

IMPORTER,
GLOVER HARRISON,
CHINA HALL
49 KING ST. E., Toronto



IMPORTER
GLOVER HARRISON,
CHINA HALL
49 KING ST. E., Toronto

VOLUME XXIV.
No. 7.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEB. 14, 1885.

\$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.



WHO'S BOSS, ANYWAY?

Meredith.—WELL, WHY DON'T YOU GO ON WITH YOUR NEW HOUSE?
Mowat.—IT'S YOUR FAULT. I'M AFRAID YOU INTEND TO KNOCK THE LADDER FROM UNDER ME!

TORONTO WINDOW SHADE CO. } Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated OIL-FINISH CLOTH SHADES. } 417 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

\$10.  \$10.
Genuine Diamond, set in solid 15 karat gold.
DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.
50 Per cent. reduction
on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 800 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.
CHAS. STARK,
52 Church Street, Toronto, near King.

STAINED DWELLINGS
GLASS
FOR CHURCHES
MEMORIAL WINDOWS
WHEEL & SAND CUT GLASS
MCCAUSLAND & SON

JOHNSTON'S
FLUID BEEF.

\$20.  \$20.
Genuine Diamond, set in solid 15 karat Gold.
DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.
50 Per cent. reduction
on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 800 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.
CHAS. STARK,
52 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, Near King,

GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company
of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.
All business communications to be addressed to
S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

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

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with
Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.....	Aug. 2.
No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat.....	Sep. 20.
No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake.....	Oct. 13.
No. 4. Mr. W. R. Meredith.....	Nov. 22.
No. 5. Hon. H. Mercier.....	Dec. 20.
No. 6. Hon. Sir Hector Langevin.....	Jan. 17th.
No. 7. Hon. John Norquay.....	Feb. 14th.
No. 8. HON. T. B. PARDEE:	
Will be issued with the number for..... Mar. 14.	

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The 18th inst. is to be made notable in the annals of the Temperance war, by a demonstration on the part of the Anti-Scott party. The valiant adherents of the "lost cause," inspired by sentiments not less noble and disinterested than those of the Ephesian silversmiths of old time, propose to present themselves five thousand strong before the gates of Parliament at Ottawa, and there call the attention of the Government to the "pernicious effect" the Scott Act is likely to have on the liquor trade, unless it be at once checked. The Government is to be asked to repeal the Act instantler, and thus save the country from the impending disaster of universal teetotalism. This happy thought of Mr. Kyle's would commend itself assuredly to the late Mr. Quixote, and if Sir John has not lost his old fondness for a good joke he will enjoy this demonstration. It is hardly likely the Premier will undertake to choke off the Scott Act to suit these gentlemen; he will probably excuse himself on the ground that he has never practised the trick of stopping a red-hot cannon ball.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Mowat, it appears, is quite ready to build the new House of Assembly, but is afraid to go ahead for fear that Mr. Meredith will do something dreadful and bring about the defeat of the Government. To endeavor to shift the responsibility for further delay upon the Opposition is cowardly, to say the best of it. With the *World* we consider this excuse insufficient as well as unworthy. Mr. Mowat knows perfectly well that Mr. Meredith cannot command enough strength to do any injury, even if so disposed, and we are not aware that he could rely on the solid vote of even his own followers against the location of the new House in Toronto. If the Cabinet

do not wish to lose their reputation for pluck, they had better drive ahead.

EIGHTH PAGE.—As further grants to the C.P.R. Syndicate are now a regular part of the programme at each Session of the Dominion House, why not present them with the earth, and have done with it?

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

NO. 7.—HON. JOHN NORQUAY, PREMIER OF
MANITOBA.

The Hon. John Norquay is the greatest Premier in the Dominion—measuring around the waist. His political opponents say it would be simply impossible to measure around the waste he has caused in the provincial resources by his administration of public affairs. On the other hand his friends—and they appear to be steadily in the majority, believe him to be a decided success as a statesman, so far, at all events, as statesmanship may consist of going on "better terms" pilgrimages to Ottawa. The hon. gentleman returned home some five weeks ago from the last of these expeditions covered with glory. He had secured a permanent increase in the provincial revenue by some \$35,000, besides other valuable concessions, as the result of persistent and as it proved effectively pathetic pleading with the Federal powers.

Mr. Norquay, who was born near Fort Garry, May 8th, 1841, entered public life as a member of the Manitoba Legislature in 1870, being returned for High Bluff. He chose his constituency with some regard for the eternal fitness of things as he has often since 1870 exhibited a degree of high bluff on public questions. In 1874 he was elected M.P.P. for St. Andrews, and has ever since sat as the representative of that riding. His first taste of the sweets of office was experienced in '71, when he secured the portfolio of Public Works, in the cabinet of Hon. Jas. McKay. On the retirement from public life of Hon. R. A. Davis, Mr. Norquay became Premier and Provincial Treasurer. He has ever since reposed upon the bed of roses (including thorns) thus indicated. The thorns have been largely supplied by those who have seen in Mr. Norquay's course a lamentable lack of independence and moral pluck. It has been alleged that he has often humiliated his Province by allowing himself to be used as a cat's paw by Sir John. These cruel things have been said very often, and no doubt they have hurt the Hon. John's feelings. There appears to have been method in this madness, however, as the burly Premier could never have done what he has done for his Province had he shown too much back-bone heretofore. We may expect to see a change of attitude from this time. He has got all he can hope for from Ottawa, and now he can afford to prove himself what GRIP believes he is, a true lover of Manitoba and a faithful guardian of her rights. Personally Mr. Norquay is a most agreeable gentleman—a man who is a power in the social circle. May he live to see the grievances of Manitoba redressed, and have the satisfaction of knowing that he had a prominent part in the good work.

THE TUGGERS AND THE TOLL-GATE.

AN OPERATIC ABSURDETTE.

(Characters by the Hamilton Amateur Opera Co.)

Opening Chorus of Farmers.

Down, oh down the pirate's gateway,
Let it not be seen again;
Let us go to work right straightway,
And we shall not work in vain.

Solo—Lieutenant Hoppins.

Here for years it has been standing,
But it shall not stand for long.

Here are boys together banding,
Who have backs both broad and strong.

Chorus:—Yes, let's smash it, yes, let's smash it,
In such work we see no wrong.



Enter Mr. Waddle greatly excited.
Recit.:—Stay! Your wicked work please quit:
I'm boss here, and don't see fit—
Aside:—They frown. As men (they are but fields,
With something smart I will their palates tickle.
I'll tell 'em a solicitor's story,
It cannot diminish my glory;
As a lawyer full-fledged,
My tongue's two-edged.
And ready for fabulous story.

Air, with ten-cent jingling accompaniment by toll-gate keeper.

Oh, give me time and I will tell,
Just how this matter's standing;
I'm not to blame, my farming friends,
As sure as here you're banding.
I took my cue from those who own
This road and all upon it;
And I was told to work the gate,
To take all power and down it.
But sad to state, altho' too late,
My instructions I misread, sirs;
In place of making free the road,
I charged a ten-cent toll instead, sirs.

Chorus:—Ah! yes, too late, and sad your fate,
For charging ten-cent tolls, sir.

Lieutenant Hoppins Recit.

Now, boys, hitch on the horses,
And make them use their forces,
To have the toll-gate down.

Chorus:—Yes, yes, to tear the toll-gate down.



As they hitch on, a seryant and detachment of police
bear down upon them.

Mr. Waddle (Recit.)—Policemen, do your duty.
Sergeant:—It is very evident,
These intentions are well meant,
Police:—Evident, yes, well meant.
Sergeant:—We cannot interfere
In such matters as these here;
But we'll stay around and watch,
And if any one we catch,
Attacking what is not his'n,
We'll put our little tag on,
And chuck him in the wagon,
And glide him right away to prison.

When a bobby's rightly up in his employment,
Chorus:—his employment.

He can safely know his game at a glance;
Chorus:—at a glance.

And it certainly adds to his enjoyment,
Chorus:—his enjoyment

When at seizing he can get a lucky chance.
Chorus:—lucky chance.

In murder, theft, in riot, and like dovilry,
Chorus:—and like dovilry.

His duty is not tampered with much fun.
Chorus:—with much fun.

But at toll-gate wars and such peculiar revelry
Chorus:—outlar revelry.

The policeman's lot is indeed a happy one,
Chorus:—happy one!

(The Police stand on one side to see the fun.)

CHORUS OF FARMERS:

A rollicking band of farmers we
Who will not pay the toll-gate fee,
We're in for bringing the whole box down,
Although the Waddle may on us frown.

Mr. Waddle becomes fearful. Solo—pathetically—

Oh is there not one manly heart
With just a spark of human feeling;
That will but take a fellow's part
And stop all this unrighteous dealing?

Chorus:—Alas, there is not one of us, who pities your
absurd condition,
We'd rather see you and your gate at Halifax, or in pen-
dilion.

(They charge on the toll gate and bear it down).

Mr. Waddle, excitedly, holding up a paper and pointing
to the wreck—

Just look at this, just look at that,
I'll make you pay, I tell you flat;
Perhaps you think you'll get scot free,
But there you're wrong, as soon you'll see.

(Exit Mr. Waddle furious and frowning).

Grand final Chorus:—

With un-us-ual hilarity
We abolish this barbarity,
And will banish peace and charity
Till the toll-gate is a rarity;
'Tis a middle-age monstrosity
A feudal atrociousity,
It excites us to ferocity,
It must go, and with velocity!

Curtain.

—THOS. A. DRUM.

ON FEBRUARY.

BY OUR PRIZE ESSAYIST.

This is a most important month in the history of civilization. In this division of the year occurred an event which, if it had never happened, would not have taken place. It did happen, however, and the whole civilized world has been better for it. On the 22nd day of February (pronounced by the illiterate February, though for what reason none can say) was born the great, the noble, the truthful George Washington! What hallowed thoughts and memories does the contemplation of this man's blameless career conjure up! In my mind's eye I can see him standing by that historical cherry tree, under the stern and penetrating gaze of his father and denying that he knew anything about the culprit who had hacked it down. "What!" I can hear old Wash. say, "You didn't cut it down? Pray, who did then?" "Pap," replies young George, "I don't know nuffin about it." "Who cut it down, then?" repeats Washington père, fumbling in his pocket for the rawhide he habitually carried there, "Who was it, eh?" Quietly, and with the calm light of truth beaming from his intelligent eyes, little George replies, "Father, I can't tell a lie: there is the tree; ax it?" What a beautiful and touching episode, and how mingled is the account of it as handed down to us! From the moment young George's character began to be known to the world a great revolution in morals commenced to take place. Truth reigned supreme, and all classes endeavored to imitate young Mr. Washington's irreproachable veracity. With what success, the state of affairs at the present day sufficiently testifies. Lawyers no longer utter untruths in order to clear a client or earn an extra fee. Shopkeepers would now-a-days scorn to equivocate in their endeavors to dispose of their goods. You may see this any day. Enter a dry goods store, ask the proprietor, "Is this all wool?" Does he lie about it and say it is? No; he answers, "That is not all wool; it is shoddy of the worst description; it won't wear two months, and if you will take my advice you will refrain from purchasing it; it is not worth four cents a yard. This, however, is a good article," and he hands down something else. Good; yes, good for deceiving the poor victim, for it is a worse piece of stuff than the other, but, you see, the tradesman has not lied. You go into a grocery store and prefer your request

for some tea. The noble grocer hears you and replies, "I have no tea; I have dried and powdered plum leaves and the refuse of a tea-chest highly colored with copper to pass for tea; don't buy it, as it is very deleterious." The same with all storekeepers; there is not one of them who would tell a lie to make ten cents. How thankful, then, we should be to George Washington for having been born, and for his unflinching adherence to the cause of truth, the world-wide imitation of which has so purified the moral atmosphere around us. In no walk of life is this strict regard for the blessed truth, the result of the birth of little George, so noticeable as in journalism. Search where we may, we shall fail to find a newspaper containing a lie, or a politician who would diverge a hair's breadth from the strict line of veracity. In our own city, Toronto, the pure, unadulterated truthfulness of the newspapers is most remarkable, and the extraordinary unanimity of the *Mail* and *Globe* has long been the theme of profound admiration. It is a pleasure to read these journals, and to reflect that had George never come into the world, how numerous might have been the falsehoods in these now pure, nay, almost religious dailies. An answer may be found to Mr. Chadband's query, "What is Terewth, my friends, what is Terewth?" and that answer is—a Toronto political newspaper.

A great many people, in addition to Mr. Washington, were born during this month, but a list of them would take up more space than can be conveniently spared just now, and this reminds me that I have already utilized that allotted to a few remarks on February, so I must bring this admirable paper to a close.



"HARK! THE Herald ANGEL SINGS!"

"TWO HEADS ARE BETTER," ETC., ETC.

SCENE—A Bank in Barrie:

Two junior clerks conversing sotto voce:

1st clerk:—"Say, Jim! Did you get a bid to the military ball?"

2nd clerk:—"Of course. I always do."

1st clerk:—"Me too. But did you notice the coat-of-arms and the motto on the card? 'Spectemur agendo.' I wonder what it means?"

2nd clerk:—"Mean? Why, you ought to be better up in Latin, than to ask that! 'Spectemur' we expect, 'agendo'—to see you again. See? Means the committee will call on you later on in case the funds come out short. But, look here, Bob! Maybe I shouldn't crow over you on this *spectemur* business when I'm a little off myself on another

part of the invite. How do you translate 'R. S. V. P.'?"

1st clerk:—"Oh, pshaw, Jim! You're joking! Don't you really know?"

2nd clerk:—"By Jove, I don't!"

1st clerk:—"R. S. V. P.—reels, schotisches, valeses, polkas, to be sure!"



PORTRAIT

Of the Prophet who foretold an open winter.

SCOTTY AIRLIE DROPS INTO POETRY.

MA DEAR PUBLIC,—Ye needna think this an apology for gain ye the pievelige o'readin ma poem; when a man comes down so low as tae apologeeze for his poetry, feint a muckle poetry's in him. But what I wanted to tell ye was, that this book-agent business made me that throughlither that I forgot a' aboot sendin' in ma poem for the competition till it was ower late, an' then thae frozen legs o' mine, made me feel quite doon i' the moo. But when ye read the poem, I haena' the sma'est doot—but ye'll agree wi me, that its a gude deal better than the prize poem that was sae genteely plagiaizeezed frae an auld edition. An' if ye hac half an ee in yer head ye'll see at once that even if I am a book-agent—I'm a rail poet for a' that. In fact atween you an' me, I dinna ken if Burns himsel cud haud a caunel tae me whan ma steam's up. Burns was a poet, but gin he had haen me for his faither he would hae been a rail moral character. But I think I've accounted for his through-ither life, an' if ony o' ye kens o' a canny job whare I wad get \$20 a week for sittin' an writin' poetry a' day—epitaphs an' sic like—just drop a caird at GRIP office.

THE BIRTH OF BURNS.

Lang-syne when yet this world was young,
An' time was but a beardless callant;
When Homer's lay was still unsung,
An' there was neither book nor ballant.

The yoors abune, assembled a',
Wi' stung broos bent, an' een sae pawkie,
Sat in their great starry-lichted ha',
That crowns Olympus' tap sae gawkie.

The nectar flowed, the bowl gaed roon',
Till a' the gods grew crouse an' cantie,
An' ilk ane cried "a boon! a boon!
Tae mak the young warl proud an' vauntie."

Great Jove upon his breast let fa'
His mighty head, wi' thinkin' o' it;
Then up he starts among them a'—
"I hae't! I hae't! let's mak a poet!"

"A man o' mon, sae weak, sae strang,
A creature fired wi' spark immortal;
A quenchless voice o' love and sang,
Caged in the clay o' errin' mortal."

As when wi' crash o' music grand,
Breaks oot the orchestra gigantic,
At signal frae the maister's wand,
Brak oot the gods wi' cheerin' frantic.

They clapped, they danced wi' heel an' toe,
Till a' the starnies, winkin', wondered;
An' mortals on the earth below
The noise heard, an' said, it thundered!

They made him up o' ends an' odds;
Jove, he supplied a brain capacious,
To haud the gifts the kind'y gods
Wad bring, tae mak him braw an' gracious.

Great Mars he brocht him courage strang,
An' pluck to strike at pride's oppression;
The Muses filled him fu' o' sang,
An' Saturn gae'n a snail for thrashin'.

Brisk Mercury, he brocht twa wings,
Around the Poet's feet he tethor,
Sae that, when sick o' earthly things,
He'd soar awa to fields o' ether.

Minerva said 'twas a' in vain,
Wisdom tae put in sic a jumble;
She'd gie him enough to vince wi' pain,
When'er oot o' himsel' he'd tumble.

At last their gifts when a' displayed,
Jove mixed them in a toddy ladle;
An' Venus, when the soul was made,
She rocked him saft in Cupid's cradle.

But whaur to get a faither fit,
Or mithter-love frae sic a ferlie,
Made Jove wi' fell dismay doon sit,
An' a' the gods to wonder sairly.

The wean for ages slepit soon,
Lulled by the planetary motion;
While Venus in his ear would roon,
The faint far murmur o' the ocean.

An' Homer cam, an' Virgil sweet,
An' mony mair o' lesser merit;
But for this wean nae parent meet
Yet lived—they feared he'd be miscarrit.

At last a' day intae the bower,
Jove burst in in an unco flutter;
Quo' he—"gie me the wean oot ower,
He's found a birth-place an' a faither."

Sae Rab was born. The deil he heard,
An' loked as though he'd ta'en the jaundice;
He seized an auld witch by the beard,
An' whirled her roon an' roon the Andes—

An' raised a storm that blew a' nicht.
Rab cuddled in his mother's bosie;
The deil he howled wi' rage an' fricht,
He daured na' touch him there sae cosio

"I want nae sicean spirits true,
Tae knit men's hearts in love thegither;
An' whether just tae kill him noo,
Or let him live, I'm in a swither."

"Just when I've gat things my ain way
An' a' are servile, mean an' cammie;
Here, a' my doctrines to gainsay,
Up starts this peasant-poet mannie.

"He'll tell them they are brithers a';
He'll sing that man wi' God claims kinship;
Wi' sang he'll wite their hearts awa'
Frac mearner things, tae love an' freenship.

"Confound it a'! I'll hao revenge!
I'll wait until the lad gets frisky;
Gin poortith winna crush or change,
I'll ply him weel wi' guido Scotch whisky.

"Tak' that c'en noo—an omen quick,
O' what ye may expect hereafter,
He raised his hoof, he gae a' kick,
Doon fell the gayle frae roof an' rafter!

The rest ye ken—his life, his fame,
The deil, though weel his word he keepit—
He couldna quench proud honor's flame—
The love in which Rab's soul was steepit.

A mortal man—noo weak, noo strang—
Wi' a' a poet's glamour o'er him;
The world that listened to his sang,
Has been since sync, the better for him.

THE DYNAMITARDS.

Judge Lynch (masked), and John Bull, with their heads together.

Judge Lynch.—Look-a-here, John! what's the matter with you is, you're too honest. Honest law is no good to hunt varminits. Varminits wants trappin'. You must trap 'em, John, trap 'em! What you wants is a citizens' Vig. Com., a strong rope, an' a handy lamp-post.

SNUBBED!

Sairey to Betsy, or the advice of the London (Eng.) Advertiser to Canadians:

"Wich I says to that 'ere precious hold wictim, says I, wich you ain't by no manner o' means the garding of Himperial Hinterests—you have the garding hof the hinterests hof Canada—wich that's your dooty, says I, an' wich you 'as a got to stick to, says I. Oh, yes! says I, wich you're mighty fond hof tricking yourself hout in them 'ere feathers an' war paint, and hall that there sort hof barbar-

ous regaliar fit for Hindians—a struttin' around and a-grinnin': 'This is my star—don't yer wish yer 'ad it? This 'ere's my collar, I'll make you an' iron one like it—look at my fancy breeches, wich, though I says it as shouldn't, hare the honor and the glory hof them seventy year hold legs.' Ha! you precious hold wictim, you! wot I says his wich you look hafter the hinterests hof Canada—Henglish hinterests will look after themselves."

TOMMY'S ESSAY ON WATER.

Water is a very useful thing—they use it for christening baby's an pooten out fires. its good for washing your hands and face with, an for squirting at people going past. its good for swimming in an sailing in a bote on. our bay an all the lake is chuck ful of it—if there wazn't any water on the lake nor the bay all the bote would be lyin hi an dry on the warf. the city watir has lots of tifode fevers in it, i saw one of them tifode fevers in a bottle in the News windy—it was lik a lizard with a long tale, and it was just the color of our Malteac cat—only it was littler—you cudnt poot our cat into a bottel the size of yer finger. drops of rane is made of water, and so's sinny. i dont like sinney tee—its nasty. water is also our drownind dogs and cats in. we drowned our dog last summir, an the half of him is lyin at the foot of Yonge street wharf yet stiken in the ise. i dont no no more.



OUR RATHER HIGH COMMISSIONER.

Saturday Sermons.

BY PROFESSOR SPENCER E. VOLUSHIN.

Published by special arrangement with the Protoplasm Free-Thought Society, as a set-off to Spurgeon's sermons in the Globe and Talmage's in the News.

SERMON IV.

Text: Natural morality is the thing.

BELOVED HEARERS.—I have received a request from an aged Christian to preach upon the subject of *Natural Morality*. The person in question has recently become aroused to the danger of the position in which he finds himself, and is an anxious enquirer after light. He is greatly troubled in conscience at the recollection that for more than fifty years he has rarely thought of this important subject, and has all that time openly adhered to the teachings and practices of Christian morality instead. As there may be some even amongst you, my hearers, who are not perfectly clear in your minds as to the vast superiority of natural morality over the Chris-

tian species, I devote this sermon to the consideration of the subject all the more readily. I will simply call attention to a few of the points of superiority.

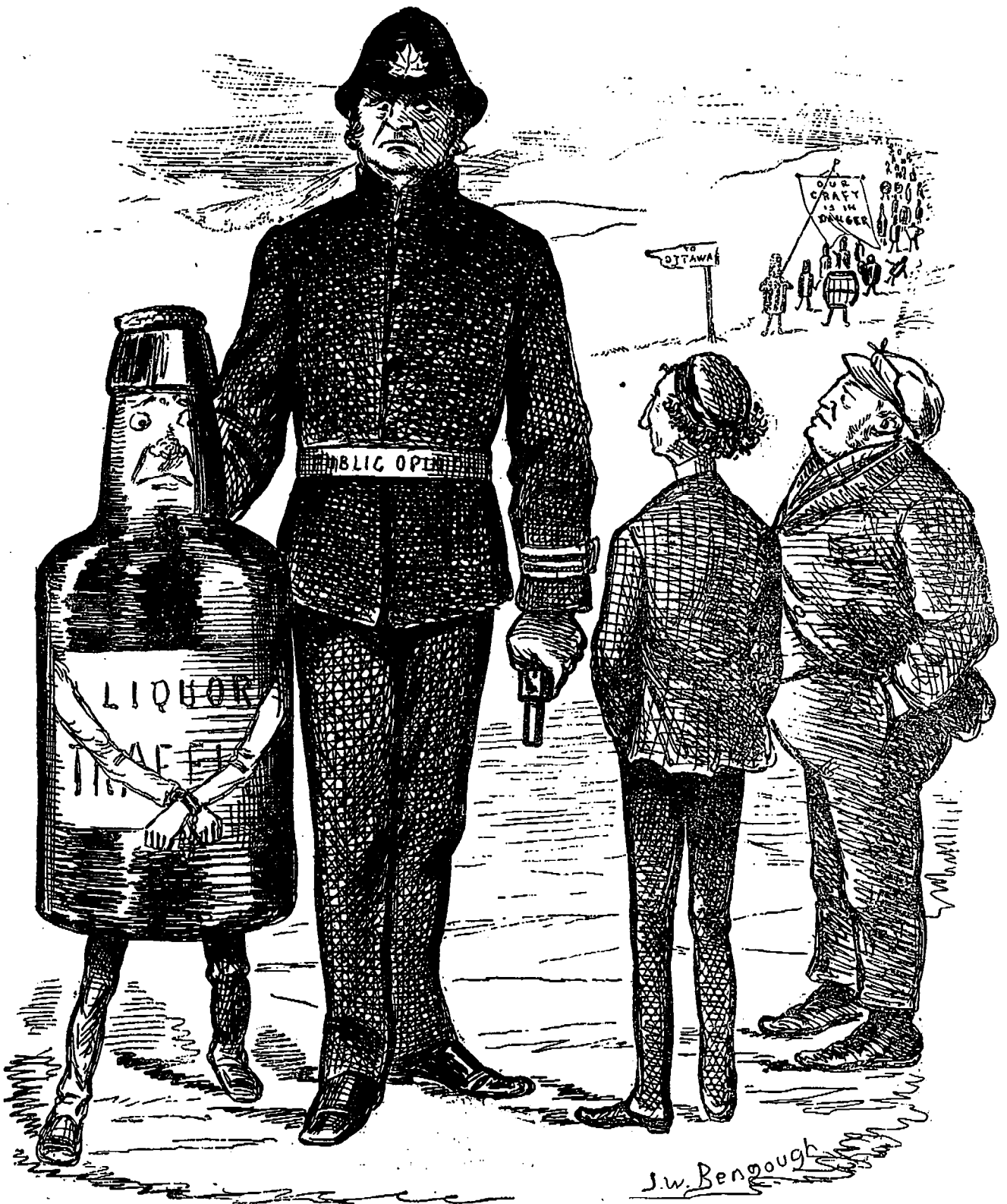
1. Natural morality is based upon a nobler principle than Christian morality. Its fundamental rule is the consideration of *convenience* or *inconvenience*, whereas Christian morality merely concerns itself with *right* and *wrong*. Murder is condemned by us, because if left unpunished and rebuked it would lead to the extermination of the race. This, it will be admitted, would be inconvenient. In the same way we condemn other crimes, as inconsistent with the well-being of society. It is true that Christian morality also condemns these offences, but it does so, not so much from a consideration of their inconvenience, as of their *wickedness*. I need not dwell upon this further than to say that wickedness is a word which is not in the vocabulary of a scientific agnostic. We do not understand it. It has, therefore, no meaning.

2. Again, natural morality is better adapted to the requirements of human life than Christian morality. Being apart altogether from any sanctions other than those I have mentioned, it is so to speak, easier to carry about. Christian morality, on the other hand, so far as I understand it, has at least two qualities which make it highly impracticable and irksome. (1) It rules the conscience, and avenges every infraction of its laws by punishment more or less acute, and (2) it takes cognizance of a thousand things that natural morality does not touch. For example, in its eyes, an evil thought is as bad as an evil deed; an exhibition of insincerity is no better than an exhibition of indecency. You can readily see, beloved hearers, that in a world like ours, this system must be ill-adapted to human exigencies.

3. In the third place, look at the practical results of the two systems. I need not remind you of the moral superiority of those peoples, both ancient and modern, who have lived in the midst of a civilization in which Christianity was never heard of. I need not tell you that Greece and Rome, with their natural morality were as much above the Christian world in holiness of life as in literature and art. Come down to our own times. The same contrast is observable. Here again I need not say the institutions which are the offspring of charity, of benevolence, of philanthropy, are universally established and supported by natural moralists, and not by Christian moralists.

4. In conclusion, my friends, I have to say that Christian morality, even by the testimony of Christians themselves, occupies but a secondary place in their system, whereas in ours, natural morality is the *alpha* and *omega*. The aged person for whose special benefit I preach this sermon, confesses to me that during all the fifty years in which he went on in his unscientific Christian career, he was so much occupied with what he calls "a consuming love and gratitude towards his Redeemer," that he never had time to measure and weigh his actions in the scale of reason, and according to the principles of scientific agnosticism. I believe, however, and it is only just to him to state it—that his character was, and is, exemplary in all respects. But how much happier and better it will be if this sermon is the means of converting him, and he ceases to waste his precious time in "Christian work" and becomes one of the leading talkers at our philosophical meetings. The collection now, please.

THE well-dressed man is the envy of all observers. R. Walker & Son's clothing is unequalled for style and value. They make to order at \$4 trousers that are worth \$5.



J.W. Bengough

YES! THEY'D BETTER ATTEMPT A RESCUE!



T. E. PEACEMAKER.

ADVICE TO THE COUNCIL.

"Mr. Baxter said it was the voice of vox populi."—
Telegram.

Now burly Baxter, big with classic lore,
Speaks of the "voice of loud vox populi."
Next we shall hear him in the court-room roar,
"I am unwilling to *nolle prosequi*."

Soon shall our civic luminaries shine
And language living, mixed with dead, employ;
Such phrases use as "from the Rhenish Rhine."
And "great unwashed, the populous *hoi polloi*."

When once a city father feels the itch
To use those words which mean he knows not what,
He'll ornament (?) with foreign tongues his speech,
And let plain English go to Bath—or put.

If aldermen would only strive to learn
Their native tongue, then none would wish for more;
For hear them now the English grammar spurn,
As, surely, grammar ne'er was spurned before.

Full oft the words, "them things," will smite our ear;
Our outraged tympannum no sarcasm knows,
From "did it ought" and "him and me is here,"
"Twixt you and I," and phrases like to those.

Oh! civic fathers, learn the English tongue;
That's all GRIP asks: that's all your hearers seek;
Good English now is rarely said or sung,
By you; why give us then your bastard Greek—

And Latin? Those who hear you often fail
To grasp your meaning when in English dressed;
Your Latin makes the stoutest hearts to quail;
Your Greek breeds terror in the hearer's breast.

Great Baxter! leave thy Latin words in peace;
To quote them be not, please, in such a hurry;
Eschew "vox populi," let "*hoi polloi*" cease,
And stay at home and study Lindley Murray. —S.

GRIP'S SPECIAL CABLEGRAMS.

NATAL.—Mrs. Slimkins has triplets.
ERZEROUH.—Ten thousand emigrants wanted.

CHILL.—The thermo. is 30° below zero.

PICTON.—Burglars successfully cracked two safes here last night.

PA(K)IS.—An artizan shot his wife to settle a dispute as to which was to have the control of the children.

ALASKA.—Count Badloff announces that he will ask the hand of the widow Hiski in marriage.

AD(-)JEL(-)AIDE.—The papers prescribe extensive advertising as an aid to emigration.

PUNJAB.—Your correspondent is being lynched by an infuriated mob.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Crawled Back," a novel (decidedly). By Gonaway.

"Adam's Lament; or, Must I leave thee." By Ever and Anon (or thereabouts).

AN ARTFULLY ALLITERATIVE ANECDOTE.

ANENT AN ASPIRING ARTIST AND AN APPLICANT.



ALEXANDER ADAMS, an able and accomplished artist, and an acknowledged authority at all artistic assemblies, after adventuring abroad all about America and Australia, and acquiring an admirable album, artistically arranged, according as an accurate accountant acknowledged apt and appropriate, and admired amazingly among authors and artists, as artistic and amusing, again, alleging as attestation an assiduous and absorbing activity and an ambition all athirst after artistic and advantageous achievements, arranged another adventure

across Asia, and, accordingly, appointing an accommodating and agreeable acquaintance, an affable Anglo-American, as agent (active agents accurately advised and amply authorized, always affording advantageous assistance, arranging affairs and adjusting articles, anticipating and arresting awkward and adverse annoyances and almost always alleviating any anxiety and allaying anger and aggravation), after absent-mindedly and abstractedly, although apparently attentively, approving and adopting all arrangements as appropriate, and as auguring an agreeable adventure abroad, and after amiably answering all admiring acquaintances' affectionate adieux, abandoned an attractive abode and, attired as adventurers abroad always are (an attire apparently about as antiquated as any ancient and antediluvian and Adamic age at any time adopted, and as affrighting and absurd as any art at any time achieved, and armed abundantly—apprehending attacks abroad—against any audacious assailants and aggressive assassins), Alexander advanced along, astonishingly active and agile, and approached an antique ale-house, an apple-dealer's abode, an apple-dealer advertising as "an amateur and aspiring artist anxiously awaiting (as advertisements announced) all artists and artists' agents' arrangements anent adventuring abroad, and affording all advantageous assistance and appropriate aid;" and again advertising, as an available acquisition "an article aptly and amply accommodating adventurous artists' ap-

paratus and appliances and all accustomed accessories;" and as Alexander Adams arrived and asked about advantageous assistance and an article "aptly and amply accommodating" (as advertised) "adventurous artists' apparatus and appliances and accustomed accessories," an apple-cart appeared approaching, and "an amateur and aspiring artist," *alias* an accommodating apple-dealer, actually affirmed and avowed an apple-cart appropriately accounted and advertised as "an article aptly and amply accommodating adventuring artists' apparatus and appliances and accustomed accessories," and Alexander, astonished and angry, agitated and aggravated, also, at an apple-dealer's atrocious audacity, accounting an apple-cart an appropriate accommodation, assuming an awful aspect, acrimoniously abused all apple-dealers as absurd asses and addle-headed apes, and accumulating annoying and abusive, affronting and arrogant accusations, aye, and alas! and slack-a-day! abominable and appalling anathemas also, absolutely annulled all arrangements and abruptly abandoned all artistic adventure across Asia, and, as abandoning Asiatic adventure amazed all artists, Alexander alleged, as affording all acquaintances an adequate answer, "An Absurd Applecart answering an artistic advertisement anent angor and allayed adventurous aspirations."



EMOTIONS OF A SCIENTIST

On examining a specimen of the ice now being cut in the bay for summer use.

Our Own at Ottawa.

DIARY OF A GRIP M.P.

Knightly Contests—Elegant Epithets—Overworked Statesmen—Querulous Questions.

The carnival ceremonies connected with the opening of Parliament being over, it will be my duty to keep you au fait of the semi-serious proceedings that will intervene between now and the final transformation scene. Two members, whom I know, keep diaries. They don't lock their desks. Visitors enter the chamber freely when the House is not sitting. Huggins is a Grip, and Muggins a Tory—both prominent. GRIP will therefore see the inmost secrets and most unwhisperable thoughts of both sides. It was Huggins who was absent from his seat this morning. *Verbum sap.—Q. E. D.*

Friday, Jan. 30th—Townshend, new man from Cumberland vice Tupper promoted, opened consideration of address—nice looking chap with plenty of talk—Cumberland men all have it—"a very statistical, most euphemistical country-all-right young man." Taschereau, new boy from Beauce, considered it in French. Beauce is a nursery for the Senate—members promoted there when they grow up. Taschereau will be soon ripe for promotion—will make a good mate for Pozer. Blake shewed fight at once—quite savage after the long fast of the recess—chewed everything up

—chaffed Sir John—left nothing but rags and rans encumbering the ground. Sir John, in reply, apologetic and reproachful. Waved everything away with fluent deprecation—wagged it away with usual motion of his head—dealt in mild sarcasm—"wasn't everything cheap enough now to suit the Grits?" Cartwright jumped on him and wiped the floor with him. Said he had been "pot-valiant" when he abused him (C.) at Montreal. Said his patriotism was both practical and speculative, and a paying investment. Called him, by implication, a traitor, a liar, a Walpole, a Jung Bahadur, etc. Said he instigated burning of Parliament Buildings at Montreal. Was glad he had got Order of Bath, because he needed it as badly as any white man or nigger in the British Empire! Hoped it would purify him. (By-the-by, Gilmor says Sir John wears Brown Windsor Uniform of the Turkish Bath.) Worst of all—said he didn't know Shakespeare! Raised spirit of his grandfather—raised ours too! Dead silence on Government side. Oh, foran hour of Tupper now—or even Woodworth! John A's stock must have fallen when none of his men will answer such a tirade. Business—resolved to thank his Excellency for his kind and interesting remarks.

Monday Feb. 2nd.—Deluge of Departmental reports—means a short session. Shakespeare up again—in the flesh this time. Wants to know about exclusion of heathen Chinese. Sir John will tell him when Commission has reported. Lots of other fellows asking questions and wanting returns—Government very willing to bring down papers—makes work for more sessional clerks. Biz—papers ordered.

Tuesday.—Sessional Committees struck—probable rise of wages in consequence. Carling says he won't reduce postage—more papers ordered.

Wednesday.—Debates' Committee wanted to cut off daily *Herald* from newspapers, and give them bound volumes in summer instead, when it will be too late to discuss proceedings—idea sat upon and action deferred. Blake and Cartwright teasing Tilley with questions, etc. Tilley replies with usual air of puzzlement as to what it all means.

Thursday.—Blake and Cartwright again asking impertinent questions—one as to when a Librarian will be appointed—Sir John says "ere long." New bit of Parliamentary "gag"—will run out "to-morrow" and "hardly ever." Biz—more papers ordered. Queries, "What will they do with them?" and "Who ever reads them?"

Friday.—Pope proposed to bring the Manitobans and Northwesters to their *cessus* every five years—members who are holding on for a boom will oppose. Sir John moved committee on need of Bankruptcy Act—ignored remarks of man named Macdonald in England last fall. Blake thought he should take responsibility himself—Sir John said Government hadn't made up their minds. Casey supposed committee's duty was to make up their minds for them. Committee on mental construction appointed. Cartwright wanted more rooms for the Grits—what we really want is more seats—decided that first come should be first served. Mills wanted to know all about the boundary—Sir John will tell him everything—"ere long." Jackson thought we could build our own tugs and dredges—Langevin says "no"—it seems there is not timber enough in Canada. And yet Toronto can get up any number of tugs-of-war—Dominion might buy one to replace Charybdis. House adjourned at six—utterly exhausted by long session.

HUSBAND.—It is no good going anywhere but to the Golden Boot, 206 Yonge-street, for boots for our boys. They always fit and wear well.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE ONE THOUSAND AND SECOND NIGHT.

(Continued.)

"The hour was now late as I once more fe entered the caravanserai. I made my way towards a chamber whence proceeded the sound of much mirth and laughter. Behind a long counter stood a being whose apparel fairly glittered with gold and precious stones. 'Surely,' I thought, 'this is some enchanted hall,' for behind the man in costly raiment were arranged rows of crystal vessels filled with sparkling liquids of every conceivable hue, from which a dense throng in front of the counter were ever and anon supplied in crystal goblets, the only words necessary to secure a draught being 'Setemupa ganc,' which were uttered by some of those there assembled, he who spake these words being compelled either to deposit sundry pieces of silver with the presiding Djinn behind the counter, or to draw his countenance into a most portentous wink, which was evidently some secret sign, for the Djinn would then mark some cabalistic figures on a slate and pass over one of the crystal flagons to the winker. I poured out a goblet of some liquid and essayed to drink it, but was compelled to catch my breath and gasp for air, for the fluid was even as molten lead. As I stood endeavoring to regain my breath the Djinn extended his hand which I grasped most cordially (this being a profession of love and esteem amongst these people) at the same time closing one eye and smiling. To my surprise the Djinn flew into a towering passion and remarking: "Not much, sir-ee; pay for yer drink," was about to thrust me from the place with his boot, when I bethought me of my money, a small piece of which I tendered him and his face was again wreathed in smiles.

"I was much struck by the appearance of two young men who were quaffing sherbet at this counter, for their apparel was not like unto anything that I had ever before seen. Around their necks were cinctures of stiff and glossy linen, which rose well nigh to the upper rims of their ears, their upper coats being of surprising shortness, whilst the tails of their undercoats hung several inches below those of the upper garment; their legs were encased in material whose tightness was a thing to be marvelled at, and I was lost in wonder as to how these young men ever got the garments on, for their feet were of an appalling magnitude, and I supposed that those garments must be sowed upon their limbs and never removed. Across the breast of each dangled two immense chains of bright gold, and the left eye of each was obscured by a circular piece of crystal. These two conversed in a strange tongue, which consisted of but few phrases, such as 'aw-yahs-b'jowve, y'kno,' and 'yahs, b'jowve.' I afterwards learned that these creatures were a species of ape, harmless and nearly resembling mankind in appearance, the species being termed the Dhude. Having quaffed two goblets of sherbet apiece, they retired from the throng with very uncertain and unsteady steps.

"A large, gross man was haranguing several others at one end of the enchanted hall, and so great was the effect of his words on his audience that I found opportunity to transcribe his speech, as I judged the speaker to be some great one. Some of his words were as follows: "That there block-pavin' on that there street didn't ought to be allowed for to remain, and (hic) if my word goes for anything with the ratepayers that there chairman hadn't ought to be in the position (hic) he is. We uns knows better (hic) how them there things had oughter be done, and them's my sentiments (hic) every time," and much more which I failed to catch, as the speaker's words became more and more unintelligible after every time that anyone uttered the cabalistic words

'Setemupgain.' Upon enquiring of the Djinn who the orator might be, I was told that he was one of an august body of men called aldermen, whose members were selected on account of their great learning and intelligence, and who could spend more money without anything to show in return for it, than any body of men in existence. All this was communicated to me through an interpreter—a handsome, intelligent man, who spoke every language under the sun, as do all the contributors to the lending journal of the country called the GRYP, to which enlightened class of men he belonged. When I remarked that these aldermen must be very wealthy thus to throw away money so recklessly, I was informed that the money they wasted was not their own, but belonged to a class called Ratepayers, which fact accounted for their liberality."

"Scheherazade," interrupted the Caliph, 'if you tell me any more such abominable lies I will cause you to be instantly howstrung. Is it likely that these ratepayers would be such mule-headed jackasses as to permit others to spend their money in so foolish a fashion. Be careful, now."

"Your highness," replied Scheherazade, "thus it is written in the Narrative of Plumduff, the Bargee, who further adds that many of the ratepayers don't know enough to go into the house when it rains."

"So I should imagine," assented the Caliph, "but go on; still I think this Plumduff must be a terrible liar."

(To be continued.)



The amateur minstrels were greeted with a magnificent audience, and acquitted themselves in great style. Another performance is to be given shortly. Meantime, MR. GRIP is preparing an illustrated memento of the affair. Look out for it in an early number. All the boys will be pictured.

"Mark Twain" and Geo. W. Cable pay Toronto a return visit next Saturday. A vast concourse awaits them at the Pavilion. Get your tickets well in advance!

The *News*, talking of Winnipeg as the "Chicago of Canada," says: "The saloons have greatly decreased in number, and are poorly patronized. * * * Sunday is now observed in a very becoming manner, and the moral tone of the place is many notches higher than it was a couple of years ago." *Chicago papers please copy.*

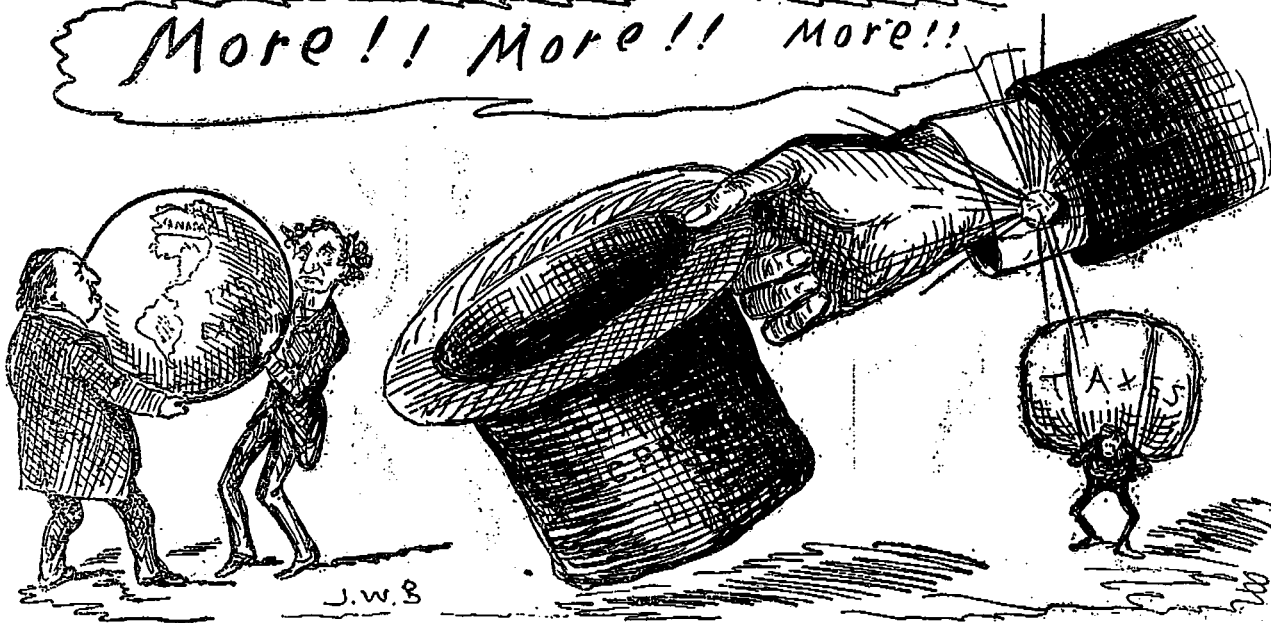
PURE GOLD MANUFACTURING CO.
31 Front-street East, Toronto.



Manufacturers of WOOD PACKING BOXES of every description. All Work Guaranteed. Barchard & Co., 97 to 107 Duke St., Toronto

Pioneer Packing Case Factory

Pioneer Packing Case Factory



GIVE 'EM THE EARTH, AND HAVE DONE WITH IT!

TOPICAL TALK.

It is clearly demonstrated that the poem which took the *Montreal Witness* prize of \$100 was not entitled to it, as every other competitor, directly he or she (or "thou") read it exclaimed, "Bah! pooh, pooh! That isn't half as good as the one I wrote."

PROFESSOR WIGGINS predicts a great tornado on the 18th of March. If the professor intends tornado to mean "tremendous big heads," his prediction will in all probability be verified, not only in this country but on the "ould sod," St. Patrick's day has a knack of producing such tornadoes on the following day.

THIS is St. Valentine's Day; full many a heart doth throb, and corset laces now give way at the thump of its bob, bob, bob. The postman staggers along beneath a tremendous pile of amorous prose and song; but he mutters and swears the while, and these are the words he chants—his kindness to vinegar turned—as he staggers, and sweats and pants, "St. Valentine's Day be durned."

THE city council appears to be able to pass by-laws about any subject whatever—though certainly those laws are very often merely passed and ignored—and it seems to me that it would be an excellent thing to have a by-law passed to compel ladies over thirty-three years of age to retain their seats in a street-car, no matter how crowded the vehicle might

be. I am sure we nasty men should be astonished to observe what a large number of ladies wearing rouge and false fronts were under the age specified. Why, every blessed woman in the car would want to stand, and then we poor spindle-shanked, knock-kneed, hump-backed, consumptive lords of creation would be able to sit down. Manning, I voted for you! See to this matter. It isn't political, but see to it.

"PHYSICIANS report his condition improved." Such was the bulletin on the board in front of a city newspaper office last week, within half an hour of the announcement—on the same board—that O'Donovan Rossa was dead. How it is possible for anyone to imagine that there could be any improvement when once that humbug was dead, I fail to see. Rossa in a defunct state is beyond the reach of improvement; you can't improve on that.

AN eminent lawyer read this paragraph in his newspaper: "A Boston physician advises everybody to ascertain what were the causes of death in his ancestors, with a view to guarding himself against inherited tendencies, etc." This eminent legal gentleman cast a mental glance backward and saw that his father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather had been hanged for robbery, and he immediately abandoned his profession. The press is a power in the land.

CATARRH—A new treatment has been discovered whereby a permanent cure of this hitherto incurable disease, is absolutely effected in from one to three applications, no matter whether standing one year or forty years. This remedy is only applied once in twelve days, and does not interfere with business. Descriptive pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. DRXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.

Go to Kingsbury's, 103 Church-street, Toronto, for fine Cheese and Groceries.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAPS
ARE PURE AND THEIR
PERFUME CHOICE AND LASTING.

GOVERNOR'S Fragrant Carbolic Tooth Wash cleanses and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, purifies the breath. Price, 25c. Prepared only by G. J. GOVERNOR & Co., Montreal. Retaild by all Druggists; wholesale, Evans, Sons & Mason, Toronto.

Gold Fish—Aquraria.—Every amily should have an Aquarium, which is amusing, interesting and instructive to young and old. H. F. JACKSON, Chemist, 1,389 St. Catharine St., Montreal, has now the following stock on hand: Gold Fish, Silver Fish, Cat Fish, Bass, Chubb, etc. Treatise on Aquraria mailed free.

A. W. SPAULDING,
DENTIST,

51 King Street East, (Nearly opposite Toronto St.) TORONTO
Uses the utmost care to avoid all unnecessary pain, and to render tedious operations as brief and pleasant as possible. All work registered and warranted.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.



5 GOLD MEDALS
Awarded in the Dominion in 1883-4 for
PEERLESS
AND OTHER MACHINE OILS:
TORONTO.

The only subject on which all the great leaders of political opinion can agree perfectly, is as to the unapproachable excellence of Bruce's Photos. Studio, 118 King-street west.

THERE is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, FETLEY's is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

COOK & BUNKER, Manufacturers of Rubber and Metal Hand Stamps, daters, self-inkers, etc., etc., railroad and banking stamps, notary public and society seals, etc., made to order. 30 King-street west, Toronto.

EVERY LADY in the land wants a sewing machine. Have you tried the DOMESTIC? Office, 93 Yonge-street, Toronto.

ENGRAVINGS

40,000 New Portrait Engravings (18x24) of Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Hon. Edward Blake, Q.C., Hon. Oliver Mowat, and Her Majesty the Queen, to be given away FREE.
For particulars address
The Canada Pacific Trading & Importing Co., 120 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

FREE!

P. BURNS, FOR ONE WEEK, 1000 Delivered to any part of the City.