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WILL BE OUT SHORTLY!
GRIP'S
COMIC ALMANAC.

[TRADE MARK REGISTERED] JAN 28 1890

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1879.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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Literature and Art.

A canvas said to be by MICHAEL ANGELO, is now being exhibited at Munich. It comes from Ragusa and represents a "Picta," the Madonna flanked by two angels.

Mr. WILLIAM BRADFORD, the artist, for the two pictures which he is to paint for EARL GROSVENOR is to receive \$18,000. One will be a Yosemite picture, the other an Arctic scene.

Miss HOPE GLENN, a young American contralto, sang with success at the late Crystal Palace Popular Concerts, London. She is said to have a pure, beautiful quality of voice, and good finish and style.

The New York Press Club has started a movement for the sale of a collection of pictures to be contributed by artists and others, for the benefit of the family of the late CHARLES G. ROSENBERG, artist, journalist and author.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer has had some celebrated city editors. Twenty-eight years ago D. R. LOCKE (Nasby) took the local. He was followed by C. F. BROWNE (ARTEMUS WARD) and after him came GRISWOLD, the "Fat Contributor."

"Her Majesty's Opera" should be rechristened "Uncle SAM's Opera," for the two American singers, VALLERIA and CARY, are the only ones among his (Uncle SAM's) prima donna who are worthy the name of first-class artists, it is said.

About two years and a half ago ARTHUR SULLIVAN wrote the song of "The Lost Chord" for ANTOINETTE STERLING. It is stated that the composer and the contralto have each realized over \$5,000 from it already. It is one of his very best songs.

Complaint has been made at public meetings in London that many interesting art collections, among others the famous TOWNLEY collection of original specimens of Greek art, are hidden away in dark cellars of the British Museum, and are almost unknown.

KOSSUTH, old as he is, daily devotes ten hours out of every twenty-four to writing and arranging the book in which he is giving to the world not only his personal memoirs but his political writings and speeches. The first volume will appear almost immediately and in five European languages.

A New York letter says of JOSEFFY, at one of his recent concerts: "A pianist who could hold an immense audience spell-bound for over two hours while, with scarcely a moment of rest, he performed a programme containing seventeen pieces of such variety as seen above, would on that account alone merit praise. That the enthusiasm of his hearers, as well as his own delight in his art caused him to add three pieces to the already formidable list is a still further proof of his powers viewed from one side alone."

There is a story that RIBENA, the famous Italian painter, crucified a model in order to be able to study the subject from the life. MEISSONIER is not so mediæval in his manners. He is incapable of killing even a fly. In his picture, "La Rixe," there is the figure of a man who, wild with fury, has thrown himself on his adversary, but is held violently back by two witnesses of the scene. In order to obtain the swelling of the veins of the neck and the starting of the eyes, MEISSONIER caused his model to be seized and held by two robust fellows. Vigorous as he was, the model could only keep the pose for four minutes, it was so fatiguing and straining.

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Send for circulars.

xii-12-1

Stage Whispers.

M. GOUNOD has recently conducted three concerts at Antwerp.

FLORENCE RICE-KNOX left MARETZEK'S company in St. Louis.

The death is announced of the wife of M. STRAUSS, of Paris, nee HENRIETTE SCHREIBER.

The "Demeterius" of RUBINSTEIN has just been published by HERR FORBERG, of Leipsic.

M'me PAULINE LUCCA, after a long absence, has appeared at the Vienna Opera in "La Favorita."

The opera of "RICHARD III" by Signor FULGONIO, has been produced in Italy with but little success.

SULLIVAN has received very handsome offers from MAPLESON and CARL ROSA for an original opera.

M'me MONTIGNY-REMAURY has gone to play at Strasburg, but she will return to Paris in January.

The negotiations for the appearance of MARIMON were all made from here by cable, and cost over \$2800.

M'lle MARIMON to whom MAPLESON looks to rescue his season, arrived last Friday upon the "City of Richmond."

ZOLA'S "Therese Raquin," which was a failure in Paris, has been brought out in Venice with unexpected success.

M'me ALBANI has appeared at the Florence Teatro Faghiana. The lady will afterwards go to Nice and to Brussels.

NAT CHILDS and JOHN J. BRAHAM have nearly completed their new piece, and are now ruminating upon taking an attractive title.

CAMPANINI, the tenor, was once a blacksmith. There are other tenors who are admirably fitted for assisting in the "Anvil Chorus."

JOHN E. OWENS has a new play, which is called "A Man from Cataraugus." It is to be produced this week at the Standard Theatre, San Francisco.

ABBEY and HICKEY have sent an agent to Holland to bring over the Spanish Students. They will not arrive in time to open with the combination in Boston.

SAM COLVILLE is said to be seeking to capture the lease of the California Theatre. It has been offered to LAWRENCE BARRETT, who is hesitating about its acceptance.

The well known BERGER Family, under the management of Mr. PITOU, is occupying Albert Hall at present, and will provide the usual Saturday Matinee. They are accompanied by Mr. SOL SMITH RUSSELL, who has the reputation of being the funniest man on the stage, and seems to deserve it. The performance is in all respects pleasing and good.

The London World says: "The opera is dead, and WAGNER is its last expression." These are words the learned Dr. HANS VON BULOW once pronounced prophetically. His friend RUBINSTEIN did not seem to share this conception, and the unprecedented success which he but a few days ago obtained in Hamburg with his opera, "Nora" is at least a proof that the funeral is not yet at hand.

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NOTICE TO ARTISTS.

The publishers of GRIP will be pleased to receive from amateurs and others, sketches of a humorous character on either political or social subjects. Such as are accepted will be published with the artist's name attached. Rejected sketches will be returned, if the requisite postage is enclosed.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

The Knight and the Maiden Fair.

(A SIMPLE STORY.)

Come, ye who've nothing else to do,
And listen to my lay,
You'll find it all is owre true,
So ponder it, I pray.

Sir BALDER DASH, he was a knight
Who once lived in this town,
A man he was of power and might,
Of credit and renown.

This knight he loved a nice young girl,
A maiden fair to see—
A maiden fit for any earl
Or gallant knight was she.

This maiden fair she loved the knight,
She loved him passing well—
And if she had not, perhaps I might
Have had no tale to tell.

The knight he loved the maiden fair;
He loved her as his life,
And he would frequently declare
He'd make her his dear wife.

But oh! alas! alack a day!
The maid took sick and died,
And all the poor knight then could say
Was, "Lay me by her side!"

Now, all ye maidens and young men,
Take warning by my lay;
The chances may never come again,
Get married while you may.

Don't put it off from day to day,
Whatever may betide,
For who can tell but that you may
Find both of you have died?

Saratoga Potatoes.

"It is an amazing thing," he said, quite mildly, as they sat at breakfast one morning, "that we can't get a potato cooked decently in this house. Now I should say that there couldn't be any process much simpler than the frying of a potato. Why, I'd be ashamed if I couldn't teach a child six years old how to do it! And I happen to know what I'm talking about too, FANNY, for we had Saratoga potatoes three times a day in camp,

last summer. Fried 'em myself many a time. By Jove, the very perfection of potatoes! Crisp, hot, puffed out, you know, and as dry as a bone! It makes my mouth water to think of them. Why the deuce can't JANE—Stop! look here FANNY! I'll go into the kitchen myself some morning, and show you how it's done. That's the idea! Let us say to-morrow morning, eh? For the sooner we get rid of this greasy inefficiency the better."

So he pushed his plate away, and possessed his soul in dignified consciousness until the following morning, when his wife roused him at a quarter past eight with the remark that the children would be late for school if he didn't get up soon and give them their breakfast.

"Oh, the deuce!" he said, turning round and settling himself in a new position.

"JANE usually broils the steak at the same time that she fries the potatoes," continued his wife. "Will she wait till you begin the potatoes, my dear? The porridge was ready at 8 o'clock as usual."

"Confound it, no!" he exclaimed, starting up, but determined not to be irritated. "Let her get all the breakfast ready except the potatoes, and then leave the kitchen. I'm not going to have JANE snickering round at me while I am doing her work!"

When in the course of half an hour he got downstairs JANE had disappeared off the face of the earth. A splendid fire glowed in her beautifully polished stove, however, at the back of which, in sundry artful positions, the steak, the coffee and the toast were doing their best to keep warm. The charming order and shininess of the place, together with the subtle fumes of the coffee acted like an inspiration upon our *cordons bleus*, who stepped about in high good humour, while FANNY and the children seated themselves at the breakfast table, and began to discuss the porridge.

"That's right!" said the master of the house genially, as he looked in upon them. "I intend to breakfast off Saratoga potatoes. By-the-way, FANNY, where *are* the potatoes?"
"In the cellar, dear, of course. JANE always slices and puts them to soak over night, but I suppose that's not the way you do in camp."

"I should think not," returned he, beginning to whistle. He didn't seem to remember that the potatoes in camp had been as dirty as this, either. Ugh! these preliminaries were always unpleasant. But there were lots of dishes to hold water and grit and things in this kitchen, thank goodness! and JANE *did* keep her towels in excellent order, that was a fact. And then there were plenty of clean shirts upstairs,—so what matter?

"Goodbye, papa! Good-bye, dear papa!" called his children, running in. "We have to go to school now without tasting your potatoes and we're so sorry. Won't you save us some? But oh, papa how funny to see you slicing them with your penknife!"

"Hurry off, children! Be off with you, but first tell your mother I want her for a minute. FANNY, look here! I wish you would get the grease ready in the pan, eh? These confounded potatoes take so long to slice,—what's the matter with them anyway? I believe you've been taken in by whoever sold you this lot. You *do* get taken in most amazingly, FANNY!"

"Oh! is that the way they should be sliced?" asked FANNY, examining his work inquiringly.

"Ye-es—Look here! you needn't mind staying in here, you know. I'll get on all right. Go back to the dining-room, and I'll follow you in a jiffy with a dish of potatoes

such as will open your eyes as to what potatoes may be!"

But FANNY had read through the lighter columns of a heavy morning contemporary before she was recalled to the thoughts of breakfast by her husband, and then it was a blood-curdling yell that roused her, coupled with such a sputtering, cracking, exploding sound as might be heard in the next block. He had discovered the flour barrel, and was burying his face and hands in its cooling depths as she flew in—for he remembered reading somewhere that flour was good for burns.

"Oh!" said FANNY calmly, "when your lard gets too hot in camp you cool it with water it seems. Well, the top of the new stove is cracked, you have completely ruined a suit of clothes, your face and hands are so burned with boiling grease that you won't be able to go to your office for a month. JANE will be put two days behind with her work, we have lost our breakfast, and you don't seem to know a great deal more about preparing Saratoga potatoes than I do after all."

But he stood manfully up with his burns and blisters, in his muddy shirt and his greasy coat, and all be-powdered, smarting and hungry as he was, exclaimed, "It was that confounded lard—that's not the kind we used in camp!"

Rural Rhymes. No. 1.

WE MET BESIDE THE RIVER.

We met beside the river,
When the moon was young and fair,
When the spreading trees were waving
To the balmy evening air.
We listened to the surging
Of the ripples on the shore,
And the yellow cornfields waving
To the bull-frog's gentle snore.

We met beside the river,
And we whispered soft and low,
Lest the prying tell-tale night wind
Should let the echoes know
What foolish dreams we cherish'd
Of a life all bright as June,
While the crickets chirped in chorus
At such a case of spoon.

We met beside the river,
Where a pleasant scent of hay
Was wafted from the meadows
And the marshes far away.
She spoke in tones poetic
Of the incense from afar,
While I listened to her raving,
And smoked my C. P. R.

We met beside the river,
And enjoyed a happy time,
Nor cared how time was flying,
Till we heard the village chime.
And as fondly to the cottage
My trusting love I led,
I heard her mother shouting—
"SAL, ye'd better get to bed."

We met beside the river,
But ah! those days are gone,
Yet often are their memories
Recalled by look and tone.
But of all those recollections
I never can forget
Her mother's salutation—
"Young man, ye'd better git!"

Now no longer by the river
We wander as of yore,
To listen to the surging
Of the ripples on the shore,
Gone are those days of gladness,
Of pleasure and of peace—
She's been, and gone, and married
A sergeant of police.



MR. MACKENZIE.—Weel, Master BLAKE, what's a' this delay about? Why dinna ye gan on wi' your wark?
 MASTER BLAKE.—I'm waiting till GRIP'S Almanac is out.

The Many-Hack Horse to His Master.
 BY J. S. KNOWLES.

Stay, driver, stay and hear my woe;
 Your faithful Dobbin speaks to thee;
 Oh! please, dear master, mercy show
 To one who's workid most faithfully.

My former master fed me well,
 On hay and horse-feed, oats and corn;
 But since I came with thee to dwell,
 I often wish I'd ne'er been born.

On this poor rack, pray pity take,
 And do not beat my poor old hide;
 Do, master dear, for mercy's sake,
 I can't much longer here abide.

I'm spavined, blind, my race is run;
 My poor old ribs are almost bare;
 And, as I dreg and pull and tug,
 Both young and old stand still and stare.

I sometimes wonder if there is
 A future cline where horses go;
 To me a state of endless bliss
 Would be a place of *endless whoa!*



Can it be?

1st Newsboy.—Wot, ANGUS MORRISON, runnin' for Mayor agin! He don't expect to git elected, does he?
 2nd Do.—Elected? Naw! He's jest put hisself up, and he expects the people will get so indignant at the idea that they'll hurt him, and then he'll come on 'em for about two thousand dollars damages, don't yer see?

Canadian Volunteers.
 GENERAL ORDERS.

It is hereby ordered that Lieutenant-Colonels who cannot account for regimental funds shall take the rank of Major General. All Majors and Captains who interest themselves in the finances of their battalions shall be drummed out of the service.

All inspectors and Brigade Majors who are put to the trouble of investigating complaints against commanding officers shall be censured unless they report against the complainant. In case fear of public opinion will not permit them to do this they shall stove off the inquiry. It shall be their duty in every case to shelter delinquent officers of superior rank, in order that the public may not become acquainted with circumstances calculated to breed disrespect for the service.

The foregoing orders are to be interpreted in precisely a contrary sense in every instance where the complaining officers are Government supporters while the commanding officer is of the opposite party.

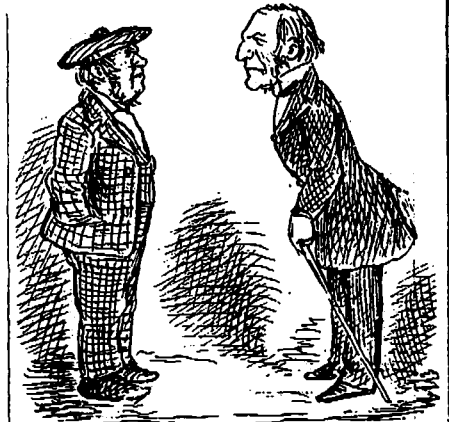
Officers and privates are ordered to remember that the code of military honor is hereby revised. All so called vices are hereby made virtues. Petty peculation is to be commended as an excellent practice calculated to make the force expert at foraging in time of war. Lying is to be judiciously resorted to, as the habit will enable a corps of spies to be formed at a moment's notice. The verb "to Stolleryze" shall only be conjugated in the imperative mood.

Company heads and subalterns are to wink hard at all disregard of regimental by laws. The habit of winking is a valuable military acquirement of great service in conciliating the females in an enemy's country.



Not Dead Yet!

The *Globe* was a little premature in publishing that touching obituary poem on the Rag Baby the other day, and the tears supposedly shed by the Hon. GEORGE were just so much good brine wasted. The infant is alive and kicking, as the above sketch testifies, and if that be not sufficient evidence the reader is referred to Capt. WYNNIE'S slashing speech at Albert Hall on Tuesday night. On that occasion the doughty champion of the Beaverback movement struck from the shoulder, and severely drubbed the chief organs of both parties—the *Mail* receiving a particularly conspicuous black eye. No; the Baby isn't dead. Mr. GRIP has appointed himself its ward, and will see that each phase of its career is recorded in his pages.



Only one Obstacle.

MIDLOTHIAN ELECTOR.—Weel, Muster GLADSTONE, an' what's the prospect o' success?

GLADSTONE.—Every prospect of success, my friend, if we can only put a stop to the opposition of the *Toronto Mail!*

Always humming—The business of the printer and the tinker. The one is always *pressing*, the other always *mending*.

The cup that neither cheers nor inebriates—the hic-cup.

How much easier and cheaper it is to entertain a friendly suggestion than it is to entertain the suggestor.

Puck: An unpromising infant: Mrs. Levi—"You wouldn't charge dot leetle paby full fare?" Conductor—"How old is he, mem?" Levi, Jr.—"I vas seex years." Mrs. Levi—"O Jakey, Jakey, you will never make a schmart man like your fader."

The telegraph people in England are as negligent in using capitals and in pointing there sentences as they are in this country, judging from the following which was sent from Winchester to London as the utterances of Lord CARNARVON at the first mentioned place: "The worst-paid curate is expected to speak twice on Sunday with the persuasiveness of a journeyman-tailor, and the eloquence a barrow." For "journeyman-tailor" read JEMY TAYLOR, and begin "barrow" with a capital letter, and all is right.—*Ex.*



Under Consideration!

When the Honourable Senator has fully taken in the immensity of this piece of extravagance on the part of MOWAT & Co., we shall hear from him in pamphlet form.



CHANGING HIS TIPPLE!

UNCLE SAM.—YAAS! GIVE ME SOME OF THAT RECIPROcity STUFF; THEM BITTERS OF YOURN HAVE MADE ME FEEL SICK!



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

In Zululand young folks fight and get married. Here they get married and fight.—*Cincin. Sat. Night.*

Advice to oyster-eaters, candidates, and American mothers in Europe—Watch the count.—*New York Star.*

It is stated that EDGAR A. POE was an inebriate. He even confesses in one of his poems to one sup on a midnight droary.—*Ev.*

The recent cold snap warns the humane owner of horses that the clipping of the animals cannot be delayed much longer.—*Danbury News.*

A young man never asks to have his mustache colored when his girl's other fellow occupies the next chair in the barber shop.—*Carthage Republican.*

When a man is badly afflicted with the itch for office, it isn't quite the thing to place himself "in the hands of his friends."—*Turners' Falls Reporter.*

JOHNNY says sometimes he is ornamented with wood cuts and sometimes with steel plates, just as his mother happens to get a shingle or the shovel.—*Steubenville Herald.*

Paragapher HOYT, of the Boston Post, doesn't see why folks should go out after dark when they can find plenty of dark down cellar or in a room with the curtains drawn.

Bliffers says he has a bang-up picture of his wife. She had her hair done up in the latest style before going to the photographer's which accounts for her success.—*Yanocob Strauss.*

"Another Statesman Gone!" But don't grieve. He has merely gone around the corner to get a glass containing a little water and so forth. He'll come back.—*Norristown Herald.*

"What became of poor LUCY NEIL, anyhow?" asked one colored brother of another. "Well," was the reply, "she couldn't git no one to marry her, till finally Old DAN TUCKER."—*Griswold.*

Three hundred and eighty-three years ago CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS made it possible for "real Havana cigars" to be made in Hartford from Connecticut tobacco, by discovering Cuba.—*Boston Post.*

Another good one from the Cincinnati *Saturday Night*: Nothing but wild duck can get even with a book-agent, for when the book-agent attempts to canvass the duck, the duck can canvas-back.

This country is no sooner saved by an election than the politicians go into training to save it again. What people want is a country that can be salted down to keep awhile.—*New York People.*

The Toronto corset makers are on a strike; their employers have pulled the strings too tight for them, and the girls won't be solaced, but have instituted a stay of proceedings, declaring they won't waister their time; and of corsets too much to expect that they will bone down to work without proper pay. Hip! hip! hurrah! for the girls.—*Toronto Graphic.*

There is a lady in Whitehall who is so fashionable that she won't eat boarding-house butter unless the hair in it is frizzed.—*Whitehall Times.*

We call the attention of the Government authorities to the fact that many firms are advertising that their agents are coining money.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

Did you ever notice the fact, of course you have, that the tramp who claims to have a trade, but can get no work at it, in winter is a brick maker, and in summer a lumberman or ice sawyer?—*Lockport Union.*

It is said if you sit down when assaulted by a ferocious dog, the beast will not touch you. But the judicious man will select as high a seat as possible—at the top of a tall tree for example.—*Boston Transcript.*

Last Sunday a certain Newport mother asked her daughter if she wasn't going to wear her cloak to church as it was kind of chilly. She immediately replied, "Why, no; I'm going to wear my new belt."—*Ky. State Journal.*

A philanthropist passing one of our numerous "sample" rooms, saw a drunken man lying near the door, and looking in he said to the proprietor: "I say, man, one of your samples has tumbled down."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

If children were taught to say "Mother" instead of "Ma," the blood-curdling cry of a young goat in the adjoining field would never cause an anxious parent to rush out and see what is the matter with her darling.—*Hackensack Republican.*

Old JACKSON is sure that goats can read, for he caught one the other morning, demolishing his Sunday hat, which had fallen out of the window, near a fence on which was painted in big letters, "CHEW JACKSON'S BEST PLUG."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A principal of a female college in Elmira told his lady pupils that so far as dropping love letters out of the windows was concerned, he did not raise so much of an objection as he did to the poor spelling some of them contained.—*Binghampton Republican.*

Of course we all love our neighbors as ourselves; but when our coal bin is full and his empty, somehow the news of an advance in coal doesn't make us look half so glum as when the conditions of the respective coal bins are reversed.—*Boston Transcript.*

There is such a thing as being too sentimental. The party afflicted that way had better be careful or he may come to grief. A few nights ago, when the moon was shining bright, a Louisville chap began to expatiate upon the "fair regent of the heavens," and was dubbed a "moonshiner" for his pains by a bright girl.—*Ev.*

When a man consents to sponge his reading he has taken his first step in the miser's path, and having lost a little self-respect, he soon secures the disrespect of his neighbor of whom he filches his reading. It makes no difference how well a man likes you, he don't care to have you dropping in every day just to read his newspaper.—*Modern Argo.*

"Dearest, the stars look like bright lamps of love, do they not?" he murmured just one year ago, as they sat on her father's front porch. Now as he picks himself out of the coal box where the eccentric evolutions of the frying pan finally deposit him, he generally remarks something about the stars being prophetic glimpses of a warm future.—*Oil City Derrick.*

A Danbury boy was discovered "playing hooky" yesterday by an uncle. He was working a velocipede in the suburbs. It was supposed by the uncle that the boy had taken advantage of his father's being out of town for the day. But the young man denied the impeachment, and claimed that he stayed from school because of a sore heel—not sore enough to prevent working a velocipede, but too sore for study.—*Danbury News.*

Do you pay for poems sent you for publication, and how much? E. B. G.

Ordinary poetry, known to the trade as "B1," and which grades a little above the productions of school girls, is quoted this week at \$3 60@65 per column agate measure, while the general run of lyrics are unsaleable. In all cases the poetry editor considers himself at liberty to reconstruct the little gems that come to this office.—*New York World.*

A Walnut street clerk was discharged and asked the reason. "You are so awfully slow about everything," said his employer. "You do me an injustice," responded the clerk, "there is one thing I am not slow about," "I should be delighted to hear you name it," sneered the proprietor. "Well," said the clerk slowly, "nobody can get tired as quick as I can." A motion for a reconsideration of his case has been referred to the proper committee.—*Des Moines Register.*

"I wonder what makes it so dark and gloomy out doors," said Mrs. HICKENLOOPER to the next-door neighbor, who had just run in a minute to borrow a couple of fresh-laid eggs. "I guess it's because your windows need washing," gently remarked the next-door neighbor, critically running her forefinger up and down the glass. And there was a sort of coolness fell like a wet sheet upon the assembled multitude, and the next-door neighbor's cake wasn't as rich by two eggs as it might have been.—*New Haven Register.*

A number of girls in a neighboring town organized a charitable and benevolent association, and the father of one of them gave her twenty-five dollars to help along in the good work. She added seventy-five dollars to her father's contribution, and relieved a great deal of real distress by purchasing herself a sealskin sacque. A girl with a new sealskin sacque can render more assistance to the deserving poor than one who is obliged to wear her last winter's thirty-dollar coat.—*Norristown Herald.*

December is here, the month when the Sunday school has its largest attendance, and the small boy skates into an air hole, gets wet and spanked; the month when ham and eggs take the place of lamb and greens; when the clerks in the country stores pack pork while resting; when winter hats have all blossomed; when the farm hand can tell how many acres of wheat he can cradle in a day; when the snow-bird takes the place of robin red breast, and the baby refuses to sleep in the crib.—*Carthage Republican.*

A young farmer in the country wants us to give him some hints about fall plowing. All right, we will do it. In the first place, select your fall. Don't pick out a fall that is excessively cold nor yet too warm. And while a very dry fall doesn't plow easy, neither would we recommend one that was wet to an extreme. About a medium fall, we should say, if we were going to plow it ourself. Having selected a fall that suits you, take a plow and plow it. Don't be afraid to ask questions at any time. It is for the purpose of answering them that we are here.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

Dyspeptic Papers.

No. 3—SLUMS AND GREAT MEN.

Go to the slums of the city, thou hater of shams, and consider human nature in its nudity. The spectacle makes one thankful for the plasters and pinch-beck with which Society is wise enough to cover its nakedness. There you shall see the inuendo replaced by the open accusation; the smile of mockery by the hilarious bellowings of the gratified brute; the wince of the stricken pained soul by loud unsophisticated weeping. The language of emotion is there louder and coarser if not more impressive. As you have to expand the emotional manifestations of society to get at their value, so you have to minimize the emotional expressions of the slums. Nothing is there left to the imagination except the process by which human beings become habituated to nearly absolute unrestraint.

To neutralize the soul-sickness caused by the sight of affectation and the hearing of cant, of a social world nothing is better than the contemplation of a social world where humbug is unknown. Its absence reconciles us to its presence. I always take the bad taste of the Sunday sermon of SNUFFLEFUNGUS out of my mouth by a walk in a street where I am sure to hear something still more disgusting. After a speech of Sir John's I go where I can hear something at once coarser and more untruthful.

Last Monday morning I saw a small boy, during my slum walk, who has the making of a great man in him. I do not give his street and name lest the chiefs of the political parties might go about to slay him even after the manner of Herod. Or they might strive to enlist him on one side or the other—consigning him to the career of a politician, whereas he can hardly come to any worse fate than the penitentiary if left to himself. How blameworthy then would be the man who should point him out.

He has in him the making of a great man, I said. When my eyes first rested on him he was vigorously hammering on a tin pan with the detached sole of an old boot, while an audience of some dozen other children gazed admiringly at his performance. He took himself quite seriously, never smiling. Suddenly two dogs began fighting near by, their owners rushed out, a troop of terrible, vile figures poured from the doorways, and in half a minute's time there was a swaying mass of cursing humanity about the struggling, growling brutes. My embryo great man joined the crowd as soon as the row began. One glance seemed to satisfy him that the fight had little interest for his mind. He dived his way in an instant out of the press,—appearing with an air of satiety,—went back to his former place and straightway began knocking on his tin pan. His opinion of the dogs seemed confirmed when the brutes soon afterwards rushed in opposite directions. He had known that they could not long offer entertainment, and had wisely resolved to gain an audience from the ebb of youthful humanity. His perspicacity was rewarded by the addition of fully a dozen children to the ranks of his admirers, and I left him solemnly and seriously drumming on his tin pan.

Do you not see in this the prediction of his future eminence? Then consider the literary man and the politician. They are on the whole the most famous men of their age. Each one of us who has an art or profession looks to the highest man in it as the most famous. The greatest lawyer is the lawyer's greatest man; the greatest doctor is the physician's; the greatest preacher is the most famous man to the clergyman. But next to the greatest man in our own

FARM FOR SALE,
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That valuable farm, containing 50 acres and being the N.W. ¼ of Lot 8, Con. 2, of the Township of Reach, County of Ontario. There is an orchard of 60 fruit trees of choice varieties, a frame house, and a barn with stone foundation and underground stables. The soil is a rich clay loam.

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**Lachine and Cornwall
CANALS****NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Timber for Lock Gates," will be received at this Office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on MONDAY THE 29TH DAY OF DECEMBER instant, for the furnishing and delivering, on or before the 1ST DAY OF JUNE, 1880, of Pine Timber, sawn to the dimensions required for the construction of Gates for the Upper New Locks on the Lachine Canal, and for the New Locks on the Cornwall Canal.

The timber must be of the quality described, and of the dimensions stated on a printed bill, which will be supplied on application, personally or by letter, at this Office, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

No payment will be made on the lumber until it has been delivered at the place required on the respective Canals, nor until it has been examined and approved of by an officer detailed for that service.

To each Tender must be attached the names of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the carrying out of the conditions stated in the Contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By Order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS, }
Ottawa, 13th Dec'r, 1879. } xiv-5-11

To the Electors of**ST. GEORGE'S WARD.**

Gentlemen:—

You are respectfully requested to re-elect

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You never see a woman button anything that she can pin, and you never see a man pin anything that he can tie with a string. You would have trouble making some men believe that they couldn't tie a buttonhole into a wristband with a piece of twine.—*Burlington Hawkeys.*

VICTORIEN SARDOU's new play is to be called "Daniel Rochat."

line, we in general place either a politician or literary man. One of these is always second in every man's roll of fame. THERRASTROCKES took the second place in all the competitions by the admission of his competitors, therefore, he was justly awarded the first place by the judges. He was the most famous man all around. In the same way the politician and the literary man are the most famous by the general opinion. And what do they all do but drum on tin pans?

How often does the novelist or essayist or politician look for anything but an audience? In proportion as he gets one he is considered great. He writes, having nothing to say, merely that he may gain some certain number of his fellow beings to hear. It is rattling on a tin pan! He speaks, merely making a noise—rattling on a tin pan. If many gather to hear him, that is success. Not what he says, but the size of the audience is the important matter to him. DICKENS got more men to listen than THACKERAY—becoming, thus, more famous. Sir JOHN gathers a bigger crowd than Mr. WALLACE, one is called a great man and the other a charlatan—but for the life of me I can see nothing to choose between the notes of their respective tin pans. Beat that instrument loud and long enough and your audience will gradually grow. As the crowd melted away from the dog-fight, my small boy gained hearers. So the persistent twaddler in literature and politics, manages to keep before the public—he is always drumming and people hear him in spite of themselves, when the man who had really something to say, retires, having delivered himself. Mere length of days is most important to these drummers.

The *Globe* bangs away and is always more or less listened to. The *Leader* did not bang loud enough, and its audience passed over to a younger rattler on a noisier pan. It is not inconceivable that the feeble drumming of the *Telegram* might come to be listened to in some far distant future, if only it would persistently whack away at its cracked tin pan. My small boy had, in early years, seen that the audience constitutes success, and his vigorous rattling on the pan ranks him with those who have the qualities which make men regarded by their fellows. The faculty of achieving notoriety in a slum is not to be distinguished from that which has made Sir JOHN and Sir CHARLES the leaders of a great party.

SKIPPED OUT.—A one-legged tailor named Armstrong skipped out on Sunday, deserting his wife and child, and taking all the money the family possessed—\$48. He also carried off a second suit of clothes. There is no trace of which way he went, although the deserted ones are making search for him.

The above we clip from the *London Advertiser*, not only in the interests of justice, but also to get the *Advertiser* man to tell us how a one-legged tailor could skip.

Another Business Ruined by the N. P.

The following lines have been sent to us for publication by a gentleman who during the good old times of a Revenue Tariff pursued the light and profitable business of a Bum. A "Bum" is, we believe, a kind of *aide de camp* to a Bailiff, and is sometimes called "the man in possession."—Ed.

Oh, the hum, the beautiful hum,
Which ought to strike Grits deaf and dumb,
It gives REDPATH a sugar plum,
Augments our trade in Jamaica rum,
And delights the great Panjandarum.
It makes importers faces' glum,
Manufactures Canadian chewing gum,
But of all these benefits the sum,
Won't compensate

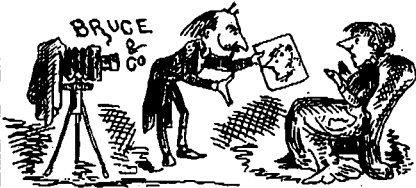
A BUSTED BUM.



OUR CHURCH CHOIR PINAFORE.

THE REV. DOCTOR:—"MY PAIN AND MY DISTRESS I FIND IT IS NOT EASY TO EXPRESS, MY AMAZEMENT, MY SURPRISE YOU MAY LEARN FROM THE EXPRESSION OF MY EYES."

O! wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourself as ithers see us!



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That Evil Play.

I met a good man yesterday
Who looked most sorrowful and sore,
I said—what is the matter, pray?
He wept and answered, *Pinafore!*"

"I went one summer night," he said,
"To hear that most unholy play,
And now I know this awful dread
Will follow to my dying day."

"I laughed," he said "I had no thoughts
What wickedness I did commit
Until the Reverend Doctor Porrs
Showed me the sinfulness of it.

Now nightly dreams of *Buttercup*
Afflict my sleep, she seems to be
Engaged in mixing of me up—
I change into a big, big D—

Dick Deadeye with a fiendish grin,
In sulphurous clouds, with horns and tail
Seems waiting to revenge my sin,
In that bad place where sermons fail.

The "Ruler of the Queen's Navee"
Orders me off to-dungeon deep,
Where fires undying seem to be
A roasting of me in my sleep.


Hebe and naughty *Josephina*
With *Corcoran* and all the crew
Go through their wicked parts—the scene
Is lighted up with flames of blue.

In dreadful trance I toss and groan
Longing to drive the fiends away,
Shall I be never left alone?
I ask—they "hardly ever" say.

But what makes all my days so sad—
More than these nightly dreams of fire
Is—"Pinafore" did not seem bad
Till Dr. Porrs rebuked the choir.

For three long months I've walked in guile,
Laughing at wicked "Pinafore,"
Oh, can I ever dare to smile
For seeing not my fault before?"

I left that sadly stricken one,
To wonder if a fall from grace
Follows of course when harmless fun
Loosens the muscles of the face.

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