

EL PADRE, EL PADRE, EL PADRE,

CHINA HALL,
THE OLDEST HOUSE FOR
**China, Porcelain
and Glass**
IN THE CITY, ALSO
**Stone China Dinner
Ware.**
CLOVER HARRISON,
Importer.



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



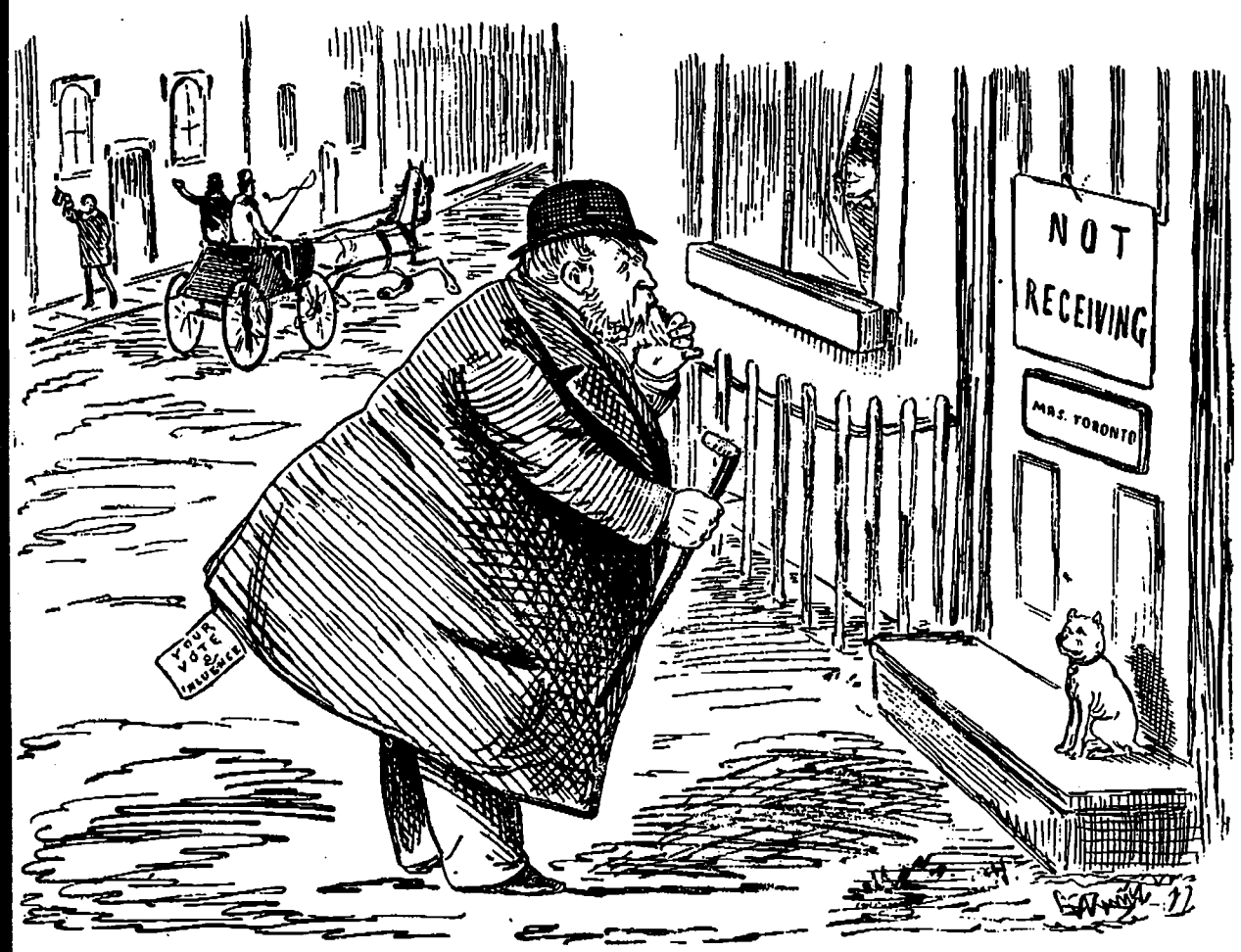
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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Mr. George Crammond is the only authorized Advertising Agent at present connected with GRIP.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—This is the first number of GRIP for the new year, and it would of course, be inexcusable to issue it without a cartoon appropriate to the season. We therefore present a beautiful little allegorical sketch of Father Time setting out cheerily with the youthful Year. For the first time the traditional whiskers of Father Time (mere stage whiskers) are ruthlessly torn off, and the ever young old fellow will be at once identified as no other than the Premier of the Dominion. At the discovery there will be a sensation of profound joy throughout the country, in which all parties will share, excepting perhaps a few persons who are looking more or less anxiously for the leadership of the Conservative Party.

FIRST PAGE.—For some reason best known to themselves, the electors of St. Patrick's Ward saw fit on New Year's Day to decline Mr. Baxter's proffer of his services as Alderman for 1882. Perhaps they thought that Mr. Baxter was in danger of coming to regard the Aldermanship as a sort of profession at which he could make an honest livelihood; or perhaps they considered that it was not reasonable of the City to expect them any longer to permit so much of the Ward to be absent from its precincts every Monday night. Whatever may have been the reason, the deed was done. When Mr. B. called he found Mrs. Toronto was "not receiving."

EIGHTH PAGE.—This picture is intended to epitomise the general bearing and effect which the new Nor'-West Land regulations are likely to have. In our opinion they offer long odds in favour of the Speculator and the Monopolist; the reader cannot do better than read the document itself by way of commentary on the sketch.

The Evening News of a late date gave the acts in the case of Nicholls vs. Waters, and a more utterly heartless outrage under forms of law it would be hard to conceive. Briefly stated, it was this: A poor old coloured man who had become possessed of a home by honestly paying for it, is, after many years' quiet possession, forcibly turned out because it has been discovered that a few inches of his property really

belongs to his next-door neighbour. Having absolute confidence in his deed, and being too ignorant to appreciate the niceties of the law, he fails to defend himself in the action duly brought and judgment is given against him with the result already mentioned. The poor old man is now living in a miserable condition in St. John's Ward, vainly endeavouring to see what he has done to deserve this treatment. We commend the case to His Worship, the Mayor, and to all who feel disposed to relieve worthy objects of charity.

* *

And so Judge Mackenzie can't make up his mind as to who burned the contract. A long and wearisome trial, enlivened only by the forensic wit of Mr. Fenton and Mr. Blevins—with occasional characteristic flashes from the bench—ends in smoke. No, not in smoke, but in a substantial volume of several hundreds of pages of printed evidence which may now be filed away on the shelf alongside of the Iron-mask and other mysteries of history.

* *

Whatever possessed us to write our worthy mayor's name *John* instead of *William* in last week's paper, and thereby spoil what was intended for a well-earned compliment? Could we have been thinking of the terrible fate in store for our esteemed Baxter as we wrote? As Dundreary used to say, "it's one of those things no fellow can find out." However, we are consoled to learn that Mr. McMurrish intends to do his duty just as earnestly as if nothing had happened.

* *

We have a partiality for letters like the following:

Tilsonburg, Dec. 31, 1881.

DEAR GRIP,—In return for your 52 happy greetings during 1881, full of mirth and irony, and by a stroke of your pencil illustrating the true inwardness of prominent men and thoughts occupying the public mind, I wish you a happy and prosperous New Year, and renew my subscription by enclosing two dollars for 1882.

Very truly yours,

T. B. BAIN.

This worthy man's name ought to be Antidote, after that.

* *

A brilliant magazine article by Mr. N. F. Davin has been reprinted in pamphlet form, and lies upon our table. It is entitled, 'Remarks suggested by the death of President Garfield,' and under this caption the writer gathers up many significant lessons on the subject of partyism and the civil service. The pamphlet ought to be read and studied by all our public men, for sound views on these topics are sadly needed in Canada. It is needless to say the writing itself has the old-time charm of eloquence.

The fact that misfortunes do not come singly is why we are doubly glad when they are gone.—*Springfield (Ill.) Register.*

Special from Ottawa.

Last week's *Grip* contained by far the most successful hit that has appeared in our popular Canadian *Punch*. The principal cartoon—occupying a double page and artistically coloured—is founded upon Miss Thompson's celebrated picture, "The Roll Call," an engraving from which has been on exhibition in the city for several weeks. Sir John Macdonald, with roll in hand, is passing down the ranks of the wounded political warriors for the purpose of finding out who is missing after the fight. The leading political men of the country, all more or less wounded, show signs of having passed through a trying ordeal. Every face is a striking likeness. In prominent political circles yesterday this cleverly-executed cartoon was a subject of eulogistic comment. Latterly a decided improvement has been noticed in *Grip*. The clever artist is to be congratulated upon the success of his latest effort.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

The Opening of the House.

They sat together on the red damask sofa in the back parlour. Her father was out at a ward meeting and he generally stayed out till a late hour.

"Aramintha," said Alfred, "I see in the paper that your pa is going to be away next week with other gentlemen to take a look over the Credit Valley line. For one week, dearest, we can have the evenings to ourselves. Now, how shall we pass them? How would it strike you if we should take in the theatres, the Grand and the Royal, on alternate nights?"

"Why, Alfonso Shellout!" exclaimed the astonished maiden, "go to a theatre! You know I'd be disgraced if it was found out that I went to such a wicked place. Well, I never!"

"I believe there's going to be a concert or a lecture or something in Shaftesbury Hall, there surely could be no objection to that."

"Oh, I don't care about concerts, and I hate lectures, I'd just as soon go to church," replied the fair girl rather petulantly.

"What do you say to a skating rink?"

"Say? why, I can't skate."

"Well, I'll tell you what would be nice—and—cheap," said young Alfonso after some deliberation. "The Provincial Assembly meets next week, and we'll go to the Opening of the House."

"Oh, of all things!" Aramintha replied, as a flush of pleasure mounted to her celluloid brow, and almost put her roseate bangs to shame; "Just the very thing!"

"Then," said Alfonso, "it is settled—the Opening of the House—" when the sound of a heavy footstep crossing the room (it was Aramintha's father who had unexpectedly returned) caused them to turn around.

"Young man," said the stern parent, "I thought I forbade you coming to this house! Now what fiendish plot have you been concocting, and what have you been saying to my innocent daughter, hey?"

"I was only—only—saying—that I was going to the—a—Opening of the House—"

"So you shall! so you shall!" said the old man with a fiendish chuckle, as he proceeded to the front door, and throwing it wide open, roared, "*Here is the Opening of the House!*—now git up and git!"

Alfonso meekly complied, and thus were two hearts made sorrowful and sad.

A fisherman's favourite musical instrument—the castanet, of course, wherewith he can get a bass soon. The lyre is rather a favourite among fishermen too.—*Buffalo News.*

"Can't we have scolloped oysters some day?" asked a dainty boarder of his landlady. "I don't think I know how to scollop oysters," was the reply. "Then *bias* some," said the funny man.—*Omaha Times.*



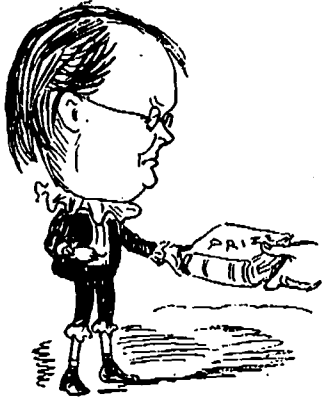
No. 1.—He was born young.



No. 2.—He was a very studious youth.



No. 3.—In due time was sent to U.C. College.



No. 4.—Where he became the Head boy.



No. 5.—And passed on to the University.



No. 6.—Afterwards becoming a law student.



No. 7.—He ultimately became a leading lawyer.



No. 8.—He entered Parliamentary life.



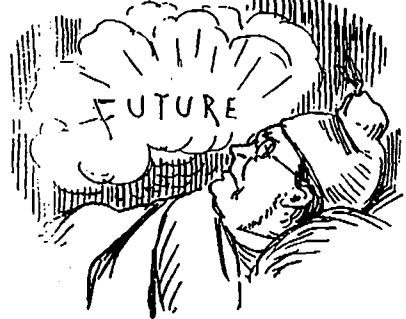
No. 9.—But still remained a great lawyer.



No. 10.—He introduced many good measures.



No. 11.—Declined the honour of knighthood.



No. 12.—Intends to do something more sometime.



CONSOLING A MONTREAL FRIEND.

JOHN A. MICAWBER.—BEAR IN MIND, MY DEAR ANDREW, "THEY ALSO SERVE WHO STAND AND WAIT"—FOR SOMETHING TO TURN UP.

A New Year's Call.

BY BELINDA BERTHA BUSSELFRIE.

George Jehosaphat Joseph Gray
Was a nice young man in a general way;
He got himself up in his best array,
And went out calling on New Year's Day.

G. J. J. Gray was timid and shy,
Though he dressed so spruce and he looked so spry;
So to pluck up his courage he thought he'd try
A glass of Gooderham's best old rye.

Then to the first "boozin' ken" he went,
To take one glass was his sole intent;
But some fellows on similar errand bent,
To drink a "John Collins" gained his consent.

G. J. J. Gray's head was not very strong,
And the "bowls" affected his brains ere long;
And with voice as loud as a dinner gong,
He commenced a verse of a comic song.

His comrades chorused long and loud,
The bar-tender stood up the drinks and bowed;
And all the young fellows felt happy and proud,
As they left the saloon, a drunken crowd.

"I say, old fel', now where'll we go?"
Said one, "Is there no nice gal that you know?"
"I think myself 'twould be *comme il faut*,
To bring this whole lively gang in tow."

So away the gang started up the street
Ogling every young lady they'd meet;
At every tavern they'd stop and treat,
Till they found it some trouble to stand on their feet.

Now G. J. J. Gray had an aunt—a maid,
In manner prim and demourour staid;
With ducts she often did young Gray aid,
And on this lady they made a raid.

The lady sat in her parlour prim,
She'd coffee and cakes and bread cut thin;
When her ears were shocked by a horrible din,
As young Gray and the gang came tumbling in.

"This, boys," said Gray, "is my aunty dear,"
His voice was uncertain and far from clear;
"The boys" then shouted for brandy and beer,
While the old lady trembled with rage and fear.

They scouted her coffee and sneered at her cake;
Of the lady herself huge fun did make,
Each acted the part of a vile young rake,
And they kicked up a row like an Irish wake.

They scared the poor lady clean out of her wits,
Her favourite china they broke in bits;
The lady fell down in a series of fits,
Then out of the house each one of them "gits."

Out on the street came these lively lads,
The pride of their mammas, the hope of their dads,
Where they acted like drunken, ill-bred cads,
Or U-ni-ver-si-ty undergrads.

But a dread Nemesis was after them straight,
They had not got far from the front door gate;
When patrolman Flynn who was on his "bate"
At the very next corner was lying in wait.

"Be Japers!" said bold policeman Flynn,
"If they come this way and give me any chin;
Although they are full of brandy and gin,
By the powers av Moll Kelly I'll run them in!"

The gang came along with a wild halloo!
And commenced to make fun of the man in blue;
When says Flynn "Now, lads, that'll do for you,
And he run them all in to No. 2."

With hair unkempt and eyes ablaze,
Next morning the magistrate fell on their gaze;
Said the Colonel "I'll try for to mend your ways,
One dollar and costs or 30 days!"

They were all very sorry and horridly ill,
But their friends came in and paid up their bill;
Young Gray only laughed at the joke until
He found that his aunty had altered her will!

And so it was, this New Year call
Had raised the old maiden lady's call,
And to alter her will a lawyer did call,
And G. J. J. Gray got nothing at all.

MORAL.

Young men, when you go on a New Year's stroll,
Avoid the intoxicating bowl;
Remember the pitfalls that stood in the way
Of George Jehosaphat Joseph Gray.

It is easy enough to knock a man down with
a straw, but one end of the straw needs to be
in the bung hole of a full barrel of whiskey.—
Syracuse Times.

An Irish jig-dancer, who applied for a posi-
tion as brakeman on the Pennsylvania Rail-
road, was refused, because the officials feared a
break-down if he was on a train.—*Philadelphia
Item.*



The sacred concert at Bond-street Church on Tuesday evening, was highly successful. The soloists on the occasion were Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Morris, and Messrs. Warde and Warrington. The first-named lady, who is a favourite in Toronto, acquitted herself admirably in the oratorio numbers, and shared in the applause bestowed for several well-rendered quartettes. Perhaps, however, her solo selections were not of the happiest, as they afforded but little scope for the display of her highly cultivated voice. Mrs. Morris, the acknowledged queen of Toronto soprani, sang "With Verdure Clad," and "Hear ye, Israel," with her accustomed brilliancy. Mr. Warde exerted himself commendably in the numbers allotted to him, and if he did not score a great success it was chiefly owing to his voice, which can only be called tenor by courtesy. He certainly did as well as any man could with a similar organ. Mr. Warrington's selections, as well as his rendering of them, were, as usual, capital. No singer is more certain of a good reception than this gentleman, for his appearance invariably means a treat for the audience and a triumph for himself. The Misses Corlett added much to the pleasure of the occasion by their duet "Ruth and Naomi." Messrs. Doward, Tasker and Lawson were the organ soloists, and each did well. Mr. Lawson rendered two stirring marches, which captivated the audience in a special manner. Mr. Doward acted as accompanist throughout the evening.

The Amy Leo Opera Company are giving highly amusing performances at the Royal, in an operatta called "The Two Medallions." Next Monday the Palmer-Graham Comedy Company come to this house and remain throughout the week.

The attraction at the Grand at present is Hermann, the celebrated Magician, who has a habit of telling his audience just how he does his wonderful tricks.

The Rinks are all lively now, the thermometer having gone down and the shareholders' hopes correspondingly up. The Granite Club's splendid establishment on Church-street is, as of yore, the rendezvous for hundreds of the devotees of skating and curling.

The Bond-street Progress Society have issued their programme of fortnightly entertainments for the first quarter of 1882. Dr. Wild will devote a half-hour of the first evening, (Friday of next week) to the consideration of "Three Funny Things."

Mr. Charles Roberts, a distinguished elocutionist, of New York, is announced to give two entertainments in Shaftesbury Hall, on the evenings of Jan. 27 and 28.

One of the precepts of the Talmud urges a man to "descend a step in choosing a wife." Many a young fellow has descended a number of steps—and in something of a hurry, too—when on that very errand.—*Buffalo News.*

Some men would sacrifice their pew in church for a chance to say something mean. The other day a man entered the corner grocery, looked around for five minutes, and when the grocer playfully murmured: "If you don't see what you want, ask for it," he answered: "Well, I am looking for a grocer who will give twelve eggs for a dozen, but I don't see him."—*St. Louis Hornet.*



ANOTHER MILE-STONE PASSED!

OR, FATHER TIME AS SPRY AS EVER!

The Chronicles of Flori, the Son of David.

FROM THE DAY OF HIS DEFEAT EVEN UNTIL NOW. (Reprinted by Request.)

And behold Flori, the son of David, drew near, and entered into the tent of his fore-fathers, and there came out to meet him his aged sire.

And Flori lifted up his voice and wept: and said unto him: "Oh my father, the sword of Arma-Geddon, the Captain of the Host, has entered into my flesh, and his wounds, even exceeding bitter words, into my heart, and I am sore vexed and troubled in spirit."

And his father said unto him: "Oh, my son, be not troubled in spirit, neither let thy heart be sad within thee, for thou shalt yet have dominion over this Philistine, even Arma-Geddon, the Captain of the Host."

Then was the soul of Flori comforted and he bound up his wounds, and uncovered his head to the breath of Heaven. And he said unto his slaves, which were with him in the gate to do his bidding: "It is well; bring forth the instruments of music, even the sackbut and the psaltery, and make merry before me, and fear not."

But though he spake thus with his tongue, he hardened his heart, and took counsel with himself what he should do, saying: "This man, even Arma-Geddon, the Centurion, the Leader of Fans and the Bearer of Brooms, shall surely die."

So he hardened his heart, and bound up his wrath within himself until the days of his fasting, even the weeks and months of the peace-offering should be fulfilled.

Now it came to pass in those days, even in the days of the peace-offerings and sacrifices, that Flori went forth from the land of his fathers, and sojourned in a foreign land.

And his heart was sad within him, so he summoned unto him the wise men of the land, even the Smooth-flayers, the Bruisals and the Boxals, and said unto them: "Behold now is my spirit sad within me: for the Centurion, even Arma-Geddon, the Captain of the Host, hath waged war against me, a man of peace, a sculptor of images, and a lover of music and sweet sounds, and hath discomfited me."

Then the wise men of the land lifted up their voices and said unto him: "Let not thy heart be sad within thee, neither let thy spirit mourn, for in thy land, even in the land of Jon-Lan, the King, thou hast a man of great skill in such matters, one who maketh the wounded spirit to rejoice, and grants comfort to the mourner. He will aid thee against this Philistine, and thou shalt lay him even with the dust. Yes, verily, and so shall it be unto thee."

Then was Flori exceeding glad, and he said unto the wise men: "Give me, I pray ye, some sign by which I shall know this wise man: lest peradventure I meet him in the way, and know him not. And they gave unto him a sign."

And Flori gave unto the wise men one shekel, for though he had many, they were very dear unto him.

So Flori departed for his own land.

And behold, as he journeyed upon the great sea, he fell into a deep sleep, and he dreamed a dream: and in his dream the bags of sand which lay around him arose from the ground, and stood up before him. And he looked, and beheld the bags of sand bore the likeness of the Centurion, even of Arma-Geddon. And the bag which was the head cried aloud and said unto him, "Arise, thou bag of wind, why sleepest thou?" Then Flori awoke in his dream, and he smote the bags hip and thigh, until they fell, and he said run out upon the ground.



Then Flori awoke from his sleep, and commised with himself, and said unto himself, "Are not these the wds of the wise men, which they spake unto me, saying: 'Thou shalt lay him even with the dust.' And he was comforted."

So Flori returned unto his own land, and he sought diligently among his kinsfolk and relations for the wise man who should aid him against the Captain of the Host; but he found him not.

Then was he grieved in spirit, saying unto himself, "Surely now have I been deceived by the wise men, and have given them of my wealth for naught."

And it came to pass that there was a certain slave in the land, exceeding cunning in the art of forging iron. And Flori sent unto him, saying: "Make me, even now,

iron for my rament, that I may be safe against this man who girds himself with a staff." And Flori was urgent, and said, "If thou dost not this thing, thou shalt surely die: for art thou not a slave to do my bidding?"

And the slave made haste and drew near unto him; and it came to pass when Flori beheld him that he fell on his knees before him, and said unto him:

"Oh, my friend, live forever! For surely thou art he who shall grant me deliverance from mine enemy." And the slave said unto him, "I am he, be comforted."

Then they communed together, and took counsel respecting the death of Arma-Geddon.

Now when the weeks of fasting, and of the peace-offerings were accomplished, even in the tenth month, and on the twenty-seventh day of the month, Arma-Geddon arose early and said unto himself, "Behold the harvest is at hand: the harvest of stocks and of murgins, and the season for the gathering in of shekels. Now must I hasten and get me down right early, lest they be all devoured by the bears of the street and the bulls of the corner."

So he went forth from his tent, and journeyed through the land of the Black-Gregor to that of the Shimmering-Sun. And as he journeyed he thought not of Flori, the son of David, but he said unto himself, "Oh, self, live forever! Thou art mighty in warfare, and comely in person. The strong men and the fair maidens bow down unto thee, and thy name is of great report in the land."

But as he thus communed with himself a great noise smote the air, and a mighty voice, as of thunder, said unto him:

"Art thou he who girdeth himself with a stick? Then the knees of Arma-Geddon smote together, and he



quaked with fear, and trembled exceedingly; so that his staff, which was in his hand, fell upon the ground. For he knew that the voice was the voice of the bag of wind even of Flori, the son of David.

Then the wise man, even the forger of iron, upon whom Flori leant, said unto him, "Be mindful of a dream, and smite him, for I am with thee, so that thou shalt prevail, and he shall surely die."

So Flori fell upon him and smote him, so that he fell, and the blood, even the blood of the Centurion, Arma-Geddon, flowed out upon the ground. Then Flori smote him again and again, and buffeted him, until the words of the wise men, which they spake unto him were fulfilled.

And Arma-Geddon, the Centurion, the mighty man of valour, the Commander of Fans, and the Leader of many, lay huddled in the dust, wallowing in his own gore. And he groined in spirit and cried aloud, saying:—

"It is enough, go hence from my sight, and mock not the voice of my groaning."

But Flori said unto him: "If thou wert a man, then wouldest thou do battle as a man; but behold now art thou but a child, even a mere babe before me." And he smote him upon the right cheek and upon the left, and reviled him with exceeding bitter words.

Then spake the wise man, even the cunning forger of iron, unto Flori, saying: "Let us go hence, it is enough." So they mounted into the chariot and departed. But the wise man took with him the staff of Arma-Geddon, which was in his hand, saying unto himself, "It is a token of remembrance for them that shall do likewise."

And Flori returned unto his own tent, and they prepared a great feast and made merry. For they said now is the house of David exalted above its fellows. For we have smitten our enemy and laid him even with the dust. So they feasted and made merry, even until the eleventh hour. But on the morrow there was silence in the house of David, for the heads of the people were sore amazed and very heavy.

But Arma-Geddon lay within his tent, sick unto death, and troubled in his heart. And he called unto him the wise men of the land: the Physicians, the Scribes, and the Counsellors. And they took counsel together for many days.

Then one of them, a Counsellor, mighty with his tongue, and cunning withal, but of short stature, said unto them: "How long shall this man trouble us? For he is a noisy and a turbulent fellow, and no man's life is safe while he is abroad."

So they took Flori, the son of David, and cast him into prison, and made his feet fast in the stocks.

And it was a custom in those parts to do unto prisoners, even as they did in the days of Samson, to take their strength from them: but, though they searched dili-

gently from morning until evening, they touched not a hair of his head. For it was not.



Then was there mourning in the house of David, and a great cry went abroad in the land, for they said, "Where is the wise man, the mighty Counsellor who shall deliver us?" And one said unto them, "Fear not, for I will bring unto you him of whom ye speak. And I should be brought unto him Gub-Annus, the son of Hastings, a mighty Counsellor, a man of sturdy carriage, and comely in looks, who spake words as sweet as honey, yet were they sharp as barbed arrows."

And he said unto them, "Be of good cheer, fear not, for I will deliver him." And they took counsel, and gave unto him many shekels. And the number of the shekels, which they gave unto him, was so great that they filled even the whole ear in which he rode.

In those days there ruled over the city a mighty judge, Sagud, the son of Galix, and when all these things were made known unto him he summoned before him Flori, the son of David, and a great multitude, even the whole city. And when they were all assembled together, even the Counsellors, the Scribes, the Physicians, the Smooth-flayers, the Bruisals, and the Boxals, they wrangled and strove with each other for many days, respecting Flori, the son of David, and Arma-Geddon, whom he slew; and there was strife in the city, and between the Bruisals and the Boxals.

Then stood up the Counsellors, four in number: He, who was short in stature, yet cunning with his tongue; Gullielmus, the son of Hastings, whose words were as honey on his lips, yet full of venom in his heart; Alletic, the son of Joseph, the spokesman of the great king; and another, who is surmised the mellifluous; and there stood before the people those who were to give testimony in the matter, four score and ten in number.

And they all shouted and harangued together in the Court which is called Small-don during many days.

And on the third day, even at the eleventh hour of the night, the people shouted with a loud voice and said: "Let Flori, the son of David, be exalted in the land, for he hath done good and not evil before us, and hath cast down the mighty, the proud, and him of high stomach, even Arma-Geddon, the Leader of Dances and the Bearer of Brooms."

So they looke the bonds of Flori, the son of David, and set him free; but the great Judge, even Asgud, the son of Galix, said unto him, "Be thou henceforward careful in thy doings, oh, thou son of David; and that thou mayest remember these days, I command thee to cast into the treasury of the great king two mites."

So Flori, the son of David, triumphed in the land; and Arma-Geddon, the Centurion, went mourning many days, seeking rest but finding none.

Now the rest of the acts of Flori, the son of David, and the oaths which he swore, are they not written in the books of the Upper Ten, as a remembrance against him unto this day.

[Toronto (Canada) Globe.]

Happiness in the Royal Opera House, Toronto.



One of the finest and most popular places of resort in Toronto, is the Royal Opera House. There enjoyment, "pure and unalloyed," can be obtained, and thither the pleasure-seeking multitudes of our city hasten when they wish to have "a good time." This institution is under the able and successful management of that genial and popular gentleman, Mr. J. C. Conner, whose personal magnetism and versatile ability are felt



(From Grip's Almanac for 1882.)

MOTHER SHIPTON DISCOMFITED.

FATHER TIME.—HA! HA! WE HAVE GOT ANOTHER, YOU SEE.

to the extreme limit of every transaction affecting the essential interest of the enterprise. In a recent conversation with Mr. Connor, (who has been suffering severely) he spoke as follows to one of our representatives in reply to a question concerning his health: During the early part of last October I had a severe attack in my right knee, of what my physicians pronounced acute rheumatism. I used many so-called rheum-



atic remedies, without receiving any apparent benefit. Observing that 'St. Jacobs Oil' was being constantly recommended by many of the leading members of our profession, I decided to give it a trial. Accordingly I purchased a bottle of the article and applied it as directed. From the first application I commenced to improve, and before I had used two-thirds of a bottle, I was entirely cured, and have experienced no return of my ailment. If the publication of this statement of my experience with the Great German Remedy will induce any suffering member of the human family to test its marvellous efficacy I shall consider myself amply repaid in thus relating my opinion of its merits.

The Farmer and his Child.

A farmer old and his daughter fair,
Locks of silver and golden hair,
Sabbath eve on the homestead farm,
Quiet and peaceful, secure from harm.

The old man says, in accents slow,
"Child, to the meetin' I must go,
I'll harness up the old bay mare
And in a short time she'll bring me there."

"Though the night is dark and the road is rough,
Both the mare and I are old but tough;
We both have travelled it many a year,
So, daughter of mine, you have naught to fear.

"Sit thee down in the chimney nook
And keep on reading the nice little book;
The book you got from the Sunday-school,
And see that the fire does not lack fuel."

The maiden answered, "If you must go,
Be sure, dear father, you journey slow;
For the road has many a devious turn,
And you and the mare are both infirm.

"So take my advice, before you go,
Be sure that you drive the old mare slow."
The old man kissed his daughter fair,
And went to the barn for the old bay mare.

From the fair girl's bosom was lifted a load,
When she heard the old mare trot down the road:
She heaved a sigh, to the window went,
And gazed on the starless firmament.

And the wind outside gave a mournful wail,
As the window reflected her face so pale;
Then she placed a candle on the window sill
And said, "What on earth has become of Bill?"

When just at seven by the old Dutch clock,
At the kitchen door she heard a faint knock;
Oh! how that knock made her bosom thrill,
As she jumped to the door to let in Bill.

So Bill came in in his Sunday best,
With an ornate watch chain across his vest;
His hair was oiled, got up to kill,
A particularly fascinating young Bill.

"The old man's out, I rightly guessed,"
He said, as her head lay on his breast;
"I saw him rattling down the hill,
With the old bay mare," said the cunning Bill.

"So I hurried up with might and main,
To see my dearest 'Liz Jane,
The youth and maiden sat together,
Not thought of time, or tide, or weather.

Plenty of time for an hour or so,
They knew the old man would drive slow;
But scarcely had one short hour passed,
When the lovers felt a frigid blast.

There was the door thrown open wide,
And an angry old man by their side;
He seized young Bill by his store coat collar,
And kicked him, till he made him holler.

And with demoniacal roar,
He fired young William through the door;
And yet his wrath did not abate,
Till he kicked him through the garden gate,

And booted him right down the hill,
Alas! alas! for poor young Bill;
Returning, to the girl, he said,
"Now pack yourself right straight to bed."

"If I was not a kind old pap,
I'd make you acquainted with the strap;
The reason why, I now well know,
You begged of me to drive so slow.

"You 'feared I'd meet with some mishap,
You only thought to fool your pap!"
And this is the story, drawn so mild,
About the farmer and his child.

Never despise a man who wears a paper shirt-front; he may have no mother to support him.—*Omaha Times*.

When Fogg cut off three of his toes, he smiled grimly as he remarked that he was now reduced to a piece footing.—*Boston Transcript*.

Pulse hair is now so artistically adjusted on a person's head that it is almost impossible to determine which is switch.—*Eric (Pa.) Graphic*.

"I now resemble a sword," sighed the young lady who had been jilted by her beau, "because I am a cutlass."—*Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Stylus*.



THE LION'S SHARE.

The Late Seizure (?) at Woodstock.

The Yankees came down like the wolves on the fold,
 With their Q.C. and constables fearless and bold;
 And the ink on their writs was scarce drier, dear me,
 Than the eyes, very soon, of that M.P., Q.C.
 Like a pair of new boots, when the streets are kept clean,
 Were Q.C. and party at 8 a.m. seen:
 Like a pair of old boots, which no one would own,
 Were they, half-an-hour later, out in the mud thrown.

For Anti-Monopoly gave them a blast,
 And took a hand in, while the Yankees—they passed:
 And their eyes waxed as big as their lawyer's bill mill,
 And their hearts, with one heave, very nearly stopped still!

And there lay Magee, through the cab-door quick shield,
 Quick through it he rolled, and was landed outside;
 And the tails of his coat lay around on the turf,
 And his boots flew about as if tossed by the surf.

And there lay the Q.C., all muddy yet pale,
 On his stomach sat Hay. Jopp clutched his coat-tail,
 And the Yankees were silent, their dodges made known,
 The "Machines" unabstracted, their plans overthrown.
 And the "Rattan Monopolists" took speedy leg-bail,
 And they carried their heads as a dog does his tail;
 For the ways of these pirates, hitherto unexplored,
 And so rudely exposed, are not all above board.

MORAL.

Ye plates from Yankee-land, bear this in mind,
 Your writs are no good with your wits left behind;
 Ye constables, too, don't forget, when you grab,
 A machine in the hand is worth two in a cab.
 And ye Q.C.'s, as well, don't straddle the fence,
 Don't sacrifice principles for a paltry few peace,
 Or you'll find, like our friend who was rolled in the street,
 If you once lose your head, that you can't keep your feet.

SCRANTON.

Woodstock.

P. T. Barnum Falls into Line.

Scanning our various exchanges, we notice
 especial distinction given in prominent New
 York dailies to Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson's
 strong endorsement of St. Jacobs Oil as a pain-
 reliever. They, too, have fallen into line, it
 would seem.—*Cincinnati (O.) Enquirer.*

An actor, however uneducated, is always a
 man of parts.—*Boston Score.*

How much superior is a Christmas present
 to a Christmas past?—*Cincinnati Saturday
 Night.*

"I think I must really marry one of these
 fellows some day, just to get rid of him," said
 a giddy young thing of twenty-two thanksgiv-
 ings. She did marry him, and he is now tak-
 ing his meals at a restaurant alone. He got
 rid of her.—*Andrew's American Queen.*

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**THE GREAT
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 FOR
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*Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
 Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,
 Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and
 Sprains, Burns and Scalds,
 General Bodily Pains,
 Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet
 and Ears, and all other Pains
 and Aches.*

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as
 a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy.
 A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay
 of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain
 can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.
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 JANUARY 10th, 1882.**

Toronto Choral Society.

EDWARD FISHER, Conductor.

In the production of Hayden's famous oratorio the cho-
 rus and orchestra will be represented in stronger force
 than ever before in the history of the Society, and these
 will be supplemented by a powerful pipe organ, placed in
 the pavilion specially for this occasion.

Also the following eminent artists have been engaged to
 sustain the soprano and ténor solos in this work, namely:

MRS. E. ALINE OSGOOD

AND

**MR. GEO. WERREN RATH,
 OF NEW YORK.**

The plan of seats will be opened to honorary members
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Any persons desiring the privilege of first choice of
 seats, should send in their names as honorary members of
 the Society before the above mentioned date.

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