

GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BURGOUH

GRIP ENG.



THE PLANK AT A PREMIUM.

E. F. Clarke } GET OFF THIS PLANK; IT'S MINE, I WAS ON IT FIRST!
Elias Rogers }

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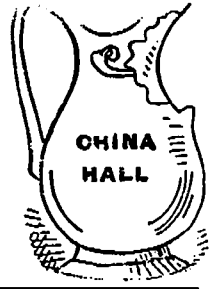
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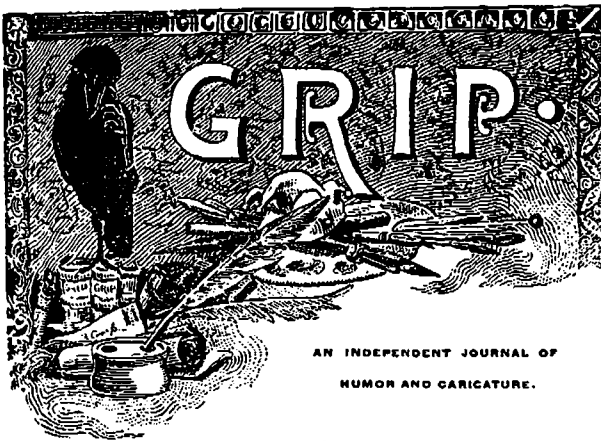
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

With the next issue we present No. 3 of Grip's Gallery of Men of To-Day—a portrait of the Hon. John Macdonald, of Toronto, who has recently been called to a seat in the Dominion Senate. Every purchaser of that issue will be entitled to this Supplement without extra charge.

Comments on the Customs.



ONE of the resolutions of the Provincial Conference—perhaps the most important one—proposes that the Provincial subsidies be readjusted, and that the readjustment be final. To ensure this finality it is suggested that an Imperial Act be passed expressly removing the subsidies and everything pertaining to them from the control of the Federal Government. This would at once destroy the most useful bribery fund which Sir John has ever had, and we find a good many of his acknowledged organs joining a section of the Liberal press in declaring for the abolition of the subsidy system altogether in preference to the arrangement proposed. It is pointed out by the Montreal *Herald* that the abolition of the subsidies would probably have the effect of forwarding Sir John's dream of a legislative union "because the provinces are not in a condition to stand any increase of direct taxation in addition to the enormous burden of Federal taxation they now bear, and if the subsidies were withdrawn, would, as a matter of necessity rather than of choice, be forced to abandon Provincial autonomy and their Provincial legislative institutions." We may well believe that if the subsidies are to be placed beyond his control Sir John has "no

further use for them," and would be anxious, as his organs intimate, to abolish them, in the hope that direct taxation in the Provinces would work to his advantage.

THE PLANK AT A PREMIUM.—The whiskey power as an element in our civic politics appears to be happily done for. The friends of Rum have apparently learned a lesson from the drubbing they received in the two former contests, and probably Toronto will never see a candidate for the mayoralty brought out by them openly. This year the question between the candidates is as to which is the better temperance man. They are both clinging to the anti-saloon plank, and looking to the temperance voters for their chief support. Mr. Clarke and Mr. Rogers are both good men. Their records as to temperance and all other public matters, and their characters as men, are pretty well known to our citizens. GRIP hopes the fight will be open, fair and manly, and that the one who gets most votes will win.

THE HALDIMAND ELECTION.

THE *Globe* sometimes when it opens its mouth puts its foot into it. If it does not take care it will be, one of these days, found choked to death. Its last false step (joke here) was in its explanation of Dr. Montague's defeat at Haldimand. "The bulk of the electorate," it says, "are deplorably susceptible to the influence this Government employs to win men from devotion to high political principle and sound public morality." We suppose it means that a number of voters who ought to have voted for Colter—good Grits, that is—were bribed—no, "won" is the *Globe's* word—to vote contrary to "high political principle and sound political morality." We do not think the Liberal Haldimand electorate will quite relish this way of explaining their defeat.

LITERARY NOTE.

THE Henry Irving edition of Shakespeare, which has just been issued by a leading English house, and is said to be in all respects worthy of the great dramatist, is to be handled in Canada by the new book firm, Messrs. John E. Bryant & Co., Toronto. As perhaps some of our readers may not know Mr. Bryant, we may just mention that he was the individual who stood for Shakespeare's portrait of a high-toned gentleman, given in *Hamlet*—"See what a grace was seated on his brow," etc. This is another tribute, by the way, to Shakespeare's wonderful prescience, as Mr. Bryant has no recollection of ever having met the poet.

THOSE CAST-OFF SHOES.

THE Empire thitherward now works its way
 And claims the cast-off shoes the *Mail* once wore—
 The pea-filled shoes that hurt its corns one day
 Till it in pain just pitched them out the door.

Then David, passing by, bethought him that,
 As his were old and sported laughing toes,
 He'd wear these warmer ones; so down he sat
 And pulled them on, but kept his own old hose.

And thus he walks to-day; he hasn't yet
 Found how the peas will hurt, the fun be spoiled.
 We fear he will some day, for you can bet
 The peas the *Mail* wore have not yet been boiled.

W. H. T.

A NEWS item says that the St. Louis woman who threw the pancake at Mrs. Cleveland is to be exhibited in a dime museum. The show will not be complete without the companion freak, Foraker, Governor of Ohio, and his "unshaken hand."

Address To My Old Grey Goose.

No. 1.

Oh here ye come, my feathered frien' !
 Watching my coming thou hast been ;
 Joy sparkles in thy very een,
 Now I'm in sight,
 Was ever such a rapture seen
 O' pure delight ?

Ay ! here thou com'st, joyful to meet,
 Spreading thy wings to be mair fleet,
 Yet waddling on thy big splay feet,
 Thou blow'st thy horn,
 And wi' that same quack quack doth greet
 Me ev'ry morn ;

Now after me a' day thou'lt waddle,
 E'en wi' that great ungainly straddle,
 And tho' your talk may be but twaddle,
 Ye seem to ken
 I prefer't to the fiddle-faddle
 O' mony men.

Ay ! tho' ye're but a mere grey goose,
 At times ye'll come sae grave and douce,
 As o'er some national abuse
 To hae a crack ;
 And what ye say I half jalouse
 Frae your quack quack.

Then how thou look'st up in my face
 So humanlike, as if to trace
 Some link that binds me to thy race,
 For such may be,
 Then how implicitly ye place
 Full trust in me :

But ane may trust and love owre well ;
 Ye haena heard how Adam fell,
 And made a perfect racket-hell
 O' a' creation ;
 Lord ! I can hardly trust mysell
 'Neath sma' temptation.

Nae doubt ye hae your ain temptations,
 Your weaknesses and defalcations,
 Would shirk your moral obligations
 That will not cease,
 Tho' ye may think them botherations
 Like human geese.

And do ye like our silly race
 Mere vanities o' your ain chase :
 Amid injustice and disgrace
 Still crawling crouse ;
 Ah ! ane would hope ye hae mair grace
 My puir auld goose.

And I can see wi' some surprise,
 That thou too can'st philosophize,
 There's speculation in thine eyes !
 And it must be
 Man that's the puzzle that defies
 Thy scrutiny.

Alas poor goose ! he well may be
 A weary puzzle unto thee,
 For he has ever been to me
 Beyond conceiving,
 A wonder, and a mystery
 Past a' believing.

For just when we've no real troubles,
 Its then we take to chasing bubbles,
 And get oursels in wasafu' hubbles,
 Urged on by pride,
 And then we take to wiles and doubles
 God canna bide.

But tho' your thoughts may be abstruse,
 E'en tho' your morals may be loose,
 And canna be turned to much use
 As the world goes,
 Yet there may be more in a goose
 Than some suppose.

Its evident to me ye ken
 The double-dealing kind o' men,
 For on the very instant when
 By chance they're here,
 Aff, into your ain secret den
 Ye disappear :

As soon's Jock's ferret face ye see,
 How cunningly ye cock your e'e,
 How plainly too ye say to me,
 " Beware o' chaff,"
 While hurriedly awa' ye flee,
 Or straddle aff.

Then I have seen thee dodge and shrink,
 Backwards, as from pollution's brink,
 And literally sneeze, and wink,
 Wi' look so grim
 As throttled by the moral stink
 He bears with him.

There's folk baith in the Kirk and State,
 That ye've blackballed at ony rate ;
 Ye ken them weel, ay ! sure as fate
 Ye see their failings,
 Nor sweet are ye to show your hate
 O' double dealings.

The knowing ones who scheme and weave,
 'Tis owre sic human geese we grieve,
 Wha in their inmost hearts believe
 They can conjoin,
 Hoodwink, bambouze, and deceive
 The Eternal Soul.

Lord ! what a world they soon would mak it,
 By law, let the most cunning tak it,
 And ne'er a ane would throw his jacket
 And set to wark,
 But keep an everlasting racket
 Owre the last sark.

They're the great geese o' humankind,
 Wha hae nae duties save to find
 For the intellectually blind,
 New chains and tethers,
 And tickle a' the while they bind
 And pluck their feathers.

On folk gien o'er to overreaching,
 Ye needna try our moral teaching ;
 Just as weel might try our preaching
 On a live heap
 O' maggots, deaf to a' beseeching,
 On a dead sheep.

Hush ! tho' self's grown to giant stature,
 Still to despise a fellow-creature,
 Oh, it gangs sair against our nature !
 What can we say
 Save, owre the God-forgotten creature
 " Come, let us pray."

But I must stop, that's very plain
 I see that ye begin to grane ;
 But still there does a deal remain,
 I fain would say,
 So we will have a talk again
 Some other day.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

JIMKINS has a new scheme. Whenever his wife opens out on him he says, "I don't wonder at Bishop Cleary!" This causes an instant calm.

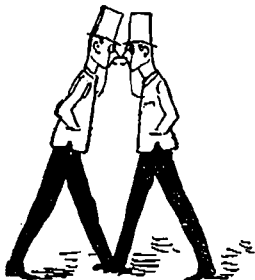


BISHOP CLEARY'S ADVENTURES WITH THE SHOCKING CANADIAN (Protestant, of course!) SCHOOL GIRL.

HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

ELIAS, the Prophet, a good man of old,
Was fed by the Ravens, and so
'Tis clearly GRIP's duty to carry support
To Elias the Coal man, you know!

FISHERY COMMISSION.



"Sir Charles lost no time (after the party had inspected the rooms and been made familiar with the manner in which to turn on and off the gas), in conveying them all to the British Legation, where Sir Lionel

Sackville West was found. Introductions then took place in the following order:

"Sir Charles—'I am Sir Charles Tupper, K.C.B., Sir Lionel.'

"Sir L.—'Yes, I've heard of you.'

"Sir Charles—'This is my son-in-law.'

"Sir L.—'Ah, indeed.' (shakes.)

"Sir Charles—'This is my nephew.'

"Sir L.—'Happy, I'm sure.' (shakes.)

"Sir Charles—'This is my son's partner.'

"Sir L.—'Good enough. It's a great pleasure, I am sure.'

"Sir Charles—'This is Mr. Johnson, a gentleman who knows a great deal about fishy matters. You may almost say that he's a sort of herring-bone connection.'

"Sir L.—'Glad to know you. How are the rest of the family, Sir Charles?'

"All pretty well, thank you. I think I have them all now anchored under the lee of the Treasury. I'm a little anxious about the one down by the sea, as he has always been used to have a warm cover which I had to bring with me, it being very chilly when we left.'

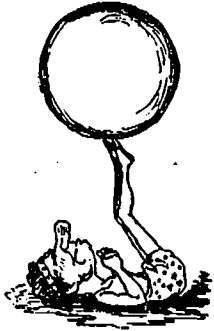
"Sir L.—'Who's this little gentleman behind you?'

"Sir Charles—'O, I'd forgot him; that's Mr. Thompson, who—well I may say he's one of us. He will do

most of the work ; but the money orders and crossed cheques are to be made payable to me I will see to the distribution.'

"Sir L.—'Hope you'll enjoy yourselves, gentlemen. Look around the rooms, and if you see anything you like, take it.' Exit."

WIT AND WATER, HYGIENE AND HUMOR.



Of course GRIP is a sun amongst journalistic luminaries. (If perchance some should say that, like the sun, it has spots, "Yes," we would answer, "but, like the sun, these are few, small, and recur at long intervals!") GRIP, we were saying, is a sun ; but occasionally a journalistic star of, say, the fourteenth magnitude, throws out brilliant corruscations strangely differing from the pale cold light with which it usually shines. The star that has most recently developed

these startling phenomena is the *World*. (To those of GRIP's readers to whom it is not known, we may say that the *World* is a Toronto morning paper.) The corruscation with which it has enlightened its particular region of the heavens is an article on city water and sewers. It may seem almost incredible, but without hesitation we say it, this driest, dimmallest, and most repellent of subjects, is treated in a vein of rarest wit and humor. Those who wish to spend a quarter of an hour in keen enjoyment—enjoyment almost equalling the perusal of GRIP—should read "The Health of the City," by R. W. Phipps, in the 19th inst.'s issue of the star of the 14th magnitude aforementioned.

From forestry to flues, and from trees to traps, is a long step. But Mr. Phipps has a long head : his mental legs are long even if his material ones are short ; and he glides over cellars, wells, sewers, water-pipes and cisterns with a gait that betokens grace and power.

Whence came this abundant flow of wit ? Is it due to the excellence of the drains of his own domicile (he has one nine inches in diameter, he tells us) ; or from his careful avoidance of city water ; or to the fact (if fact it be) that he dilutes the same with some magic bactericide ? Surely the city that can produce such exquisite sarcasm and pungent satire cannot be so badly drained or so ill supplied with wholesome water.

THE NEEDS OF TORONTO.

GRIP's special patent warranted superfine reporter had conversation last week with a number of eminent men on the subject of Toronto's most pressing needs. He gives his readers the substance of these.

Mr. A, the large coal merchant, was of the opinion that too much wood was burned in Toronto. He could not but think that the progress of Toronto demanded the substitution of coal for wood. "I would pass a law," he stated, raising his arm in the air and accidentally tipping our reporter's fine Roman nose, thereby causing his eyes to water, "making it compulsory for the citizens of Toronto to use coal instead of wood. When that is done poverty will be a thing unknown (among the coal-dealers)."

Our reporter, averse though he is to bar-rooms, accosted the proprietor of one of the most famous, to glean his views. He set them forth thus :

"I believe in the liberty of the subject, and would strongly favor the advance of the bar-room. The more bar-rooms the more drinking, the more drinking the more money spent, the more money spent the more—" Here our reporter fled.

Mr. C., the eminent real estate agent, was next interviewed. Thus he spake :

"What the city needs is breadth—expansion. It is at present contracted, narrow, confined. Look at those great territories lying to the north and west. We should take them in, give them gas, water, drainage and everything else. Then what would be the result ? The result would be a boom in land, and that means, ah ! that means bread to the hungry, clothing for the destitute, meat, drink, enjoyment, everything. Sir, what Toronto needs is a new boom."

The last man that our reporter tackled was a student of Blackstone—in other words, a lawyer.

"There is not enough litigation," he said to our reporter. "The more litigation that there is in the world, the more the spirit of the people is removed from bondage. Law-suits should be encouraged, and then Toronto will blossom forth into such a city as the world never saw before and never shall see again."

Our reporter decided that Toronto's millennium, according to these ideas, will come to pass when the city's limits are the north pole and the river St. Lawrence north and south, and the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean east and west—when bar-rooms are on every corner of the street, when the forests of Canada are exhausted, and when every man in the country is at loggerheads with somebody else.



"UNION IS STRENGTH."

ONE day it occurred to a long-headed Buchanan that if the three clubs that were being used to smash the old giant Rum were bound together in one, it would save expense and make the work much more expeditious. So he called the heads of the three orders together and proposed the matter to them. Being men of sense they at once saw the excellence of the project and assented to it, but the old rascal Rum, who stood by, trembled in his boots, and said it was all nonsense, and that they would make much better headway against him if they remained divided.—Æsop revised.

ADVICE to the Bishop of Kingston—by Sam Sing the Laundryman—"Cleary outhee !"

AN AULD MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

GUIDSAKE, hoo a lifetime passes !
Hoo the years hae slipped swa' ;
Reckoned still mang single lasses,
An' to-day I'm forty-twa.

Yet I've had my share o' laddies,
An' o' offers na that few ;
But lang syne these lads are daddies,
Sae diel the chance is left me noo.

Oh, but I was proud and saucy ;
Oh, but I was douce and shy ;
Oh, but I was high an' haughty,
Tae let ilka chance slip by.

First, big Wull, the barley miller,
Offered me his heart an' han',
But I thoct him scant o' siller,
Sae I let his offer stan'.

Then, anon, wee Jock the mason,
Asked me if his hame I'd share ;
But I wi' a tiger face on,
Sent him tac—I'll no say where.

Then, fu' sleek, lang Sam, the Yankee,
Said "he guessed I'd like to hitch,"
When I curtly answered "thank ye,
But ye're guessing far too much."

Then auld flattering, smooth-tongued Paddy,
Ca'd me "darlint," "jewel," "dear,"
But the loon might be my daddy,
Sae frae Pat I steered clear.

Thus I've served, I'm sure a dozen,
In the same uncivil way,
Noo I'm getting auld an' wiszen,
An' my hair is thin an' gray.

Catch me noo such capers trying ;
Had I but another chance—
Feth ! to-night I'd be off fying,
Though it were 'tween this an' France.

JOHN MCCALLUM.

PECKS.

CHRISTMAS is about here, and all the merchants say they have a full stockin'.

The new Conservative paper is expected to be a model of veracity. The managers engaged David especially to strangle the lyin'.

Little Eddie was a very bad boy. His ma told him one day how Satan came and carried away bad little boys, and they never, never came back. Eddie was very thoughtful for some time, but finally looking out of the window he saw the minister drive up in a buggy. He turned with a scared look to his mother and said : "Ma, ma ! Is that Satan coming after me now ?"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Epistles O' Airlie.—We have good news for the thousands of admirers of our clever Scottish contributor, "Hugh Airlie," and for all others who delight in the pawky humor of the land o' cakes. It is that our publishers have in press a little volume containing a selection of the Philosophical Hugh's Epistles, to be published in the course of a few weeks. The letters which make up this "bookie" are brimming over with fun, and to add to their attractiveness Mr. Bengough has designed more

than twenty original illustrations. The work will be neatly printed and will be issued both in paper and cloth binding. The paper covered edition will retail at 25 cents. Any of our friends wishing to receive the book may send orders at once enclosing the price, addressing Publishing Department, "GRIP" office.

WE have received from Raphael Tuck & Sons, New York, an assortment of their Christmas Cards, which we can commend to all who are in search of something unique and dainty for the holiday season. The firm named stand at the very head of the artistic publishing houses, having splendid establishments in England, Germany, and the United States. Their work for the present year surpasses anything they have hitherto sent forth, and this is the superlative of praise. Every card is a genuine work of art, though the cost is not greater than that of inferior goods.



SOME FACTS WORTH WEIGHING.'

"It has been computed that 75 per cent of the material interests of Canada are centred in agriculture ; add to that 15 per cent. representing the lumber interest, and we have 90 per cent. left representing the class upholding protective duties in pure selfishness, without a thought for the 10 per cent. compelled by law to replenish their pockets. Is it not time to turn over a new leaf, or rather to tear out the old blotched, hideous thing, an affront to the common sense of the nineteenth century?"—Robert Bruce, Reeve of Markham—speech at York County Council.

A SERMON.

BY THE PASTOR OF ST. GAMBRINUS' CHURCH.

Texts.—"Wine that maketh glad the heart." "At last it stingeth like a serpent." "If wine maketh my brother to offend, I will drink no wine."

BRETHREN : The subject before us this evening is the Liquor question, and I shall proceed to treat it (and let me say in passing that there is not the slightest harm in the treating system, but on the contrary it tends to make sober and Christian citizens)—I say I shall proceed to treat the subject in the broad and liberal manner which is so characteristic of me. I am here this evening to throw a light upon the Drink Question, as rosy, lambent and beautiful as that which beameth from the nose of the toper. Let me hasten to say that I do not love toppers, as such, and I would advise none of you to make up your minds to become toppers. Some of you, I know,

cannot, in any case. Like myself, you may be of bilious and dyspeptic constitutions, and liquor may contain no charm and no temptation for you. Others of you may have all the necessary qualifications for success as drunkards, but I do not advise you to become such. No! I only advise you to drink in moderation. If, perchance, some of you in following this advice, go down to drunkard's graves, it is not my fault. I will conduct your funeral services in becoming style and will congratulate myself that I, at all events, have had no hand in your death. I notice a great many young men here. Young men, drink moderately! Never mind what your mothers, and sisters, and the generality of ministers tell you—they are all mollicoddles. I say, *don't* be total abstainers. Support the saloons. A man may be a good man, yea, a Christian man, and sell liquor, and it is your duty to support these dear brethren. I put it before you as a *duty*. Christ and his disciples drank wine in the East; therefore you should drink brandy, gin, whisky, and beer in the West. It is a solemn duty for us in this day to live as our fathers lived in the East. Young men, drink moderately—they did so in the East. The idea of having only one wife is a modern idea—people in the East had as many as they wished. Go thou and do likewise. Live, I say, on your housetops, and when you sit at meals squat on the floor. This may be inconvenient, but is it not our duty to do as they did in Palestine? Thus much I have to say on the first clause of my text. The other clauses, being irrelevant to the theme, we will pass them over. Let me conclude by repeating my excellent and Christian advice, young men, don't be teetotal milk sops, but drink whisky moderately. Hoping these few remarks will meet the views of the whisky dealers who contribute so largely to the funds of some churches; and trusting that this sermon will tend to sobriety of living, I close. Let us pray!

SUKSESS IN THE MINISTRY,

OR HOW TO GET THE BEST KALLS.

BY REVEREND PETER PUFFER, METHOD-IST PARSEN.

PUFFERVILLE, ONT., NOV., '87.

In mi first epissel I showed that evry preecher who wanted to be suksessful and rise to the best appointment must have a *single aim*, setting his eye on the prize (the best salary) and pressing himself forward in the race and not have too lofty views about his mission. If preechers persist in trying to be like Paul and Jno. Wesley & Wm. Taylor & in making salery a sekondary matter I've little hope of seeing them rise to such a position as I enjoy—the pastorate of the Top-Not Church in Pufferville, with \$2000 a year & 2 mos vakashin.

Speaking of Wm Taylor how often I've thot of that poor man. He has ability wich if rightly directed with the use of a littel *takt* and good judgment would have landed him in one of our best sity churches with a *big salery* & a *long vakashin*!

Wm Taylor aims to be like Paul—and what is the result? In place of a good salery & an easy time he works like a slave in the heart of Africa and is preaching to niggers! He's too konshienshus & will never get a kall to one of our best churches. In fakt I dont know any greater hindrance to a man in risin to the best places than having too much konshenz! I shall now disklose

SEKRET NO. 2

in a suksessful ministry wich is what I kall *Barter*—or an ability to swap a poor appointment for a better one. I have

faint hopes of any man rising to the Top-Not Churches who hasent sum little natral ability in this line. As a general thing a man who can swap hosses advantageously can trade sirkets to advantage also. In fakt, a man who kant trade off a \$500 place for \$600 sirket & this in turn for a \$700 charge is laking in one of the mane elements of ministerial suksess today.

Now I dont hesitate to say I shood never hev bin Parson of this tony church in Pufferville (notwithstanding mi sooperior talents) if I hed not follered this prinsipel strickly. I traded mi \$300 mission for a \$400 charge & swapped this off for a \$500 charge with a brother beloved (allowing a little differens in a hoss trade in the bargain) & now I am in receipt of the Top-Notch salery in the konferens!

Amung early Methodists preechers this prinsipel of Barter was not known & wood not hev bin appresheated anyway. The preechers promised to go where they wasent & didnt kare a nikel so long as there was plenty of rough work to be done. But ole tunes is changed & ole maners gone! The big churches & fat saleries has kum in and with these the peepel all realize the fitness uv "*kalling*" their preechers. This furnishes us a grand chance of barter—for all you've got to do is to get your sirket to kall Jones & Jones 'll get his sirket to kall *you*. Heres the *modus operandy*:

(a) Make yourself solid with your konferens & get a majority redy to vote as you direkt.

(b) Pik out your next appointment & get the preecher to arrange you a *kall*. (You must of kourse have a *quid pro quo* redy to repay his kindness)

(c) After you get the *kall* give the church authorities to understand you will go *no where else*. Say to 'em: "I've bin kalled by the free choice of the suverin peepel & I kant disappint them. Persunally I wood rather have a poorer sirket & a smaller salery but Providence havin pinte out mi pathway I must yield to dooty."

This gives you a splendid chance to say: I never asked for any appointment—the appointment always asked for me. Sum of the most suksessful ministers we have never ask for any appointment—they always get the appointment to ask for them—but they are just wonderful in their ability at *refusing*. They kan refuse all round the sirket—except the one place that pleases them!

In kliming a ladder you must always hold on to one step till you get a hier one—so I wood say to mi poor week bretherin in the ministry, use your present station as a foothold to a better one. If your konshens bothers you just remember that this ability to traffic is as necessary in the ministry today as piety was in Paul's time, or self-denial in John Wesley's.

Talk about talent & piety & all such—bless you, its takt & kommersial ability that the suksessful minister wants today. A man of 2 talents with takt and tradin ability will get ahead faster than the man of 10 talents who has nothing but piety to rekommend him.

Mi konshens used to bother me a good deal at first in swappin sirkets. There were littel details in the traffic that did not seem to harmonize with the New Testament. But I kept on resolutely fixin mi eye on this church in Pufferville (or rather on the salery) & now it hasent bothered me for yeez!

"HIS WORDSHIP, Bishop Cleary," is what the Kingston Teachers' Association call him in their resolution. This is probably a *Mail* misprint, but it is an unusually sensible one.



VIRGINIUS SLAYING HIS DAUGHTER.

"RATHER THAN HAVE THEE PLACED BEYOND MY POWER, I SLAY THEE WITH MY OWN HAND!"

HOW BEN BUTLER GOT RICH.

YOUNG MEN OF TO-DAY MAY DO LIKEWISE IF THEY FOLLOW ADVICE GIVEN.

GENERAL B. F. BUTLER being asked for some suggestions on gaining success, stated that when he was a young lawyer, practising in Lowell, Mass., a bank president advised him to take his little deposit and buy real estate, from which he could be deriving some revenue. The general said that he had but little money and was uncertain as to his future.

"Never mind," said the bank president "go to the next public auction of real estate, bid off a lot with a building of some kind on it, pay down what money you have and give your promissory notes for the balance. You will come out all right."

General Butler says this advice was good. When a man has obligated himself, by his notes, to pay money at a certain time it inclines him to economy. He followed the advice and in time became the owner of several parcels of valuable real estate in Lowell.

Two classes will not be likely to heed such advice—the improvident and the over-cautious. The latter will be apt to say: "It would be all right but for those dreadful promissory notes. They are always running on, and if a man falls sick they do not wait for him to get well."

There is this danger of course, but one can make no business venture without some risk, and with the knowledge acquired by recent investigations of the cause of most ordinary ailments and the means of cure, one runs little risk from that source. It is now known that most of the common ailments have their origin in deranged kidneys. They are the chief blood purifiers of the system and when disordered a breaking down somewhere is soon inevitable, because the poison, which in their healthy condition is eliminated, is carried through the entire system.

Put them in order, and health returns.

C. D. Dewey, a successful man, president of the Johnston Harvester Company, Batavia, N. Y., gives his experience as follows:

In 1882 my health was failing, my head pained me constantly, my appetite was uncertain, I could not sleep soundly. I attributed this to the extreme pressure of business cares, but I grew worse, and finally was confined to my bed for two months. It seemed as though I would "never recover" my former health. Under the aid of stimulants I gradually gained strength, so that in a few months I was able to attend to business, but I could walk only with the assistance of a cane, and then in a slow and unsteady manner. I continued somewhat in the same condition until February last, when I used Warner's safe cure. It has cured me. I consider it a valuable remedy and can highly recommend it.

Young men have but to use ordinary prudence, and when any derangement occurs if they use the same means as did this successful business man, they may feel a constant assurance of their ability to carry to successful conclusion all ordinary business projects, including the care of their promissory notes when due.

CHICAGO culture has added a new phrase to the dictionary of fashionable society, and a new verb to the English language. The *Herald* says: "Misses Stella and Mabel Finney Sundayed with relatives in Waukegan." It is now in order for Stella and Mabel to rise and tell an anxious world how to Sunday.—*Ex.*

GRAMMATICAL NOTE—Present, due; past dun.

A CALIFORNIA astronomer has discovered a new star, and a syndicate has been formed to stake it out in town lots.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A MUSIC dealer says that the violin has not improved any since 1720. The same may be said of the violin player who lives next door.—*Norristown Herald.*

MRS. KNAGGS is a Bay City, Michigan, journalist. Leaving out the accident of name and possible position, we sympathise with the male editors and reporters on general principles.—*Ex.*

A MAN out in Lansing, Michigan, is pronounced legally dead. But if a fellow presumes on this some day to lug him off to a dissecting-room, he will be apt to find a disgustingly lively corpse.—*Ex.*

MANY distinguished men have felt proud of the popularity implied by nicknames. Mayor Roche of Chicago can hardly share this pleasurable emotion. He is commonly known by his admiring fellow-citizens as Cock Roche.—*Ex.*

CHOPPED OUT.

PEOPLE who do not believe that perpetual motion is possible never saw a Maine girl in blissful conjunction with a piece of spruce gum.—*Somerville Journal.*

"WHY, Miss Howjames," said the Chicago girl, "you don't mean that it is all over between you and Mr. Grimshaw?" "What I have told you," replied the Boston young lady, haughtily, "is the—the undraped actuality."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"THE people of Siberia buy their milk frozen around a stick, which serves as a handle," says an exchange. Aha! Learned how to whitewash an icicle just like they do in Chicago, eh?—*Arcola Record.*

It may be a question just when it is best to take the risk of losing a man's friendship by refusing to lend him money. An experienced observer says that he is of the opinion that the average friendship is never worth more than \$20.—*Somerville Journal.*

MOST men work to make a name for themselves, but the sign-painter devotes his energies mainly to making names for other people, and spelling and punctuating them in a way to make the whole world marvel, too.—*Somerville Journal.*

THERE may be a place elsewhere for the man who comes in when you are busy and sits on the corner of your desk while he munches an apple, but we have no earthly use for him in this world.—*Somerville Journal.*

"IN our civilization," said a pretentious painter, "there is nothing we need more than art critics." "I don't know that we need them now," some one replied, "but we may need them after awhile." "When, sir?" "After we have artists."

A DEEP MYSTERY.

WHEREVER you are located you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, making thereby from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Hallett & Co., will start you. Capital not needed. Either sex. All ages. No class of working people have ever made money so fast heretofore. Comfortable fortunes await every worker. All this seems a deep mystery to you, reader, but send along your address and it will be cleared up and proved. Better not delay; now is the time.

It is all well enough to say that thirteen is an unlucky number. But the United States started in business with thirteen States, and seem to be holding her own up to going to press.—*Puck.*

TWO OF A KIND.

PAPA—Why so pensive, my daughter? Eloise—Jack Buffington has just returned all my notes, and everything between us is ended. Papa—Quite a coincidence, my dear. One of his was returned to me this morning—protested.—*Tid-Bits.*

"O, DEAR!" exclaimed cousin Jane, "my throat is so raw I can't sing any more. Doesn't singing make your throat raw, Uncle Charles?" "I think," was the guarded reply, "that it has a tendency to make those raw who hear me."

"AND what makes you think I'm a slow reader?" asked Merritt. "Because," replied Miss Snyder, "I lent you a book more than a year ago and you don't seem to have finished it yet."—*Judge.*

EGGS-ACTLY.

"Do you recollect Shakespeare's famous remark that 'all the world's a stage?'" "Yes." "Did you ever notice that it applies to chickens as well as to people?" "To chickens!" "Yes. They have their entrees and their egg sits, don't they?"—*Washington Critic.*

IT LENGTHENED HIS DAYS.

BUCK—What's the matter with you to night, Charlie, you look so glum? Charlie—Matter enough! I went to my doctor yesterday, and he said if I'd stop smoking it would lengthen my days. Buck—Well, did you stop? Charlie—Yes, and the doctor was right; this has been the longest day I ever lived.—*Medical Era.*

THOSE HEATHEN DOCTORS.

"COLONEL," said a Kentucky lady to her sick husband, "the doctor says the ice water you are taking is doing you so much good that he thinks he will further increase the dose." "But, my dear," expostulated the sick colonel, "does he understand that I have already been increased to a teaspoonful three times a day?"—*New York Sun.*

HE DIDN'T MIND THE COLOR.

WAITER (to countryman)—There's black bass, sir, and striped bass and white fish and blue fish. Countryman—I don't keer nuthin' about the color, friend, if the fish is fresh.—*New York Sun.*

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"THERE," said Mrs. Highflyer, as her daughter ceased from torturing one of the high-numbered "ops" of Beethoven, "that's what I call a finished performance, eh, Mr. Jones?" And Mr. Jones nodded and said, "thank Heaven!"—*Ex.*

A CONGRESSMAN'S daughter had been receiving a young man's attentions until the father thought it was time he was knowing something about it. "Celestine," he said last night, when the young man was announced, "is n't it about time some definite conclusion was being arrived at in this matter?" "Quite time, papa," she replied in a matter-of-fact way. "Well, daughter, is there any prospect of a conclusion?" "I can't really say, papa. You see he is on the calendar as unfinished business, and—" "Enough, daughter, enough," he interrupted, putting up his hands, and the girl went down stairs to complete the quorum.—*Washington Critic.*

JANUARY							FEBRUARY							MARCH							APRIL							MAY							JUNE						
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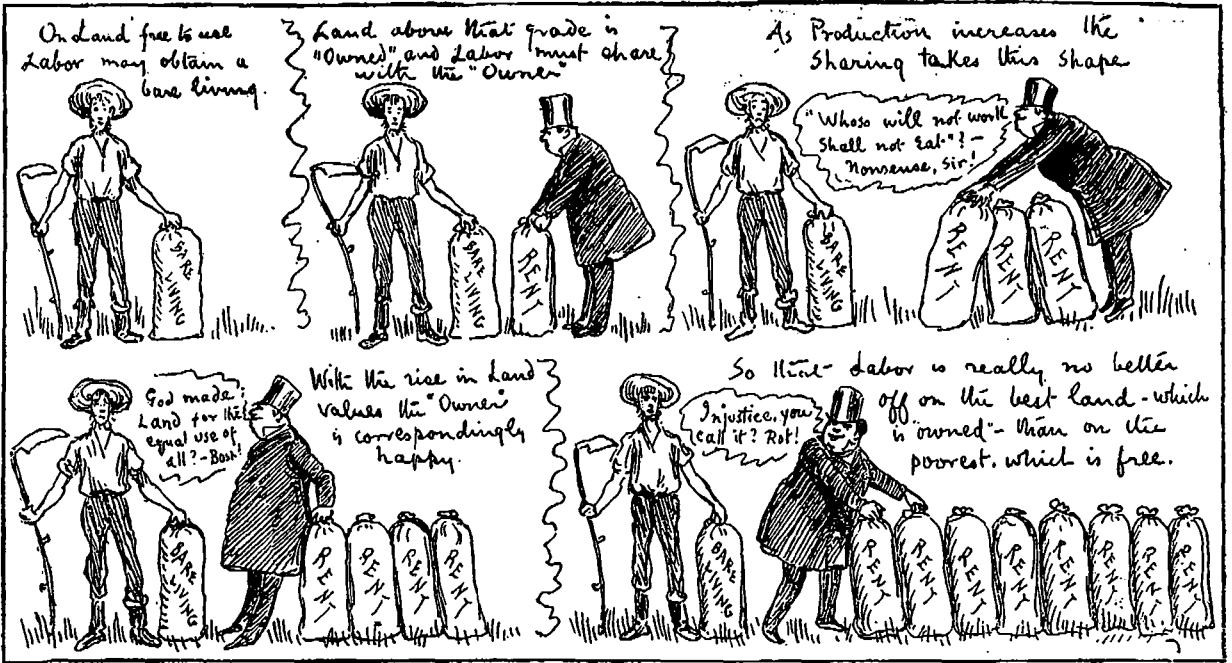
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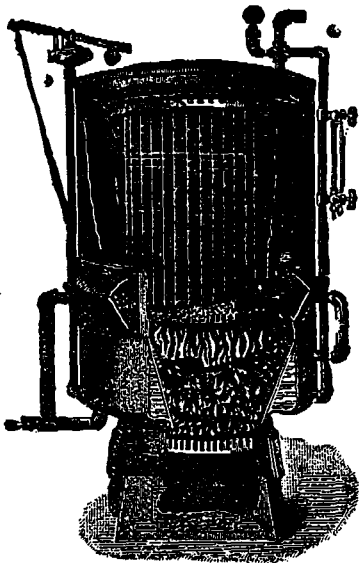
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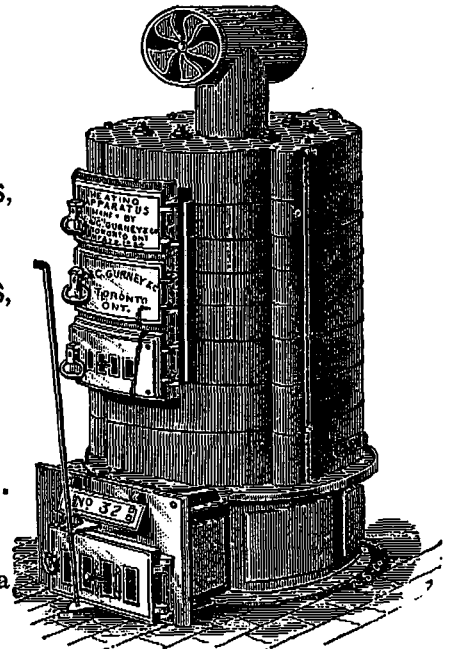
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At a large and would-be fashionable wedding recently held in a town in this State the solemnity was rudely disturbed by a rather unexpected answer. The bride had entered on her uncle's arm, and was met by the groom at the chancel. The uncle then retired and took a seat in the body of the house. All went well until the clergyman asked the question: "Who giveth this woman to be wedded to this man?" He paused for an answer, and the uncle rose and, placing his hands on the pew in front of him, said, in accents louder than are common at weddings, "Me!"—*Boston Traveller.*



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Notice Respecting Passports.

Persons requiring passports from the Canadian Government should make application to this department for the same, such application to be accompanied by the sum of four dollars in payment of the official fee upon passports as fixed by the Governor in Council.

G. POWELL,
Under Secretary of State.

OTTAWA, 19th Feb., 1886

NOTICE.

YOUNG, middle-aged, or old men who find themselves nervous and exhausted, who are broken down from the effects of abuse or overwork, and in advanced life feel the consequence of youthful excess, send for and read M. V. Lubon's Treatise on Disease of Men. Sealed, 6c. in stamps; unsealed, free. Address, M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington Street East, Toronto Canada.

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TORONTO, 18th Oct. 1887.

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T. B. PARDEE,

Commissioner.

NOTE.—Particulars as to locality and description of limits, area, etc., and terms and conditions of sale will be furnished on application personally, or by letter to the Department of Crown Lands.

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