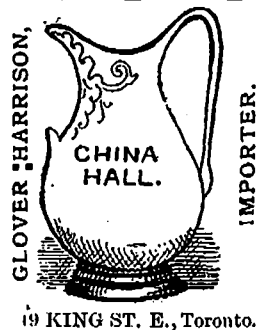
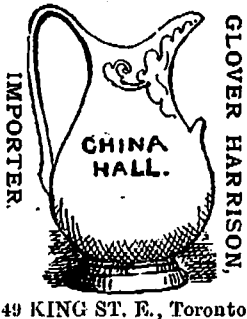


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VOLUME XX.  
No. 9.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 20, 1883.

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Hath come so near creation?

**2ND GENT**—It must have been **BRUCE,**  
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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL  
Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing  
Company of Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH, Editor & Artist. S. J. MOORE, Manager.

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

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Notice.—Editors of weekly (Canadian) ex-  
changes are not expected to send copies of  
their journals except when critical notices of  
GRIP are published. GRIP will be sent regu-  
larly as heretofore to all exchanges on the list.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Contributors should keep copies of their  
MSS. We cannot undertake to return articles  
or sketches.

A. McK., Sarnia—The sketch shows talent.  
Send the boy to the Art School, Toronto, for  
a few terms.

W. A. Thompson—Sketches very good in-  
deed. Try again.

J. Loes—Too long by half. You must really  
boil 'em down.

F. C. T.—Original articles are always wel-  
come, and paid for if accepted.

#### Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—“Ontario, Ontario,”  
is to be the campaign song once more. The  
Reform leaders certainly did what they could  
to make Provincial Rights the issue at the  
general election in June, and it is equally cer-  
tain that the decision of the country on that  
occasion was startlingly against them. They  
now claim, however, that the N. P. question  
overshadowed everything else on the notable  
20th. Whereas the Conservatives declare that  
the answer of the electorate was distinctly on  
the Boundary award and in support of Sir  
John's policy.

FIRST PAGE.—Respectable journals of both  
parties continue to express their disgust at the  
recent *Mail* tirade against the Grit delegates.  
The wind of public opinion is carrying the  
dirty water in the wrong direction. It is to  
be hoped that this lesson will be heeded even  
by the unreasoning person who is temporarily  
allowed to imperil the prospects of the Con-  
servative party.

EIGHTH PAGE.—This little sketch will re-  
quire no explanation, at least for those noble  
members of the Local Opposition who have  
turned a back-somersault on the Boundary  
Award question.

It is said that every bullet has its billet,  
and it appears also that every ballot has its  
“bullhead,” judging from the number of  
spilled paper put into the ballot boxes at the  
late municipal election. It is the bullhead  
who prevents us from knowing who our mayor  
really is, by illegally marking his ballot. The  
bullhead thinks himself a cunning fellow and  
a “smarty.” He is not, he is simply a bull-  
head.

The Honorable members were occupied  
nearly all last week in debating the Budget,  
and the morning papers were filled with their  
speeches thereon. Perhaps they would have  
not budged yet from the question, had not the  
equally engrossing subject ament that terra  
incognita the Ontario boundary been sand-  
wiched in. The columns devoted to the  
former subject would very likely be of intense  
interest to the man with the black-board and  
chalk who periodically visits the city; but to  
GRIP who is not possessed of a “lightning  
calculator” of any description, he does not  
find that it is any addition to his pastimes,  
figuratively speaking, to wade through the  
assets and deficits set forth *pro and con* as to  
the state of the treasury; yet if the country is  
proved to be in absolute penury there is one  
person at least who will stand by and not let  
it be said that—But no, our modesty forbids  
us saying any more.

Cedar we used to suppose was a goodly  
wood. Cedar posts of great antiquity have  
been found to be sound when neatly peeled  
and rounded and judicially pounded in the  
ground after many years. Cedar used to be  
possessed of a delicate aroma. Old ladies  
were wont to put cedar chips in wardrobes  
and old-fashioned trunks containing clothes  
that they might be scented therewith. Cedar  
was always considered a marketable com-  
modity even in the good old times in Lebanon,  
and lead pencils still demonstrate its usef-  
fulness. But cedar don't do, it appears, for  
pavement. The health officer of Detroit says  
in his report that cedar blocks absorb water,  
which dissolves out of the albuminoid matter  
that acts as a putrefactive leaven resting on  
boards covered with an abundant fungoid  
growth saturated with albuminous extract of  
excreta in a putrescible form, and undergo a  
decomposition. Moreover, the interstices and  
perforations of decay allow the foul liquids to  
flow, supersaturating the earth beneath and  
constantly adding to the putrefying mass.—  
Suffering Caesar! Take it away!

#### AN EFFECT OF THE CHANGE.

A prominent business man in Winnipeg re-  
cently wrote to notify the *Globe* people that  
his advertisement was being continued beyond  
the time for which he had ordered it to be  
inserted. The following reply was received:

Globe Office, Dec 12, 1882.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your favor of—  
You are quite right. Should have been stopped  
long ago. We stop it at once. No extra  
charge. “For our light affliction,” etc.: 2  
Corinthians 4: 18, 19.

Wherefore the Scriptural reference? Can  
this be the new management?

A portrait of Gambetta is to be the frontis-  
piece of the *March Century*, which, it is pro-  
mised, will also contain as its leading feature  
a paper of an anecdotal and political sort on  
the French statesman, by one who for years  
has had excellent opportunities for an inti-  
mate study of his character. A portrait of  
his father will also be given.

“The gravest bird is the owl.” Why is he  
therefore the wisest? Because he is a sol'm 'un  
(Solomon).



TONALD McSNEESHIN AT THE  
CONVENTION.

DEAR MR. GRIP.—Notwithstanding the  
very full report of the late Convention which  
appeared in the *Globe*, I regret to find that the  
following speech was for some reason sup-  
pressed. By giving it a place in your paper  
you will confer a favor on a large and influen-  
tial portion of the Great Liberal Party,  
Yours, &c.,

A. MACKENZIE.

MEESTER CHAIRMAN,—Her name is Tonal  
McSneeshin (applause) frac ta tense conten-  
shun of Huron. (Hear, hear.) She'll pesixty  
yeers of olt, and she'll nefer guv a Tory vote  
once already. (Cheers.) What for why toes  
ta *Mail* noosepaper (hisses) call her a parpar-  
rians? She can spoke as goot of English as any  
of ta Tories, ant twice as more. (Great laugh-  
ter.) She has got some revelations in Argyle  
what can foct all ta Tory Conventions as  
nefer was. (Applause.) She nefer cum ta  
Taranta to'll got cheep wheesky. She'll have  
saw plenty of tat in Rupley, where ta Tories  
make it oot of ta cheep wheat. (Sensation.)  
How for what toes it make ta *Mail*'s peesness  
of she'll bring along her porritch ant fush with  
her. (Great applause.) She was pait for it  
to Archie Ross, who is wan of ta pest Grits in  
ta toonships. Put nefer forgot, of Tonal  
spares ta Lort tull next election she'll show ta  
*Mail* ant all ta Tories tat ta hungry mops of  
ta sponging Conventions was make for keep ta  
power in ta Grit Government. (Loud and  
prolonged cheering).

#### THE DELEGATE.

(FROM ADVANCE SHEETS OF MOWAT'S CAMPAIGN SONGS.)

- Only a rude barbarian,  
With a swaggering gait;  
Only a vegetarian,  
Only a delegate.
- Only a pea-green hayseed,  
Lured by a whiskey bait;  
Only a raw-boned steed,  
Only a delegate.
- Only a hungry partisan,  
In a very weak state;  
Only a humble farmer man,  
Only a delegate.
- Only a heavy cow-hide boot,  
Another one to mate;  
Only a turn-up snoot,  
Only a delegate.
- Only a barn-yard swell,  
“Prepared for any fate;”  
Only a huge cow-bell,  
Only a delegate.
- Only a free-lunch saloon,  
Where stands a man irate;  
Only a queer old coon,  
Only a delegate.
- Only a single Voter,  
Do not him underrate;  
Only a poor old doater,  
Only a delegate.
- Only ballots six thousand—  
Ah! well the Tories know it;  
Only a few more rows and—  
Ontario for MOWAT!

## VERACIOUS.

## THE TRUE CHRONICLE OF THE WONDERFUL PHYSICIAN WITH A WONDERFUL KNACK.

In a certain city not far away  
From the placid waters of Burlington Bay  
A doctor dwelt, and does, they say,  
To this day.

He numbered his patients by the score,  
For he was A 1 in the medical corps,  
And wherever he went some craps the door  
Wore.

Not everywhere, for sometimes that duck  
Called Chance went round with this medical buck.  
And, once in a while, a streak of luck  
He struck.

He professed to tell by a glance at the tongue,  
And a feel of the pulse, what might be wrong,  
Whether a liver or gizzard was sprung—  
Or lung.

One day came a ring at the doctor's bell:  
A man walked in his tale to tell,  
One could see at a glance he wasn't well—  
Hades!

'The physician spake, "My man, I see,  
You suffer from what it is plain to me  
Is a wonderful lack of energy."  
(Te-he)

I can tell by a look at your bilious eyes  
That your liver has grown to prodigious size,  
And you suffer from want of exercise—  
I surmise.

Now what you require, and what you must do,  
Is to take some calomel, called pil-blue,  
And also take plenty of exercise to;  
Do you

Not feel, without further professional talk,  
That you're sadly in need of a good long walk  
To give you an appetite just like a hawk  
Or a stork?"

The patient replied, with a kind of a leer,  
"You read my case like the Bond Street seer,  
But my cure I hardly imagine you're near."  
The idea!

Why! I am a postman! every day  
I walk some twenty miles away,  
So your advice I can scarce obey,  
Eh?"

The physician's face looked uncommonly black  
As the letter-carrier turned his back—  
Oh! this wonderful "doc." with his wonderful knack—  
Quack!

Swiz.



## THE PARLIAMENTARY SYMPOSIUM.

"I find," said the Symposiarch, on assuming his *fauteuil* at the head of the table, "that it is not unfrequently the practice of members of this gathering, when called upon for impromptu jokes, to foist upon the public well-worn and time-honored jests such as everybody knows by heart. Now this is not a circus nor a minstrel show, and with a view to securing a greater amount of paranoimastic originality and stimulating the jestive faculties, I have prepared an Index Expurgatorius of prohibited jokes and had it hung up on the wall yonder. I would advise you all to give it your most serious consideration, as any infringement will subject the perpetrator to the customary penalties."

All eyes were turned in the direction in-

dicated, where a large card was displayed which read as follows:

## "INDEX EXPURGATORIUS.

"Jokes on the undermentioned subjects are strictly prohibited—

Boundary Award.	'Mowat must go.'
Cat, Thomas.	N. P.
Devil, printers'.	Oates, Moses.
Ears, size of.	Picnic, accidents at.
Feet, " "	Pi, printers'.
Goat, voracity of.	Plumb, J. Burr.
Globe.	Rag Baby.
Hardy, Hon. A. S.	Streams' Bill.
Langtry, Mrs.	Surplus.
License question.	World.
Mail.	Wilde, Oscar.
Mule.	Wild, Rev. Dr.
Mother-in-law.	Wood, Hon. S. C.

"Further additions will be made to the above list from time to time as may appear necessary.

"By order."

The perusal of this list was attended by murmurs and groans of dissatisfaction.

"Why, it gives us no show at all," said Deroche. "If it was in force in the comic newspaper offices it would bust 'em all inside of two weeks. How in thunder could a humorist be expected to get along without the mule and the mother-in-law and his rivals' feet and ears to work on?"

"Oh, it won't do at all," said Monk. "I had a first-class joke on Oscar Wilde ready, and now I can't get it off."

"Pull it down! We won't stand it!" cried Ferris.

"Now I tell you what it is, gents," said the Symposiarch, "I'm bound to carry this reform through. If you won't submit to the ruling of the chair I'll resign."

This threat quieted all open opposition, and the malcontents subsided into a state of passive disgrumblement.

"At least, Mr. Symposiarch," pleaded Hay, "spare us the mule. Any professional humorist will tell you that the mule is absolutely essential to the business. Why are there so few first-class humorists in Canada as compared with the States? Why, because of the relative scarcity of mules, of course. If the tariff were taken off of mules and their use encouraged, we should have original humorists writing in every rural weekly. I hope, sir, that the bureau of statistics will devote some attention to this matter, and give us figures showing the ratio between mules and jokes, which I feel sure would substantiate my position. Therefore, please, spare the mule."

The loud applause of the other members testified their concurrence in these sentiments, and the Symposiarch reluctantly consented to expunge the word "mule" from the list.

"I shall now call on Brother Hay," said the Symposiarch, "and of course that eloquent sympathizer with the mule will give us something more respecting his favorite animals."

"Why, certainly," said Hay. Conundrum—"Why is the mule not included in Monk's bill for the protection of game?"

They gave it up.

"Because" replied Hay, "he could not be classed as a *fur-bearing* animal. Don't you tumble? Forbearance is not one of his strong points."

"It is hardly necessary to remark," said Morris, "that the member for North Perth's affection for this humble quadruped is reciprocated. Mules are always fond of hay." (Groans.)

"Brother Creighton," said the Symposiarch, "we will now hear from you."

"No you won't," said the member addressed, sulkily, "you've spoiled a first-class Thomas cat joke with your Index Expurgatorius, so you may count me out."

"The waiter please circumferentiate around

the festal board, and disseminate the required beverages," said the Symposiarch, "and during their assimilation we will have the gratification of listening to an aria with accordeon accompaniment from Brother Merrick."

The gentleman indicated responded to the call by the following vocalization:

## PULLING HARD AGAINST THE STREAM.

In this scene of strife and trouble,  
Where the future's rife with doubt,  
Fame oft proves an empty bubble,  
Fortune's pets get counted out,  
Thus our brilliant Opposition,  
Howsoever we plot and scheme,  
Still retain our old position,  
Pulling hard against the stream.

Chorus—Do your best the Grits to scatter,  
Fortune's sun perchance may gleam,  
If we're lusted, that's no matter,  
Pulling hard against the stream.

Grits may hold a big Convention,  
Blake and Mowat rip and tear,  
But despite of their intention,  
Tory victory's in the air.  
They may think it highly funny,  
To depreciate our scheme,  
When Sir John planks down the money,  
They must pull against the stream.

Chorus—Do your best, &c.

Truce to useless retrospection,  
Pride oft goes before a fall.  
On the morrow of election,  
They may yet be singingsmall.  
Let us not sit down despairing,  
Nor indulge in hopes extreme,  
Still upon our journey faring,  
Pulling hard against the stream.

Chorus—Then do your best, &c.

"Mr. Metcalfe," said the Symposiarch, "we will now have a joke from you."

"I'm on deck every time," responded Metcalfe. "Why is the importation of a Maori into the prize-fighting circles of America likely to lead to the renovation of the manly art?"

Several of the members essayed to answer this conundrum, but all their replies were wide of the mark.

"Because," said Metcalfe, when called on for an answer, "he many be expected to infuse New Zealand energy into the business."

"Gibson," said the Symposiarch. "Set 'em up again. The Index Expurgatorius knocks me."

"We are evidently going to have more drinks than jokes under the new regime," said Fraser, "and I don't know that that is an undesirable consummation."

Balfour was the next called upon with the following result: "Why would Meredith be an undesirable customer for an insurance company?"

"I know, I know," shouted Baskerville, almost as soon as the conundrum was propounded.

"Well, why?"

"Because he would always be wanting to change his policy. Ask us a harder one."

"Correct," said the propounder.

Shortly afterwards the proceedings were closed by a parting glass all round, "which," as the Symposiarch observed, "serves to emphasize our esoteric amenities, and mitigate with the glow of geniality the tenebral sombreness of the parting hour, which, if otherwise, would be more so." The sentiment was good, if somewhat involved.

In a fizzle—The young man who tried hard to pop the question.

Owing to the excessive cold weather all the hogs are coming down dressed.

Would it be categorical to term the feline race cream-haters because they love the first side?

Does it necessarily lighten the burden of the "burning" theory, in designating lamp-trimmers as wick-ed ones?



THE NEW MAYOR OF WINNIPEG  
DRINKING PROSPERITY TO ARCHIE  
McMICKEN.

#### THE STOCK EDITOR AGAIN.

FRIEND GRIP.—Your publication of my friend and partner McPhinegan's stock editorial, after the mean and abject *Globe* management refusing the same, even at the ridiculously low figure placed upon it by self and partner, clearly shows to me that you are a free and independent bird, free as the great American Ea—but, as I was going to remark, you are free from and untrammelled by the Demon of Partizanship that roosts over the editorial chair of the daily prints, even as the Old Man of the Sea sat upon the shoulders of the long suffering Siehad the Sailor. It is needless to say that we are no partizans, far from it. We have established our editorial bureau simply to fill a long-felt want of the community, for we despise the Grits, abhor the Tories, and laugh contemptuously at the puerile efforts of the few imbeciles who have taken upon themselves the Herculean task of organizing what they are pleased to call a third party, but appears to partake in a milk and water way of all the soon-to-be-exploded superstitions of both the old ones. I enclose sample editorial, to be used at the right time by whatever paper takes up the cause of a real live new party, which I think will about "fill the bill," for a start at least.

MUSSEY & McPHINEGAN,  
Professional Editors.

P.S.—Here goes.

#### THE NEW PARTY.

In taking upon ourselves the onerous and responsible task of discharging the editorial duties of this journal, we have done so advisedly, being fully aware of the difficulties involved in the undertaking, through the stumbling blocks and pitfalls placed in our path by each and every of the miserable caiffiffs and hirelings, both Grit and Tory, who, seated in their noisome, so-called sanctims, perform their nauseating task of upholding, extenuating and smoothing over the political acts of the pettifogging shysters, covert contractors, cheating clothoppers, and mendacious mullet-heads, who, by whatever name they choose to call themselves, have so long trodden on our rights as freemen, and crushed with their ponderous hoofs the life-blood out of our young and long-suffering country. It will perhaps not be out of place at this, the very offset of

our career, to give our readers a gentle synopsis of the character of a few of the men who have for so many years wielded their almost despotic power in this misguided land. We do not make these statements rashly, or upon our own responsibility, but merely give the gist of the leading articles appearing from time to time in the partizan organs. We will commence, of course, with "John A.," as being the head and front of everything politically vile. Now who is John A., anyway? We don't know. Nobody does! Some say he is a "heilanman" who came here in the early part of the century, a veritable *sans culotte*, who shocked the modest *habitans* with the scantiness of his attire, and whose Lares and Penates consisted of a skean dhu (whatever that may be), a cairngorm, spleuchan and tattered phillibeg, with a pendant cousin in front, filled with doubtful baybees and packages of villainous Scotch snuff, a Lochaber axe with which he felled the "giants of the forest," and afterwards cut down the tree of Canadian liberty, after the manner of that other wretched old humbug, "the people's William," when "invited out" in the effete and tottering chalky Albion. Others maintain that he was born somewhere in the "Bay of Kanty" region, and used to pole himself down to Kingston on a raft of saw-logs with a cargo of suckers and sassafras bark in the spring, to barter for "Morton's proof," which he would bring back and trade to the Indians for mink skins and so forth, and so on, until he became the plutocrat he is now. Others say that he is a sort of duplicated Irishman, half orange and half green. These things we don't know, but we do know this, that he has repeatedly sold us to pea-soup swilling French, to railway speculators, to the Syndicate, and to Downing Street, and that the chief object of his policy is to utterly subvert us to the Quebec *Bleus*, and demolish, in short, all the sacred rights of On-tay-ree-O! Oh, my countrymen! how does he strike you as a political ruler?

Now let us turn our attention to another gentleman, who is supposed by a great portion of our deluded people to be the pink and perfection of everything that is elevated and fine. We allude to that pompous popinjay, Ed. Blake. Ed. Blake, indeed! Now who is he? We'll tell you who and what Ed. Blake is. He is a vain-glorious, verbose visionary, who disguises his lack of knowledge of political subjects by firing off at the unkempt heads of ignorant rustic hayseeds a ceaseless torrent of verbiage about "Confederation of Empire," "elevation of political standards," and other things that they have not the slightest idea about, and throws a glamour over the poor wretches that gains them to his own unscrupulous ends. By his profession he is a compiler of lengthy briefs, and it is no trouble to him to hold forth to any extent. He is also a tamperer with the enemy, a betrayer of his colleagues, and a haughty and supercilious aristocrat, who in vain tries to assume the role of a "people's man" under a sardonic superficial smile. Fellow-sufferers, what think you of the reform leader? Of poor old Mac, we will say nothing—he is politically defunct; let him go back to his mallet and stone chisel. As for the Mowats, Hardys, Pardees, Lardys, Frasers and Dardys, the Mercediths, Morris, Merricks, and the rest of the local incapables, they would not be worthy of mention, were it not that they are in a position to perhaps lower us further in the scale of humanity through their ignorance and imbecility. Canadians, are we Irishmen? are we Poles? are we heathen Chinese to submit longer to the ruling of these petty tyrants (who are after all but the echo of the bloated Colonial office in England)? No! a thousand times, no! It is now that we must look for men fit and capable to extricate the country from its thralldom, men of honest purpose, and sincere. Such

men, for instance, as Mr. ——— and Mr. ———, (Here insert your coming candidates for honors) whose records can bear the light of day, and the breath of calumny has not dared to reproach! Let us then show the hordes of vampires who have so long sucked the blood of our country that we will have no more of them, by putting at the head of the poll the gentlemen like those we have named above, and carry on our banners the glorious motto—

*Vox Populi Vox Dei.*

#### THE FISHER'S WIFE.

OR, MEN MUST WORK AND WOMEN MUST WEEP.

*A Plaintive Poem in Mixed Metre.*

##### DESCRIPTIVE.

The fair young wife, but newly wed,  
Wandered away on the sandy shore,  
As the sun in the west was sinking red,  
Oh! the heart of that woman was heavy as lead,  
Or as a fresh batch of charity bread,  
And her face a wistful expression wore.  
And why did she look and feel so sad?  
Her husband, a fisherman bold and free,  
Like all the sons of the surging sea,  
Was away with his nets for herring and shad,  
Or that was where he was supposed to be.

For at early dawn on the day before  
He had shoved his boat from the shelving shore;  
He had started away with the first grey light,  
And—hadn't been home at all last night!

No wonder the young wife's heart was sad,  
When she thought she had lost her fisher lad.  
A terrible storm she could see was *bruin*,  
And that was more than his boat could bear,  
For it meant—what? widowhood, poverty, ruin,  
A lonely hearth and an empty chair.

The gulls wheeled round in their circling flight,  
And braved the gale on their pinions white:  
And those birds, on the sea, not aves raree,  
And known as the chickens of old Dame Carey,  
Were sitting about on the billows' top,  
And that was a sign of a storm—sure pop.

##### COLLOQUIAL.

"Oh! snowy gull," the young wife cried,  
"Can't tell me where my husband is?"  
And the gull replied as he glanced aside,  
And a little nearer to the woman fled (3):  
"I really can't, and it ain't my 'biz,'"  
And he flew away and was seen no more  
By the wife as she wandered along the shore.

"Oh! waves!" she said, "as ye break, break, break  
On the cold, grey crags, can ye tell me true,  
For the love of Heaven and pity's sake,  
What has become of my boy in blue?"  
And the wave replied as it dashed its brine, "Oh!  
Give us a rest please: dem it! if I know."

"Oh! winds," she cried from her anguished soul,  
"Ye winds who sweep o'er the salt sea foam,  
Who over the whole wide ocean roam,  
And wherever the thundering billows roll,  
In thy wanderings far didst thou chance to rub  
'Gainst my fisherman true, my own, own hub?"  
And the wind replied as it whistled shrill,  
"I know where he is. Tell? Hanged if I will."

"Oh! const guard man, you wander far,  
And you scan the sea with your telescope,  
Hast seen of my husband's boat a spar,  
Jib-boom or bowsprit, oar or rope?"  
On you angry ocean he sailed away,  
And hasn't been back since yesterday.

At home the fire on the hearth burns low,  
The coal's run out and I'm short of grub,  
And what I'm to do I scarcely know  
If the sea has swallowed my own dear hub."  
Then the old hardy coastman rolled his quid  
In his cheek and closed his left ocular's lid.

"Now don't take on," he cheerily spoke,  
"Your man ain't lost: he's all right, I swear;  
He sailed, it is true, as the daylight broke  
On yester morn when the wind was fair:  
But he did it go fishing; he went to soak—  
And to find him I'll tell you exactly where.  
He's over at Shaughnessy's, heastly drunk,  
And sleepin' it off in the old man's bunk!"

SWIZ.

"No editorial written, and the paper just going to press!" demanded the Proprietor, storming into the sanctum. "Never mind, we'll just put this in," said the editor, producing a packet of Li-Quor Tea. "What do you mean, you scoundrel?" roared the Proprietor. "Why—ain't this what they call the *Leading Article*?" The Proprietor dropped.



THE OLD, OLD STORY;  
OR, "NONE SO DEAF AS THOSE WHO WILL NOT HEAR."

## The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

### RHYMES FOR THE MONTHS.

In the month of January,  
Of the street-boys' slide be wary;  
And be sure in February,  
Valentine to send to Mary.  
Keep your mouth close shut in March,  
Or its dust your throat will parch;  
And avoid the damps of "Aper-il"  
Lest you be from muggy vapor ill.  
But in bright and flowery May  
You can sing your roundelay;  
Singing louder still in June  
To a still more joyful tune.  
But beware in hot July  
How you iced concoctions try.  
Nor be frightened if a raw gust  
Come and nip your nose in August;  
For when we have reached September  
You're not safe from cold remember.  
See to it that you keep sober  
'Spite the brewings of October.  
Squibs to buy, you should remember  
For the fifth of dark November;  
And about the glowing ember  
Pass the last hours of December.  
—*Fun Almanac.*

### A GOOD START.

#### A BANK SKETCH.

YOUNG MAN.—"I have just left school, sir, am 19 years of age, have had a good education, and wish to start for myself in the world. I thought I would apply to you to see if I could get a vacant situation in your bank."

BANK MANAGER.—"Of course you can give the best references as to honesty, industry, ability, amiability, virginity, etc. You despise fire-water, and know nothing of the games of chance entitled faro and draw poker, and you thoroughly understand the art of legally stealing with ease and rapidity from your neighbors?"

Y. M.—"Yes, sir."

B. M.—"You are regular in your attendance at the gospel mill, and your only delight is in the society of devil-dodgers and sky-pilots?"

Y. M.—"Yes, sir."

B. M.—"You are never in the habit of saying damme?"

Y. M.—"Well, hardly! No, sir."

B. M.—"In the responsible position which you desire to occupy, I should tell you that the directors feel that it would be inadvisable for you or any other employee to form acquaintances of objectionable characters, such as horse doctors, dog fanciers, undertakers, bartenders, divinity students, barbers, hardware men, etc. You will therefore be required before forming any acquaintances to send in their names to the Board for approval."

Y. M.—"Certainly, sir. I have always avoided barbers and hardware men."

B. M.—"Well, you seem a pretty likely sort of a young man. You are healthy, not given to having asthma, colds, corns, measles, aches of any kind, or any other diseases of an objectionable nature that is going to throw you sick on our hands."

Y. M.—"No, sir! I had a corn once, and had the measles once, and I must confess having two corns on one of my little toes."

B. M.—"Oh, this is too bad. You cannot expect otherwise that it will effect my opinion of your abilities. Corns are an objection—a strong objection. It is right you should know it. Well, I think you may consider yourself engaged. The pay, of course, is reasonable; we make it a rule not to have it too excessive at first."

Y. M.—"Yes, sir."

B. M.—"Of course, we don't expect you to

work for nothing. The first year we will pay you \$20, the second year \$30, and the third year \$50, and so on for the first ten years. You will then be, let me see, 19 now, 29 years old, and well fitted to face the world."

Y. M.—"Oh! thank you, sir, you are very generous, and don't consider me too bold if I ask you what you pay after the ten years?"

B. M.—"Oh, we shan't require your services any longer after that. No, it will be more economical for us to hire a new young man at the original \$20, besides the Directors consider in this matter that they must not be exclusive, that there are other young men who would be anxious to enjoy the advantages you are about to have the benefit of. Their motto is entrenchment and reform—yes, they entrench employees salaries, and reform their own. Of course you don't thoroughly understand this now, but it may steal over you in time."

Y. M.—"Yes, sir! I will try and learn everything. And when shall I commence?"

B. M.—"Well, if the references that you give, and the inquiries which I shall make as to your habits are satisfactory, your pedigree shows up well, your father's and mother's record is good, and there is no evidence of any other member of your family having conducted camp-meetings, or been engaged in the lightning-rod business, why, you can come round to my house at six o'clock to-morrow morning and clean out the horse barn. The board believe in commencing at the beginning and working up details as you go along. Your duties for the remainder of the day will be comparatively of a light nature. You will open the Bank at eight, sweep out the floors, polish up the brass work, build four fires, including the furnace, wash the windows three times a week, mix cocktails for the tellers, scoot when you hear the President's bell (a delay of a moment might be fatal to your interests), run messages, copy letters, keep a regular supply of poker chips in the Directors' room, help the porter, endeavor to be in as many places as possible at the same time, and make yourself generally useful. You will generally get away at 8 o'clock, three or four nights in the week, perhaps stay till 10, and the last day of the month will be here so late you might as well stop all night. You can easily snatch a little sleep before morning. You see when your ten years are up, this experience in details will be invaluable to you."

Y. M.—"I am delighted, sir! at my good fortune. You may be sure that I shall be around bright and early to-morrow morning. I suppose you would be willing to retain half my wages while I am here, so that I may not be tempted to squander it in riotous living."

B. M.—"It will put us to some trouble, but we might be induced to accommodate you—we should of course be obliged to make some trifling charge, say \$10 a year for the care and inconvenience we should be put to."

Y. M.—"Thank you, sir! You are very kind. If you think that \$10 is not too little, I should be glad to accept your kind offer."

B. M.—"All right? Then you can commence to-morrow morning, and if you have any better clothes you had better put them on. We like our employees to dress well."

Y. M.—"Certainly, sir! I shall wear my best. They are not perhaps as nice as they should be. Before I left home my mamma had a swallow tail coat made for me. She said I would require it when I went out in society. I will wear that if you like."

B. M.—"No! No! You must not put that on, and you won't require it much in society, but you can bring it round, it might fit one of the Directors, and we can apply it on the \$10 you will owe us for opening your account."

Y. M.—"Very well, sir! Good day!"

WHACKFORD SQUEERS.

—*Sherbrooke Gazette.*

MUSICAL APPLICATION.—There is an old story told among musical people of J. L. Hatton, who, on the occasion of a grand concert at Willis's Rooms, played two of Bach's finest fugues. A lady, who boasted that she did not care what sum she paid to hear good music, speaking with enthusiastic delight of that evening's excellent entertainment, denied that anybody performed on the pianoforte, and described Hatton as "the man who came in between the parts to tune the instrument." She represented a very large number of musical enthusiasts in London.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

BALFE AND THE SKULL.—Balfe had a horror of everything connected with death. On one occasion, when he and Fitz-Ball, the dramatist, were visiting the study of Dr. King, the latter placed the former's hat upon the skull of a complete skeleton that chanced to be in the room. The effect was grimly grotesque enough, but Balfe only regarded it with great horror, and directly he reached home hastily gave the hat (a new one) to his servant, saying he could never wear it again.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

### THE AGE OF MIRACLES

is past, and Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not raise the dead, will not cure you if your lungs are almost wasted by consumption. It is, however, unsurpassed both as a pectoral and alterative, and will cure obstinate and severe diseases of the throat and lungs, coughs, and bronchial affections. By virtue of its wonderful alterative properties it cleanses and enriches the blood, cures pimples, blotches, and eruptions, and causes even great eating ulcers to heal.

GREED OF OFFICE.—"My dear sir," observed Jekyll to a judge, who was alike notorious for his greed of office and his want of personal cleanliness, "you have asked the minister for almost everything else, why don't you ask him for a piece of soap and a nail-brush?"

### GET THE ORIGINAL.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—the original "Little Liver Pills" (sugar-coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks. By druggists.

## EARS FOR THE MILLION!

Foo Choo's Balsam of Shark's Oil.

Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the only Absolute Cure for Deafness Known.

This Oil is abstracted from a peculiar species of small White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as *Cararodon Rondeletii*. Every Chinese Fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing were discovered by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1410. Its cures were so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for over 300 years no Deafness has existed among the Chinese people. Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at \$1.50 per bottle.

## Hear what the Deaf Say!

It has performed a miracle in my case. I have no unearthly noises in my head, and hear much better.

I have been greatly benefited. My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

"Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation." Write at once to HAYLOCK & JENNEY, 7 Dey-street, New York, enclosing \$1.00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing so.—EDITOR OF MERCANTILE REVIEW.

TO avoid loss in the Mails, please send money by REGISTERED LETTER.

Only imported by HAYLOCK & JENNEY, Sole Agents for America. Dey-st., N.Y.





ROYAL.—On Monday evening a large audience assembled to witness the first production of a new play by Mr. E. A. Locke. The piece is entitled "Mates," and purports to give a picture of life in the Australian gold fields. It has some good and novel situations. Of course the performance was somewhat labored—as managers will persist in presenting pieces before they are thoroughly rehearsed. Since Monday evening a good deal of necessary pruning has been done, and in justice to the author we will say no more as to the merits of his work until we have seen it as amended. We do hope, however, that the part of *Frank Dermot* has been placed in better hands, or at least that the actor who poses as "the handsomest man in the Gulch" has learned to make up a little less grotesquely. Mr. Baird, as *Cornish Tom*, was the star of the piece on the first night. Mr. Locke himself is a very commonplace actor.

The Burns anniversary (25th inst.) will be celebrated as usual by a Grand Concert under the auspices of the Caledonian Society. On this occasion the Pavilion will be occupied, and amongst the popular vocalists engaged are Misses Maggie Barr and Jeannie Thorburn, and Messrs. Sheriff and Hurst. Hon. Edward Blake will deliver the address, notwithstanding that he is an Irishman.

Caricature Entertainment. Mr. J. W. Bengough is to give one of his popular sketching entertainments at the Royal on Monday evening 22nd inst., introducing hits at local topics of the day. Reserved seats may be secured at Nordheimer's, 50 cts. General admission 25 cts.

A Conversazione and Exhibition will be held at the Education Department under the auspices of the Council and Students of the Ontario School of Art, on Thursday evening, Jan. 18th. A most attractive programme has been prepared.

On Monday evening, 22nd, Mr. Archibald Cuthbertson will lecture on Physical Culture, in Shaftesbury Hall, with illustrative experiments. For particulars see advt. on last page of this issue.

Miss Jeffries-Lewis in *La Belle Russe* on Tuesday and Wednesday.

## POMMEDETERREKINS.

A TRAGEDY.

Scene I—A Sanctum in the city of Humbletown.  
Enter three witches named, 1st, *Slyknav*; 2nd, *Le Temps*; 3rd, *Ratepayer*.

*Slyknav*—Where hast thou been, sister?

*Ratepayer*—Writing letters.

*Le Temps*—Sister, where thou?

*Sly*—A certain man had favors in his gift, And held, and held, and held 'em.

"Give me," quoth I:

"Be off with you," he scornfully replies.

To the top he's gone, of Public and Collegiate,

But on a printed sheet I'll hither sail,

And with an artfully told tale,

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

*Le T*—I'll give thee a wind.

*Sly*—Thou art kind.

*Rat*—And I another.

*Sly*—I myself have all the other:

I will make him list my say,

Sleep shall neither night nor day,  
If I know it, close his lid.  
He shall live a man forbid,  
Though his character can't be lost,  
Yet he shall be tempest-tost.  
Look what I have.

*All*—Shew, shew, shew.

*Sly*—Here I have him under thumb,  
This, and that, and more to come.

*All*—Be dumb, be dumb,  
Here comes Pomme.

We weird sisters hand in hand,

Plotters dwelling in the land,

Thus do go about, about,

Scattering broadcast pain and doubt.

*Sly*—Thrice in public ear I've mewed.

*Rat*—Thrice of taxes I have whined.

*Le T*—Now it is election time.

*Sly*—Round the public cauldron go,

In the poisoned gossip throw,

Tales retailed from tongue to tongue,

Hints suggestive whence they sprung,

Venom'd hatred, envy got,

Boil i' the educational pot.

Double, double, toil and trouble,

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

*Rat*—Wind around 'em like a snake,

Tell 'em what a lot's at stake;

Tell 'em of the mighty tax,

Where the money goes to, ax,

Ax about the teachers' time,

Ax about their lives sublime,

With an ass' jaw-bone ax 'em,

How their lazy bones they rax 'em:

Double, double, give 'em trouble

Till their blood will boil and bubble.

*Le T*—Heavy taxes, people's groans,

Twisted figures, cramming moans,

Tru-tees crooked, people's cash,

Editorial ba'derdash,

Card-playing in public schools,

Master making learned fools,

Master Turk and Tartar sub

Living off the public grub.

Pitch into 'em, nothing loath,

Jolly pot o' the devil's broth.

Double, double, toil and trouble,

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

(Enter *Pommedeterrekins*.)

How now you secret, hidden, triple powers,  
What is't you do?

*All*—A deed without a name.

*Pomme*—I conjure you by that which you profess

(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me.

Though you untie the fiends, and let them fight

Against the schools, yea, tho' you, Ratepayer,

Confound and swallow education up

Even till ignorance sickens—answer me.

*All*—Say if thou'dst rather hear it from our

mouths—or from our Masters?

*Pomme*—Call them, let me see them.

*All*—Come high and low,

Thyself and office deftly shew.

*The Hydra-head of Public Opinion rises.*

*Apparition*—Pommedeterrekins! beware of

January 3rd.

Dismiss me. Enough. [Descends.]

*Pomme*—What'er thou art, for thy good caution,

thanks.

Thou hast harped my fear aright:—but one

word more.

*Sly*—He will not be commanded: Here's

another,

More potent than the first.

[An apparition of a child crowned, with a

cigar in one hand and Virginia Leaf in the

other, rises.

*Pomme*—What is this

That rises as if chosen of the people,

And wears upon his youthful brow the sign

Of trusteeship?

*All*—Seek to know no more.

*Pomme*—I will be satisfied: Deny me this,

And an eternal curse fall on you. Let me know

Why sinks that cauldron? And what noise is

this?

*All*—Shew! Shew! Shew!

[Trustees appear and pass over the stage in order, the last reading a Spectator aloud. Popularis EDUCATIO following.]

*Pomme*—Thou art too like that which I sought to crush;

Thy triumph sears my eyeballs;—and the air Those other brethren I have quarrelled with wear

Doth chill my blood; tear up that *Spec*. What!

Will the list stretch to the crack of doom?

Who calls me crank? ay, now I see, 'tis true;

For Popularis Ed. doth smile on me

And points at them for his. Yes, that's so!

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

Scene—At the Polls.

*Vox Populi*—Now yield thee, Pommedeterrekins,

And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.

We'll have thee now shown up e'en as thou art,

A barrier to all progress, a foe implacable

To higher education, save for those

Endowed already with all earth can give

Of vantage wherewithal to fight and win

On the great battle-field of life. The poor,

Thy brethren of yesterday, thou would'st debar

From fields Elysian, their narrow lot

Would still more circumscribe, their love of

lore

Would utterly extinguish. What wonder, that

Thyself unfurnished save with goose's wing,

The eagle's upward flight should weary thee

Content with well filled crop to strut and hiss

Upon the grassy by-way of the world.

*Pomme*—I'll not yield.

To kiss the ground before young Talkit's feet,

And to be baited with the elector's laugh.

Upon your votes I cast my trusteeship.

And damned be he who first cries Pomme is

beat.

[They fight.]

Scene—Populace assembled.

[Enter *Vox Populi* with *Pommedeterrekin's* head on a pole.]

*V. P.*—Hail Talkit! Trustee now, for so thou art,

Beho'd where stands thy predecessor's head.

Thou art entrusted with th' Dominion pearl,

Free education to both rich and poor:

See thou preserve it sacredly, this charge we

give

Thee solemnly—see that thou keep it so;

Else—see thy future doom!

[Exeunt.]



## A LAND GRABBER ON HIS MUSCLE.

A prominent land-grabber of Winnipeg, who is hereafter to be known as "Old Whiffle-trees."



A TIMELY WARNING TO WILLIE MEREDITH.



A poser—An artist.  
A fraud of the first water—City milk.  
What age do sailors like best?—Cordage.  
A tip top fellow—A sailor at the masthead.

Unspeakingly absurd—Trying to make a dumb man talk.

“I will make my mark in the world for the benefit of coming generations of men,”—as the tramp remarked when he chalked a fence to show his friends the house was “no good.”

The latest wrinkle in Uncle Tom's Cabin Companies is to double up the agony—two Eva's, two Topsy's, etc. We would humbly suggest that instead of having two of the latter that the single Topsy should turn a double somersault, or the company have two performances going on upon the stage at the same time. In view of the nuisance Uncle Tom has become it is extremely doubtful whether Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe should have a monument.

Our Funny Contributor says that the meanest man has been discovered, he lives in Toronto. The other day our Contributor paying for a postal card in a store laid down a cent therefor upon the glass case, which, upon the owner's back being turned, was cautiously appropriated by a well dressed individual. Our Contributor says the scent of that transaction should stick to that thief forever.

Current events—Pound charges.  
Hard to beat—Grip's conno-drums.  
News of the Dey—Echoes from Algiers.  
Pre-posterous notice—“Stick no-bills.”  
Was the man in the “dug out” the original pun(t)ster?  
Fee-nominal events—When doctors omit to make big charges.

Dis-interested hands, typographically speaking, are those for “full” cases.

Dr. Pierce's “Favorite Prescription,” for all those weaknesses peculiar to women, is an unequalled remedy. Distressing backache and “bearing-down” sensations yield to its strength-giving properties. By druggists.

**LECTURE.**

ARCHIBALD CUTHBERTSON will deliver a Lecture in SHAPESBURY HALL, on Monday Evening, January 22nd. Subject—Physical Culture and Exercise as a means of health, versus the injury resulting from the use of Patent medicines and stimulants, such as tea, coffee, tobacco, etc.

At the close of the Lecture an appliance called a home gymnasium will be introduced, and how to use it explained.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Doors open at 7.30. Chair to be taken at 8 o'clock.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOOUM, 161 Pearl St., N. Y.

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