


79645

SMOKE [CABLE EL PADRE] CIGARS.

IMPORTER.



CHINA HALL.

GLOVER HARRISON,

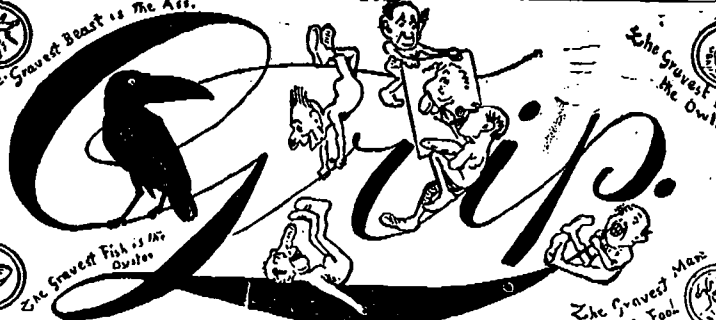
49 KING ST. E., Toronto

The Greatest Bear is the Ass.


The Greatest Bird is the Owl.

The Greatest Man is the Fool.

The Greatest Fish is the Quiver.



GLOVER HARRISON,



CHINA HALL.

IMPORTER.

49 KING ST. E., Toronto.

VOLUME XX. No. 1.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 25, 1882.

\$2 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS EACH.



LEEKs FOR THE OPPOSITION BOYS.

MRS. MOWAT.—O, YOU NEEDN'T SQUIRM, YOU'VE GOT TO EATEM—I'LL SEE TO THAT!

The only Perfect Writing Machine!

THE FAMOUS

TYPE-WRITER.

Three Styles, Perfect Mechanism, Best Results. Speed thrice that of longhand. No Business House complete without it. Writing as legible as any print. Call and see it in operation, or send for particulars to

THOS. BENGOUGH, Manager,
BENGOUGH'S SHORTHAND BUREAU, AND TYPE-WRITING
HEAD-QUARTERS, 11 King St. West, Toronto.

DENTAL NOTICE.

Artificial teeth inserted so as to feel perfectly comfortable. FULL SETS, \$18. UPPER or UNDER, \$9. Partial Sets in proportion.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

F. H. SEFTON,

Surgeon Dentist.

Cor. Queen and Yonge-sts., over Rose's Drug Store.



1ST GENT—What find I here
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation?
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, a he alone can
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
STUDIO—118 King st. West.

RAIL COAL. LOWEST RATES. A. & S. NAIRN Toronto.

ALL THE LADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT. DANDY AND PRODIGE. HAIR RESTORER!

RUSSELLS, Watch and Chronometer Mantiac-turers to the Queen.

9 King Street West, TORONTO.

Watches, Chains, Clocks, Jewellery, Diamonds, Electro-Plate, etc.



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.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON—Mr. Norquay has issued his address, and on the subject of disallowance he proposes a game of lawn tennis between himself and John A.—the latter to disallow all railway measures, and he to re-enact them, and so to keep it up *ad infinitum*. Now, lawn tennis is a very aristocratic game, and the level prairie is admirably adapted to it, but we are inclined to think Miss Manitoba would consider it a bore if called upon to sit and witness a prolonged tournament of this kind, especially if, in the meantime, she had to pay monopoly prices for her railway service.

FIRST PAGE.—The local house is summoned for an early session, and it is said that Mr. Mowat, the head cook, has been at considerable pains preparing a number of leaks for the Opposition Boys to eat. In other words, he intends making them record their votes on the Boundary Question, the Crooks' Act, and Disallowance, in view of the coming election.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Senator MacPherson, as a corollary on his pamphlet in support of the National Policy of protecting home industry, has had his portrait painted by an English artist, and the picture has been displayed for the past week in a prominent window on King Street. As a work of art it is not equal to what some of our home artists—such as Paterson or Forbes—could produce, but it is magnificent enough to arouse the jealousy of certain little boys who are not "great senators," and never wrote learned financial works.

A photographer's life is not a easy one. He is expected to make common men distinguished, and common women pretty, and common children angelic, and this is so difficult an achievement that it discourages people from entering the profession. Not long since in this city a man was fined for liking to be a photographer on Sunday. Was this because they could not find any one who really liked to be a photographer on any other day?



The reception of Dr. Damrosch's orchestra in Toronto promises to be such as shall do credit to the city. Already a large number of seats have been sold, and the demand becomes livelier as the notable day draws on. The concerts are to be given on the evenings of Dec. 1 and 2.



Manager Sheppard has been so fortunate as to secure a first-rate operatic attraction to give additional lustre to an already brilliant season. Miss Hank is well known as one of the greatest lyric stars of the present day, and the company supporting her is unusually strong. Amongst the singers already well known in Toronto is Zelda Seguin (Wallace). A matinee will be given on Saturday afternoon, when "The Bohemian Girl" will be given.

For those who are fond of the modern poetic melodrama, the present attraction at the Royal is just the thing. "The Danites" is a beautiful idyl of western life, told in a series of striking situations, and with a great deal of humor. "Billie Piper," as played by Miss Ulmer, is a part which cannot fail to captivate the coldest critic.

The concert given by Rhehoboam Lodge, I.O.O.F. at Shaftesbury Hall last week, proved that Toronto has at least two good tenors. Mr. Sims Richards is not unknown to our concert stage, and is ever welcome with his splendid upper notes and sympathetic style. Mr. J. Fraser, the other gentleman alluded to, possesses a sweet and powerful voice, and on this occasion made a decided impression, although his selections were by no means fortunate, nor is his manner attractive. If he will take a word of advice from a friendly source, we would suggest that he get rid, if possible, of his present nonchalant air, and when he goes upon the stage act as though he took some interest in the proceedings and would like to please his audience. We are convinced that his two songs at this concert would have been heartily *encored* had he been the least bit genial in his manner. Mrs. Caldwell added new laurels to her fame by her singing on the occasion referred to.

JOHN BROWN THE GRUFF GILL

The stories concerning this individual, like the soul of his defunct namesake, keep marching on. GRIP has received a letter from a gentleman in Scotland who sends some anecdotes of this individual, and who states that he is aware of the fact that the story of John Brown

and the Duchess of M—— is going the rounds of the Canadian press. How the gentleman became aware of the fact is not apparent, as it is only a few days ago when the story alluded to was current; perhaps he is a brother of the *Globe's* gentleman from England who told the story about the North Pacific folders, etc., and the Manitoba disallowance agitation. However here are the letter and anecdotes, which show what our correspondent calls the "delightful" characteristics of the valiant benchman.

(To the Editor of Grip.)

BALMORAL, Nov. 20th, 1882.

DEAR SIR,—I have noticed a paragraph going the rounds of the Canadian papers anent Her Majesty's favorite gillie John Brown, and his uncouth address to the Duchess of M——. On finding that lady by command of the Queen, his words were, "Hoot nam, ye're jest the women I'm after," whereupon Her Grace complained to head-quarters as to Brown's impolitely calling her a woman. To which Her Majesty answered, "Well, what are you but a woman?" and Her Grace walked off in a huff. This story no doubt is authentic; and in proof of the likelihood thereof, I who have sojourned around Balmoral and its vicinity for a long time, can recount a number of similar incidents which happened to come under my notice.

The Queen desiring to see the Prince of Wales one day while His Royal Highness was on the Braes of Bellwether hunting caperkillies, cairngorums and other small game, despatched her faithful retainer J. B. in quest of him. "Whaur's the daft gonneml strayed tae," said the blunt old man, and when after a long walk and divers "loups" over "brake, bush and scaw," which would have been death to a mere Saxon, he came up to the Prince, and accosted him thusly, "Kim hame, kim hame wi' me ye feckless loon. Her Majesty has been lookin' for ye a' the day, ye bald headed snipe o' the valley." The Prince naturally enraged by such a message, complained to his mother, when that august lady replied, "Well Albert, you are a little bald, you know."

On another occasion John was sent with a letter of invitation from her Majesty to Her Serene Highness The Hereditary Dowager Grand Duchess of Nickelplaten, to attend a royal reception. When John called on the lady he found her in a very juvenile dress of the extreme *decollette* order of architecture. After expressing in doubtful English her delight etc., at the invitation, she said to the young frau her attendant, "*Fraulein Horgonswoldern, gaben sicmer du heis wasser,*" requiring it is supposed, the *heis wasser* (hot water) for ablutionary purposes, for it was in the depth of winter. John, after looking at the attenuated figure of the old lady for a few moments, blurted out, "Ice water! D'ye want tae kill yersel' ye skinny auld beldame. Here noo, wrap this pladie about yer puir auld shauters, and awa wi' ye tae Her Majesty as quick as yer puir auld spindle shanks will carry ye." Her Serene Highness, objecting both to the tone and tenor of the gillie's speech, also complained to Her Majesty, who replied, "Well, your Highness can't expect poor John to know the German language." The old Dowager after muttering something not unlike "*Donner und Blitzen,*" bowed herself out, and next morning left for her Grand Duchy.

It is quite delightful in this age of false and nauseating politeness to hear such blunt and outspoken language from one of humble rank, especially if not directed to oneself.

I remain, sir,

Yours truthfully,
SAMPSON DAGGELTY.



KEEP DARK.

MOUSELS OF ADVISE TO OUR GALLANT DE-TECTIVES.

Ye detectives and policemen and members of constabulary,
To you I sing my verses in language tintinnabulary,
(Which last word I discovered in a very old vocabulary.)
Keep dark.

If a burglary's committed in a manner somewhat mystical,
And all you have to go upon is utterly sophistical,
Don't say a word to any one, in a way characteristical,
But keep dark.

If a member of the press, in his professional capacity,
Steps up and asks you questions with his natural audacity,
Tell him anything that suits you, sacrificing your veracity,
So long as you keep dark.

When a crime's been perpetrated, a reporter with rapidity,
Is sure to want particulars with his usual avidity,
Say "You've got a certain clue to the criminal who did
it, he
Is keeping dark.

But you know exactly where he is, but if you give par-
ticu-lars
To those confounded papers, why the s-oundrol's own
nuru-riculars
Will surely hear the news, and then the thing would be
ridiculous,
So—keep dark.

Though 'twould aid the ends of justice to give the news
pub-licity,
And have it flashed from place to place by means of elec-
tric-ity,
There'd be no glory in it on account of its simplicity,
So keep dark.

If citizens would pump you, assume an air mysterious,
Look, if possible, profound, at least be very serious,
Say, "Do not with your questions so bother us and weary
us,
We must keep dark."

Always beat around the bush and use a great deal of nu-
gac-ity,
But don't give way to anything approaching to prociency,
Endeavor to impress them with a sense of your sagacity,
And keep dark.

A detective should be solemn and lacking in jocundity,
And wear an air of mystery, commingled with profundity,
And in making an excuse should have remarkable feund-ty,
And he must keep dark.

His conscience should be callous, at the same time be
elas-tical,
His speech to an outsider be a little periphrastical,
And in speaking of his officers be quite encomiastical,
But he's got to keep dark.

And now I'll say Good-Bye, and wish you all auspicious-
ness,
And hope this little poem has no savor of maliciousness,
It is written as a pastime in a moment of capriciousness,
Without a thought that it contains an item of pernicious-
ness.
SWIZ.

A NEGLECTED BRANCH OF EDUCA-TION.

DEAR MASTHER GRIP,—Secin' as the Min-
isther av Education is inclined to be advised
by sinsible folks agin' wan thing, and fur
another; agin' the botherin' Lathin', an' in
favor av kickin' out that ould villian Marmion,
wid his dirty lies about the blissed couvints
av the owlden time, more power to his elbow;
sure its a banefactor to the poor yo'd be, an'
ye'd got a howld av him be the right car, an'

got him to tache the childer av poor folks
something that'll come handy to 'em by-an'-by.

Sure an' phwat's the use av that big bye av
mine larnin' tomake bigblack strokes, slantin-
daycularly, an' perpundaycularly, all over his
copy book, for all the world like tho things
the haythen chinayze gives yez on a bit of
paper whin yez take a shirt to wash, bad coss
to em. "What iver do yez call that?" sez
I, to the bye, "sure it's out av pot hooks yez
are this many a day." "Why mother," sez
he, "that s shorthand." "Och masha, thin,"
sez I, "sure an' its short enough yez'll be
taken many a time, widout larnin' the bizness
at school, sure it's a nation av-book-keepers,
they're afther a makin' av yez now, with lily-
fite hands, an' nothin' a month to live on,
only yer prospects." Now Misther GRIP, sin'
the ministher takes in hand to larn thim
thrades, or purfessions in the schools, suru
couldn't yez jist whisper to him that he might
as well, afther a while, larn thim a bit o'
carpiuterin', or glazin' now, anything that might
come kind av useful to thim whin they cum to
go through the world. Ye see sur it's iver
poor soul that knows where his own shoe
pinches, this wan wants Lathin an' Craike,
another wants book-keepin' an' shorthand, an'
I suppose, secin' as I in a taxpayer too, meself
has as good a right as the next that no bye be
be allowed to gradyate, as they call it in the
public schools, until he can make a porridge
sthick, or put in a pane av glass as shlick as a
whistle.

'Sure an where's the wondher? afther the
way I've been heart-scalded over a broken pane
av glass. That pane, sur, Pat Jurdan's bye
landed a pratee through six months ago, frin'
at the poor owld cat a ba'in in the sun wid-
in', an' it rained, an' snowed an' blowed
in through iver since. Whin I'd shtut it up
wid rags, the cat would pull them out to let
herself in, in the night, till wan day I tuk
toothache wid the draft, an' got mad, an
stuck the owld man's best sunday go-to-mectin
hat in to keep out the cowld. Well, whin he
cum in he says never a word about the hat,
but afther supper away he goes over to Jim
Roach's, and takes up Jim an' Larry Kelly up
town wid him to buy a pane av glass fur the
windy. In they comes about eight o'clock,
wid a little bit av a pane an' a couple av
pounds av putty, an' they takes out the sash,
an' goes wid a knife an a fork an' an owld
rusty knittin' needle, to pry out the owld
putty, an' mind yez, iviry wan av thim had a
drop taken. Well, sur, the way they poked
an' shoraped, and dug at that putty! the way
they sweat an' swore and quarrelled an'
abused aich other was a caution. Thin Larry
Kelly got the poker red hot to thry to milt it
out, an' he ran agin Jim Roach on his way to
the windy. Oh, heart's care! will I iver
forget the yell he let out av him! Poor Larry
he droopt the poker, an' blastin' the owld man
an' his pane, tak Jim to the druggist's to get
some salve for the hole in his cheek, lavin' me
gentleman to put in his windy glass the besht
way he could. An' all the time I sat an'
watched him an' said niver a word; sure if
he'd known that meself was lalin at him like
that he'd have kilt me intoirely. Well he
fought an' tore an' whittled at the owld putty
till he had the frame amost whittled away, an'
thin the pane fitted so aisy that it wint clane
through on the other side. Thin he fell
to sweatin' agin, an' put in an inch roll
of putty to fill it up, an' shtuck the pane on
top ov that, howldin' it in wid half-a-dozen
lath nails he happened to pick up where he
was workin'. An' thin he put in some more
putty, an' smoothed it off wid his thumb, an'
shtuck in the sash. An' sez he, shuttin' one
eye an' squintin' at it wid the other, "Well,
now, acushla, what do you think ov that?"
sez he. "It's beautiful," says I, goin' up an'
examinin' it, "but," sez I, "it would luk

better if yez had put it in on the right side."
"Bedad," says he, shquintin' at it agin, "I
thought there was somethin' a kind of quare
about it too, but I didn't make a bad fish ov
it afther all, did I?" sez he. And then he lit
his pipe an' sat two mortal hours admirin' that
pane, wid the lumps of putty all shtuck over it
like dough. It was all I could do to kape in,
but I did until he went to work nixt mornin,
whin I goes up to that windy and landed my
fish through it, an' up town wint flyin' wid
the sash to a glasher to get it put in properly.
Wud ye believeit, sur? that man raley thought
it was his own work, kind o' smoothed down
in the daylight, whin he kem home to dinner,
and he brought all the neighbors from all over
to see what a fish he was to put in a pane!
Now, MISHER GRAP, get that ministher av
edication to larn the youngsters how to be
handy at sich work, and you'll earn the grati-
tude of
Yours panefully,
MARY ANN SULLIVAN.

Young, middle aged, or old men, suffering
from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses,
should send two stamps for large treatise, giv-
ing successful treatment. WORLD'S DISPEN-
SARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Shall I put a wet towel on your burning
brow, Geoffrey?" said Seraphina. "No, I
guess not," was the response. "Well, then,
I'll read to you," said she. Accordingly she
got the Ledger and read until he was half dis-
tracted. "I don't believe you are listening,"
she remarked at length. "Now tell me what
I said last." "Oh, never mind," he responded.
"Yes," she urged, "do tell me what I said
last, or I'll think you are not paying atten-
tion." "Well then, the last thing you said
was: 'I'll think you are not paying atten-
tion.'" "Now, Mr. Lushington, how tor-
menting you are! Of course I mean the last
thing I read." The poor patient deliberated
long, and then replied, glancing at the paper:
"Well, the last thing you read was the
Ledger." Seraphina immediately administered
an opiate.



NOVEMBER SPORT.
Small Bore (who has missed every shot).—
By Jove, old fellow, did you see the feathers
fly that time?
Old Party.—Ya-as; flew away with the
bird, didn't they?

ENQUIRERS' COLUMN.

EDITED BY SWIZ.

"There is a slight defect in my, otherwise, perfectly symmetrical figure. Is there any course of treatment which would alter this, and if so please enlighten me," writes Jessica. Bless your innocent heart, Jess, yes, how old are you? You must certainly be very young, or excessively verdant, or you wouldn't ask such a question. The female form divine is susceptible of as many alterations as there are Ethiopians on a leopard, or words to that effect. Our very choicest girl, three months ago, was the admired of all, principally on account of her beautiful, sloping Venus-like shoulders. She was simply perfect in this respect, and she was two or three lengths ahead of all our other girls in our estimation. But mark what follows. She read that Mrs Langtry possessed square shoulders. In two days, Jessie, just twenty-four hours by the watch our uncle keeps for us, she appeared in public with a torso that would rival Tag Wilson's: her shoulders stuck out on each side like main top mast stn'n s'le booms, or, as you may not know what those engines of warfare are, like a 110 pound young man's when he gets his new overcoat on. How she did it, we never could tell. They say that new milk on going to bed for a few nights has a surprisingly fattening effect, but if she tried this, we can't account for it all running to shoulder. Cotton batting or tailor's fat, as it is called—but we must stop here. If you would tell us just exactly where your architecture is out of kilter we could doubtless suggest something.

"In what does the immorality of 'Marmion' consist?" School Trustee wishes to know, Well; we hardly like to sully the pages of a publication like this by even writing the title of a work like the one referred to, which title itself, in the first place, is excessively vulgar. All the most stylish young ladies at the most stylish finishing academies with whom we are acquainted, never say "Mar" but "Maw" when speaking of the old woman, and if the author of that salacious poem, one Scott we believe, had known enough, he would never have given his hero such a name. In the second place, the author refers, no less than four times, to the "legs" of individuals in his miserable doggerel, whereas even the most ignorant daughters of most ignorant shoddy people know better than that. We could point out hundreds of similar obscene expressions had we space, for we are acquainted with the whole poem from the very first line beginning "Charge, Chester, charge" (Chester evidently being a plumber's apprentice under a course of instruction at his master's hands), to the last words of Marmion as given in Mr. Scott's low, underbred lingo. If good, solid reading matter *must* be introduced into the schools at all, then let such admirable efforts of the moralist as, "The Piratical Bloodsuckers of the Gory Grange," "Hunkersliding Sam, or the Slam-up up Detective" and such literature he boosted into those institutions without delay. These are what children thirst for, and what should be the mental pabulum of young Canada.

S. DE P. J. and W. S. C. write: "Our names are Samuel de Ponsonby Jiggers and William Spencer Cash; should we usually sign ourselves S. de Ponsonby Jiggers and W. Spencer Cash, or how? We observe that this is the usual style." For heaven's sake drop the De Ponsonby and Spencer out of your names at once, and execrate the misguided relatives who ever tacked such names on to you. What on earth possesses some parents to deform their otherwise well-built offspring with such appen-



THE MEANEST MAN EXTANT.

CANADIAN FARMER.—HERE'S A PROFESSOR WOTS GOT A MAGIC WAND, AND HE HAS ONLY GOT TO WAVE IT TO RAISE THE PRICE OF GRAIN—AND HE WON'T DO IT!!

dages, is a mystery. There is a superstition existing amongst a certain class that to endow a child with the name of some good man will have the effect of making the youngster also grow up good. The fact, however, that John Wesley Sniggins was hanged a few weeks ago for roasting his paralyzed grandmother alive over a slow fire, and that Wilberforce Baxter was convicted by a Lynch jury of poisoning his wife and five children, goes somewhat to bust this superstition, which is one that applies equally to aristocratic and high-sounding appellations, people seemingly thinking that the bestowal of a patrician, blue-blooded name on a child will, by some occult process, imbue him with all the characteristics of upper tenor. We can see you, De Ponsonby and Spencer, just as plainly as though you stood before us, and you are not a bad sort of young fellows at all, but you look about as unlike us and the rest of the aristocracy as it is possible for two things to be dissimilar. You have, both of you, thick finger tips, huge feet, fat noses, bow legs, and you bite your nails. Don't deny it, we know it. You also say "them there chaps" and "him and me done this," And you wish to be taken for members of our class, do you, and so you part your name in the middle in that ridiculous fashion? You had better give up the job. All those traits which you so admire in our manners, features, and so forth, were born with us, and you can never attain them. De Ponsonby and Spencer, be advised by one who takes a deep interest in your welfare, and call yourselves plain Sam Jigger and Bill Cash and you will be respected. Give your other names away to some orphan home with the rest of the weekly refuse that people give who can't use it, and we shall think well of you; but continue to use those centre boards of names in the manner you think so fashionable, and you will meet with the ridicule of us and all other true blue bloods. Of course it is pleasant to persuade people, if you can, that you have royal and patrician blood in your veins, but your feat-

ures and actions give you away at once. We, of course, are proud to think that we have inherited our abilities and strength of mind and character through the royal blood which courses through our internal arrangements, but it is inherited, and comes to us direct from George III, a monarch whose talents, originality, and powerful mind have passed into a proverb. You are only two, however, of many thousands, similarly afflicted to yourselves, as to names. We shall always be glad to offer you, as plain Sam Jiggers and William S. Cash, the hand of friendship; but when you spring that De Ponsonby and that Spencer on us, we respectfully, but none the less firmly and emphatically, sit on you.

"Fighting the 'Tiger'" is a ferocious business.

A high degree—A state of intoxication.

A recent advertisement in the *Telegram* reads thus:—"Wanted three or four girls to help on coats." This must be an underhand way of obtaining some young lady valets.

Underwear—Boots and shoes.

A Signal Service—Stopping a street-car.

We have all heard of the "moat and the beam," and the difficulty of seeing the latter; but when a man comes to be hanged he can generally see the beam.

When you kick a cur down stairs it's an attempt at purp-etual motion.

One of Beadle's dime novels is entitled "Captain Crimson." This is a book that should undoubtedly be read.

There is a good deal more difference between a good joke and a poor one than there is between a poor one and a stewed potato peeling.



THE TWO JOHNS,
AND THEIR PROPOSED LITTLE GAME.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

"RECTITUDE" CONDEMNED HIM.

Some time ago Nathan Jones, a colored man in whose general character there was a lack of laudable ambition, was arraigned before a Little Rock justice and fined. Jones went down in the country, became a leader among the negroes and was elected Justice of the Peace. The other day 'Squire Gilwig, before whom Jones had been arraigned, and whom the waves of politics had submerged, went down into Jones' neighborhood, drank bad whisky and killed a man. He was arrested and taken before Judge Jones for examination.

"Prisoner at de bar," said the colored Justice, "de las' time I feasted dese judicial optics on yer face, I was in hock an' yersef' was de musical director ob de festive occasion. I recognize my lack ob larnin', sah, an' went ter a night school. My frien's seein' in me de stuff outen what big men is made, put me on dis bench, while yer own frien's, failin' ter see dem features in yerself, took yer offen de bench. Yer is charged wid killin' a man. De charge am pretty well sustained, an' blamed ob I see how yer's gwinter git outen dis fix."

"Judge," said the prisoner, "I am aware that I am seriously situated. I fined you heavily when you were drawn up before me, and now, especially as my crime is great, I do not expect mercy."

"Yas, sah, yas. Now my mode of precedent is a little different to that put down in de statuary books. When a man what is guilty ob two crimes is arrested an' fotch afore me, I discharges him on de little crime, but I holes him on de big one. Now, yersef' is guilty ob two crimes, de littlest one ob what is killing a man."

"I can't be charged with but one crime," exclaimed the white man.

"I'll show yer in a minute. When I wac afore you, arter I had paid my fine, what was it yer said?"

"I don't remember."

"See if yer can t' ricolleck."

"I believe I told you to keep your feet in the path of rectitude."

"Yes, dat's it, and when I aaked yer to say dat word agin, yer turned away and commenced talkin' wid a lawyer. Dat word struck me, an' I wanted it. Arter I was elected I needed it, but couldn't ricolleck it. On dis account justice was cheated, an' I is certain dat de higher courts hab dat word. Now, sah, I'll discharge yer fur killin' dat man."

"Thank you, judge."

"But I'll keep yer in jail an' see dat yer's bung fur keepin' me outen dat word. Mr. Constable, put de han'cuffs on de larned gen'leman."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

AMERICAN FABLES.

A Cat which had just settled herself between the sheets for a nap was aroused one night by howls and yeowls on the roof of a shed near by.

"For the land's sake! but what is that?" she exclaimed as she rose up on end. The howls continuing, she got out of bed, raised the window, and called out:

"In the name of mercy, what is wanted and who are you?"

"I'm a Free Citizen," was the reply.

"But why those howls?"

"I'm singing. Fact is, I'm serenading you."

"But I don't want it. Go away or I'll injure you for life."

"But the Man refused to move a foot.

Hair-brushes, bootjacks, water-pitchers, and bedsteads were heaved at him in quick succession, but he dodged each missile and continued to sing until the Cat cut her throat in desperation.

MORAL.

Turn about is fair play, and the chance is sure to come.

THE WOLF AND THE GOOSE.

A Goose who was prowling through the forest one day in search of prey, observed a Wolf sitting on the limb of a tree and called out:

"Good morning, my Dear. You are looking unusually well this morning."

"That's all Taffy," replied the Wolf.

"Pon honor, but I'd give a thousand dollars to have your complexion."

"Would you?"

"Indeed I would. And such eyes as you have got! Yum! yum!"

"Do you really think so?" grinned the pleased Wolf.

"You bet! Why, if I had your form I'd go on the stage and make my fortune."

The Wolf put his finger in his mouth and looked silly and felt flattered, and the Goose licked her chops and continued:

"Please come down and let me take the pattern of your coat-tails. Such a graceful set I never saw in my travels."

The Wolf came down with his ears working with delight, and had only reached the earth when the Goose sprang upon him and chewed him into dishcloths.

MORAL.

Beware of the Goose.

If you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

Amateurs may fish all day without catching anything, and there is no reason why a fox is necessary for the pleasure of a fox-hunting party.

"Pa, what is an employment agent?"

"Why, my son, he is a man who is very anxious to get work for others to do. He himself doesn't want any."

The meanest kind of a man is the man who will at this season give to tramps a straw hat when he knows that if the tramp wears it he'll get gayed to death.

We see that "fur-lined circulars are fashionable again." People had much better advertise in the newspapers than waste their money sending fur-lined circulars through the post-office.

"Where do all the Boston and Harvard boys go?" was a question asked the other day.

"Out West to raise cattle, so that the country boys may have a chance to come to town," was the reply.

A rural dame entered a rolling mill the other day, and asked if they kept rolling-pins. She was accompanied by her husband, who wanted to purchase a field-roller. This is reliable, if true.

It has been discovered that wherever a cyclone has struck a neighborhood every person in four counties around has become a liar, while the effect on the local newspapers has been simply appalling.

"Women ought to take more exercise in the open air," says a medical authority. Evidently talking over the back fence to the woman next door is not considered open air exercise.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

A little three-year old girl, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some outside noise. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed—"Mamma, I think he ought to be oiled."

"Young Achilles" wants to know if "we think cigarette smoking is injurious to the brain?" Oh no, not a bit of it, "Young Achilles." No man with brains enough to hurt will be guilty of smoking them.

Brown prides himself upon his firmness. He boasts that he never gives way to his feelings. The boys say, however, that his feelings wouldn't suffer from any giving on his part—not to any extent, you know.

He was making a call and they were talking of literature. "The Pilgrim's Progress," she remarked, "always seemed to me painful. Of course you are familiar with Bunyan?" He said he had one on each foot, and they bothered him a good deal.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I have advised many ladies to try your "Favorite Prescription," and never see it fail to do more than you advertise.

Yours truly, Mrs. A. M. RANKIN,
141 Bates Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

An actress who has lately figured as plaintiff in a libel suit at New York, was again in court this week, as a witness. She was twice asked her age and refused to answer, but finally compromised the matter by saying, "I was born in July, 1853. I guess you can figure from that."

At a recent marriage in Brooklyn "the bride wore a dress of brocaded plush of crushed strawberry hue." A man never wears a pair of trowsers of crushed strawberry hue save when he goes to a festival and sits down on a plate of the fruit. And that is what he generally does—if the paragraphs don't lie.

A Detroit grocer is trying to make his friends believe that while he was stooping over some butter he was knocked senseless and robbed. An intelligent jury will decide whether the suspected parties did the knocking down, or whether the smell of the butter was the guilty party. And as to robbery, there is butter sold in Detroit that no living man can rob of a single scent.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

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 *Carharodon Rondelctii*. Every Chinese Fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing was 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.

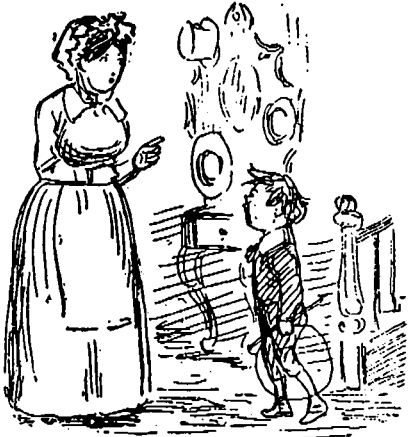
"Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation. Write at once to HAYLOCK & JENNEY, 7 Dey-street, New York, enclosing 1.00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will enable you to hear like anybody 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.

7 Dey-st., N. Y.



JUVENILE PROMPTITUDE.

Mother.—"Johnny," you should be more quick when I call you!

Johnny.—Yes, mother; I was trying to get away when I saw you coming, but I wasn't quick enough!

THE BANK STOCK FEVER.

"For goodness' sake," exclaimed young Brown, rushing excitedly into the apartments of his friend young Jones, "lend me a hundred dollars!"

Mr. Jones would have lent anything he possessed to his friend Brown; or, if he had not possessed it, yet could obtain it, would have lent him it with the most accommodating readiness imaginable. But the demand for what he neither possessed, nor could by any means obtain, mentally completely overthrew him, and as far physically, that he suddenly and uncontrollably fell with a flop into a chair which luckily stood close behind, whence, feebly holding up his hands, he stared at Mr. Brown with that remarkable expression our readers may have noticed in the eyes of a fish just jerked out of the water, which is not very sure how it came there, nor whence, but is very certain of complete uncomfatableness and a suffocating atmosphere.

"A hundred dollars," he gasped. "Why, surely you must be aware that, on my dry goods' salary, I can't have a hundred dollars. After paying my washerwoman, board-bill, tailor and shoemaker, if there is a balance of any dollars at all, it is a balance which is not in my hands, and which ought to be in theirs." "Might have known it," said Mr. Brown, "but I had such a speculation to recommend to you. Would have made my fortune—and your fortune. Such a chance—and no capital. It will never occur again. It puts me beside myself. I believe I am going out of my wits."

"Indeed," said Mr. Jones, the thought occurring to him that perhaps such a frame of mind was not exactly the one to the owner of which considerable sums might safely be entrusted. "But," said Mr. Jones to himself boldly, "He can't ruin me," *Viator cantabit ad latronem.* Mr. Jones was slightly—very slightly—classical.

But Mr. Brown was not at all so. "May I ask what the deuce you mean?" he demanded, getting very red in the face. "Can't be bit! indeed. Who thought you could, sir? Explain yourself. And perhaps, as you are not willing to lend, so very exact a gentleman will at least pay me the odd twenty-five you had of me in July."

"Bless me!" cried Mr. Jones, horrified by the double mistake and demand discharged at him simultaneously like a double-barrel, "you don't give me time to speak. I said *cantabit* not 'can't be bit.' It was something the old

Romans sang before—"Mr. Jones was staggered at having to explain what *latronem* meant.

"Before when?" fiercely demanded Mr. Brown.

Mr. Jones had been shoved off his equilibrium by the first blunder; the second set him straight again.

"Before the Christian era," he brazenly interpreted. "If I had it, or could get it, short of hooking it, you should have it. But you might as well ask me for the Victoria Park."

"Porgive me!" cried Brown imploringly, "I never doubted your friendship; but such a glorious opportunity. One hundred dollars, carefully invested in margin on shares of the Totality Bank, by a friend of mine, a broker, who assures me fortunes are made—

"My friend," said Jones, "at an important crisis in my life, a female voice remarked, 'Ask Papa.' I complied with the suggestion. Perhaps in your case, the answer may be more propitious than in mine. Suppose you ask yours."

Desperation mounted to the classical features of Brown, and sat enthroned thereon.

"I will," he said, and left the building.

Brown senior sat in his drawing room, Brown junior entered.

"Pa," said he, "you are fond of good speculations."

"Not of bad ones," said Brown senior. "I suppose you have one of the last ready primed for me."

"My dear father," pleaded Brown junior, "did you ever lose a cent by backing any speculation of mine?"

"Not I," answered Brown senior. "Perhaps, however, my never having backed any of them may naturally account for it."

"Well, but, my dear sir," answered his son, "if you have not, neither have you gained—and for the same reason I wish you to gain, and it will be a proud thing to reflect upon that you have gained—and largely—through my foresight. I can lay before you a plan to double your fortune."

"No doubt," said old Brown. "Proceed to do so."

"I wish you," said the young gentleman, "to invest a thousand dollars on margin in shares of the Totality Bank. I have it on the soundest private information that you will make twenty thousand. Keep fifteen and give me five."

Old Brown assumed that peculiar look which we have noticed on the face of the thrifty housewife when the butcher proffers a rather overkept joint. "An excellent plan, and as you say, money is to be made. Now youngster, do you know how the banks make money?"

"By lending it, sir."

"Yes, at high interest. Do you think they can be lending much money at high interest to safe customers now, when any one can have as much as he wants at six per cent. on good security? Everybody wants bank stock. Clerks save, and perhaps do worse than save to invest in bank stock. Merchants take the money from their business to put it in bank stock. Young men who cannot or are too lazy to earn money think that though too dull-witted for ordinary business, they can make fortunes in the keenest of businesses against the deepest of operators. Women are deceived in buying bank stock. Loan company stock is buoyed up equally or more. No one seems to notice that in good times with money at low rates farmers or anybody else can hardly be borrowing much from loan companies, and therefore these companies can not make much money—*ergo*, their stock is not worth any such tremendous advance. But folks buy on, one buoying the other up, till a fall will come, and things come down to common sense figures, thereby ruining a great many poor people who will lose their margins—i. e. their all. Sooner

it stops the better; for the longer it lasts the more are taken in.

"Well, sir, I don't see—that is, the matter never occurred to me precisely in that light, sir."

"I thought not. Well, now; stocks are not worth what they are selling for. Keep out of them, I won't advance a penny. Be off. I'm busy."

Young Brown went off. He sees the broker again. The broker says, "Now I thought you knew more than to be led by old fogy ideas. Canada is advancing. The young men must come to the front. Act for yourself. Get the money advanced. The result is certain. Is there no one who likes you enough to assist you?"

"Any one who likes me," thought Brown, "There is one." He rushed to the residence of a young lady who liked him very well.

"My dearest Amelia," he said, "you have some money in your own right. Let me have the pleasure of increasing it for you. With five hundred dollars I can, by speculating in bank stocks, make ten thousand for you."

"What does your father say?" timidly inquired the fair Amelia.

"He will not help; his ideas are antiquated," replied Brown.

"Then, my dear Augustus," replied the young lady, "I would rather you waited till you had made some money. I will then have pleasure in seeing you risk it. (He won't then be so ready to do so, added she to herself.) But I do not like to see you risk that of others."

Repulsed at all points, Augustus wandered sadly away. Cogitating on the unhappy state of a young man abandoned by his friends, his father, and his sweetheart, somebody met him. "Ha, Brown, sorry you've been hit so hard."

"What do you mean?" asked Augustus. "Why, every one says you've gone heavy into Totality Bank Stock. It's fallen five per cent since morning, and will probably fall ten by to-morrow."

"Then you may tell your kind informants that I haven't a cent's worth of the stock, and am a little too sharp to put money into any thing of the sort," said Brown, magnificently.

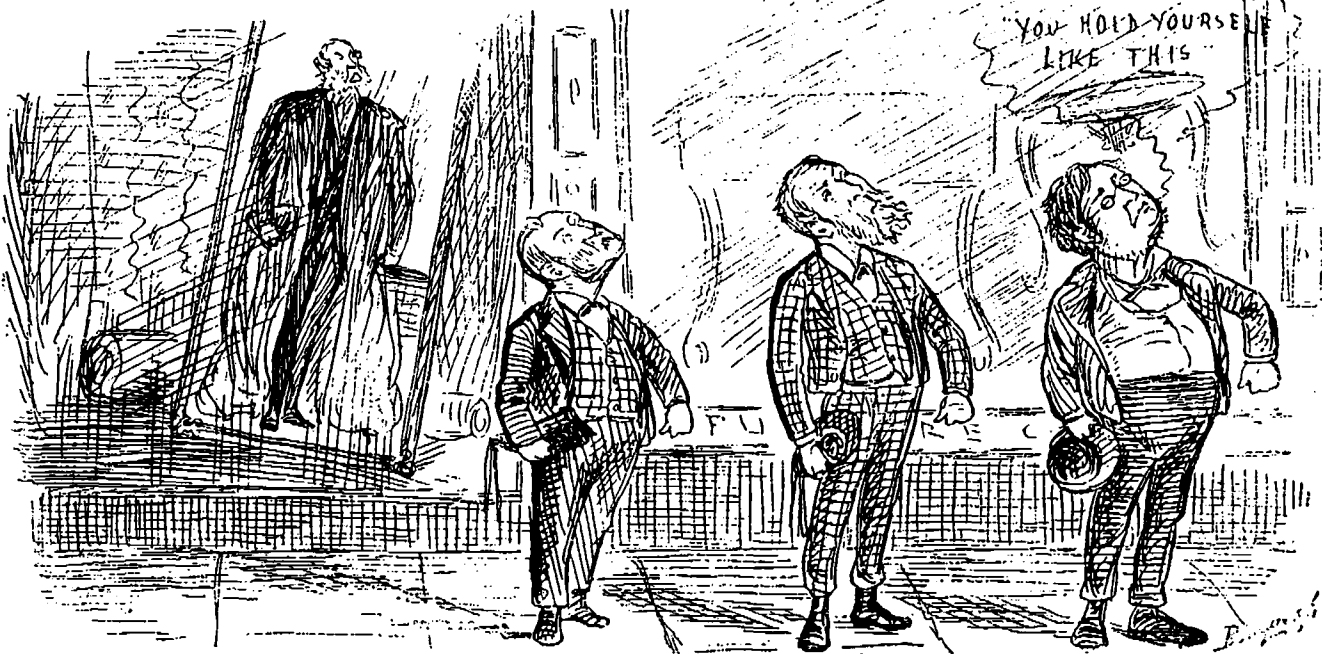
But as he walked home, he thought, "If I had had my way, I'd have lost five thousand dollars this morning."

MORAL.—Before investing in bank stock, ask your friend, your father, and your intended.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Works of William Shakespeare.

This is a very voluminous production, including quite a number of plays partly founded on historical subjects, and partly of a more original character. The dialogues are for the most part spirited and vivacious, and from the numerous telling situations we should judge that many of them are well adapted for the stage. The author is evidently a man of considerable ability, and much of the language that he has put into the mouths of his leading *dramatis personae* displays no little insight into human nature. We regret, however, that Mr. Shakespeare should have pandered to so large an extent to the prevailing taste for the sensational and the extravagant. There is a good deal too much blood and thunder about his productions, especially "Hamlet," a piece in which the leading character is a tedious, prosy individual given to philosophizing, and which ends up in a perfect carnival of bloodshed; "Richard III.," where there are several murders in each act, and "Macbeth" "Othello," a drama founded on an Italian tradition representing a negro general as killing his white wife in a fit of jealousy, is repulsive to every right-minded



JEALOUSY; OR, THE GREAT SENATOR'S PICTURE AND LITTLE GRIT BOYS

person. In another respect these dramas are calculated to impart false views of life, and present a distorted conception of the times and manners they are intended to illustrate. The author persists in putting blank verse into the mouths of nearly all his characters. This, we submit, is not, to use his own language, "holding a mirror up to nature," but the reverse. Nobody ever talked in the stilted, highfalutin fashion in which he makes his Henrys and Cæsars, his Hamlets and Romeos converse. It tends to give the whole an air of unreality which must seriously detract from the interest of the dramas when put on the stage. There is a great deal of literary merit in many of these plays, but we think that Mr. Shakespeare would probably have done himself more justice as a poet or an essayist than in putting his ideas into their present form. The rant and sensationalism which he has introduced in order to tickle the vulgar taste, are in marked contrast with the genuine philosophy and sound morality to which he frequently gives expression.

Progress and Poverty, by Henry George.

It is frequently asserted that American humor has fallen off considerably of late, and those who are of that opinion will have it confirmed by a perusal of this work. The author is not nearly equal to Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, or Nashy. There is indeed a strain of wit in his remarks concerning the identity of interest between capital and labor, and his proposition to make land common property is a fine stroke of satire, but as a whole his fun is somewhat forced. In common with other American humorists he evinces a lack of good taste in the selection of his subjects for jest and sarcasm. There is nothing particularly humorous in the increase of poverty. How would Mr. George like to be poor himself?

Marmion—a Work for the use of Schools. By Sir Walter Scott.

The author's descriptive talent and rhythmic skill is a good deal ahead of his political acumen. In our country a writer who evinced such a reckless disregard of the Catholic vote would never, by any possibility, have attained the honor of knighthood. While it may be true, as an abstract matter of history, that perjured nuns sometimes incurred the penalty of imprisonment, every tyro in politics must

admit that it is inexpedient to recall the fact about election time, and as elections recur with frequency, it is obvious that Marmion is ill-adapted for politico-educational purposes. How can the youth of our country be expected to succeed in the arena of politics unless they are taught to conciliate the Catholic vote? Marmion is N. G. What is the use of calling a man a vassal slave of Bloody Rome who has a good square vote?

Savings Bank Book.

This little brochure is a book of interest. Its language is highly figurative, and its every page abounds with capital suggestions. Though somewhat dolorous in its tone, it is nevertheless a creditable production, and furnishes an account which may be thoroughly relied on. No family should be without it.

We were telling legends round the fire after the fashion of the characters in that wicked poem, "Marmion," only our narratives did not relate so much to "scenes of elfin chivalry" as to the odd characters we had met in real life. "There's a queer old man lives out our way," said Jennie. "He was driving along a narrow road one day, and suddenly came to a dead stand-still, remaining so several hours before a stranger came along to inquire the cause of the stoppage. "Why, you see," said the odd old fellow, "this is a splendid place to turn out, and as there are so few good places to turn out on this road I just hated to waste it."

[Established 1854.]

ECKERSON & MILLMAN,
Photographers,

76 King-st. West, - - HAMILTON.

For the BEST PHOTOGRAPHS, at the Lowest Prices, go to ECKERSON & MILLMAN, Hamilton.

CONSUMPTION.

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, 101 Pearl St., N. Y.



DR. E. G. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay, and death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea, caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse, or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box, or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 81 and 83 King Street East (Office upstairs), Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in Canada.

IN TORONTO

Since the removal of Dr. M. Souveille's Throat and Lung Institute to his new quarters, 173 Church street, hundreds suffering from catarrh, catarrhal deafness, bronchitis, asthma, and many diseases of the throat and lungs, have received treatment by his new and wonderful instrument, the Spirometer, which conveys medicines in the form of cold inhalations to the parts diseased. Physicians and sufferers can try it free. Poor people bearing certificate will be furnished with Spirometer free. Write, enclosing stamp, for pamphlet giving full particulars, to Dr. M. Souveille, ex-Aide Surgeon of the French Army, 173 Church street, Toronto, or 13 Phillips' Square, Montreal.

A. W. SPAULDING, L.D.S.
DENTIST,

51 King-st. E. (south side),
Just west of Toronto Street,
TORONTO.

Evening Office and Residence, Jameson Avenue, Parkdale.

DANDY AND PRODUCE MARKET, 101 PEARL ST., N. Y.