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VOLUME XVII.
No. 25.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1881.

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

To Correspondents.

J. R. Clinton. Thanks for suggestion, though unable to "work it up" for this issue.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—And now the poor little C.P.R. Syndicate is intimating that it would feel better if it could get the timber along the line east of Winnipeg into its dear little clutches. But its kind-hearted parent has not as yet granted this latest demand, partly because the youngster has already had more goodies than any child ought to have, and partly because the timber limits in question do not happen to belong to Mamma Macdonald. Some children understand the virtue of persistency in keeping up a clamour for anything they take a fancy to, and this is one of that kind, and if there is anything that works up the feelings of an old maid (like the one in our sketch) more than the unreasonable mewlings of a fractious infant, it is the slipshod style of the mother who hasn't energy enough to prove herself master of the situation.

FIRST PAGE.—The festival of Hallowe'en has just been celebrated, and it no doubt recalled to many of our readers the memory of bygone days when the "snap-apple" gave them an opportunity to test their cleverness. As a piece of complex difficulty, the feat of catching a suspended apple in the teeth may be compared to the settlement of the Irish Question. Willie Gladstone made a gallant struggle with the first apple of discord for a long time, but now he has firmly grasped it, and all the world (minus the enemies of civilization) will join with John Bull and Mrs. Britannia Bull in congratulating their clever son.

EIGHTH PAGE.—If it is to be recognized as a principle that the Collector of Customs shall have the authority to prohibit "indecent" books by his official *ipse dixit*, there could be no objection to extending his benign influence beyond the Custom House. We have endeavoured in the sketch to portray the improved appearance the Zoo might take if this were done.

The death of Mr. Watson, Librarian of the Local Legislature, is deeply regretted by all who knew that gentleman, and few men had a wider acquaintanceship. Mr. Watson has left a character for faithfulness which is worthy of earnest imitation by all members of the Civil Service,

and shines brighter than any fame for literary achievement, although Mr. Watson is by no means without the latter.

The people of Manitoba have fully awakened to the fact that their Province occupies an anomalous and anything but comfortable position in relation to the General Government. It is regarded at Ottawa in the character of a needy relation. All the land of the Province is supposed to be owned by the Dominion, and theoretically the Dominion Government provides the funds for local governmental purposes. This money, however, it is complained, is doled out with niggard hand, and the high spirited Nor'-Westers are determined if possible to make a radical change in the matter. Grrr likes to see many independence, and will be most happy to assist his fellow countrymen in their struggle with pen and pencil.

If we understand the article which appeared in the *Mail* of Tuesday last, that journal takes the position that, Christianity being the foundation upon which the laws of Canada are based, Christianity is therefore the religion of the Dominion, and as such is under the protection of the Government. It follows that the Government is authorized to prohibit and put down anything which may be considered anti-Christian. This lands us just where our fathers stood in the palmy days of the Inquisition, and it is decidedly refreshing to get such teaching from an organ of "Progress." Careful study of the little sketch elsewhere in this issue will edify this jumbled-up editor.

The comic men in the political Montreal troupe are still amusing themselves over that "coal conundrum," but the audience consider the matter no joke, and are thoroughly tired of the antiquated twaddle. One practical consideration occupies the mind of the consumer: the coal dealers promise to sell their coal 50 cents per ton cheaper if the duty is removed. A conundrum is all very good in its way, but 50 cents saved on every ton would be considered a richer thing altogether by the working men.

Mr. Alderman Taylor, who began the agitation of the Free Public Library Question about a year ago, is working away with undiminished energy. He has issued a neat circular in which statistics on the question are given from many American cities and towns, many of which enjoy splendid libraries though they are smaller and less wealthy than Toronto. The following extract from the circular will explain Alderman Taylor's scheme for realizing his object.

"Coming down to figures, we propose to ask the Government to pass a Permissive Act empowering municipalities to assess, as a maximum, half a mill on the \$ for library purposes. Such an appropriation would give us a start, and if supplemented by private donations the year 1882 will see this desirable boon an accomplished fact in Toronto. Thereafter, and within five years, I venture to say that every

city in Canada will boast of its free library, affording full access to the 'heritage of the ages'—works on mechanics, applied sciences, and the endless benefits resulting from the 'art preservative.' There are two feasible methods of establishing a library from municipal funds. One plan—advanced by my colleague in the Council, Alderman Hallam—is to forestall and fund a portion of the rate so as to erect handsome and suitable buildings at once, and fill (or partially fill) them with say 60,000 or 80,000 volumes the first year. The other plan would be to commence on a more moderate scale and spend the money in books, etc., as it is granted. Either way would secure a grand result for any corporation availing itself of the Act. I would advocate such an establishment that the maintenance thereof would not exceed \$5,000 a year for Librarian, Assistants, Caretaker, gas, &c., so that the purchase account for new books, periodicals and newspapers may be as large as possible. Once it is a *fact accompli*, the substantial donations already promised by wealthy and generous citizens can be accepted, and we will have an institution to which we can point with pride—a pride all the more pardonable because it will be the pioneer free library in Canada. We must not stop at books, however, valuable as they are, but see to it that a comfortable and well-supplied reading-room is attached, where the scientific and illustrated journals now so indispensable to the progressive artisan, may be consulted."

Apropos of this, our contemporary, the *Citizen*, is keeping abreast of the times. The movement in favour of a free public library for the city is rapidly growing, and the *Citizen* offers prizes for essays by working men only, on the value and influence of public libraries to the working classes. The essay is to be limited to 5,000 words, and it is not open to literary or professional men to compete, but the *Citizen* announces that other offers of suitable prizes will be made for essays on the general question from a historical and citizen's point of view. The full particulars and conditions of this enterprising scheme are given in this week's *Citizen*.

Our Private Box.

Mr. Alex. Cauffman duly appeared at the Royal on Monday night, and has been growing in popularity with each successive evening. His play is one of strong emotional interest, and his rendition of the leading character leaves little to be desired. The support, with some trifling exceptions, is good, and altogether "Lazare, a life's mistake," is well calculated to please a cultured audience.

At the Grand Mr. Wm. Horace Lingard, the well-known comedian, gave three performances of his amusing new play, "Stolen Kisses," and was succeeded by Mr. Sam Hague's Minstrels from Liverpool, Eng. This troupe occupies the position in Liverpool which is held by Christy's in London, and their appearance in Toronto will afford our citizens an opportunity of comparing the English idea of negro character with that of the American minstrel stage.

We are pleased to reprint the following interesting item from the *Globe*. The gentleman referred to is a son of Mr. Lander, M.P., of this city:—

"Mr. W. Waugh Lander returned recently to Toronto after an extended course of musical study in Germany and Italy. For three years he prosecuted his studies at the Conservatory of Leipzig, under the tuition of Reinecke and other celebrated masters. Afterwards, at Weimar and Rome, Litz was his instructor. At Leipzig Mr. Lander obtained a diploma of high merit, and while under Litz that famous musician presented him with two medals as tokens of his appreciation of the abilities of the young Canadian. At the instance of Litz, also, while at Rome, Mr. Lander was presented to the Holy Father at the Vatican and to the Court of Quirinal. Mr. Lander will give a concert under his direction in Toronto in the course of a few weeks."

In reply to many inquiries we would say that Mr. J. W. Bengough is open for caricature lecture engagements this season (outside of the city) for Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays only. All particulars as to terms, etc., made known on application to GRIP office.

Ye Comedy of ye Cards.

(SCENE:—"Meeting of Trustees in the City of Humbelton." Mr. Pommeterrehkins, Chairman of the Board.)

First Trustee.—I move that as reward of faithful service, That this man named (a teacher of fair fame, Of learning excellent, and record clear), Promoted be, and salary advanced.

Mr. Pommeterrehkins.—(Rising in great haste and evident trepidation.) Pray you be cautious, gentlemen! this man may be An excellent teacher, nay, I've no doubt is, But yet I beg of you do not promote him, At least not yet.

Second Trustee.— Why, how is this? You have no doubt the man is a good teacher, And yet you beg he may not be promoted. Pray you explain.

Mr. Pommeterrehkins.— But 't'at I am forbid To tell the secret things of mine own house, I could a tale unfold whose lightest word Would harrow up your souls, freeze up your blood, Make even your eyes, like stars, start from their spheres.

And each "individiggel" hair to stand as stiff As bristles some of you do scrape off swine. But this infernal blazon must not be To ears of *Syc.* or *Times*. Hist, hist, O hist! If two of you will come I'll whisper them What will effectually stop this promotion.

First Trustee.— Tell not to two what can't be told to all.

Second Trustee.— Ma conshins! what is the matter wi' the man?

Fourth Trustee.— Another Eugene Aram?

First Trustee.— Hut! tut! tut! 'Tis but some weak, foundationless report.

Soft voice (I know him well—a square man, through and through.)

Mr. Pommeterrehkins.— Nay then, since you must know, a teacher there, The frisky shepherd of a youthful flock, Who vows no lyanseye youngsters *kins* can fool, Or once come Faddy or him, told me this— (And duller must ye be than the fat weed That rots in ease along the rotting wharves, If you don't stir in this). Once on a time, As he was pacing down the corridors Of our Collegiate Institute, he saw— Pray you hold on to your chairs with death-like grip, Steady your nerves to bear the coming shock, And screw your courage to the sticking-point. I would I could the dire catastrophe Of such exposure from our schools avert; But I to infamous and unenvied fame Must yield them up! He saw—oh baleful sight! A sweet girl graduate and two downy lads Shuffling the cards, while through the lesson drawled The careless teacher,—Him you would promote!

(Here a strong wind blows the papers off the table; the hats of the Committee are blown off the pegs and roll in every direction, the members pursuing them. It is the combined force of the sights of relief which escape from the bosoms of the Committee when at last the full magnitude of the crime is known. They secure their hats, fix them with difficulty on their slowly subsiding locks, and file out, singing merrily "Who's your Hatter?" and "The Jolly Miller.")

Next day two letters from as many teachers appear in the *Spee.* and *Times*, declaring "you're another," and "prove it or I'll wollop you," which is the *prelude to Act II.*)

ACT II.

SCENE.—The Council Chamber, Trustees, Reporters and others present.

Mr. Pommeterrehkins.— We are assembled here to hear and answer All questions bearing on this pesky business. And I have brought you witnesses of mine own house Whom pray you spare. Mention I beg no names

For they detest this base publicity. But don't suppose I came here as your chairman Arraigned, before you. No, sir, not for Joe. I sent a letter to my first informant, Asking him copies here to lay before you. But he most saucily said, "Read the papers." So here we are, but I—not as your chairman, Oh, no, no, not for Joe.

1st Trustee.— All this trouble Might have been saved by your confiding in us. Mr. Pommeterrehkins.— I did not dare confide in you, because A legal gentleman, learned in the law, One of this reverend and learned board, Assured me it was actionable. And while I Was safe my neighbour's good name to traduce It was all right. I'd tell you anything. But to be mulcted therefor shuts my mouth. As nothing else would. There was nought then left, But shrugs and hints and innuendoes. And this I thought might serve ulterior purpose As well and safer far than honest speech. (Here the Committee file out and return again.)

Enter Mrs. Pommeterrehkins and daughter. Mr. Pommeterrehkins.— So then you knew of these card-playin' tricks?

How comes it that you never told me it? Mrs. Pommeterrehkins.— Because, my dear, you were a school trustee, And for that reason did not care to trust you; And then, again, your tongue it is so long. (Laughing chorus in which members all join.) Exit.

Mr. Pommeterrehkins.— My daughter, I have asked you but two questions Which here you now will answer.

Miss Pommeterrehkins.— Ahem! yes sir, Mr. Pommeterrehkins.— Now question first—did you play cards in school?

Miss Pommeterrehkins.— Ahem! well, yes sir. Mr. Pommeterrehkins.— Now for question second. Was it as school trustee or as your father I asked you that?

Miss Pommeterrehkins.— Oh! as my father, sir. (She puts her mouth to the telephone.)—"Say, did you play cards during recitation?"

Answer.— No; it was no use trying. All we did Was but to shuffle them quickly out of sight Of two sharp eyes, too sharp for you and me.

Miss Pommeterrehkins.— The cards were mine, I carried them to school, But not to play with. Oh my! oh dear no! (After further evidence, during which the Committee blow their noses and nudge each other considerably, the following resolution is arrived at, and closes the comedy.) Resolved, That there's no fire to justify this smoke. And, therefore, think it must have origin In regions underground. Tartarean shades Where dark-browed Envy bites his finger nails, Grudging the sunlight to the smiling earth. Exit.



CHRISTIAN SELF-DENIAL.

SCENE.—A door-step on Jarvis-street. Lady of House (to wealthy looking tramp).— Why don't you go to work?

Tramp.— Work, ma'am? I'm too religious to work.

Lady of House.— Indeed!

Tramp.— Yes'm, it's a fact. You see if I go to work it will throw some poor fellow out of a job, and that ain't doing as you'd be done by. My poor dead mother's early teachings still hold their influence over me, madam! (weeps).

Q.—What sort of poultry would be most useful in machinery?
A.—A Spring Chicken.

Barney to the Rescue.

ERISGOURAGH TERRACE, Halloween.

MY DEAR MISTER GRIP:—

I'm just after readin' the London *Times*, which says that "a French savant, M. Delauny, has just published an able and interesting brochure, the purpose of which is to show that women is intellectually, as in every other respect, on a lower stage of development than man, and therefore inferior to him." Now, (savin' yer prisinee) sur, yez won't mind me scratching mo head a little over this announcement; first, becase this goes agin all me personal expyriance av faymale womankind; an' second, becase all that may be very true respectin' the faymale portion av the community with whom he associates; but it does not follow by any means that such a description av intellectual povorty applies to the faymale social an' domestic circle that we daily move in. By no manner av manes, sur! Whisper,—to tell yez the truth, thim wur just me own sintiments in the days whin I was young an' inixpayrianced before I got acquainted wid Nora. Sure thim, meself had just sprung a little bit av a downy mustach, an' on the strenght av that, becad, nothing would do for me but to get married, an' let folks see what it was to be a man, so I coaxed an' wheedled Nora, till finally its off to the prasto she wint wid me, an' there wid grato solemnity I tuk her under me protection, if yo please. All very well, but meself wasn't a six-weeks owd benedick, whin behowld ye, I was afther findin' out that it was under her protection I was, an' as for the man bein' the head av the woman, faix thin, its a head she'd be afther puttin' on me if I didn't come under thim an' theru. Infayrior! Sorra an' infayrior hair in the head av her. Monsoor Delauny, in howldin' up the shupariorty av man says, "*Man eats more than woman.*" Yes sur, he does, an' dhrinks a sight more too, an' makes himself more av a hog generally, an' that's proof number wan av his shupariorty. "*The respiratory phenomena are more intense.*" You bet! listen to him shuorin' for instance; yes, now I confiss he is the woman's shupayrior in shuorin'. "*He absorbs more oxygen.*" Bully for him! that's where he gets all this gas about woman's infayriority. "*The skeleton of the female is lighter, etc.*" A splindid argyment. The skeleton av a man is lighter than that av-a-a-rhinoceros, say, *argo* the man is infayrior to the baste.—Amen. "*The women are more flat-footed than the men.*" Here the slanderin' vagabond! Mistor Delauny, can yez raley now widout blushin', tell us how many pairs av naked faymale feet yez have examined, or maybe perhaps now, did yez get yer information about wimmen's feet from some owd cobbler boyant? "*The female voice is always sharper than the male.*" Wisha now! tell us something we don't know; an' isn't a sharp shupariorty to a flat any day? An' thin he goes on to say that faymale Parisians have brains like gorillas, etc. Luck here Mistor Delauny, it's woman we are shpakin' av, not Parisians. Parisians nayther fear God, nor regard man, they marry for position, and the liberty av breakin' certain av the commandments, they are given up intirely to animal pleasure, in which case we don't look for anything but the brain dwindled to average animalism, just as any other life, animal or vegetable, will dwindle and decrease whin denied the conditions av healthy growth, and existence. "*All known legislators take for granted the intellectual inferiority of the feminine sex as compared, etc.*" Howld on there! There's owd Dizzy, (rest his soul) he was a kind av a logistator, wasn't he? Did he ivir take for granted the infayriority av the faymale sex? What legislator tuk for granted the infayriority av Queen Elizabeth as compared wid King John? or av Queen Victoria as compared wid, say,—George III.? What an infayrior intellect had Mary Somerville, or Harriet Martineau, or



"WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO TURN UP."

SIR HECTOR MCGAWBER.—I wonder if those Winnipeg people really do need better post office accommodation. They are bothering the life out of us about it!

George Elliot, an' hundreds av other names that shine like stars in the firmament of literature an' art! While in ivory spire av life, the unwritten history av woman is like the milky way in the heavens, a nebulous light av clustering stars whose self-denying life is so remote from the selfish comprehension av man, that only those partaking av their nature have the teleopic clearness av vision to see them as they are. "According to Darwin, man, in all that he does acts from profound thought." He does, eh? Does he act from profound thought when he goes galivantin' after a bit av a giddy girl, all feathers an' flowers, an' frizzes, an' bangles, but who is clever enough to torture him as she would a potato bug stuck on a pin? when he swears? when he chews tobacco? when he slinks into a saloon, the very passing smell of which sickens a good woman? when he uses all the powers av his "shapayrior" intellect to blarney over a young innoxpayrianced girl to her eternal destruction? Raley! now, does he raley act "from profound thought?" Oh, wisba thin!—"In past centuries neither one sex nor the other received any education." Shlick to the truth, me bye, yez know very well that what little bit av education was goin', the byos got it all; sure an' aint the wimmin hammerin' at the university doors in Canada now, in this tail ind av the nineteenth century, an' can't get in. He says, "the supremacy of women is sometimes met with among inferior races." Bad cess to him! Does he call the British race in England, America, and iviry-where else infayrior? An' don't the wimmin kind howld the supremacy there both in quantity an' quality? An' a grate lot more av sich stuff he trates us to, sich as, wimmin have no invention, (!) no composers among them, etc. Be jabers, thin, I never yet saw the woman who couldn't compose a schrammin bsby asier than any twenty min, an' may I live long enough to see the woman that couldn't invint the situa-

tion that best suited her purpose, aye an' circumvent the best man going. It's no use Mister Delauny, we may as well give in at wanst an' go halvers fairly wid woman, our kingdom is departed, luck at yon *Mene, Mene Tekel* blazin' on the dead wall av the future, an' all yer blurrin' an' rubbin' dirt over it won't rub it out. Besides it's nothing to be deplored after all, the happiest days av our life was when woman was shapreme, an' I know this, that whin women's voices are heard in the legislative halls av our Dominion, it's mighty few saloons, an' still fewer drunkards there will be in the strates thereof. Shpeed the day is the fervent prayer av

Yours sincerely,
BARNEY O'HEA.



THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON ADVERTISER AND HIS "ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY."

The Expurgated Zoo.

A BALLAD OF THE FUTURE.

(By Ja. Kayle.)

Bring your sisters, bring your cousins,
Bring your auntsies too,
Bring your wives and bring your babies,
Down to see the Zoo.

Here you'll see the festive turtle
Climbing up a pole,
And the genuine "Wild Harry,"
Eating sausage roll.

When you see the funny monkeys,
Laugh you will, or bust,
For they all are wearing trowsers—
—Patton says they must.

Patton is the moral censor
And his order recent
Says that monkeys unclad are im—
"Moral" and "indecent."

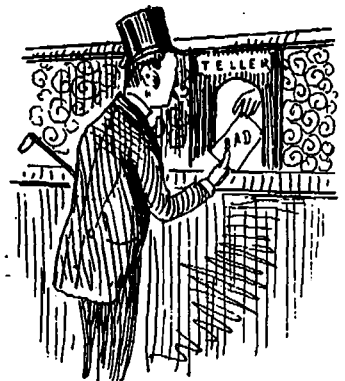
Bruin though you will not see,
(I'm a trade recorder)
For being "bear," he's been suppressed by
Mr. Patton's order.

You will miss the chimpanzee,
Him they had to poison,
For the bold, immodest brute,
Wouldn't keep his clothes on.

Now the owl sits solemnly,
Never more it screeches—
—Mr. Patton had its legs
Cased in leather breeches.

But the Zoo declines to be
So entire y sat on,
They intend to get a case and
Capture Mr. Patton.

When the beasts are fed each day,
He with solemn strictures,
Will perform his famous act of
Burning books and pictures.



AN "UTTER" YOUNG MAN.

To LEX, Montreal.

The writer of "The permitted crime" stands gratefully corrected. pleads ignorance of legal, local, or other law, save the broad, comprehensive, non-provincial one of right and wrong, and is powerfully glad to learn that there is justice to be had in at least one spot on top of this round earth—to wit, Quebec. As a rule Canadian—I mean Ontario legislators, aye, and for that matter, most legislators since Moses—have been awfully good to themselves, their heirs, and assigns, (male) in the way of making statutes and such matters,—so good in fact, really one feels sinister enough to believe that they framed them with an eye to future contingencies, and we confess we have but small hope that this disgraceful state of things will be amended in any hurry, unless, indeed, the franchise be speedily extended to the juster sex, in which case you'll soon see the lively time they'll make for certain types of the genus *wolf*, who under the present laws roam safely at large amidst the green pastures and by the still waters of Canadian Society. You go for 'em, Lex, and count on the unflinching support of

JAY KAYLE.

Hamilton, Oct 29th, 1881.



THAT TROUBLESOME YOUNGSTER!

INDULGENT MAMMA MACDONALD.—IT MUST BE A GOOD LITTLE MONOPOLY, AND IT MUSTN'T CRY FOR OLIVER'S THINGS, OR MAMMA'LL HAVE TO—

SPINSTER BLAKE (*sotto voce*).—OH IF I ONLY HAD THE MANAGEMENT OF THAT CHE-ILD!!

* See comments on page 2.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

To remove weeds:—Marry a widow.—*Ex.*

Modern politics is a game of grab.—*Webster Times.*

No man can climb the ladder of fame feet first.—*Whitehall Times.*

Invisible netting—the profit on selling short.—*McGregor News.*

The turkey now commences to observe the calendar.—*Lockport Times.*

It was ordained "binate"-ure that people should marry.—*The Book-keeper.*

"That's what's staggers us," as brains remarked of brandy.—*New York News.*

The Vacuum Cure is the latest. Apply at any boarding house.—*Lockport Union.*

Horse thieves are generally high-strung individuals out in the territories.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

Capturing the wild bore—subduing the angry visitor to an editor's sanctum.—*Toledo American.*

Go West, young man, rob a train, get your name in the papers and be respectable. Why stand ye hear idle?—*Detroit Free Press.*

Virginia wants duelling substituted for base ball as the national game, because the former is less destructive of life and limb.—*Norristown Herald.*

A Pekin, Ill., man's wife has given birth to a boy every Fourth of July for four years. Methods of celebration are a matter of taste.—*Boston Post.*

A candidate before election
Always feels his oats;
But when the polls at last are closed,
He wants to feel his votes.
—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Guiteau must die.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.* So? It was supposed that his infamous notoriety had given him a lease on immortality.—*Argo.*

It is estimated that \$100,000,000 is annually expended in the United States for funerals. If people would only discontinue dying, what a saving could be effected.—*Oil City Derrick.*

The hangman's plant—the art-choke—*American Queen.* The parson's plant—to-mate her.—*Springfield Sunday News.* The gambler's plant—Turn-up.—*Des Moines Saturday Evening Mail.* The loafer's plant—beat.—*Bay City Box.*

If a fish line is to catch fish, is a hack line to catch backs?—*Springfield Sunday News.* Or a tender line to catch suckers.—*Jamestown Sunday Leader.* Or a clothes line to catch a man under the chin.—*Frankford Herald.*

It is understood that the form of oath to be used at the Yorktown Centennial will vary little from the Old "Continental damn.".... The battle to be fought over this week—Brandy wine.... The orator of the day—The Dec orator.—*Richmond Baton.*

The young aesthetic who was kicked out by the girl's father thought the act was too utterly toe base for any use.... A new brand of feminine hose is called "Charity." This is no doubt because it covers a multitude of shins.—*Lloyd Breeze in Chaff.*

"Still water runs deep," said a quiet looking six-footer as he swallowed his glass of whiskey, and was preparing to depart without settling. "I don't think you shallow for it, either," returned the bar-keeper as he collared him for the pay.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

"Can you let me have some clabber?" asked a traveller at a farm house not far from Austin. "You can't have any," replied the honest farmer, "I've just give it to the hogs. First come first served, you know."—*Texas Siftings.*

Bee-ware—honey comb.... Egotism is an affection of the I.... A loan-some life—a pawn-broker's.... A sea-dog is always ready to bight.... A queer one—a counterfeit dollar.... The hardest city on record—Castile.... Rolling tens-pins is a bowled game.—*Toledo Saturday American.*

"What yer chewin' on?" queried one boot-black of another at the post-office yesterday. "Gum." "What else?" "Terbacker." "Go 'em both on the same side o' yer mouth?" "Yum." "Like 'em that way?" "Well, not overmuch, but it saves half a day of chawin'."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Lay off your overcoat or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. "The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out, and I haven't felt it since."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A sprightly young maid of Toulouse
Could squak like a gander or goose;
She'd hiss out "Quack, quack!"
Behind the doc's back—
And yell with delight at her rouse.
—*Cleveland Sunday Sun.*

"I'll meet you more than half way," said the goat.

"But you musn't," expostulated the man.

"I'm bent on it," returned the goat, lowering his horns.

"You are very head-strong," said the man, when he had stopped revolving.—*Et. Ry. Journal.*

There is only one woman we know of who can let other women pass by her without looking after them to see whether their polonaises are shirred in the elbow and cut bias on the watch pocket. The woman in question is a tobacco sign on Pine street.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.* We know another, poor, dear old blind soul!—*Modern Argo.*

A member of the New Hampshire legislature denounced a bill that was under discussion as "treacherous as was the stabbing of Cæsar by Judas in the Roman capital." Then he got out of it by saying that he used "by Judas" as a sort of oath, just as he would say "by George" or "by tunket." He knew well enough it was Hannibal who stabbed Cæsar.—*Lockport Union.*

Speak gently, it is better far
To whisper soft and low,
When talking to the girl you love
Because you do not know
Who may be listening unobserved,
To hear what you may say
And then, through cussedness so pure,
Give both of you away!
—*Hartford Journal.*

It's a wicked woman who elips out about midnight and rubs tallow on the coal-hole cover, and then gleefully lies awake listening for her hubby's return from the lodge, and chuckles and stuffs the pillow in her mouth as she hears all the windows of the neighbourhood go up for people to find out who that awful profane man is sitting on the walk.—*Melnotte Tarheel in Chaff.*

Circular drafts—Cyclones.... When is man on sentry like a tree in spring?—When he is about to be re-lieved.... What indispensable article of female attire does a rabbit's legs remind one of? Why, hare-pins, of course!... "What's the matter with your eye, Tommy?" "Oh, it's only been going through an operation at the hands of an knockulist, that's all."—*Kansas City Saturday Evening Saturday.*

"Of what great truth does this remind you?" said the teacher, stretching the lad across his knee and vigorously applying the rattan to a dusty waste of exposed pantaloons.

"Every tub on his own bottom," answered the boy, and the teacher was so well pleased that he told him that he needn't sit down again until his trowsers had had time to cool.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A firm advertises for "live" agents. This is wise; a dead one isn't good for much.... When a stream of German comes in over the telephone, it makes a hella girl stagger.... The papers are printing outs of David Davis. A mighty fat "take" for the composers.... "Take Jones Care all," shouts Jones, "one trial will be sufficient." That's it—generally is.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

In the spring musicians' fancies
Turn to sea-shore hops and dances.
—*The Score.*

Or else they travel o'er our land,
As members of some circus band.
—*Fulton Times.*

Now the "season" has begun,
Most are on the homeward run.
—*Richmond Baton.*

"I don't think a majority of the members of church choirs ever get to Heaven," observed an old lady who was accustomed to construe her Bible very literally. This opinion very naturally occasioned some surprise, and she was asked why she thought so. "Because," said she, "all angels are required to sing, and that's something most of the members of church choirs can't do."—*Galveston News.*

"Making a call the other day," writes a fair correspondent, "I casually opened a Bible on the drawing-room table while waiting for my friend. There was a folded piece of paper inside, and it was marked, I couldn't help seeing it, 'receipt for puuches.' My friend entered at the moment and I handed it to her. 'Why, where in the world did you get that?' she asked, 'I've been looking for it six months.'"—*Ex.*

What made By-ron?—*McGregor News.* Probably a Bul-wer after him.—*Modern Argo.* Or a Cow-per-haps. Being a Swift runner he got Scott free, and caused his pursuer like the Dickens.—*Ex.* He must have become "D'zzy," or at least have been troubled with an Ake-aside, and he did not probably, like Oliver, cry for "Moore."—*Quiz.* But to branch off again, let us ask what made Thack-hurry?—"Buz." The boys have all Spencer much time getting off these jokes, that we have just time to take a Chaw, sir.



WEIGHTY INDIGNATION!
A.D. B-x-B.—Does the *Globe* mean to insinuate that the Board of Works Committee is not square?



“ARE WE ANY LONGER CHRISTIANS?”

THE EDITOR OF THE “MAIL” MOURNING THE DEPARTURE OF THE GOOD OLD DARK AGES, IN WHICH “CHRISTIANITY” WAS “PROTECTED” BY THE CIVIL GOVERNMENT.
(See “Mail” Editorial, Nov. 1.)



SPORTING PROBABILITIES.

Hanlan and Ross on their way to the great boat race, which is to be rowed on Hudson's Bay, December 28, 1894.

Unwritten History.

In days subsequent to those of Christopher Columbus, there arose certain other discoverers, and after much battling with wind and tide, frost and snow, and several other discomforts common to travellers, they arrived at the land of the Algonquin, the Mohawk and the Five Nation Indian, and they said, These be but poor Red Men, we will take their land and give them leave to follow the buffalo, for of the flesh of this animal is their food mainly composed, that is to say, those other parts of it that do not consist of fish or fowl. And they did so. And in the course of time these discoverers increased in numbers and became powerful; and seeing that they were prosperous, their cousins to the fourteenth generation came and joined themselves to them, and there was plenty of room for all. And they built forts, and manned them with many men, so that their enemies

over the way and round the corner might know that it would be wise to let them alone. And these discoverers also built many mills, and gathered around them many towns and villages, and all the people and their children worked continually to heap up riches, and they forgot that the heaping up was not the whole duty of man. Yet they continued to heap and to grow rich. But after a while as other generations grew up and attained manhood, their parents, in many instances, did not know them, they were so rough and uncouth, and knew nothing except how to heap up riches, and in the course of time they became less expert at that, for the earth in her generosity had treated them liberally on the principle of barter, but they had taken all and given her nothing in return, so that there was danger that in course of time these rich children of the early discoverers would become bankrupt, and fare worse than the original Red Indian who knew how to chase the buffalo. And moreover these children of the discoverers were in worse case still, for they had grown so dull by reason of the monotony of their lives, that their understandings were darkened, and they could not see the evil that threatened. But some wise men who still remained of the old stock, said, There is but one remedy for all this, let us build colleges. So they built colleges, and sent afar for learned doctors who should understand the cause of this darkness of understanding, and be able to remove it. And the doctors came, and they did much good, and the fame of their cures went abroad in the land, so that much youth flocked to the colleges, and many young men desired to become professors of the art of healing darkness of understanding too. And the colleges became too small to accommodate them, and having a desire for much light and room, after the manner of the countries from which the learned doctors had come, they said, “We will build a University, and have chairs.” So they built a University and had chairs, and the chairs were well filled, so that the name of the University reached other lands, even the old land from whence the learned doctors came.

And after a time, when many of the old builders were dead, and the young men they had so carefully taught, filled some of the University

chairs, there arose a strange sound within the University halls and its several seats of learning, and the sound was like unto an echo from other lands, and the echo said, “Higher Education for Women,” and straightway those who occupied the University chairs turned pale, and stuffed wool in their ears that they should not hear, but yet the sound of the echo increased. And let them stuff ever so much wool in their ears, these learned doctors could not help hearing the sound, and it always said, “Higher Education for Women.” And outside of the walls of learning the sound was heard also, and many said, “What will these learned doctors do, for the spirit must be obeyed?” And seeing that there was no help for it, the learned doctors who ran the University and kindred seats of learning said, “We will give these women a smattering of knowledge, it is impossible that they should have the real thing, for they would not know what to do with it and would profane it.” But some of the wiser among them said, “Let us now give them High Schools and Colleges, and let us also set bars in their way, such as Mathematics and Chemistry, and they will so stumble and lame themselves against these obstacles that they will not ask for anything more.” But the young women stepped over Mathematics and exercised with Chemistry so well that they felt stronger than ever they had been in their lives before, and they asked for something higher. So certain wise men built and endowed a School of Technology, for the fact was the needs of the young men at the University required it, and they sent messengers to the young women, the sisters of the young men, who said, “Ye may come to the School of Technology, and whatever is taught there ye may learn, but take heed to yourselves that ye behave well and do not attract the attention of our young men, for they are but weak-minded where young women are concerned, and if it were not for the power of the sound which is as an echo from other lands, ye should not come near them at all to disquiet them and turn away their minds from learning.” But the young women laughed in their sleeves at the fumes of these learned doctors, and came, and studied, and grew wiser with great diligence. And certain fees were required of the students so that they should thereby acquire the right to attend all the courses of lectures given on certain subjects. And the young women paid these fees, but it came to pass that certain of the lectures in these courses were to be delivered in another hall of learning called University College, and the rulers of this College had made themselves stubborn, and heeded not the sound of the echo from other lands. And they said, “We are Trappists, and no woman shall enter the sacred precincts of our abode.” So when the young women went to hear the remainder of the course of lectures they had paid for, they were shut out. And the rulers triumphed, and it was a great triumph. But the young men, the students, who had not stuffed their ears with wool, and had sat beside the young women in the School of Technology and other places where young women are not excluded, said, “This is absurd! Why should our sisters and our cousins and our aunts be excluded from University College any more than from the ball-room, the Art School, the Church, and the Home? We will protest.” And they protested, but still the rulers triumphed and said, “Tell us not that women want equal education with our young men, we know better.” And the young women and their friends were very angry, and they said many powerful words. And the learned doctors of the University said, “Let us pull the wool out of our ears and hear what the sound of the echo from other lands really says, thereby we may be able to help ourselves and keep our chairs sacred.” So they pulled the wool out of their ears, and the sound of the echo from other lands was still “Higher Education for Women,” and the learned doctors clapped their hands in

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THE ZOO—AS MR. PATTON WOULD HAVE IT.

great glee, for they said, "We can obey the spirit and yet save our chairs." And they said to the young women, "We will allow you to take our wreaths of victory as our young men do if you fight for them as they do." And the young women said, "Well." But the learned doctors still clapped their hands and smiled, for they said, "Are not the most necessary parts of the equipment of these would-be conquerors locked up in University College, and have not the rules of it shut their doors in the young women's faces?" And they smiled again. But the young women were plucky, and they said, "Nevertheless we will try. We will get our own equipment, and perhaps by dint of much polishing of it, and exercising in it, we may make it do instead of that with which we ought to be furnished from the armory of University College." And they tried, but their equipment was too weak, for it had not been tried and tempered, neither was it of so fine metal as that which was enviously denied them. And the young women wept. So the rulers of University College triumphed, and do still triumph. But the young women have left off weeping and are looking out for a champion, even a David, who shall slay this Goliath of University College rule, and cut off his head.

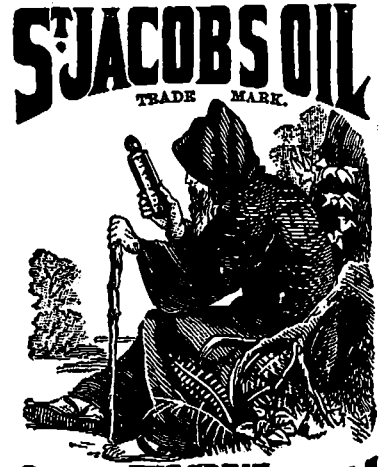
S. A. C.

Q.—Why is a runaway debtor like a door fastening? A.—Because he bolts away (away).

Lord Chesterfield, in the latter part of his life, called one day on Mrs. Anne Pitt, sister to Lord Chatham, and, complaining very much of his bad health and incapacity of exerting his mind, said, "I fear that I am growing an old woman." "I am glad of it, my lord," replied the lady, "I was afraid you were growing an old man, which you know is a much worse thing."

Millions in It

J. D. Alexander, editor *News*, Barnesville, Ga., U.S.A., says: "For the past twelve months I have been suffering from inflammatory rheumatism. I tried several physicians but they failed to relieve me. A friend recommended St. Jacobs Oil. I at once procured a half dozen bottles, which I have used, and find that I am improving all the time. It relieves me at once when I am suffering terrible pain, and prevents me from spending many sleepless nights. Nothing has done me so much good."



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Thoughts of great Thinkers.
(From the Hornet.)

- Who was the author of that absurdity about "Stone walls do not a prison make," anyway? —Parnell.
- "Fellow citizens, we will now pass on to the great Asiatic gallows, captured on the famous plains by the Potomac." —Guiteau.
- "Not this time, Mr. Scoville, some other time." —Gen. Butler.
- If hisses would only cure me, I would be enjoying good health. —Gladstone.
- Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long. —Jay Gould.
- Man was made to mourn. —Bayard.
- Silence is golden. —President Arthur.
- He who deserts his old time friends is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils. —Conkling.
- Give me a foeman worthy of my steel! —Mahone.



DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.
 Toronto, 6th October, 1891.

Notice is hereby given that, under an Order in Council, Timber Berths in the undermentioned townships in the Muskoka and Parry Sound Districts will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the Department of Crown Lands at twelve o'clock noon, on

TUESDAY, the 6th Day of December, Next;
 viz:—Townships of Mowat, Blair, McConkey, Hardy, Atterton, Mills, Sinclair, Bethune, Proudfoot, Gosh, Machar, Strong, Joly, Laurier, Fringle, Lount, Nipissing and Hinsworth.

The area to be disposed of in the above townships as timber berths is upwards of 1,400 square miles, and to suit all classes of purchasers each township will, as nearly as practicable, be divided into four berths.

Sheets containing conditions and terms of sale, with information as to area and lots and concessions comprised in each berth, will be furnished on application personally or by letter, to the Woods and Forest Branch of the Department, or to the Crown Timber Offices at Ottawa, Belleville and Quebec, and the office of T. E. Johnson, Esq., Parry Sound.

T. B. PARDEE,
 Commissioner.

N. B.—No advertisement will be paid for unless previously ordered by the Department.

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