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VOLUME XVII.
No. 18.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1881.

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PARTNERSHIP NOTICES.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

BENGOUGH BROTHERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between J. W. Bengough and Geo. Bengough, under the name, style, and firm of Bengough Brothers, is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. George Bengough retiring.

J. W. BENGOUGH,
GEO. BENGOUGH.

Toronto, Aug. 30, 1881.

BENGOUGH, MOORE & CO.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between Thomas Bengough, Samuel J. Moore, and A. Richardson, under the name, style, and firm of Bengough, Moore & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. A. Richardson retiring.

THOS. BENGOUGH,
S. J. MOORE,
A. RICHARDSON.

Toronto, Aug. 30, 1881.

Notice of Co-partnership.

We the undersigned have this day entered into co-partnership as general printers, publishers, and zincographers, under the name, style, and firm of Bengough, Moore, & Bengough, at the premises formerly occupied by Bengough Bros., adjoining the Court House, Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH,
SAMUEL J. MOORE,
THOMAS BENGOUGH,

Toronto, Aug. 30, 1881.

With reference to the above notice, we may state to our friends that the consolidation thus effected places us in possession of an excellent business, which we hope, by strict attention to the orders of our customers and by the excellence of our workmanship in all departments, to rapidly increase. Of course it is our intention to continue the publication of GRIP and the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED SHORTHAND WRITER, both of which periodicals we will endeavour to steadily improve in all respects. We will devote special attention to fine book, newspaper, and job printing, and to the art of zincography, having a thoroughly equipped designing and engraving department under the supervision of thoroughly competent artists and workmen.

BENGOUGH, MOORE, & BENGOUGH.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Sir Charles Tupper is on his way home from British Columbia, preceded by the statement that he has been successful in his mission, which appears to have been the difficult one of getting the Pacific Province into a tranquil and happy frame of mind. This Sir Charles has accomplished by promising on behalf of the Dominion Government to build the Vancouver Island branch of the Canada Pacific. In addition to the thanks and votes of the British Columbians for this favour, the Government is to receive the fee simple of the coal fields of the Island. This strikes us as being a fair and square bargain, and we congratulate the Minister accordingly.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The *Christian Guardian* intimates that the sacred calling, like most of the other departments of activity, is at present overstocked. What is wanted,

says our contemporary, is fewer preachers and better ones. The *Guardian* ought to be an authority on this subject as the Editor wears a whitechoker, but Mr. Gurr must respectfully beg leave to dissent from this opinion. There are not too many preachers, for we are often reminded that millions on millions of benighted heathen in Asia, Africa, and elsewhere still call for help. This demand is more than sufficient to exhaust the surplus complained of. What is wanted is that preachers should have enough of the old apostolicunction to go boldly forth into the wilderness, and to crucify the flesh which cries after city congregations, fat salaries, and vacations at the seaside.

FIRST PAGE.—The Emperor of Germany and the Czar of Russia met the other day by mutual appointment, and laid out the raw material for a page of history, which will be written when it becomes known just what the Imperial gentlemen were driving at. At present Mr. Gurr is in the utmost darkness on that point. The extent of his information is that the Emperors met on board a yacht somewhere, embraced and kissed one another like two college girls, and afterwards had a cup of tea together. They didn't meet on a field of Cloth of Gold. Such a programme was only possible in the good old days when men were allowed to enjoy themselves a little even if they did wear crowns; on the contrary, this meeting was a good deal like that of a couple of neighbouring rats who were under the impression that a terrier was waiting around the corner with an eye on them. Having landed from the yacht, their Imperial Majesties got into a close hack and were trundled off to the palace, and subsequently Alexander took a little sneak around to see the town in an iron-plated vehicle of some kind. Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was expected to take part in the reunion, but failed to be present. It is generally believed that the crowns of Germany, Russia, and Austria have entered a co-partnership under the firm name and style of Czar, Kaiser, & Co., for mutual protection against Nihilists and Socialists.



The Railway Magnates will not add anything to their reputation, which is always more or less shady, by holding business meetings on Sunday. The present week was inaugurated in this way by a number of Syndicate members and others, at the Queen's Hotel in this city.

Mr. Duncan McIntyre and Mr. Peter Mitchell were present, notwithstanding their good Presbyterian names. Business is business, and it ought to be attended to diligently, but when men become so "fervent" that they devote the first day of the week to the worship of Mammon it is time to enquire whether this is a Christian country or not.

The stage of the Royal is occupied this week with another of Bartley Campbell's great plays—"The Galley Slave." This piece is generally regarded as the *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Campbell, and takes rank with the finest dramatic productions of the English stage. Every line bears the marks of a master hand, and with the careful and elaborate stage-setting characteristic of the Royal management, the play affords a capital evening's amusement. Next week Messrs. Baker & Farron return to this house with their inimitable Dutch and Irish eccentricities.

Our excellent and esteemed contemporary, the *Detroit Free Press*, has established an agency in London, England, where the issue of a foreign edition is now superintended by Mr. Robert Barr, a clever member of the staff. The edition already numbers 2000 copies, and under the skilful management of Mr. Barr it will no doubt increase rapidly. We wish the venture every success.

An enterprising Guelph man challenges the admiring attention of the world because he has invented a new-fashioned bicycle, which is more easily worked and has a speed 75 per cent higher than the English or American article. We are afraid the world will not feel inclined to heap honors on this misguided mechanic. Had he exercised his ingenuity in getting up a sewing machine, washer, or churn, or an apparatus for settling old accounts, or in fact anything but a bicycle, the case might have been different.

It is to be hoped that exemplary punishment will be visited upon the villainous Fagin lately unearthed in his York-street den, and now in custody. It has been the practice of this wretch or at long time to teach little boys to steal, and he appears to have lived chiefly upon the loot thus obtained, paying his miserable servants at rate of \$5 for every \$100 worth of goods brought to him. There are probably more of his kind in the same locality.

London has "seen" our Exhibition attractions and goes us one better. They are to have a brass band from Michigan, a band composed exclusively of young ladies! Oh, how the manly bosoms of the Londoners will palpitate when the girls toot their little horns. How they will squirm when they see those ducks of girls pressing their ruby lips to the mouth-pieces of the brass instruments,—how they will wish they were trombones and cornets! The concert of Toronto will be nothing to that of the Forest City when that "band begins to play!"



THE COMING STRUGGLE.

Billy Gladstone.—Now then, my chieftainery Salisbury, I'm ready for yer. That cur makes a lot of yepin', but I've got the Towser here as 'ill make short work of 'im when it comes to a fight!

Mr. Labouchere appears to have been saying something lately in his characteristic style about Canada—something very far from *Truth* as usual. He paints our North-West as an inhospitable region in which men and cattle "freeze to death in astonishing numbers."

There is a prospect of our losing *Bystander* altogether. A proposal is made to appoint Mr. Goldwin Smith to the mastership of University College, Oxford, as successor to Rev. Mr. Bradley, who has been appointed Dean of Westminster. It is hardly likely that anything could tempt Mr. Smith to remain in the land of aristocracy and Toryism, and By Jingo! we hope he will not!

Hanlan's refusal to row in the regatta has caused a good deal of indignation in some quarters. His apology is that he was out of condition, and might have been beaten, which would have been unpleasant. But why wasn't he in condition? He had plenty of time for training, and if he had devoted a few weeks to that work instead of galavanting off to St. Louis to give exhibitions, he might have avoided all appearance of "funking," as well as added \$1,500 to his little pile.

His resignation of the championship at the same time is still harder to understand. This was a most uncalled-for and unbusiness-like move. He says his business requires all his attention, but we fail to see that he has any business which pays him better to attend to than pulling a shell; besides the fact of the championship is an important element in the success of his so-called business. But perhaps,

as he and the rest of us *know* he is the best oarsman in the world, the mere title of champion is of little account.

The regatta has passed off at last. A more tedious affair could not well be conceived, though this was not chiefly the fault of the managers. The intervention of several windy days with lumpy water was a matter which the committee could not have foreseen without being prophets, though they might have had Moses Oates amongst them as well as not. The dispute about the first four-oared race, and the accidents which attended its "try over," together with the absence of Hankan and Trickett from the single-scuil final heat, all conspired to rob the event of its interest. A more hard-working Committee, however, never undertook anything.

It is confidently anticipated that Mason, who attempted to shoot Guiteau the other day, will be discharged, or at most punished very lightly. Great sympathy is felt for him, and subscriptions for his defence are being actually taken up in the public departments at Washington. Gen. Sherman seems to be the only man who has not lost his moral sense over the affair. He says Mason deserves the severest punishment, a sentiment in which all right-thinking persons must join. Mason's crime is not in any respect more commendable than that of the hair-brained Guiteau.

Word comes from Paris that the authorities of the theatres of that city are adopting measures for preventing the presence in them of females of the *demimonde*, and for otherwise improving

their moral atmosphere. This is said to be owing to the influence of English and American visitors and clergymen taking vacation, who have been shocked while attending the theatre by the loose manners and conversation of some of those sitting beside them. This is all very well, but how do those clergymen reconcile their refusal to go into our comparatively decent theatres with their eagerness for attending those of Paris?

It has been announced from Ottawa during the week that the Government have decided to call in \$5,000,000 of the Dominion five per cent bonds during the next twelve months. The Government, it seems, expects to be able to do this through the deposit in their hands, by the Syndicate, of the portion of the proceeds of the latter's issue of \$20,000,000 bonds not immediately required, and on which the Government have only to pay four per cent. If the condition in the bargain providing for the holding by the Government of Syndicate money at four per cent should result in a reduction of interest on all Canadian bonds to this figure, or less, the country is to be congratulated, and one serious objection to the bargain will have been removed.

Our Telephone.

GRIP.—Hello! John A.!

John A.—Hello!

GRIP.—

John A.—Thanks, I feel better.

GRIP.—

John A.—Tupper? Pshaw! he can't do it! I'm good for ten years yet.

GRIP.—

John A.—Yes, I've heard all about that. I think I'll let Bunting know about the little game that's going on some of these days.

GRIP.—

John A.—No, of course he doesn't know it or he would kick up a row. There is no doubt the *Mail* is more Tupperian than of yore, but I'll fix that before long. Ta, ta!

GRIP.—Hello, Galt!

Sir A.T.—Hello!

GRIP.—

Sir A.T.—What banquet?

GRIP.—

Sir A.T.—Oh, you ought to know enough about those newspaper fellows to make all due allowances. If you split the difference, you'll have it about right.

GRIP.—

Sir A.T.—No; I'll tell you, the room was not actually full as the *Times* says, but a good many of the guests were, after the show, as the other paper intimates.

GRIP.—

Sir A.T.—Hold on now, old fellow; you're getting a trifle too inquisitive. The North West is a great institution, but I must decline to give you the true inwardness of my visit. *Au revoir*.

GRIP.—Hello, Mackenzie!

Mac.—Hello!

GRIP.—?

Mac.—I've cam' to the conclusion to let them sproot again. I canna' bear the sight o' yon pictures in laust week's paper. I'm sorra I tuk the advice o' yon chiel o' a barber an' lat him snip them off. Is that a' ye ca'd me up for?

GRIP.—

Mac.—Good bye.



TOO FRESH!

Wife.—Well, John, is there anything particularly rich in the paper this morning?
 John.—Bligh! I should say there rather was. Why, here's a paragraph saying that the Princess is going to return to Canada, and it's under the head of *News!*



ANOTHER VILE ATTACK ON BLAKE.

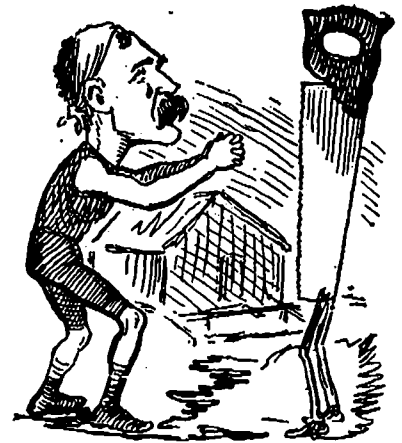
MR. GRIP, SIR:—I write to ask you, as the recognized censor of the press, to denounce in the most emphatic manner the *Mail's* latest slander against Edward Blake. The atrocious attack to which I allude, sir, was contained in an article which appeared last Monday. It was the meanest sort of an attack, namely, a covert one. The writer thus adds cowardice to wickedness and doubly deserves your lash. The particular words to which I would call attention were to the effect that Mr. Blake had of late engaged in bootless meanderings through the Maritime Provinces. Sir, this is a deliberate misstatement—a calumny more vile if possible than anything the *Mail* has yet published. Even in its former villainous articles in which it described the hon. and learned gentleman as a Bad Man it did not go so far as to insinuate that he was bootless. And, sir, I know the contrary to be the case. I have had the honour of accompanying Mr. Blake throughout his tour in the humble capacity of official bottle-holder, and I can aver on my personal honour that Mr. Blake invariably appeared in public with his boots on, though I am free to confess he never went to bed with them on, as certain celebrated Conservative leaders have been known to do. I ask you, on behalf of the great Liberal party,

to see that this lie is taken back. If you don't I will simply take the law in my own hands, and the first time I meet that *Mail* Editor on King street—well, he'll not be bootless when we part.
 Yours,
 Tom TOWSER,

A Birdseye View of London.

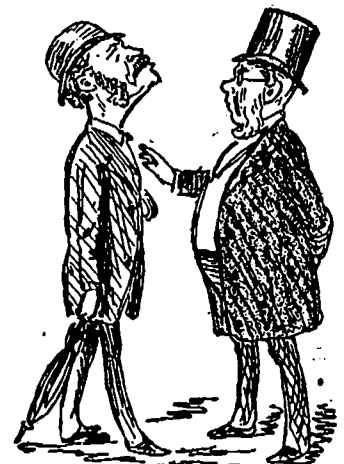
DEAR GRIP:—The great aim of a city is to be a centre. London is a centre, and it is her agricultural circumference that has sent her ahead. The folks who live in this focus say she is the capital centre of Western Ontario, which is a capital thing for the peninsula.
 There is a great deal of refinement here, as London is the seat of the refined oil business. On account of their ologinous enterprise, one would think that many of the business men must have a fat thing of it, and be very slippery fellows, but their slippers are no larger than No. 9 and they are all pretty well healed.
 Every city is proud of its public buildings. No one who is not crazy visits London without going to see the Lunatic Asylum, and those that are crazy have to go there anyhow. It is one of the largest on the continent, but there are not as many Londoners in it as one might imagine—they keep the institution to accommodate their neighbors. The brow of the city is adorned with two imposing temples, although no one is imposed upon by them. One is the new Masonic Temple containing a fine Opera House, the other the Oddfellows' Hall, which is not quite even with the other Temple. Then there is Victoria Hall (she's a daisy) owned by the Y. M. C. A., the Mechanics' Institute, the Episcopal Cathedral, the Queen's Avenue Methodist Church, and in course of erection a Roman Catholic Cathedral and a Baptist Church. There are numbers of hay-rieks in the vicinity of London, and the city is the seat of two bishoprics. These sees are seldom ruffled by storms, the ruffles are on the bishops' gowns and vestments. The Protestant Bishop is Right Rev. Dr. Hellmuth (whose name is a terror to sinners), and the Catholic Bishop is Right Rev. Dr. Walsh. There are also a handsome Post Office, Custom House, and Court House. In fact London has as many and as fine public buildings as any other place of its size anywhere, and doesn't care who knows it.
 No young Londoner need be a dunce except he is born one. The schools are many, and among the higher institutions of learning are the Hellmuth Ladies' College, the Huron Episcopal College, and next month will be inaugurated the Western University.
 London has an excellent system of water-works. There is usually a river here called the Thames, but at this writing it is hard to find much of it except its bed, and that has but a scant sheet of water. If rain does not fall soon it is thought the City Council will have to hire E. N. MacEvoy to paint some water for them. The water-works supply the city with spring water, but the springs can't be wound up so as to send the water up town, and as the river has gone for a vacation the City Fathers are going to raise water by steam, and it is to be hoped they will have a good crop.
 The streets in the eastern part of the city are praised for their wide area, but the air is no wider there than it is in the other part of the town. The streets are very wide, however, are adorned with trees, and fine residences abound, though I have not seen any of them bound yet.
 The newspaper men here are said to be lynx-eyed, because, I suppose, they are smarter than chain lightning. They are a mighty good set of fellows and know how to use a man. The *Free Press*, *Advertiser*, and *Evening Herald* have each a large circulation and are ably conducted.
 The forthcoming Provincial Exhibition is expected to exceed in excellence every fair of the kind everywhere. Everything is put off until after

the show, except marriages and funerals. I'll give you some more about London next week—perhaps.
 JON.



COURTNEY'S ADDRESS TO HIS SAW

O, friend as true as steel,
 To thee I make my grievous lamentation.
 I've been cleaned out in this jumped-up Regatta,
 Heaten by Ross, the gander-shanked Canadian,
 And likewise Conly, youth unknown to oarsmen:
 I feel cut up, and O, I only wish
 My shell had felt that way before we started!
 Had I but thought of thee, most trusty weapon,
 And in the dead of night crept to my boat house
 And with thy trusty blade ripped my outrigger,
 I'd not have been so melancholy now!
 O, why was I so fresh? Why did I start?
 How came it that my usual cunning failed,
 And I did not get sick before the race
 And swager when 'twas past and tell abroad
 The great things I would do some other day?
 Why didn't some one at my boarding house—
 Some pal from Silver Lake in neat disguise—
 Administer to unsuspecting me
 Some poison-vile in form of boarders' butter?
 Or having started in the race, O why
 Did I not have things fixed so that my shell
 Should catch upon a wire, or else capsize,
 Or why did I not break an oar or two?
 Alas! I know not! 'Twas the hand of Fate!
 'Tis too late now to blubber o'er spilt milk,
 My game is up, no longer can I swell,
 And give mysterious hints of untold speed,
 To keep the Yankee nation at my back,
 I've given myself away; farewell old friend,
 A sadder day than this I never saw!



RECOGNITION AT LAST.

Personal Friend.—May I enquire, Mr. Phipps, why this self-satisfied, not to say pompous and vain, deportment on your part?
 Mr. P.—I am astonished, sir, that you are not aware that the London *Times*, in a recent issue, stated that Canada was producing intellectual work really worthy of notice!



THE PACIFIC YOUNGSTER PACIFIED.

SIR CHARLES.—WELL, THEN, AND DID HIS BAD, BAD MACKENZIE MAKE A FOOLEY TOOLEY OF HIM, SO HE DID; BUT HE SHALL HAVE HIS ISLAND RAILWAY SO HE SHALL, AND HELL ALWAYS VOTE FOR HIS SIR CHAREY, SO HE SHALL!!

•• See comments on page 2.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

DON'T SLOP OVER.

"Don't slop over," the old man said
As he placed his hand on the young man's head;
"Go it by all means, go in the fast,
Go it while leather and horse-shoes last;
Don't slop over, distrust yourself,
Nor always reach the highest shelf;
The next to the highest will generally do,
And answer the need of such as you."

Don't slop over; the wisest men
Are bound to slop over now and then;
And yet the wisest at work or feast
Are the very ones that blunder the least.
Those who for spilt milk never wail
Are the ones who carry the steadiest sail;
Wherever you go, go in for the fat;
But don't slop over—and freeze to that.

Don't slop over. Great Solomon
Once went a little too far with his fun.
Louis Napoleon, as we all know,
Slopped over on Max in Mexico.
Horace Greely and Jefferson D.,
And Hinton, and Halpin, and Old J. B.,
And Andrew Johnson, the great I won't,
All slopped over—take care you don't.

A new song is entitled "Between the Green Corn and the Gold." It should be sung in a husky voice.—*Lowell Citizen*. And is easily learned by ear.—*Newton Republican*. There's only a small field to work in here. Let's stalk about something else.—*Louisville Courier Journal*. You fellows are fodder from a conclusion than you were when you started.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

"This is a glorious spot," said a rather doubtful looking personage to a very innocent and hay-seedy countryman. The pair were standing on the sands at Rockaway, and the countryman had only recently been joined by the doubtful party.

"Yes, it is kinder fine," said the countryman.

"You are a stranger here, I should judge," said the doubtful party.

"Wall yes, I be," said the countryman.

"Going to stay long?" asked the doubtful party.

"Wall, that depends," said the countryman.

"You see I came on here with stock, and I thought I might just as well see a little o' your sights as not, long's as I was here."

"Cattle dealer, I suppose?" said the doubtful party.

"Yes, that's about my line," said the countryman.

"Nothing like a little pleasure now and then with business," said the doubtful one.

"No, them's my views," said the countryman.

"Suppose we do the day together," said the doubtful one, taking the countryman's arm.

"I know this place like a book, and it's no more than right to show a stranger around."

"Don't care if I do. Was feeling a little lonesome like. Where'll we go, stranger?" asked the countryman.

"Well, we might as well commence with a drop of something. How does a drink strike you?"

"Never object to takin' a drink. Can't do it out our way—good as your life is worth"; and they indulged in a drink at the doubtful one's expense.

"How about lunch?" said the doubtful one.

"Wall, that hits me pretty near the spot. Hain't had nothin' to speak of 'cept a sandwich since six o'clock this mornin'," and they seated themselves at a table in the large hotel.

The doubtful one threw the bill of fare toward the countryman and invited him to order anything he wished.

"Wall, I don't care if I have a chowder to start on," said the countryman.

"Take something to drink with it. Here, waiter, bring us in two chowders and a couple of bottles of beer," said the doubtful one. After finishing the chowders the countryman ordered spring chicken, lobster salad, and one or two other expensive dishes. As he tucked the savory dishes away he complained now and then of his lack of appetite. "You see, stranger," he said, "I got kinder shook up like on the kirs, and it clean broke me up for eatin'." When I'm hum these fixin's wouldn't be nothin' for me. Here, waiter, bring me some roast beef and Saratoga potatoes, and let's have some more beer. I feel kind o' dry like. You don't seem to be eatin' very hearty, stranger!"

The doubtful one had indeed lost his appetite, and he was really growing nervous, and inwardly asking "when the fresh was going to let up."

"I've hearn tell o' your wines down here, stranger," said the countryman, leaning back and picking his teeth, after having finished six separate courses. "Suppose we try a bottle o' somethin' high toned. Waiter, bring us a bottle o'——what shall it be, stranger?"

A wild, restless look came into the eyes of the doubtful one. He made a movement to get up from the table, but the waiter was at his side in an instant with the check. He fumbled nervously in his vest pocket for a moment and then said:

"Awfully sorry to trouble you, my friend, but then one doesn't like to give these waiters a large bill. I haven't anything less than a twenty. If you will just settle for the lunch we'll get the bill changed, and fix it with you."

"Now, that's tarnation unlucky," said the countryman. "But I hain't got the cost o' even the chowder in my clothes. You see, I left all my money at the hotel, and—"

The doubtful one here interrupted him with an exclamation not used in polite society, paid the bill, and left.

"Well, these city chaps have queer ways," mused the countryman, as he sauntered off toward the boat.—*Stanley Huntley, Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE RETURN OF THE OYSTER.

The oyster is a peculiar article of diet. Other things are eaten as a matter of course—the oyster is eaten specially. He is customarily connected with conviviality. He is not eaten as chops and steaks are, because it is necessary to devour him that the pangs of hunger may be assuaged, but he is swallowed as a luxury, not that life may be sustained, but that it may be made more sedate and comfortable. Easy of digestion, he is an apology for midnight gourmandizing. He rounds off the theatrical and operatic dissipation, and like the stage and the assembly, he has his seasons. When others retire from urban dissipation he also retires. Like those who swallow him he has his vacation. For a while he is relieved from assassination and subsides into an aristocratic retirement. In this he is protected by legislation. He enjoys his honeymoon in tranquil waters. He spawns contentedly from May to September. He may be good enough to cat through all the summer, but he is protected by a prejudice against eating him as well as by law. Thus he is enabled to perpetuate his race, and to make sure that his descendants will be devoured gratefully by future ages. He did not, perhaps set the fashion of summer leisure, but he encourages it and shares its joys. Unlike mankind, he can be happy while staying at home. He is native to a watering place, and is not obliged, for hot weather happiness, to take ear or steam-boat. Safely lodged, at least somewhere in the neighborhood of his wife, the waters gently murmur above him, and he takes his constant bath without the trouble of undressing. The tradition is that he may be crossed in love, but the roughness of his amor-

ous wooing never makes him thin, though possibly it may sometimes make him green or yellow. But he tastes never a whit the worse for his chromatic changes, and is particularly good when there are shades of violet observable in his constitution. Deficient in power of locomotion, he is gently assisted when his apotheosis is at hand. He is carefully carried to the place in which he will receive his final culinary touches, and from which he will depart, only to be carried to the festive board, there to be washed down the throats of those who love him in a flood of mild Sauterne. A future which the most ambitious nature might revel in the prospect of is before him. He will bring a fillip to a bad appetite. He will lend a new charm to digestion. He will stimulate inventions of cookery, and give a peculiar thrill to deglutition. Morning and evening he will receive the attention of the swallows. He will be preliminary to chops and eggs and coffee and other first-fruits of the early day. He will modestly keep the soup company at dinner. He will pass through the ordeal of the fry in his delicate coat of crumbs and of butter. He will reach perfection upon the gridiron like the excellent St. Lawrence; he will even submit to the humble and somewhat commonplace stew; or, appearing in a naked simplicity of rawness, he will be brought forward reposing upon one-half of his original homestead, and being daintily taken upon the fork, will slip down perhaps the throat of beauty, to be followed by nameless delicacies by none of which he will be rivaled in relish. Who would not envy the fate of this lamellibranchiate mollusk?

The oyster is a fortunate creature, if it be fortunate to be much mentioned in history. The Roman who first formed oyster beds, which he did at Baie, is known to have been named Sergius Orata, who had the happiness to live in the time of Augustus, and who is known to have made a great deal of money by the exercise of his ingenuity. To-day it is mentioned in all encyclopedias that Apicius, a contemporary of Trajan, was the first who taught the world to pickle oysters. His fame rests upon that fact. There was another Apicius distinguished for the love of lobsters; there was another who started a school of cookery; but the oyster-pickling Apicius has a distinct fame, and survives freshly in classical dictionaries. When George the First came to England from Hanover, the royal cooks could not please the royal palate in the matter of oysters until it was discovered that his Majesty liked them stale, as he had always been in the habit of eating them. When Mr. Thackeray came first to Boston, certain of his admirers asked him to supper. There were, among other delicacies, gigantic oysters. The novelist could not comprehend that he was to swallow one of these in an undivided state, but being shown the way, and having accomplished the feat, he observed that he felt "as if he had swallowed a baby."

We do not know that it has ever occurred to anybody to make a gastronomical almanac, but it would certainly be a pleasanter compilation than those calendars which are put forth by the proprietors of patent medicines. Every month would be marked by the dainties which it produces in the greatest perfection; in one column should be glorified, and in another this fruit or that rare vegetable. Each season has its charms of production, whether fish, flesh, or fowl; yet nothing is so impatiently waited for as the oyster, nothing is more contentedly eaten, and nothing makes less trouble in the stomach, unless it happens to be stale. Then, indeed, he is diabolical, and so thoroughly incapable of digestion that the man who has bolted him might as well make his will and bid his weeping family farewell. To the whole body of oyster-eaters we present the compliments of the season; and may no such catastrophic befall them!



A STATE SECRET.

John A.—It was I who started the great Fair Trade agitation in England. Don't give it away, old fellow!



ERINGBOROUGH TERRACE, Sept. 7th, 1881.

DEAR SUR,—Mo mattoo at the present moment is, bad cess to everybody and everything. Shure an' where's the wander, with the thar-mameter gone up, nothing to breathe but bush smoke, the perspiration rowlin' aff ny the bridge av me nose, like wather aff a duck's back, an' me sittin' tryin' to write with wan oye bunged up an' divil a wink to be seen out of the other. None av your base insinuations, Mister Garr. Its a purty thing a man can't have a bit av a black oye but you must be after thiukin' he's attendin' election meetins in Montreal, where they wind up with a game av Canadian Douny-brook. No sur! Me misfortune cum to mo when walkin'—is it walkin' I'm after sayin'? Nary a walk, but *gropin'* in the hot cimmerin' darkness that livered up the Quane City av Taranta on the very first night av the Exhibition. Now the divil fly away wid the Alderman, or the man in the moon, whichever av them it was that left us widout light av any kind, not even the tail av a comet to "cheer the vale wid a solitary ray." Troth then its yourself I was just writin' a letter to affther supper, when I hears a great howlin' outside. "Och! Millia murder, luk at that shikoy will yez?" says wan. "May-be, perhaps, now it is the lasht day comin' after all" says another. "Oh how sweet,—too, too lovely, o-oh!" The wan that said this was a limp, lankey winch av about fercenteen. "How do you account for it?" says a pompous fellow wid a white wesket buttoned tight acrasht a very large corporation. "Is it me yer askin'

sur?" says I. "Yes," says he wid a leer, "can you account for it?" "I can" says I, for I saw it was meself he was tryin' to come paddy over. So says I, "Its the atmosphere, sur; the atmosphere av the present day is esthatic; that's to say, its the fashion to have green jaundice, an' to be kind av loose in the joints an' morals, suitin' sundowners an' lilies, an' readin' wild poems about blue mould, an' other kinds av human corruption, an' the clouds there bein' light weight an' damp like themselves, very wisly take the impression, consequently instead av 'an awful rose of dawn,' an' the owld-fashioned sunsets av crimson an' purple an' burnished gold, behold suspensid betune us an' the shtars the esthatic phenomenon av a celestial sunflower!" An' wid that I winks an' walks off, he starin' after me kind av like as he couldn't make me out at all, at all. It was me intintion to attend a meetin' for the consideration av the "ameloration av the condition of the suboeracy," exposed as they are to all the evils consequent on the possession av riches, so I set out on me way to Adelaide St., about 8 o'clock p. m., an' shtapt in on me way to see Andy (that's Nora's brother be her fother's fursht wife). Well, after talkin' a while we comes out, but bedad I couldn't see me finger when I held it up afore me. "Holy Moses! Barney," says Andy, "sure its lost ye'll be in the thick darkness, howid on till I get yez a lanthrin." Now there's no doubt whativir that Andy's lanthrin wud av bin ny grate sarvice to me, but sur me patriotism was up in arrums at the notion av me, Barney O'Hea, a plungin' down Yongo street in the nineteenth century, wid a lanthrin in me hand like a modern Diagenes, makin' believe honest men were awful scarce, an' good men no: to be had scen! I was takin' such good care av wan av them. No, Mister Gur, whether I'm honest is best known to meself, but I'm no Diagenes to go braggin' about that an' the economy av the city officials at wan an' the same time. So says I, "No thank yez Andy," an' thiin I grapped me way down to where there was a row av trees, sur I knew them to be trees be the whispiering av the leaves, an' the bumpin' av me nose agin the bark av them. All at once I hears a whis-

per "Is that you Barry?" Sure I thought she meant Barney, so says I "whist!" Wid that I feels meself fowlded in the soft arrums av a woman, an' she a kissin' ov me all over me face an' me neck. Me first impulse was to say "Yer mistaken, mam," but it was a kind av pleasant after all, so "whist!" says I agin. "I fooled the ould fellow," sez she, "we'll go off on the four o'clock train, an' then won't we have a good time," an' she gives me another hug an' lays her head on me buzzum, wan arrum round me neck. Just thiin up comes a man an' right fornust us he shtaps an' strikes a match, an' there was a coloured winch wid her arrums round me neck, her black face lyin' on the beautiful shirt buzzum that Nora was after ironin', an' the whites in her eyes a rowlin' up to mine. "Mother o' Moses!" says I, shakin' her off, an' wid a wild howl I plunged headlong into the darkness, the man wid the match yelled "Ha! hu! ho!" after me like a demoralized hyena. Well, I run agin walls, posts, an' sines, widout number, till at last clane worn out I came to me own gate in Ering-borough Terrace. The moment I opens the gate "Be out ov that ye prowlin' vagabond," growls a gruff voice, an' the next moment I saw such a display of fireworks as wud uv tuk the tucker clane out of Professor Hand. Ye may believe I struck back right and left, but nary a thing could I hit but the brick wall an' the posts av the verandah. Thiin I thought av the matches—in me pocket, an' I strikes two or three at wanst, an' diskivers that it wasn't me own dure after all. I disremember now how I happened to land home, anyway as soon as I can see out uv me oye, I'll be after sendin' yez an account av the meetin', an' the coffee-house we're gettin' up on the Stpartin principle, an' so on. Yours paispirin'ly,
BARNEY O'HEA.

The Toronto Peelers' Chorus.

When a Toronto policeman tells a mob to "move on," the mob moves, for they see mischief in the policeman's eye if they refuse.—*Montreal Star*.

When the loafers hang around,
To-ron-to, To-ron-to,
And the burglars abound,
To-ron-to!
They all quail beneath our eye
To-ron-to, To-ron-to!
For we catch them on the fly
To-ron-to,
We are fresh from Donegal,
We're a sight for Montreal,
Yes, our force it beats them all
To-ron-to, To-ron-to, To-ron-to!

When we spake the word "Move on,"
To-ron-to, To-ron-to:
Sure, the beats are quickly gone,
To-ron-to,
For we know the power we wield,
To-ron-to, To-ron-to,
And we'd never, never yield,
To-ron-to!
We respond to every call,
As they don't in Montreal,
We're the envy of them all,
To-ron-to, To-ron-to, To-ron-to!

Major Draper is our chief,
To-ron-to, To-ron-to!
May he never come to grief,
To-ron-to,
We can use our batons free
To-ron-to, To-ron-to,
And we do that same wid glee
To-ron-to,
For whin we make a haul
We like to hear them haul
To astonish Montreal,
To-ron-to, To-ron-to, To-ron-to!

We have station cells galore,
To-ron-to, To-ron-to:
An' we've prisoners by the score,
To-ron-to,
Our detectives are so fat,
To-ron-to, To-ron-to;
They can only sit and chat,
To-ron-to!
Yes, our Force is number one,
Far ahead of Hamilton,
Guelph or any other town,
To-ron-to, To-ron-to, To-ron-to

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