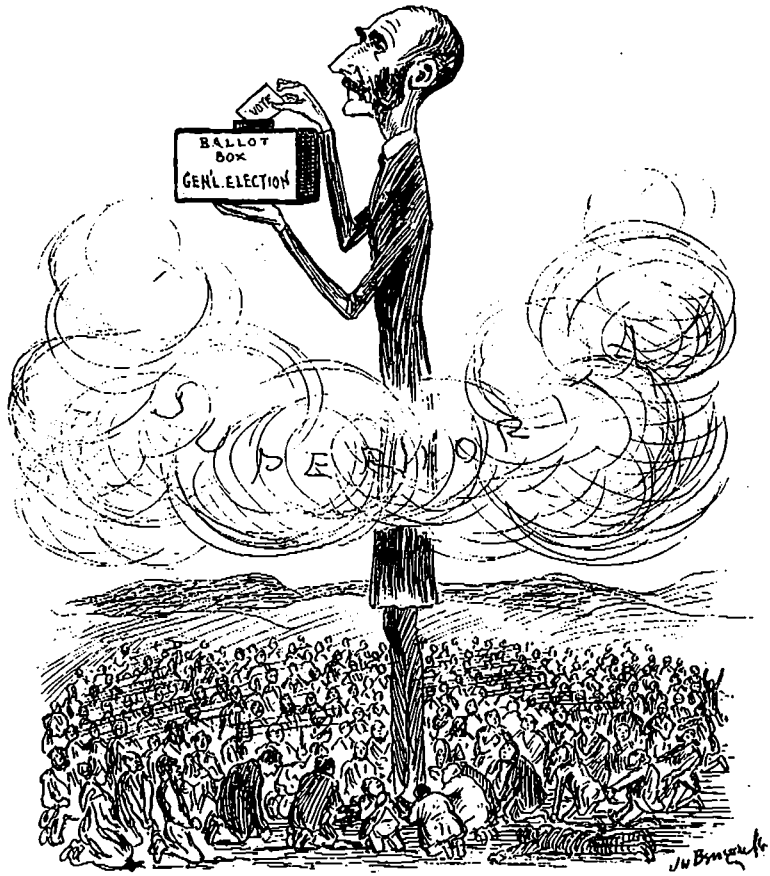




The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.

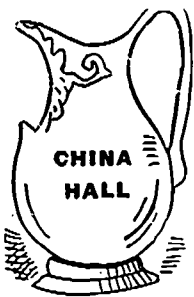


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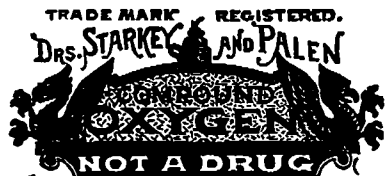
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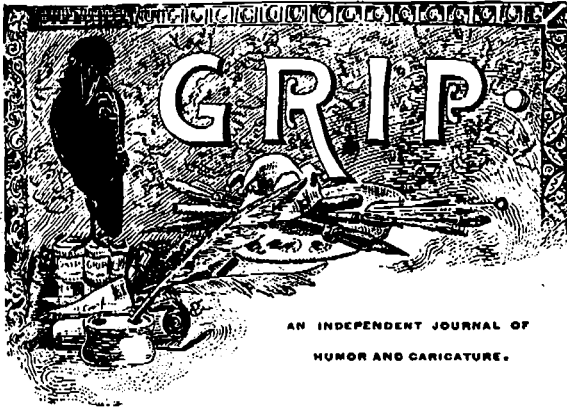
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J. W. BENGOUGH EDITOR.

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Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR friends are reminded that the magnificent lithographed plate, "Prominent Conservatives," issued as a supplement to Midsummer GRIP, will be sent to every subscriber applying for same and enclosing five cents for postage.

Comments on the Cartoons.



SHOCKING ACCIDENT TO THE "JAMAICA."—The disaster which overwhelmed the Ontario Opposition on the 28th is by common consent regarded as a defeat of the Dominion Government. Sir John made common cause with Mr. Meredith, and in fact expressly declared that their interests in the contest were identical. It may therefore be fairly claimed that the state-car "Jamaica," in which the Dominion ministers made their stumping tour, was ditched on polling day, having come into collision with an unsuspected pile of ballots.

A SUGGESTION.—The *Week* pronounces general elections a nuisance, and there is nothing left to be done but to abolish these time-honored institutions of the people, which are so unfortunate as to come between the wind and the *Week's* nobility. But it seems necessary, at the same time, to provide some means of enabling the "common mass" to make known its vulgar wishes, if we cannot at present abolish the people—which seems a little impracticable. A natural and easy solution of the difficulty at once occurs to GRIP's powerful mind, viz.: to select some Superior Being—the presiding genius of the *Week*, to wit—and let him cast the popular ballot as our proxy. This would save time and expense, and at the same time transform a "nuisance" into a performance which would meet all the requirements of the Utter and the Too Too.

THE PLAIN LESSON.—It is to be hoped that the vote of the 28th has convinced Mr. Meredith that it does not pay politically to place one's self in opposition to the plain interests of one's own Province.

SELF-PRESERVATION.

LODGER (to his landlady)—Whit wey dae ye no believe in the laun fur the people?

LANDLADY (to her lodger)—Jist this. Whin wanst ye dae awa wi' the landlords, ye'll be fur tryin' yer haun on the landladies!—*The Bailie.*

LIFE'S MYSTERIES.

THERE are things in this life I don't understand ;
 You meet with them everywhere ;
 Why many can drive in their carriages grand,
 And live a *la* millionaire ;
 While others day after day ever toil
 For wages exceedingly small.
 Why landgrabbers own the most of our soil
 And poor men get no bonus at all.

Why young men don collars right up to their chin,
 To stifle and throttle them so ;
 Why ladies wear corsets so tight that they grin,
 When nobody's looking, you know ;
 Then there's that " what-you-may-call it " behind,
 You all do admire it, no doubt ;
 That is one of life's mysteries, bulging and huge,
 And it beats me—I can't make it out !

J. T.

It is unusual (except in connection with folks as are folks, the nobility, editors and sich,) to prognosticate the birth of new bantlings. We feel, therefore, that we are only doing the right thing when we intimate to our readers and to Mr. Goldwin Smith, that an interesting event in the history of Ontario's weekly journalism is likely to take place early in January 1887. We have heard the proposed name, but cannot now say with any certainty whether it is Donder and Blitzten, or the Thundering Blisterer. We shall always be glad—from what we hear of its parentage—to have it come round our way regularly, and play with the little GRIPS, except on washing-day.



GRANITE ITEMS.

Skip (to recently-joined member)—How is it you don't come round to the rink and curl?

New Member—Oh, I have been busy; holiday times, you know. Besides the weather is so cold; I think I'll wait till summer.

Skip—But you can't curl in summer!

New Member—What! don't you curl on roller skates?

A NEW MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

A VISITING clergyman recently officiated in one of our city churches, and in the course of his remarks referred to the experience of "Jonah in the whale's interior." Why did not the Rev. P. McF. McL. denounce this on the spot as a "mutilation" of scripture?

CANADA TO THE BARON.



WHY! whatever is the matter, Baron,
favorite of the muse,
That you thus the age you live in do
so trenchantly abuse?
Is it that you've reached the age when
there is nothing like the past,
Which the haze of distance softens as you
watch it fading fast?
"Hope the best," of course we will;
but then the best we'll work for too.
"Hold the present," ah! but, Baron,
that is more than we can do;

For the present *will* keep moving—onward still, come weal, come woe,

And all depends on what we aim at, and upon which road we go.
All this dynamite-revolver, envy-wearing mask of love
Kind of talk is very grand; but, Baron, think, what does it prove?
Don't it prove there must be something very rotten in the State,
That breeds dynamite-revolverine-retaliatory hate?
If the lion be a lion, and not after all a cat,
Why don't he lift his paw and shew his magnanimity in that?
What is he scared of—to refuse poor Ireland's just request?
And don't you think it mean of you to sneer at the oppressed?
"Equal born," you laugh, oh, Baron! where's the "gardener and his wife"

You captured all our hearts with at a happier time of life?
Alfred the Poet then—no Baron—nor a truckler to the few
Who life's pressing, fretting questions study best how eschew;
Who think the poor man's duty is to suffer and endure,
That the homage of the rich is but the privilege of the poor.
Come! no shirking of the issue! Baron, say, what would *you* do?
Sit in silence—meekly bearing all the ills that fall to you?
Toiling, moiling, without ceasing, right up to the workhouse gate,
With a pauper's grave the passage to a doubtful future state?
Wouldn't you get restive, Baron, if you saw relief was nigh?
Would you choose the cloudy present—or the future's bluer sky?
No need to call back dark ages from the misty glooms of eld,
Dark enough the age of labor in grim want's stern bondage held.
What for it hath church or throne done—what but press still harder down?

Baron! hast thou in thine old age deaf and blind to justice grown?
Talk of wallowing in Zola! What of Colin-Campbellism?
What of Pall Mall revelations? Can you fancy an abyss
Blacker than the trough where wallow your aristocratic brood?
Is *this* the enchanting "present" you would bid us hold for good?
This the head, the brain you boast of, Baron—let us rather hope
Forward marching feet will shortly "roll their ruins down the slope."

GREAT HOME RULE DEBATE.

(Concluded.)

MR. MULDOON—Thank yez, sir. I was only provin me fitness for Parlymint be usin a little Parlymintary language. But, sir, I ax fhy don't they free Ireland? It wud be better iver y way, and if she was free she wud enjoy more liberty than she does now. O liberty, liberty, yez don't know fwhat a beautiful place ould Oireland is or yez would go there and take up yer residence! Well, now, fwhat is it we ax? Yis! fwat, is it? Well, just this. We want to do our own housekapin, that's all. Let me illustrate me manin. It's loike this—Pat and Biddy is thryin to kape house wid their childer in a dacent sort av a way, but fwhin Biddy goes into the kitchen to get the bit av dinner ready, there she finds a big English coleen slatherin the dishes around and kickin up didoes, and not so much as sayin by yer lave. "I'm sint over here," sez she, "to run things for ye." "Yer very kind, ma'm," sez Biddy, "but I wud prefer to manage me own kitchen—I want to do me work in the Oirish way, being that I'm not comfortable wid the English way av doing." "Av yez sez another word, I'll give yez some coercion," sez the intruder, and so poor Biddy has to play second fiddle, and that's what they call castle rule, d'ye moind! Now, the Saxon way av mashin paraties wid a club may be a better way nor aitin thim

jackets and all wid a pinch av salt, but its not Oirish, and that's enough for me. Fwhin we want to be Englishmin we'll mention the matter, but in the meantime I my gest obsarve in the words av the poet, "We're not built that way." Now, ladies and gentlemn that's fwat we mane be Home Rule,—we want to do our Oirish things in an Oirish way, and consequently we want Oirishmin and not Saxons to do thim for us. Bad luck to them—wan wud think we wor an orphan asylum inhabited be helpless idjits, the way they do be feedin us wid a shpoon. Did yez evir know anything loike it in yer loife? Wud yez stan it yerself, do yez think? Sorra a wan av yez would. And that's fwat Gladstone thinks—the grand ould man! And they call him a seperationist because he talks common sinse! Jist look at the matter! Fwhat is the union loike this blessed minit, but two Killkenny cats tied be the tails, and hung across a rope. Luck at the wool flyin and hear the scraches av thim! Now, be sinsible, wud it make them any worse do yez think av yez took away the rope thy're hangin on? Wud that be separation? No, sir, the fight wud sthop at wanse, and pace and harmony wud illuminate the countenances av thim cats and xtend its blessed influence to the extrame limit av their united tails. That's Gladstone's policy—and Parnell's, and av yez have got the sinse yez let on to have, yez'll vote for me in this debate.

THE CHAIRMAN—Mr. McKoy will now reply on behalf of the Loyalists.

MR. MCKOY—Mister Chairman, Gentlemin an' Ladies. I ston here thus avenin till ax yez to join wid me in savin the Bretish Impire from the hons av her inimies, Gladstone and Parnell. Sir, I belong to Eniskillen Lodge, No. 443, and it makes me blood boil, so it does, to hear such treason and rebellion as yez have listened to thus night. Sure, Ireland doesn't belong till the Luberals, and the loikes av Mither Muldoon. It belongs till us, an we want no Home Rule for that manes Separation and Destruction and Devastation av the Impire, moind yez thot now! We ston solid for civil an religeous liberty, yez, sir, civil and religeous liberty, and we'll have it, if we break every windy in Belfast wuth brickbats. What is windys compared wuth the inestimable boon av the Protestant religeon an the glorious, pious and immortal memory of King William the Third? What is the crackin av a few skulls, compared wud the preservation of Christianity? Ireland doesn't want any Home Rule, so she doesn't! Gladstone is a fanatical ould blatherskite whose head is turned be warin high collars! He's a sophistical retorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity. That'v what Lord Bacon'sfield said, an its thrue in a manner av spakin, and I can prove it be simply lettin yez know that Parnell himself evicts his poor tenants off his estate, and is won af the worst landlords that iver cursed any country. Ladies and gentlemn, don't be bamfoozled wid the parleflagations or the persficuriourness av Mither Muldoon and the likes av him. Ston up for civil and relegious liberty, and put down the Home Rulers with force if uts needed. There's no sinse in Mither Muldoon's spach whatever, so there isn't. He was hired be the Pope to come here an make yez belave he talks sinse, but don't let him decave yez. Avery mon has a right till howld his own opinions, av coorse, but av they don't agree wuth the correct and proper opinion that we howld, then our duty is to save the Union and to put down the Home Rulers! Yez must protect the minority, and uf wanst the Home Rulers had the chance, sure they wud make a law to hang iver y loyal mon. I'm sure

they wud! They wud tear up the Orange banners av silk, and thus destroy at won fell blow the Protestant relegion, so they wud! Muldoon smiles wud incredulity. It's a decateful smile. A mon may smile and smile an' be a villian—as Shakspeare sez—an' he had Muldoon in his mind at the time!

MR. MULDOON—Yer a liar!

MR. MCKOY—No, I'm not a liar, but you're a liar.

MR. MULDOON—I'll smash yer mug for you, you omadhaun.



MR. MCKOY—Yez will! If ye'll come to Belfast where I'm solid, I'll walk on you. I'll hit yez so hard that you'll die standin' up!

MR. CHAIRMAN—Order. This is becoming personal.

MR. MCKOY—Well, I'm done, onyhow, and I only say in conclusion, ston up for civil and relegious liberty, as we are ready to do on the 12th of July or oftener if yez loike. Ston up for glorious Ulster. That's the true Ireland, so it is! And that's the place where the people is loyal, and when the ban plays "Bilin Wather" on the glorious twelfth, near ivery mon in Galway takes aff his hat, and the rest goes to some safe place af seclusion!

MR. CHAIRMAN—Ladies and Gentleman. My only remaining duty is to entrust the question to your vote. The arguments you have heard; I will make no effort to sum up. It is needless. I think you can hardly fail to agree with me that, Mr. McKoy has demonstrated that the Home Rule cause is the cause of anarchy, rebellion, disunion, and the utter demoralization of Great Britain, but as an impartial bystander on this occasion, I would not, of course say anything to influence your judgment. I now leave the question with you, and I do sincerely hope that however you vote, you will not forget to educate your sons in the Ancient Classics. J. W. B.

THE GREAT EDUCATOR.

"YOUNG man," said the editor of the *Lost Creek Stereopticon*, "you can draw your pay and evacuate the ranch. I've no use for you." "Why, what's the matter now?" gasped the new local. "That account of the Beasley-Oppendorf wedding." "Why, I thought I did myself proud on that. The two families have ordered more'n a hundred extra papers." "Well, it won't do. You headed it 'The Beasley-Oppendorf Wedding,' instead of 'Wedding Bells.'" "Bells! why there ain't a bell in the county except when a steamboat comes along, and the river isn't open now." "Makes no difference; 'Wedding Bells' is the head for marriage notices; it was there on the standing galley, and this office doesn't allow any dead capital lying around. Next thing I know you'll be saying that some citizen went to Chicago, instead of 'departed for the East.' You can go."—*Burdette.*

A PAPER ON PROHIBITION.

BY J. K. WASHINGTON WHITE.

MISTAH GRIP,—De title ob dis papah am Prihobition. Prihobition sah, am de greatest, the impawtentest—an' de mos burningest question ob de day. It am de ishoo upon which de welfare ob dis kentry hangs, an' de politician who thinks he am safe to ignaw or put aside dat question am goin' to get lef—sho. Mistah Blake am fust class *jist as fur as he goes*, but de trouble am, he aint Grit enough to go de whole hog—an' dat dere is jist where he am goin to make parlitical shipwreck ob himself. He says de kentry aint ripe fur Prihobition. Sah! it am Mistah Blake who aint ripe—it am de whiskey interest who aint ripe—an' ef he am goin to wait fur any sich ripenin', Miss Canada am goin to go off wid a handsomer man—It am handsome is dat handsome does, an' ef dere am nobody in de Grit camp with gumption 'nuff to come out on what is goin to be *de* popular side—end we'll pin de Prihobition ticket to de coat tail ob de great Wizard ob de norf—de irrepressible Canadian Mikado an' he'll fan it froo. De man who got dat ar Pacific C. P. R. Railway compleat from sho to sho in six yeahs aint no fool. He am de kind ob craft whose sails am set to catch de popular breeze, an when de wind ob de Prihobition cry fills his sails he aint de kind ob skipper to reef topsails an' run agin de wind. No sah! De well known Canadian clipper John A. i aint built dat way—you betcher yer boots—he'd ruther be run straight into Office wid a hard-blowing Prihobitionary equinoctal gale.

Dis life sah am a series ob ludicrous contradictions. Here am a man who believes in Prihobition, whose private life am a testimony in favor ob prihobition, yet who dare not hab de courage ob his convictions an' carry out his principles in public life to de savin ob human life an' property,—fur fear—fur fear de kentry aint ripe fur it! 'Stead ob gallopin' up to de front wid sword wavin over his head an' shoutin' "Toward my men! to death or victory!" he stands on a hill wid a field grass to make sho he's on de winnin side afore he'd help the fighters fur de right even wid a cheer. Ef Mistah Blake thinks he am cut out fur a general, dis here chicken dont. On de oder hand, here am a devil-may-care politician who dont care a darned continental about de temperance cause—dont care whether it sinks or swims—'cepting fur 'e risk ob de party sinkin or swimmin' wid it, an yet dis am de man an' de hour fur de Prihobitionists. He am astute enough to see dat dis am de next trump card—an' dat's de card he am goin to win de game wid at de next election. DE NEXT GREAT APPEARANCE OB DE WIZARD OB DE NORF AS A PRIHOBITIONIST!

We aint got no time to waste argifyin' dis mattah wid Mistah Blake. De kentry aint ripe! Gracious sakes alive! What mo' you want? How many mo' homes you want desolate? How many mo' young men ruined? How many mo' widows an' orphans on yo' charity list? How many mo' loafers squirtin' terbaccy juice round yo' tavern doahs? How many mo' criminal cases fur you lawyers to fight ovah? How many mo' broken hearts and hopeless deathbeds? In shawt—give us an approximation of de aggregate ob human misery you wan rolled up afore you considah de kentry "ripe"—ripe fur destruction. It am ovah ripe Mistah Blake, it am rotting wid de ripeness of de iniquity ob dis drink traffic, it am riper fur legislation dan de gambling dens an de opium dens you prohibit an' ef John A. knows whats good fur him—ef he wants to arn de title ob de Savior ob his kentry he will run the Prihobition ticket wid his usual success.

POOR CHAPPIE.

YOUNG BROWN went a-calling on New Year's Day,
His suit it was nobby; his spirits were gay;
His hat was a beauty; his boots they were tight,
And so was young Brown ere the day turned to night.

At the first house they gave him some coffee so clear;
At the next he got outside three glasses of beer;
The third gave him whiskey that flew to his head,
And he swore "by (hic) Jove" that "he'd paint the town red."

He still kept on calling, and after each call
His head flew around like a well-curved base ball.
He staggered and reeled like a ship in a gale,
And an officer took him where he couldn't get bail.

Next morning before Col. Denison's "rail,"
Poor Brown looked remarkably seedy and pale,
His plug hat was smashed, and torn was his collar;
He went down for "thirty"—he hadn't the dollar.

If you will go a-calling, just ponder and think
On the evil arising from mixing your drink;
But if from this habit you can't keep away,
Then don't go a-calling on New Year's Day.

MCGINNIS.

A HARMONY IN WHITE.

It was New Year's morning. The snow, which had fallen as heavily as flakes usually fall, lay crisp and undisturbed over the front garden of the Van Goldstein family mansion—except here and there where the homeward-bound paws of the domestic feline had left their little tracklets. The said cat was vainly trying to squeeze itself into the aperture of a waterspout to avoid the keen wind as Araminta opened the front door and stepped with a dull thud upon the verandah.

Yes! she looked beautiful in her light morning gown, as she held a china plate in her dainty fingers, filled with the debris of the breakfast table. It was an old German custom—this feeding of the sparrows of New Year's morning, and the feathery chirpers flocked annually in their thousands to receive the small donations. They were all sitting on the leafless boughs asleep, for they had traveled many miles that morning to be present at the ceremony. Araminta pursed and puckered her rose-colored lips and tried to whistle; but the cold morning air clipped her breath short and the music fell shapeless to the ground. Nothing daunted, the brave girl took off her left rubber and flung it with accurate aim at the nearest bow. It struck a sparrow on the cranium and the little head dropped off with a sharp snap. "Unhappy lies the head that scares a rubber," said Araminta, as she wiped away a tear and realized the fatal truth. The sparrows were frozen.

At this juncture the domestic feline sprang from its lair and seized the head of the still rigid sparrow. The horrors of cannibalism rushed upon the mind of Araminta, with whom to think was to act, and hastily depriving her right pedal of its defence, she flung her other rubber at the cat. After a ricochet movement it struck a lady on the opposite side of the road, and the feline, understanding the nature of the attack, made a flank retreat behind the skeletonized summer-house, which shivered in its frame.

At this moment Alphonso De Brown, her old lover, came whistling around the corner, entirely concealed in a pair of overshoes and a peekaboo fur coat. Under his left arm he carried a huge brown paper parcel, whilst from his right sleeve hung three inches of his walking stick, which had become too cold to use.

They had not met since Araminta's mother forbade him the nightly monopoly of the drawing room. Con-

gealed fragments of "Let me scream again" fell upon the girl's ear and it awakend all the old memories. The outburst of her emotion culminated in a long cry of "Fonsy! Fonsy! Fonsy!" which startled the cat into a 2.15 trot to the kitchen window. Alphonso stopped, pulled down his fur collar and gazed around, Araminta threw him a kiss; but it froze on the way and broke in two as it fell on the snow. Alphonso stood irresolute and smiled. His last exit from the Van Goldstein mansion had been quick and assisted. Realizing that delay would be dangerous to the obtaining of that New Year's parcel, Araminta stepped to the front of the verandah and approached the steps. Alphonso summoned courage and opened the garden gate. As he turned to close it silently, a series of horrible sounds scattered his senses and he dropped the parcel. Before he could recover it or himself he was struck half way on the back of his fur coat and carried down the garden steps into the roadway. On he went at a furious rate down the Avenue, only conscious that he was sliding along and that a great grasp was upon the back of his seal-skin collar.

* * * *

The inmates of a certain College in Toronto were aroused by cries upon the street, and the Professor rushed to investigate. The sight which met his astonished gaze was strange indeed. Two persons were gyrating down the steep incline of the Avenue, apparently in a death struggle, and the woman held a large parcel. Realizing the danger of the situation, the Professor stepped into the road and called with a loud voice, "Change cars for the west end." The ruse succeeded and the sliding pair came to a sudden standstill. As the students thronged around, the Professor could not resist remarking "*Facile est decensus Avenue—I.*" This quotation caused the girl to recover and she arose, after the still senseless form of Alphonso was removed. Looking around she saw the cause of the terrible accident. She had forgotten having thrown away her rubbers and slipped, when starting to meet her Alphonso, falling upon a snow shovel, which had carried her along and taken up the dude in its terrible flight. On realizing Alphonso's comatose condition, Araminta let fall the parcel and it burst asunder. She cast one look at its contents, another at its owner and went home weeping.

Alphonso was visiting his laundress. P. QUILL.

PEOPLE WE MEET IN THE CARS.

THE CROSS-EXAMINER.

HE sits on the opposite seat, and placing his hands on his knees, leans forward in a friendly manner and says:

"Going west?"

You reply in the affirmative, and he nods and smiles at this palpable hit. He is encouraged and tries again:

"Paris?"

"No."

"London?"

"No."

He says, "Indeed?" and looks somewhat saddened, and after gazing intently at you for five minutes or so, while you look out of the window, tries a new mode of attack. This time he intends to find your starting point.

"From Toronto?"

"No."

"Montreal?"

You shake your head and he concludes that you are from the "other side, I suppose?"

You hand him a cheap cigar, hoping that he will go to the smoking car, but he says he will "smoke it after dinner," and being encouraged by your friendly advances, opens fire again.

"How far is it to Stratford?" "What do you think of coming election?" "Do you wear mits?" "What is the best method of killing rats?" etc., etc.

You feign deafness, but this only makes him shout so loudly that all the passengers can hear, and you become the center of observation.

Then you buy a newspaper and hold it up as a screen between yourself and the cross-examiner, and he becomes quiet. You peep round the paper to see how he is getting along and find that he is reading the other side. You flatter yourself that you have quieted him, when he changes seats and sits next you and asks you "What is _____" but you have succumbed, your brain is wearied and you sleep to dream that the coroner is sitting on you and is cross-examining the conductor as to the—
Change here for Goderich. McARONE.



MR. STUBBS GOES TOBOGGANING.

AND MAKES A DECIDED HIT.

I CANNOT conceive what there is in tobogganing to so fascinate the adult portion of both sexes in our 1886 humanity. When I was hustling through youth on a hand-sled my elders looked on with a benign, ultramundane, pitying gaze, and wondered where I could find amusement in sliding down hill with the certain necessity of tugging a sledge up again. Some of them, notably those who furnished me with clothing, even went so far as to remonstrate with me upon the folly of wearing out shoe-leather and clothing in such an unsatisfactory way. I disagreed with them then. Since I have grown older I have embraced their faith, and have also done considerable exhorting to my youthful "chips" from the same text.

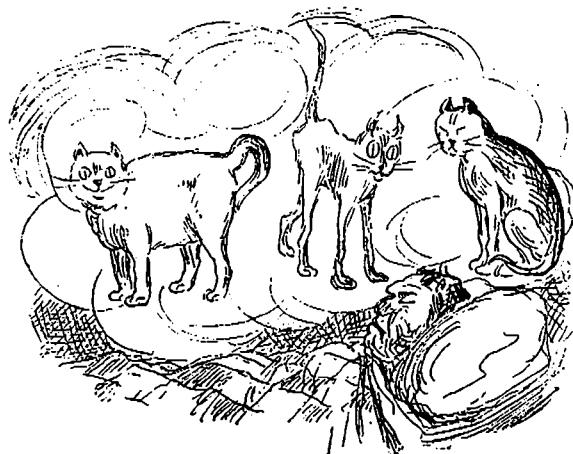
There is a singular leaven at work among the paternity and maternity of our day which must be annihilated by a bold stroke in its infancy. I am the Pharaoh destined to strangle it, nor can I be deterred by any pleading intercessions from delivering that bold stroke now. Tobogganing must go! In arriving at this conclusion I am not actuated by any moral motives, nor even sanitary considerations. These I leave for the Ministerial Association to work up their case on. My grievance lies far deeper than these, and until the practice is entire wiped out of existence my peace of mind will not be assured.

Jack Templeman called at my residence the other evening and announced his intention of escorting me to a toboggan party. Of course I need not have gone, but

I went, trusting to fate to avert the necessity of taking a ride. I found it a mighty fickle thing to trust to, and, when brought face to face with the inevitable, argued the absurdity of a man weighing 250 pounds trusting himself to a "comet" on such a steep grade; but Jack insisted that there was no earthly danger (with a certain degree of truth, for the earth was covered with ice) and followed up his remarks by hinting that possibly I preferred sliding down a Muskoka brush-heap. That settled it. I rolled on to the board instantler, and after a few preliminary preparations we commenced to move. In about two seconds I felt my hair move. My eyes wept, my heart sailed up faster than a balloon, ten million electric needles irritated my body, and then the toboggan struck a snag and raised me bodily two feet in the air. When I came down the toboggan had sheered off on the right tack, and I utilized indiscriminately every inch of cuticular surface during the remainder of the excursion.

I was not obliged to walk home that night—the ambulance was provided. When I came too I tried to believe it was all a dream, but the faith cure wouldn't work while my head was done up in liniment and bandages. Kind and sympathizing friends have promised me solemnly that they will inaugurate an anti-tobogganing movement and crush the sport out before I recover, for if this is not done I fear my evil genius will force me to take another ride, which might prove fatal. STUBBS.

"YES, pastor," said the chorister, "that is my eldest son. He is but 6 years old. I am going to educate him myself, and I want him to be a minister." "Ah?" said the pastor, with an inquiring accent on the "ah." "I am glad. But why a minister?" "Because," replied Mr. Upperceea, "by educating him myself I can produce something hitherto unknown, a preacher with some idea of music." "Better let me take him," said the parson, "and I will make of him something more wonderful than that." "Which is—?" said Mr. Upperceea, uncertainly. "A chorister with some sense," said the pastor sweetly. And yet some people wonder why the choir and the parson never get along harmoniously.



A SECOND DANIEL.

A NASHVILLE drinking man told his family of a dream he had in which he saw three cats, one fat, one lean, and one blind, and he wondered what it meant. "I know," said his son, "the man that sells you whiskey is the fat cat, mother is the lean cat, and you are the blind cat."

THE MODERN EXCELSIOR.



MET a friend one winter's day
Dressed in a blanket *cap à pié*,
And asked him whither he did go
In such a rig. He answered,
"Oh!
"To Boggan."

And shortly came another friend,
Who drew a board, with curving
end,
And to my question, as before,
These words he uttered—nothing
more—
"To Boggan."

A little lad came romping by,
With rosy cheek and sparkling
eye;
"My boy," I said, "where are
you bound?"
He answered, as he turned around,
"To Boggan."

Yet still they came, by twos and threes,
In tuques, and blankets to their knees,
And to my queries all replied,
While passing me on every side,
"To Boggan."

In asking what this craze can mean
No satisfaction I can glean;
The truth I'm destined not to know
Unless I, too, conclude to go
To Boggan.

W. H. T.

MRS. PENCHERMAN, M.P., ON FEMALE
CANVASSERS.

I ALWAYS knew I had a poetic temperament, though
Lucius does say I can't tell a parody from a blank verse.
What says the poet:

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

My sentiments to a T., any woman who sees her boys' muddy boots tramping over her carpets, the stovepipes dropping soot and pauses in the bustling whirl-a-gig of autumn housekeeping to think of the baking that's coming on for church-teas and Xmas, finds an exquisite relief, a solace in knowing that a poet also once sighed when the falling leaves reminded him of the future and coming wear and tear of energies. I've always read a good deal, and when I hear of ladies in England canvassing for their husbands at election times, I want to say to Molly and Jane, "up girls and at them," for who knows when there'll be an election of our own and their Pa running for Rural Dell again. But Lucius is that obstinate he says he "isn't going to have any of the women of his family making fools of themselves, if they are good-looking." That man never marches with the times, even if he has an eye for beauty, and declares, all I can argue, that we'd only make all the other females jealous of the girls and our good clothes, and set their husbands and brothers dead against him. He did at last say, after we'd coaxed for ever so long, that if I'd promise to wear my oldest dress I might try my hand on rheumatic old Mrs. Jenkins and kiss her squint-eyed baby grand-daughter for him. Just like a man! Much he knows women. Mrs. Jenkins would be offended to death if I went to call in shabby clothes, and say she supposed she wasn't good enough for a grand person like Mrs. Pencherman, M.P., to put on her best things for, besides the old thing hasn't a voter in her family since her son went away, and I guess Lucius didn't forget that fact either when he

spoke of her—besides I'd like to know what I'd want to bother with women when I go canvassing? As a whole, I don't take much stock in women (Mrs. and the Misses Pencherman excepted), though naturally Lucius cannot be expected to know that. I always take my sex's part, but I'd never give my consent to their voting—fancy being ruled by another woman! Men are bad enough, but if you're anyways handsome, (blame my looking-glass if this seems conceited), you can get round a man. Get round a woman, that's quite another thing! Experience proves that the opposite sex can always be influenced better by its opposite than its own, and no wonder I want to go round for my husband. I haven't always quite approved of the way Lucius tries to get the influence of widow Davies, if she has five brothers all voters, I think it would be a nearer way to getting their promise for me to tackle them myself, to say nothing of the girls, for every one knows that eldest one is sweet on Molly, while I have my suspicions that Tom Davies wouldn't object to being the son-in-law of a member of Parliament either, not that he's ever likely to be in that position. Jane's got a spirit above retail store-keepers, she knows how I suffered on account of the grocery their grandpa kept. But to return to our muttons (there's a good deal of the sheep about man, as there is of lamb about women), though I'd like ever so much to help my husband to Parliament, I don't want our sex to get their noses in there—not but that an occasional one here and there (I have such a lady in my eye), could be as useful as her husband is, but one can't do everything. House-keeping, the children, and looking after their husbands takes up the time of most women, and of one thing I am perfectly certain, if we do get a vote, women aren't going to use it to send women to Parliament, so that I say if I go canvassing, I canvass for a man, and perhaps after all's said, that wouldn't be as new an occupation for the softer sex as some people think. J. M. LOES.



HE DREW THE LINE.

SCENE—Montreal.

English Citizen—Sir, you are a liar, a thief and a scoundrel.

French Citizen—Sir, I may be a liar, and a thief and a scoundrel, but I'm not a Freemason!



SHOCKING ACCIDENT TO THE PAY-CAR "JAMAICA"

(For particulars see papers of Dec. 29th.)

HOW MANY IT TAKES.

ALDERMAN BROMWICH—It takes two to steal.

ALDERMAN CARROLL—I am surprised at the innocence of the gentleman who has just taken his seat, and I think that every member of the board, and the gentleman himself also, will agree that when he says it takes two men to steal, he is going insane. Dodge begins first to approach now, and old age is making its inroads, and he wants to be careful about making statements of that kind. For instance, if I steal his watch, I steal it without his consent, and if he will show me where he is a party to my stealing his watch, I would like to have him do so. I say that it doesn't take two to do so.

ALDERMAN BROMWICH—I will give in. Perhaps the gentleman is better posted than I am, and I might have made a mistake.

[This is copied from the official report of a recent session of the Boston board of aldermen.]—*Boston Beacon*.

ARAB MAXIMS.

NEVER tell all you may know, for he who tells everything he knows often tells more than he knows.

Never attempt all you can do, for he who attempts everything he can do often attempts more than he can do.

Never believe all you may hear, for he who believes everything he hears often believes more than he hears.

Never lay out all you can afford, for he who lays out everything he can afford often lays out more than he can afford.

A SCHEME TO GET IN FREE.

"WHERE are your tickets, gents?" asked the doorkeeper of a St. Louis theatre to a line of men who confronted him in "Indian file." "It's all right," shouted a man at the tail end of the line, "I've got the tickets. There's twelve of us with me. Count 'em as they go in." "In you go, gents," said the doorkeeper, and he tallied off eleven, who immediately mixed with the crowd within. The doorkeeper turned to look for the holder of the tickets, but he had disappeared, and eleven men saw the performance safe from identification in the tremendous throng of people.—*Chicago Herald*.

A FILE WITH HIS TURK.

"We have roast turkey and roast beef," said our boarding-house waiter girl to the new boarder on Thanksgiving Day.

"I'll try a little turk, if you please, with a file on the side."

"A what?"

"A file for a side dish. You see I dulled my teeth so badly on that piece of steak I had for breakfast that I shall be obliged to file them down to a point before I tackle the turk."—*Hotel World*.

It is said that the dogwood receives its name on account of its bark. The individual who discovered this was a funny doghisker, with waggish propensities.—*Toledo American*.

WHEN a lawyer dies it is absurd to put over his grave, "Here lies So-and-so." He doesn't because he is dead.—*Philadelphia Call*.

A SAN FRANCISCO fellow was too bashful to let his girl sit in his lap, and now the girl says the shy-knees must go.—*Saturday Gossip*.

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(*New York Scottish American*.)

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This is high praise; but not a jot more than the work deserves. Our opinion of the "Register" has been frequently expressed and is well known. The book, as the *Week* expresses it, is simply indispensable. That covers everything. The new volume, covering the events of the present year, is now, we understand, in course of preparation and may be looked for early in 1887. For copies or advertisements address the proprietor, P. O. box 235, Ottawa.

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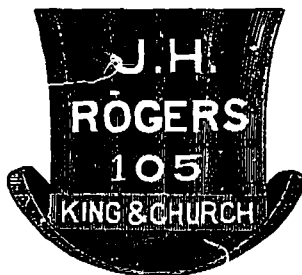
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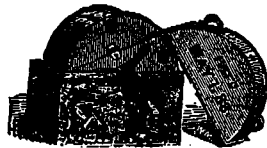


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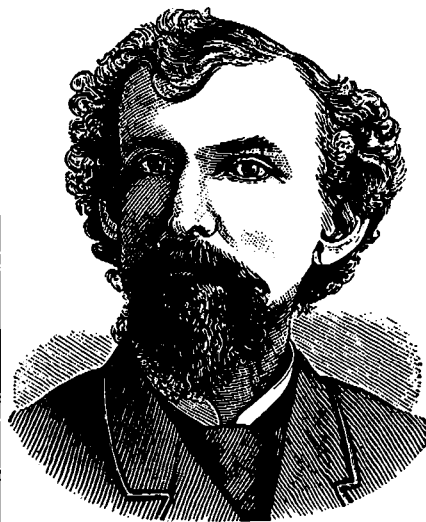
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FACTS FOR THE



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Dr. McCully, Medical Director of the Medical and Surgical Association of Canada, at the approach of the New Year thanks the People of Toronto and the Dominion for the generous confidence reposed in him as Medical Director. By that confidence and support we have been enabled to add new material to our Laboratory, and our Surgical and Orthopedical apparatus, all of which has vastly increased our ability to meet and cope with disease and deformity. This year we have treated over one thousand patients, and of that vast array of cases we have not as yet to record two per cent. of deaths, while we are able to say that fifty per cent. have either been cured or are in the course of recovery, and forty per cent. more have so improved under treatment as to be able to enjoy a reasonable amount of health and strength. Be it remembered that this grand record is made up of an army of other doctors' failures, many of whom are men of the highest reputation in Ontario and Toronto as well.

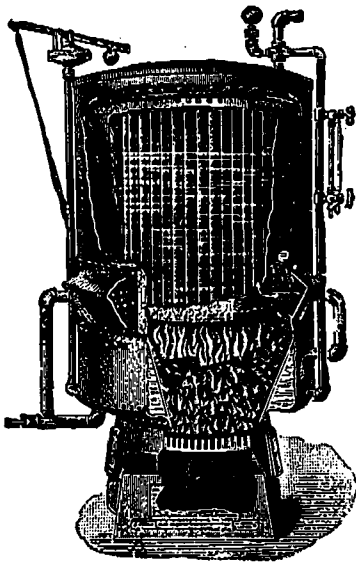
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During the year nearly gone by we have felt in honor bound to expose the gross ignorance that obtains in the medical profession of this Dominion. In the interests of human life we have denounced their shortcomings with the hope that thereby they would be forced to pay more attention to their work, more attention to the diagnoses of disease, and exercise greater care in prescribing. In our possession are prescriptions that were written by professors of Colleges in this city, that if not intercepted by the watchful druggist, must have produced sudden and violent death, and again we conjure the medical profession to remember they are in their work either saving or destroying life. That we have made some medical men utter terrible oaths, that we have driven the lance of truth deep into the quivering consciences of others we do not doubt, but no blow has been dealt in malice, no thrust has been made from envy, and all has been done in the interests of the poor sufferer, vainly casting about for hope, health and a prolongation of life. Will the professor who was in attendance at 44 Camden Street kindly state his justification for the absurd treatment he adopted in that case. We commence the new year with some important cases. Address

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