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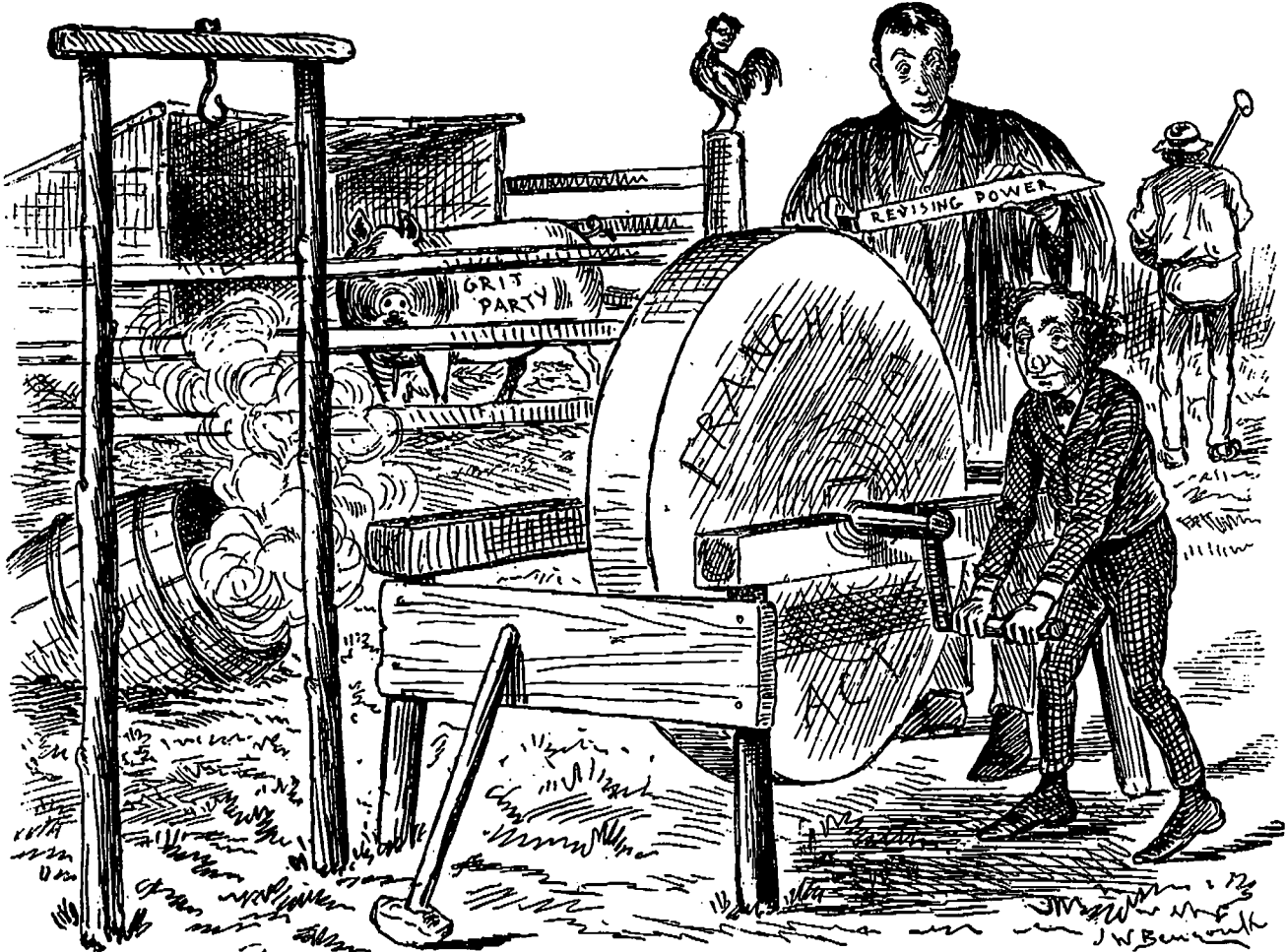


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GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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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.

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BACK NUMBERS OF GRIP WANTED.

We wish to obtain the following back numbers of Grip: Vol. XIII.—Nos. 1 to 26; Vol. XIV.—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 23 and 24; Vol. XV.—No. 12; Vol. XVI.—2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15, and 16. Will subscribers having any, or all, of the above numbers please communicate with us, stating particulars. We would be prepared to purchase the bound volumes from May, 1879, to May, 1881.

Address: Publishing Department, Grip Office.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—HON. THOMAS WHITE is still en route through the North-West, endeavoring to learn by personal observation the actual facts as to the rights and wrongs of the settlers. The eye of the country follows him with deep interest, for a great deal will depend upon the use he makes of his time and the results that will flow from his investigation. From expressions used by Mr. White himself at the banquet given on the eve of his departure, we judge that he is quite convinced that the country will not accept from him a report such as that made by Sir Hector Langevin on his return from the North-West some time ago. Sir Hec. asked the people to believe that he could find no evidences of dissatisfaction at all; but, on the contrary, he saw everywhere the evidences of peace and prosperity. As a commentary on this veracious account we had the Rebellion. It is decidedly too late in the day for returning tourists to tell us of peace, peace, where there is no peace, and Mr. White will display only common wisdom if he refrains from that old story. It is the prevailing belief that, if left to himself, the new Minister would deal with the problem before him like a sensible man, and wear the spectacles of honesty in

his present tour, but it is also believed to be inevitable that pressure will be brought to bear upon him by the political interests so aptly impersonated in Dewdney to look at the North-West only through the medium of party exigencies.

FIRST PAGE.—Perhaps, somewhere in the backwoods, amid surroundings of sylvan greenness, in a solitude, innocent of all knowledge of human nature, there lives a Canadian citizen who truly believes that the Franchise Bill of Sir John was passed only for the purpose of making the franchise uniform; and that the Revising Barrister attachment was invented with a single eye for the purity and honesty of the voting list. If such a childlike being does really exist, he ought to be captured for the 300, for he may, without doubt, be advertised as the only living specimen extant. Every other reasonable creature who knows anything of the Franchise Bill and the method of its passage, knows that its one purpose is to butcher the Grit pig. The names announced as Revising Barristers are for the most part respected names, and the duties of the office may, in some cases, be performed fairly and honestly, but if the Bill does not squelch Gritism at the next election, it will be counted a failure at Ottawa.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A citizen writes to the *Globe* to say that the job now being done on College Avenue in the matter of block-paving is being scandalously scamped. He says he was present when a gentleman tested a number of the blocks and found them so rotten that he was able to put his walking cane into them several inches. Mayor Manning, who was to look after our interests so keenly, has allowed himself to be hoodwinked a good many times during his term by clever contractors, but now that he is labelled for a second term, he will surely be shrewd enough to make an investigation of this particular case, if only for election purposes.



CATHOLIC VS. ROMAN.

Go it, Lynch! Go it, Langtry! Keep it up another century or two, and it may begin to be of some practical use.

“Why is Liberty always represented as a woman?” asks a contemporary. Because an unmarried man is either a fool or a dude, and a married man can't represent Liberty when he hasn't any himself.—*Newman Independent*.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

R. A. R.—Not suitable, and too long even if otherwise acceptable.

Enquirer—GRIP'S ALMANAC for '86 is in course of preparation. It will eclipse any former issue in every way. Price as last season—ten cents.

A. Manning.—Yes, of course. But have you arranged for the non-explosion of that bombshell? You'd better see the proprietor of it without delay, for if it goes off it will knock you higher than the market-house steeple.



“The Silver King,” as shiny as ever, is pleasing the patrons of the Grand this week. Mr. F. C. Bangs gives a manly representation of the hero, and the supporting company are first-class.

The first of the series of Monday Popular Concerts passed off with great éclat on the 19th. The Quartette, strengthened by the newly imported 'cellist, Herr Correll, performed their numbers in a masterly manner. The solo stars of the occasion were Miss Emma Juch, who won an immediate triumph, due to her rare personal beauty almost as much as her superb singing, and Mr. W. H. Sherwood, Boston's famous pianist, who also scored a great success. The concert throughout was admirably managed, thanks largely to the exertions of Mr. Robt. Marshall and Mr. Will F. Tasker. But is it impossible to make these splendid musical treats really “popular”? Can't the directors—whose earnest wish we know it is to make these concerts educative—relegate the swallow-tails and white ties, with their accompaniments of fashion and beauty, into the front seats at whatever they like to pay, and give our honest mechanics and their wives and children the rest of the Pavillon at twenty-five cents per head? The house would be crowded full at every concert, we feel certain, and the real purpose of the series would be more likely to be accomplished. Think it over, good gentlemen!

Mr. Sims Richards sang Bengough and Browne's song, “The Charge at Batoche,” with thrilling effect at the concert in Temperance Hall on Thursday evening. The song is finding a place in the repertoire of our leading tenors and baritones, as it has been discovered that it contains the elements of popular and lasting success.

The Society of Chosen Friends announce a grand concert at Temperance Hall for Nov. 6th, at which Madame Cleomati and other distinguished singers will appear.

Robt. Baird and his comedy company report big business in the eastern towns of Ontario.

HE WANTS TO BE A LAWYER.

HEIFER HOLLOW, OCT. 12th, 1885.

EDITOR GRIP:

DEAR SIR,—I have a fine farm of 200 acres in expectancy, 125 of which is cleared. I say in expectancy, but I may almost say that it is my own now, as the old man, my father, is over seventy, and is altogether “broke up.” I am the only son, and with the exception of a young sister, I am the only heir. I can make the governor do just as I like, and I'll

see the girl don't get too much left her to go out of the family when she marries. In fact, I'm boss now. Now, Mr. GRIP, I want your learned advice. Tell me candidly. I won't let a half a dollar or even a dollar bill stand in the way. I am thinking of going to Toronto to study law. If a man is shrewd and tends to his business strictly I hear he can accumulate lots of money. I have what they call a good connection out in our parts, and know the ins and outs of all the neighbors' business which, if I ever get to be a legal practitioner, I will try to get settled through the agency of the law. Ha! ha! See?

Kindly advise me on the point and oblige.

Yours sincerely,

HIRAM HOGGSWIEN.

[Yes, Friend Hoggsvien, GRIP will give you all the advice you seek; never mind the fifty cents—all is free. You are just the stuff to make a shyster lawyer of, and he advises you to article yourself at once. The delicate and feeling way in which you speak of your father's early death, and your forethought already manifested as to the manner of beating your "infant sister out of her expectations," is worthy of the great legal head you wear. But, Hiram Hoggsvien, there is one, or rather several, stumbling blocks in the way you have marked out towards fortune. You see there are dozens of just such lawyers as you aspire to be in this city already, living on mighty short commons, who steal out of their dusty dens of offices like rats out of their holes, in dread of duns and bum-bailiffs. They practise at the bar, "'tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," for, verily, it is the saloon bar they attend where, if their chances of becoming a judge of the H.C.J. is small, they have at least an opportunity of becoming good judges of whiskey. Nevertheless, come to Toronto, Hiram, and "go through." You may make lots of money, but don't get too sharp or you may represent your district in the Provincial Penitentiary.—ED. GRIP.]

"OBSERVATIONS."

"Cultivate a habit o' observation, Sandy."—Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

Commenting upon an article in the *Westminster Review*, the *Mail* cites the statement that "From 1848 to 1884" (note the new sort of pun) "the amount remitted by settlers in the United States and British America to their friends in the United Kingdom reached £30,000,000."

Another interesting showing, for which, however, statistics are not forthcoming, would be the amount remitted in the same interval from friends in the United Kingdom to friends in the United States and British America in the shape of those "remittances from home" that have set so many on their feet who came thither on the representation of the emigration agents that on this side the herring-pond harvests could be reaped without previous sowings.

The *World* said (Monday, 23th ult.): "The Island was lively Saturday and Sunday and was as pleasant as a day in July." Will the *World* kindly explain? Was it the Island, the Saturday or the Sunday that was "as pleasant as a day in July," and in what year was the July referred to? The July of the present year of grace has furnished such a variety of days from the burning hot, with thermometer at 90° in the shade, to the boisterous, wet and cold, with thermometer at 10° below freezing, that it is difficult to remember one simply pleasant day.

According to the French economist, Leroy-Beaulieu, the Caucasian—meaning ourselves and every other white man—after having fought and lied and treated and enticed to get into China, will soon have every reason to

wish he had been content to stay out, "for," says this Frenchman, "once they (the Chinese) have learned the arts and manufactures of the Western world, the capabilities of labor-saving machinery and the value of invention, this patient, industrious, frugal, sober, economical people will cut us out in our own markets."

Well, Mr. Frenchman, that is a serious prospect, truly, yet if we cannot become "patient, industrious, frugal, sober," etc., etc., like these Chinese, could we not get compensation in the other direction by teaching them to drink whiskey straight, to lounge round bar-rooms, to get up booms in land, to gamble, to run ten papers where one would suffice, to look on labor as degradation, to be lavish in luxuries and stinted in necessities, to "scamp" work, to run down prices until their workmen "strike," and various other of those Western habits which, according to M. Leroy-Beaulieu, they are at present guiltless of, and by these means lessen, if not entirely destroy, the strength of that competition which it appears is imminent.



THE MONDAY POPS.

One of the "Pop"-ulation (at the ticket office).—I want tickets for myself, wife and child; how much?

Ticket Seller.—Reserved seats, \$1.50 each; general admission, 50c.

One of the "Pop"-ulation.—Oh, I thought they were popular concerts! I've made a mistake; I don't happen to be a millionaire. (Exit.)

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

THE WAKEHOOSE,

TORONTO, October 10th, 1885.

MAISTER GRIP.—I canna help sympathizein' wi' thae French folks tryin' tae set up a New France here, an' insistin' on haein' their ain language an' their ain laws an' customs. An' I think the proper thing tae dae is for you tae see an' get me run intae Pawrliament, sae I can get the thing made intae law there an' than. I was aye a kind o' a farsichted chiel, an' in view o' the probability o' ilk nationality within oor boarders settin' up on its ain account, ilk ane an independent kingdom like New France—in sic a case, ye see, I wad be on hand tae see that the interests o' *New Scotland* binna overlookit i' the general scammell for independent nationalities. I wad see that the pawrliamentary papers were a' printed in Gaelic—or Lowland Scotch, whilk is nae bastard English, as some ignoramus believe, but the oreefenal language o' an independent kingdom, an' as different frae English as English is frae French. Did ye ever hear o' the Englishman that braggit he could understand ony Scotch word his vcesitor could open his mouth on? Weel, he invested a when

carles tae denner—a grand spread—turkey, an' turnips, an' a' the rest o't. Weel, the Englishman sat doon wi' great dignity at the head o' his ain table, an' layin' on the table a chack for a hunner pound sterlin', he said: "Gentlemen, that cheque belongs to the man who can stump me in the Scotch language, and now we'll proceed to dinner. What will you have?" says he tae ane o' the cannie Scotch carles on his richt. "Ow," says the carle, "I'll just tak a *clash o' the neeps an' a hock o' the bubbly*." The bamboozled Englishman laid doon the carvin' fork an' knife an' glowered at him. "Maister McKenzie," says he, "put that cheque in your pocket. I'm beat!" Noo this clearly shows the necessity o' respectin' oor language as weel as ither folks', an' I'm sure the *Week* (a publication whilk I maun confess is printed on the very best paper) wad back me up in this very reasonable demand. In fact, the article I read there the ither day about New France wad justifie ma expectation. He says, "The representatives of British Canada and New France may sit in the same Parliament, but they will act in different interests." There ye see! There's a free country for ye! There's the glory o' Canada! Gang tae ony ither kintra under the sun an' ye'll find ye'll hae tae accommodate yersel' tae the laws, mainners an' customs o' that kintra; but in Canada the Government are extrodinar' obligin'—they tuk' the Bible out o' the public schools for fear it might hurt the feelin's o' the Catholics; if there's ony book i' the University course that Maister Lynch disna approve o', the Minister o' Education will see it's immediately ordered out o' there; an' as for the French, losh! they'll dae ony mortal thing tae please them an' get their vote. Sae ye see what a grand free country it is—they'll even gang the length o' lettin' ilk nationality set up for itsel'. It's just perfectly glorious, the prospect o' a New France, a new Ireland, a new Italy, a new Scotland, a new Rooshy, a new Prooshy—a reglar happy family. As the *Week* doncey remarks, "They may sit in the same Parliament, but they will act in different interests." Eh, man, GRIP! isna that a glorious picture? Nane o' yer ballerdash aboot a united, independent Canada, but a series o' tribes an' little kingdoms spread ower the land, for a' the world like the Irish in the days o' bold Brian Boroo! A grand prospect truly, for of coorse gin ye grant the independence or "separation" o' a'e nationality, ye maun grant it tae a'. As for the "connection with the mother country," I dinna ken, I'm shure; I dinna think the free-thinkin', scientific and progressive sperit o' the French Republic o' the present day wad sowther vera weel wi' the illiterate an' very ecclesiastically ruled French-Canadian element here, even though a' when o' them may brag o' by common refinement. I think it was extraordinar' gallant, no tae say gude-natured, in the *Week* tae come stappin' in wi' Mistress New France on his arm like, by way o' introducin' her tae Canadian society; but I'm feared she's ower pock-pitted tae mak a gude impression here. She's neither as clever nor as gude-lookin' as her great-grannie, *ma belle France*; ma'rover, ony richt she may claim on the grund o' pre-occupation comes far ahint the richt o' the Indian an' the squaw.

Yours pawtriotically,
HUGH AIRLIE.

The defendant in a seduction trial at the assizes in Toronto last week fainted while giving his evidence. He was doubtless overcome by the weakness of his case.

Baseball has been introduced into Siberia by the prison authorities as an amusement for the more obedient of their charges. We have always been told that the cruelty heaped upon Siberian exiles is really exquisite in its severity, and now we know that is so.—*F. E. Haultie*.

DR. JOHNSON.
HOMeward BOUND
AFTER HIS CANADIAN TOUR.

"Sir," said Boswell, as he and the doctor sat on the deck of the s.s. Humpty-hoodlum, "we are now leaving this miserable colony behind us, and shall soon be in the only country worthy of the name. Tell me, sir, what struck you as being most remarkable in the several cities which we visited."

"Now, sir," replied the lexicographer, wagging his head from side to side; "now, sir, you propound an interrogation which I own my inability to satisfactorily elucidate."

"Here, sir," said Boswell, drawing forth the *Globe* from his pocket as he spoke, "is a copy of a Toronto paper. What do you think of the public journalists of that city?"

"Toronto journalists, sir," replied the doctor, "are a peculiar class; the conduct of some of them towards Mr. Sheppard, after the gross ill-treatment to which he had been subjected in Lower Canada, was, in the highest degree, reprehensible. Instead of coming forward and welcoming him on his return from Montreal as a man who had fearlessly upheld his opinions and showed that courage is not an unknown quality amongst journalists, they slunk off like so many whipped curs. Sir, I consider them but poor fellows."

"But, sir," ventured Boswell, "they speak very boldly in the columns of their papers."

"Yes, sir, they do. Did you never observe how uncommonly valorous a cowardly dog can be when he has a high, unbroken fence between himself and his opponent? The veriest cur, sir," went on the doctor, becoming very indignant, "the veriest cur, sir, can be brave under such circumstances. But, sir, when a man gets up in open court and asserts and adheres to the opinions expressed in his paper, as this man Sheppard did, sir—and when I say this 'man Sheppard,' I mean to pay him the very highest compliment of which I am capable—I honor him, sir. Sheppard is a fine fellow, sir."

"I think, sir," said Boswell, "that if I expressed an opinion or stated my ideas in my paper—if I had one—I should stick to them wherever I was."

"Sir," howled the doctor, foaming at the mouth and rolling so violently in his chair that his wig was jostled out of place and perched just above his nose; "sir, when you have an opinion of your own, for the love of Heaven do not publish it anywhere; and if you ever have an idea—if, indeed," and the



THE RUMMIE'S AUTO DA FE.

First Publican.—These Maine statis-sticks don't seem to ignite worth a cent.
Second do.—But look at the smoke they raise—and that's all that we want. If we can only blind the public eyes, our cause may be saved.

doctor gave a contemptuous whistle and regarded poor Bozzy with supreme pity.

"Well, sir," said Boswell, after a somewhat lengthy silence, "what do you think of Canadian politics and the government of Sir John A. Macdonald?"

"Sir," replied the doctor, rising hastily, "let us go below; a man cannot hug a sooty stovepipe without detaching some of its filth; a man cannot thrust his hands into a tar-barrel and withdraw them exclaiming: 'These hands are clean.' Therefore, I would rather not converse upon a topic whose purity is, to say the least of it, not above suspicion. Come, sir; I smell the dinner, and I have requested the steward to prepare me a veal-pie with plums in it."

And with these words the portly lexicographer waddled down the companion-ladder, followed by his devoted admirer and biographer.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE AGAIN.

PARKDALE, OCT. 14th, 1885.

MUSTER GRIP:—

SIR,—I see in a harticle of last week's *Week* wot I considers a werry weak hargument in regard of 'avin' them 'eathen Chinese a comin' heast and hovercrowding hus poor aborin' men hout of hemployment. This 'ere

harticle I alludes to says: "The only possible objection to the Chinese workman is that he labors for a small wage. The same fault has been found with the Irishman, the Frenchman, and the German. The difference is merely one of degree." And then this 'ere writer winds hup by saying:—"Better to have him working with us than our commercial rivals." Now, I leave it to you, Muster GRIP, hif this hain't a cold-blooded way of lookin' at the matter. What has "our commercial rivals" got to do with hus poor navvies and sich? Hev'eryone knows that a Chinese can live on wages that a white man would starve on, even hif he was a single man. And 'ow about fellows like me as has got a wife and family to support? Hi can't go and buy a bag of damaged rice and trap rats and hother warmint and find 'em on that. They wouldn't heat such grub, and I wouldn't hask 'em to do it. Hif scrapes together a few dollars by hard work, I naterally try to get a little place that hi can call my hown, and settle

down and heddicate my children. Now, what does this 'ere Chinaman do? 'E never settles down hanyveres—hexcept to start a laundry and take the bread hout of the mouths of poor widders and sich like. 'E generally brings enough clothes with him from China to last him while he stays 'ere, hand when he has made his browns, he cuts his lucky for his native Hasia; and hif he dies, his bloomint' remains are hactually shipped 'ome. Now 'ere, Muster GRIP, wots the use of talkin' to hus about "commercial rivals"? and I'm blowed if we'll stand it! for it hain't fair, Muster GRIP. It hain't fair!

Yours truly,

NOAH BAKENCHAW,
 Laborer.

NEW NAME FOR IT.

Michael McNamee.—Luk at the big round building, Pat—what's that name? Cy-clor—Hivins! what is it?

Pat McGinnis (spelling it out with great diffculty).—Surs, it's a Cy-clo-ram-a.

McNamee.—Is it so? Ah! but 'you're a scholar, Pat. But tell me, what is a Cy-clo-ram-a?

McGinnis.—Faith, that's the dude name for a gas-house.—*Philadelphia News.*

An unpatented combination elevator and leveller—whiskey.



THE HON. THOMAS EN ROUTE.

(OF COURSE A GOOD DEAL WILL DEPEND UPON THE SPECTACLES HE WEARS IN HIS TRAVELS.)



THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

How well I remember the old village schoolhouse,
The clap-boarded schoolhouse that stood on the hill,
And the red-nosed old master who never could rule us
Until we all got from his raw-hide our fill.

The boys were on one side, the girls on the other,
The master perched high, 'twas a meeting house once,
And where, for a laugh I could never well smother,
I was oft stood erect in the cap of the dunce.

How clear all comes back of the days we played "hooky,"
And fled to the woods stolen apples to crunch,
Which we'd eat with our pie, or the succulent "cookey,"
Our mothers put up for our 12 o'clock lunch.

Next morning we'd catch it from raw-hide or ruler,
And squirm in convulsions at every blow,
And when we'd get home we would get it far crueler—
That is, if the old folks should happen to know.

Now, where's the old schoolmaster? Dead and forgotten—
And where are the schoolhouse, the girls and the boys?
The old house long ago fell decrepit and rotten,
The scholars are grand-dads and mas grim and wise.

Yet my old shoulders ache when I think of the dressing
I got, and my hand from the tawse tingles still,
But my memory's a failure regarding the lessons
I learned at the old house that stood on the hill.

—B.

OLLA PODRIDA.

SPANISH NOMENCLATURE.

"Some of the queerest names hail from the Basque provinces of Spain. One gentleman bears the euphonious cognomen of Don Nepomuceno de Burisnagonatstorecagocaccoccha." —Daily Paper.

Oh! don't go to Spain if you wish to refrain from a serious jaw dislocation, Such names as are there sure no jawbone could bear without either lock or luxation. Just listen to this—a real name it is—and say if it's not a jaw-locker:—

No-po-mu-ce-no de Buris-ma-gu-na-l-sto-re-cagocaccoccha.

VERY LIBERAL.

A paper, speaking of the recent marriage of Sir Charles Dilke, says:—"At half-past twelve the hum of voices heralded the arrival of the bride, attended by her brother, Colonel Strong, who was to give her away and two nieces." The liberality of this gentleman, who gave away his sister and two nieces, all at one slap, is beyond all praise. Doubtless, had his mother-in-law been there, too, he would have presented her to somebody, with the rest of his relatives.

A CHANCE FOR PETER.

At a recent meeting "Dr. Thomas spoke of the present religious condition of Wales, calling attention to the remarkable capacity of the Welsh for preaching, since they are capable of hearing ten several sermons in the space of one short day." Mr. Peter X, the truly good man of the Berlin News, should make a note of this. If ever a man had a chance, Peter is the man, and this is his chance. He has been

debarred from further preaching in Canada, and if he must expound and feels that he has a call to do so, he should at once make a trip to Wales, though "one short day" would scarcely suffice for one of his homilies. If the Welsh can stand ten of Mr. Mayers' exhortations in one day, then, indeed, are they a hardy people; but the days will have to be brightened and into seventy-two hours a-piece if the Berlin journalist is to cram ten of his discourses into one of them.

"There," said a woman to a tramp, "is a nice dinner, but I shall expect you to saw a little wood for it."

"Certainly, madam," politely replied the tramp, attacking the dinner with both hands, "but you will pardon me, I trust, if I venture to correct your English."

"My what?"
"Your English. Some modern authorities claim that grammar is played out. I know better. The word 'saw' is a verb, in this case, singular number and imperfect tense. You cannot say, 'I shall expect you to saw wood.' 'I shall expect you to see wood' is correct. If you indicate the pile to me I will now look at it as I pass out."



THE BEAUTIES OF PARTISAN JOURNALISM.

"The Dominion Government has secured the use of Regiopolis College, Kingston, from the Catholic Church, rent free for ten years. The institution is to be used for additional accommodation in connection with Rockwood Asylum, and the Government is to spend \$10,000 to fit it up for this purpose. Some Grit journals are squealing about the corrupt action of the Government in this transaction. The country derives all the benefits of any corruption there may be in the matter, as the Church receives nothing for giving over a handsome property for five years for the better accommodation of the unfortunate." —Guelph Herald (Tory).

Movat.—Thanks, Mr. Herald. Coming as it does from a political opponent, I take that statement as very kind. For, allow me to say, it is my Government and not Sir John's that has made the deal referred to.

Herald.—Great Scott! and is it possible I have blundered into an act of common honesty?

PHIZIOLOGICAL DISCOURSES.

III.—EYES.

Having had our little blow, anent the nose, and having duly measured the mouth, we will now, under the head of eyes, embody our researches thereon or court defeat. Physiologically, the eyes are the seat of pride, for they look down upon nose and mouth. Notwithstanding this, however, the eyes take sides with the nose on all questions, including cross questions. The eyes possess one fund of wonder-

working power alone invested in them, the Wink. A lengthy discourse might be written upon the many and varied effects caused by this subtle movement of the eyelids, or rather eyelid, the plural must now be dropped, as we have entered upon a singular subject. Half the joy experienced in the world has been brought about by the Wink. Whilst the fate of nations oft trembling hangs upon the lips of the powerful, the merriment of the masses oft entwines around the winker's eyelashes, waiting breathlessly for the next movement that shall convulse them with hearty laughter. This being a funny subject, we have winked at the fun and discoursed upon it after the manner of a Punch yewmorist.

Yet, whilst the eye has produced much merriment, it has also caused much mournful devastation in the hearts of lovers by its killing and withering glances. What love-sick swain has not received a dangerous heart-wound from the eye which shoots laughter at every glance, a dangerous shot-gun under the management of a pretty girl?

We verily believe that Mr. Cupid makes the eyes his schools of carts and signences, for truly their pupils prove apt at dilating upon the subjects they love.

When we put away self, (and every good man should be ever ready to do this,) we find the eye the abode of a mysterious strength which enables it to carry a beam without its owner knowing anything about it. He, poor man, labors under the painful delusion that he waltzes around with a mote only. This is a very decided optical delusion. However, man may take the consolation to his heart that at least one woman is known to have had wood in her eye (although not to the extent of some of Sir John's henchmen, who have whole timber limits in theirs) for do we not read and sing: "Lesbia has a beamin' eye"? By the way, the eye, in this particular, can be likened unto an engine, beam or motor, as you please. So mote it be! Were we to place the question of the eyes' superiority before the parliament of public opinion and ask for a division, the result would undoubtedly be: "the eyes have it," to the extent of two eyes to one nose, sir. Let us now consider some of the varieties of the eye.

There is the Eagle eye. This eye is that which can see farther through a brick wall than any other; the brick it cannot pierce should be laid aside as *bric-a-brac*. It is allied to the hook-nose, and the two form a hook and eye combination which is mighty hard to overcome. He who can beat the Jew hook and eye clo' man at clo's quarters is worthy of whole he gets.

A curious variety is the novelist's eye. By this we do not mean the personal "I" of the novelist, (the novelist prefers the singular "we," and, by the way, "oui" means "aye," that is "I," so where's the difference?) but the eye used by that industrious but pensive man in his novels. This eye is of all colors of the rainbow (the n. never draws rein though he often pulls the long bow when describing the eyes of his heroines); it glows with fire; it is as cold as steel; it is—well, the novel reader knows all about it—it is possessed of powers and qualities not to be found in the human eyes, and that is our cydeea about it.

Another variety is the Green eye. Madam Jealousy claims this as her own. How sad it is to know a woman who owns this eye (sad is not the word if she be your wife, but no matter)! One can almost see the monster peeping from under her eyelashes; her hands clutch convulsively, she—but, no! we will not harrow up the feelings of our readers by reminding them of the days when they were rakes. That would be hoeful!

Another kind is the Mind's eye. Not having seen it we can give no description of it, but this we know, however, it stands accountable or many strange and beauteous visions. With

it the hungry man sees the joint of beef and dish of potatoes; the thirsty one beholds the schooner of foaming lager; the bawky president sees a snug fortune and a nicely furnished home in a foreign land; the municipal aspirant sees a seat in the council chamber; and our political leaders see a place of rest when their labors here are ended. How pretty the pictures! but, alas! how deceptive! As the mirage they vanish! We feel that our subject is too deep to fathom in one discourse, and as it may prove an eyesore to our readers to continue it, we will now notice our last, but certainly not the least important variety of the series, the Black eye. This is a charming extension of the eye proper, known to some as the eye gone into mourning, into night would be nearer the mark. The Black eye is sometimes the result of a too zealous contrivance of the schoolmaster's advice to always dot your "i's." After dotting their own some people make a practice of dotting other persons' optics free of charge. Any of our readers who are desirous of possessing the Black eye, and not knowing so obliging a friend, may obtain one by falling down stairs or butting against a stove pipe or other article of furniture. These are positively the only reliable ways by which a genuine-tinted Black eye can be secured. Some peculiar persons paint the eye to hide its beauty from their friends. This is too close an imitation of painting the lily, and we strongly recommend its discontinuance. Remember, "beauty unadorned is beauty adorned the most."

We now close our eyes and the subject forever and aye.

TITUS A. DRUM.

SOME CANADIAN CITIES.

BY PROF. BUDGEFEELER, M.A., MEM. CAN.

HIST. SOC.

Brantford.

I do not purpose when I commence these papers to chronicle the history of the older cities of Canada; for that field like the buck-wheat patch has been worked to such an extent in "Histories of Canada," "Travellers' Guides," etc., that it is absolutely impossible to produce a satisfactory crop of anything in the shape of novelty. Everybody knows all about the Ancient Capital with its Wolfe and Montcalm, citadel, historic gates, and so forth. Montreal the same, for its "variola" is an old story. The other old 'uns ditto.

When a man goes off to California or British Columbia or elsewhere from his native village, and after a few years returns to find the place a city, with all that the name implies, he naturally grows jubilant and "whoops her up" on his arrival, and we find that this procedure is invariably taken by the returned Brantforders. Malicious people insinuate that Brantford can produce as many of the boozing fraternity as any ten places of its size in Canada. Superficially it may appear so, but the real fact is that in the olden times the young men, then known as Grand River Roarers, not finding a suitable field for their talents at home, skipped to parts unknown, and now are returning, under the new order of things, to live and die on the banks of their native and shining river; hence, as I have stated before, the amount of conviviality so apparent every evening.

Brantford was settled, to a rather limited extent, at some prehistoric age by the Iroquois. It was afterwards very much unsettled by a Mohawk Chief, Thayendenagea, called for short "Old Joe Brant," who had a ford to cross the river there. Joe was a captain and a great warrior in 1812, his chief amusement being scalping Yankee prisoners. He was a noble specimen of the monarchs of the forest. He was a great man and a big Injun. Peace to his manes! but we're not sorry he's a dead one.

Brantford has produced a hardy race, and A. Hardy represents them now. A. Sturgess Hardy is a great improvement on Joe Brant, the old-time representative, and instead of a wampum bag he totes a portfolio. There was a doctor once that lived in the County of Elgin who declared that he didn't care an anathema for Hardy, still, in spite of the learned Doctor, I maintain that A. Sturgess Hardy is, unlike the hat he wears, no slouch.

But it is not alone the "great strides" commercially speaking that Brantford has made that will hand its name down to an admiring posterity. Brantford is indisputably the home of the poet. Whether indeed Brantford-on-Grand will ever rival Stratford-on-Avon or not remains for time to tell. A new and entirely original school of poesy has developed there. Perhaps a long contemplation of the tortuous and twining course of the Grand leads all the local bards to introduce into their measures rattlesnakes, copperheads and other repellent, though realistic, subjects which are always found wriggling through the verse. The reason why the big Injun and the noxious fire-water so often come to the front is, of course, the result of studying the idiosyncrasies of the natives, aboriginal and otherwise. I see in my mind's eye a great future for Brantford, the grassy banks of the Grand teeming with busy workers in cotton mills, saw mills, grist mills and gin mills, which beyond doubt before another decade will reach to far-off Cayuga, now itself, alas! decayed.

I will conclude, *a propos* of the mills, with an unpublished poem, said to be written by Hon. David Mills, on the future of Brantford:

"Oh, Brantford! from thy sandy hills
I see thy pond'rous o'ershoot mills;
Yes, when upon this spot I stand—
Worked by the waters of the Grand,
Their wheels go round, and round, and round,
Till all the wheat and oats are ground.
I see the dark form of the "drudge"
Scoop out the sand near where the "budge"
Is made as Nature's sweet restorer,
Meet drink for a Grand River Roarer."

B.



A GROWL.

FROM A COSTERMONGER.

This 'ere's a bloomin' kentry
If hever there was one,
To-day you're halmost froze to death,
To-morrow you've the sun;
A pourin' down his rays so 'ot
Upon your bloomin' 'od—
Next day the rain's a comin' down
Like jolly lumps of lead!

The next change that we'll likely get
Will be a fall of snow,
Then comes a thaw and all is wet,
Around, above, below;
And next you'll get an icy gale
From north or else northwest,
With perhaps a shower or two of hail
That goes through coat and vest!

In course we've fogs in London,
In course we've London fogs,
Then we goes to a public 'ouse
And takes our beer and grogs,
And sings our songs and smokes our pipes
Hull day there hat our house;
We sometimes 'opes, ven at our swipes,
The fog would never cease!

And rain? Vell, yes, hov course we've rain,
But we don't mind it there,

Ye see there's sal-a-bricity
In hall our English hair.
Our skies are not so blue in course,
But, bless my blooming heyes,
A man's got somethin' 'else to do
Than gazin' hat the skies.

—B.

THE LUCKY VOLUNTEER.

At the close of the recent North-West rebellion, The Toronto Stove Manufacturing Co., of this city, offered as a present one of their celebrated "Diamond A Ranges," or a "No 14 Square Splendid High Art Self-feeding Base Burner" to the volunteer who served in the recent rebellion and was the first to get married after the 17th day of July, 1885. Applications with proof of marriage were received up to the first of October. The firm on being interviewed by our reporter, informed us that Mr. Fred J. Nixon, of "C" Company, 90th Battalion, Winnipeg Rifles, who formerly belonged to "G" Company, Queen's Own Rifles, of this city, was married in Winnipeg on the 18th day of July. The Range or Parlour Heater will be shipped to him as soon as he informs the Company which he prefers.

The "liberty of the press" is again assailed. "Peter X.," of the Berlin *News*, has been prohibited from preaching in Methodist pulpits.

BILIOUSNESS.

When the liver does not act promptly the bile accumulates to excess in the blood, causing yellow eyes, sallow skin, sick stomach, diarrhoea, etc., and the sufferer is termed bilious. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the liver, stomach, bowels and blood, curing biliousness.

The *Globe's* "Current Comment" heading is quite as deceptive as the ordinary quack advertisement, being composed mainly of such items as these: "*Globe's* Enterprise," "*Globe's* Services to Canada," "*Globe's* Exhibition," "*Globe's* Forty Years of the *Globe's* History," etc., etc.

DECIDED AT LAST.

A decision has at last been reached in regard to which is the cheapest place in the city to buy harness at. The name of the firm is the Canadian Harness Co., 104 Front Street, opposite Hay Market. You can buy a set of harness \$15 cheaper of them than any other firm in the city. They have the advantage over small dealers as they manufacture in large quantities; 200 sets to choose from, all hand-stitched.

POPE RE-READ.

If *wealth* makes the man, the want of it the fellow,
The rest of it is all but leather or prunella;
"Worth" makes the woman—clothes now "tailor-made,"
"Nino tailors," each contributing his ail.

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

Miss Lottie Millefleurs, having noticed a newspaper reference to "Bohemian hops," writes to say that she thinks a Bohemian hop must be ever so much jollier than one of the stiff and conventional dances which form the staple of the entertainments in the society in which she is condemned to mix.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS, opium, morphine, and kindred habits. Valuable treatise sent free. The medicine may be given in a cup of tea or coffee, and without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send 3c. stamp for full particulars and testimonials. Address—M. V. LUNN, Agency, 47 Wellington Street East, Toronto, Canada.

Punch, a monthly comic shorthand magazine containing 32 pages full fun. Phonographic Books supplied Wholesale and Retail. Shorthand 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, 35 Burchell, 26 Adelaide-street East, Toronto.



"SOFT? YES! BUT NOT HALF SO SOFT AS THE PEOPLE WHO PERMIT IT!"

Certificates granted and situations procured. School teachers and students will find this a valuable school to attend, and should send in their applications so as to secure the advantages we now offer. Shorthand should be applied for application form to be enclosed, a follow of our Corresponding Society, and also enclosed 15c. for sample copy of Phonographic

During his stay at Calgary, Lord Lansdowne shook hands with every man, woman and child in the place. He afterwards shook the town and departed west.

"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."

Mark Twain's children are said to be models of good behavior. No doubt. They have watched the career of their illustrious father until they have discovered how much they must do to atone for his numerous shortcomings.—F. E. Huddle.

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5 GOLD MEDALS
Awarded in the Dominion in 1883-4 for

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

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.

RUPTURE.

EASE AND SECURITY.

The "Tucker" Truss conveys a natural Inward and Upward pressure, gives Permanent Relief, and is a most perfect Retainer. Never moves out of place, worn with greater ease, and holds where others fail. Patronized by our best doctors. Single Truss Try it. Illustrated pamphlet free. No Address, TOMS & CO. (Druggists), Body Spring 274 Yonge St., Toronto.

BRUCE IS STILL AT THE FRONT as heretofore, and always on hand to attend personally to his patrons. All work in the highest style of the *Photographic Art* at bottom prices. Studio, 118 King Street W.

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

COOK & BUNNERS, 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. 86 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 88 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 WELCH & TOWN'S reliable watches, 171 Yonge-street, east side, 2nd door south of Queen.

MORSE'S SWEET BRIAR, BOUQUET, WHITE CASTLE, PRINCESS LOUISE.
Best Toilets in the Market.

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

CLOTHING. J.F. MORAE & 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. CLAXTON, 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.

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