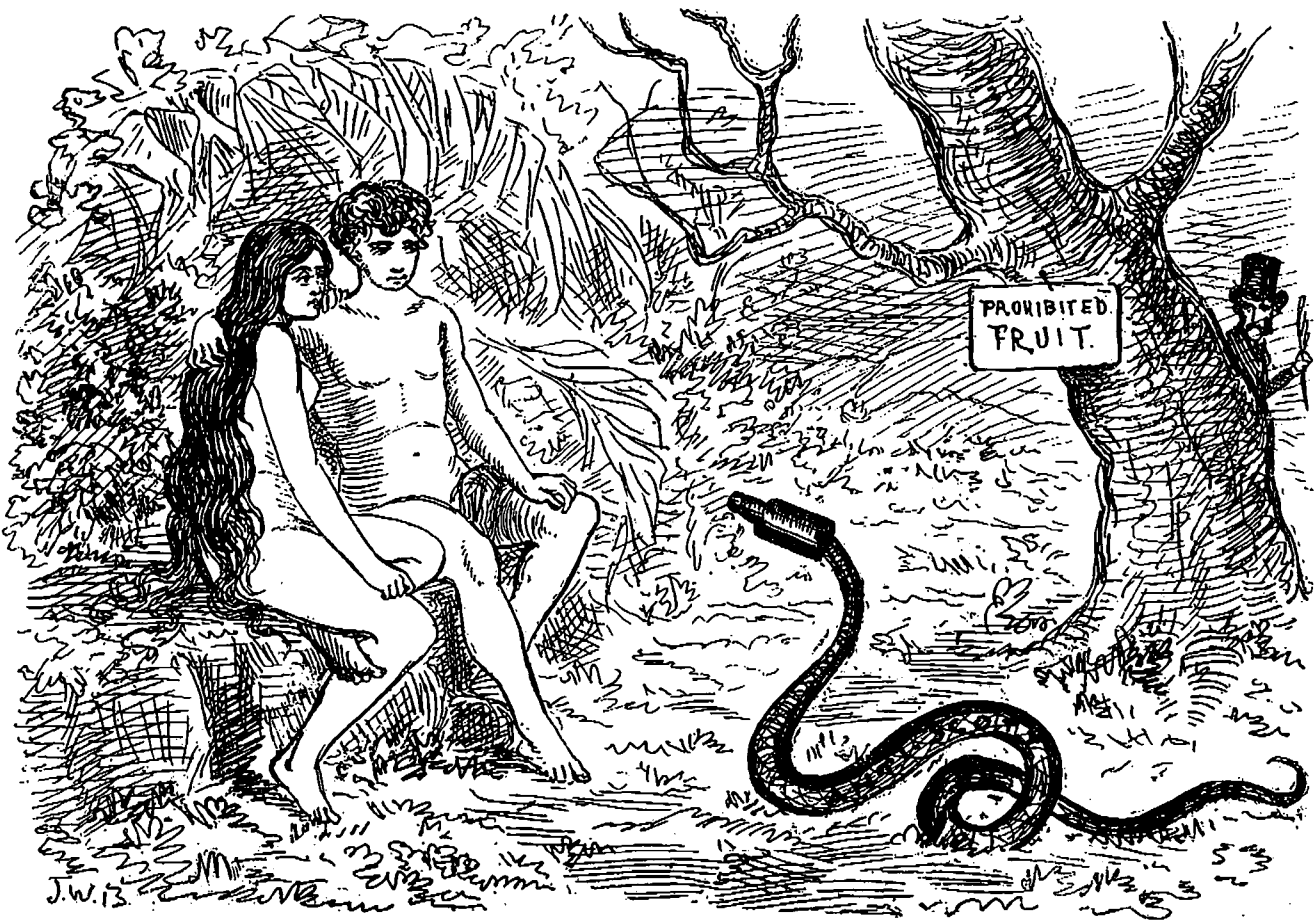


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CHINA HALL
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCT. 10TH, 1885.

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THE OLD, OLD ARGUMENT.

THEY HAD A PROHIBITORY LAW IN EDEN, AND AN ASTUTE SERPENT THAT ARGUED AGAINST SUMPTUARY LEGISLATION.

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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH,

Editor.

The gravest Boat in the Sea; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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Sole Advertising Agent for the Middle and New England
States.

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and 24; Vol. XV.—No. 12; Vol. XVI.—2,
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volumes from May, 1879, to May, 1881.

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—When the Government
candidate for the city of St. John, the home
of the Finance Minister, asserts publicly that
we are at present enduring harder times than
we have had for years, it ought not to be
regarded as Gritism on our part to admit that
the gentleman is right. Nor is it more than
the truth to say that this opinion prevails all
over the country. The bliss which the N.P.
brought to the senses of our manufacturers,
and, in a less degree, to our farmers and work-
ing people, turns out to have been, not the
rational and lasting pleasure which results
from a proper and harmonious adjustment of
the laws of trade, but an opium dream which
enthalls the faculties with unspeakable
delight for a time, but is inevitably followed
by a reaction of pain, stupor and disgust.
The N.P. is revealed to be as powerless to
give us permanent happiness as is the Chinese
drug—or, to speak more fairly, the English
drug which Christians force upon Chinese
heathen—to give its wretched votaries lasting
joy. We have now reached the waking-up
part of the process, and the proprietors of our
political opium-joint will be "put to it"
severely to reconcile the headaches and nausea
of their patrons with the promises they made
when they handed them the pipes in 1878.

FIRST PAGE.—The "National Liberal Tem-
perance Union" is very much against "sump-
tuary legislation," and spends most of its
time in attempting to show that the legal
prohibition of the Liquor Traffic comes under
this head. Mr. F. S. Spence is in the habit of
calling this dyspeptic society's attention to
the fact that there was a prohibitory law in
force in the Garden of Eden, and that it was
on account of the arguments of a "Liberal"
serpent against "sumptuary legislation," that
on that occasion "prohibition did not prob-
hibit." The world has been none the better
for that successful exercise of sophistry, nor
is Canada likely to profit in any greater degree
by listening to the Wine-and-Beer snake now.

EIGHTH PAGE.—We are glad to see that Mr.
Nicholas Flood Davin is making good use of
the influence he has with the Ottawa Govern-
ment. The Regina Leader has of late been
doing something to justify its name by point-
ing out to the authorities the things that are
necessary to be done, and done at once, for
the North-West Territories, in order to ensure
the peace and progress of that great country.
We earnestly hope that our brilliant friend
may persevere in his new line, and secure for
the people of the Territories the reforms they
want. As he very justly says, "There ought
to be no difficulty for statesmen to apply the
remedy. All they should want to be told is
what is needed."



THE VERY LAST SPIKE.

It is announced that Sir Charles Tupper is
about to drive the last spike on the C.P.R.
Let us hope it will be the very last, and that
still another will not have to be driven as
above.

At the Toronto Exhibition the first prizes in
all classes of clothing were awarded to R.
WALKER AND SONS. Their stock of Fall and
Winter materials is now complete. Place a
trial order for a suit or overcoat.

COMPULSORY VACCINATION.

HOW THEY DO IT IN MONTREAL.

Merchant (ringing up telephone).—Connect
with Dr. Blank.

"Hello!"

"Is that you, doctor? I want to get vac-
cinated."

"Very good. I will attend to you in the
morning."

"Won't do. I am leaving for Toronto in
half an hour and must have certificate."

"All right, do it now. Place receiver on
left arm and hold firmly while I insert point in
the transmitter. There, it's done. I'll tele-
graph certificate to Cornwall."

C. S.

SONG FOR THE MONDAY POPS.

AIR.—Bells of Shandon.

The unmelodious Wagner is odious,
And of Liszt the gist I fail to see;
I may be a ninny, but still Rossini
And sweet Bellini have charms for me;
I think Donizetti is rather pretty,
And in days of yore I inclined to Spohr;
I have carolled Haydn with many a maiden,
And have tripped to Strauss on the ball-room floor.

Yet Wagner's hand on the piano grand, on
The floor that's next in height o'er me
Is far too ponderous, and its music wondrous
In tones so thund'rous I fail to see.

When friends would drop in we'd turn to Chopin,
Or mighty Beethoven oft won a tear;
Whilst friend and neighbor were charmed by Weber
Or the glorious labor of Meyerbeer.
If I mention Gounod, I fancy few know
A lovelier work than his charming Faust;
Whilst simple Mignan, in my opinion
All song's dominion will never oust.

For Wagner's crashing sounds tearing, smashing,
Like billows dashing in an angry sea:
And I'm not enraptured nor my senses captured
By it, for it has no charms for me.

O'er Cimarosa perchance we prose a
Little too much for these busy days;
But a ready guinea for Cherubini
The lover of music will ever raise;
That glorious Handel can't hold a candle
To Richard Wagner I beg to doubt,
And Mozart and Schumann, song's truest true men,
Will be shining brightly when he's snuffed out.

And where in creation can I find laudation
For each emanation from Mendelssohn?
We'll think with pleasure of each tuneful measure
Of those I've mentioned, when Wagner's gone.
—Swiz.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

THE WAREHOUSE,

TORONTO, October, 1885.

DEAR WULLIE,—After three weeks' cawm
consideration, an' after luckin' at the thing frae
a' points o' view, I'm driven tae the conclusion
that love is a maist extraordinar' thing—a
wuunnerfu' thing. It's like a gless o' gude
whuskey; it maks ye cauld when ye're het
an' het when ye're cauld; it maks ye dull
when ye're cheery an' vicey versey. I never
kent the like o't. I used to lauch at a' that
kind o' stuff, but, haith! I vera sune fand out
it was nae lauchin' maitter, seein' it deprived
me o' the muckle-prized liberty o' ma bachelor-
hude, an' turned me intill a marrit man.

I canna weel tell ye hoo it cam about, but as
far as I can mind it was something like this.
For twa-ree days after ma veesit tae the
Island I was feelin' awfu' no weel like. I
wasna ill, an' I wasna' weel, an' I was a'
kind o' blown up like aboot the stammack.
The vera sicht o' ma parrich gart me grue,
an' whether I was takin' the fivver or the
cholera or the sma'pox I cudna just say, I
was in sic a swither, an' I could dae naething
but walk up an' doon the hoose wi' ma twa
lufes spread oot on ma waistcoat. An' though
I had enouch adae wi' masel', it made me
faur waur tae see Mrs. McClutch luckin' at me
sae waefu' like—for onybody wi' half an e'e
could see that the pur creature was just
breakin' her heart aboot me. She wadna hear
to me takin' the fivver or the cholera, but she

was vera sure I was hatchin' the sma'pox, an' wanted tae ken if ever I had been nockilated. I speired at her gin she tulk me for a benighted French-Canadian, an' I telt her I thoct they were far waur than the rebellious Israelites i' the wilderness, for they had the sense tae luck at the brazen serpent when they fand themsel's bitten, but thae Montrealers were sae blinded wi' ignorance and superstition they wadna tak advantage o' the remedy o' vaccination that Science had set up, but wad rather see themsel's an' their froens deein', deein' by hunders, or gaun through life wi' their faces like the back o' a porous plaster or a section o' coral reef. Mrs. McClutch, puir creature, thoct that was a' the mair reason I should get nockilated, for fear o' gettin' ma gude looks spoilt, for if there was a'e thing mair than anither she liket tae see it was a weel-faured face. The justice o' her remarks an' her kindly concern for the appearance o' ma countenance commended itself tae ma common sense, an' I just gaed at ance an' got masel' nockilated. Eh! little did I think that bein' nockilated wi' the coo pock wad hae the effect o' infectin' me wi' a far waur disease—the terrible affliction o' love an' matrimony. If I was sick afore I was ten times waur noo. I cudna sleep a wink wi' the stounds in ma airn, an' I can safely swear that I never afore kent sic a kindly thing a woman can be till I was laid up an' nursed an' poulticed by Mrs. McClutch. It wasna in human natur' no tae be affectet at the way she dalkered aboot me, an' aye she wad remark, sic a helpless orctur a man was without a wife—it was maist as bad as bein' a widow, an' no a man body in the hoose tae frichten awa burglars. Noo, a' the like o' this set me a-thinkin': first o' a', Mrs. McClutch was a weel-faured woman an' a splendid nurse for a man when he happened tae be sick; second, she was comfortable an' cud mak a gude livin' ony time I might happen tae be oot o' wark; third, the winter was comin' on, an' it wad be sic a comfort tae come in an' dad the snaw aff ma feet again' ma ain hall stove, an' Mrs. McClutch soopin' me doon an' makin' me comfortable; an' then she really needed a man body aboot the hoose. Sae, takin' a'thing in consideration, I thoct I nicht dae waur than marry Mrs. McClutch. But hoo tae manage the business was mair than I could tell. My airn was mendin' brawly, but I cudna get up my speerits, ava, for hoo tae brooch the subject I didna ken. A'e day, hoover, (losh! I'll never forget it) we were a' sittin' at oor tea. Mrs. McClutch was lookin' oncommon weel wi' a new goon (she maks them a' hersel', an' that's a savin') an' a white apron on. A' at ance ane o' the boarders raxes ower tae the butter an' taks a tremendous clash o't on till his plate. I lucket at Mrs. McClutch, an' she lucks at me, as muckle as tae say, "D'ye see that?" I cudna stand it. "Maister Henderson, are ye aware that that butter is twenty-five cents the pund?" says I, fixin' ma e'e on him sternly. "It's weel worth't, Mr. Airlie," says the impident rascal, raxin' ower an' takin' anither slap o't wi' his knife, "It's weel worth twenty-five cents, I'm shure, an' he taks anither an' anither out, remarkin' every time that it was splendid butter. I wasna gaun till submit tae siccan extravagance as that, sae I telt him that he had better understand that, for the future, I—Maister Airlie—was gaun tae rin this boardin' hoose, an' I wad request them a' tae eat butter tae their bread instead o' bread tae their butter, an' tae tak baith in moderation. Losh sake! ye wad think a thunderbolt had fa'en amang them, an' as for Mrs. McClutch, she got up frae the table and ran intae the pawrlor, an' me after her. She hadna the sma'cat notion o' sic a thing, she said, but no tae mak me oot a lecar afore the boarders, she thoct she nicht as weel marry me as onybody else. Sae, dear Wullie, that's hoo it happened, an' noo, in addition to bein' boss o' the base-

ment in Tamson an' Tamson's, I hae a weel-furnished hoose o' ma ain, a gude wife tae tak care o' me, an' a cheerie lookoot for the approachin' winter. Wi' respects frae Mrs. Airlie, I am,
Yer brither,
HUGH, AIRLIE.

HIGHEST PRAISE.

The well-known drug firm of N. C. Polson & Co., of Kingston, writes that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has long been considered the best remedy for summer complaints in the market, and adds that their customers speak in the highest terms of its merits. Wild Strawberry is the best known remedy for cholera morbus, dysentery, and all bowel complaints.



STARTLING!

Bad Boy.—Hi, mister! Look out!
Old Gent (greatly frightened).—Wh-where? Wh-what?
Bad Boy.—Why don't you let one finish. I was about to say, look out for GRIP'S ALMANAC, to be ready in November, price 10 cents per copy!

THE BANQUET AT GUELPH.

Here's success to each jolly old minister,
Who stuck to his colors that day up in Guelph!
Anti-Scott Act decanters looked crooked and sinister,
When placed there amid the school's innocent delf.
Some folks have sneered at them, others have jeered at them.
"Leaving the table," they say, "in a pet."
If they wore persistent, they were also consistent,
And all will be brought to acknowledge it yet.
Here is the fun of it, the Gov. he'd have none of it,
He drank all the toasts, but in coffee, himself,
And so all the boozers and wine-bibbling sneezers,
Had it all for themselves at the Banquet at Guelph. —B.

RURAL FELICITIES.

"How well I remember the scenes of my childhood."
"Hullo, Perkins, is that you? What's the matter with you? You look all broke up. Where have you been lately?" asked I yesterday forenoon of Samuel Perkins, wholesale grocer, and an old and valued friend of mine—Perkins the rotund, Perkins the jolly, who kept the table of our modest club in a roar on all festive occasions. Yes, there was Perkins, but what a Perkins! His clothes hung upon his person, like the fabled pursor's shirt on the historic handspike. His face had grown long and thin, his hair grayer, and he had a moody and abstracted look that I never once observed on my Perkins of yore. "Where on earth

have you been to, old fellow?" I asked again. "To the country," he replied, in sepulchral tones.

"Country, hey? Enjoyed yourself, I suppose?"

"No!"
"See here, Brown," said he, "let's go and have lunch together and I'll tell you all about it. I'm half starved anyway, so let's hurry up."

We went to a convenient restaurant, where Perkins called forth and ate very nearly everything in the menu. "Now, my boy, listen," said he, "and I'll tell you my story, which may be of service to you, and act as a warning should you be tempted to do as, alas! I have done.

"You are aware that my wife comes from (I won't mention the exact locality) what is known as the Country. Early in the summer, after I had concluded to go to the Thousand Islands to fish for bass, she said to me, 'Samuel, it's a long time since I've been out to the old homestead (she called it *humbsted*), so let's take our holidays there. The nice country air will agree with you and the children. There's lots of trout-fishing and squirrel-shooting to amuse you, and besides it won't cost nothin'.' (My wife generally forgets her grammar when she speaks of the home of her childhood.) 'All right, Hannah,' I said, the monetary consideration, I must confess, influencing me not a little. So we packed up, and next morning took the Northern for—but, no matter—where, at the station, we found the hired man with a rickety and almost springless wagon to take us up to the farm. The boss (Hannah's father), he said, was laid up with *roomatiz* and couldn't come.

"Well, off we jolted on a side line till we got 'home,' where we were regaled with a cup of what might be called the ghost, but not the spirit, of tea, baked sweet apples, sodden 'hum-made bread,' and last year's tub-butter. After tea I thought I'd have a smoke. I commenced, but the old woman wheezed and the old man coughed to such an extent that I replaced my pipe in my pocket. About eight o'clock we mustered for family prayers, which chiefly consisted of pious and rather incoherent ejaculations of the old man. We were then served out with a tallow candle and candlestick of great age, a green old age it might be assumed from the color of the verdigris enamel, as a hint to go to bed. We had only one room, dismal and musty, with a ghostly four-post bed and funeral curtains. The chamber was suggestive of a vault, and it had evidently not been used for years. It was the *deadly spare room*, if you know what that is. A shake-down was made for the two children on the floor. They bawled and scratched and slapped all night, devoured by the mosquitoes. I had just got into a quiet doze in the morning when I was awakened by such a pandemonium of discordant croaks and screams, that I awoke in a cold perspiration of terror. 'What's that?' I shudderingly asked.

"Oh! them's only the hens and roosters; that's nuthin'," said my wife, and calmly went to sleep again. Oh! my dear Brown, I have not the heart to tell you what I endured at that wretched Country place. No fresh butter, not even milk, everything sent off to market. Fresh pork swimming in grease, potatoes do.; a beef steak was out of the question. It would be all the same, however, for they'd spoil it. Bad bread, worse butter, sweltering pork and insipid apple-sass, was the fare we had during our sojourn. So Brown, my boy," said Perkins rising, "just look at me now and think what I was, and now make a vow without any mental reservation that when you take your holidays don't go to the Country." B.

De Jumbo nil nisi Barnum.—Springfield Globe.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

TO DISPERSE A MONTREAL MOB, GET A GATLING AND LOAD IT WITH VACCINE POINTS!

OH, MAID OF HOGGS HOLLOW!

SONG.

Oh, maid of Hoggs Hollow!
I see thy form yet,
Thy tracks I could follow
Through clayey banks wet,
For thy foot-prints sink deep in
The soft, sodden ooze,
Oh, maid of Hoggs-Hollow!
Where got thee thy shoes?

Oh, maid of Hoggs Hollow!
For many years past
The cobbler has added
More wood to his last;
No wonder that Phipps is
Preserving our trees,
Oh, maid of Hoggs Hollow!
To give your feet ease.

Oh, maid of Hoggs Hollow!
I pine for your hand;
I'm quite an Apollo,
But lacking in sand—
I pine for your hand, and
I'll always prove true,
But, maid of Hoggs Hollow,
I'm scared of that shoe!

—J. H. ETRICK.

ART.

We take advantage of the re-opening of the Ontario School of Art Gallery, 14 King Street West, to remind our readers that some fine pictures hang upon its walls, and that an afternoon spent in the enjoyment of them will not be thrown away. Just now the gallery has an additional attraction in a small collection of pictures by Miss Marie Brooks, an English artist of some fame, whose works have been more than once selected by the engraver for the exercise of his burin.

One of the larger pictures is a study of expression and color far beyond anything with which we are often favored: we refer to "Down Piccadilly on a June morning. Flower women returning from Covent Garden Market." The picture is a poem in itself. It is the interior of a tram-car, with eight or nine figures of women of various ages who are returning home after selling their flowery wares. Not far from this picture hangs another: "The First Missionaries to Britain." This, likewise, is a beautiful study, whether we look at its story or its composition. In every face

and figure can be traced the type of an element in the population, even of our own cities, and as studies nothing can be purer in drawing and conception.

Among the smaller pictures two studies from the old masters deserve especial attention, from their faithfulness of expression and delicacy of finish. "Ready for Bed," is a lovely thing that touches the heart of every lover of children, and its companion, "Ready for a Run," is equally attractive. "Lily" speaks for itself, and so does "Edelweiss," which ought to hang in a curtained alcove, when a subdued light would bring out its Alpine characteristics.

Miss Brooks' pictures are for sale, and it would be a pity if they should be taken out of the country for want of purchasers.



AN OVERSIGHT.

Mistress.—Mary, I've just been in the parlor, and observe a great deal of dust on the furniture.

Mary.—I begs pardon, missus; it was an oversight. I'll go at once and close the shutters!

A HUNGRY SUBJECT.

BY OUR BOHEMIAN.

"Where is the best place to get your meals in Toronto?" the Bohemian was asked yesterday by a well-clad and hearty-looking individual of the sterner sex, as he puffed away at a fair-flavored cigar with the air of one who feels himself saucy and independent."

"Friend," I replied, "that is a wide and to a great many a vastly momentous question, and one that must be looked upon from different standpoints, varying according to the state of the exchequer of, if I may be allowed the expression, the mealce. But, stranger, I am in the employ of a master who, in his great erudition and still greater spirit of philanthropy allows us, the Bohemians on his staff, to give all information to the perplexed or bewildered on any subject from the parallax of Jupiter's Satellites, or the imperceptible drift of the Starry Nebulae to the utterly mundane and commonplace subject of a plate of hash. Need I tell ye, fair sir, that I am a humble servitor of GRIP? Now, hearken to my voice, which uttereth naught but words of wisdom. My advice is gratuitous, free, gratis, for nothing.

"*Imprimis*: If you are a semi-billionaire, say a 'big lumber dealer' or railway contractor, by all means go to the Queen's or the Rossia. Insist upon having the best room in the house, make the waitors fly around on the double, and raise Cain on every available opportunity. Do all these things, and you will find that both these houses are good places to get meals.

"But if you are not exactly a plutocrat or a Croesus, betake yourself to a less pretentious place, say one of the agricultural taverns where the noble yeoman doth resort when he brings to town his load of produce. True, there is a very perceptible odor of ammonia from the adjacent stables pervading the food, which is not appreciated by some—neither are the manners of the farmers, who ladle in their grub with their knives, and who devour everything indiscriminately, generally winding up with fish. They have also a solecism of putting their own knives in the butter-plate, a habit that is by no means appetizing. Yet these hotels are good places to get meals.

"How about the Coffee Houses? I hear them described as lamentable failures, and probably there's ground for complaint. The intentions of the good people who projected them were all right. They were supposed to be got up for the benefit of the poorer classes. But, I'm told, a square meal there will cost you more than in any ordinary restaurant in the city. But perhaps you'd better investigate for yourself.

"Supposing you're hard up where will you go to? I'll tell you. There is a place not far from the Grand where you have your choice out of a very respectable menu, including good tea or coffee, and everything cooked at once and served hot, for ten cents. I forgot the name of the place. So now, my friend, you know just where to go for a square meal in Toronto, according to the size of your wad. Any other information on any subject you may require I will be glad to furnish you—to-morrow."

DECIDED AT LAST.

A decision has at last been reached in regard to which is the cheapest place in the city to buy harness at. The name of the firm is the Canadian Harness Co., 104 Front Street, opposite Hay Market. You can buy a set of harness \$15 cheaper of them than any other firm in the city. They have the advantage over small dealers as they manufacture in large quantities; 200 sets to choose from, all hand-stitched.



WAKING FROM THE N. P. OPIUM DREAM!

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

Not that his name was Jack, by any means — on the contrary his name was Sam — Sam Rushemup. We say *was*, that is, when he was a kid, for now he was known as Alderman Rushemup, of Rushemup Terrace, Brannewton. He came, or rather was sent out, to this country among lots of other flotsam and jetsam which is yearly thrown up by the annual emigration spring tide, and, being disgusted with this "blawsted country" where he couldn't get a "penn'orth o' puddin'," as he had been used to, he drifted to the dominions of Uncle Sam, where he served an apprenticeship to a speculator in shells.

These shells were not inhabited by horned snails — the horns were owned entirely by the speculator only; they grew inside, not outside, his skull. No! the tenants of these shells were hornless and harmless; moreover, they paid rent for the shells, and wore a source of much profit to the builder. They were made chiefly of two by four scantlings, crossed by thin joints of rotten lumber, and covered over by a thin veneer of bricks, plaster and paint, and were crowned by a mansard roof with flashing blue iron balustrades adorning the bay windows. These were advertised as "Substantial Brick Houses in a Healthy Locality," though they had been "run up" regardless of drainage, and built on the site of an old swamp: still they sold and let readily to people who wanted to move and who believed the advertisements which cracked them up as Al brick buildings.

Acres of lots, swampy or otherwise, were purchased for an old song, a few carloads of unsound lumber, costing less than half the price of good building material, was purchased, bricks ditto; and presto! the wilderness blossomed like the rose, and the desert places grew gay with rows of flashy new brick-shells which people called dwelling-houses. True, they were frequently blown down by the same breezes which shook the red and yellow leaves from the trees, and if a few unfortunate inhabitants were buried in the debris of rotten lumber and crumbling brick — what matter? So long as the rent was paid in advance the speculator merely turned on the other side and went to sleep again.

This was the game: cheap land, cheap labor, cheap lumber, flash advertising, high rents; result — 100 per cent. on investment.

Our Sam was an apt pupil. Having scraped a few dollars together he came over to Canada, and in Brannewton he bought a lot, built a fairly substantial house in which he lived. This house he mortgaged, and with the borrowed money he got another couple of lots — ran up a few shells — over which several workmen shook their heads gravely. These he also advertised, selling some, letting others, repeating the process until he was pointed out as a striking instance of how a man in this country can rise from poverty to affluence by industry, perseverance, and economy. As the town grew he was elected alderman — being a considerable property-holder — although certainly he would have been indicted for manslaughter and sued for damages had the prosecuting parties been able to hire a lawyer.

He was now the father of a beautiful grown-up daughter, and this daughter was sought in marriage by the son of a wine clerk, who had also amassed a considerable pile in the licensed victualling business. The young man was ardent, nor was this ardor at all cooled by the knowledge of his beloved being the sole heiress to whole streets of brick shells, which yielded a handsome yearly rental. Moreover, the Scott Act, which at one time appeared to the wine clerks to be but a contemptible little cloud no bigger than a man's hand, had developed into a mighty storm which loomed not "in the blue distance many a mile away," but right over their heads. Indeed the thunder had already begun to

mutter, and the lightning to flash, and they expected nothing less than a second flood of cold water on which they and their casks would certainly be borne down into beggarly oblivion. So the wine clerk's son made himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness in the person of Miss Rushemup, so that, when the deluge came, he would be received into these brick habitations which, if anything but everlasting, had at least money in them.

"Papa," said Miss Dolly Rushemup to her father one day at breakfast, "do you know what I would like for a wedding present?"

"No, my dear; a thoroughbred pug?"

"Pug! Nonsense! I hope I am not a fool. I want something substantial, something useful. In short, papa, I want one of those 'substantial brick houses with all modern conveniences' that I see you have so well advertised. You have so many; I know you can spare me just this one — that particular one on Brown Street — you know, that one with the bay window, looking south. Do! there's a good, dear papa."

Alderman Rushemup sat aghast. His sin was finding him out. That house! Why! he was glad to see it safely roofed in. But what excuse could he offer? He could not tell his daughter that he was a patent swindle — a mere speculator in shells. A bright idea struck him.

"Wait a bit, my dear, and I will build you a good house."

"But I'm tired waiting, papa, and Fred won't wait. Do let me have that house."

Sam (we beg his pardon), Alderman Rushemup, argued and reasoned in vain. There was a scene — tears and kisses, amid which he consented to give her the house, against his better judgment and in spite of his inward misgivings. So the house was finished; the happy pair were married; had returned from their wedding tour; and were having a grand reception and house-warming. Over a hundred guests were invited, and all went merry as a marriage bell; although the cold sweat broke over Ald. Rushemup's countenance several times as he felt the house vibrate with every throb of the dancers' feet. With a sigh of relief he saw them depart one after another till the last was gone, and only he and his family and his daughter, and the bridegroom, the son of the wine clerk, sat chatting over a last tumbler of punch! Crick! — crack! — or-r-ack! — crash!!! — rumble! — tumble! — thunder!!! — Eh — oh — oh — oh! — Silence! — the silence of death! The Rushemup family were "in one brick burial blent!"

The funeral was a large one, the hearse being literally stuffed with flowers as frail and ephemeral as the houses he built. On the following Sunday the minister of the church he attended (to the funds of which he was ever a liberal contributor) preached a strong sermon on the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of being prepared for sudden calls, such as had come to their worthy brother. But a sneering sceptic who had lost a bosom friend by the collapse of one of the worthy brother's shells leant over the pew and whispered into the ear of his next neighbor the words of a well-known Hindoo proverb, viz., "Sic semper tyrannus," which, for the benefit of those ignorant of Hindostanee, I translate, "Thus perish all dishonest contractors."

Rushemup's eternal doom was to be supernatural and ghostly inspector of buildings in the absence of an efficient living inspector in Toronto. Nightly his wretched ghost revisits these glimpses of the moon, and wherever he sees a rickety flash building in course of construction he immediately telephones to his Satanic Majesty, who dispatches old Æolus with a mighty wind with which he blows down the edifice without a word of warning. The other Sunday he blew down one on Clinton Street while the pious occupants were at church. And a couple of weeks later, while

inspecting a building on Bloor Street, he unwittingly gave it an extra shake by way of testing it, when down it fell, crushing the leg of the owner's little boy. And this is the very latest edition of the story of the "House That Jack Built."

THE DECORATIVE MANIA.

Put away the little coal hod that our darling wants to paint,
For she fain would decorate it with devices queer and quaint,
Hide the dish pan and the wash tubs, and likewise the garden hose,
Or Matilda will adorn them with the lily and the rose.

When our Bridget in the morning gets the wooden chopping bowl,
To concoct the morning corned beef hash, it vexes of her soul
To uphold a wreath of pansies where she most must cut and slash,
So she scrapes it off because the paint might permeate the hash.

On the household rolling pin is tied a pretty yellow bow,
And its lilies of the valley, oft commingle with the dough.
While the new potato masher and the kitchen pans and pots
Are magnificent with butterflies and sweet forget-me-nots.

All our articles of furniture, the ancient and the new,
Are resplendent quite with drapery and bows of brightest hue.
In the house we look about with mingled sorrow and amaze,
For Matilda is afflicted with the decorative craze.
—Chicago Rambler.

AN UNVOUCHED-FOR ANECDOTE.

At the Hamilton Church Fair was a sister who would give a kiss for ten cents. The Toronto drummer went up and paid his ten cents, and was about to kiss her, when he noticed that her mouth was one of those large, open-faced, cylinder-escapement, to-be-continued mouths. It commenced at the chin and went about four chains and three links in a northwesterly direction, then round by the ear, across under the nose, and back by the other ear to the place of beginning, and contained about twelve acres, more or less. The travelling man said he was only a poor orphan, and had a family to support, and if he never came out alive it would be a great hardship to those dependent on him for support; and he asked her as a special favor to take her hand and make a reef in one side of her mouth so that it would be smaller. She consented, and puckered in a handful of what would have been cheek if it had not been mouth. He looked at her again, and found that the mouth had become a very one-sided affair, and he said that he had just one more favor to ask. He was not a man who was counted hard to suit when he was at home in Toronto, but he would always feel as if he had got his money's worth, and would go away with pleasanter recollections of Hamilton if she would kindly take her other hand and draw the other side of her mouth together, and he would be content to take his ten cents' worth out of what was left unemployed. This was too much, and she gave him a terrible look, and returned him his ten cents, saying:—"Do you think, sir, because you are a Toronto drummer, that for ten cents you can take a kiss right out of the best part of it. Go; get thee to a nunnery." And he went, and bought lemonade with the money.

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FREEDOM.

A NUT FOR THE YOUNG LIBERALS.

"When shall we be free?" asked a youth high aspiring
To honors political in our fair land,
"Of secondhand rule we are all of us tiring,
I think it is time that ourselves we command!"

Oh, youthful philosopher, don't be mistaken!
Your tyrant's your own; shall he ever more reign?
To this palpable fact you had better awaken,
If not, then for Freedom you may search in vain—

For not till the smoke from the still and the brewery
Ceases to rise, will ye Freedom e'er see,
When the doors of the gin mill no longer can huro ye
Then, only then, will ye truly be free!

—B.

THE WAR OF THE PUMP.

A TALE FOR CHILDREN.

Once upon a time there was a Pump. It stood in a yard in which were two houses, and the occupants of both houses used the Pump, for it was a common pump—that is to say, it was a Pump common to both houses.

At one time both the houses were empty, but suddenly, and on the same day, a family moved into each, and then it was that the trouble began. On the first day the women of each family chanced to meet at the Pump, and oh, my! how affectionate they did seem, to be sure! It was:

"Pray draw your water first, Mrs. Punks; do let me pump for you."

"Oh! I couldn't think of it, Mrs. Boosel; you hold your pail and I'll pump for you," etc., etc., etc.

And the Pump wagged his tail with ecstasy at hearing such delightful sentiments.

Time passed on and the women often met at the Pump, but they were not so loving as of yore. The conversation was something like this now:

"Come, hurry up and get your water, I can't stand here all day."

"Oh, dear me! Mrs. Punks, I forgot your rheumatics; of course you can't stand about much, so I'll let you go first; age before beauty."

"Age, indeed! beauty, indeed! etc., etc., etc."

Time kept passing on and these women occasionally met at the Pump, but they never did so without some sneer or another. One would accuse the other of having red hair, whilst the latter would tell the former she had no hair at all but wore a wig. And they would dispute in shrill tones concerning the Pump, one saying it belonged to her house and the other one making the same claim for her domicile.

Time skipped along and the war of the Pump waxed fiercer and fiercer, and finally Mrs. Punks padlocked the handle and spiked the spout with a wooden bung. Mrs. Boosel called in a locksmith and a blacksmith, who picked the lock and amputated the spout of the Pump, who was very sad about the whole affair.

Mrs. Punks then outflanked her enemy by taking the handle of the Pump off bodily and going to a well half a mile away for water, Mrs. Boosel retaliating by getting a plumber to remove the sucker and purloining the water of Mrs. Boosel when that lady was at market.

And now behold a dismantled Pump and two once affectionate neighbors at daggers drawn—all of which might have been prevented had there been two Pumps, one for each house.

The moral of this story of the War of the Pump is that if there be only one Pump for two houses, the women occupying those houses are certain to quarrel, sooner or later; and they are pretty certain to do it, anyhow, be there one Pump or half a dozen.

It is a very strange fact, but none the less a true one, children, that two men could use

one Pump for a thousand years, provided they could live that long, and there would never be a word of anger to pass between them, but two women could no more use the same Pump for three weeks without quarrelling than they could fly.

You see they must talk and talk, and blow and brag about their children or their beautiful carpets or their window curtains or this, that and the other, till they are certain to fall out at last, and then the poor Pump has to suffer.

Now, children, run away and play.



FLATTERY!

Ethel.—O, aunty! I wish I had my teeth copper-toed like yours!

A KEYNOTE.

A rev. Prohibitionist in this city has devoted thirty years to the question of Bible wine. He has arrived at the conclusion that the good book disapproves of intoxicating beverages. It will now require thirty years more for him to convince the whiskey Christians that he is right. Gentlemen, this discussion is all nonsense. The Bible does not prohibit Prohibition, and that is all we want to know.

"The autumn winds do blow,
And we shall soon have snow."

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of Wm. West & Co.'s lace boots. They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

ERIN GO BRAGH!

So we're going to have a Branch Irish Land League in Canada, and its *raison d'être* is to help Mr. Parnell and his following in paying their parliamentary expenses. Now, I am a great admirer of Ireland and the Irish. I shed tears when I listen to "The Harp That Once" or "The Vale of Avoca." My soul's in arms when I hear "The Minstrel Boy," and I am frequently overpowered with emotion when I think of the brave Brian Boru at Clontarf, cut down at the comparatively early age of ninety odd years. Malachi, who wore the collar of gold, has always been my favorite hero. Yes, I repeat, I am a great admirer of the Emerald Isle and the inhabitants thereof, but *confound their politics!* Surely we have enough domestic political squabbles here without importing the "Irish Question" to further stir up sectional feelings in a country that, as a country, has little or nothing to do with Parnell or the English Parliament either. If those descend-

ants of the men of the Ould Sod or their sympathizing Saxon co-adjutors want to whack up their ducats to assist the great Charles Stewart, let them do so quietly and privately; but I maintain that we don't want any Irish, English, Dutch, Scotch, African, or any other "league" that takes part in any outside country's political difficulties. The only leagues required to be worked up in Canada are the thousands of leagues of good "arable" land on the prairies and elsewhere to be had for a small leagal tender. There is a faint semblance to a joke or witticism about my last assertion, but I think most Canucks will agree that it's just about true.

SAGITTARIUS O'SULLIVAN.

BOSTON "CULCHAW."

Texas Jim came in from Western Texas the other day to visit his sister, and during his stay was introduced to an æsthetic young lady of "culchaw" from Boston. Now Jim is not as pretty as a spotted pup, nor as chipper and graceful as a nickel-plated dude, but when a pretty girl looks unutterable things at him through a pair of gold-rimmed specs, he don't retire into a remote corner of the unknown whence and suck his thumbs. The young lady was much impressed with Jim's manly bearing, and if any interpreter could have been procured they would doubtless have got along nicely together, but Boston culchaw and the wild, free speech of the untrammelled West failed to coalesce. The young lady began the trouble by remarking:

"I have for an indefinite period possessed a morbid desire to see one of those celebrated bovine youths of the Western pampas, and when your sister communicated the fact to me that you might be expected any moment to peregrinate across the threshold of this edifice and stand revealed to my wondering vision, I could hardly bring my overwrought imagination within the limits of self-control."

Jim crossed his legs, spit out the window, half-drowning the prindle pup that lay panting in the shade, put his hat on the floor, and replied:

"Ma-be-so! I don't perzactly corral your leader. Jist make a new round-up, and I'll try and flip the rawhide so as to rake in the ijee."

"Sir?"

"Jist circle round it agin, and I'll try and keep the drive from breakin' on me."

"Couched as it is in an unfamiliar idiom, I fail to form the most remote conception of the idea you would elucidate."

"Well, dodgast my fool luck! Here I can talk United States, Choctaw, Mexican and Arrapahoe, but vaccinate me with a Winchester, carve me wide open with a breech-loading monkey-wrench, if I wouldn't give the hull of my larin' ter be able to say a hundred words to this purty little furriner with goggles," and Jim went out to the fence and larruped his mustang with an inch rope.—*Houston Saturday Evening Caller.*

Rev. E. P. Roe's story, "An Original Belle," now running in the *Chicago Current*, is greatly marred by the author's inability to write Irish brogue. His Irish characters speak as never Irishman spoke. We would advise the publishers to have the manuscript revised—what remains of it—by some Chicago variety comedian.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the Tribune Bureau of Literature in this issue. The difficulty always experienced by authors in finding a market for their work is overcome by those who deal with publishers through this bureau. All information may be obtained by addressing the Manager, 231 Broadway, New York.

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HIGHNESS AND LOWNESS.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh has lately been demonstrating his well-known close-listed attributes by endeavoring to reduce the hop-pickers' wages on his estates in Kent, from the very modest sum of eighteen-pence to one shilling per day. The pickers no longer picked, but instead thereof the pickers "kicked," and threatened to burn the hops. This brought H. R. Nibbs to terms, and the pickers got the same wages as before. This Royal Tar should reflect that in England there are polls and poles; polls for voting, and poles for hops, and plebeian kickers may rally to both. Perhaps in tuning his royal fiddle his Highness has got into the habit of screwing down everything to what he considers the right concert pitch, but however suitable his *airs* may be for the swell concerts in London, they do not seem to be appreciated by those who go in for *hops* in Kent.

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THERE is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, FRILLY'S is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

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