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IMPORTER
CHINA HALL.
GLOVER HARRISON
49 KING ST. E., Toronto

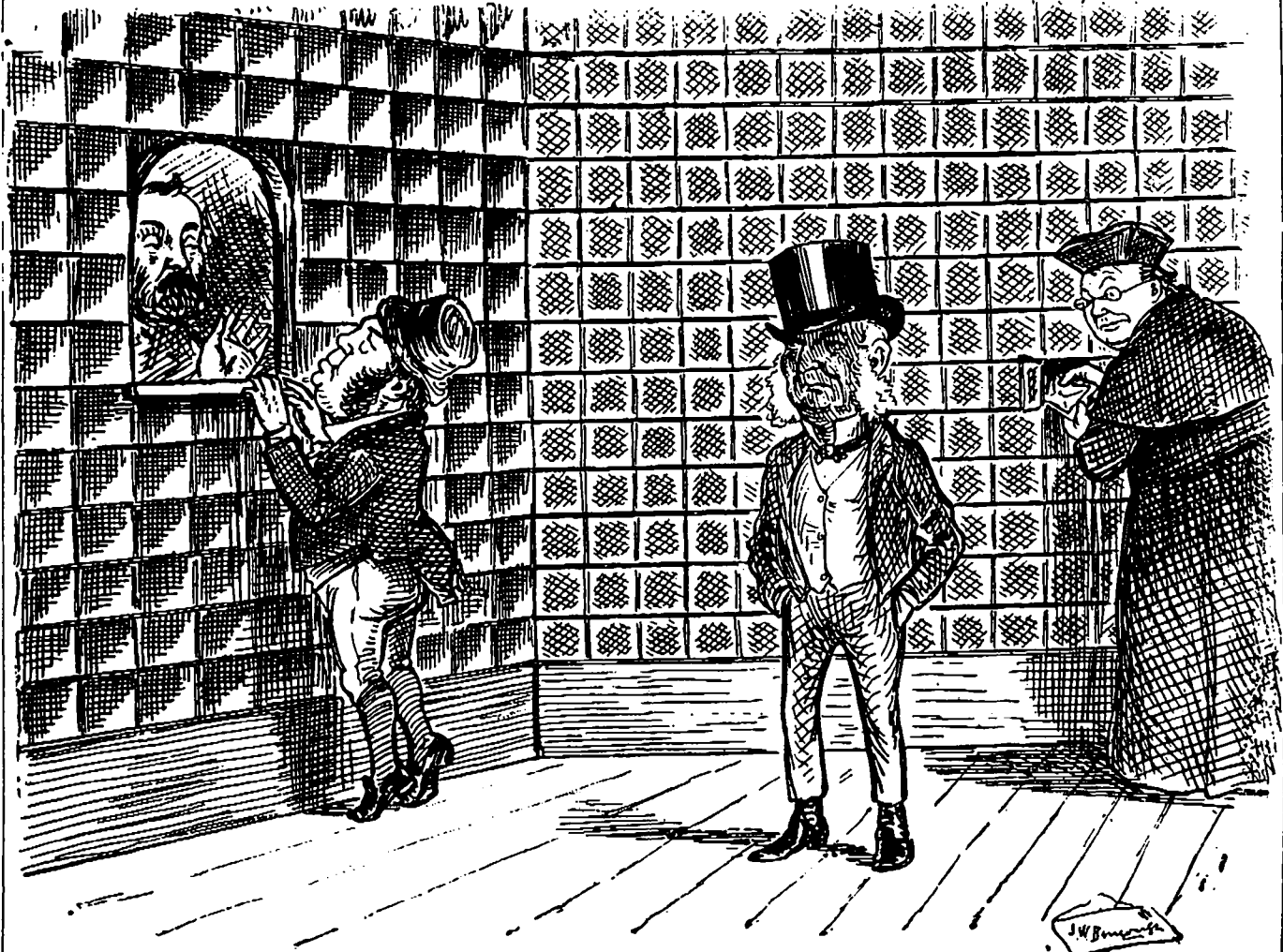


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CINGALESE HAIR RESTORER!

PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT. REMOVES DANDRUFF, AND PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR. ALL THE LADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT.



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HON. JNO. O'D-N-HUE-PLEASE, POSTMASTER, CUD YOU TELL ME WHIN THER'LL BE AN ANSWER FROM THE BISHOPS TO THE LEATHER WE SINT?

The only Perfect Writing Machine!
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Three Styles, Perfect Mechanism, Best Results. Speed thrice that of longhand. No Business House complete without it. Writing as legible as any print. Call and see it in operation, or send for particulars to
THOS. BENOUGH, Manager,
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DENTAL NOTICE.
Artificial teeth inserted so as to feel perfectly comfortable. **FULL SETS, \$18. UPPER or UNDER, \$9.** Partial Sets in proportion.
Teeth Extracted Without Pain.
F. H. SEFTON,
Surgeon Dentist.
Cor. Queen and Yonge-sts., over Rose's Drug Store.

BRUCE THE PHOTO!
1ST GENT—What find I here
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation?
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, a be alone can
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
STUDIO—118 King st. Wes

RAIL COAL. LOWEST RATES. A. & S. NAIRN Toronto.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH, Editor & Artist. S. J. MOORE, Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

Special, Particular Notice!

It will be observed that this is the last number of Volume XIX. Will those who are in arrears signalize the auspicious commencement of the new volume by sending along their dues. Our subscribers are, as a rule, prompt—but there are some exceptions. Look at your address label, and remit if you are in arrears.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We are favored with so many contributions from old and new writers that we are compelled to hold MSS. over for want of space every week. The following articles have been accepted and will appear in due course.—“On-looker;” “A few Remarks;” “A Mystery of the Deep;” “Lucy and Maria;” “Consolation;” “De Principle Devolved;” “The Model General Officer;” “Versa Vicey;” “Keep Dark;” “Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore.” SWIZ.—No, you are not the man. It is the yarder fellow.

F. C.—If your story proves as lively as your letter, it will be a very lively story. Too busy just now to read it.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Manitoba begins to grind her teeth. Sir John, with all his knowledge of human nature, appears to have forgotten that it is impossible to make a passive squaw out of a young woman who has white blood in her veins and a love of freedom in her heart.

FIRST PAGE.—Messrs. Smith and O'Donohue have not as yet received an answer to their letter to the Bishops, protesting against the course of Archbishop Lynch. And the worst of it is the Postmaster can't tell them when the looked-for reply will come.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Tariff reform was a plank in the democratic platform. And now that the party is triumphant it is to be hoped that something will be done to reduce the duties. Any movement in that direction will benefit Canada. Sir Leonard set out to bring the Yankee to time with the N.F., but no doubt he will be just as well pleased if our cousin comes to time of his own accord.



Mlle Rhea, the brilliant and beautiful French actress, is delighting the patrons of the Grand this week. No greater performer has ever been in Toronto, not excepting Sara Bernhardt.

Mr. J. F. Thompson, late of the Remenyi Concert Co., has accepted the management of the Horticultural Pavilion for the current season, and already a vigorous and intelligent policy has been inaugurated. It is intended to give musical performances of the first class every week if possible, at popular prices of admission. As an initial attraction—and certainly a stupendous one—Dr. Damrosch's Famous Symphony Orchestra of fifty-five performers is engaged for two concerts, Dec. 1st and 2nd, in connection with Mlle Martinez, the renowned vocalist. All lovers of music are aware that Damrosch's Orchestra is the glory of musical New York, and if Toronto doesn't turn out *en masse* to enjoy these concerts it will be an evidence of woful ignorance or want of refined taste. We have no idea, however, that the management will have any reason to regret their enterprise, and sincerely trust that Mr. Thompson's efforts throughout the season may be so well supported by the public as to place the affairs of the Horticultural Society, in the easy condition they ought to enjoy.

IN MEMORIAM.

FATHER MICHAEL STAFFORD, OF LINDSAY.

Father! most sacred name,
And never worn more sacredly by man
Than by this gentle Priest,
Who held a widening parish in his love,
And still had heart for more!
Not by the majesty of princely Rome,
The pomp of ceremony, mystic rites,
Authority's swift fiat or fear's spell,
He held his place, and won men to his will,
But by the holier force of blameless walk,
And tender pity, he made captive all!
A Priest most pure, a man, a patriot true,
A Christian soldier, fighting as he fell.
See at his tomb the mourners weeping kneel,
Learning and Temperance, widows sore bereaved.
'Twere impious now to ask them of his creed—
Leave that to God—we know He loves the Good.
Raise no vain shaft to mark his resting place,
None graven of cunning art, or man's device;
His life work rises grandly o'er his grave,
And from its front in gentle, steady flame,
Shines forth a name revered by rich and poor,
And loved by every creed, and honest men of none!

J. W. B.

CROAKS.

Alderman Withrow is out for Mayor, and about the first of January expects to be in for the same. Mr. Withrow has served faithfully as a member of the Civic Board for the last ten years, and has fairly earned the honor of the mayoralty. He is the best candidate yet announced.

The National Liberal Union is the last movement in politics, and its principles as expounded in the address of the President, His Worship the Mayor, will commend themselves to the thousands who are sick of the meaningless wrangle of Grit and Tory. The full text of the inaugural address maybe found in Saturday's World.

Henry James, Jr., has made a new study of American character and manners in a brilliant satirical sketch, which will be published in

the December Century. The article, entitled “The Point of View,” consists of a series of letters supposed to have been written in this country by an educated Englishman and a French Academician, who have come to study American institutions, and by Americans who have lived in Europe and who are alive to the short-comings of their native land. By way of contrast, one of the letters is a criticism of Parisian life by an American. The persons who write the letters are clearly enough defined in character to give the sketch the interest of a story. As a criticism of American life it is as noteworthy as the same writer's “Daisy Miller.”

A SEASONABLE IDYL.

Now doth the merry maiden
Cease her leaning on front gates,
And each closet keeps invadin',
To hunt up last winter's skates.

Her lover, steady caller,
Now selleth his bull pup,
To raise the needful dollar
For his ulster, long hung up.

The rich matron, filled with *hauteur*,
Now overhauls her furs;
And her lovely youngest daughter
Wishes that nice sacque were hers.

Now the tapster's flash attendant
Has assumed his winter *role*,
And with diamond pin resplendent,
Mixeth up the deadly bowl.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.

HON. MOWAT.—I'm afraid, Crooks, the *Mail* people will be offended if we don't accept that kind invitation of theirs.

HON. CROOKS.—Well, that's so, Hardy, but then what will our country friends say? I'm sure, from the way they have spoken lately, they particularly wish us to remain. It would be too bad to dis-appoint them.

HON. MOWAT.—Then I won't go!

HON. CROOKS.—And I won't go!

A certain M.P.P., living not far from the metropolis, was asked his opinion as to the merits, *pro* and *con*, of the “Marmion” controversy. He pondered a moment, and then sentimentously remarked, “Well, although I am a Conservative in politics, I must confess that in this case I must allow my religious to override my political opinions, and I heartily endorse the *Globe* in its attempts to exclude *Mormon* literature from our schools!”



THE BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Father (sternly to little boy)—“Come here, instantly, for punishment—I'll teach you to tear your new trousers!”

Little Boy (whimpering)—“I don't need it, papa, I know how to do it now.”



THE GAL OF THE PERIOD.

Mistress (to new cook)—“On Wednesdays and Saturdays, I shall go to market with you.”
 New Cook—“Very well, mum, but who’s agoin’ to carry the basket, mum?”

THE BU-TI-FUL SNOW.

TWO PICTURES.

RY N—S F—D D—N.

REGINA, Guy Fawkes’ day, 1882.

“When I left Winnipeg on Friday morning I was cased in furs, and the snow six inches deep.”—N. F. D.

WINNIPEG.

I.

The Snow-O! the Snow-O! the beautiful snow!
 The subject is now rather hackneyed, I know,
 Especially up here in Manito—
 Ba. The thermometer gets so low
 That your nose gets nipped, likewise your toe,
 And you wish yourself back in On-tay-ri-o,
 Away from the beautiful snow

II.

The Snow-O! the Snow-O! the beautiful snow,
 It’s especially “fine” when the blizzards blo,
 As along the prairie your wad you hoe,
 When your wagon’s stuck fast and your hoss won’t go,
 And you say to yourself, “My cake is dough,
 I want no more of it, not for Joe,”
 Of the beautiful, beautiful snow!

REGINA.

“What surprises me most is the mildness of the weather.”—N. F. D.

I.

The Snow-o! the Snow-O! the beautiful snow
 Gets charmingly less as westward we go,
 For out in Regina, I’ll have ye all know,
 It’s almost as warm as summer, altho’,
 It’s the day when Guy Fawkes attempted to blow
 Up the Parliament House some years ago.
 There is pos-i-tive-ly no snow

II.

And apropos of the beautiful snow,
 I had a long chat with the Bishop, you know
 He declared the weather quite *comme il faut*.
 Then we talked of “Home,” and the fifth of No—
 Vember. (His language has a fine flow)
 Of Cambridge, the undergrad’s “little go,”
 And street fights when oft the blood did flow.
 —I took one look through the window, and lo!
 Down falls the beautiful snow!

Oh, treacherous, false Assiniboine,
 Your weather, ‘tis true, is remarkably fine.
 Yet I’ve made up my mind that wherever I go
 I’ll never get rid of the beautiful snow!

It is not true that Mr. Bourinot has been named by the government as one of the subscribers in English Grammar.

A STATIONARY GRIEVANCE.

MR. GRIP, Sir.—Knowing you to be the Tribune of the people, and the potent corrector of public wrongs, I beg to lay before you a case which needs immediate attention. Herewith please find a sketch, absolutely truthful and without exaggeration, of the Canada Southern station at this town.



Now, I need add no learned diagnosis to this—it speaks eloquently for itself and against the railway authorities. We, the citizens of Alvinston, protest against this architectural monstrosity, not only because it lacks all convenience for business, but because it is a standing libel to our rising town. The passing stranger could not but suppose that Alvinston was a collection of hovels judging from the station, whereas the traveller who alights and goes up to the main street finds himself in one of the neatest and most thriving places in Canada, with churches, halls, mills, stores and residences that surpass those of many other towns of far more pretensions. We have long struggled to move the railway people to do away with this disgraceful shanty, but in vain. You, Mr. GRIP, can probably compel them to it. If so, you will ever receive the warmest thanks of all our citizens, not excepting

THE DOCTOR.

Alvinston, Nov. 14th.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

SEIZED BY JULIUS SEIZER.

To Detective Pinkerton, N. Y.

SIR,—A systematic robbery of Her Majesty’s mails is being carried on here. Several most important private letters, addressed to me personally, have been intercepted and published in GRIP, Canada’s only independent comic paper. The publication of these letters in such a widely-circulating journal is terribly exasperating, both to myself and my correspondents. Had these documents appeared in some of the obscure newspapers, such as the *Telegram*, or *Ma*—, the local Tory organ, I would not have given the matter any attention, as the score or so of ignorant, and simple-minded people who read those simpering sheets would not be able to form an idea as to what the correspondence meant. What makes it still more annoying is the fact that we are on the eve of an election, and on such occasions there are always certain little tactics pursued by politicians which should not become known to the general public.

I address you, therefore, in the hope that you will come over and investigate the matter with the least possible delay. I should not have troubled you with this affair, were it not that our competent and invaluable detective force have been summoned to Winnipeg to unravel the mystery surrounding the recent theft of the Manitoba Conservatives’ platform.

Hoping that you will soon be able to secure the capture and conviction of the miserable mail robber.

I remain,

Yours, &c.,
 GORDON SEALBROWN.

DEAR TUPPER,—I am alarmed for your reputation. A few short months since you were known through every village and hamlet in this wide Dominion, as the champion “stretcher,”—or falsifier. I regret to find that you can no longer lay claim to that proud distinction. For some time past the *Globe* has been competing for the high honor, and with such a measure of success as entitles it to the consideration of the large number of our public men who deliberately tell lies, and systematically misrepresent facts. After having enjoyed the championship for so long, it is humiliating that the editor of a Grit sheet should surpass you in this most necessary political accomplishment. In order, therefore, to recover your lost prestige, I would suggest that in your very next public speech you vehemently assert that you, or any of your colleagues, never interfered in Ontario politics; tell the people that the Smith-O’Donohue manifesto was not directly inspired and dictated by you and Sir John, and that the Government, in disallowing the Manitoba railway bills, have done so in the best interests of that Province.

Let Grits delight to tell the truth,
 For Blake hath told them to;
 But Tories, to prolong their power,
 Must tell what is untrue.

Yours defeatably,
 J. BURR PLUMB.

MY DEAR SIR,—Until I received your kind letter I had no intention of appearing in Canada. Really, I did not know you had a theatre. Why, how nice. A Grand Opera House in Toronto, Canada. Who would have believed it? I cannot tell you definitely yet. I must consult my dear friend, the Prince of Wales. I will cable him at once. If he thinks it would not permanently injure my professional reputation, I would so like to visit Canada.

I will write again when I hear from the Prince.

Yours hastily,
 LANGTRY.

YOUNG SPIFKINS (who has been going after Miss Maggie all summer, and hopes he has made an impression)—“And you’ll be sure to get a ticket for the ‘Toney’ Rink, so that I may hope to see you *sometimes*?”

MISS MAGGIE—“Oh, I don’t know. It just depends on Charlie.”

YOUNG SPIFKINS—“Charlie!”

MISS MAGGIE—“Oh, I forgot; you don’t know Charlie, he’s been away (with a most bewitching smile). I’m engaged to Charlie, but I’ll introduce you.”

Young Spifkins half thinks there’s been a mistake somewhere, and wonders if nickel-plated skates will catch up those other nice girls.

If you want a tonic, take a cold bath; if a sedative, take a warm bath; and if a stimulant, take a hot bath; but if you want solid comfort these cold mornings take a warm pack, which may be accomplished by packing the bed clothes warmly around you, and allowing them to remain so until the last siss of the frying-pan below announces that breakfast is ready.

“Why do you remind me of the lamp?” inquired the young and pretty Torontonion, as the long hand was hastening to overtake the short one at the most northern extremity of the clock. “Because I’m pretty bright?” he asked, modestly hanging his head. “Oh, dear, no,” was the decisive reply. “Well, then, I give it up.” “Because,” she answered softly, “it’s quite time to turn you out.” He saved her the trouble instantly.



ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH.

A STORY WITH AN IMMORAL.

(Concluded.)

CHAP. IV.

Philander came into a little money by the death of his father, and resolved to abjure trade and enter a profession. "In this sphere at least," thought he, "I shall be free from the sordid and truth-perverting influences which make trade impossible to a lover of truth."

So he resolved to enter the ministry, but he found at the outset that he was required to profess his entire belief in a creed that he could not accept as a whole, although he agreed with nine-tenths of it. This, of course, was out of the question.

He next tried the law. He entered the office of a legal friend and read up steadily. He was getting very well until one day he was entrusted with the case of a client as a practical beginning.

"You see," said the client, "I ain't ready to pay this money yet, and I just want you to enter a defence and stand the thing off for a while."

"But you owe the money, don't you?" asked Gregsbury.

"Why, yes, of course."

"Well, I can't say you don't owe it. That would not be true."

"What's that got to do with it? Well, I should smile. The idea of a lawyer sticking at a lie! Why you're the first I ever met as wouldn't tell a dozen for a dollar. Young man, you're too fresh altogether."

His friend assured him that this sort of professional falsification was an essential part of legal practice, and Gregsbury was again thrown on the world.

"I will try the press," he said, "It is the palladium of our free institutions. I don't exactly know what a palladium is, but the vocation of the journalist is a noble one and ever in accord with right and justice. Here at last shall I find a refuge from falsehood and deceit."

CHAP. V.

The *Daily Calumniator* wanted a reporter, and Philander Gregsbury secured the vacancy at \$8 per week. He set diligently to work and achieved a marked success as a city reporter, until one day he was detailed to report a theatrical entertainment.

"Write it up well, give 'em a good send off," said the city editor. "The troupe are getting all their job printing done at this office."

"But it is a wretchedly poor show," said Philander. "The company are a lot of sticks."

"Never mind that—do as I tell you. They advertise very heavy. Don't you catch on?" Philander's heart sank. "I really cannot

write a favorable notice of the concern. My conscience will not allow me to tell a lie."

"———!!" said the city editor. "Here Muggins, you give the Dufferre Combination a first-class notice. And as for you Gregsbury, the sooner you get over those notions the better you'll get along here. Conscience hasn't any show on the local columns of the *Calumniator*."

A day or two after he was sent to report a political meeting, and on handing in his copy the city editor said—

"Say Gregsbury, what in Thunder do you mean by saying 'there was a large attendance and the meeting was a great success?'"

"Well it's so," replied Gregsbury.

"Look here. When our opponents have a meeting it is never well attended. It is invariably a contemptible fizzle. The speeches are always wretched failures and the people go away disgusted. Remember this in future and re-write your report accordingly."

"But I can't—it wouldn't be true."

"Oh, we've had quite enough of that nonsense. Either do as I tell you or go."

"I will leave," said Philander sadly, and he walked out.

CHAP. VI.

Suddenly like a streak of lightning the exceeding folly of his conduct flashed upon him. He saw how he had lost his friends, ruined his chances and closed every opening against him by his ridiculous adherence to an impossible standard of veracity. He resolved to turn over a new leaf. He retraced his steps to the *Calumniator* office.

"Give me another chance," he said to the city editor. "I was a fool. I promise you that you shall have no cause to find fault with me in the future. Henceforth I will lie whenever it is necessary."

He was as good as his word. He wrote lying puffs for outrageous commercial, literary and dramatic frauds. He abused without stint those who refused to advertise, whenever an opportunity presented itself. He vilified the opposite party in a fashion that delighted his employers, and brought him rapid promotion. He studied slander as a fine art. He laid awake nights thinking of good plausible political and social scandals against the enemies of the paper, and coining mean and vituperative epithets to make them unhappy. Philander Gregsbury soon became noted as a rising man. He made stump speeches which were marvels of elaborate and ingenious lying. He became a candidate for Parliamentary honors, and by dint of his superior talent for falsification secured a seat in the House, and crowned his efforts by wholesale and unblushing perjury when his election was unsuccessfully contested. He is now one of the most able and respected of our public men.

IMMORAL.

Thus we see that the habit of indiscriminate truthfulness invariably brings its victims to poverty and disgrace, while falsehood is absolutely necessary to success in every walk in life.

NEWS FROM THE EAST.

FROM SPECIAL DESPATCH TO GRIP.

THE REASON WHY DUFFERIN LEFT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Lord Dufferin not only has a lisp and a great admiration (Platonic of course) for pretty girls, but is possessed of a great share of sarcastic humor, which is only kept within bounds by a deep sense of the gravity of his official position.

At a little supper the other evening, given at the British Embassy, a number of attaches of the different legations being present.

Buckkesaw Bey, Inspector of Dates for the Erzeroom Provinces, happened to drop in.

"Hallo, Buck!" said his Lordship. "How goes? Sit down; Have a taste of Banagher. I don't like the wines of this country, especially the *Porte*." "Bismillah!" answered the sly old Inspector, who had tumbled to the joke, "then by the beard of the Prophet, you'd better *Sherry* your nibs!"

"Look out, Dufferin!" said young Dewitt Doolittle, of the U. S. Consulate, "for old Buckkesaw. If he thinks you intend to *Sultan* him, you may find yourself in a small vessel tomorrow on your way to Cyprus."

"In that case, I take the *Caique*," laughed the noble Earl.

"You may be sent to Egypt, perhaps," said old Sandivitch Popkomoff, of the Russian Embassy, with his mouth full of *Caviare*.

"Then I might be termed, so to speak, a *Nileist*." "By the way, Pop," continued his Lordship, "Egypt always reminds me of your Czar."

"How was dat?" queried the Muskovite.

"Why, because it's *Sandy*."

"Oh! take a rest!" exclaimed Doolittle.

"Wasallah! Bismillah!" muttered Buckkesaw, "By the tomb of the Prophet, but the dog of an infidel will take *arrest* if he stays here much longer!"

Next morning Buckkesaw Bey, attended by the Chief Eunuch, a firman, and bow-string, arrived at the noble Earl's quarters. He read the order, looked at the bow-string, and muttered something about having already too many strings to his bow, took the first steamer for Port Said, *en route* for Cairo.

This is how it happened that Lord Dufferin left Con-stanti-no-ple.

AN ICE LEGEND.

A maiden once dwelt in the kingdom of snow,
She belonged to the tribe of the wild Esquimaux;
Her fat little face was the theme of all song
In that region of ice where the winters are long.

The climate was cold but her young heart was warm,
And thrilled every nerve in her beauteous form,
For she had a lover as all maidens may,
Wherever they live or wherever they stray.

This girl and her sweetheart adored one another,
And they'd the consent of her father and mother;
But the path of true lovers has ever been found
To run over rough and irregular ground.

The maiden's young man was a dealer in ice,
And journeys to England he yearly made twice,
And, as on another he just now was starting,
He asked her to meet him to kiss before parting.

So, weeping she went to the old trysting place,
And the tears trickled down her sweet innocent face;
But he hadn't come, so she looked for a stone,
And wrapped in her sorrow sat weeping alone.

Soon the merciless wind, fiercely howling around,
Froze the girl to the stone, and the stone to the ground,
And there she sat looking uncommonly nice,
Enveloped in anguish and coated with ice.

Of course she was dead, all her sorrows were past,
She was slain by her grief and the pitiless blast;
Her hot tears had frozen as fast as they fell,
And she looked like a duck in a crystallized shell.

But soon came the lover, and oh! his despair,
When he saw the cold corpse of his love lying there;
At first 'twas quite awful the noise that he made—
Then he swallowed his anguish and thought of his trade.

He said "Oh! how sweet was my love when alive,
Tho' her spirit has fled, may her sweetness survive;
How little she dreamt in her dreadfullest dreams
She'd be taken to England to flavour ice-creams."

He detached the dead damsel and bore her away
From the shore where the seals and the sea-lions play,
And took her to England, and smashed her up small,
And there she was eaten and relished by all!

This monster inhuman, I hear with regret,
Like the bay-tree has flourished—and flourishes yet;
But nightly he's troubled with terrible dreams
Of sacrificed maidens and chilly ice-creams.

MORAL.

Oh! list to my moral ye ladies that love;
Don't let your affections at liberty rove;
And whether the climate be cold or be hot,
Beware of the men, they are such a bad lot!



LET THE BIG CHIEF BEWARE!

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

THE DETROIT FUNNY MAN'S LATEST.

A Washington woman files her claim for \$200 for suggesting that Garfield be fed on rice and milk.

Dr. Agnew thinks that a doctor with reputation enough to attend a President ought to be paid at the rate of \$350 per day.

Down in Ohio it is considered good luck to see a bull over your right shoulder, in case you are within ten feet of the fence.

Punched coins have become so scarce that a man may have dealings with several different church collectors before being stuck.

It is said that Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague has over 200 newspaper paragraphs referring to her. They must make an interesting scrap book.

A Chicago man whose boots let his toes through rubbed the blacking brush over leather and toes and deceived the public for a long time.

The only way to convince the inventor of a patent car-coupler that he won't make a million dollars out of it is to send him to a railroad man.

George Lassard, of Toronto, informed the Police Judge that he was 104 years old, and he was promptly fined \$10 for it. Canada is right to discourage old age.

Paris, Ky., has also unearthed the skeleton of a mastodon, which furnishes proof that Daniel Boone was not the biggest chap who ever struck that state.

A cow at Pittston, N. Y., ate up a section of a spring bed before her owner noticed that she had a wiry appearance. Some men are so absent-minded, you know.

The country is not at war, and the laws are enforced in every township in America, and yet the income of one pistol manufacturer in the East is \$2,000 per day.

Mr. Vanderbilt won't trot his horses in public any more than Bonner. A great man can feel as mean as a little one when he sees the other horse come in ahead.

A widow in Providence wanted to go on a visit to Chicago, and rather than leave her 14-year old daughter at home to worry about, she married her off to a man of 40.

Pennsylvania has a minister by the name of Hornblower, and although his congregation have offered to pay the expense of a change of name he insists that the old one is all right.

Gov. Crittenden's wife must be a sound sleeper. She was recently robbed of \$1,000 on a sleeping car, and the thief had to remove the pillows from under her head to get at the money.

One of the patent Ohio grave torpedoes was tried on a mule in Indiana to see how it would work. He lifted up one foot when the explosion took place, but never stopped munching fodder.

Since a man at Raleigh, N. C., found several thousand dollars under a stump there has been such a grubbing and digging for several miles around as would have raised \$20,000 worth of cotton.

When Idaho papers tell of hail stones weighing fourteen pounds, why not call it the fall of an ice-house and be done with it? When hail gets beyond a man's head in size it's something besides hail.

A swindle of any sort, no matter how transparent, will flourish longer and make more money in New York than anywhere else. Take them as a whole, the New Yorkers are not a bright people.

Marriage makes men thoughtful. About half their time is spent in forming excuses.

Josh Billings says: "Next to a clear conscience, for solid comfort comes an old shoe."

It is the rich oyster dealer who knows how to shell out.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Things which are advertised as "cheaper than ever," are ever so cheap.—*New York News*.

Any good-looking lass is perfectly happy when left to her own reflections.—*New York News*.

The man who "couldn't stand it any longer" has taken a seat and now feels quite comfortable.

Professor in Physics—"What's Boyle's law?" Diligent junior—"Never trump your partner's ace."—*Ec.*

What is characteristic of a watch? Modesty, for it keeps its hands before its face and runs down its own works.

As a rule, the men who have been driven crazy by misfortune did not have far to go.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

A Chicago policeman shot eleven times at a burglar and each time missed. He made the serious mistake of aiming at the fellow.

Playing foot-ball by electric light has been tried in London without success. The players throw themselves by kicking at the shadows of other players' heads.—*Norristown Herald*.

Josh Billings' advice: "Mi dear boy, selekt your buzzem friend with grate caushun; once selekted, indorse him with yure bottom dollar."

At least three men on the average jury feel bound to disagree with the rest to show that they've got minds of their own.—*Boston Post*.

The speculative sharps of New York have organized a rubber ring. The flats will cut their cyc-teeth on it.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Relics of Washington are on sale in England to help the family of his grand nephew. The original hatchet is not among them.—*Lowell Courier*.

After a beefsteak has been subjected to the subduing influences of a rolling-pin it becomes legally tender.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

A Cleveland man has invented a "vacuum gun." This is bad. It is always the empty gun that kills the small boy.—*New Haven Register*.

The *Popular Science Monthly* asks: "What are crowds?" The science of love says the third party is a large crowd.—*New Haven Register*.

Although Hammeritt, the professional pianist, was once an amateur, he has an heir that does not wear bangs.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

A woman was offered \$1,000 if she would remain silent for two hours. At the end of fifteen minutes she asked, "isn't the time nearly up?" and thus lost.

The circus rider who was elected by the Italian Parliament is, we believe, the only politician who can successfully ride two horses at once.—*Philadelphia News*.

A Turk had rather see two camels wrestle than two men. They kick up more dust than the men do, and that's the Turk's idea of bloody fighting.—*Somerville Journal*.

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar coated and inclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby unimpaired for any length of time, in any climate, so that they are always fresh and reliable. No cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. By druggists.

When you are successful look out for the arrows of envy. "Sticks and stones are flung only at fruit-bearing trees," said a Persian philosopher.—*New York News*.

When Fogg heard that cigars were largely made by machinery, he said he had noticed a stationary Indian in front of nearly all the cigar shops.—*Boston Transcript*.

At a public banquet the lion of the evening is usually received with three cheers and a tiger. This shows that he stands hyena crowd of giraffes.—*New York News*.

"I give you my word that I'm speaking the truth," said a man to his wife. "Of course, you give me your word," she retorted bitterly, "because no one else will take it."

Ball dresses will come quite low this season.—*London Queen*. Don't go off, now, and order half a dozen; the above statement does not refer to the price.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

Some people think it better to be soft-hearted than hard-headed, but it doesn't seem to us there is much choice in the matter. To have either weakness shows a lack of common sense.—*Boston Star*.

Why is it that a little country like France is in proportion to resources so much richer than America?—*Exchange*. Guess it must be because the Frenchmen sell American women bonnets.—*Brooklyn Star*.

POVERTY AND DISTRESS.

That poverty which produces the greatest distress is not of the purse but of blood. Deprived of its richness it becomes scant and watery, a condition termed *anæmia* in medical writings. Given this condition, and scrofulous swellings and sores, general and nervous debility, loss of flesh and appetite, weak lungs, throat disease, spitting of blood and consumption, are among the common results. If you are a sufferer from thin, poor blood, employ Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which enriches the blood and cures these grave affections. Is more nutritive than cod liver oil, and is harmless in any condition of the system, yet powerful to cure. By druggists.

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Foo Choo's Balsam of Shark's Oil

Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the only Absolute Cure for Deafness Known.

This Oil is abstracted from a peculiar species of small White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as *Car-chardon Rondeletii*. Every Chinese Fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing was discovered by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1410. Its cures were so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for over 300 years no Deafness has existed among the Chinese people. Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at \$1.50 per bottle.

Hear what the Deaf Say!

It has performed a miracle in my case. I have no unearthly noises in my head, and hear much better.

I have been greatly benefited. My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

"Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation. Write at once to HAYLOCK & JENNEY, 7 Dey-street, New York, enclosing 1.00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing so."—EDITOR OF MERCANTILE REVIEW.

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A TENDER SPOT.

Gamin—"Shine yer boots, sir?
Swell—Such impudence, by Jove! A downright insult to my understanding!

THE BELLE OF CABBAGETOWN;

OR,

THE BLIGHTED BARMAN.

A ROMANCE.

CHAP. IV.—TROUBLE.

Delia's meditations were shortly interrupted by the entrance of her ma, who bounced somewhat unceremoniously into the room.

"What are you reading, Delia?" said the old lady, "Sure I hope it's not Marmion of the young girls of New York yer afther perewsin'!"

"Nay, mother, how could you think I would read such ribald publications 'Tis Baxter's Saints' Rest I've been looking over." (The ingenuous young girl was not in danger of being found out, as Mrs. D.'s education was sadly neglected in her youth. In point of fact she was reading the life of Jesse James, a volume her lover had presented to her.)

"But, Delia, who was that I heard ye talkin' with on the front stoop?"

"Only Bernedetti, mama."

"Is it young Barney Casey, the barman, ye mane? Now I'll have ye know that the next time he calls here he'll get a pailful of hot wather over him! Barney Casey, indeed, sure he's only got five dollars a week!"

"But, mother, see what he can 'knock down,'" said the artless girl.

"Faith, he'll get knocked down himself if I catch him here again. Now, Delia, there's William John McClosky, a solid man from the County Armagh, and he fairly dotes upon you. A fine liquor store he keeps, and has a large intherest in a brewery. I've promised ye to him, so the sooner you give up Casey and accept McClosky the better for ye, I can tell ye."

"Oh, mother, do not ask me," exclaimed the now half-distracted girl. "I hate old McClosky, and I won't give up my Bernedetti!"

"Faith, we'll see about that," said the old lady, and she bounced out of the room, banging the door after her.

CHAP. V.—MCCLOSKEY.

Mrs. Donovan had hardly taken her customary chair in the kitchen, when, to her great

surprise, Mr. William John McCloskey, with a stealthy and panther-like stride, entered by the door. After cautioning Mrs. D. to remain calm, he hoarsely muttered, "Are we alone?"

"The sorrow a one is here but ourselves," said the lady, "but what's the matter, Mr. McClosky? sure it's pale ye're lookin'!"

"I'll jist tal ye what's the matter, mem. Everything's the matter, elopement's the matter, robbery's the matter! and I tal ye all about it. As I passed yer house about half an-hour ago I hard voices, male and faymale, in the front porch. I recognized both voices. One was yer innocent daughter ma'am, and the other belonged to one Barney Casey, who tends bar in one of my saloons. I own the place, ma'am, ye understand, though me name does not appear. The young villian has it all arranged to fly with the gurl tomorrow night, but feth I'll carcumvant him. The polished rascal has been robbin' me for months, which accounts for diamond ring and pin—feth, I'll pin him though! I'll have detective Hodgins here to-morrow evening, who will put the Government bracelets on him, and the remainder of the night he'll pass in No. 1. As for the poor delevded gurl, I'll talk till her afther, and in the meantime, say nothing about what I've tould ye." So saying, McCloskey departed.

"More power to ye, Mac, but it's the fine ould schamer ye are," exclaimed the old lady, glad to see a way to rid the family of the obnoxious Casey.

CHAP VI.—THE ARREST.—ALL SERENE!

Next evening, as the hour of meeting approached, Bernedetti Casey went behind his bar, scooped in all the change left in the till, put a couple of pints of champagne in his ulster pockets, and hurriedly wended his way to the abode of the fair Delia. He approached within a few yards of the lights in the front window where doubtless his charmer was awaiting him, and soliloquised thus, "Now, if I bolt with Delia, and the old woman don't come down with the stamps, I'll be in a bad fix, but go I must, as I fear I've been too heavy on the knock downs, but—come, what?"

"Come along with me," were the words that interrupted his cogitations, and the fly cop placed a pair of handcuffs on his wrists and escorted him to No. 1 station.

"What's the matter with me?" asked the chop-fallen lover of his escort.

"The Colonel will explain overything in the morning," said the urbane Mr. Hodgins, as he was ushered down stairs by a man in blue.

Next morning, the once flash Bernedetti was placed between the battle axes, the case was proven by the triumphant McCloskey, and the prisoner was condemned to six months penal servitude in C. P.

Now return we to the cottage.

"Alas! he cometh not," said the weeping Delia, whose traps were all packed ready for a start. "What on earth keeps him?"

"I'll tal what keeps him," shouted William John McClosky, who rushed into the fair girl's presence. "That villian has been robbing me for months, and it is the Central Prison that keeps him. Yes, the villian has been robbing my saloon for months."

"Your saloon," ejaculated the young girl in surprise.

"Yes, Delia, my saloon, although the schaming robber didn't know it. But, Delia, I yet love you. Forget your Barney, and find in me one who will make your future comfortable. What d'ye say?"

"Agreed!" said the fickle fair one. "Take me, McCloskey." He did, and on the pleasant banks of the Don, in a spacious mansion, may at any time be seen Mrs. Delia McCloskey, surrounded by several junior McCloskeys. Bernedetti Casey is running a billiard parlor in Winnipeg.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.

I have been asked by several of my literary friends who have seen the above tale in manuscript, why I introduced Castle Frank, the Observatory and storm signals in the first chapter thereof—being quite irrelevant to anything contained in the story. In explanation, I beg to say that I deem it very proper to have a castle introduced in a romance, and as Castle Frank is the only one in town, barring Boulton's, and, moreover, being in the surroundings of the scene of the tale, I naturally patronized it. As to the observatory and the storm signals, I don't know as they bear particularly on the subject of the story, still I think they would be conducive to that serious frame of mind so essential to the reader of romance.

THE AUTHOR.

Girls, if you care a straw for your matrimonial chances, don't teach school! It will take all the maidenliness and loveliness and attractiveness out of you quicker than all the other trades and professions heaped together. You may not think it, but one year of school teaching will make you stare at people instead of looking at them—will make your mouth hard and your jaws horrible—will make you walk like a grenadier, and talk in a forthputting, down-putting way that will scare the ordinary law-abiding citizen seventy miles away—will give you the aspect of vinegar, and utterly ruin you for home use as well as for exhibition purposes. For pity's sake don't go to teaching, or you will rue the consequences. I have just been refused by a school teacher, and I know.

"Mother, what does 'Marmion' mean?
I often see the word;
It comes out in the newspapers,
And on the streets is heard."

"My child," the mother answered back,
In mingled rage and pain,
"Such shocking language from your lips
Don't let me hear again!"

As a tonic and nerve for debilitated women nothing surpasses Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." By druggists.



THANKSGIVING DAY.

Doctor (to acquaintance)—"Mr. Jones, I am glad to see you have recovered."

Mr. Jones—"Yes, you have saved my life; how can I thank you sufficiently?"

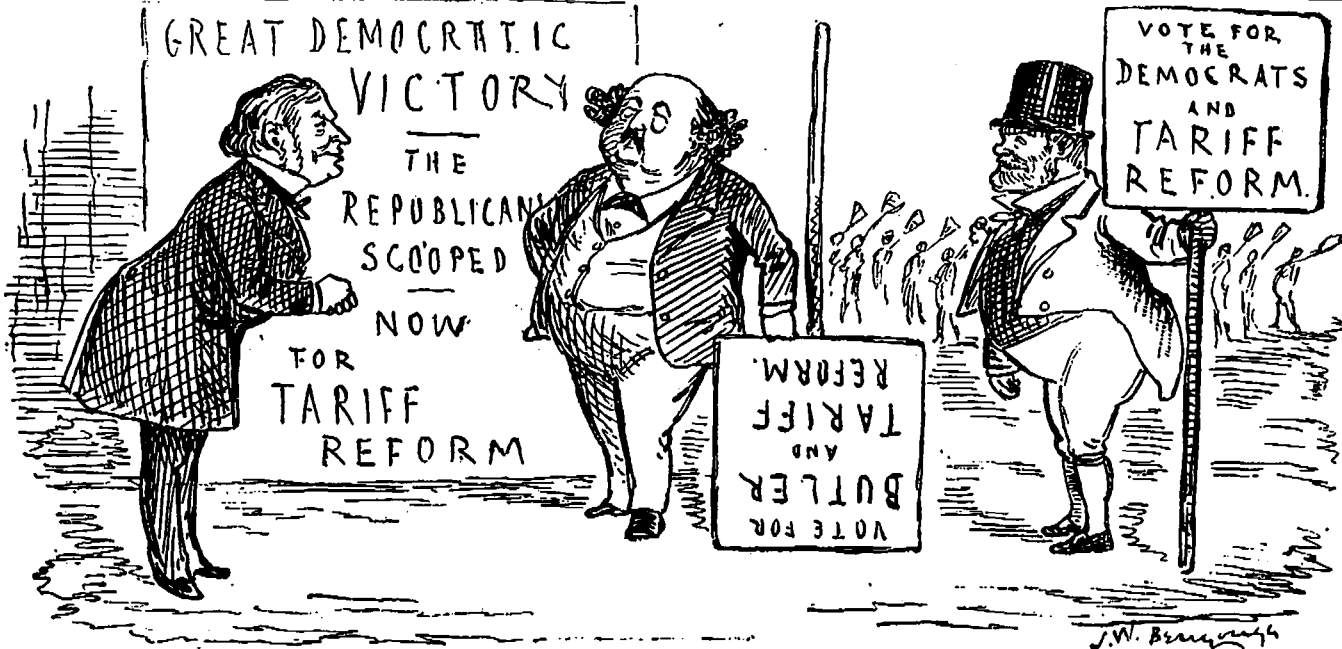
Doctor—"I saved your life?—Why, I didn't attend you."

Mr. Jones—"Yes—and that is why I am so grateful."

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"One good turn deserves another," as the organ grinder said when he got a quarter to move on. Then he played some other tunes before the same house.

A type-writer (righter)—the office boy who sorts out the pi.

This is before son rise, as the father remarked when he rawhided his lazy boy in bed.

The American Revolution of 1776 was caused by a piece of levy-tea on the part of the British.

This is the third attempt to introduce the fashion of wearing hooped skirts. The second was made when Jeff Davis got into one after the capture of Richmond.

Although it isn't winter yet, some straw cutters are already in operation.

Our Funny Contributor was deeply affected lately; by reading a poem in GRIP, called "Ode to an Old Hat." Our Contributor felt keenly at the time what he owed to an old hat, as his was the cause of a girl neglecting him lately.

Motto for a street watering man—"Down with your dust."

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