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Mr. George Crammond, our sole Advertising Agent, is also authorized to transact subscription and collecting business. Mr. C. is about to visit Montreal in the interests of the paper, and we bespeak for him a kind reception by our many friends there.

BENGOUGH, MOORE & BENGOUGH.

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To Correspondents.

Aitch Bee.—A good beginning; come often.

Ben-jo.—Shall be glad to hear from you often. Make your articles short, sharp, and shiny.

Betsy Jane Smart, Montreal; *A. B. Chat-ham*; *Young Canada, Montreal*. Too late for this issue.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—We have drawn on the inexhaustible treasury of Dickens this week for an illustration of the present interesting position of affairs *in re* the Boundary Award. And perhaps nothing from the gallery of that inimitable painter could more aptly illustrate the position than the touching scene in the life of poor little Oliver Twist, when he struck consternation into the breast of the poor-house manager by "asking for more." Ontario's Oliver is at present asking—with equal innocence and earnestness—for more territory, but no more than is his due by all laws of equity and right; and his application is received by the Dominion Premier with an expression of amazement and incredulity which quite rivals that of the old duffer in the story

—only John A.'s astonishment is altogether feigned. Meantime the matter is being earnestly discussed in the Local House, though what practical good can come of such discussions we totally fail to see. This tampering with our provincial rights by the Federal authorities certainly needs to be peremptorily ended, but the proper persons to look after our interests are the representatives of Ontario in the Dominion House.

FIRST PAGE.—A meaner or more un-English proceeding than the recent black-balling of Prof. Goldwin Smith by the St. George's Society of this city, has never been recorded. Just where the chief odium of this disgraceful affair ought to be placed is a little uncertain, —though there could be no doubt on this point if it be true, as it is alleged, that certain well-known officials of Society actually arranged the matter in caucus. Whoever had a hand in such a caucus against Mr. Smith may safely be branded as a being unworthy of membership in any respectable society. Mr. Piddington, however, is also blameworthy in not insisting on the withdrawal of his motion to elect Mr. Smith an honorary member when he found it could not be carried unanimously, and those who advocated having the motion put and defeated are also marked for blame. Having duly excepted all who voted for Mr. Smith's reception, we assure the members of St. George's Society of our unqualified contempt of their narrow-souled and cowardly assault upon an absent man, who had expressly asked them, in terms of respectful courtesy, to spare him. The plea that Mr. Smith's political opinions are a bar to his admission is bosh, and nobody knows it better than those who insulted the name of England by this scurvy conduct. It is to be hoped that the Society will at least have the manliness to decline hereafter to receive Mr. Smith's cheques in the hands that were so eager to grasp the black balls against him.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Our noble Marquis has returned to the bleak and barren shores of Canada, and will in all probability remain with us to the close of his term. While in the Old Land our energetic Governor interested himself in the subject of female emigration, and as the result of his labours he will shortly have the pleasure of introducing to the notice of the Nor'-west bachelors a fine marketable assortment of spinsters. If the marriageable maidens already in our midst are satisfied with this arrangement, it is not for us to grumble, though we rather opine that when they come to realize the situation they will be more than ever inclined to go "for Lorne."

Our cartoon on the subject of Canadian loyalty appears to have raised the ire of some of our friends, who have jumped to the conclusion that the picture meant "Independence." This is a mistake. GRIP does not favour separation from the Empire, he simply pleads for more manliness on the part of Canadians, and asks that our self-governing powers (so liberally

granted by the Mother Land in the first place) be extended to all matters pertaining to our commercial relations with foreign nations.

"HE IS AN ENGLISHMAN."

(Assung by Mr. Goldwin Smith, with his finger pointed to a certain member of the Toronto St. George's Society.)

SOLO.—He is an English-man!

For he himself has said it,

But it's not to England's credit

That he is an Englishman!

CHORUS.—That he is an Englishman!

SOLO.—For he's too mean for a Russian,

A Zulu, Greek or Prussian,

Or even China-man.

But in spite of all temptations

To join the black-ball nations,

He remains an Englishman.

He remains a sick, snide, measly Englishman.

A Protest.

BY WINIFRED WALLOPOTTE.

Oh dear! what on earth shall we do?
What's to become of us poor girls of Canada?
It's highly unjust if the tidings prove true,
Altho' we're as good as the best of them any day.

I think, 'pon my word, it's a very great shame,
And a piece of outrageous, unblushing effrontery,
To treat us Canadian girls with disdain,
And import such a doubtful invoice to the country.

The girls will be gathered from country and city,
The slums of St. Giles, or nasty Whitechapel, or
Bristol or Sheffield, so grimy and gritty,
Whenever the "Agent" may happen to grapple her.

Some good ones, perhaps, urged by the importunate
Agents of steamships, or packets and liners,
May come, but the class who are well called "unfortunate"
Will come here in hundreds to gather in "shiners."

Dear me! I'm surprised that the Marquis of Lorne,
(Our Governor, too!) well, he ought to know better
Than to ignore a girl that's Canadian born,
And foster the foreigner when he can get her.

I'm sure the young men of Keewatin or Winnipeg,
If they want to get married and settle for life;
If they sow their wild oats and for drinking put in a peg,
There are plenty good girls here to choose for a wife.

For why should a bachelor on the wild prairie
Prefer an old country girl, when he can find
One of his own country, though 'praps she has "nary
A red," she would likely be more to his mind.

I trust that Sir Leonard will make it his business
To re-model his tariff and put an embargo
On all doubtful females,—it gives me a dizziness
To think of such girls sent out here by the cargo!

So wake up, my sisters, and send a petition
To stop this vile scheme to the Gov'ner in Council;
If he don't, then look out, we will get up a "mission,"
And the Ministry then will get the grand bounce all.

The Effects of Physic.

A medical friend sends us this:—A very good thing came to my notice this morning on visiting a patient, and I send it to you. If you think it worth anything, use it for the benefit of GRIP's readers. The patient asked me if I had been acquainted with Dr. —, of the town of Thorold, as I had been an old resident of that neighbourhood, to which I said I was very well acquainted. "Well," said the patient, "he called on us last night, and is now in the city, and he informed us that 'when he first went to Thorold it was a place of four thousand inhabitants, but when he left it there were only twenty-eight hundred.'"

When we look at this Giteau business, we feel like exclaiming, with old Aunt Cloe: "O Lord, if the debil don't catch such fellows, what's he good for?"—*Albany Journal*.



The Royal Handbell Ringers and Glee-men gave three entertainments at the Pavilion, on Friday and Saturday of last week. The audiences were large, and probably the enterprising citizens who brought the company to the city came out all right financially. Of course the concerts were artistic successes. The selections on the bells were given with the charm of perfection

which could only come of long practice based upon thorough musical training. The glee-singing was not less enjoyable than the bell-playing. A number of old-fashioned rounds were given at each performance, and always with splendid effect. The tenor of the company possesses a voice of phenomenal strength and sweetness, and why he is not allotted a solo or two in the programme we are at a loss to say. Such an addition would materially add to the excellence of an entertainment which is at present of very high merit.

Haverly's Opera Company presented *Patience* at the Grand on Monday night, before an audience which was large and brilliant, notwithstanding the intensely cold weather.

Manager Conner is offering a capital series of attractions this week in a grand revival of Augustin Daly's celebrated *New York* successes. *Pique* was given Monday and Tuesday, and during the week *Divorce* and *East Lynne* are to be played. The star of the company is Miss Helen Blygh, whose talents are well known in this city. The supporting company is fair, and the scenery and appointments first-class.

Mr. Leslie Main concluded his series of musical lectures by a matinee performance on Saturday, and will proceed shortly to visit other towns and cities of Canada. On the forthcoming anniversary of Longfellow's birthday, he is to deliver a special lecture on that Poet at Portland, Maine, his birthplace. Great preparations are being made for the event, which will be of unusual interest.

Mr. Charles Roberts reads this (Friday) evening at Shaftesbury Hall. From the fine success he has already achieved we bespeak for him a large audience of Toronto's best citizens.

Mr. Barney McAulay returned to the Grand on Thursday evening, and will remain to the end of the week, presenting his popular comedy character "Uncle Dan'l." Portland will not charge him \$10 per night for licence, as Toronto did, to its shame.

Jocular Jumbles.

A bad egg is out-fensive.
Is Carter assessed on ink-come?
Is the "Grip-sack" a Law-sack?
How can a mam-moth be-he-moth?
During dog-days beware of dog-daze.
A Blind Asylum may have a good site.

Noah was a mon-ark of all he surveyed.

Did you ever take a "horn" of ox-y-gin?

A very small woman may be one of great sighs.

A barber may be often "strapped" and steel be hono-st.

Venor is storm-entol with meteorological questions.

A relation you kin-dred—your "uncle," if you're hard up.

Can you call a man who invents dish covers a dishcoverer?

Young ladies, when pressing autumn leaves, should use autumn-atic pressure.

Is the position which the "devil" holds in a printing-office an imp-position?

A Halifax merchant sent out a circular which was returned to him. He intends to lecture and toll what the "circular saw."

There is a dog show in St. John, N. B., this week, and canines, for exhibition, were carried on the railways at ex-cursion rates.

Chip Smith has been appointed a *Water Commissioner* in St. John. What Chip don't know about water is not worth knowing.

"THE THING WE CALL A ROSE."

There was a young man of high rank,
Who for years was cashier of a bank,
He was pious and good—
Stole all that he could—
Dishonest? Why, no! He was "crank."
J. S. K.

A Sleigh Ride.

JANUARY, 1882.

Gaily, merrily, over the snow,
Wrapped in the robes of the buffalo;
Mildly the Eastern breezes blow,
As swiftly along on the road we go.

Sailing along, in its path on high,
The bright moon beams from the placid sky;
And the eyes of our partners shine like stars,
And rival the lustre of Venus and Mars.

Hurrah! so gaily along we prance,
We'll soon all join in the merry dance;
We jolly disciples of Terpsichore,
We'll soon swing our girls on the ball-room floor.

How the boys all enjoy the innocent chaff,
And the girls, sweet pets, how they giggle and laugh;
The sleigh bells jingle, the horses fleet,
Each scatters the snow with its flying feet,

But the East wind freshens, and cold and loud
It whistles; the moon is behind a cloud;
The darkness, somewhat, our pleasure mars,
As, one by one, are obscured the stars.

The girls stop laughing, the boys don't "chaff,"
And none of us now are so jolly by half;
But we keep up our spirits with thoughts of the fun
We'll have at the dance, when our ride is done.

But now the East wind is blowing a gale,
And sweeps through the pines with doleful wail;
As the horses plunge onward, with might and main,
When, suffering Moses! down comes the rain!

It drenches the girls, seal saccos and caps,
And miniature lakes are formed in their laps;
The men's attire is deluged and soaked,
And dismal are they, who had formerly joked.

But the worst of our troubles had not arrived,
'Till the team straight over a culvert: dived;
For the wretched night was as dark as pitch,
As the whole of our party were fired in the ditch.

The girls all screamed, and the gentlemen swore,
And cursed, as they never had done before;
How the poor young ladies so shivered and shook,
As they picked themselves out of the turbulent brook.

To mend the matter, the horse broke loose
From the cutter, which certainly "cooked our goose;"
And back for their stable they bolted away,
And then Mephistophiles was to pay!

Onward we trudged—'twas about four miles,
With sighs and groans, 'stead of laughter and smiles;
And a sad and a sodden party were we,
When we got to the long looked for hostelry.

Next morning, the ladies were sulky and hoarse,
And frowned on the gentlemen all, of course;
They'd say to each other, with sniff or a cough,
"With these fellows, all future engagements are off."

And this was the end of this horrible ride,
Each lover got "cut," by his promised bride:
And each maiden lost her lover so true,
In Jan'y, 18—82—.



WEFLECTIONS OF THE HON. G. BUFFER.

It stwikes me vewy faulcibly that Empewaw William of Gehmany is a pawticularly wum old cawd. After dwagooing mostly all Gehmany into becoming his—aw—loyal subjects, he twents them to what is called by the newspapals a—aw—"wesquipt," which infawms them that he is in—aw—point of fact boss, and that although the legislative bodies of the empiaw may be tolewated, theaw powchs by no means extend the length of intehfewing with the Impewial pwogwamme, and that they will not be allowed to hampah or westwict in any way the Impewial policy. To us Bwtishehs such an ideah seems pawticularly outwageous. Fancy such a doctwine being pwomulgated in England. To be suah theah is a certain pwewogative vested in the sovowain of Gwent Bwtain, but it is almost a dead lettah, and would nevah be acted upon except by the passage through both Houses of some unheald of meashah, twasonable and subvelsive of all law and awdah. The tendency of all govehnments of late yeahs that have any pwetence of libewality in theah constitution is to take into consideration as far as possible the—aw—populah voice, and it is extremely supwising that the Kaisah should have the temewity to issue such a monstwowous—aw—manifesto as his wesquipt. The German people are certainly gwent admiewls of abstwact libeity, and though vewy loyal to theah beloved "Fathah Land," may all gwow tired and sick of the wule of men of blood and iwon like Bismawk *et al*, as a gwent many doubtless are already. Between consequitions for militawy selvice, dawing which the young men of the countwy—aw—twented, fed and paid in a mannah which would be intolewable to a—aw—Bwtish soldinh, and the insuffehwable awogance of the high class nobles, who hold all the good positions, both civil and militawy, it is not much wondah so many crows the ocean to America. Yans, indeed. Hans would be much betteh off with his *frau* on a fawm out on the Saskatchewan valley, or some othah pawtion of "illimitable wildehness" than pwactising the "goose step" unde the watten of a Dwill Sawgeant in Belling and Stwasbehg and living on—aw—adamantine sausage and black bewead. I heah theah is some talk of the Kaisah William abdicating in favah of his son the Cwown Pwince. I twust the wamouth is based on fact, faw atfeh weading that celebawted wesquipt, I wewly think the old man is a little off—yass—I do indeed.

If the good all die young, heaven must be full of good servant girls. There are none on earth.—*Salem Sunbeam.*



A HINT FOR OLD NICK.

ALSO, A TIMELY ADMONITION TO A CERTAIN MATRON TO REPENT OF HER MUSTARD-PLASTER INIQUITIES. (RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE HERVEY INSTITUTE AT MONTREAL.)

Popular Mysteries.

No. I.

THE STUDENT.

The *genus* student may be divided into several classes, but all the classes have certain peculiarities in common. All students study, but all students do not study the same things. For example, at Toronto the students study "hazing" principally; at Queen's, Kingston, they study how to reduce the number of class-days; at McGill, they study "mob-fighting" in all its branches, special attention being paid to investigating the best method of routing the "peelers;" at Victoria, they study foot-ball and gymnastics, while at Trinity they study singing and "monotoning." Medical students, as a rule, prefer the more abstract branches, "poker" and "pool" being the favourites. They also study digging and pork-packing, but we must not rob a grave subject of its solemnity by making poor jokes. The law student is still another variety. He always reminds one of a bank-clerk who stumbled into a law-office by mistake. He displays a bank-clerk's devotion to breast-pins and gloves, but he gets the "bulge" on the bank-clerk in that he has read "Chitty on Contracts," and can swindle his tailor with impunity. The ordinary bank-clerk cannot do this, so he must resort to the somewhat vulgar expedient of doctoring the books. This is hard on the bank-clerk. It hurts his feelings, and yet what can he do?

But we digress; we were speaking of students, very well. All students wear gowns and "mortar-boards." No one knows why they do, but the fact remains, and it is exceedingly vulgar to pry into other people's concerns and try to find out the reason for everything. A "Freshman's" gown is always new and whole and lovely. A "Sophomore's" gown is generally somewhat faded and care-worn in appearance, while a "Senior's" gown consists of only a few shreds. Freshmen generally tear their gowns so that people will mistake them for old students, but people never do mistake them, strange to say. Students always get their

photographs taken in cap and gown. They do this as soon as they go to college, and the process is repeated as often as possible. The pictures are always sent home for the delectation of the student's sisters. Such a picture is never without its effect.

All students belong to some debating society. In Toronto the members of these societies discuss political and scientific problems: in Trinity they wrestle with the question, "Are we Ritualists or Romanists?"; in the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School they attempt to decide "whether we are Low Churchmen or Methodists?"; in Queen's they debate the advisability of totally abolishing the Senate, Board of Trustees, etc., and electing a committee of students to manage the affairs of the University. In the Royal Military College the subject which perplexes the cadet mind is, "Is the discipline existing among the officers and members of the staff satisfactory or otherwise?"

Students always carry canes—not the nobby, airy little wisps that one sees in the hands of a city swell—but huge knotted logs. A cane is as essential to the "get-up" of a student as is a cap or gown. He never uses a cane—though he has been seen to threaten a "small boy"—but still no monarch could feel less at home without his crown than would the undergraduate without his "stick."

Students always have the greatest contempt for professors, and regulations, and lectures, and such trivialities. They are above all such things, and if you want to make a student "real hopping mad" ask him if he "knows his lessons for to-morrow." If this fails to have the desired effect, tell him not to "play hooky" but to go to his class and "get head." This always does the business, for if there is anything a student hates it is a schoolboy.

Students generally come from the country, and their efforts to rise to the dignity of their new position are very funny. The process, however, is very simple. At the close of the first half year he discards paper collars and coloured flannel shirts. He is just beginning to realize who and what he is. At the beginning of his

Sophomore (second) year he buys a cane, and transfers his affections from the soft felt hat to the stiff Derby. In his junior (or third) year, he develops a remarkable fondness for pipes and neckties, while as a Senior he "dotes on" high hats and frock coats, gaiters and whiskers. Then he graduates and goes home. This graduation, by the way, is something not fully understood. All that is known is that a student goes up to the platform, kneels, gets slapped on the head by the Principal, and ever afterwards signs B. A. after his name. Different theories have been advanced as to the meaning of these letters. Scoffers say that they stand for Big Ass, but it would B. A. fruitless task to enquire into the correctness of this view. For ourselves we think—but on reflection, what right have we to thrust forward our opinions?

There are various other interesting peculiarities to be noticed in the student, for example: Most students are fond of writing to newspapers and using impressive *noms-de-plume*—"viator," "observer," "anti-humbog," "veritas," "dustitia," etc., etc. They also make frantic endeavours to make the authorship of their letters public, but as many people, not students, do this too, it is not worth dwelling on. Students are fond of jokes of all kinds and of all degrees of humour. Anything from slaughtering the janitor to marching through the streets shouting is regarded as funny, but the very acme of innocent amusement is reached when a College Rebellion can be brought about. Then students are in their element. They hold mass-meetings and denounce the faculty as infamous usurpers, they stand in the corridors and hoot and yell like—like students, let us say, for it is inimitable—varying the monotony occasionally by smashing a few panes of glass, they hold more mass-meetings and adjourn only to meet and "mass" again. Finally they all return to lectures, and things go on as before.

Most students are fond of whisk—but, holy fish-hooks! we mustn't give the boys away, so we'll stop.

ATCH BEE.



APROPOS OF THE LIBEL SUIT.

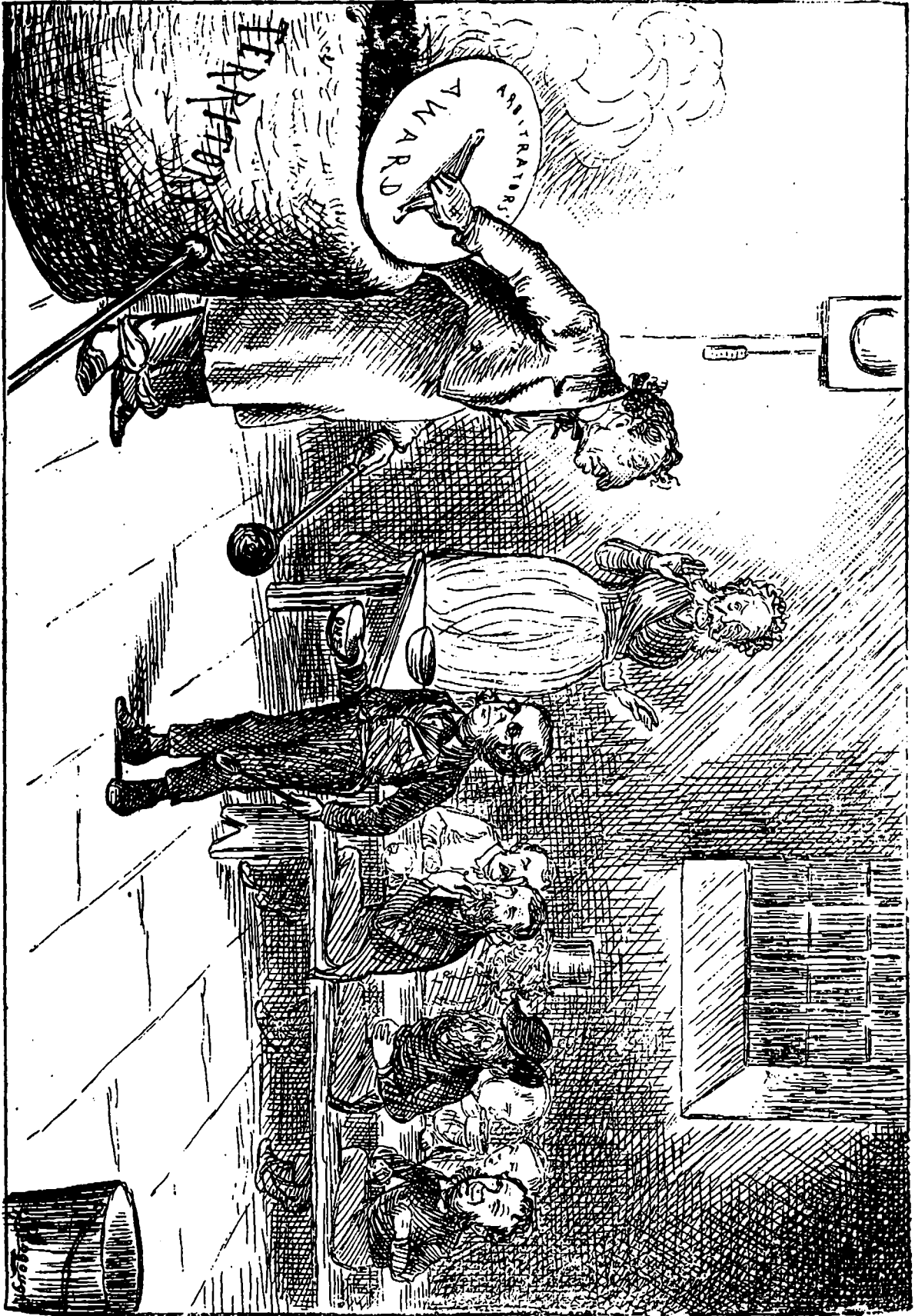
Gamin.—Say, Mister, — Parley-vous with Francois?

Latest from Paris.

An inventor shows the electric light to the conservative owner of a rural chateau.

"There, sir, what do you think of that? And now that you can have a small steam-engine put in, or one of the Faure batteries for the conservation of electric energy, you ought to replace your candles at once by—"

"Ye-es, I know. It gives a very good light, but how can you snuff it? That's where the candles have the advantage."



"OLIVER ASKING FOR MORE."

(A SCENE FROM A DICKENS OF A TWISTED PIECE OF POLITICAL BUSINESS.)

The Queen's Own.



Among the many beautiful structures in Toronto, the establishment named at the head of this article takes a first place. The "Queen's" is the largest, and certainly the most elegant, commodious and comfortable hotel in the Dominion of Canada, being situated on a most beautiful site, adjacent to the lake, of which it commands an excellent view, and likewise Toronto Bay and the Island. It is furnished in unsurpassed elegance, throughout, with rooms "en suite" all the modern improvements, bath rooms, elevator, and everything needful and necessary for the comfort of its guests.

It may be stated here, by way of showing the reader the class of patronage of the "Queen's" that their Royal Highnesses, the Prince Leopold, K.G. &c., and Princess Louise, occupied a suite of apartments in this celebrated hostelry in May, 1880. His Royal Highness, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, occupied apartments in the "Queen's," as far back as 1871. On the occasion of each visit to Toronto, His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, K.P. &c., &c., Governor General of Canada, and the Countess of Dufferin, engaged apartments at the "Queens."

From an architectural standpoint the "Queen's" is decidedly perfect. It is very large, covering an extensive area, while it is but three storeys high; it is used exclusively for hotel purposes, even to the beautiful lawns on either side to which lead means of exit from the house, in addition to those in front and rear. This fact, it will be seen, renders it almost impossible for any accident to take place from fire; thus proving the "Queen's" beyond doubt the safest as well as the best hotel in the Dominion of Canada; while the beautiful grounds around it render it the most pleasant and desirable. Messrs. McGaw and Winnett, the proprietors, are gentlemen who have made it their chief object to succeed in pleasing their guests, attending to their wants in every shape. Both of these gentlemen are as yet in the prime of life, being healthy, wealthy, cheerful and robust. In fact, as Mr. Winnett lately said to a representative of this journal: "My entire family are very fortunate in the way of escaping sickness, I can thankfully say that it is almost a stranger to us, the air from the Bay is so good and health-giving that it is the same as a tonic to us. We have had several attacks of a grievous nature though, which I did not consider at all dangerous. We have suffered, for instance, from bodily pains; in fact my family has been thus afflicted, but we have found the antidote for all such in St. Jacobs Oil, the great German Remedy. That wonderful and never-failing remedy has done great good in our midst, curing my family on several occasions; it was but last night that it cured one of my children of the toothache. It is indeed the greatest discovery of the age."



When the writer was conversing with Mr. Winnett a third gentleman had joined the party. As this gentleman happened to be one of the best known gentlemen in the Dominion of Canada, we hasten to introduce him. We therefore present to the reader Mr. Irwin, the General Superintendent and Manager of the

American and Canadian Express Cos. Mr. Irwin said: "St. Jacobs Oil is the greatest medicine of the age. I know of several whom it has cured. I have found it excellent myself, and agree with my friend Mr. Winnett, that it is an unequalled family medicine."

It never rains but it pours." Mr. Irwin had no sooner related his experience, than Mr. John Murray, Gentleman, who was passing and overheard the concluding remarks of Mr. I., stepped into our little circle, and said: "Gentlemen, I perceive that you are conversing on a subject that interests me a great deal; now as I happen to be enamoured of St. Jacobs Oil, I wish to say that the use of the Oil is like kissing a pretty girl—for the more we get of it the more we want. I used St. Jacobs Oil for severe rheumatic pains in the shoulders, and for soreness in the chest, and I found it a most excellent remedy. It is an unfailing remedy, and something every man should have in his possession. I endorse St. Jacobs Oil, and am pleased to do so."

It will be seen by the above, that the "Queen's" is noted for more than even we gave it credit for in the beginning of this article. St. Jacobs Oil has found its way within the hospitable walls of this celebrated hotel, and earned encomiums from the dwellers therein. Long may this state of affairs continue, and we will conclude by saying "God save the Queen!"

Lines to my Dado.

Oh! have you seen my Dado?
My beautiful-slanting dado,
Nothing, I ween,
Has e'er been seen,
More lovely than my Dado!

With gold it's all o'erlaid, oh!
My lovely sloping dado,
A red-eyed swan
Is thought A
In my too too utter Dado!

Sure never wife nor maid, oh!
Had a more lovely dado,
If Oscar Wilde
That æsthetic child,
Could see—he'd praise my Dado.

The pattern of my Dado
Is where Swans and Lillies play'd, oh!
With long-legged Cranes,
Emus—in lanes,
Of a true æsthetic shade, oh!

Don't you admire my Dado?
You *must* admire my dado,
"The world 'd give
Rather than live
A day without my Dado,

My lovely sloping Dado!
On the stairs it is up grade, oh,
It glitters and glares,
And the Emu stares
On the banisters
As if of pure gold 'twas made, oh.

My room with tiles are laid, oh,
All above my Dado,
And I sit and wait
And bless my fate
That gave me such a Dado.

Kingston, Dec. 1881.

Strange Characters.

BOO'S HOLLOW,
January 10th, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP:—

I read in last Friday's *Globe* a letter signed "Chas. A. Hirschfelder," and have been trying ever since to find out what is the meaning of the strange epistle. Mr. H. says: "The supposed discovery of ancient characters near Bobcaygeon is creating a good deal of excitement," and that "all sorts of absurd theories are being circulated, before even the letters have had any scientific inspection." Now what on earth are a lot of ancient characters (doubtless bad ones,

perhaps old bummers, or worse) from Toronto doing up near Bobcaygeon, and why should their letters exercise so greatly the minds of the peaceful Bobcaygeons? And for what reason should these letters be subject to a scientific inspection? The writer further says "there is yet absolutely nothing known about them," and "in the meantime there is no use speculating as to what they are, whether Egyptian, Scandinavian or other characters, as, of course, it can do no good and is only apt to do harm." (!) Now what on earth harm can it be speculating about them? I'm inclined to favour the Scandinavian theory, for certainly the woods near Bobcaygeon, at this time of the year, would hardly be a chosen retreat for an Egyptian from the "Banks of the Nile," or in fact any other "fellah" from the "Sunny South." But, sir, why on earth don't they send out the village constable and find out personally where the characters came from, and where they belong to, and not trust to letters for information?

Yours perplexedly,
O. U. DUNDERHEAD.

Our Funny Contributor.

A poor business—begging.
A sound success—the telephone.
"A case to the point"—a scabbard.
"A false impression"—a counterfeit bill.

How can you have a *live* time in the dead of night?

A crazy man cutting his corns is a clip-toe-maniac.

"Sailing under false colours"—a lady who paints.

When a man taxes his memory, what rate does he levy?

The Land League is sick; it is in fact an ill-league-al affair.

Co-education—Trying to keep the animal quiet while milking her.

Obituary notices of gentlemen who are hauged properly come under heading of neck-nology.

Miss Snow, who was married in Ottawa lately, was, we presume, the "Beautiful Snow" we have heard so much about.

The Malden *Mirror* has an æsthetic article lately, headed, "Colour as a Force." The best illustration we know of on colour as a force is a *black eye*.

A seedy, round town young man;
A bang-round-the-bar young man;
A quizzical, jollicial,
Red-nosed, symbolical,
Beats-for-his-drinks young man.

"Do you think it would be dangerous for me to take some of that tongue?" said a pert young lady to our Funny Contributor, at a late supper. "I think it would be more dangerous for you to ask for some of that *cheek*, Miss," rejoined our contributor.

There is a certain up-country editor who is known as the "Centennial Joker," in deference to the advanced age of his witticisms.—*Elevated Railroad Journal*.

The father of a family saw his plum trees despoiled of their fruit. Suspecting his children, he called them all together and said: "One of you has stolen my plums, and I know which is the guilty one, for he has a leaf on the end of his nose." And the guilty one had the *navete*, foreseen by his father, to denounce himself by rubbing the end of his nose.



OUT OF "PATIENCE."

LADY JANE.—(*The Great Unloved*).—THE GRIT PARTY.
REGINALD BUNTHORNE.—(*In Love with Patience*).—HON. E. BLAKE.
PATIENCE.—(*The Bewitching Party of the Future*).—YOUNG CANADA.

Unhappy Thoughts.

BY A CANADIAN COUSIN OF THE AUTHOR OF "HAPPY THOUGHTS."

II.

The young man and young lady on the sofa sat quiet as before. I had just completed the following portion of an important note for "Mistakes of Existence:" "The practice of kissing is an application of hydraulic force caused by the kisser exhausting the air between his lips and those to which they are, during the process, applied. The kissee assists in the exhausting process, until, the pressure being relaxed, the atmospheric air is readmitted and the circle of communication broken. This process is an illustration of the Law of Heredity, being a survival of prehistoric cannibalism during the ages when the first thought of a human being, on meeting another, was the wish to eat him or her. The application of one human mouth to another signifies the compliment: 'I could eat you with pleasure;' a curious survival of which is also found in the expression, not uncommon to ladies: 'Mr. So and so is very nice.' And the junction of two human mouths in the act of kissing is, as it were, a mutual assurance of safety, since while thus applied, neither can be engaged in a cannibalistic attack on the other."

I was still meditating on this subject, when the door opened, and I was beckoned from the room by Mrs. Wrigley, who informed me that Miss Softly and her young man were always allowed to have the parlour to themselves; none of the boarders ever went in there when Miss S. and her friend were having a talk. So I went to my bedroom, quite prepared to resign all share in the only comfortable room in the house. My bedroom communicated by folding doors,

now, of course, closed, with the parlour. I had retired, and the room being cold, put on my Ulster and sat down to write. I had just began "Mistakes of Existence, Vol. II. Chapter IV. Sub-section I. 'Kissing;'" when the hitherto silent couple in the parlour began to talk, laugh, and romp, in a way that made either rational thought or the forgetfulness of sleep alike impossible. *Sub-section of former Unhappy Thought*—They will do it again. Love-making in the human race, as in the lower stage of evolution with cats, &c., is, mostly, a repetition of the same monotonous sounds. They will laugh, jabber, and romp in that comfortable parlour every night till the stove-moving time next May.

As it was in vain to attempt literary composition, I went to bed, where I listened involuntarily to the too audible love-making till past midnight, when I sank into a quiet sleep, broken at 5 a. m. by the Cochin China rooster, whose ostrich-like proportions loomed mysteriously in the ghastly dawn from the garden fence. Unhappy thought: "He who some dreadful voice invokes, is here!" See Shelly, Prometheus Unbound. I am the Prometheus of a Toronto boarding-house; for the fabled vulture teasing the Titani, lives in the Cochin China rooster, causing loss of sleep and consequent liver disease. c. f. Ancient Myths of Human Misery in "Mistakes of Existence," Vol. II. Lay awake watching the dreary dawn, hearing St. James' clock chime the quarters, the distant Grand Trunk bells at all times of the night, and at last the blessed sound of the milk-cart tinkle. At last I get up. Breakfast is served in the sepulchral crypt in the basement. All eat in silence, as at a funeral feast. After breakfast go to office and write. Time flies. Am late for boarding-house dinner. Unhappy thought: I must go and get something to eat at confectioner's on Yonge-street.

Oscar Wilde

An æsthetic young party named Wilde
Has arrived in this wilderness wild.
He wears a big lily,
And girls who are silly,
Say "Isn't he too too sweet Wilde?"

Gushing girls are just crazy 'bout Wilde,
And will take him raw, stewed, roast or biled;
They won't mind expense,
He's so sweetly intense,
With a temper that never gets riled.

This soulful young poet named Wilde,
As simple and pure as a child;
He's quite too ass-thetic,
Intensely poetic,
And not at all naughty or spiled.

He's meek, lowly, good, undefiled,
And by syrens will ne'er be beguiled;
Boston's sweet calcha'd belles
And æsthetic young swells
Will enthuse o'er divine Oscar Wilde.

J. S. K.

Ladies to the Front.

"The polling for School Trustees took place yesterday. . . . A novelty at the proceedings was the appearance of several ladies to take advantage of their privilege." (of the vote for S. L.)—*Evening Telegram*. Parkdale items.

"One woman was among the voters at the separate School Election (of Trustees) yesterday in St. Lawrence Ward."—*The Mail*. City items.

'Thanks for this your good example,
Ladies of our East and West;
'Thus on one old foe you trample,
'Thus beleaguer all the rest.

Thus you show your estimation
Of the strongest vote of all;
That whereby the generation
Growing up must stand or fall.

Thus you furnish answer stringent
To all slanders on your sex;
Thus you snub the sneers contingent,
'Timid women's souls that vex.

Thus you form the vanguard glorious,
Of the hosts we soon shall see
Rallying round the flag victorious;
Banner bright of Liberty.

Take the thanks we warmly proffer,
Ladies of our East and West;
May the example that you offer,
Ever work its high behest.

S. A. C.



A LOCAL MEMBER.

These speeches stick in my gizzard,
To sit here and listen it is 'ard,
To the smoke-room I'll go,
And 'honey I'll blow,
For such is my nature, says Blezzard.



OUR GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND FEMALE EMIGRATION.

LORD L—E.—I HAVEN'T BROUGHT MY OWN WIFE OUT—BUT HERE ARE WIVES FOR EVERYBODY ELSE!

Row Among Copper Speculators.

A big row has been going on for some time in Moncton, N. B., between a lot of copper mine speculators, and the air, in that locality, is thick with injunctions, bailable writs, and other legal documents too numerous to mention. Mr. E. F. Couch, of Newburyport, Mass., purchased, some time ago, a copper mine in Dorchester, which he subsequently disposed of to Boston capitalists for \$185,000. A mining expert named Wilder "puts in his ore" and claims a coppar-tnership which Couch says is "too thin." Wilder procured an injunction to prevent Couch using the funds, and sent an officer, armed with a bailable writ for \$100,000, on board the train between St. John and Moncton, to capture Couch, who was en route for the latter place. Couch "smelt a large-sized mice" and, with the assistance of his friend, an ex-conductor, induced the engine driver to slacken speed between Salisbury and Moncton when Couch "stepped down and out." The driver, as soon as they were safely landed, started on a two-minute clip, and the officer of justice had the felicity of seeing the gay and festive Couch waving a fond adieu as he meandered along the road towards Moncton.

When the officer was about to say to Couch, "You are mine!" in a positive tone, he found, comparatively speaking, that the miner was superlatively minus.

When Wilder found out that Couch had escaped, he was wilder than ever, and it is said his remarks were not couched in the most elegant language, and Couch says that he's not such a soft Couch to lie as some persons think.

An Editor in Luck.

St. Jacobs Oil cures rheumatism; of this I am convinced. For years I suffered with rheumatism in my left shoulder and right arm, and last fall I was incapable of attending to my duties, and lay many a night unable to sleep on account of terrible pains. A few weeks ago a severe attack of this trouble struck me, and this time I concluded to try the St. Jacobs Oil, I must acknowledge, with but very little confidence in its merits. I freely confess that the result has completely astonished me. The first application relieved the pain very materially, and the continued use of only two bottles has completely cured

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.



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

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

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

Directions in Eleven Languages.
**SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN
MEDICINE.**

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

me of this chronic evil, and that, after the most eminent physicians and their prescriptions had been of no avail. I therefore consider it a duty to publish the above for the benefit of all sufferers with rheumatism and kindred complaints. G. A. HEILMAN, Editor Republican, Pittsburg, Pa.

I want to be an injun,
A warrior of the plains;
I want to wield a tomahawk
And scoop out people's brains.

I want to be an injun
A Modoc or a Ute;
I'm tired of being a white man,
An unprotected brute.



TENDERS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Bridge over the Fraser River, B. Columbia.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned will be received on or before the 10th day of FEBRUARY, 1882, for furnishing and erecting a Bridge of Steel or Iron over the Fraser River, on Contract 61, C. P. R.

Specifications and particulars, together with plan of site, may be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer, at Ottawa, on or after the 10th of January, inst.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms. An accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$500.00 must accompany the tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into contract for the work, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfillment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required by the deposit of money to the amount of five per cent. on the bulk sum of the contract, of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
(Signed,) F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, January 5, 1882.