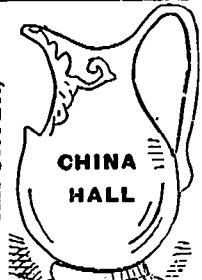
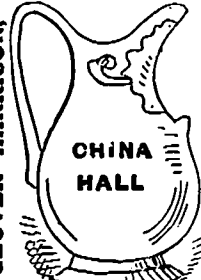


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VOLUME XXIV. }
 No. 4. }

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1885.

{ \$2 PER ANNUM.
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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BRNGOUGH

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.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald..... Aug. 2.
- No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
- No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 15.
- No. 4. Mr. W. L. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
- No. 5. Hon. H. Mercer..... Dec. 20.
- No. 6. Hon. Sir Hector Langevin..... Jan 17th.
- No. 7. Hon. JOHN NORQUAY:

Will be issued with the number for..... Feb 14.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON—King Alfonso of Spain is an exceptionally sensible man for a royal personage, and deserves well of his people. The other day, so we read in the papers, this crowned gentleman made a tour of inspection amongst his people in the section of country recently devastated by earthquakes. He found much suffering and privation, and his manly heart went out to his unfortunate subjects. He at once busied himself in the good work of alleviating the misery around him. Meantime the courtiers and big-wigs of the locality were expending their energies in devising means for entertaining the royal guest. They had a fine programme of banquets, receptions, etc.,—no doubt including torch-light processions and address presentations—all prepared, but the good King would none of it. He waived the toadies to one side with a contemptuous movement of one royal hand, while with the other he proffered the money to those who needed it most. King Alfonso has some sense of the fitness of things, and it appeared to him that there was something anomalous in holding a "jamboree" in the midst of want and penury. This noble conduct of the Spanish King deserves recognition, and GRIP proudly embalms it in his immortal columns. Our artist has to ask the indulgence of the public, however, for the defective likenesses he has given of Alfonso and his nobles. Not having authentic portraits of these worthies, he has taken the liberty of using more familiar faces selected from the nobility and gentry of Canada. He hopes, however, that this will not detract from the force or value of the work as an historical picture.

FIRST PAGE—The Supreme Court of Canada has decided that the McCarthy Act (which was passed by the Dominion Parliament on the ground that the Provinces had no author-

ity to pass local liquor acts) is *ultra vires* and void, excepting as regards wholesale and ship licenses. This adds one more to the legal reverses sustained by the Premier. Mr. Mowat stated in public, a few days ago, that he was tired of this fighting, and it would require no great stretch of fancy to suppose that Sir John is also weary.

EIGHTH PAGE—Four more counties have joined the Prohibition army since our last issue. In the case of Kent the majority was considerably over 2,000. It is now manifest to the dullest comprehension that the days of the liquor traffic in Ontario are numbered. The fuse is burning bravely along, and some of these fine days a "business" which, judged by its fruits, is unfit to exist any longer in civilized society, will be blown to smithereens. And the comforting thing about it is, that everybody—Scott and anti-Scott—is agreed that the sentence of extermination is just. No man dares to come forward in support of the proposition that the liquor-traffic does more good than harm, and nobody expects society to tolerate an institution of which this cannot be said truly.



FASHION'S ECCENTRICITIES.

A very amusing incident was chronicled in a French newspaper not long ago in which a lady's bustle figured very prominently, inasmuch as its owner had selected it as a hiding place for a clock which she had purloined at a hotel where she had been staying, and for which act of petty larceny she was brought before the prefect of police and was about to be acquitted for lack of evidence as to her guilt when the tell-tale time-piece gave "striking" testimony against her by chiming "onze heures" from its place of seclusion and concealment.

Well, this incident set me thinking about Bustles, and I must say I came to the conclusion that they were rather idiotic affairs after all. What advantage is gained by the means of them? They certainly do not add to the beauty or graceful outline of the feminine form divine, however much their wearers may imagine they do. Why should not men wear Bustles? Why not, I ask. Now, I'll wager any amount that if a man was to affix one of these appendages underneath his frock coat, don a pair of shoes with heels three inches high and tip-toe it, with a Grecian Bend and an Alexandra Limp, down King-street in the afternoon, every blessed woman he met would

be ill-bred enough to laugh at him. And yet he would not be a bit more ridiculous than many ladies render themselves, but men don't (not openly, at least) give way to paroxysmal cackinations when they see them, and this proves, either that most men are better bred than most women, or that the sense of the ridiculous is not so keen in the masculine as in the feminine sex.

Now,—what—on—earth—is—the—sense—of—those—tremendous—prodigious—Bustles? Any person who has seen a statue of a perfect female form knows that a woman isn't that shape: I mean the Bustic shape. Upon my word, I have met a lady on the street, and I have seen the same lady in her own home in the morning, clad in a light wrapper, and I I couldn't believe she was the same person, she lacked something: she looked more ethereal and—more natural. Yes, you have guessed it: she had lit the fire that morning with her Bustle.

But, if I protest against the Bustle, what must I do in the case of the Mother Hubbard dress? A plum-pudding clad in the tightly-clinging garment in which it has been boiled is actually the embodiment of grace when placed alongside a woman in a Mother Hubbard. The first time I came across a lady dressed in one of these extraordinary articles I was on horse-back, and my dog was following me. We all three, I, horse and dog, caught sight of her at the same moment. The horse shied clear across to the other side of the street, spilling me through a confectioner's window into a tray of chocolate creams. The noble equine quadruped then lay down, and his gentle spirit passed away, accompanied by a subdued horse-laugh. The dog gave one terrific yelp, and, putting his tail between his legs, scoured home as if Old Klootie had kicked him, and has had fits at intervals of three hours ever since. History does not tell us what effect the original Mother Hubbard dress had on the dog belonging to old Mother H., but from the fact that we are told that the old lady "went to the joiner's to buy him a coffin" we may rest assured that the effect was very terrible indeed.

As my space is limited I must draw this affair to a close, and as it was clothes that drew me to it we'll call it square.

A LIGHT IN THE ARTISTIC WORLD.

Mr. M. Matthews, well-known as the secretary of the Ontario Society of Artists, has distinguished himself by an effort in a new line. He has invented a lamp,—a coal-oil lamp for household use. This work of art is likely to add brilliancy to its inventor's fame, as it throws out a beautiful soft, white light, equal in power to three large gas-jets. In mechanical construction it is very handsome, and in all respects worthy of its designer. Those interested may examine the new lamp in the principal house-furnishing establishments on Yonge-street.

ANOTHER German pauper to be kept by the British public! Prince Henry of Battenburg is to marry the Princess Beatrice, and \$150,000 is to be granted as a dowry, and an annuity of \$30,000 is to be given as charity by the English people. How long John Bull will put up with this sort of thing remains to be seen. It should not cost thirty thousand dollars to keep the pair in sausage, saurkraut, pretzels and lager beer, which is, I am told, the diet of these out-at-elbows German princes. If they were taught some decent trade it would be far better for everybody, but they prefer to live upon the British alms that the people are fools enough to bestow upon them. Not one of them subscribes for GRIP, and they don't deserve any encouragement.

MY MUSICAL NEIGHBOR.

The experience I am about to relate occurred during my younger years, before I had that love and good feeling towards my fellow creatures which I possess to-day.

At that time I took a fancy to be a lawyer, and, the better to reach my ideal by dint of hard study, I engaged a room in a boarding-house in a retired portion of the city. The lady of the house assured me her house was perfectly quiet and would just suit me if I was about to study the law, her house being noted for the professors that had resided within its walls—three doctors, two barristers and a book agent having left within the three weeks that had passed. I forgot to ask how they left—whether through the front door or by the aid of a rope through a back-room window. I removed my effects and law-library and commenced on my march to the wool-sack. I may here remark I never got there, for ultimately I quit the law for a coal oil and confectionery store, believing that, thereby, I could shed more light and sweetness upon the world.

I had been in my room little more than a week when I heard a tremendous uproar proceed from the room adjoining, which was merely divided from mine by a thin partition, not very conducive to complete isolation. Being my first experience, I did not venture to even guess its import. Further acquaintance led me to enquire who the mysterious one could be that compounded it. Had I not heard? He was the great Professor Wagner Moggs. My legal acumen was staggered. My brain reeled. Could that be music? I knew not B from a bull's foot in music, but I thought myself somewhat of a critic in that line. But shades of Mozart, Haudel, Wagner! This was too much. In the midst of a deep study upon petty theft and larceny, the strain of The Lost Chord began to float around. I could have hanged him with it, could I have found it. Again, whilst deeply immersed in defining manslaughter from murder, I was rudely torn therefrom by someone squalling, "I'm a G. C. B., I'm a G. C. B. Don't you wish you were me." "Villain, I'll be even with you yet," I groaned. By way of variation, towards the midnight hour, I was tortured with "Oft in the Stilly Night" being—shall I say—singing a dozen different keys, the professor vainly trying to drag them into "one harmonious whole" by violently banging the tune on the piano. I entered a protest against all this to the lady of the house. She promised to "see" to it. She probably did "see" to it, through the key hole, but she did not "speak" to it, for the music went on as bad as ever. I was afraid to thump upon the partition, having a dread of the whole structure falling about my ears.

One night the remembrance of my previous agony culminated in one grand horror. The Professors evidently had company, judging from the snickerings, he-he's, loud snortings and guffaws. Probably it was his birthday anniversary; it ought to have been that of his death. There was a great amount of singing and piano-thumping—the said piano standing against the partition,—thus allowing me to hear its beauties to great perfection. I heard a voice say: "Miss Hammer and Mr. Tong's will oblige with the celebrated cat duett." The experiment of two human beings treading upon the domain of the four-footed world somewhat interested me, I confess, and I relaxed my study of musty law-books. They began: "Meow! Me-e-e-e-o-o-w!" from piano to double forte. I became anxious for their safety; they kept on—up and down—my anxiety turned to despair. I yearned for the original felines; their music was entrancing in comparison. I looked out of my window to see if any were attracted by the call; alas! all I could see were the tails of a dozen of them vanishing in a dozen directions—the meo-

owers still kept on. I became powerfully agitated; I carefully placed Coko on Littleton, then Blackstone on Coko, then picked up the whole with the intention of throwing them on and, consequently, through the partition,—they would then have the law on feline impersonators—but better thoughts prevailed; another more brilliant and satiating revenge had taken possession of my mind.

I gave notice to leave the room and at once removed my goods and chattels, leaving a few unimportant ones to allay the suspicions of the boarding-house keeper. I ascertained the *locus standi* of the piano, an upright one, cut a hole in the partition opposite an opening in the back of the piano—I had previously learned the maker's name, and knew just where to find the opening. I then had a long funnel made to fit the hole. This, with a pitcher of water, completed my arrangements. The following night there was another nightly gathering, and more yelling and piano-thumping was indulged in. I took my stand by the partition and awaited my opportunity. Soon there arose a tremendous murmur of approval; the professor was about to play a sonata by Beethoven. I allowed him to reach a point where he seemed to strike every key at once. I then added the chorus—in the form of the contents of the water pitcher—to his sonata. There was a sound of devilry by night. I fled from the room, and within two hours was miles from the professor and his sonata, with a conscious feeling in my heart that I had been fully revenged for all past torments inflicted upon me by my musical neighbor.

TITUS A. DRUM.



SOME ENGLISH NAMES

FOR WOULD-BE ARISTOCRATS TO LEARN.

Come gather round ye common ends of every variety; I'll instruct you in some capers of the very best "society."

And ye, oh! poor plebeians, let me teach you all your letters—

Your alphabet of "form" correct—adopted by your betters:

You'll find, if you this lesson learn, that those who now despise you,

Will soon commence to treat you in a way that will surprise you.

I know you pipe and fret because of birth in some obscurity;

But once you get a start you'll go ahead to all futurity.

The words I'm going to teach you won't make you think the less of me,

And each to "good society" will prove an "Open, Sesame."

My lessons "English Surnames," and the way you *must* pronounce them,

So, without a further preface I may as well announce them.

Now, Saumarez, by tip-top nob's in fashionable flummery,

Or parlance, must, without a doubt, be spoken this way—

Then Leveson-Gower is quite bad form, and Lewson-Gore's the way,

This most misleading surname you must teach yourself to say.

Bohun is Boon; Mohun is Moon; and Urquhart is Urcot—

A singular arrangement, and peculiar, is it not?

St. Maur is always Sermor, Bardett is ever Burdett,

No one would quite believe it, and I didn't till I heard it.

Next: Willoughby D'Eresby's a name that no patrician stirs by

As it is spelt, so you must say the name correctly—D'Urslly.

Lord Spencer's place is Oltrop, not Althorp, as you write it.

The name Dalziel is said De Ell, unless you wish to slight it.

Lord Hotham's always Hutthum; and Chumley—'tis so, really.

Is quite the high-toned manner of pronouncing Cholmondeley.

Beauchamp is ever Beecham: St. John, of course, is Sijnjohn.

Marjoribanks is Marchbanks: it is now, homes! Injun!

And whilst I'm on this subject I'll tell you that you may pronounce that name of Featherstonehaugh as I do—Feestonhough.

Should you feel like disregarding what I tell you, you'll be sad.

When the haughty British upper ten pronounces you a "cad."

Next as to places: some of them would puzzle a solicitor:

Worcester's Wooster: and just hear this—Cirencester's Cissiter.

Bicester's Bister: but of these the number's far too many.

For me to tell you every one: Abergavenny's Abergenny.

The Duke of Rutland's country seat's a regular deesiver;

'Tis spelt Belvoir, but really now you *must* pronounce it beavor.

I think that's nearly all that I can call to mind to-day:

So learn your lesson thoroughly; don't give yourself away;

And if you bear in mind these names which I have told you here,

You'll pass in swell society as a Howard or De Vere.—S.

POTPOURRI.

Gayladdy is always putting his foot in it. Yesterday he met a young married lady whom he had not seen since her wedding, and said to her:

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you. You're growing so maternally. Why, you seem ten years older than when you were married and—"

"Mr. Gayladdy, your remarks are quite insulting."

"Oh, I beg pardon, I beg pardon. I had no intention of being rude. It was a slip of the tongue, I only meant that you're ten years younger than you look."

"You horrid thing! That's worse and worse, and I'll tell my husband."

"My dear madam, pray pardon me. What I really meant was that you're ten years *older* than you look."

They don't speak as they pass by now.

At one of the medical college dinners recently, a speaker, who was tallying the students, had so little good taste that he talked to them something about "carving" their names high on the walls of fame.

There is in Toronto one of those mean men who delight in fooling their wives. His name is Bulger, and Mrs. Bulger has for some months been coaxing him to buy her a horse and side-saddle. He went home the other day and said:

"Well, Annie dear, I've bought you a horse."

"Oh, you ducky, where is it?"

"Out in the back yard."

"Let's go out and see it. Can I get on it and ride around the yard?"

"Well, hardly. You see there's no side-saddle on it, and it's so thin just now that it wouldn't be pleasant to sit on it without one. It's a good horse even if it is thin, but I can fatten it. It's so thin that you can almost see clean through it, right from one side to the other, but I guess I can fatten it. It's rather tired to-night and will hardly walk around the yard with you, but I tell you it's one of the finest of its kind. Come out and see it, and then we'll bring it into the kitchen and leave it there for the night."

Then they went out into the yard, and Bulger showed his wife a brand new \$3 clothes-horse leaning up against the wood-shed. Mrs. Bulger didn't say much, but the servant girl says she's got enough fine-split kindling wood to last her for a month. The doctor says that Bulger will be able to sit up in a couple of days.

PIETY AND DYNAMITE.

Just glance over the following precious little bits, which are clipped from the *Irish World* of December 27th, and sent to us by a subscriber, who rightly considers them rich :

But on Christmas Day all the fight goes out of me. The peace of CHRIST seems to permeate the very atmosphere, and I don't like to think I have any enemies. The warlike feeling is silenced. And I suppose a like feeling takes possession of every believing Christian. How can it be otherwise? Is not the Real Presence in our midst, and is it not good for us to be here?

A broken arch of London Bridge is the standpoint from which MACAULAY'S New Zealander is to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. Our friends at the front went within an ace the other night of having matters in readiness for the distinguished artist, so far, at all events, as the Bridge is concerned. Doubtless their programme was to make a beginning with the arch and deal with the other prominent objects of the proposed sketch during the voyage of the New Zealander to England.

Hypocrisy and cant are always odious, but there is something funny about them too, when you find a dynamitar toward slobbering in this fashion. Truly, the devils also believe!

ESSAY ON WAR.

(Concluded.)

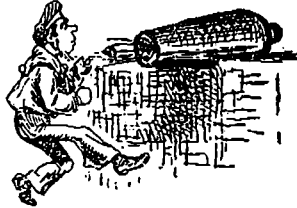
It was no uncommon thing in mediæval warfare to see a holy bishop take the field against the enemies of his country. The church, in addition to being militant, was exceedingly military, and many a bishop's see was a sea of gore before the valiant prelate got through with his foes. The venerable Bede of Durham was a terror in this way, and so accurate a marksmanship that, whenever he raised his little shooting-iron, the enemy would bawl out, "Dodge, ye beggars, he's drawing a Bede on us." This sentence gave rise to the modern phrase "drawing a bead." Fact. Luckily for some of these undaunted church dignitaries, the firearms of those days were somewhat unreliable and, in the hands of an unskilful director, inflicted wounds that it was not difficult to curate all. In fact, some of the most efficient great guns of those times were very insignificant, and of no more account than a minor canon of the present day. Had the enemies of England, in the ages of which I write, been possessed of our modern mitrailleuse and Krupp guns, there is no doubt that many a bishop would have found his mitre loose and have come a terrible Krupper. (Refreshments will be handed round by the courteous attachés of the show. Keep your seats.)

In modern times cavalry is our strong "holt," though even the most brilliant charges of our heaviest troops of this branch of the service pile before those of the plumber, the doctor, and designer of the æsthetic placque. These we may look upon as our household troops, and they are exceedingly heavy chargers. But the great cavalry exploit of the gallant Light Brigade at Balaclava will long live in the recollection of every patriotic Englishman; as, indeed, it should; but though it was a memorable and glorious affair we have, every month, a repetition of it in the bills that come in to us from the gas company, and I do not hesitate to affirm that the members of this latter Light Brigade show themselves to be as able chargers as their noble namesakes in the Crimea. Would that it were considered a crime were for those fellows to send in such gasty accounts.

Perhaps, however, our gallant seamen deserve as much credit as any body of combatants in the world. Certainly the officers of our glorious Navy obtain all the credit they demand, as the books of tailors and other tradesmen in every part of the globe amply testify. The tailors and others alluded to are usually very sad.

Our gallant sailors are equally efficient on land as on the sea, and, as may be supposed where so many "tars" have been present,

have behaved gloriously in many a "pitched" battle. The British sailor is a fine fellow. Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., says so. I also say so. But, though a "fine" fellow, would it be just, would it be generous—when a gallant sea-man has boldly attacked a fort, slain every man of the enemy and spiked all the guns—to "fine" him for



A SALT AND BATTERY?

That there is an immense amount of latent military talent in this country cannot be denied. This is fully demonstrated by the able advice proffered, editorially, to Wolseley and other commanders, by such papers as the *Park-hill Whooper*, the *West Toronto Junction Keel Estate Chronicle*, the *Carlton Bulletin*, the *Hamilton Tribune*, and many more. Had Wolseley only followed the advice so generously given in these journals, he would have been dead long ago. He can but die once and he must know it. But he asserts proudly that he is a military man and will have nothing to do with trade; he will let others take care of the dyeing department. Strange paradox is this same Lord Wolseley. As a Scotchman said the other day, "He is Napier; he is a peer and he isna' pier." (Bring a fan this way, please.)

And now having, with infinite tact, led you piece by piece through successive ages, from the time of Lucifer up to our own, and shown you wherein ancient and modern warfare differ, as did the men of both periods,—men whom we may call "Hims, ancient and modern,"—I may as well tell you that the God of War is Mars; that your "pas" will, doubtless, verify. You, children, will have war brought home to your very thresholds (getting your opponent's head in chancery is a good "thresh-hold") when that long promised seal-skin cloak fails to appear, or when your esteemed masculine parent is detected by your no less esteemed but excessively angry feminine parent measuring the waist of the good-looking hired girl with his arms. This is real war, and, though it should be, it never is civil.

And now the time has come for me to say farewell, and draw my cash prize and don my glittering leather decoration.

I have fought the good fight and have won, and may now repose on my hard-earned chromo.

I shall lie like a warrior taking no rest, as I have even endeavored to lie throughout this ably-written and tersely-expressed Essay on War.

Adieu, my dears.

GEN. VON SWIZ TEUFFEL,

Leather Metallist and Com'r-in-Chief Noble Ward Brigade.

DIDN'T WANT IT.

"Yes, the house seems well enough, eh, my dear?" remarked Mr. Jubidy to his wife, as the pair, accompanied by the landlord, were inspecting a house into which Mr. Jubidy proposed moving.

"Yes, I think it will do," replied Mrs. J. "By the way, Mr. Screwgee"—to the landlord—"what did you say the rent was?"

"Twenty-five dollars a month, madam," replied the oily Mr. Screwgee, "and the tenant pays all the taxes, rates, &c."

"Taxes! rates!" exclaimed Mr. Jubidy. "What rates?"

"The water rates, my dear sir," answered the landlord.

"Water rates! What water rates?" interrogated the other, excitedly.

"The City water rates, of course," answered Mr. S.

"What!!!" screamed both Mr. and Mrs. Jubidy, simultaneously. "Is there city water in this house?"

"Certainly, sir: certainly, madam."

"And you expect us to pay extra for that, do you? You haven't got a nice big pile of decaying cabbages down in the cellar, have you? You don't happen to have used the space between the floors and ceilings as family vaults for all the defunct cats and dogs you found lying around, did you? You don't chance to have a nice sewer grating in the dining-room floor, do you? You have, I hope, instructed former tenants to have all their slops and refuse piled up in the corners of the bed-rooms, haven't you! Oh! you haven't any of these, eh?" went on Mr. Jubidy, as the startled landlord kept throwing in a negative wherever he got a chance. "You haven't provided for the production of typhoid, g-strict and other fevers; for pyæmia, cholera, rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia, further than to introduce the city water into your house, eh? Well, I guess that's enough. If the city water don't bring those diseases, decaying vegetables, mouldering cats and dogs and putrifying refuse haven't any show. No, I shan't take your old pest-house. Come, Mrs. Jubidy, my dear, let us flee."

And they fled.



TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

SCENE—A YONGE ST. STORE. A FACT.

Mr. Wood B. Dood—(Who has asked to see samples of collars)—Aw—but which is this—a collar or a cuff?

Shopman—It doesn't matter. You can use it for either.

CATS defy the most venomous snakes, just as hogs do. The only way to get rid of a cat is to destroy it when it is a kitten, or else move into another house.

An agricultural editor's advice to farmers is, "Let the head help the hands in every possible way." So most of them do. Just recall that recent load of wood you bought which looked like a lot of interstices piled together, and you'll understand how.

It is rather amusing to read of the bitter animosity that exists in New York between the "noblesse" and the "parvenus" of that city. The class "noblesse" comprises those whose grandfathers made a lot of money, whilst the "parvenus" are those who cannot date the family acquisition of wealth further back than their fathers. Canadian "noblesse" can trace a long, unbroken line of wealthy ancestors from as far back as, as far back as, far back as, back as, as—Muskoka.



KING ALFONSO RELIEVING THE POOR.

"The King would accept no banquets, but ordered that the money be given to the sufferers."—*Vide daily papers, 15th Dec.*

.—Our artist begs to explain that, not having authentic likenesses of Alfonso and his nobles, he has taken the liberty of using more familiar faces selected from Canadian court circles.

SCIENTIFIC TRUTH.

"Now, my dear children," went on the pompous visitor, who had graciously undertaken to impart a few instructions concerning natural phenomena, etc., etc., of one of the classes at the school, "now the air at a certain elevation is exceedingly rarefied and people ascending into that atmosphere experience a great difficulty in breathing. Mount Everest, for instance, is a very high mountain and a strong man, after mounting on foot to an elevation of, say 10,000 feet, would have to pause frequently to regain his breath. Little children, like you, my dears, could not possibly proceed any further, for as I have said a strong man would experience the greatest difficulty in doing so. Now, in order that I may be sure that you understand me, I will ask you, Billy Jones, do you think you could walk to the summit of Mount Everest?"

"No, sir."
 "Quite right, my fine little fellow; and why couldn't you?"
 "Cos I'm only a little boy."
 "Right again. You are an intelligent lad. Now, could your father walk up that mountain, do you think?"
 "No, sir."
 "No! and why not, Billy?"
 "Cos he's dead."
 Then the class was dismissed.



A DANGEROUS PAPER TO HAVE IN THE FAMILY.

SACKVILLE, N.B., 9th Jan., 1885.

SIRS,—I have yours of 6th, and also "copy" of "newspaper laws," with which I have for a long time been conversant.

Your agent, after much persuasion, obtained my subscription for six months. I paid \$1.00, and told him not to send the paper after that date expired, and I will not remit a cent. The thing you call "Grip" is a disgrace to the household it is permitted to enter, and I am not at home nor at post office to stand guard against such mail matter being sent in.

Yours, &c.,
 JOS. L. BLACK.

GRIP Printing and Publishing Co., Toronto.

It is a mistake to suppose that journalists are reticent, disingenuous and proud. There are some notable exceptions. Take for instance the editor of the *Dufferin Post*, who makes this frank statement in his paper: "We have heard parties say that newspaper men could boast of nothing but delinquent subscribers and a never-failing supply of wind. Away with such scoffers! The newspaper men of this county have relatives in parliament, relatives in Halifax, and relatives in jail." Would it be too much to ask the young man what his relatives were sent down for?



THE DEMON'S WARNING.

As I sat one evening pondering over many things and wondering, all my thoughts afar off wandering, low the firelight burnt and dimly;
 Through the flickering, fleeting flashes of the flames and half-burnt ashes now and then a picture dashes, sometimes fairly, sometimes grimly.
 Now I see in fading ember faces that I well remember, eyes that long have closed for ever; friends who tread that other shore
 Where, as told in story olden, stand those portals bright and golden; where the angel feet make music over all the starry floor,
 Where the soft celestial foot-falls sound upon the starry floor.

As I sat, now nearly dozing, with my eyelids drooping, closing, all alone myself supposing, lo! from out the grate came creeping
 Such a curious apparition that I said "Is this a vision? Is it real or supposition? Do I wake or am I sleeping?
 Is this figure something, really, or is it delusion merely? This I asked myself sincerely as the Thing paused at my table.
 Then I looked, with glances eager at the figure, spare and meagre; pallid all, deprived of vigor; clad in robes of deepest sable;
 Clad in dark, Plutonian, gloomy robes of blackest, inky sable.

And my eyes, as though with weeping, misty grew as it came creeping, with its sable garments sweeping; and a deathly terror found me
 As the Thing upon me staring with its half-closed optics glaring, caused such fear that I was helpless, and the air grew dense around me.
 "What is this?" I thought and shivered, praying that I might be delivered from this Thing which quaked and quivered like an aspen, wind-swept o'er.
 "Is this one of Satan's minions?" then I muttered as its pinions trailed and rustled, as it stealthily crept across my chamber floor.
 Wings of darkest, purple blackness trailed behind it on the floor.

And its eyes, so dim and dreary, burnt with smothered fires eerie, like the eyes of demon weary as upon me they were fastened.
 Till I felt like fleeing, fleeing; but I could not stir: the Being, all my frenzied terror seeing, spoke not, hurried not nor hastened.
 "Tell me what thou art, oh! creature, Thing of gloomy form and feature; tell me what thine earthly mission; speak, my tortured soul to ease."
 "I am come because I want to warn you people of Toronto," said the Being, "Know, oh! mortal, I'm the Demon of Disease!"
 I'm the pesulential, frightful, loathsome Demon of Disease.

Winter now, 'tis true, is reigning, but the Sun is power gaining; soon from every side, complaining will be heard throughout this city.
 Though Toronto's rich and wealthy; hark! I say she is unhealthy, and Disease with footstep stealthy, void of feeling, lost to pity
 Even now is fast approaching; nearer every day encroaching, and an enemy relentless is Disease, no'er giving quarter.
 What, you ask me, then to blame is? I will tell you,—more the shame is; every citizen too tame is; you must blame your City Water.
 You must blame the sickening, putrid stuff you drink—your City Water.

Filled with germs of foulest fever is that aqueous deceiver; with weeds of wanton woe a weaver—an! you smile and do not think it.
 But beware! for nought's as sure as that your Bay is as impure as it can be, for many a sewer has ogress in it; yet you drink it!
 Aye; water from that Bay so placid is deadly as sulphuric acid, and, when Summer comes you'll find it, if precautions are not taken.
 Typhoid fever, dire malaria, cholera, will pervade the air

here, if you don't take better care here, and th' authorities awaken;
 If you do not rise and right them, and th' auth. awaken.

'Be not like dumb driven cattle:' sound the trumpet note for battle; show that you are men of mettle ere it is too late for ever.
 For my forces now are waiting for the winter's cold abating; do not fall to under-rating Cholera and Typhoid fever.
 I have warned you; see you heed me; things like poisonous water breed me; the Bay and River Don both feed me; you cannot have them cleansed too much, man;
 If you don't take steps instanter, to cause us fly like Tam O'Shanter, we shall beat you in a cauter; y'es, we shall, or—I'm a Dutchman.
 We shall decimate your people with disease or—I'm a Dutchman."

Then the demon ceased its talking and toward the fireplace walking, like a stately spectre stalking, shorter grew and ever shorter,
 Till away to nothing dying it vanished, upward flying; yet I heard its voice still crying, "Purify your City Water."
 Still I hear that sentence ringing; in my ear the Demon singing, "Purify your City Water; banish all its filthy lees,
 Or you'll see that I am master; I shall come with dire disaster; fast your friends will die and faster: I'm the Demon of Disease!"
 I have warned you! pay attention to the Demon of Disease!
 —F. S.

Saturday Sermons.

BY PROFESSOR SPENCER E. VOLUSHIN.

Published by special arrangement with the *Protoplaam Free-Thought Society*, as a set-off to *Spurgeon's sermons in the Globe and Tribune's in the News*.

SERMON I.

Text: *Human Nature is all Right.*

BELOVED HEARERS,—I adopt this apparently tender form of address merely to carry out the sermon-idea. You will, of course, understand that I do not wish to imply that I have any belief in that figment of superstition called *love*, or that you either expect or desire that my feelings should be warmer toward you than the demonstrated truth of the survival of the fittest may justify. Let me be perfectly frank with you in this, my opening sermon. I "love" nobody, and I don't want anybody to love me. When I say I love nobody I am inaccurate. I have a regard for myself and my personal interests which might be described as love; and for my wife and family I experience habitually a peculiar movement of the nerve centres, and an inflection of the gray matter of the brain which makes them somewhat dear to me, but beyond this I know nothing and believe nothing of what is currently called *love*. I shall, however, perhaps take occasion to give you a discourse on that subject at some future time. Just now, the matter for consideration is *Human Nature*. A grand subject, truly! That wonderful thing which began in impalpable nebulous mist, hanging nowhere by the aid of nothing; which, putting forth its inherent energy by the simple conservation of force, evolved into a being possessed of passions, hopes and fears, experiencing joys and sorrows; in due course of development to vanish again into nebulous nothing, hanging nowhere by the aid of nobody! This is *Human Nature*, and *Human Nature* is all right.

I am aware that this assertion brings me into collision with the Church, which declares that *Human Nature* is all wrong. It is my business to be in collision with the Church.

The Church is wrong. It is unscientific and shockingly credulous. It is built upon a series of alleged facts, which may be traced back to one fundamental misconception, but a misconception so gigantic, so puerile, so utterly incredible to the scientific mind, as to form a source of perpetual wonder to scholars like me—and you, my hearers. That outrageous fallacy is, that *Human Nature* was created by an Intelligent Being, and *did not evolve itself*. Emotion is a thing I do not believe in theoretically, but you will pardon this exhibition of it on my part. I am always affected in this way when I think of men—millions of men, many

of them little short of myself in mental capacity—who are able to believe in this theory of an Intelligent Creator! Pity is an unscientific impulse, but I really do feel pity for them! Just think of it, my hearers. Myriads of men in all ages, so far as we can learn, have embraced this most unreasonable and incredible hypothesis. Contrast it for a moment with the beautiful, simple scientific conception which I have already mentioned—of Human Nature waking up, as it were, and persisting itself into being! And let me ask, where is the necessity—the scientific necessity—of a Creator, when one is able to evolve oneself, as I did, as you did, my hearers, in the person, so to speak, of our respected progenitor, the enterprising and persistent primordial germ in the distant depths of space. Human Nature to-day is what it has become through its own efforts, and therefore it is all right. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* The collection will now be taken up.

TOPICAL TALK.

“WOMEN’S franchise in England is probably merely a question of time,” declares a writer on female suffrage. As a cynical old bachelor I am bound to add, “yes—a question of time out of mind.”

FUN KEE is the name of a Chinaman in this city. It strikes me that his name describes, pretty accurately, the state of his countrymen’s feelings since the French got at them. They appear to be a rather funky lot.

I CORDIALLY agree with the writer who says: It is sheer wantonness to throw away game because it happens to be a little “high.” The best plan is to raffle it off if you can’t get people to pay the price. Throwing away for it is more sensible than throwing it for a way.

I SEE it stated, as something remarkable, that a chemist in Munich makes quinine out of coal. Tut, tut! what of that. Don’t our coal-dealers, right here in Toronto, make gold, silver, and dollar hills out of it? Don’t they make a ton of the dusty mineral out of 1,700 pounds? Who cares for the Munich man?

A RANDOM slice from a current serial story is this:—“For a moment she did not recognize him; then, with a faint smile, she put out her hand in greeting to Lord de la Poer.” I did not read the whole of the chapter, but I have a shrewd suspicion of the run of it. She is a bonanza heiress, and he has a scheme, as Lord de la Poer, to become Lord de la Rich. Eventually they get married and live unhappily ever after. That is to say, she lives unhappily.

I HAVE just made the discovery that Mr. Gilbert caught inspiration for at least one portion of *Pinafore* from a cat’s concert. One night while the feline orchestra

“Breathed fitfully the music of the spheres,”—lower spheres, you understand—Mr. Gilbert contributed, by way of applause, every available toilet article in the room, until only his razor strop was left. As he gracefully, but with erratic aim, shied this, he murmured softly: “Farewell, my home!”

The *Telegram* justly observes that there is no custom so idiotic as that of a man taking a woman’s arm when walking with her. I entirely agree with the paper named. A man should put his arm round his fair companion’s neck when promenadeing the street, and any fellow who doesn’t is an idiot. It is obvious that Nature intended woman’s neck for something else besides being a shaft down which to pour ice-cream, oysters, and Mumia’s extra dry. You can’t go against Nature, but she’ll run to the *Telegram* office and get some journalist to set her right before the world.

It is curious to notice how a man who is given to getting frequently inebriated and making a nuisance of himself, will contend

that drunkenness is a constitutional disease, and how he will talk with a self-pitying whine of dipsomania, oinomania and the like: but directly that man braces up; forswears the flowing bowl and becomes a shining light in the temperance ranks, how he will repudiate his former theories, and how he will exclaim: “Bosh, sir: don’t tell me: drunkenness a disease! tut, tut: nothing but an evidence of innate depravity and a total lack of will-power, sir; look at me, sir, look at me.”

Nor many days ago an indignant letter signed “Jeweller” appeared in the *Telegram*, in which the following sentence occurred: “and how can they expect retailers to make a living, if they go behind their back and take the bread out of their mouths in this way?” I can’t answer the question, but I don’t see how any one could very well take the bread out of a retailer’s mouth by going behind the latter’s back to do it: that is, unless the retailer turned his head round. Of course the thing is possible, but it would be much easier for the robber to pry open the other’s jaws from the front.

THE person who acts as correspondent at Ardrea for the *Orillia Packet* must be a man of high moral principle, a staunch supporter of the Right, and an uncompromising denouncer of the Wrong. Hear him:—“Some of the boys on their way home set fire and burned the dwelling house of the late Mrs. Bridgeman. I cannot vouch for the truth of the above, if true, the parties who did the deed ought to be ashamed of their conduct.” That they ought. They should feel real mean about it. To go to work and burn down a dwelling house was just too silly for anything. Incendiarism is positively ridiculous, arson is awfully foolish. “Feel ashamed?” Well, I guess they ought to.

I SEE, by a Boston paper, that the wives of green grocers and inferior tradesmen wear seal-skin sacques to so great an extent that Boston upper-tendom has decided to eschew the seductive garments, and thus show that its members are a long way above the vulgar trading herd. Say what you like, these lower classes are of some use to us patricians after all. This, their latest freak, will save me a vast amount of trouble and mental worry, for bills for seal-skin cloaks will be off my mind. I hope the Toronto green grocers and such creatures will start paying rent and all bills regularly. We, of the upper ten, will then be excused from following suit and doing as the ordinary tradespeople do. Ahem!

This has, so far, been an extraordinarily mild winter, at least that is my experience. In this connection it is most interesting to observe how differently various people appear to be affected by the temperature. For instance, on Monday, the fifth inst., the mercury stood fairly high in the thermometer tube, and citizens generally remarked that it was a warmish day, and yet Mr. Withrow, Aldermen Carlyle, Farley, Millichamp, Lobb and McConnell and a few private citizens assert that it was one of the coldest days they ever experienced. The Arctic breezes that so chilled these gentlemen, set in about 5 p.m. Mr. Manning, Mr. Baxter and others, on the contrary, say that they would not wish for a nicer day.

I NOTICED an article in the *Hamilton Times* a short time ago which described the state of affairs in Manitoba when the cold was down to 50° below zero. If the account referred to is true some very singular things indeed take place when the weather is so unwarm, for we are informed that “the roast beef feels like a solid bone and when struck with a sharp axe fat pork flies all over the house in chips.” There are two things about this paragraph that are really extraordinary. The first is the transformation of cold roast beef into fat pork on being hit with a sharp axe; (this instrument being, apparently, a kind of magician’s wand

under the influence of the extreme cold) and the second is the statement that the pork, *see* beef, flies all over the house. I used to be told, when I was but a youth, ruddy and of a fair countenance, that pigs *might* fly; but they never did, and I don’t think the statement I have quoted as at all entitled to belief. I have been in Manitoba, myself, and have experienced cold as intense as 50° below zero, but it never made a liar of me: no, sir, and nothing will ever do so as long as Toronto has men in the city council who will disregard the truth just for the fun of it.

I SAW it stated in several newspapers lately that the celebrated goose which attached itself to a certain Prussian Uhlan regiment thirty-five years ago, is dead, and has been stuffed and placed in a conspicuous position in the quarters of the officers of the corps mentioned. This statement is only partially true. It is true that the goose lived with the Uhlans for thirty-five years; it is true that the bird died and was stuffed. There the truth ends. The bird *did* die and was stuffed—with sage and onions, but it was never stuck up in the officers’ quarters, even though its attachment to the regiment for thirty five long years greatly endeared it to those warriors. The fact is I dined with a young bachelor at his boarding house on New Year’s day and we had that goose for dinner. Must have been that one.

EVERYBODY makes some kind of a New Year’s pledge. The trouble is that generally the pledge is too heavy a contract to take in a whole job and ought rather be tendered for in sections. Now, I have the editor of the *Orillia News Letter* in my mind’s eye as I write. This enthusiastic person goes recklessly into the promising business thus:—“Whatever we can do to mature the plans adopted to realize the aspirations of all animated by a desire to promote the greatest prosperity will be done earnestly and faithfully.” This, it is quite clear, is altogether too much to promise in a heap. He should have written more cautiously. How more calm, and cool, and sincere it would have sounded for him to have simply pledged himself to buy the town, and then wound up with some non-committal proposal to improve it somewhat! There is nothing worse than too much zeal, except you count too much dictionary.

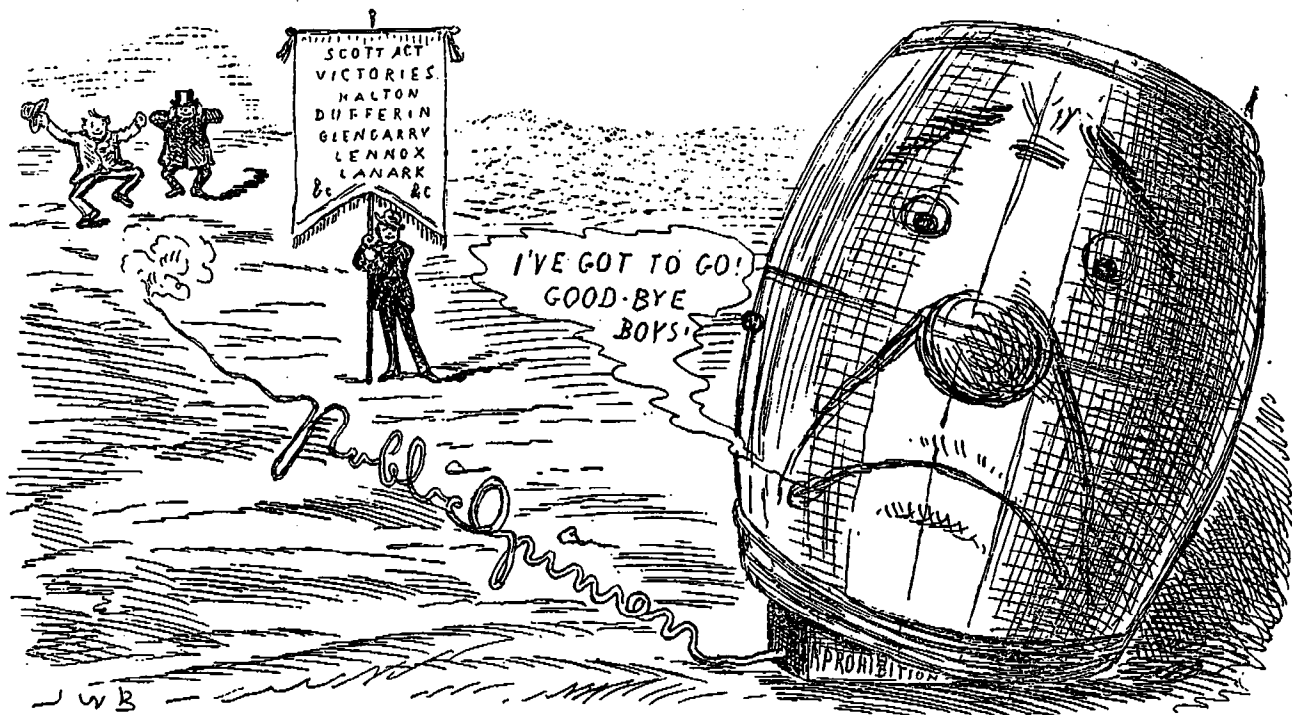
I REGRETFULLY make the admission that the hero of the following true incident is an acquaintance of mine. The company were talking of the prevalence of typhoid fever in so many towns, and gradually the talk turned on individual experiences of the fever. This young man gravely said: “I remember when I was getting over the typhoid. I used to feel a great lump in my stomach, just like indigestion. And yet it was not that, either. I suffered for quite a while, but at last got relief by talking, an epidemic ordered by the doctor!” Subsequently the young man asked me privately what had raised such a laugh at the conclusion of his story. Being a sensitive person myself with a predisposition to suicide, I forbore telling the whole truth. I simply said that the company were naturally amused at the neat way in which he had disappointed their expectations by crediting the doctor instead of some patent medicine with his cure.

A YOUNG man on the *Globe* got hold of a burglary item the other day, and proceeded to write up the most minute details of it, as furnished, no doubt, by the detectives, who never miss minute details in burglaries, even if they have to miss the burglars in obtaining them. According to the young man’s powerful paragraph, the burglars made a noise which the inmates at first attributed to rats or mice. Here the reporter made a grand miss. He might have sandwiched in an observation to the effect that they fancied “it was the cat.” But

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he redeemed himself farther on. He explained that the burglars, when their presence was discovered by the head of the house, "were not overhauled until they had gained the yard, when Mr. — fired several shots at the retreating figures, but without effect!" Overhauling the burglars and firing at the retreating figures, is an idea that would never have occurred to the young man himself. The detectives must have inspired it. But yet he deserves credit for availing himself so promptly of it.

ONE of the papers I take — But, stay! Before going on let me say I never stop my subscription to a paper when the publisher sends it to me for nothing. Another of my peculiarities is to patronize the railway that gives me a free pass. But, as I was saying when you interrogated me, one of the papers I take has a long article on "The Throwing of the Shoe." It goes on to describe how lucky it is to have old shoes thrown after you when you are getting married or going into any other risky speculation when wages are not so much an object as a comfortable home. It does not, of course, particularize, and tell you that in St. Catharines the custom has fallen into disuse, owing to the difficulty of heaving the average shoe of that city any distance without a derrick. It alludes to the old shoe in the abstract. And this suggests the abstract in the old shoe—that is to say, the

power in the old shoe, properly manned, or rather old manned, to abstract hasty locomotion, not to mention hasty language, from the young man who will not accept ordinary intimation that he isn't considered an eligible suitor.

THE argus-eyed man-about-the-streets of the *World* comes forward to say:—"It is just something astonishing to see the number of business men, clerks, lawyers, workingmen, boys, reporters and beggars that 'lunch down town' now in this city." The most striking feature of this paragraph is the names. The names, you will observe, are given in the order of merit. That is what makes the clerks—bank clerks are meant—come next to the business men in social importance. Workingmen naturally come after the lawyers, many of whom are not workingmen because the profession is overcrowded. Of course, this is altogether a different thing from the lawyers going after the workingman—when they want to get into Parliament. "The boys" and reporters are naturally together (the parenthesis should have been employed here) and you will also, likely, detect the omission of the word "other" from before "beggars." I hope these little criticisms, which really do not detract from the beauty of the paragraph, will be taken in the spirit in which they are offered. But perhaps the *World's* man-about-the-street is not accustomed to taking anything in spirits.

THEY say Mark Twain is very nervous. He has constant difficulty in keeping still, and somebody is obliged to go with him to keep him busy playing billiards or doing something else, so that he will not have to be faced with the horrible alternative of sitting still. My impression of this peculiarity may not be a correct one, but I give it for what it is worth. When sitting still Mark's thoughts revert to John Ross Robertson.

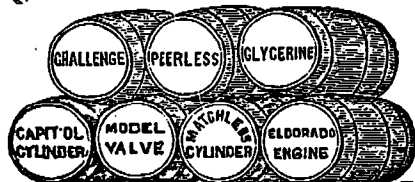
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