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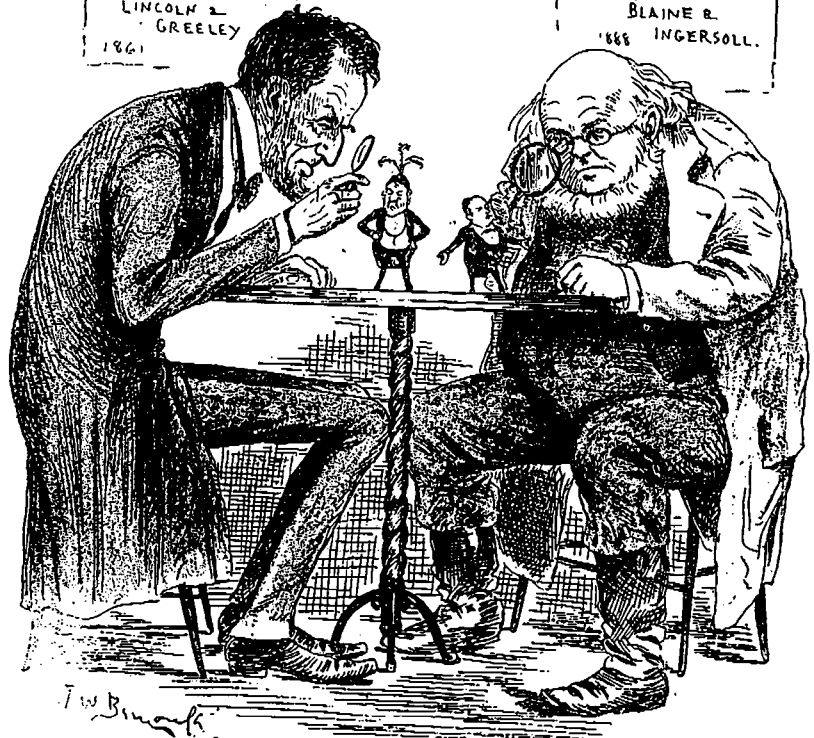
EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

GRIP ENG.



A GOVERNMENT
OF THE PEOPLE
BY THE PEOPLE
FOR THE PEOPLE
SHALL NOT PERISH
FROM THE EARTH
LINCOLN &
GREELEY
1861

A GOVERNMENT
OF THE TRUSTS
BY THE TARIFF
FOR THE TRUSTS
SHALL NOT PERISH
IF WE CAN HELP IT.
BLAINE &
INGERSOLL.
1888



T. W. Brough

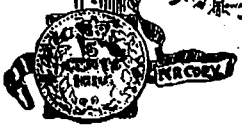
THE REPUBLICAN PARTY'S SHRINKAGE.
FROM LINCOLN AND GREELEY DOWN TO BLAINE AND INGERSOLL !!

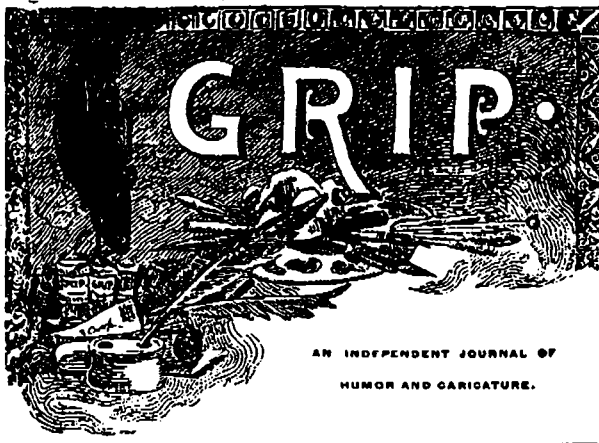
The gravest beast is
the Ass.
The gravest bird is the
Owl.
The gravest fish is the
Oyster.
The gravest man is
the fool.
— Wm. Miller

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Comments on the Cartoon.



WHY THIS THUSNESS?—Sir John Macdonald has, within the last fortnight, excited "conflicting emotions" in the Canadian breast. By his dignified and manly bearing toward the United States in connection with the threats of Retaliation held forth by President Cleveland, he gained the universal admiration of the people of Canada; by his marked cowardice in the presence of the Canadian Pacific's latest aggression, he has earned an equal measure of public condemnation. The patriotism which shows a brave front to outside foes, while it cravenly permits an internal enemy to oppress the people, is not worth a great deal. It is not too much to say that the C.P.R. is at present acting the part of an enemy to the people

of Manitoba. It is endeavoring—and with success so far—on the strength of mere legal technicalities, to prevent the Government and people of that Province from completing their new line of railway, and thus depriving the farmers of the advantages likely to result from competition in freight rates. This is a work of enmity, and it is aggravated by the fact that the coveted privilege has been paid for in public money by the people of the Dominion at large. Nor is it too much to say that Sir John Macdonald, as head of the Government, has played the part of a coward in the case. The stoppage of the Provincial line at the C.P.R. junctions was made only that the Federal Government might be allowed, according to law, to indicate in what manner the crossing should be made, whether on the level, by bridge or by subway. There was no excuse for delay in the matter. The Federal Government has no constitutional right to forbid a crossing, as Sir John knows perfectly well, and his procrastination in making the decision as to the method of crossing, can only be explained on the ground that the C.P.R. does

not want the decision given. Van Horne is playing the waiting game; the clear object he has in view is the burking of the Provincial road until the winter sets in, and it will be rendered useless for the present season. Sir John, by his cowardice, is helping on this nefarious plot. Perhaps some day the people of Canada may know the secret of this phenomenal timidity in the case of a man who has displayed so much of the opposite quality towards Mr. Grover Cleveland.

MERCIER'S ELOPEMENT.—Mr. Mercier has, in his brief career as a political leader, achieved a brilliant success—as that word is commonly understood in Canadian politics. This means that he has managed to accomplish what he had set his heart upon, taking no account of the methods by which he has done so. Perhaps after a while the Canadian conscience will have outgrown this mean notion of what constitutes success, and when that day arrives Mr. Mercier and some other distinguished premiers in the Dominion may take a tumble from their present lofty pedestals. Already it begins to dawn on the mind of the rising generation that after all it doesn't take much to be a great Canadian statesman; anybody could "get there" providing he started out with a good supply of soft-sawder, gall and unscrupulousness in his composition. It cannot be denied that Mr. Mercier is an able man, but this does not go for much, taken by itself. Mr. Blake is a stillabler, but he has not "succeeded." As a certain eminent M.P. used to say of MacKenzie, "he was too gol-darn-perpendic'lar." Mr. Mercier isn't built that way. The secret of his success seems to be a remarkable adaptability of mind, and a keen sense of the whereabouts of the balance of power. When he entered public life it was as the leader of the Liberals, and he is now the chief of the Ultramontanians. This transformation has been wrought so gradually that a good many are not yet aware of it. Even some leading papers in this province continue to speak of Mr. Mercier as a Liberal, when in fact he has dropped every item of his original political creed that does not square with the politics of the Vatican. M. Côté sets forth the exact position of affairs in the sketch which we publish this week.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY'S SHRINKAGE.—The campaign which has just ended in the United States leaves the two great parties transposed in the minds of most outside observers. Heretofore the Republican party has been generally regarded as having some claim to the distinction of being a party of moral ideas, and the Democratic name has been associated with all that is corrupt and dishonest in politics. There can be little question in the mind of anyone who has watched the contest closely, that, this year at all events, the Republicans have outstripped their antagonists in every form of campaign villainy. If there has been any dignity at all in the contest, any attempt to argue great questions on their merits, to the Democrats belongs the credit. The Republican National Committee have shown that there was no form of lying, forgery or meanness that they were not willing to avail themselves of to carry the election; beside their record, that of the Democracy has been almost pure. On the whole, their bad record of 1884 has been put in the shade, and when we go back over the history of the party we may discover that there has been a process of moral depreciation going on from the first. From Lincoln, Sumner and Greeley, it has come to Blaine and Ingersoll and Elkins! Further comment is needless.

THE Local Government does not intend to sell the Upper Canada College grounds outright. It has wisely determined to dispose of the property on a leasehold basis, thus getting for the public till the increment of rent which would otherwise go into private pockets. As the city grows and land values increase, the perpetual revenue derivable from this already valuable piece of land will be something very handsome.

FOLLOWING out this sound and statesmanlike policy with its usual consistency, the same Government is about to sell, absolutely, a large piece of the Asylum property on Queen Street. Mr. Mowat ought to be given an early opportunity of telling the people his reason for throwing away their future profit in the one case while he conserves it in the other. One of his leading colleagues, when spoken to the other day on the subject, could give no better explanation than by saying, "We've decided to do it." This reply is highly diplomatic, but by no means conclusive. There are ugly rumors about

certain practical politicians being interested in the sale of the Asylum land, which Mr. Mowat would do well to set at rest by giving some half reasonable excuse for the action he is about to take. Is it that the poor depleted treasury needs ready cash to save the Province from bankruptcy? Let us hear from you, Mr. Attorney General.



* * *
MR. J. ROSS ROBERTSON has added one more to the obligations under which he has placed society. He has succeeded, by a detective device of his own invention, in capturing a couple of lads who have for a long time been carrying on the business of stealing morning papers from front doors on Sherbourne Street. The boys were arraigned at the police court, when Mr. Robertson appeared, and asked the magistrate to deal leniently with them. This was perhaps due to the *Telegram*

man's proverbial good nature, or it may have been in accordance with the poet's dictum—"a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." John Ross may have considered what would have been his fate long ago, if some of the American story-writers had put on detectives to catch little Canadian publishers who made a habit of pirating their works.

* * *
IT is a settled thing that Mayor Clarke is to have a second term, and before the end of that time it is not unlikely that the real estate speculators will hear something drop. It is probably not known to the average citizen that, as the law now stands, speculators are permitted to open new streets to benefit their own pockets, by selling off the new frontages thus created, and that *the city pays them in cash for the road allowances thus granted.* This accounts for the innumerable streets running in all possible directions, without regard to symmetry or sense. It also accounts for the presence at the city hall of a large staff of book-keepers necessary to keep track of the accounts opened with these private speculators. Mayor Clarke rightly says that the city is now carrying on the business of a Loan Society—something it has no right to do, and he proposes, if possible, to put an end to the system. More power to his elbow.



* * *
ALL that is wanted to complete the *Empire's* premium bust of the Tory Chieftain is an inscription on the base reading: "This is Sir John Macdonald!" As a picture of the Premier the *Empire's* bust is a beautiful and instructive anomaly.

THE BOY, OH, WHERE WAS HE?

THIS is a cold fact and comes from Paris, Ontayreoo!

Said a gentleman to the little six-year old son of a River Street baker, whose shop is near a butcher's shop: "Well, Joe, and what are you going to be when you grow up? A baker or a butcher?"

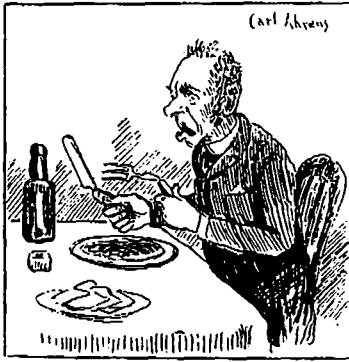
"Neither," piped the lad, without a moment's hesitation. "I'm going to be a minister—there's more money in it!"

DE MISTAKES OB SCRIPTURE.

MISTAKE No. 1. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." De mistakes ob de Scripture, deahly belubed bredren, am many an' noom'rous. Dey am also berry dang'rous—case why? It makes de infidels say 'taint true what's in de Bible. Now, it am my mission to pint out dat it am all puffedcky true, only it am a mistake. De proof readers an' printers in dem yar ole days when de Bible wor fust printed wern't much, any way. And yet, belubed bredren, considerin' dese yar Scriptures am 'sposed to be 'spired by Divine troof, it am a mystery how dey ever cum dar, 'less as I said befo', day am mistakes. Dat fact am clar as mud, and dis chicken am going to demonstrate dat dis mawnin', sho's yo bawn. De most stupendous mistake in de hull book am found in de words ob my-tex—"De arf is de Lawd's an' de foolness deroff." In dis yer tex', my bredren, dere am a most important omission to be found. Dat omission 'sists ob one syllable only, but dar lies all de difference in de wo'ld. De proper rend'ring ob be tex' and de only way de tex' can hab any possible meaning in dese yer days is—"Dearf is de *landlawds'* and de foolness deroff." De arf belongs to the landlawd, every bit of it, and de landlawd rents it out fo' us po' faderless chillen ob de Lawd to live on. No, my bredren, de Lawd don't own a square inch ob land in Yurup nor Ameriky, as I know it b'blongs to de landlawd, de speclater, and de land-grabber, and dere ain't nary an inch left fo' de Lawd or His po human chillen. His po hun'an chillen hab got to lib in ten'ment houses, thirteen families in a house, an' ten ob a family in a 'partment whar' dere ain't room to whip a cat in. Case why? "De arf is de land-lawd's," its acres am his, and de Lawd's po' chillen may go hang. De landlawd's wife and daughters distribute tracts among de po' people, tryin to make em good, but yo don't catch em 'tributing de acres round. Ef dey would sling round de acres 'mong de po' people like dey do tracts, de millenium would come afore dey had time to get into dere Sunday go-to-meetin' close to celebrate it. And yet, belubed bredren, such is de wickedness ob human natur, dat some ongrateful sperrits in dat dar crowd from de slums look all round and see all dat miles and miles ob empty land, and de debil puts it in dere heart to ax why is it dat it takes all dis land to hold one man and his chillen; an' we an' our chillen doan own but a cubic inch a piece, an' den am piled up one on top ob de oder like coolies in de hold ob a slave ship—eh? Dey want to know if dis yere land-lawd aint a human critter like dareselves, an' ef we are all chillen ob de same parent, like de tracts say we am, why He gives all de house room to two or tree ob His chillen an' lets de oder get so badly crowded up dat both soul an' body get mildewed. And dey wants to know, too, how dey calls dereselves followers ob Christ, when Christ didn't own a single acre of land. To all dem dar absurd questions dere am but one answer, "De arf is de *landlawds'* and de foolness deroff." It am a millioncholy fact but it am de troof, an' dis am a pointer for de nex' revision of de Holy Scriptures. We will now sing de Psalm, "De arf belongs unto de Lawd." All de friends will please jine in and doan forget to tack on de missin syllable to de Lawd.

JAY K. WASHINGTON WHITE.

THE Red River Railway wants to cross the C.P.R. line. They are playing cross-purposes. It is usual to find some one buried at cross-roads.



A BOARDING HOUSE ACCIDENT.

STRUCK A STEAK.

AIRLIE RESUMES.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—

As I promised ye, I maun continue ma accoont o' what Mistress Airlie brocht on us in her hurry tae escape Exhibition veesitors. She had gane oot the back door-way tae the alley-way, tae see if her logic wad help the scafengers tae tak' up the hale o' the muck daily thrown oot in the alley-way, instead o' emptyin' just the half o' the barrel, an' leavin' the ither half stinkin' on the ground till they cam' roond the next time an' covered it up wi' some fresh rubbish. When she cam' back there was the paurlor cram fu' o' a lot o' gigglin' country lasses, wha jumpit up an' said they had rung the bell twice, an' then took the liberty o' walkin' in, kennin' they would be welcome. "And how is dear Mr. Jones? Is this his little boy?" The little boy referred tae was nae less than oor ain wee Hughie, wha had crippen oot o' bed, an' was stannin' there in his wee sark tail, scartin' his head an' glowerin' at the strange folk wi' a' his een. When the sma' rascal had gotten up he had fand a stick o' liquorice, an' had chawed it till his face was like an Indian's wi' his war pent on, and his moo was like a tar pot. Mistress Airlie thocht she wad ha'e drappit doon when her een lited on the black face an' the toozy head o'm; but she managed tae say: "Maister Jones! ye maun be mista'en. Mr. Airlie lives here."

"Why, don't the Rev. Wiry Jones live here? Ma knows his ma; and we came in to visit him during the Exhibition. Oh, my! whatever will we do? Do you know where he's moved to?"

Of coorse we kent naething aboot his reverence; an' after the hale pairty sailed oot Mistress Airlie cam' in, an' takin' just a'e squint at the laddie wi' his shoogarely face, she took haud o'm an' gae'm a gude spankin', an' then sat doon an' grat ower him.

Then a ring cam' tae the door, an' the postman handed her a post-caird, on which she read the words:—*Dear Friend—Isaiah, chapter —, —verse. Part of this was happily fulfilled in our experience this a.m. Both doing well.* Jesse Corvin.

P.S.—We have called him Wiry.

In aboot fifteen meenits after this that woman stappit oot o' the car in front o' the warehooze, an' maiched richt up tae me afore a' the clerks, an' handed me that caird. "What's wrang," says I, for her face was as hard as airn, an' her een like twa lowin' cinders. "Oo, naething particular," she said wi' a snort; "only Miss Jessie Corvin sends ye word that lang expeckit's come at last. Oh,

Hugh! Hugh! I never thocht it o' ye." An' wi' that she sat doon on a packin'-box, an' set up a yowl like a dowg's death warnin'.

"Why, Airlie, what's all this?" says Maister Tamson, comin' oot o' the office.

"De'il ane o' me kens," says I, glowerin' at the caird, an' tryin' tae fin' oot the meanin' o't.

Tam quietly took the caird oot o' my haund an' read it, an', turning it ower, he brak' oot wi' a loud guffaw. "Why, this card's addressed to the Rev. Wiry Jones. How did you come to get it, and what has this to do with Mistress Airlie? Is it simply a scriptural mode of announcing the birth of a son, the good people evidently feeling this would be the most appropriate way of breaking the news to their pastor." I said naething, for brawly did I ken that Mistress Airlie was the cheapest woman in the world at that meenit. An' weel was she punished for her unworthy suspicions o' a decent man like me; for though she had left the bairn in charge o' a bit lassie till she cam' back, the bit toddlin' creature had wandered awa', an' for three mortal 'oors she gaed haikin' up an' doon the toon lookin' for that laddie; an' when I got hame tae ma denner the door was lockit. I keekit in at the back window, an' saw the fire was oot, and a lassie telled me that the bairn was lost, an' she was awa' lookin' for him. The state o' my mind was a thing no tae be describit, an' I was just tearin' awa' doon the street in desperation when wha does I see but her leddyship an' the bit laddie comin' hame as fast as feet cud carry them. At the sight o' the bit bairnie, a' safe an' soond again, a' ma anger vanished, and by the time I cam' hame at nicht maitters were a' restored tae their usual caum, and we were a' three o's sleepin' the sleep o' the just, when a most fearfu' ringin' o' the door-bell gart as baith jump up.

"It's a fire," says Mistress Airlie.

"Mair like it's some burglar run again the bell-wire," says I.

Another fearfu' jerk brocht me tae the flure, an' liftin' the window, I stuck oot ma head and cried: "Wha's there?"

"Oh, sir, we're afraid the baby's going to die, and mother wants you to come and baptise him; he's got convulsions. Oh, Mr. Jones, do hurry!"

"Wha' are ye lookin' for, ma leddy; there's nae Mr. Jones here," says I.

"Aren't you the Rev. Wiry Jones? Doesn't he live here?"

"No, ma leddy, he disna' bide here, an' I canna direct ye either."

"Oh, my, whatever will I do; and maybe the baby will die." An' the puir creature gaed awa' cryin' her een oot, an' I steekit doon the window, thinkin' tae mysel' that after a' St. Peter hadna' the monopoly o' the keys o' the ither world. Next week I'll feenish ma story.

HUGH AIRLIE.

NO LIE IN IT.

"Is the editor in?" mildly asked the man, leaving on his crutch and looking straight at the occupant of the editorial chair.

"No, sir!" gently but firmly replied the august personage addressed. "He is not. He is decidedly out!"

"How can you lie so unblushingly?" queried the sanctum bore.

"Lie? It was double-dyed truth. The editor bet Grit on the late election in Montreal, and is out—out exactly one first-class hat!"

MURIMATIC.



stone wall is a solid thing,
The brick wall is not lame ;
The caterwaul has no build at all,
But it gets there all the same.

JOHN ROSS R.'S OX.

HISTORICAL recollections of old Toronto, which have been and are to be published in the *Telegram*, will be issued in book form early next year. * * * The articles are now registered as a serial publication prior to use in book form, under the Copyright Act of 1875.

Ah, ha! Ho, ho!! He, he!!!
It makes all the difference in the world who's books are pirated.

THE WILD WEST.

SOME of the leading citizens of H——, a live town in the far West, invited Prof. Doosenhammer to come out from the effete East and deliver a lecture upon the resources of the country. The pay offered was liberal, and the Prof. wired acceptance.

The evening set for the lecture arrived and so did the audience and the lecturer. Sharp on time he mounted the platform and began :

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am indeed proud to be greeted upon this, my first visit to your wide-awake, energetic city—to this future metropolis of the great West (applause), with so large and intellectual an audience as is gathered within the frescoed confines of this transcendently beautiful hall (prolonged applause.) But words fail me when I attempt to paint the beauties of this earthly paradise or the hospitality of its people. So I will turn at once to my theme, which, as you well know, is the resources of the west.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, for a few moments lend me your ears while I ——"

"I objec' right thar," shouted a man in the back part of the hall, as he jumped upon his feet. "I don't war no patent detachable years, an' ef I did I'd want em to hyar what yer got ter say."

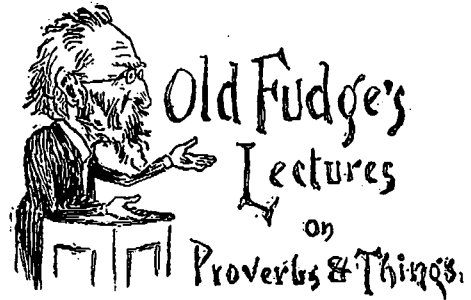
"The gentleman," blandly replied the lecturer, "is pleased to be facetious."

"What?" yelled the man as he hopped upon a chair. "Call this untamed coyote of the prairies a 'facetious!' Hyar me howl," and he began firing right and left while a startling chorus *a la* Gilmore was fired outside.

How that intellectual audience or Prof. Doosenhammer escaped the frescoed confines, etc., is not related, but next day a party of travellers met the Prof. about dawn heading towards civilization. He was bare-headed and had but one shoe on. His clothing was torn and covered with dust.

An expression of mighty resolve was mirrored in his set features, and though 'twas easy to guess what that resolve was, no one in the party got it from him in so many words, for he would not stop long enough to take a drink.

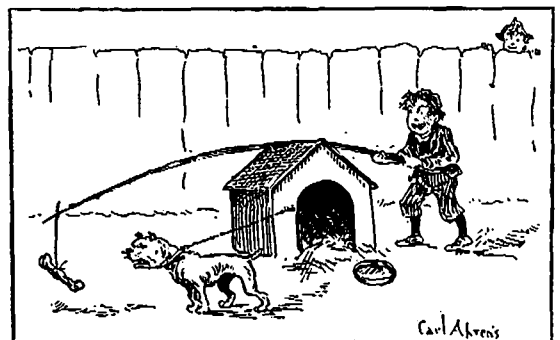
CHARLES WISELY, a N. Y. policeman, was taken in charge at Staten Island for being drunk and breaking windows. Though done by wisely, it was not wisely done.



"IT'S A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING."

BUT suppose the lane straightened itself out for ever? What then? Ah, my learned hearers, this is a metaphysical theory—millions of miles and no turning and no end. This theory suits the politicians in office—the other theory the politicians that are out; in fact the great contention is between a long lane and side issue. (Cries of divide!) Why does not my honorable friend, S. H., make the turning in the lane by turning the *status-quo* fellows out and turning the key in the rusty lock like the Protector? My old friend, the physician of Chios, supposed the world was eternal and infinite, but he never applied his theory to a chaotic government. The old philosopher lost himself in speculative theories; also his works are lost. In a few cases physicians lose their patients; the old M. D. lost himself between his premises and deductions—the everlasting lane without a turning; another evidence of a lost mind was his denying motion. Let us say he was not ironed and mangled in a railway smash-up, nor drowned at sea, but he lost his reckoning. See? Enough of aberrated theories.

To return to the metaphorical proverb, ninety-seven per cent. of the millions of all the races—or say racers—never come to the turning; with pants turned up and banner waving we pant along; but, my impecunious friend, feel for your old worn out verge as being nearest your throbbing heart. And will you be any happier if you get to the turning? Why, you sleep better now than our rich friend, Jay; and you don't quote Shakespeare's tragedies after eating pork. The propounder of the atomatic doctrine was greater in that he laughed at the follies of mankind in distracting themselves with care, and greater still in that he told the Persian king who was inconsolable for the loss of his wife, that he would raise her from the dead if he could find three persons who had gone through life without adversity? "So be jolly," and never mind the turning; you will live nearly as long as you want to, if not quite; but our ancestors are all dead and gone.



"WORKING THE GROWLER."

THE HUMORIST AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.



I SUPPOSE you have seen something in the papers from time to time about the 'Sikkim Expedition.' It is evidently a case of letting slip the 'dogs of war.' Improvement on Shakespeare—cry 'Sikkim' and let slip the dogs of war. They will probably make the enemy—whoever they are—sick."

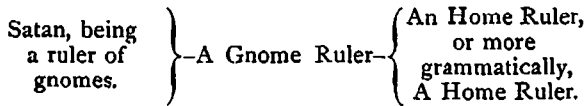
"Can't make 'em much sicker than your jokes," said Smart Alick.

"I hear that Dr. Wild has been alluding to the Home Rule movement as a satanic conspiracy," I resumed; "there is force in the observation. I am not unfavorable to the Gladstonian policy, but all who believe in the existence of his satanic majesty must admit that he is a *gnome ruler*."

Nobody seemed to catch on for half a minute, but finally the law student who was struggling with a tough steak, paused long enough in the masticatory process to emit a faint gurgle of appreciation.

"I'm bound you shall thoroughly understand that joke even if I have to make a diagram of it, for I laid awake nearly an hour last night getting it into shape. In the absence of a blackboard I must ask you, Bidelina, to be kind enough to get me a sheet of foolscap from the escritoire."

Having obtained which I produced the following diagram :



Q. E. D.

This was passed around the table and read by everybody but the Scotchman, who contemptuously waved it aside, remarking that he "didna want to fash wi' the clish-ma clavers o' siccan a doited goneril," or words to that effect. I must cultivate this Scotchman. He has an extensive vocabulary of words which are not in the dictionary and consequently have not been punned to death. He is a vein of raw material for me, so to speak.

"By the way," I resumed aloud, "Can you tell me why a camping party should always take a cautious Scotchman along? The answer, I may say, is in the Caledonian language, but the competition is open to those of all nationalities. Don't all speak at once. No, sir, that is not the answer. It is true that the wealthy owner of a private conveyance likes to have his Scotchman (his coachman), but people don't usually take carriages with them on a camping expedition. Are you ready? Well, then, a cautious Scotchman, ye ken, is sure to tak' tent."

"Yon's no that bad," said the Caledonian, smiling faintly. "There's some sense in that, noo."

"It's wonderful," said I, "how much the success of a joke depends on wording it rightly. The conundrum I've just exploded on you isn't exactly new, though it's quite original. I worked it off some years ago for a young society man who was going to a dinner party and wanted to amuse and astonish the company by his wit. I got up a dozen or so brand new jokes for him and a couple of original stories about Sir John Macdonald—which, between ourselves, were adapted from Rabelais—for which

he promised me five dollars, and if I remember right, paid me two. I'm always open to a deal of that kind, you know. Got to live somehow. Well, as I was saying, this young society man fired off the joke about the Scotchman and the camping expedition. He put it in this shape: Why is it a good idea to take a cautious Scotchman along when you go on a camping excursion? Because he'll bring a tent with him. Wet blanket over the company and irretrievable confusion and break down of the perpetrator when asked to explain.

"Again I remember once making a hit at the National Club, by saying that Col. Denison's wild talk about rallying round the old flag to oppose Reciprocity was a *flagrant* piece of buncombe—emphasis on the "flag," of course. Another fellow infringed my patent and tried to make an audience laugh by remarking that Denison's rant about the flag was all rot. A man who is not thoroughly versed in the *technique* of the art, as it were, is no more to be trusted with a loaded joke than a farm laborer is with a forty-horse-power engine. Its delicate mechanism is apt to be hopelessly ruined by careless handling.

"Allow me to pause in my remarks sufficiently to finish my steak. I always do pity those unfortunate martyrs who were 'brought to the stake.' They must have had a tough time."



WHY MONTREAL GOES SLOWLY.



MERCIER'S ELOPEMENT

SANCTUM SKETCHES.



PREPARING FOR WINTER.

"THESE be chillsome days, William," "remarked the editor, reaching out his hand for the foreman's freshly-filled and newly-lighted pipe. "And this stove don't draw, although your clay does—beautifully. Speaking of the pipe, William, I can plainly see smoking is having an injurious effect on your once robust constitution. Ease off a little. As for me, I mean to check you every time I notice you indulging to excess, as I do this morning. Your first smoke since yesterday afternoon? Well, anyway, it's too soon after breakfast for you to resume the pipe. I, not having had any breakfast, can safely whiff.

"But we were talking about the cold and our stove—that is to say, this stove. For, you are not aware, this stove ain't legally ours. I borrowed it temporarily for the house from old Tinkerton, the tinsmith, and his men forgot to come back and take it away. However, it comes in handy since the bailiff's last visit, and I really would not like to part with it. You say it don't heat well. Let's see. Here, William, is the cause, as plain as the new apprentice's face. The front damper is welded to the hole. And see—there is a large crack in the bottom; and, I declare, another on the side! What! One on the other side, too! The stovepipe check won't work, eh! Well, well! We must go to work and repair, William. Winter cometh on apace, and if we can't get anything else in this world to cheer us except a little comfort out of our stove, let us enjoy that in the best possible shape, for goodness' sake!

"Now for ways and means. When you go to dinner get some clay down at the pottery and we'll fill up the cracks. In the meantime get the shooting-stick and we'll pry back the door-damper. Gim me the hammer, and I'll soon start—Geewhilkins, Bill! You might have told me the door was off its hinges. Lor', how that bruise stings!

"Why, man, you've got the darn stove half full of ashes! How d'ye think she'd go with all this stuffing her up, like an editor talking circulation to a prospective advertiser? Can't get enough wood at a time to fill her up, eh? Well, we'll hire a more enterprising boy—that's all. One that is able and willing to enlarge the circle of his fuel-hunting investigations is what we want.

"Buy wood, did you say, William? Well, I should say we couldn't. Why, within exactly one hundred yards of our back door there are no less than four separate and inviting piles. Didn't know of it? Take a pencil and make a note of it right straight, then; and thank your stars somebody about this establishment has ordinary powers of observation. There's the new dressmaker's pile—'taint even in a shed. Got that down? Right next door is old Snipper, the tailor's. You'll have to get early at that pile, for only this morning he was telling me he missed his wood and meant to put a threatening advertisement in the *Hooperup*

as a warning to the borrowers. If you could get off with a good jag of it, say to-night, I fancy it would fetch the advertisement.

"Well, that's No. 2. No. 3 is corporation stuff, bought for the Widow Wilkins. If she had to pay for it herself, hang it, I'd hate to borrow from her. But as the council foots the bill and the stuff is handy, let'er go, Johnny Smith!

"The fourth and most eligible lot is at our contemporary's premises across the road from the widow's. We really ought to teach our bloated rival, a lesson for thus flaunting his wealth under our very noses! If you and the two boys can't get away with fully one half of the bran-new cord piled up in front of the *Ripper's* office door before twelve o'clock to-night, you're simply and sententiously no good.

"With these golden opportunities, William, not to mention those presented in the yards of our more contiguous neighbors, and which you of course are at present availing yourself of, we ought to be able to work along nicely for fuel the coming winter.

"As to this incapacitated stove, don't scorn it. See, she draws better even now! Of course it needs a lid instead of this hunk of boiler plate; and I agree with you that legs would look rather better than these old bricks to support it. But, heavens, William, we can't put on the style of a palace in this printing office. Remember, I am only the editor of the Mudge Hollow *Hooperup*. I'm not Vanderbilt or 'Old Hutch!' You want to give me a chance!"

T.T.

A SOUVENIR OF OTTAWA.

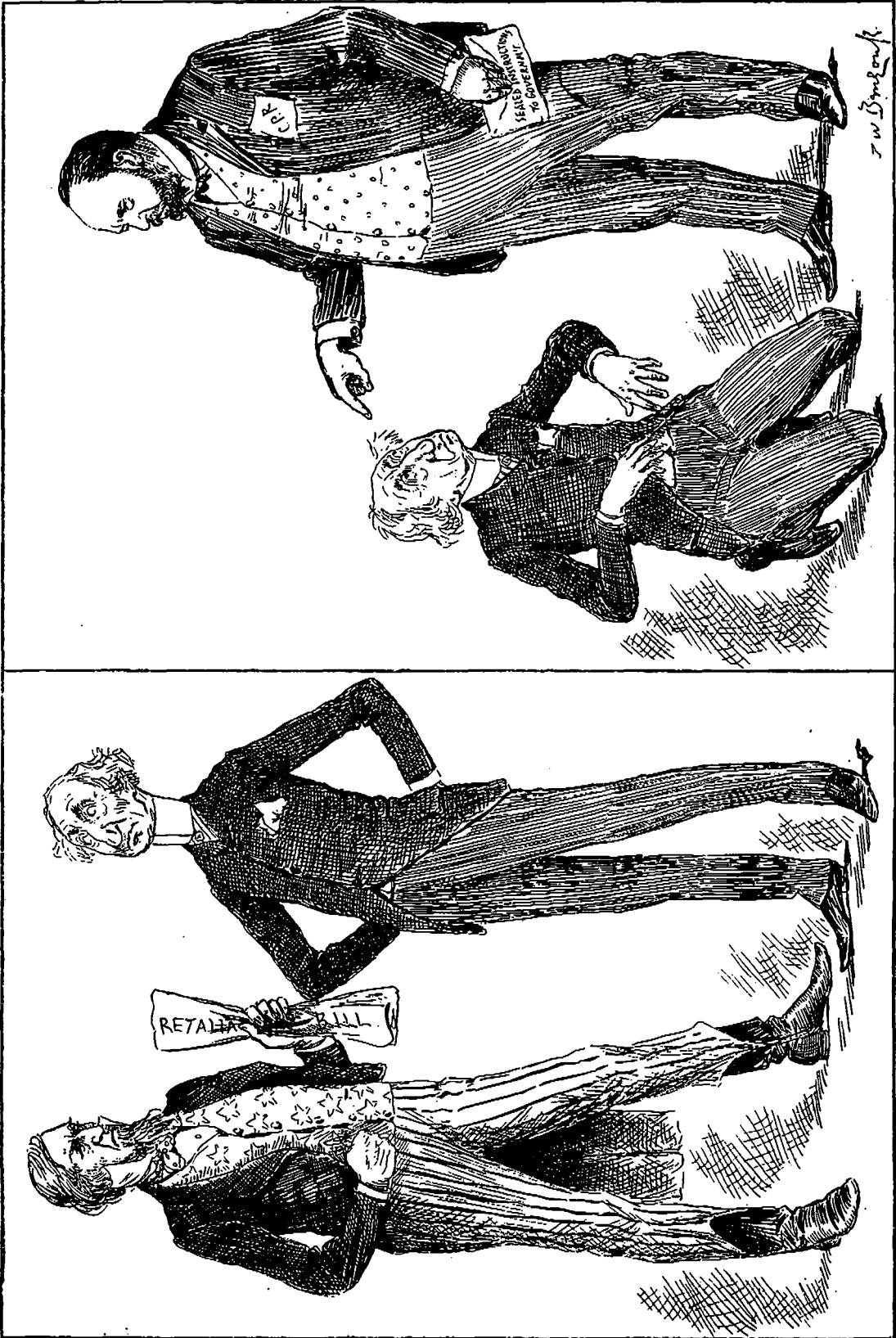
'VE a cousin in the Indies
And relations, cross the water
And another down in Boston
Graduating—she's my daughter.
And each fall they all implore me
In a manner most pathetic,
To kindly send them samples
Of our dear Canadian Flora
To adorn their wall's aesthetic;
Branches of our stately maple,
Leaves of carmine and of yellow
Ruddy-hued and finely mellow.

And I've sent them—by the railroad—
Down to Boston; and to Dora,
The fair cousin in Barbadoes,
Quite a pretty little shipload
In the *Polly Anne*, a schooner.

But this year I'm going to "blow" them
Something new and unexpected;
Something quite as true a token,
Quite as accurate a symbol
Of the land of snow and maple
As was any former packet;
They may think that I am jokin';—
Great Scott! What rhymes with symbol?

I've done up a little parcel,
In a way which shows perception—
That I'm sure the whole concern will
Get a most polite reception;
And I've tied it up with red tape,
—For I'm in the *Civil Service*,
And as to stamps, I've franked it,
For postage don't disturb us.
And when the string is broken
And they open the brown paper,
They will see my little token,
And they'll cut a little caper
When they read, "This is Canadian—
Keep it, though it's hardly pretty;
'Tis a gob of mud I've gathered
From the main street of the city."

C.G.R.



W. B. Woodcock

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DIVIDEND NO. 58.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of five per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after SATURDAY, the FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, at the office of the company, Church Street. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November, inclusive. By order of the Board.
S. C. WOOD, Manager.

TORONTO, 24th October, 1888.

The Bank of Toronto

DIVIDEND NO. 65.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of FOUR PER CENT. for the current half-year (being at the rate of eight per cent. per annum) upon the paid-up capital of the bank has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after

Saturday, the First Day of December Next

The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th day of November, both days included.
By order of the Board.

(Signed) D. COULSON, Cashier.
The Bank of Toronto,
Toronto, October 24th, 1888.

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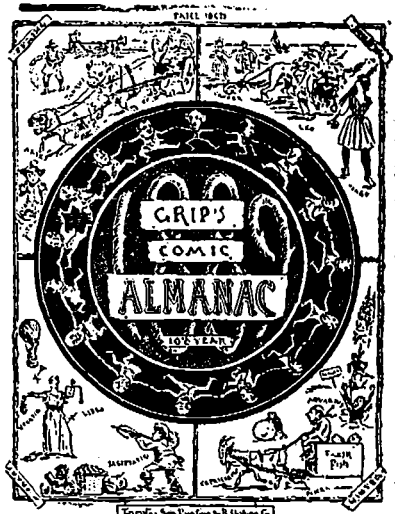
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JOSEPH HICKSON,

General Manager.



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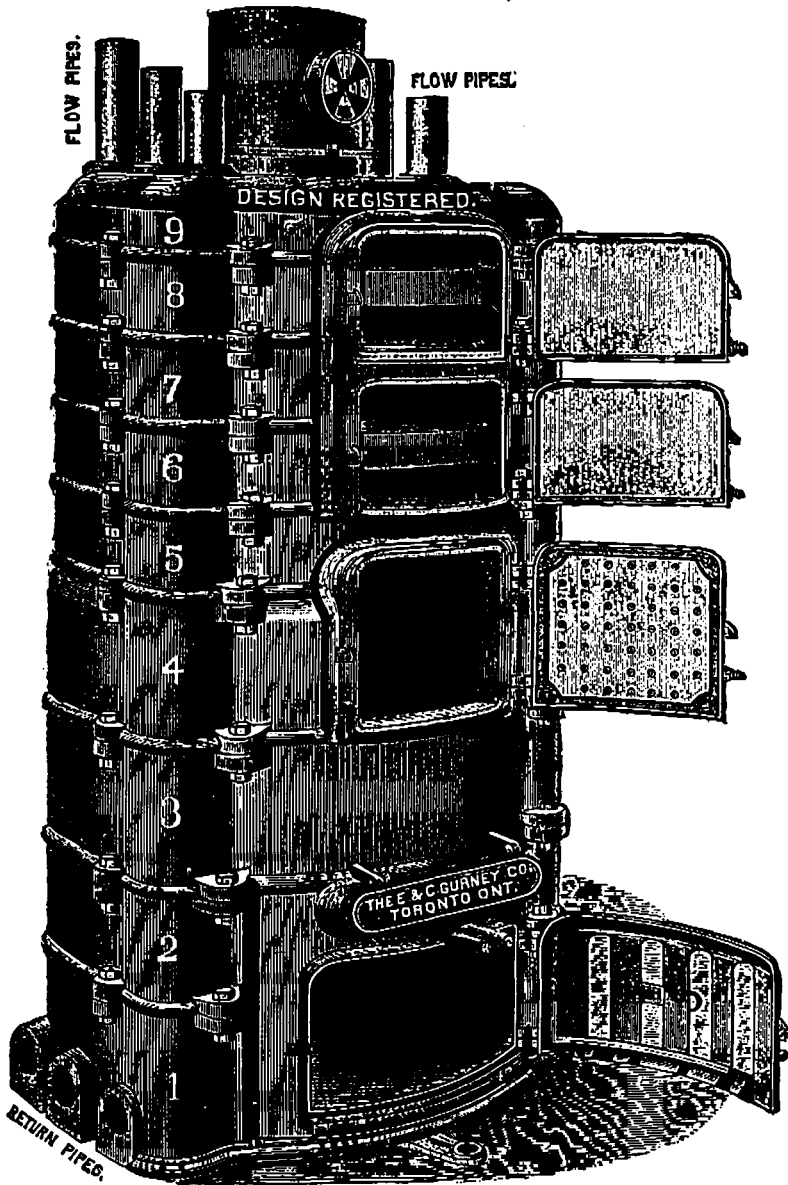
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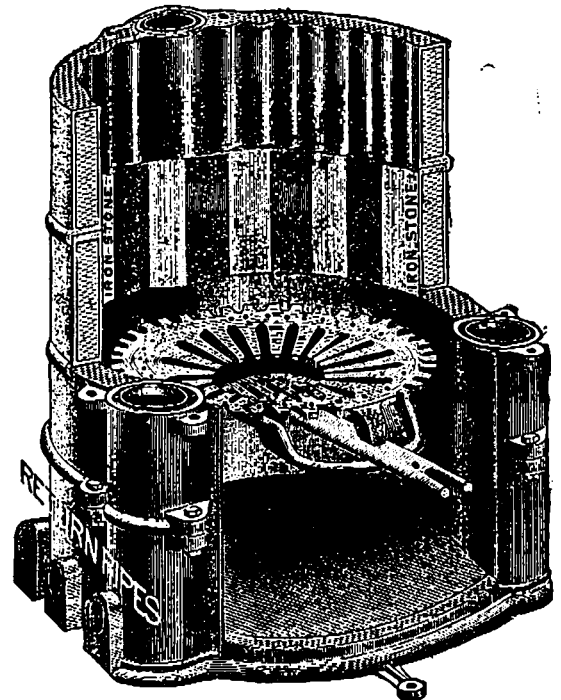
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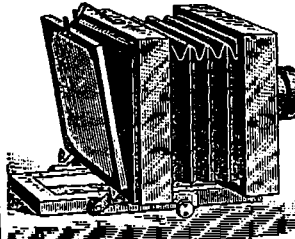


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