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

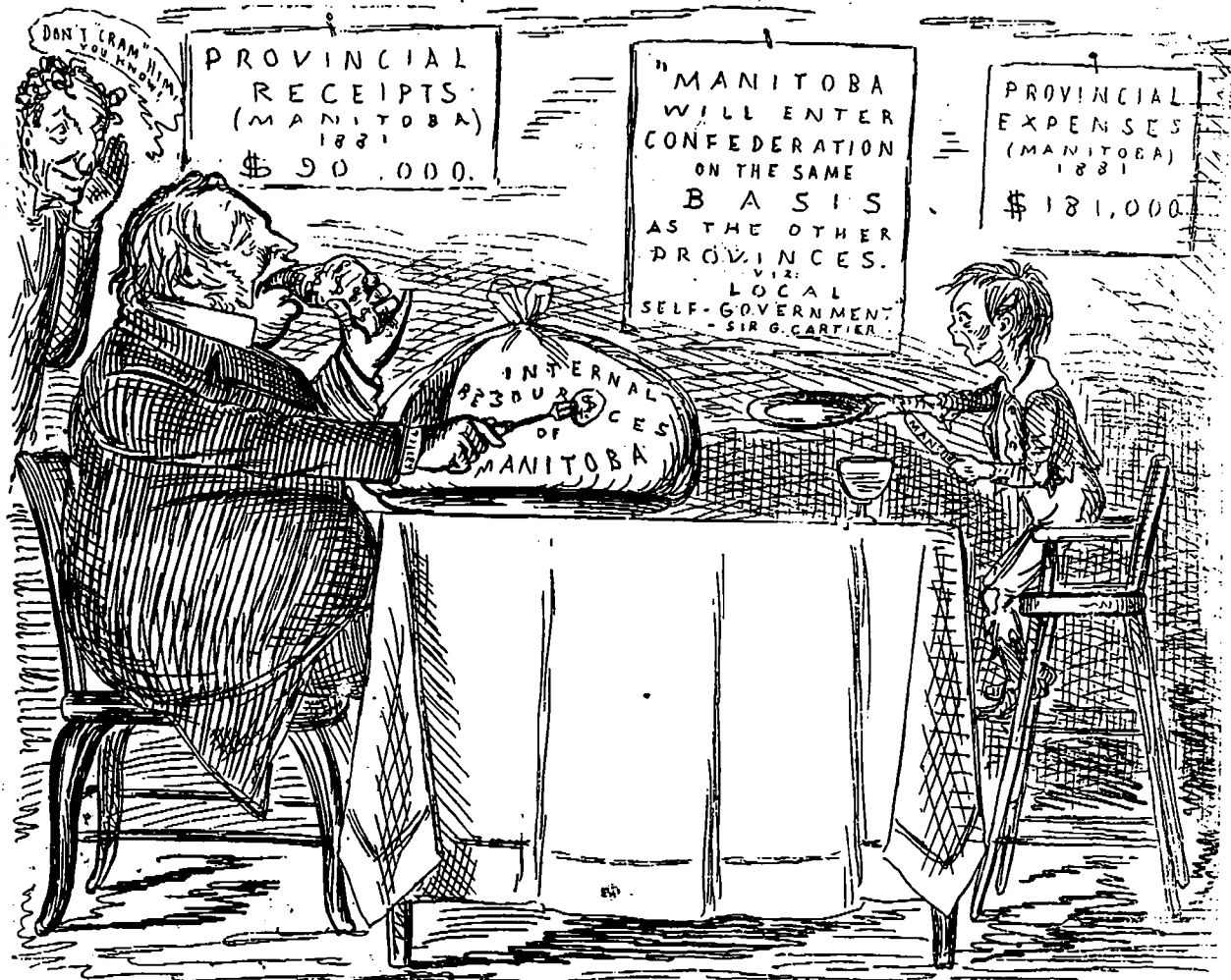


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The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

To Correspondents.

W. A. M. The speech will appear (with necessary amendments) next week.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The horn is sounded from the hill and the loyal Conservatives are summoned to a party feast. The Chieftain is to be banquetted in this city at an early date, and receive the meed of praise justly his due for creating millions of tall chimneys with his magic wand. But in connection with the banquet there is to be a convention—a much more significant thing. The Grit papers take it to signify that Sir John intends to dissolve Parliament and go to the country before his term has expired, and in that event they express themselves exceedingly ready to meet him. Meantime the query of the Cartoon might well be put by the witty Premier. Beyond a negative programme of denunciation against certain acts of alleged corruption on the part of Ministers; of reiterated condemnation of the Syndicate bargain, and repeated declarations against the N. P., the Reform party have no Policy that we know of. No doubt they would investigate the charges of corruption, but would they rescind the Bargain, or overthrow the Tariff? It is doubtful if they could constitutionally do the former, and as to the latter, Mr. Blake's utterances on the subject of the Tariff are somewhat vague and non-committal. But the Hon. Edward thought he had a Policy about him, somewhere!

FIRST PAGE.—We advisedly picture the Province of Manitoba as the Dominion Starveling. The actual and discreditable fact is that the Dominion authorities are fattening upon property which by every rule of justice belongs to the Prairie Province. A fuller statement of the circumstances is given elsewhere in this issue. As intimated, this cartoon is but the first of a series to be published with a view of arousing public attention to the anomaly and having it remedied if possible before serious trouble arises.

"Wonders sure will never cease!" as the old song says. Here we find the *Globe's* correspondent writing indignantly from Kingston that John A. has failed to fulfil certain promises made to one Mr. S. T. Drennan, who has a claim for damage against the Government.

Sir John promised that when he got into office he would "do justice to the claim," but (we actually quote these words from the *Globe*), "after he became Premier he was not so anxious to do his friend a favour." Can this be the same John A. as we have been reading about so long in the big Grit organ? Surely not. That John A. was never known to forget his political cronies!

The appearance in this city of Signor Rossi in three of Shakespeare's greatest characters is a favour for which we are indebted to the enterprise and tact of Manager Sheppard, and that gentleman deserves not only the thanks of the citizens but a good practical recognition in the shape of a heavy cash box, which we have no doubt he will receive. The prices are moderate considering the great distinction of the star and the unusual excellence of the supporting company.



The Governor-General has gone home to receive the congratulations of his Royal mammal-in-law and the nobility and gentry on his late phenomenal journey across the continent. He leaves our shores attended by the best wishes of the Canadian people, who expect to have the pleasure of welcoming him back early in January. Lord Lorne will now be able to put in a good word for our maligned and misunderstood Dominion, and that he will do so heartily on every suitable occasion we may rest assured.

The cartoon dealing with the Manitoba question is the first of a series which will appear in these pages, in accordance with our promise of last week to assist those who are fighting for justice to that Province. We join heartily in this fray because we are convinced that the present position of the Prairie Province is fraught with grave danger not only to the people who live within its limits, but to the whole Dominion. But aside from this, the present attitude of the Dominion authorities is mean, tyrannical and unjust—so much so that no free journal can stand by complacently and endure it.

For the benefit of those who have not ex-

amined the matter, let us briefly summarize the facts of the case. Manitoba—unlike any of the other provinces—is prohibited from controlling any of the lands, minerals or other sources of revenue within her borders. Her local governmental institutions must be supported entirely by the interest on the amount placed to her credit on entering Confederation—which was some \$500,000. This interest is 5 per cent., but circumstances have obliged the Province to use up about \$300,000 of the principal, and the annual expenditure at present is not less than \$180,000. In addition to the interest on the subsidy the only other revenue at the command of the Province is the annual receipt from the Dominion of 80 cts. per head on the population—which is limited to a population of 400,000. If John A. is sincere in predicting a population of "millions" in the Northwest within a few years, he ought to be able to grasp the gravity of the problem here presented for his consideration.

The "Dominion Churchman" on Collector Patton.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—I observe, with regret, that you have been laughing very cruelly at the failure of our poor dear collector to put a stop to that dreadful thing called Free Opinion. But to show you how entirely you are in the wrong, Mr. GRIP, I enclose a copy of my favourite journal, the sweet and unctuous *Dominion Churchman*, whose high and holy mission it is to restore, in spots as it were, the good old times when dissenters were fined, and dissenting ministers turned out to starve in the ditches. You will see a letter in the *Dominion Churchman's* best style (which is much better than yours, Mr. GRIP!) calling on Collector Patton to put out of Synod a person who is its seems editor of an impious publication, called the *Canadian Monthly Review*. Now, Sir, it has come to my knowledge that this magazine has for the last several years contained articles by the *Principals of two Dissenting Colleges*, one in Kingston and the other in Cobourg! Both of these *Nonconformists* possess (we can guess who gives it to them!) a dangerous depth of thought, and an *apparent* candour, and those "graces of style" which are so apt to ename the young and unsuspecting. And yet the editor of this fearful publication is allowed to be a lay delegate for a leading parish in Toronto. Why he will entice the other lay delegates to be on more than speaking terms with Methodists!!! Honour and Anathema! I call on Collector Patton to ask in trumpet tones what is the restor of that Toronto parish about! Why did he allow such a man to be elected lay delegate?

And in that *Canadian Monthly Review*, Sir, there are articles by Sir Francis Hincks, a person of lax views on Church matters; and more by Mr. Goldwin Smith, a writer whose opinions are such that I never pass the Grange without groaning! Even that Presbyterian newspaper, the *Globe*, has often said where he is going to, and put it as strong, Sir, as St. Athanasius himself.

And, Sir, that lay delegate, *Monthly Review*, is full of idle stories, all about love-making, and such. It has poems by avowedly Nonconformist writers. I am told that one of the cleverest of them is an avowed dissenter from Kingston. The minx, I should like to have her thumb-screwed till she could write no more poetry, to turn foolish hearts, about President Garfield, a deceased Nonconformist.

And yet, Sir, this lay delegate has, I am credibly informed, attended every meeting of the late Synod, and with serpent-like guile, has



ERNESTO ROSSI,

THE TRAGEDIAN.

(COMING TO THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE MONDAY EVENING, 13TH.)

pretended to take the greatest interest in the proceedings. So I call to Collector Patton, at once to do as the *Dominion Churchman* advises.

While his hand is in, might he not do something to the publishers of the *Canadian Monthly Review*? They are Nonconformists of most dangerous views. The Collector might seize some of their books. One of them, I am told, is what worldly persons call a good-looking man, quite the person therefore to allow foolish women to attend such meetings of Dissenters!

I am, Sir, yours in sorrow,
IGNATIA CHANSUBLE GRUNDY,
Toronto, Feast of St. Blazes, 1881.

Our Private Box.

Royal.—Mr. Oliver Doud Byron, a sensational actor well known and highly popular in this city is the attraction at present at the Royal, where he will remain until the end of the week.

Grand.—The great event of the season, the engagement of Rossi, the Italian tragedian, supported by Milnes Laveck and a first rate company, commences on Monday night, when *Hamlet* will be given. Tuesday and Wednesday will be devoted to *Romeo and Juliet* and *Othello* respectively. Reserved seats are now on sale at the usual places; prices, \$1.50 and \$1 according to position. Those who intend seeing this great actor will consult their interests by securing their seats in advance—"and quickly too."

Mr. Wm. Horace Lingard reappeared at the Grand on Wednesday night, succeeding Haverly's "Strategists," and will remain to the end of the week, giving his mirth-provoking representations. There are few adler comedians on the stage to-day than Mr. Lingard, and all who enjoy good character acting should make it a point to see him.

It is rumoured that Sam Hague's British Minstrels are to return shortly. They are sure of a right hearty reception if they do.



BUCOLIC BULLS.

Mr. John Bull is a good-natured old buffer, of a truth. He is immense on the "forgive and forget." Having scored from the tablet of his memory all the facts in the case of the Alabama award, including the interesting item that several millions over and above the just claim still lie in Uncle Sam's cash box, and having expressed his thanks for the comical "salute" to his flag lately given at Yorktown, we find him now taking off his hat to the stars and stripes at the Lord Mayor's show. We do not object to displays of international good will, on the contrary they are amongst the most hopeful signs of the times. But they look better when they are more or less mutual—not altogether one-sided. The Yorktown affair was a joke—if not intentionally something worse—on the British flag, and the present salaaming

on Mr. Bull's part would be a little ridiculous even if Uncle Sam didn't have his hand in J. D's coat-tail. Jekot as he has—further particulars of which may be had on application to Mr. Secretary Blaine.

Quid Nunc?

'Twas in a meeting lately held
Within Toronto city,
That did occur this incident—
The subject of this ditty.

A man though young, yet of great zeal,
Attacked a Rural Dean, Sir,
In words which in old party days
Might have provoked a scene, Sir.

When his remarks concluded were,
The one aggrieved did rise, Sir,
And quietly de-liv-er-ed
The following reply, Sir :

"Young men ought not, I'd have you know,
'To make such rabid speeches
'Gainst those who missionaries were
Ere they'd attained to breaches."

Then let us learn to have respect
For men who, born before us,
Have, though we really clever are,
Ten solos for our chorus.

November 7, 1881.

CHARLIE JAY.

Ten Minutes in the Sewing Circle.

BY J. LOES.

The ladies of the Sewing-society were in Mrs. Jones' parlour, sewing away with energy and spirit for their contemplated bazaar which they fondly hoped and firmly determined should outshine anything of the sort ever given by them or rival societies in the village of N—. A variety of articles, ornamental and otherwise, in various stages near completion, attested to the fact that a great afternoon's work had been done, and if as the time for work was drawing to a close, they were enjoying a gossip, they felt themselves entitled to that pleasure.

The conversation was animated, small wonder, they were talking about a wedding.

"Well," said Mrs. McDonald, the President of the society. "What did you think of the bride, how did she look?"

"Well enough," answered Mrs. Smith, as she turned the hem of a pinafore, "though she was a bit pale, it was natural in her to look kind of scared, knowin' her man for such a short time as she did. I hope as it will turn out all right."

"Pale! Mrs. Smith! Goodness me, when I seed her she was walkin' down the ile, and was as red as a turkey cock and almost as conceited."

"Seemed to me she held her head as much as to say she'd done something great," exclaimed Miss Blake, as she proceeded to turn the heel of the stocking she was knitting.

"Well, and why shouldn't she be proud; husbands don't grow on every bush, and if Mary Arthurs is a bit conceited, why, I say, let her be."

"She wanted lots of the same article to match with the poorest specimen of a man, or she'll have no chance to hold her own," remarked Mrs. Scroggins, whose own connubial relations were not of the happiest.

"Oh, Mrs. Scroggins, all men ain't so bad," timidly ventured meek little Mrs. Taylor, "and any ways Dean is a lucky man to marry such a sweet girl as Mary Arthurs."

"Sweet!" jerked out Mrs. Jones (a widow) in a high falsetto—after a pause—"Well, yes, now I think of it, she was sweet, rather too sweet, for Tom Cole had made up his mind to marry her, and feels bad as he didn't; not as in my opinion she's much loss with her extravagant ways. I'd like to know how the brothers could afford to buy her weddin' dress, and all the fine things she had for her trousseau."

"Her aunt gave 'em to her," said Mrs. Mc-



THE SYNDICATE GIANT.

SIR CHARLEY, THE GIANT-KILLER, IN HIS WONDERFUL ACT OF COLLECTING LOCAL TAXES FROM THE SYNDICATE GIANT AT EMERSON, MANITOBA. (N. B.—HE IS ON THE POINT OF FORCING THE GIANT TO DO THE SQUARE THING.)

Vouard, "and she had a good right to wear 'em, tho' why she had to be married in church when their own houses is good enough for every one else in N—, beats me."

"Oh, no other place was big enough for a grand person like Mary, she wanted to show off how pretty she was. It was gettin' time she settled; she must be twenty-nine or thirty," said Kato Moss, who was still in her teens.

"Indeed no," interrupted Nellie Dale, who had been sewing at the machine, and stopped in time to hear the last remark. "She's only twenty-four. She told the clergyman so, and he wrote it down with the groom's age. I ought to know, bein' the bridesmaid."

"Told her hage!—wrote hit down!—what lever did she do hit for?" gasped Miss Simkins, a gentle maid of thirty summers and over who had a difficulty with the letter h.

"'Cause she'd got to; it's the law, Sallie, you'll have to tell your age when you get married yourself."

As a smile went round the room at this malicious explanation, Miss Simkins flushed a yellowish crimson, and she exclaimed vehemently, "Hit's a shameful law, then, to pry hinto private affairs that way. Hi leaves hit to every girl hif a young lady's hage hisn't a subject that should be between her Creator and 'erself."

"Don't get excited, Sal, perhaps you'll never have to tell yours," said handsome Mrs. Tompson. Miss Simkins, if I may use the expression, flushed flusher, and with a remembrance of bygone fancied wrongs looked unutterable things at her married friend as she said, "Hat hany rate, Selina Tompson, there's one thing hif hi was on my dyin' bed hi would put my 'and to my 'eart and say hi never hinterfered with a match, which his more than some could."

"No, I am sure you never did, Sallie," Mrs. Taylor, with a view of putting oil on troubled

waters, hastened to say, and was dismayed to hear every one laugh out right.

So much of Miss Simkins' brow as her "bangs" permitted a view of was puckered with ugly frowns, and angry flashes flashed from her pale blue eyes, which doubtless portended a burst of feminine rhetoric sufficient to check such merriment in her female co-workers, when "tea" was announced, and a general movement to obey the welcome summons gave her no chance to crush them with anything harder than a look, though she made up her mind to sever her connection with a society composed of such a hateful set of women.

Ye Reporter.

Ye reporter is a sharp fellow—he derives his name from *re*—back, and *porte*—to carry, and the "er" is to help him when—er—er—er when—er—he can't very well say his say. He is a walking repertoire of news, and he meanders through this vale of tears collecting any stray murder items which may be floating about in the back alleyways of the city; and the way he waltzes off at the first clang of the fire bells is a thing to be remembered. He interviews the loafers at the corners of the streets for news of last night's fight, and makes his best bow at all the first-class hotels, before the newly arrived celebrities have had time to take off their overcoats. He is not at all blood-thirsty, but blood and murder is a thing to be thankful for sometimes, and a railway horror sets his blood and pen a-tingling. But when times are dull and the course of true love runs smooth then he parades the streets with drooping gait and lack-lustre eyes, until in desperation he pounces upon a microscopic news-boy, and bets him he can't lick that there other fellow. In a twinkling they are at it tooth and nail, a mob gathers, the street cars are blocked up, not a policeman to be found, elderly party with poodle in arms

gets run over, doctor appears opportunely, the boys are arrested, and the reporter is himself again. Then there's the Council meetings, as good as any circus, but it takes him three hours correcting the grammar and espunging the slang in order to make a report fit for the perusal of an intelligent public. A meeting of School Trustees is something appalling, and he seriously meditates requesting that only three speak at one time. But sometimes his lines fall in pleasant places. There is the common sewer of scandal into which he can dip at all times, and fish up sensational tit-bits for the gossips; the sensational sermon preacher of a Sunday, and the pleasant conversation of the friends he visits with an eye to business on that day. There is the 17th of March, the pious, glorious and immortal 12th. Whew! With concerts, balls, entertainments galore, with free-ish and entry thereto at all times and seasons. And taking it all in all, he hasn't such a bad time either. "The world is all before him where to choose," from exploring the dark places of the earth, otherwise called the slums of the city, to careering across the illimitable prairies of the Great North-West, on a comical rig yclept a "buckboard."



THE SONG OF CRAM.

With visage haggard and worn
With eyes deep-sunken and red,
A child sat cramming scholastic bosh
Who ought to have been in his bed.

Cram, cram, cram,
Algebra, Euclid and Roots,
Cram, cram, cram,
Cram it down into his boots!

No sleep for the urchin to-night—
He fears the "bad mark" of the Ma'am—
He'll toss on his bed till 'tis light
And then to his books and his cram!

Cram! cram! cram!
A school-full of galley slave mutes;
Cram, cram, cram,
Botany, Spelling and Roots!

No laughter of rollicking youth
But an air of old age that's a sham—
A trembling, cringing, prison-house air,
The result of the system of cram!

O, when will they mix common sense
With their boasted common school plan,
And learn that a boy was not meant for a guy—
But a wide-awake, every-day man?

O, when will the people arise
And rescue the young from the Books,
And effectually damn the system of cram
And reform that "Reformer" A. Crooks!

We saw a young lady cuff her intended recently, without the slightest hesitation, though he loved her devotedly and had done nothing to arouse her anger. Indeed she cuffed him twice—one cuff being for the right and the other for his left hand.—Philadelphia Sunday Item.



WHAT'S BECOME OF IT ?

JACK A.—LOST ANYTHING, BOSS ?

REFORM PARTY.—I THOUGHT I HAD A *POLICY* ABOUT ME, SOMEWHERE !!

** See comments on page 2.

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

Spoons.

BY ERRATIC ENRIQUE.

"Oh, Emeline! Oh, Emeline!"
I heard a lover say—
"The hours are short, I've staid too long;
Sweet, sweet, I must away!"

"Ah, Gussie, dear, why hasten thus?"
The maiden questioned shy—
"You are the son-light of my heart;
It's boy-ed up when you're nigh."

"I fondly pledge to you my love—
(Now don't my collar muss!)
How strange it is that you seem true,
And yet are all beau-Gus."

"To-morrow week," she whispered soft,
"You must come here to dine."
He said he would, but ere that day
He dropped his Em-a-line! — *The Judge.*

A Colonel Outranked.

A man doing business on Woodbridge-street west took a coloured man into his employ a couple of weeks ago, and during the conversation previous to settling terms he remarked:

"When you wish to address me you can call me Colonel."

"Was you a Kernel in the wah?"

"No matter; you can call me colonel, and I will give you an extra quarter per week for so doing."

"Dat's all right, Kornel—I'll aim that quarter suah's yer bo'n."

At the end of the week the labourer hung around after he was paid off and was asked if there was any trouble. He scratched his head, hesitated and said he would finally explain himself on Monday morning. When Monday came the employer remarked:

"Now, then, Samuel, what is the matter?"

"Nuffin 'tall, boss—trouble all gone."

"Well, what was it?"

"Wal, you see, de driver of a coal cart down yere diskivered dat I was callin' you Kernel for two shillin's a week. What does he do but offer me fifty cents a week to take the kernel off of you an' put it on to him."

"And you wanted to do it?"

"Wall, I kinder felt dat way kaze I'ze workin' fur low wages, but I saw him Sunday and fixed it all right."

"How?"

"I'ze gwine to keep right on callin' you Kernel for two shillin's a week, and I'ze gwine to call him General for seventy-five cents a month? What shall I begin on dis mornin', Kernel?"

He gets his extra quarter per week right along, but he now addresses his employer as "bos."—*Free Press.*

Drowning the kittens hurts the old cat's feelings.—*Unidentified Exchange.*

The principal plank in political platforms—"plank up."—*Elmira Telegram.*

The devil has one redeeming trait. He never gives a boarder a cold room.—*Whitehall Times.*

"Abundance, like want, ruins many," however, let us risk it on the abundance.—*Evansville Argus.*

"Why, Eunice, Eu nice girl!" he said. And it was not taffy; it was punning alliteration.—*Newton Republican.*

No, dear, I did not mean to say you could not sing as good as an old cow; you can, dear.—*Wheeling Journal.*

The girl pressed the leaves, but the boy pressed the girl. The press is mighty and must prevail.—*Rochester Express.*

"You have scent for me and I have come," as the polecat said to the inquisitive kitten seeker.—*New York News.*

A setter is generally supposed to be a dog, and yet a compositor is a splendid type of the setter species.—*St. Louis Hornet.*

David Davis was not born great; but by reason of a good appetite he has had greatness thrust upon him.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Owing to a decrease in the poultry population there was a marked dearth of coloured camp-meetings this season.—*Boston Times.*

A man, trying to make his way through a ball-room full of waltzers, said he had just made a tour round the whirled.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

Naturalistic information:—"The worm will turn." Skeptic—"Not always." Naturalist—"O, yes, if it does not turn into a butterfly, it turns into dust."—*Quiz.*

A boy yesterday afternoon breathlessly rushed into Noble's bakery with the exclamation: "Say, mister, ma wants a bake of loafer's bread."—*Lockport Union.*

A father with marriageable daughters, like a maiden with sensitive skin, often dreads the winter because it brings so many chaps on his hands.—*Toledo American.*

A ballet dancer died recently in Naples, leaving a large fortune. This shows how easy it is to accumulate wealth when one dresses economically.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

"I shall give you ten days or ten dollars," said Judge Walsh to a trembling wretch. "All right, judge," answered the t. w., "I'll take the ten dollars."—*The Judge.*

The young lady who sent some water pitchers to a friend as wedding presents appropriately ended her note, begging their acceptance, "ewers truly."—*Somerville Journal.*

He had been telling her stories of himself and had done a great amount of bragging. When he had finished she kissed him and murmured: "This a kiss for blow."—*Puck.*

Better to take this life with ease
Than be always in a rush;
Better to raise a man on "threes,"
Than draw to a "bob-tail" flush.
—*Richmond Baton.*

A grate annoyance—clinkers.... A heated term—cayenne pepper.... Company front—a false shirt bosom.... A banana skin generally opens the fall business.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A correspondent of *The Texas Siftings* asks: "When two families move into the same village, which should 'call first?" The *Times* answers—that depends upon which holds the best hand.—*Whitehall Times.*

"It's better, faith," says Pat, "to love and be desaved, and live, thin to love, and commit suicide, and hear the undertaker say, 'Boys, sure an' it's an ass we afther buryin' to-day!"—*Philadelphia Sun.*

A maiden went into the water
To bathe; but her mamma she sater,
And after some effort she catur,
And back to the sea beach she brater,
Like a lamb lead away to the slater
She told her she always had thater
An obedient, dutiful dater,
And if she had done as she'd' tater,
She'd have staid on the shore; and she'd' ater
Resist her desire for the water.
—*Puck.*

Editor of New York Paper—Jupiter Pluvius! Seventeen odes already this morning to the "Welcome Rain," "Welcome the Rain," "The Ever Blessed Rain," "Blessed be the Rain." "Boy, get a bucket of water, stand at the head of the stairs and douse it over the next man or woman you see coming up who looks as if suffering from pluvial poesy!"—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Don't imagine that a husband can live as a lover does—on moonlight and kisses. He will come home to his meals, hungry as a bear, and any little knowledge of cookery you can pick up during courtship is about the best provision you can make for future happiness.—*Proof Sheet.*

And now the good husband kisses his wife goodbye after breakfast and hurries down the steps as if his store was on fire, and can't hear a word she says as he leaves. This fall deafness always comes to husbands about the time the magnolia and oleander tubs have to be carried into the collar.—*Evansville Argus.*

An awful typographical error occurred the other day. It was in a wedding notice and it read, "Rev. Mr. Smith inflicted the ceremony." "Officiating at the ceremony," was what the writer wrote, but in the light of the present may we not say the compositor for once builded better than he knew.—*Lockport Union.*

Charles Augustus was on his knees to his girl, telling in poetry, and prose, and melody, and song, etc., how much he loved her, and what she was to him, when he choked up and stopped. "Ah," she remarked in a pitying voice, "I think, dear Charles Augustus, that you are too fool for utterance." The jockeying was dismissed without the usual benediction, and services have been discontinued.—*Steubenville Herald.*

"So Mr. Textual has been preaching for you for the past year?" asked Brown. "Are his pastoral relations pleasant with the society?" "That's just what the trouble is," said Fogg. "we like him well enough, but his relations are anything but pleasant. Two unmarried sisters and a cross grained aunt are two many for us. No, they are not pleasant."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Few people," says a writer, "realize what a wonderful delicate structure the human ear is." It is a remarkable organ, that's a fact. Ask a man for the loan of ten dollars, and the chances are that the ear won't hear you. Softly whisper, "come upland take something," and the ear manifests an acuteness that is truly marvelous.—*Norristown Herald.*

A citizen of Detroit entered a Michigan avenue grocery the other day and said he wanted a private word with the proprietor. When they had retired to the desk he began: "I want to make confession and reparation. Do you remember of my buying sugar here two or three days ago?" "I do." "Well, in paying for it I worked off a counterfeit quarter on the clerk. It was a mean trick, and I came to tender you good money." "Oh, don't mention it," replied the grocer. "But I want to make it right." "It's all right—all right. We knew who passed the quarter on us, and that afternoon when your wife sent down a dollar bill and wanted a can of sardines, I gave her that bad quarter with her change. Don't let your conscience trouble you at all—it's all right!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE NEWSPAPER IN THE FAMILY.—Every family should have its regular newspaper, and there are scarcely any so poor that a weekly can not be had at least, even if a slight luxury be curtailed to provide for the cost. Parents should encourage their children to read the papers regularly; not those of the story kind, but papers which contain the news of the day. It is important that children be early taught to inform themselves as to what is going on in the world; they then become familiar, not only with the history of their own country, but with that of others, and they are thus early enabled to form a habit, and accumulate a treasury of knowledge, which will be as valuable to them in after life as any other branch of their early education.



WHO'S RESPONSIBLE ?

(A SCENE FROM THE POPULAR CIVIC FARCE OF "WHO BURNED THE CONTRACT.")

JUDGE MACKENZIE.—WELL, WHO IS THE GUILTY PARTY? I CAN'T GO ON WITH THE INVESTIGATION, YOU SEE, UNTIL I KNOW WHO DID IT!

An Essay on ye Moustache.

What a wonderful institution! useful and ornamental is the moustache! What an ornament to a beautiful mouth! What a handy curtain wherewith to cover up a weak, defective, or repulsive one. The girl who marries a man whose mouth is completely hidden by a moustache buys a pig in a poke. Believe me, my dear, no one covers up a mouth that is fit to be seen. The mouth is the grand indicator of character, therefore beware of the man who dares not make his mouth visible. The most amusing thing in this amusing world is a young man, conscious of the new-born ownership of a moustache. Observe how tenderly he caresses it; he cannot for the life of him keep his thumb and forefinger away from it. He feels it, strokes it, pats it, pulls it, until the long-suffering on-looker is fain to walk to the widow to see if it is going to rain, in order to preserve his good manners, and repress his risibilities. No young mother ever smiled and chirruped more delightfully to her first-born baby, than he smiles and chirrups and coaxes that all but invisible bit of thistle down. Bless you, he wouldn't hurt it for the world, neither would he lift a razor to it to mar the corners thereof, were it not with an eye to its future good, that it may shoot and grow more luxuriously in the future, so that others may see as he himself sees it,—without spectacles.

Moustachios are of various kinds and colours, and in some cases are a very fair index of character. There is the moustache sinister, for instance, long, blacky, glittering, with poignard-like waxed ends pointing over each shoulder, through which gleams a row of cruel, sharp white teeth, and below which grins a mouth, from which, good Lord deliver us! And then, under the patronage of the inevitable eye-glass, with it dazzling cord; aw, well, you know, the aw—pale primrose, or yellow straw-coloured moustacho, with cherry lips parted by a cool Havana. A doosed amiable sawt of a feeble aristocrat you know, little good, little ill, generally pretty comfawtably off; a nice light foil in the mosaic of humanity, who lives on legacies left him by his cousins his uocles and his aunts; not indigenous to this country—simply a visitor, like "the first white butterfly" that in the sun goes flitting by. And here, rolling up street, comes the cosmopolitan jolly tar

moustache, brown, curly, abundant, a perfect match to the compact beard, strong, round and rampant, accustomed to face all kinds of wind and weather, ready to bristle contemptuously at all suggestions of danger on sea or land; the type of beard affected by the heroes of the *British Workman*, the kind of beard to see to the safety of passengers on board ship, and the last to leave the sinking hulk. And now the saints defend us! for of a verity here comes Rufus indeed! a *bona fide* burning bush "nil tamen consumeratur!" Well now, the woman who could plunge recklessly into that burning fiery furnace for the sake of kissing the not unamiable mouth smiling there, must be a remote descendant of Shadrach, Meshach, or Abednego—a heroine indeed. We suppose it is the constant ferocity of the blaze that causes the blue eyes above to twinkle so. No thank you, wouldn't care to marry into a turquoise and vermilion family. My! how hot it is! Then there is the grey, dapper moustache, owned by a little, dapper, grey man, dappling all over with oily smiles, the owner of a dapper little soul, of which the less you know the more you'll respect it. And there is the chestnut, or reddish brown, long and clean, with beard consisting of two wavy silken points, falling breezily in fishtail fashion over his coat lappels, always the property of a brown-eyed, tall, rather kindly sort of man, who has a trick of combing the tails of that beard on the street with his fore fingers. And you bid a brief good morning to the bluff practical man, with moustache a *la* scrubbing brush, hard, curt, straight to the point, only partially covering a mouth thin-lipped, curvaceous, decisive, the muscles—like his purse-strings—not easily relaxed. Now look at this moustache, dark, handsome, every way you look at it, with a dash of sunlight over it that suggests generosity and warmth; a fitting ornament for the mouth it adorns but not covers, most dangerous when in company with a fine nose, and soft, dark eyes, and the smile! and the merry teeth! Mercy! let's go before we are too far gone. And now, ye gods! clear the sidewalk, for here looming darkly up street comes one with the very beard of Jove himself, dense, dark, overwhelming even the owner. "Black it stood as night, fierce as ten furies, terrible as—" ahem, hades. The forehead above is but so-so, the eyes not overly intelligent, nose only nondescript, nevertheless

on the strength of that blacky beard, sir, that man will go forth conquering and to conquer. You respect that beard in spite of yourself, it is to the man what the plumage is to the peacock (fancy either without), and reason as you will, in this case the beard's the man for a' that! Then there is the moustache abominable, *canaille*, a damp, spongy horror, always in a chronic state of drip, filth unspeakable; the thick, square tuft military; the French, blacky, thicky, ferocious; and the yellow, bristling, long-pointed German, overhanging the inevitable goatee set on the red, massive, jocund chin. Now, Mr. GRIP, guess of what colour is the moustache and beard of

Yours truly,
JAY KAYBILLE.



PROMPTLY PUNISHED.

Mr. Willie Norris is a clever little Canadian boy, and nobody can deny him the right to proclaim his opinions on the future destiny of his native land in any manner he may think fit, providing he doesn't injure other people in so doing. But Willie is apparently unable to do this, and consequently he has just earned himself a castigation. In a paper written for the last number of the *Canadian Monthly* he ventured to tread on the corns of the venerable Sir F. Hincks. The old gentleman does not seem disposed to submit to what he characterizes as falsehoods respecting his past political career, and he has therefore taken little Willie across his knee in a wonderfully vigorous manner. It is a pity if the question of Canadian Independence cannot be argued without objectionable references to opponents; though what Sir Francis Hincks' course in the Windward Islands can possibly have to do with the subject is something no fellow can find out.

Wendell P. Grip to the Rescue!

To the Secretary of the Land League, Ireland.

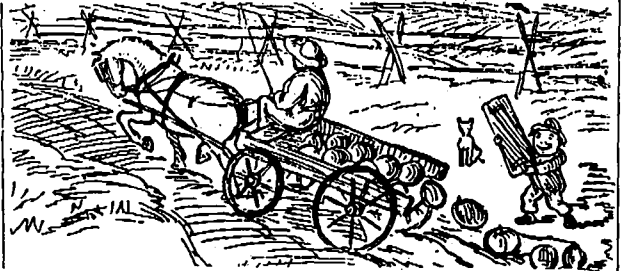
GALLANT SIR:

The receipt of your letter asking me to cross the Atlantic and assist by my eloquence the cause of Right and Justice to Ireland, is acknowledged with sentiments of profound pride, albeit with becoming modesty. My heart leaps responsive to this cry of my fellow-men, and swift as meditation or the thoughts of love I hasten to reply. I can scarcely command myself sufficiently to write this brief acknowledgment of the overwhelming honour done me—it is a sword that I would grasp at this moment rather than a pen. Already, believe me, my heart has flown across the billows and I am in spirit in your midst, not leading the legions of

THE HUMAN BOY.



Who is it has a frantic fight
With bold mosquitoes every night
As soon as he's put out the light?
The Urchin.



Who is it pulls the tail board out,
And then in blandest tone does shout,
"Dear Sir, your pumpkin's rollin' out!"
—The Urchin.

The interesting career of the Human Boy is illustrated month by month in

GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC,

Soon to appear at all the bookstores. The above illustrations do not form a portion of the series, but are given by way of indicating the manner of treatment. Besides these amusing pictures, there will be nearly one hundred original comic cuts, and the reading matter will be original throughout. Get ready for THE Almanac.

Translated from the French of Mr. Jules Michelet. A remarkable book. Every Man and every Woman will want it. 40,000 copies have been sold in Paris and London. A beautiful volume. Chaste and elegant illustrations. 500 agents wanted—men and women. Exclusive Territory. The best terms. J. S. ROBERTSON & Bros., WHISKEY, OUT.

glorious Irishmen against the perfidious Saxon, but proudly carrying my unostentatious can of dynamite in the rear rank. I am one with you in your noble cause. You are right, and the heart of humanity beats in sympathy with you. You have submitted for ages to a galling tyranny the like of which has never been looked upon in this world of blood and tears—but the day of reckoning has come for your proud though cowardly foes. The issue of this struggle cannot be doubtful. *Right must win*, and it is more honour than I ever dared to anticipate that I should bear a part in helping on the victory either by word or sword. I am with you, Irishmen! You can count upon my help to the best of my ability and the last drop of my blood. I regret to say, however, that the state of my boots are such that I cannot venture out in this wet weather.

Yours very truly,
WENDELL P. GRIP.

At a Loss for Words.

The pleasure which I hereby attempt to express cannot be half conveyed by words. Physicians of very high character and notoriety have heretofore declared my rheumatism to be incurable. Specifics, almost numberless, have failed to cure or even alleviate the intensity of the pain, which has frequently confined me to my room for three months at a time. One week ago I was seized with an attack of acute rheumatism of the knee. In a few hours the entire knee-joint became swollen to enormous proportions, and walking rendered impossible. Nothing remained for me, and I intended to resign myself as best I might to another month's confinement to my room and bed, whilst suffering untold agonies. By chance I learned of the wonderful curative properties of St. Jacobs Oil. I clutched it as a straw, and in a few hours was entirely free from pain in knee, arm and shoulder. As before stated, I cannot find words to convey my praise and gratitude to the discoverer of this king of rheumatism.

CHAS. S. STRICKLAND, Boston,
9 Boylston Place, and 156 Harrison Avenue.

There is one thing about the goat that is pleasant to contemplate—they relish everything they eat, and they don't have to spend two-thirds of an editorial income on "sure cures for dyspepsia."—*McGregor News*.



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 costs but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

"Nellie" says she would be "just too awfully obliged" if we would tell her how to cure a headache. We can hardly do that, Nollie, dear; but can tell you how to prevent a headache—just stop drinking.—*Rochester Express*.

Paradoxical but true—the success of a hotel keeper depends on his inn-ability.—*Wit and Wisdom*. The more inn-capable he is, the more safely we can inn-sure his having a good inn-come.—*North American Manufacturer*.

"Do I look anything like you, Mr. Jones?" inquired Cauliflower. "I hope not," was the reply. "Did a man take you for me?" "Yes." "Where is he? I must lick him." "Oh, he's dead. I shot him on the spot."—*Quincy Modern Argo*.

"Belinda." Yes, we agree with you, it is a barbarous practice, removing the front fences, leaving no gates or posts to lean on. Perhaps you can teach him to lean against you, while you sort of lean against him, you know.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.



DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.
Toronto, 6th October, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that, under an Order in Council Timber Berths in the undermentioned townships in the Muskoka and Parry Sound Districts will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the Department of Crown Lands at twelve o'clock noon, on

TUESDAY, the 6th Day of December, Next viz.:—Townships of Mowat, Blair, McConkey, Hardy, Atkinson, Mills, Sinclair, Bethune, Proudfoot, Gard, Machar, Strong, Joly, Laurier, Pringle, Lount, Nipissing and Hinsworth.

The area to be disposed of in the above townships as timber berths is upwards of 1,400 square miles, and to suit all classes of purchasers each township will, as nearly as practicable, be divided into four berths.

Sheets containing conditions and terms of sale, with information as to area and lots and concessions comprised in each berth, will be furnished on application personally or by letter, to the Woods and Forest Branch of the Department, or to the Crown Timber Offices at Ottawa, Belleville and Quebec, and the office of T. E. Johnson, Esq., Parry Sound.

T. B. PARDEE,
Commissioner.

N. B.—No advertisement will be paid for unless previously ordered by the Department.