

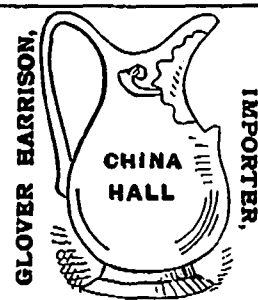
Micklethwaite's Photographs

Life Sized Enlarged Photos, framed complete only
 Equal to those usually charged \$20 to \$30. Cabinets from \$2
 per doz. STUDIO COR. KING AND JARVIS.

\$11.00.



IMPORTER,
 GLOVER HARRISON,
 49 KING ST. E., TORONTO



IMPORTER,
 GLOVER HARRISON,
 49 KING ST. E., TORONTO.

VOLUME XXV.
 No. 24

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 12TH, 1885.

\$2 PER ANNUM.
 5 CENTS EACH.



THE ONTARIO "ECONOMIST."

Labor.—I DROPPED IN TO SEE WHEN YOU INTEND GOING ON WITH THAT NEW HOUSE.

STUART W. JOHNSTON, Dispensing Druggist, 271 KING STREET W., Toronto, Ont.

BRYCE BROS., THE LUMBER MERCHANTS AND BUILDERS. (Save Notice by being your own Landlord.) Corner Berkeley and Front Streets, TORONTO.

OUR FREE
120 Page Catalogue
 FOR 1886,

NOW READY.

Send for '86 catalogue, 120 pages; contains nearly 1,000 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.

CHAS. STARK,
 52 Church Street, Toronto, near King.



WM. POLSON & CO.'Y,
 Manufacturers of
Steam Engines and Boilers,
 STEAM YACHTS and TUGS.
 GENERAL MACHINERY DEALERS.
 137 ESPLANADE STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.



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 '86 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 200 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.

CHAS. STARK,
 52 CHURCH ST. TORONTO, Near King,

ELIAS ROGERS AND CO. - COAL AND WOOD. - TORONTO.

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.

MONTREAL AGENCY - 124 ST. JAMES ST.

JOS. S. KNOWLES, *Agent.*

NEW YORK AGENCY - 150 NASSAU ST.

AZRO GOFF,

Sole Advertising Agent for the Middle and New England
States.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—It is the business of party organs to obscure facts whenever the interests of their various "machines" so require. Language, it may truly be said, was given to newspaper partisans to conceal their thoughts, and confuse those of other people. On the other hand, it is an important part of GRIP's mission in the political world to counteract these disingenuous efforts. This accounts for the appearance of another cartoon this week on what the *Mail* calls "The Crisis in Quebec." The veracious organ just named has gone on day after day laboring to make it appear that the great question at issue is—Should Riel have been hanged or should he not? If yes, then sustain John A. regardless of all other questions; if no, then let the Government be defeated and prepare yourself for the terrors of French domination. Now, the truth is this: Riel has been hanged. Whether his execution was wise under the circumstances is a question upon which there is a difference of opinion, a large majority of our citizens, however, decidedly holding to the affirmative. But that is not the question at issue at all. The question is—Have Sir John and his colleagues ruled this country so purely, wisely and economically that they deserve a renewal of office, and especially are they guilty or not guilty of having made Riel and his second rebellion possible? It certainly does not strengthen the faith of Sir John's friends to find his principal organ kicking up such a tremendous dust on a side issue.

FIRST PAGE.—The Government that has so long ruled over the destinies of "Ontario, Ontario"—the rich banner Province of Confederation, etc., etc.—is a very good government. It is composed of very good gentlemen, who never swear, or drink, or play

poker, and who rarely, if ever, smoke cigars. Moreover, it is composed of very economical gentlemen, very, very economical, indeed. The people of Ontario doat on economy, and they are proud of their economical Cabinet, because Ontario is rich as aforesaid, and rich Provinces always love economy when it is carried to a fine point. This is why the Hon. Oliver Mowat is still on deck singing Mr. Edgar's celebrated war-songs; the people cling to him because he is so economical. What do the people care whether the public service is becomingly executed so long as Economy reigns? Nothing whatever. Does anybody suppose that the rich Province of Ontario, with its surplus and its big timber limits, doesn't glory in the fact that its business continues to be transacted in a shanty, to save money? Why, of course it does. It fairly gloats over the fact that its Ministers have reduced choose-paring and bone-scraping to an exact science, because economy is a glorious thing. We don't mean merely the sort of economy that *pays*, but the other kind, the ha'penny wise variety so expertly and ingeniously practised by the Ontario Government. When Ontario has gained the reputation of being a notorious miser—and she's fairly on the road—her cup of bliss will be full.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Hon. Mr. Joly is perhaps the most universally honored man in Quebec, because everybody believes in his thorough integrity. It pays a man to have principles and to act upon them in politics. Stick a pin just here, gentlemen. Mr. Joly feels it his duty to resign his seat in the Quebec Legislature at the present juncture, and of course he does so. For this he is applauded by the *Mail*, which points to him as an instance of uprightness, and advises Mr. Blake to follow his example. He is at the same time cheered with equal fervor by the *Globe*, which holds him forth as an example worthy of Sir Hector Langevin's attention. In thus securing the encomiums of both parties while still living, Mr. Joly has achieved a unique triumph—one that we did not believe possible in Canadian politics.

MR. HOWLAND FOR MAYOR.—Toronto is likely to have the right kind of a Chief Magistrate for 1886—an honest, upright gentleman, above the suspicion of partisanship and scheming, and an earnest advocate of all that will advance the city's honor and prosperity. Mr. W. H. Howland will be in all respects a credit to the city, which is what Toronto cannot always say of her mayor.

SEQUEL TO BATOCHÉ.

I.

On a hospital bed he lay,
Poor man, for he had no other.
"My good man," unto him I did say,
"Have you, then, no wife or no mother?"
With a smile and a tear,
"I'm a volunteer."
Said he, rheumatics his features screwing,
While wearily he shook his head,
"The summer's gone, the winter's nigh;
My children live on charity,
Because, all thought of self eschewing,
I fought for love of countree.
Now on this bed,
A wreck I'll lie,

For months to come, I greatly fear,
A helpless—wearsy volunteer.

II.

I saw a pretty little girl,
With sunny curls and beaming eye—
Her pouting lips did sadly curl,
To see the children passing by.
"Why don't you go to school like those?"
Said I, "Why do you linger here?"
"I can't," said she, "I have no shoes
Nor boots, my pa's a volunteer."

III.

A grocery man bent o'er his scales,
His voice was sharp, his words were hard—
Against a pile of patent nails
A woman stood: "These debts retard
My business so, I really must
In self-defence shut down on trust."
She turned and wiped away a tear,
Her husband was a volunteer.

IV.

A woman, elderly and gray
Went seeking work one summer day.
"Have you no husband, then, no son?
It does seem hard to me, that one
So far advanced in life should seek
Some outside work herself to keep."
"My husband's dead, my son is here
But out of work—a volunteer!"

—J. K. L.



THE KINGSTON ALDERMAN.

They have an alderman in Kingston who is so bashful (like all aldermanic dignitaries) that he put himself to vast trouble the other day to keep out of the sight of a certain caricaturist who happened to be in the Limestone City. Getting his eagle eye on the dreadful personage in question, he dashed out into the pitiless blizzard that was raging in the street—forgetting his overshoes—and for many a weary hour he lurked around the stormy corners, waiting for the clouds to roll by. No coaxing would induce him to "show up"—he was awfully cute, even for an alderman. But it only shows how futile are all human efforts to escape merited retribution. He was caught, sure enough, and here he is, in all his rubicund glory.

AN EFFECTIVE PAD.

"You're not looking well, Jones," said Spilliken to that gentleman, whom he met coming out of a Winchester Street car. "Billious, ain't you?"

"Yes, I feel all broke up."
"I'll tell you," said Spilliken; "you just try a pad. It's the best thing—better than doctors' drugs. You try a pad; it's sure to relieve you."

"Yes, I know that," said Brown. "I was walking up Winchester Street last night with a pad stickin' to me and I got relieved—got relieved of money, watch and chain and a new hat."

"Why, wh—why, what sort of a pad was it?"

"A foot-pad," said Brown. "I'm going to the Police Court now to lay information."



OH, MAID OF RIVERSIDE!

Oh! lovely maid of Riverside,
Altho' the river's deep and wide,
Tho' the mighty Don's fierce surging tide
Rolls 'tween my love and me;
Though bull-frogs from their rushy lair
With wild notes fill the midnight air,
I have no fear, they cannot scare
Me, lovely maid, from thee.

Oh! lovely maid of Riverside,
Why is it thus, that you abide
And live on pike and sunfish fried.
Hooked from Ashbridge's Bay?
For, 'pon my word, I dearly wish
That you would choose some other dish,
For truly, odors of stale fish
Are not like new-mown hay!

But still, fair maid of Riverside,
Altho' the sunfish I deride,
I yet will claim you for my bride.
If you'll do this for me,
Just buy a bottle of Cologne,
Which will much for the fish condone,
And then I'll call you my sweet own,
And we will married be.

THE FARMER LAD.

The farmer lad is a very fine lad,
At least, so thinks his fond old dad,
So do the fine folks of the town;
Altho' they say he's a country clown;
They always take him to be soft—
Just here those folks get fooled, quite oft;

For when he brings a load of hay
A stone may help to make it weigh,
He stuffs the turkey's neck with peas,
His tub of butter is part grease,
He puts good apples on the top,
So on the folks he's got the drop—
This unsophisticated lad,
If you don't look out, will fool you bad.

—B.

CONFIDENTIAL CONFESSIONS.

II.—THE MOTHER IN-LAW'S.

I would not exchange my position for that of the best man on this earth. I know many revile me as a mother-in-law, but I care not a snap of the finger for any of them. I have been fortunate in having had four lovely daughters united in wedlock to four of the most workable nonentities of husbands I ever knew. Of course I was sorry for my girls, but I found much consolation in the fact that I could turn either one of their husbands round my little finger. Jim was the first of the series; he married my oldest daughter, Jane. Being my first son-in-law I naturally felt a little anxious as to the extent of my powers over him, but everything came out splendid. In two months my strength of will proved so much superior to his that I could control him with a look. Having ascertained my powers I hastened to get the next of my girls married to another subject, and saw her safely joined to a rich young fellow with little brains. He kicked mightily at first, and talked of showing me the door. He had more grit than I at first suspected, but I turned my glittering eyes upon him and told him that if I went, Emily should go with me; and further, we should institute proceedings for divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty. That settled him, and from that day I have had complete control over his mind and purse. After a year of unadulterated joy I found it becoming a little monotonous between the two of them. I therefore cast about for a husband for my third marriageable daughter, Maria, and was again made prospectively happy by her union with a smart little carpenter. As in the case of my other married daughters, I went to live with Maria and her husband just to see how they agreed. The carpenter also objected to my rulings and more than once threatened to shoot me. Poor man! He little knew a mother-in-law's fearless nature! I exerted my full powers and before many days had passed he found out the uselessness of such "blow," and quietly gave way to the inevitable. Here let me confess that it is just possible I may have been unduly severe at times. But who, I ask, can protect the interests of a young wife better than her mother? I have found that men too often take advantage of the weakness of their wives and behave shamefully to them, and it is at such times as these that a mother-in-law's tongue and temper prove so beneficial. I remember too well my sufferings as a young wife and I then determined if ever I lived to have daughters married I would see closely to their interests. My fourth subject, married to Susan, opposed me upon entirely different lines to those adopted by my other sons-in-law. He wanted to argue the case with me, and talked about man's prerogative and St. Paul's advice to wives (St. Paul said nothing about mothers-in-law), and all that sort of thing, until I got out of patience with him and laid my law very straight before him. Before I had reached my third clause he gladly gave in, and now I guess he is the most easily managed of my quartette of sons-in-law. The happiest man is not as happy as I. I make the round of my daughters' homes, and by way of recreation, occasionally raise a muss with one of their dear husbands. Oh, the pleasure I find in it! *Au revoir.*

—B.

First drop at the bar, last drop at the gal-
lows. Moral—drop it.



AN HONEST MAN'S THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD!

HONEST EFFICIENT & ECONOMICAL CIVIC GOVERNMENT	NO POLITICS OR POLITICAL JOBBERY!	EQUITABLE ASSESSMENT. EVERY CITIZEN TO PAY HIS FAIR SHARE OF TAXES.
---	---	--

PURE WATER	PROMOTION ACCORDING TO MERIT ONLY IN OUR POLICE FORCE	THE INTERESTS OF THE CITY ABOVE AND BEFORE PARTY AND NEXT TO THE FAMILY.	NO MORE JAIL FOR ERRING CHILDREN.
---------------	--	---	--

THE POWER OF THE PEOPLE SHOULD BE INCREASED, NOT CURTAILED.	NO MORE BURNT CON- TRACTS, HOLT LEASES, ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC.	THE CHARACTER OF THE CITY ITS MOST SACRED INTEREST.
---	---	--

ABOLITION OF THE SAND-BAG	FAIR AND STRICT OBSERVANCE OF THE STREET- CAR AGREEMENT ON BOTH SIDES	THE ISLAND FOR OUR WOMEN AND CHILDREN. NO LIQUOR SHALL BE SOLD THERE.	NO INCREASE OF TAXATION
---------------------------------	--	--	----------------------------------

HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS SHOULD BE DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE TO THE CITIZENS	AN END TO THE CORRUPT DICTATION OF PARTIZAN WARD ASSOCIATIONS	CITY BUSINESS TO BE CONDUCTED ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES
---	--	--

VALUE SECURED FOR TAXES PAID	IMMEDIATE SANITARY IMPROVEMENTS	TRUNK SEWER.	EFFICIENT POLICE PROTECTION
--	---------------------------------------	--------------	-----------------------------------

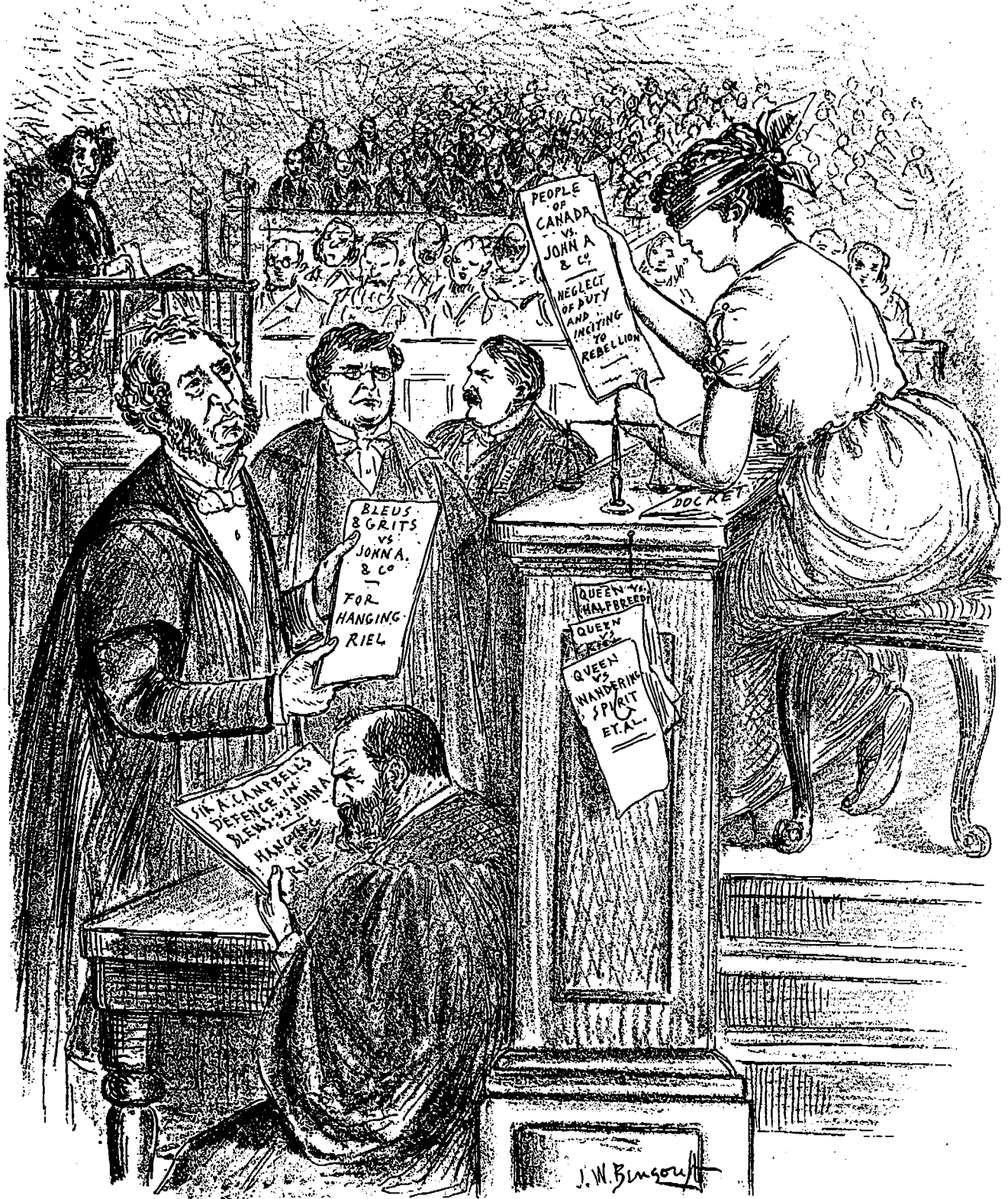
VIGOROUS ENFORCEMENT OF THE CITY LAWS ON LIQUOR AND ALL OTHER MATTERS IN THE INTERESTS OF GOOD CITIZENS OF EVERY PARTY AND CREED. EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL.

In an Election, it will not be a Reform Victory nor a Conservative Victory, neither a Scott nor an Anti-Scott Victory, but a Victory of the Citizens, as Citizens of Toronto.

L. W. A. Howland.

W. H. HOWLAND FOR MAYOR.

A SOUND MAN ON A SOUND PLATFORM.



KEEPING TO THE DOCKET.

Justice.—THIS IS THE NEXT CASE FOR TRIAL; THAT IS MERELY A LOCAL MATTER FOR THE PARTY DIVISION COURT.



DID IT TAKE?

BY A MONTREAL ARTIST.

A NEW SONG OF THE SHIRT.

Stab, stick, stab, stick,
As on my buttons I sew—
It's on my fingers I'm sewing them—
I'll let the hanged thing go.

"I'll use a pin for a button,"
I gaily unto me said,
Sat down on a chair and pulled
Two halves of a shirt o'er my head.

I gazed on the beautiful wreck,
As sadly I roamed round in sorrow—
"I'll tie round my neck a handkerchief
It's all I've got for the morrow"

And thus stern necessity smiled,
Like the sun thro' a crack in the door;
"If you can't do one thing, do another,"
Is a maxim that's sound to the core.

—PORK.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE,

THE WAREHOUSE, TORONTO, NOV., 1885.

DEAR WULLIE,—Me and Mistress Airlie hae haen oor first fecht, but whether I cam aff first or second best, it wad be hard tae tell. I think it's aboot what ye wad ca' a drawn game, for I'm meesurable and she's meesurable, but not wan o' the twa 'ill be the first tao gie in. So there we stau, as Coleridge, the poet, beautifully describes the sitiuation—

"Like rocks that hath been ront asunder
A dreary sea now flows between."

But in oor case it's no a "dreary sea" that lies atween us—it's a bustle—a woman's bustle! Ye see me an' ma wife, Mistress Airlie, were invected oot tae tea ae nicht. Weel, I shaved an' got ready, an' after waitin' an' oor mair, at last Mistress Airlie cam doon the stair in great style an' luckin' extraordinary weel till she turned roon, an' losh! I near fainted. She had a hump on the sma' o' her back big enuch tae set a New Haven fish-wife's creel on! "Mistress Airlie," says I "haul doon yer goon—it's a' up in a bunch at yer back." "Hoots," says she, "d'ye no ken

that's ma bustle." "Yer what?" says I. "Ma bustle—ma dress improver," says she, "ye ken I couldna' gae oot without that." "Weel," says I, "Mistress Airlie, I did gie ye credit for some sma' modicum o' common sense, but I'll hae tae let that tow gang wi' the bucket noo. I've nae the sma'est objection tae gang doon the street wi' a decent woman an' ma ain wife, but if ye think me daft enuch tae gang doon Yonge Street, airm in airm, cleekit wi' a dromedary, ye'll find oot ye've gotten the wrang soo by the lug. Na! na! Mistress Airlie, ye maun either tak' aff the bustle or 'bide at hame."

"I'll nether tak' aff the bustle nor yet will I 'bide at hame," quo' she. "Mair than that—I'll wear just what suits me, whether you like it or no."

"Noo, ma dear," says I—for I saw the horns were beginnin' tae sproot, an' I thoct I wad tak' her canny—"hoo wad you like gin I was tae wear onything you didna like."

"Ye can wear what ye like for ocht I care; ye can wear a bustle tae, gin ye like," quo' she, fixin' up her goon wi' her twa hands so as tae mak' it look bigger an' bigger, that awfu' hump! I think auld Nick entered intae me at that meenit, for her speech suggested a means o' gettin' square wi' ma wife an' at the same time bringin' her tae reason.

"Weel-a-weel, then," says I, "a bargain's a bargain," an' wi' that I slips up the stair an' pits on ma swally-tailed black coat that I was marrit in.

"Good gracious!" says Mistress Airlie, "ye're never gaun wi' that coat on, are ye?"

"What for no?" says I. "A bargain's a bargain, ye ken." An' wi' that we started off tae the party, after tellin' oor servant-lass tae luck weel after the boarders an' see they hained the butter. It was Maister Tamson's we were gaun tae, an' I was doormen tae get a word in private wi' Tam—that's Maister Tamson—an' let him ken the trick I was gaun tae play ma wife. Tam gaed hert an' sowl intae the conspeericy, an' the result

was that when the dancin' began Tam an' me slippit awa up stairs, an' I got ma shape, what the women folks ca' improved, wi' ane o' Mistress Tamson's big bustles tied in low the swallow tails o' ma coat! Tam lauched, an' I lauched, an' doon the stair we cam, me an' ma big hump like a camel's on ma back. Ma wife was dancin' at the far end o' the room, sae keepin' ma back tae the door I made ma best boo till a lass that was sittin' near by; an' when the music struck up again awa we set, careerin' roon the floor among the rest, the bustle a' the time bob-bobin', and ma coat-tails stickin' oot an' whurlin' like the petticoats o' a dancin' dervish. Weel, sic anither tempest o' lauchin' an' skirlin' brak oot that the music was completely drooned oot, an' a'budy stoppit dancin' but ma' pairtner an' me. "What are they lauchin' at?" says she. "Oo, some nonsense," says I; "dance awa!" An' we did dance till ma pairtner, seein' they were lauchin' at us, stopped, an' catchin' a glist o' ma bustle, she lut an' eldricht screech an' flew in among the crood, leavin' me stannin' there—me an' ma improver. "Leddies and gentlemen," says I, "hoo d'ye like ma dress improver? A hump on a body's back is sic a gracefu' thing, sic an' improvement on nature, that I think it's nae fair that the led-dies should hae the hale monopoly o' this artistic dromedary style. An' noo that ye've sic a glorious opportunity o' seein' hoo gracefu' it looks, I houp the gentlemen present will a' move, second an' adopt the wearin' o' bustles under their coat tails." There was great clappin' o' hands an' cheerin', but when I luket roon tae see hoo the leason was taen by Mistress Airlie, she wasna tae be seen, an' Tam tellt me the meenit her een lighted on me wi' the bustle on, she said she had a headache, an' he was feared she had gane hame.

Weel, Wullie! I've often heard o' women's tongues, but I never had the least notion o' what they could be capable o' till I cam hame that nicht. It gaed steady for twa strucken 'oors! Gude sake! I think I hear't yet, but she's gien't a lang rest, for she's nae opened her mooth tae me for the last twa days, an' if the din o' her tongue was ill, this silence is faur worse, an' the moral I've learnt is—never, never, never, interfore or meddle in any shape or form wi' a woman's way o' dressin', for if ye dae ye'll come oot at the sma' end o' the horn, like.

Yer brither,
HUGH AIRLIE.

OWED

TO THE CHAMPION.

Oh! Ed'ard, and hast thou been deposed?
(I speak of Ed. the carman, not of Blake, Who, it is rumored, soon will get the bounce From the Grip party, and by the mugwumps told That he had better walk off on his ear.)
Deposed I fear thou art, oh! stalwart Ned,
Thy sceptre taken from thee by big Beach,
And now by Teemer, who has knocked thee out,
And plucked the laurel wreath from off thy brow.
Come back I come back unto thy Island homo,
And dig a grave deep in its sandy soil,
Jump in, lie down and die; and when
The croaking bull-frog cries thy funeral dirge,
The teeming mob, which doth the Island seek
To hoist in the fresh air and B. K. bear,
Will say: "He should have eld off when 'twas time.
He lost his laurels when he crossed the line."
But some think still that Hanlan is the boss;
And that he gave his friends the "double cross." —Q.

THE MISSING LETTER; OR, THE TRAGEDY OF RICE LAKE.

(A Canadian story that got no prize.)

CHAPTER I.

It is now more than fifty years since I was a small boy on the northern shores of Rice Lake. I have never been a small boy at any other place, and there is no mistaking me or the lake referred to, because it is the only lake of the kind in this part of the country. Can-

ada is noted for its lakes more than for its rice. This is a Canadian story and expects to take the prize.

My father was a good Baldwin Reformer of the good old Family Compact type, though of course I can't be expected to be exact in my dates and other history, but he was true Grit, I tell you, and brought us all up honest and economical.

We had a small farm of 702 acres, bounded on the south by Rice Lake, on the north by Hudson's Bay, and with no fences to the east or west. Forty acres were cleared and in a high state of cultivation—there was a good log barn, a never-failing spring of running water, and within thirty-seven miles of the nearest post office. I remember all that just as well as if I was reading an account of the sale of Levi Smith's farm, but I can't give it all now. The post office brings me to the point of my story.

CHAPTER II.

We had a red-headed boy as help on our farm—he worked for his board chiefly, but was allowed to go to school in the winter. In those days it was a common thing to go ten miles to school. The master boarded round, and whenever he came to our house, about once a winter, the red-headed boy went to school then, and I tell you he was meek and thankful for months and months afterwards. It took him some time to finish his education, but at the age of seventeen he could write his name though he couldn't spell it or anything else. His name was Bob Peck.

CHAPTER III.

When Bob was going to school about ten years the increased education then common to him and the rest of loyal Canadians drove the Tories from their fat offices. There was a new election, and so they had to go out, but another set of Tories equally bad succeeded them, and my father, who was a staunch Reformer, and an honest yeoman of the "manor born," resolved to write a letter to the *Globe* newspaper, giving a harrowing account of the corruption into which the recent election had driven the country. In those days things could not be done in a hurry, so he wrote the letter after the fall ploughing was over and waited till the Rice Lake was frozen, so as to send it down to Cobourg to post it. Every three weeks the mail line ran from Montreal to Dundas, passing through York, or Muddy York, and so the letter would appear before the following spring, unless all the proprietors were thrown into prison. Postage was three-pence in those days. On the 8th of November—I remember it well—1842, Bob Peck started off with that letter, three-pence, two days' provisions, two flints, four dogs, five fowling pieces, and thirteen mufflers.

My father never saw or heard of him afterwards, but three dogs came back, four guns were recognized in the hands of the neighboring Indians, and thirteen mufflers in the possession of their wives. Spring came and no letter in *Globe*, and no trace of Peck.

We are an over-educated people.

CHAPTER IV.

Shortly after sugar-making in the spring my father died, and with the perseverance of a hardy Canadian I came to Toronto and lived here ever since. At the last election in Northumberland I went down to Cobourg to vote—I have voted straight Reform for forty years past—and I wanted to put in one solid for the party down where I used to own some land. I had forgotten all about Peck, and indeed everything in the country, so that indeed it was with difficulty I knew anyone or anyone knew me. However, as I came into the polling booth the man who handed me the slip arrested my attention, naturally, till I got over the difficulty of making myself recognized as a voter in an outside county. The man was a short, thick-set, red-headed far-

mer about sixty years of age. When I pointed out on the map to him that I had land on the north of Rice Lake fifty years before, he said that he knew every man, woman and child in the riding and that he never heard of me.

"Where in thunder," said I to him, "do you live?"

"I have lived," said he, "man and boy, on the north side of the lake for over forty years. And if you want to be particular about it," said the old fellow, in wrath, "I have been there since the 8th of November, 1842."

"Enough," said I, "where is the letter, the three-pence, the dogs, and the mufflers? Bob Peck, I know you. Don't go for to deny it."

"Who the devil is Bob Peck," said he, in a furious rage, "and who are you with your mufflers and postage stamps? My name is Johnson, sir, Henry Johnson, I'd have you know, one of the oldest settlers in these parts, and never saw or heard of you or your letter or Bob Peck, never was north of Rice Lake in my life. Clear out of here—you don't vote here this day."

CHAPTER V.

Reader, was he lying or not? I don't know. Good evening.

H. J.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE FLIGHT.

ME DEAR MISTHER GRIP,—Sure it's meself that wint an' saw the Ould Bye off. "Good-bye," sez he to me, "Barney," sez he; "good-bye, fur a little file, an' whin I cum back, it's manys the good laugh we'll be after havin' over the commints an' aitorials av the *Globe*, all about me suddint flight, and how I run away from the ghost of Riel wid that there troop av Indian murderers all standin' round me midnight couch wid divil a stitch to their backs but the moccasins on their feet an' the feathers in their heads. But, Barney," sez he, layin' his finger alongside av his nose an' winkin, "it's yourself that knows how badly me constitootion wants a change; it's me health, Barney, me health, that's it—an' then there's that Reciprocity consarn, an' them fisheries. An' though Charlie's a very clever chap an' all that, still me personal prisence in England, etcitern, etcitern—all very good texts for the papers to spin sarmons out av. But, Barney, whishper, I'll just be after tellin' yez in shtrictest confidence the rale rayson of me dayparture—I'm goin' fur the sake av givin' them something to talk about. The rebellion is quelled, Riel safely shipped off. But now that he's gone, what on airth are thim papers goin' to do fur something to sensate about? I can't stand it, Barney! It's killin' me! Me heart is broke thinkin' av that poor, un-farchunate *Globe*, left widout a salitary sin-sation, so it's meself musht give them a lift. I'm off, widout tellin' 'em six weeks before-hand, and if that paper don't make the masht av it, me name isn't Sir Jahn McDonald, K. C., fiddle-dee-dee, and all the rest av it. Besides, there's Blake over there, doin' the slmart thing among the ginty there, an' crackin' up Canada an' holdin' forth in that provokin' repititious way he has. Egad! I'll smack his chops fur him! What business has he to crack up Canada? What's he got to do wid Canada, I'd like to know? I'll let them know that Canada belongs to me, that I, and I only, rule and reprisint this country!" I tell yez, Mистер GRIP, the ould bye was mad—begorra! it's frightened meself was intoirly. "Well," sez I, "good luck and a fair wind to yez," sez I. "Yez'll be over in good time fur the elections?" "Nivir fear," sez he, and wid a most beautiful military saloot he disappeared in the stame boat.

BARNEY O'HEA.

OF COURSE HE LIKES "GRIP'S ALMANAC."

We are in receipt of GRIP'S ALMANAC for 1886. We consider it the best Comic Almanac we have ever seen. It is full of fun, humor and originality, touching the leading topics of Canadian literature of the present time. The numerous cartoons and sketches are executed in a masterly and artistic manner. We know of nothing that will give you more pleasure and fun; all who see it must be delighted with it, from the Queen to the humblest peasant. A study of it will increase your knowledge of geography and political economy; it will save ten times its cost in doctors' bills, and will make your sides ache with laughter, and you will not forget it. Be sure and get this combination of fun in every household. You will not regret it. You cannot get so much fun and amusement in any other manner as cheaply.—*Farmers' Advocate, London.*

"See here, Smith, what in thunder do you mean by that article of yours? I'll spend a whole day trying to knock out your brains, if I can find them. You—"

"Why, my dear Jones, you are excited. I did not mean anything personal; I simply found fault with your actions, not with you."

"Oh, I beg pardon. I thought you meant it for me personally. Shake hands and order in something."

BRONCHITIS.

Bronchitis comes from colds and irritations of the throat; hoarseness, cough and sore throat are its characteristics. These troubles may be remedied by a timely use of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam.

HOME PHILOSOPHY.

"Pa, why ain't baby no teeth?"
 "Because he does not eat meat."
 "Why don't he?"
 "Because he don't want to."
 "Why don't he want to?"
 "Cos he can't!"
 "Why can't he?"
 "'Cause he hasn't any teeth. Now, shut up. You've set the baby crying."

LUXURY ON WHEELS.

The new Pullman Buffet Sleepers now running on the Grand Trunk Railway are becoming very popular with the travelling public. Choice berths can be secured at the city offices of the company, corner of King and Yonge Streets, and 20 York Street.

Why was Shylock called a dog? Because he was eager in following a cent.

"The autumn winds do blow,
 And we shall soon have snow."

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of Wm. West & Co.'s lace boots? They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

When a youngster develops "chin" he should be well lathered; but it is hoped that the barbarous master will not come down on him so heavily as to razor row with the young shaver's father.

Imperial Cough Drops. Best in the world for the throat and chest. For the voice unequalled. Try them.



THE UNIVERSAL EXEMPLAR.

"PHILODERMA" has no equal for chapped hands—sore lips. Ladies are delighted with it; gentlemen use it after shaving. Try it. No toilet table complete without it. Ask your druggist. Price 25c.

"Emily, that fellow Fox has been here again."
 "Now, papa, George is a very rich and a very nice young man, to boot."
 "Is he? I shall try him."

Before deciding on your new suit go into R. WALKER & SON'S Ordered Clothing Dept., and see their beautiful Scotch tweed suitings at \$18, and winter overcoatings from \$16.

This is the time of the year when the meds are apt to raise somebody's (s)ire.

BOILERS regularly inspected and Insured against explosion by the Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co. of Canada. Also consulting engineers. Head Office, Toronto: Branch Office, Montreal.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.



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

McCOLL'S LARDINE

Still takes the lead for machine purposes.

CYLINDER OILS, HARNESS OILS, WOOL OILS, ETC., ALWAYS IN STOCK.

OUR "SUNLIGHT"

Is the best Canadian Coal Oil in the market.

McCULL BROS. & CO., TORONTO.

Prompt shipment and lowest prices guaranteed.

CLOTHING. J.F. McRAE & CO., Merchant Tailors, 156 Yonge-street, Toronto.

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

SPECTACLES THAT will suit all sights. Send for an Illustrated Catalogue, and be convinced. H. SANDERS, Manufacturing Optician, 185 St. James Street, Montreal.

BRUCE, THE PHOTOGRAPHER, SPELLS his name with a U, and don't you forget it. He is always on hand to attend personally on his patrons, and still leads the profession in the artistic quality of his work.
 Studio, 118 King Street W.

There is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, PATLEY'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. 36 King-street west, Toronto.

What are you thinking of? Others claim to be Kings, and Crowns, and Perfect, but we claim to be only a DOMESTIC, but one that no lady will part with. Found only at 96 Yonge Street, Toronto. Call and be convinced.

LEAR'S

NOTED GAS FIXTURE EMPORIUM, 15 and 17 Richmond-street West. Proprietor, having business that calls him to the Old Country in June, has decided to offer for the next two months inducements to buyers not often met with. Ten Thousand Dollars Wanted. Cash customers will find this the golden opportunity.

R. H. LEAR.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—It pays to carry a good watch I never had satisfaction till I bought one of WELON & TROWER's reliable watches, 171 Yonge-street, east side, 2nd door south of Queen.

BOUQUET, SWEET BRIAR, WHITE CASTILE, PRINCESS LOUISE.

Best Value in Canada.

MORSE SOAP COMPANY.

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. Retailled by all Druggists; wholesale, Evans, Sons & Mason, Toronto.

CLOTHING. J.F. McRAE & CO., Merchant Tailors, 156 Yonge-street, Toronto.

PHOTOS—Cabinets, \$2.50 per dozen. J. DIXON, 201 to 203 Yonge-street, Toronto.

VIOLINS—First-class, from \$75 to \$3. Catalogues of Instruments free. T. OLAXTON, 197 Yonge-street, Toronto.

TENTS and Camp Furniture. All kinds for Sale or Hire. Send for catalogue. Tent and Camping Depot, 169 Yonge-street, Toronto.

COOK'S AUTOMATIC POSTAL SCALE;

NOVEL, SIMPLE, CONVENIENT, ACCURATE. Indicates instantly Weight and Postage on LETTERS, PAPERS and PARCELS. The trade supplied. Send for circular.

HART & COMPANY, 81 and 33 King St. West, Toronto. SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

P. BURNS, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in **Coal and Wood,** ESTABLISHED 1866. Telephone Communication between ALL OFFICES. } **TORONTO.** } OFFICES—Cor. Front and Bath-street E., 151 Queen-street W., 350 Yonge-street.

Punch, a monthly comic short-hand magazine containing 32 pages full fun. Photographic Books supplied Wholesale and Retail. Short-hand thoroughly taught by mail. Teachers sent to country towns where classes can be formed. Address all letters, etc., to the head office. THE ONTARIO SHORTHAND SOCIETY, Head Office, 36 Adelaide-street East, Toronto. Branch, 26 Adelaide-street East, Toronto.

Engineering. Certificates granted, and situations procured. School teachers and advanced students will find this very valuable school to attend, and should at once send in their applications so as to secure the advantages we now offer. Shorthanders should send for application form to be enrolled a fellow of our Corresponding Society, and also enclose 15c. for sample copy of "Phonographic

Short-hand, Type-writing, Book-keeping, Commercial Arithmetic, English Grammar, Writing, Languages, Matriculation in Law, Medicine, Arts, and Civil

Wanted to learn