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

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Everything is supposed to be fair in love and war; and there is no such thing as criminality in politics. When the Tories in the Lower House fished the fragments of Mr. Blake's private note from E. B. Wood's spittle, and made up the "speak now" plank of their platform from it, they were still "honourable gentlemen," and any body who had dared to call them otherwise on the floor of the House would have been promptly called to order. So, likewise, when the *Globe* makes political thunder for the Grits by publishing a private circular belonging to the Tory managers—obtained, no doubt, by ways that were dark and trucks that were not vain—we must not allow ourselves to get excited and think hard things of these highly respectable publishers. Mr. GRIP, therefore, warns his readers not to suppose that the political urchins in the Cartoon are really picking the gentleman's pocket—except in a Pickwickian sense. The code which governs the political world knows no such word as pilfer, and to be light-fingered in the interests of Party is one of the cardinal virtues.

FRONT PAGE.—Our citizens have this week been laughing at the vagaries of *Bunthorne*, the æsthetic gentleman who "sits up all night with a lily," in the play of *Patience*. *Bunthorne's* devotion to this object cannot be more consummate than that of his political counterpart, Premier Chapleau, of Quebec, who contemplates with soulful satisfaction the result of the late provincial elections. The defeat of the Rouge party was so utterly utter that even a *Bunthorne* could not find language in which to express it.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Mackenzie is a gentleman of literary tastes, and in his wide reading he has no doubt sipped the riches of *Æsop*. In view of the talk now going on about getting the premier to resign his hold on Lambton and run for East York, we earnestly remind him of a very instructive Fable, an illustration of which we hero give, and the particulars and moral of which he will perhaps be able to recall. East York has been so long Boulthecized that the chances of a man of Mackenzie's calibre would be far from certain.

The Police Magistrate calls for the pity of the public, not its blame. To be sure he has dealt leniently, as a rule, with the cases of abandoned women brought before him, and the citizens at large do not approve of this, but what is the

unfortunate Colonel to do? The law, with malign cruelty, has allowed him discretionary powers—either to fine or imprison convicted parties. Hitherto, usually he has tried the fine. The result has not been satisfactory and it is now suggested that he try the imprisoning. But he does not take kindly to the suggestion, he almost bursts into tears and wails out that he cannot do it, because the law of the land has given him optional powers—and we presume the law of his nature inclines irresistibly to mercy. He demands that his discretion be taken away, and plainly intimates that he cannot safely trust himself with it!

Notwithstanding the cheering prophecy of Dr. Wild, as to the brilliant future in store for Canada, we cannot help entertaining gloomy forebodings when we contemplate the strides Monopoly is making in the Dominion. It is growing clearer every day that Sir Charles Tupper has re-enacted the part of the man in the *Arabian Nights*, who let the demon out of the bottle, and never could get it back again. Only Sir Charles' monster is by no means one of smoke, but, on the contrary, a sinewy giant, with strength enough to strangle any ordinary foe, and with a conscience as elastic as is convenient for the general purposes of robbing mankind.

The amalgamation of the Great Western and Credit Valley Railways—which, if not already consummated, is a fact in the near future—is a scandalous outrage upon the people of this Province, for which all concerned should receive the customary punishment of faith-breakers, if not something worse. Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.

The next well-assured move on the chess-board is the absorption of the allied lines into the great map of the soulless corporation known as the C. P. R. Syndicate, and this move is to be followed by another, no doubt. What that may be we will know in good time, but if it should mean the swallowing up of the Grand Trunk, and finally the absolute gobbling of every line in the Dominion, it will not be very surprising, nor will it be too severe a punishment to be visited on the craven Parliament that sanctioned the birth of the monster.

It is to be hoped Mr. Chapleau will make good use of the splendid majority he now wields in the Quebec House. The people have declared confidence in him, with an enthusiasm which must have astonished the Bleus as much as the Rouges, and it will be inexcusable if a great deal is not now done to further the best interests of the Province.

The *Mail* has demonstrated in a mathematically exact manner that Mr. Blake does not possess "honesty and truthfulness," and therefore, is not a fit and proper person to pose as "example" for the young men of Canada. The young men will, therefore, have to look

elsewhere for a leader, as we decidedly agree with the *Mail* that no man is worthy of such a position who is not both honest and truthful.



GIVIN' US TAFFY.

"The Canadians are the finest, ablest, and most honourable men on the face of the earth."
— *Dr. Wild's last Sermon.*

A Moral Tale,

FOR THE EDIFICATION OF ALL GOOD BOYS AND THE WARNING OF ALL BAD ONES.

A little boy was very good
And never stole a copper,
And always went to Sunday-school,
Which was both right and proper.

His face was clean, his hands likewise;
He wore both shoes and stockings,
He never waded in the pool,
Nor cared for bad boys' mockings.

He learned his lessons, went to school,
Obedient to his teacher,
He lectured all the naughty boys,
As well as any preacher.

Admired by all, he passed his life;
He never told a story;
But when green apples came around,
He went away to glory.

And then they wrote a little book,
Of all his virtues telling,
And he thus lives to future years,
All other boys excelling.

Another lad, I grieve to tell,
Lived near that same location;
A lad his mother sorrowed for,
And so did each relation.

For he was not a pious boy—
A perfect little sinner,
Who ate the jelly, hooked the pie,
And then told lies at dinner.

He hid his boots, nor wore his socks,
Nor ever went to school,
But what he did some awful thing
That was against the rule.

And every Sunday, toward the Church
He started, looking proper;
But turned and fished with other boys,
And often caught a whopper.

Or caught one when he reached his home:
The old man, looking vicious,
Would take him to a private room,
Which was at least suspicious.

He thus progressed from bad to worse,
Robbed orchards every night;
The luscious water-melon, too,
He thought was his by right.

He ran away, and to the States
His trunk steps directed;
His awful fate you doubtless have
Long before now, suspected.

To Congress, yes, to Washington,
His downward course has tended;
Abused by papers, plagued by cranks,
His hopes of peace are ended.

J. H. C.

First Meeting of the Froggleton Association of Learned Longheads.*(By Telephone.)*FROGGLETON, Nov. 2nd, 1881.
5.10, p.m.

Have just arrived and am located at the Rotten Egg and Blue Racor, a first-class hotel in every respect. The view from the window of my room is extremely romantic. Directly opposite is a dead wall, ornamented with patent medicine and circus posters; up the street a boy with a wart on his nose is playing marbles with another boy of about the same age, and wearing a straw hat without a crown, while down street a red-headed servant-maid is leaning out of a window.

6.30.

The excitement over the approaching meeting of the Association is tremendous. The news of my arrival had been circulated, and when I went out just now I was followed by a crowd of admiring youths. I am not unduly elated, however, but preserve a calm and dignified demeanour, suitable to your representative.

7.15.

Professors Thumbskrew and Kant have arrived. I had the honour of shaking hands with the illustrious scientists. They met with a serious accident it seems on their way here. Their horse, an animal for which Prof. Kant had paid no less a sum than \$27, died suddenly, and they were forced to purchase another. The price paid, I understand, was \$31.75. I have examined him, and he is well worth it. Prof. Thumbskrew is between forty and sixty years of age, some five feet ten inches high, and wears rings in his ears. Prof. Kant is from two to fifteen years older, and of somewhat slight build, being six feet eight inches in his socks, and weighing one hundred and thirty-two pounds.

11.30.

Have just reached my room after a trip to that occupied by the distinguished strangers. I listened for upwards of an hour at the keyhole, and heard several mysterious sounds and expressions such as: "I pass," "take it up," etc. What does it all mean?

11.45.

You will be surprised to learn that the frogs which occupy a pond to the west of the town, and from which it takes its name, have been piping for some time. Very likely it is in honour of our visitors. The music is not bad at all, being fully equal to the average church choir. I am enjoying it very much.

12.15, a.m.

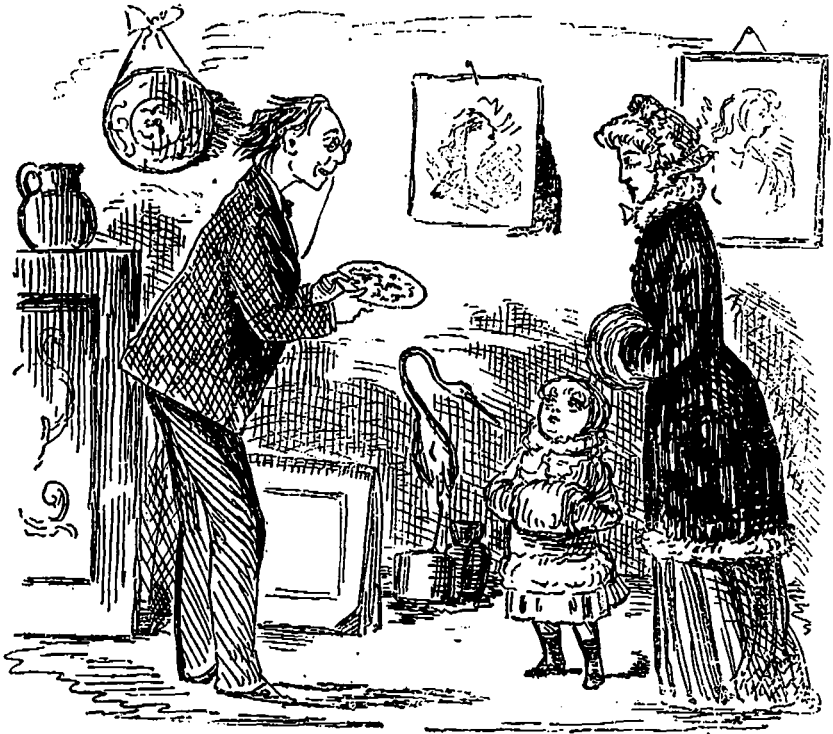
The frogs are still at it. Really it is getting a trifle monotonous.

12.30.

Two cats are holding a conference under my windows, and appear to disagree about something. This is a variation to the music of the frogs, but, dash the thing! I'm getting tired of it!

Nov. 3, 8.30, a.m.

After a sleepless night on account of the frogs and cats, I went out to inspect the town. The view from a spot near the town hall is perfectly enchanting. To the right lies the frog pond I have mentioned, to the left a range of beautiful sand-hills destitute of vegetation, and away in front a dead pine, with a notch in one side, stands on a little eminence. I examined the pond narrowly, but it doesn't appear different to the ordinary run of ponds. This is curious. However, I'll ask Prof. Kant's opinion on it. When returning, a yellow dog, with a scar over his right eye and a bob-tail, persisted in following me, and kept smelling and snapping at my calves. Being of a nervous temperament, this naturally annoyed me very much. I walked faster, but the wretched dog still stuck to me, and would undoubtedly have laid hold had he

**HIGH ART MANIA IN MONTREAL.***(A FACT.)*

Young lady amateur brings a Plaque (her first effort) to be mounted, accompanied by her sister, aged five.

YOUNG SISTER (to gilder).—DON'T YOU THINK IT'S NICELY PAINTED?
GILDER.—VERY NICELY, MY DEAR, DID YOU DO IT?

not observed a cat of brunette complexion which drew him in pursuit. I have ordered a pint of punch to steady my nerves.

9.25.

Professors Swillpot and Fudge have just driven up to the Royal Lobster. The former (who was on horseback) gave Prof. Fudge a lift, one riding behind the other. Quite a crowd gathered to witness their arrival, and cheered them lustily. The sight was truly a noble one. Prof. S. is of Baxterian proportions, while Prof. Fudge is small in stature, and bald-headed.

10.15.

I have just learned that the yellow dog belongs to a maiden lady who resides in the east end of the town. How such outrages can be permitted in a civilized community, passes my comprehension. Professors Tearum and Lea therworks are here. They came on the stage, and were warmly received by their distinguished colleagues. I understand they will put up at the Rotten Egg and Blue Racor, but am not positive. The only difference I could observe in their appearance is, that while Prof. T. has a full beard and is rather dark, his learned friend is of light complexion, and the only sign of a whisker that I noticed was three hairs growing out of a mole on his left cheek, south-east of his nose.

12.20, p.m.

The yellow dog is no more, and I once more breathe freely. I gave the contract to the night watchman for fifty cents, but he sub-let it to a boy of intelligent appearance, who did the job for fifteen cents. I have one of his (the dog's, not the boy's) ears, which convinces me that I am revenged.

1.30.

The President, Prof. Bilker, drove up a few

minutes since in a buckboard drawn by a gray horse with a bog spavin on his left hind leg. He received a hearty welcome, and intends to put up at the sublime Pollywog. Prof. Bilker's right leg is about four inches shorter than its fellow, and his nose has a decided twist to the west, but, leaving such minor details out, his countenance betokens great penetration.

5.40.

I mentioned the subject of the pond to Prof. Kant an hour since. He has just informed me that the frogs are ordinary frogs, or have only taken up a temporary residence in the pond. This has relieved my mind of a great load.

10.50.

The distinguished gentlemen are holding a conference in Prof. Thumbskrew's room. The excitement is intense. No less than three men and two boys have been up listening at the keyhole. The same mysterious sounds were heard, together with a rattling of glasses and low chuckling. The landlord tells me that some cognac and a dozen bottles of ale were sent up at eight o'clock. Undoubtedly they are trying some chemical experiments. What will to-morrow bring forth? This question is asked by all with bated breath.

Nov. 4, 1881, 8 o'clock, a.m.

Early this morning the whole town was thrown in a fever of excitement by the announcement that the night watchman had arrested a suspicious character who was seen prowling around the hotel. Upwards of a dozen persons and fourteen or fifteen dogs were upon the spot in less than an hour. It is really hard to say what the result would have been, had it not transpired that the man who had been arrested was only a boy, and had no weapon but

an old pipe-case. He has been bound to keep the peace, but protests that he was after cats, and knew nothing about the Association. Such depravity is astonishing.

Room No. 4, Sublime Pollywog,
12 Noon.

Punctually at ten o'clock the meeting was called to order by the president, Prof. Bilker. Several gentlemen of note, including the pound-keeper, town constable, and night watchman, occupied seats in the rear. As a matter of course your correspondent was awarded a suitable position near the chairman. Prof. Leatherworks was then called upon, and read the following 'disquisition on "Flies as a motive power."

"Flies," said the Professor, "are insects, but whether they have always been insects or not is a difficult question to answer. I am under the impression, however, that the mosquito is closely allied to the elephant. In fact, I believe that the elephant is descended from the mosquito, or the mosquito from the elephant. If you doubt this, just examine the trunk of the insect carefully. But it is not with origin of flies that I deal at this time, it is with something of vastly more importance to the human race. It is doubtless known to you that the foot of the common fly is built on the suction principle. Now, in moving over the ceiling of a room or anything of that nature, the fly is kept from falling by that power. I have calculated that 500 flies will exert a power equivalent to one pound. Supposing there are 100 flies per head of the population (and this is a low estimate), there are in Canada no less than 450,000,000 flies, and these are capable of exerting a force of nine hundred thousand pounds! What an immense amount of power is this to lie idle, and it so much needed. How is it allowed to go to waste? When will it be made use of? Just fancy, gentlemen, being drawn over a railway at fifty or sixty miles an hour by fly power. The idea is sublime. Where is the inventive genius who will bring this enormous force into subjection to man? I ask again, where?"

Professor Leatherworks was loudly applauded upon taking his seat.

Prof. Fudge said the public were deeply indebted to the honourable gentleman for his able address. He was of opinion that this discovery would be productive of lasting good. The problem of utilizing this power was somewhat difficult, but he did not doubt that it would be solved. After some further discussion it was decided to leave the matter in Prof. L.'s hands, to report on at the next meeting.

(To be continued.)

Underground Theology.

IN THREE ACTS.—ACT 1ST.

THE BREAKFAST.

SCENE.—An Underground World in the City of Toronto, whose light is shade admitted through bars, dim cobwebbed cellar panes, and chinks in the sidewalk. Populated by homeless cats, rats, cockroaches, and sundry vermin, too offensive to mention. The sleeping apartments of little motherless boys, and other human wreckage, drifted thither, and left stranded and ownerless by the great ground-swell waste of an ever-ebbing tide. Gray dawn of Sunday morning. Three small lank figures lying on some musty straw, mats, mouldy coats, rice bags, scraps of old carpets and other alleyway gleanings, covering them a LA blankets. The short hacking cough of the smaller of the three absurdly suggesting the line, "I'll soon be at home over there."

First figure, Ned, lifting his twelve-year-old head more than a twelvemonth's hair on it.—
Say, Alf, can't you stop that there coughin', And hand us up some of them clo'se, All night I've been shiverin' and shakin', I believe my backbone's a most froze; An' the itch of them chilblains is awful, Wish them rats would just chaw off my toes.

Say, Alf, I believe it's near mornin', Wonder where we'll get tin for some grub; I can't sleep worth a cent, I'm so hungry.

Blow that fellow! he's sleepin'. Hey! Bub! Waken up, man, I feel kind o' lonesome With them rats playing tag round that tub.

Bub, drawing an old coat tail over his head and speaking in hoarse tones from under—
Oh, give us a rest, Ned, do!

Other folks is as cold as you; You might as about grub if this mornin' was Monday, But what are yer growlin' about when it's Sunday?

Immediately NED bounds into the floor, shies an old bottle at the rats, stands on his head, walks on his hands, turns a string of rapid summersaults, finally, turning right side up, with a joyful "W'hoop!"—

Whooray! Bully day! An' here's me as forgot 'twas Sunday! Good lands! How I do wish there never would be no Monday; Then we'd allus have a good breakfast, and Alf wouldn't lie there a-moaning

With the pain in his side, and the cough, that all the time sets him a-groaning.

Oh, golly! How I do wish it was time to go to the "Hall."

Where it's all so shiny and warm, an' pictures, an' music, an' all;

An' them gent's so kind to a small hungry feller, As ain't got no father nor mother, and lives down in a dirty old cellar.

He shivers audibly and again sits down on the sags to warm his feet, where, hugging his shins, with his chin on his knees, he continues—

Oh my! but it's awful nice To hear all them girls a-singin', An' the smell of the coffee's so good, It makes yer eyes run like an'ugin. An' the hot mush an' the milk! An' the sugar An' the cold outside just a-singin'!

I would just like to see any feller, Say a word agin' Christians to me. He'd get such a piece of my mind, As would quick make him take his (i. B. Hypocrites don't get up in cold mornin's To make mush for us coves,—no, siree!

Say, Bub, do you disremember That night we stole into you hall, An' heard the aesthetes an' freethinkers? Say, warn't it good as a ball? How they said as there wasn't no God, An' no Jesus, no heaven, no nutthin'! The way they try poor folks to coad! But catch them say, "Won't you eat suthin'?" They never say, "Boys, are yer cold?" They don't have no orphans' home, Nor no refuge for poor folks what's old, As I knows on, sich things they can't come. What good does freethinkers do, any way, For folks? is what I'd like to know. I think when they takes away poor fellers' heaven They might help 'em some way here below.

All the time he was talkin' up there I wanted to shout "You're another. Why, Bub, if there ain't no heaven I want to know, who e is mother?"

My mother, she never did swear, Drink and lyin' she hated like pizen; Afore she sewed herself into her grave, Making shirts for a dollar a dozen. He's awful like mother, is Alf there, An' he coughs just the very same way; But I'll ask 'em at breakfast this mornin'!

To take the poor fellow to-day. Will they do it? yes, siree! an' more too, Nice rooms, warm beds an' all that. You bet your best boots on them Christians; Hurry up, Bub! it's time. Where's my hat?

(To be Continued.)

Matters and Things.

MY DEAR GRIP,—It is a long time since I have written to you, but events of such importance are transpiring that I feel once more compelled to resume my trenchant pen. Who does not feel impelled to great deeds under the stimulus of Boulton's Band of Hope, the bald-headed Young Men's Liberal-Conservative Association. That is to say, the association is not bald-headed, it is very young and very fresh, and a considerable quantity of salt will be necessary to render it at all savoury. The members are the ones who have out-grown their hair; but even that does not say that they are at all of a salty nature. There is the Macdonald, for instance, John Greenfield, the man with the eye glass. He may be "fishy," but it

is a "very" fresh water fish. However, I am of opinion that they will all get salted bad enough before they are through with the campaign of 1883.

The next matter worthy of consideration is the great stir being made in municipal circles. This, perhaps, may not be more than can naturally be expected towards the close of the year, when worthy aldermen commence to furnish up their armour—and records—preparatory to another aldermanic campaign. But a word with regard to that contest. A year ago the mayoralty was contested upon purely political grounds on the one side; and the result was a crushing defeat. I am informed that the forces are again being rallied for another contest, although great difficulty is being experienced in getting them to face the music. And who, forsooth, is to be the opponent of the man who has filled the mayor's chair as worthily as it was ever filled? That the leaders, in their wisdom, have not allowed to transpire, but a bird has whispered to me that it will be a certain well-known political hack. I suppose that you, Mr. GRIP, will take the same independent stand, and speak out as strongly against dragging municipal affairs through political mire as you did last year.

Another word and I am done. It is now getting pretty plain that the great Tory leaders spoke the truth in their usual way (?) when they said that the Canadian Pacific Railway was not, and would not be, a monopoly. The Syndicate now control the C.P.R., the Manitoba and South-Western, the Credit Valley, the Great Western, the Toronto, Grey and Bruce, the Northern, the Hamilton and North-Western, the Toronto and Ottawa, and the Quebec, Montreal Ottawa and Occidental roads. That is not a monopoly, Oh, no. A wool-dyed Tory cannot be expected to see any danger to the country in that, neither could he see a stone wall, unless he ran against it. And a pretty big strong stone wall he is running, not only himself, but the country against. Of course, the Grand Trunk is left,—in more senses than one. To my mind it will need more bald-headed young Tories than the world can produce to make this thing appear straight to the eyes of the people of Canada in 1883. Perhaps the Tory party are like the ostrich, hiding their heads in the sand to shut out the vision of approaching danger. But enough. Adieu, my dear bird, until we meet again.

NEMO-19.



PRACTICAL POLITICS.

Grocer.—Overcharged you? Robbed you? Oh, come now, that's kind of hard talk. I haven't overcharged you, I've only collected more taxes from you than you had any call to pay, and surely you will at least give me credit for the surplus I've got!

(Exit customer in profound meditation on the mysteries of Sir Leonard Tilley's surplus.)



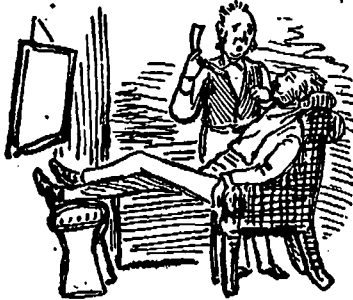
STEALING HIS TACTICS.

ONE OF THE METHODS OF HIGH-TONED CANADIAN POLITICS.

* See comments on page 2.

Magic's Wonders.

"While in London, England, a short time ago," said the professor, "our Oxford-street waiter was made the victim of a practical joke. One morning, as this tonsorial artist sat reading his newspaper, he was startled by seeing a young man enter in a very excited manner who throwing, rather than seating, himself on the chair, demanded a shave *instantly*. The



barber, who was a ready fellow, at once set about obeying the commands of this excited and hurried guest. With a rapidity that surprised himself, he shaved the right side of his customer's face, and then immediately turned to the left. That side he also shaved with cleanliness and dispatch, but, judge of his surprise, when his customer demanded to know in tones anything but pleased why he did not shave the right side. The poor bewildered barber was almost certain that he had done so, but perceived to his surprise that the side in question was covered with jet-black hair. Again he shaved it, but while he did so, to his surprise and horror, the hair was growing on the other side. Thus continued for an hour. While he shaved one side, he could actually see the hair growing on the other side. Terrified beyond expression, he stood motionless; hereupon the young man leaped from the chair, and, snatching the razor, drew it across his throat, and fell to the floor covered with blood. The barber flew into the street hallooing 'Murder!' at the top of his voice. A crowd soon gathered, and, with the affrighted barber, beheld the supposed corpse quietly arranging his tie before the mirror—turning very pleasantly, he paid the barber and departed. A theatrical gentleman among the lookers-on soon gave it out that it was Professor Hermann the Great American Magician. I went to my hotel and awoke next day to find myself the talk of London," concluded the Professor, for it was I who did it. I gave the poor barber fits. "Did you ever hear how I gave a friend of mine the



snakes?" asked the Professor. On receiving an answer in the negative, he said; "A friend of mine, who was as great a drunkard as an actor, and that is saying a great deal, was one morning seen by me to enter a drinking-saloon when he was almost on the verge of delirium-tremens, and knowing his horror of 'snakes,' as *mania-a-potu* is vulgarly carried, I resolved to save him. I entered just as he raised a glass of

whiskey to his lips, and rushing forward I snatched the glass from his hand, crying at the same time: 'Hold, S., until I take this fly out.' Pretending to take the fly out, I held up a serpent. C. cried out: 'That is a snake!' 'Not at all,' said I; 'it is a simple house-fly. See? you are covered with them,' saying which I approached, and from his sleeves, and hair, etc., I proceeded to pull snakes, protesting all the time that they were flies. 'They are snakes!' cried C. again. 'That is a snake; I tell you, Hermann, they are snakes!' "Nonsense," said I, 'they are but flies.' 'Then,' said he, 'I have the snakes myself!' and he rushed from the saloon. He was not seen for more than a week after; but when next seen he was sober, and has been so since." "Professor," asked the interviewer, "were you, who are so fond of surprising others, even surprised yourself?" "Once," was the answer: "then the surprise was a very great and agreeable one, I assure you. It came about in this way: I was for years a sufferer from cramps in my left side, immediately under the heart. I suffered regularly at the close of each performance, and very often was compelled to cancel engagements which I had made, owing to my inability to fill them, being prostrated by cramps, and being in a very weak condition. I entertained very serious thoughts of giving up my profession and spending some years in travel, and would have done so but for an attendant of mine, whose head I had cut off occasionally while performing my wonderful decapitation act. The individual to whom I complained of the pains and the cramps in my side on one occasion said it was curious—that I, who could decapitate another and replace the head at will, ought certainly be able to cure myself. I told him how some of the best doctors in Europe and America had failed. He laughed at me, and said he could cure me in a week. That night he presented me with a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, saying that its use would produce an effect more magical than I could readily believe. I laughed at the idea of St. Jacobs Oil doing what had baffled the greatest doctors, but said that I would try it, simply to convince him that trying it would do no good. That night, on retiring I rubbed my side with the Oil, and, sure enough, its good effect was instantaneous—magical, in fact; I felt relief at once. I slept better that night than I had done for a long time before. Again in the morning I rubbed with the Oil, and at the close of the afternoon performance I noticed a great diminution of the cramps. Was I surprised? Well, I was very much surprised, and I told my attendant so. In less than a week, and before I had finished using my third bottle, I was entirely and permanently cured. The effect of St. Jacobs Oil was indeed magical, so much so that I could scarcely believe my senses. I have never felt a cramp since—nor is there prophet, seer, soothsayer or magician who can perform such wonders as St. Jacobs Oil."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Items from Pieton, N.S.

A young man addicted to liquor,
Felt his life lamp beginning to sliquor,
He tried to "saw off,"
But a deuce of a coff
Coming on made him very much sliquor.

He then tried to live on hard biscuit.
Like the tragical end of Jim Fiscuit,
'Twas murder, he said,
To live on hard braid,
And he'd as soon be a drunkard as rascuit.

What is the difference between a member of the Young Men's Liberal-Conservative Association and Ben Nevis? None. They are both bald-headed and unproductive.

The Question Settled.

There's no use in arguing the question of the potency of some substances for special service in emergencies. They will do all they promise, and more, if judiciously used. The following from Mr. P. Murphy, of No. 1 Fire Station, Ottawa, bears upon the point stated



above. Mr. Murphy says: I had occasion to use St. Jacobs Oil recently, and must say that it is the best Liniment I ever saw used. I caught cold from getting wet at a fire, and it settled in my shoulder and down my back to my hip. I suffered a great deal from the pain. I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil. I did so, and after the fourth application I was entirely free from pain. I cannot speak too highly of it, and advise others to use it.

No Hesitation.

Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio, has used the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, and endorses it highly. He writes about it as follows:—I am pleased to say that the use of St. Jacobs Oil has benefited me greatly, and I have no hesitation to recommend it to all as an excellent curative.

Ye Freshies Song.

Hoary Seniors, dear to hearts of maidens meek,
This is a tale of Freshman's cheek,
And of the leek which grows in classic glens
Where roaring Taddle crosses unknown fens.
'Twas a dark and blustering snowy night,
When there occurred this ever memorable sight,
Most woeful sight! Ah, I was very wrong
'Twas to begin my epic ode and song!
'Tis a tale of hoary Seniors' bravery,
And of cheeky Freshmans' knavery.
Four and twenty Seniors, awfully brave men—
Such Plutonic Odes will ne'er be written—
Seized a blooming Freshman in his gown,
And, alas, he was from St. Mary's town!
Him, with bravery unsung, they carry gagged,
Bound, as to his arms, and safely bagged.
Then they test their jolly old forty-eight,
And hie to meeting-place, for it was late.

The driver of ye chariot of the sun—
Now drives his steed who cuts a punny bun—
Whose jacket was red and whose breeches blue,
Dressed like a monkey he was, 'tis true,
He sported a cane and an eye-glass too,
With awful din he chattered "Warders, come,
Do not keep ye chariot of the sun."
Hark! the warders have cast their pris'ners down,
Hah, WELL DONE! comes from ye chariot of the sun!
Gee up, One Holmes, now Duff, and Henderson,
Your doom is sealed, your cheek is foiled,
And for the warders' twenty-four, Hurrah!
For their terrible pluck on this awful day,
Three times three and a tiger for these brave men!
But never fret, you'll see that dreadful fen,
The judgment is cast. So hear the Three:—
"Taddle's roaring flood must mingle with your blood."
Shiver and shake, quiver and quake, you Three,
For they hold you bound beneath the tree.
Where, alas! judgment carried out must be.
But hark! Who now forbids the doom to them?
'Tis a message from the "The Immortal Ten"
To driver of ye chariot of the sun.
'They must sing the very, dreadful song,
And see that this latter takes not too long,
Or your lagers today will all be gone.

Say! Say! show me that *Globe* reporter!
We drink forty bottles of forty rod?
Why! we were only forty odd,
And not a one but walked as straight that night
As that "verray perfight" knight
Who in his room was locked because he swore (!)
At cheek of Freshies young and very sore.
VERY CHEERFUL FRESHY.

Barney in Trouble.

ERINODRAGH TERRACE, TORONTO,

December 1st, 1881.

Mr. GRIP.—I'm a sowl man! an' this is to sartify that St. Jacob's Oil is, widout any doubt at all, the most powerful cure av the age, bad seran to it. It has cured me, sur, av the habit av years, a habit acquired in me school-days; which has grown wid me growth and strentened wid me strength, the habit, sur, av readin the papers. An' I want to be afther tellin' thim vagabonds av editors that they won't have a chance to play off their practical jokes on me any more, for the sorra a paper, Grit or Tory, will I read for the nixt six months, at laste. It wasn't enough for them to enter into a conspiracy to wane me from readin' their articles an' ayditorials, but they musht do it if yez plaze, afther the Austrian *ad nauseum* method av curin' an inabriate. It was St. Jacob's Oil here an' St. Jacob's Oil there, until the vision of that owld leech sittin' thero wid his staff in wan hand an' his bottle av oil in the other, haunted me thoughts be day, an' me dhrames be night. As long as they kep it in the advertisin' columns it didn't bother me at all, but whin iviry bit av a man's mental victuals is saturated wid wan thing, an' that thing St. Jacob's Oil, faix, thin, it's a stronger sitammach than mine can stand it. Lasht week, sure, I lights me pipe an' sits down afther me day's work to read that encyclopedias av daily news, the *Globe*, and was just regalin' meself wid a beautiful article, entitled "A National Blessing." It was two columns long, an' I had just got half way down the second column, whin what should crap up but—St. Jacob's Oil. To blazes wid yez, yo vile desaver, says I, shtickin' the *Globe* into the stove whole-sale, it's a pretty pass I'm come to, when I'm afther bein' wheedled into wastin' three mortal quarthers av an hour readin' a durthy ovid advertisement agin me own will, An' wid that I sayzes me hat in a grate rage, an' tarcs away down to the *Globe* office to tell thim to shtap me paper there and then. I wasn't down a quarther of a bloek, whin clang wint iviry fire-bell in the city; all the puple cum rushin' out av doors, an', lukin' back, what should I see but me own chimbley a blazin' like fury, an' a grate mob a gatherin' round the dure. Be the time I got back there wor three or four ingins playin' on mo house, an' afore they got through it was like nothin' else at all but Noah's Ark in the middle av the deluge. That shews the quantity av St. Jacob's Oil must av been in that *Globe* to be afther kindlin' up the chimbley like that. We'll the very nixt day I takes up the paper, an' I'll to meself yez won't fool me any more wid your "National Blessings;" an' to protect meself agin bein' chated again, I begins at the bottom av the page an' tries to read upwards, when after a while I comes up to the purtiest picture, Captain Boynton floatin' on his back, an' he a'rigged up like a yacht in full sail. Musha, now, says I, did yez ivir see sich a beautiful invention? I musht be afther readin' all about it. So I begins at the top an' comes down the first column all right, but on the next column what does Captain B. rub himself wid but—*St. Jacob's Oil!* Wisha! now, the devil rub the sukim aff av yez, says I, sure it's mighty hard up Mither Gordon Brown must be for something to supply his customers wid whin he's takin' to dosin' thim wid St. Jacob's Oil. An' fur four days afther I darstn't luk at a paper wid the corner av me left eye, for fear I'd see the name av that owld Banshee on the page. Well, on the fifth day, I was afther snokin' me pippo in the corner, an' thinkin' what a desaver that *Globe* was, though to tell yez the truth, I was uissin' it awful, whin who should cum in but Katie Malloy, a mischeivous clip av a girl, that's attendin' wan av our big schools in town here. She had a copy av the *Hamilton Avenir Times*

**THE MANITOBA STARVELING.**

MANITOBA.—SAY MISTER, WHEN ARE YOU GOIN' TO GIVE ME ENOUGH OF MY OWN MONEY TO KEEP MYSELF ALIVE? (No response.)

in her hand. "Misther O'Hea" says she, wid a shwate bit av a smile, "do yez know anything about natural magic? here's a peice," says she, nately openin' up the paper, "it's called Magic's Wonders," and it's all about a man, an' how he could pull snakes all over another man's arrum, oh my! Misther O'Hea, the funniest thing, ma said I ought to bring it to you." So without thinkin' I takes the paper an' sure enough it was all about magic, an' all that sort av thing. Wanst, when I happened to luk up I noticed that she stud wid the door knob in her hand an' she a quare little shmirk on her face, an' I could shware, I saw Nora wink at her, but as they are always up to some devilry I paid no attintion whativer, at all, till all av a sudden the cowl dhraps av sweat brok out on me forehead, an' the nixt minute, I was flyin' like the wind, out the back dure an' down the alleyway, after that shrechin' hoaxin' little clip that had cum all the way from King street, for the fun av seein' me read that two column advertisement of St. Jacobs Oil.

Now Misther GRIP, I ax yez solemnly, don't yez think it's too bad for a man who pays for his paper in good faith, to think he musht examine the head an' the tail an' the middle an' all round the edges av an article afore settlin' down to read it, in order to be assured, that its not a sugar-coated advertisement he's studyin' all the time? Bedad, a horrible fear has this moment come to me, that maybe, perhaps some other victim of this vile desate, will be afther thinkin' me own lethter is an advertisement. Don't yez belave it, me dear reader, it's dead in airnest I am about this desavin' business. In airnest! sure it's haunted I am be day an' be night wid the ghost av them three words: ST. JACOBS OIL; it holds me, sur, faster than the glitterin' eye av the ancient mariner held the mau on the way to his mother-in-law's wedding; it stares at me from iviry fuce an' deadwall, it grins at me from iviry druggist's window, it is in iviry column av iviry paper I pick up; they're all got it! Gur has got it! the air is rife wid it! and it's crazy it's drivin' me! Ooh Millia Murther! I

see blood! help! Misther GRIP! help! Murther! Thieves!—

Dear Sir:—The enclosed unfinished letter addressed to you is from me poor husband Barney, he was writin' it whin all av a sudden he was tuk in a fit. He sent for the doctor. He says his nerves is quite shattered, an' thinks he must have something prayin' on his mind. He has not been lookin' so well this last two weeks. He used to be such a grate reader, but now the sight av a newspaper sets him crazy. He takes howld av it an' howlds it at arrum's length, an' lukes it all over wid a quare, seared kind av a look, an' thin wid a groan he sticks it in the fire. Whin I said to him the other day that a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil might do him good he just glowered at me an' said: "Et tu Brute yo." I had a good cry over it for Barney niver called me a bruto in his life before, an' I'm afraid his mind's gettin' onsettled about something that's wearin on him.

Yours in grate throuble,

NORA O'HEA.

Winter.

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year."

The boys go in for whiskey hot, and give up lager beer; The ferry boats are all laid up, deserted is each Park, The housemaid in the kitchen sits, accompanied by her spark.

The fresh imported Englishman proceeds to curse the climate And Canada most horribly, I wouldn't like to rhyme it. With love for dear Old England he suddenly is smitten, And sighs to live once more among the rain and fogs of Britain.

The lovers whom summer time beneath the radiant moon Wandered around suburban streets, now in the parlour spoon; Altho' sometimes they may be seen close by their garden gates, Their language principally turns on masquerades and skates.

The weather now is much too cold to manifest much ardor,

THE FAVORITE ALES, PORTER & LAGER ARE BREWED BY THOS. DAVIES & CO.

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PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.



SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.
A HINT FOR MR. MACKENZIE.



PITY THE POOR MAGISTRATE.
HOW CAN HE HELP IT WHILE THE LAW ALLOWS HIM DISCRETIONARY POWERS?

The young man hesitates to say that he'll protect and guard her. It could hardly be expected when the youth is nearly froze. He'd express much loving sentiment with handkerchief to nose. Yet it's not so melancholy; what with skating and with sliding, Or taking Angelina out on moonlit nights sleigh-riding, You may pass a pleasant season if of money there's no stint, or Free from duns and "little bills" you wander through the winter.



THE CHRISTIAN SKEPTIC.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is a sort of Agnostic, but he believes in the Christian doctrine of returning good for ill and heaping coals of fire on the heads of his "enemies." His answer to the recent action of the St. George's Society, in declining to elect him an honorary member on account of his political views, is a cheque for \$100. A crushing sort of reply, which would have delighted St. Paul, though it makes St. George feel correspondingly cheap. And now Goldwin is to be elected, after all.

The Parisians have eaten 250 jackasses this season. If their supply runs short an unlimited quantity can be caught hanging around our church doors almost any Sunday night.

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.,
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The Inspector of Prisons and Pub Ontario will receive Tenders up to noon of **THURSDAY, 15th DECEMBER,** FOR THE SUPPLY OF BUTCHER'S MEAT, BUTTER, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, MESS, AND CORDWOOD to the following Institutions for the Year, 1882 viz:—

The Asylums for the Insane at Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, and Orillia; the Central Prison and Reformatory for Females at Toronto; the Reformatory for Boys, Penetanguishene; the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, and for the Blind, Brantford.

Specifications and conditions of Contract can only be had on making application to the

BURSARS OF THE RESPECTIVE INSTITUTIONS.

Two sufficient securities will be required for the due fulfilment of the Contracts.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. W. LANGMUIR,

INSPECTOR OF PRISONS AND PUBLIC CHARITIES.

Parliament Buildings, Toronto, 1st Dec., 1881.

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