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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.

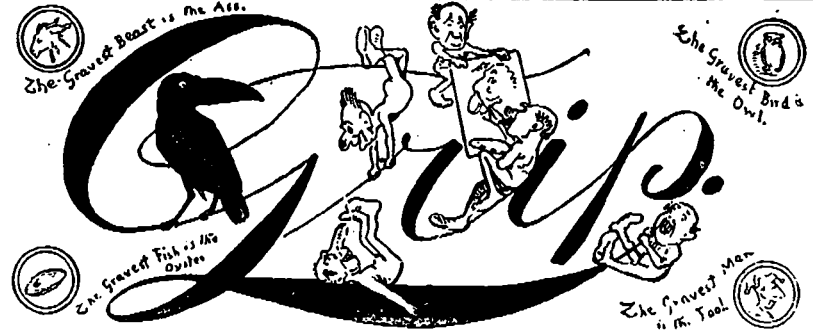
IMPORTER.



CHINA HALL.

GLOVER HARRISON.

49 KING ST. E., Toronto.




The Gravelly Bear is the Ace.

The Gravelly Bird is the Owl.

The Gravelly Fish is the Quail.

The Gravelly Man is the Fool.

IMPORTER



CHINA HALL.

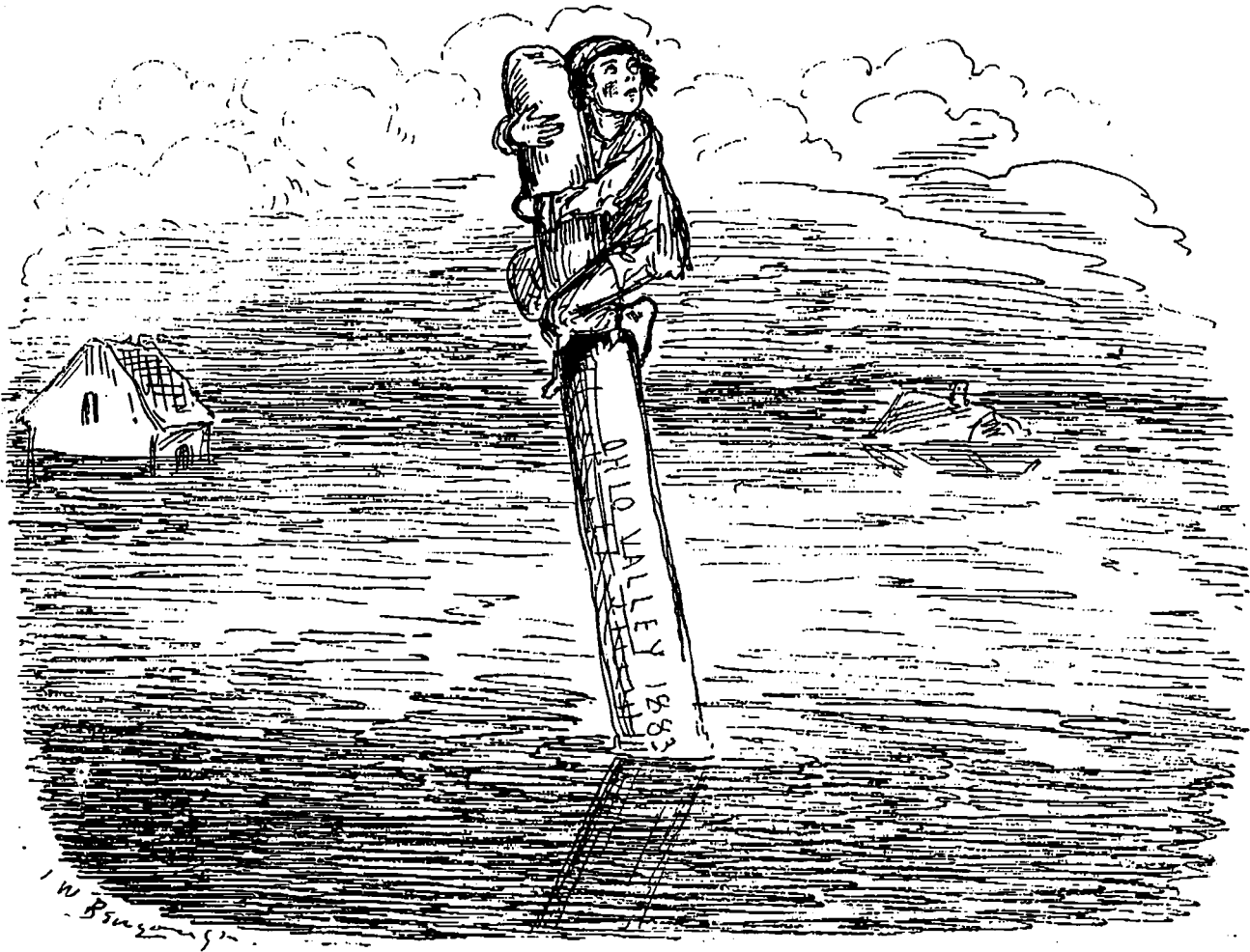
GLOVER HARRISON.

49 KING ST. E., Toronto.

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HELP !!

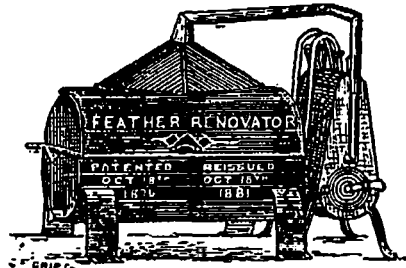


Toronto, Dec. 11th, 1882.
Thomas Bengough, Esq., Toronto,
Dear Sir,—We have now had the
Type-Writer purchased from you in
our office for four months, and find
it works very satisfactorily. We
could not get through our corres-
pondence without it.
Yours truly,

WELLS, GORDON & SAMSON.

THE REMINGTON STANDARD TYPE-WRITER
FOR SALE AT
BENGOUGH'S SHORTHAND BUREAU,
11 King St. West, Toronto.

N. P. CHANEY



230 KING-ST. E., TORONTO.



1ST GENT—What find I here
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What
Hath come so near creation?
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE,
so beautifully counterfeit nature.
STUDIO—118 King Street West

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



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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

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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—No hotter contest has ever been fought in this Province than that which is at present raging between the Mowat and Meredith forces. And on no occasion have the issues been more worthy the attention of the electors. Next Tuesday night we shall know whether Mr. Mowat is to continue in charge of our affairs, or whether the onerous duty of forming a Cabinet is to be imposed upon Sir John Macdonald.

FIRST PAGE.—Unprecedented floods are afflicting the residents of the Ohio Valley. The suffering is wide spread and very serious, and help is earnestly called for.

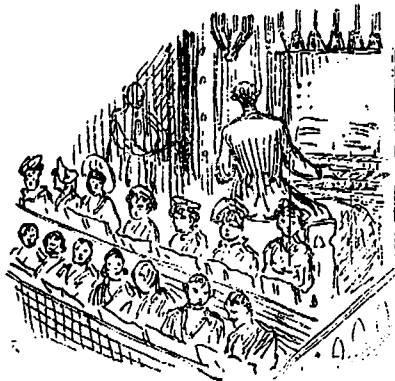
EIGHTH PAGE.—This sketch gives a true synopsis of the much talked of Streams Bill question, and the intelligent reader is left to decide for himself whether or not Mr. Mowat's position in the matter is that of a "criminal," as the *London Free Press* intimates. In the discussions of the Bill in Conservative papers we observe no mention of the fact that the owner of "improvements" on a river or stream was to get remuneration for his outlay in the shape of tolls collected from those who used those improvements—an essential point, one would think, where loud talk of "infringing private rights," etc., is indulged in.

NURSERY RHYMELETS.

DEDICATED TO THOSE FEMALE COLLEGES WHERE
"FRENCH IS THE LANGUAGE SPOKEN."

Digerie, Digerie, Doge;
Le souris ascend l'horloge,
L'horloge frappe,
Le souris s'échappe,
Digerie, Digerie, Doge.

Oh! bon et aussi bonne!
Le chat et le Cremona,
La vache sur la lune cabriole;
Le petit purp grimace,
En voyant sa grace
Et la serviette la cuiller vole.



A GIFT ENTERPRISE.

"As paw thaw haw for cawlaw strow
Waw haw waw au the claw."

This is not an Indian quotation, gentle reader, it is merely a sentence introducing the choir of St. Judas' church performing that beautiful hymn

"As pants the hart for cooling streams,"

for the congregation of that place of worship was of the most ultra fashionable stripe, and consequently the members of the choir were way up, and had acquired that truly fashionable method of pronunciation. It is with the members of this choir that our story deals. The brotherly and sisterly affection which pervaded the sixteen young people composing this celebrated choral band was as remarkable as it was unusual. If the primo tenore saw fit to pass a handful of caramels to the yellow-haired contralto during the solo by the basso, did the raven-tressed soprano call her a "nasty thing" on the first opportunity? No, indeed; all she would do would be to whisper "behind her richly bonned Ancient and Modern, "Divvy, Ducky," and a further transfer of chocolate creams would take place. Having thus shown how goodly a feeling of brotherhood prevailed throughout these harmony distributors, let us get on with our story.

Mr. Meredith Clifton, the splendid basso profundo, was about to sever his connexion with the choir of St. Judas. He had been promoted from his already lofty position of deputy-assistant floor-walker of the immense corset establishment of Snifty, Snide & Co., to that of lieutenant inspector of cashboys, and examiner of the hands of "salesladies" in a branch establishment of the same firm in another city, and as this would necessitate his removal from his present residence (Mrs. Towzler's hash-house on Claridge St.) to the city wherein his vast talents were henceforth to be exercised, the members of the choir of St. Judas resolved to make him a present prior to his departure. As Mr. Clifton was inclined to be literary in his tastes, as so many of his profession are (for he had contributed to the Poet's Corner of one of the local journals, and his "Ode to a patch in my trowser-loons" and "Sniff not tho' eastern breezes blow," had been conceded to be very masterly efforts), it was resolved that this parting gift should take the form of a complete set of the works of Dickens. Accordingly the sum of fifty dollars was subscribed by the sweet singers of St. Judas, and handed over to Mr. Slimpy Smythje, the baritone, to invest to the best advantage.

Mr. Slimpy Smythje was an uncommonly smart young man, so much so, in fact, that he had been twice booted out of the law office in which he had been an articulated clerk, for trying to get ahead of the members of the eminent legal firm of Payne, Payne & Lyght, in matters connected with the profession, but in which the method adopted by Mr. Smythje

had been decidedly peculiar if not dishonest. Not to mince matters, he had cashed post office orders belonging to the firm, and had received fees from clients, which fees should have been handed over to his employers, but which he had seen fit to pocket. However, as Mr. Smythje was known to be a keen hand at a bargain, it was deemed politic on the part of the choir of St. Judas to entrust the purchase of the volumes mentioned to him, and with this view the fifty dollars subscribed was placed in his hands. Now mark what this smart young man did. In the city in which the scene of this tale is laid was a tea-store, the proprietors of which made a practice of giving away, with every three pounds of tea purchased, a handsome volume of some standard author's works. To this store, then, Mr. Slimpy Smythje vended his mystic way, and planking down the fifty dollars on the counter demanded one hundred pounds of tea and thirty-three books! stating at the same time that he should prefer Dickens' works if they had them, and if not, he wished the tea firm to procure them without delay. It so happened that the desired books were in stock, and ordering his purchases to be sent to his rooms, Mr. Smythje went his way. As there were not thirty-three volumes of Dickens, the firm suggested that what they had, *i.e.*, the works of that author, complete, should be still more handsomely bound over; the expense of which would amount to about the same as if Mr. Smythje had obtained a volume with every three pounds of tea. To this the baritone agreed, stipulating also that the name of Meredith Clifton should be stamped in letters of gold on the back of each volume. "Thus will I hide all traces of my little game," chuckled Smythje, "and I shall be 100 pounds of tea to the good."

There is not much more to relate. The presentation came off in due time, and Mr. Meredith Clifton was taken completely by surprise; at least he said so in his speech, and no member of a church choir would lie, surely. Mr. Smythje was complimented on the splendid bargain he had made, no one suspecting the real state of affairs. Having disposed of his hundredweight of tea at 37½ cents a pound, he managed to get terribly intoxicated with a portion of the proceeds, and, having presented himself in a beastly state of inebriation in the choir of St. Judas on the following Sunday, he was gently but firmly requested to git up and git by the Rev. Silas Slopoke, B.D., who was the presiding clerical genius of the above-mentioned place of worship. As Mr. Smythje was making his erratic course down the aisle of the church, after his expulsion, his foot catching in a piece of ragged carpet surrounding the font, which had been filled with water for a christening to take place that day, he fell head first into that receptacle, and being, in his deplorable condition, unable to extricate himself, was drowned before any of the congregation could rush to his assistance, those of them who had observed him not being anxious to get their Sunday garments sprinkled with water, and those who had seedy raiment being too intent on their devotions to notice him. The moral of this story is obvious, and does not need to be pointed out.

When the Egyptian "fellahs" saw the Highland troops advance on them, they feared an attack on their breeches and couldn't stand the pressure.—*Judge.*

A lawyer, in cross-examining a witness, asked him, among other questions, where he was on a particular day; to which he replied that he had been in the company of two friends, "Friends!" exclaimed his tormentor, "two thieves, I suppose, you mean,"—"They may be so," replied the witness dryly, "for they are both lawyers."



A WELL-BALANCED FAMILY.

THE TALENTS OF THE ABLE MACDOU GALL FAMILY ARE AT PRESENT NICELY DIVIDED AMONGST THE PARTIES!

THE HYACINTH.

AN ÆSTHETIC IDYL.

Lady De Courcy Montague
Was a lady whom all the Æsthetics knew;
She was all but utter and quite too-too,
Too.

Her house was really a treat to behold,
With its brick dust reds, sage greens and gold,
The Æsthete peeped out from every fold,
I'm told.

She had dados and plaques on every wall,
And peacock's feathers above them all,
Mediæval and Japanese lilies tall
In the hall.

And her rooms it would gladden your heart to see
With all their Florentine draperie,
And styles of the fourteenth centurie;
And she

Was awfully proud of her cultured taste,
And lilies and sunflowers everywhere placed,
And every table and stand they graced;
So chaste!

Her hair she wore in an antique crimp,
And her dress, the color of a half-boiled shrimp,
Hung down on her limbs unstarched and skimp
And limp.

Now Lady De Courcy Montague
Possessed a young relative christened Hugh,
In fact 'twas her nephew as every one knew,
Quite true.

A gay young lad, but a pranky wight,
In Her Majesty's navy a midshipmite,
Who in practical jokes took the greatest delight,
The sprite!

Well, he came to his aunt off a two year's cruise,
Up to all sorts of larks to scare off the 'blues',
'Telling lots of incredible yarns and news
To amuse.

"Why, where are your hyacinths, aunt?" he cried.
They are far more Æsthetic than all beside,
In this, just for once, let me be your guide;
I decide

That you *must* have a hyacinth; I know where
I can get you one and perhaps a pair;
Of unrivalled beauty and fragrance rare;
With care

They'll produce the most exquisite, delicate bloom;
And their fragrance will perfume this musty old room
Which to me smells worse than that don of your groom,
Or a tomb.

I'll go to the florists at once and try
A bulb of this beautiful flower to buy.
The idea of no hyacinths! auntie, fie!
Don't cry."

He soon returned with a tall, blue glass,
And a bulb wrapped up in some Indian grass,
"There's a hyacinth, aunt, of the rarest class,
I'm an ass

If you don't see something quite out of the rut
Of your commonplace lilies; at present it's shut
From sight, but 'twill be, I'll wager my nut,
All but

When the flower comes out: just leave it there,
Give it plenty of water, not too much air,
For these flowers of a kind so uncommonly rare
Need care."

Days passed away, many visitors came
And admired the bulb and enquired its name,
And far abroad was sounded the fame
Of the same.

And Lady De Courcy Montague
Went every day with a chosen few
To see how the beautiful flower grew;
Too too.

A few days after, well, ten about,
A pale white bud came peeping out;
The precious bulb was beginning to sprout;
Shout!

Oh! how my lady watched that germ,
Like—oh! I where shall I hit on a suitable term?—
As a hungry toad eyes a wriggling worm
Squirm.

And every day saw it larger grow,
"Oh! soon will my beautiful hyacinth blow;
Oh! rapture! but ah! should it die, woe! woe!
Oh!"

But it thrrove and thrrove, till one desolate day
A friend from the country was passing that way:
Stept in and sat down a few moments to stay;
"Eh?"

He cried as the hyacinth caught his eyes,
And he opened them wide with immense surprise,
And gave vent to a series of jocular cries
And "Oh! my's."

"Why Lady De Courcy Montague,
What, in all the wide world, do you mean to do
With that thing over there in that tall glass blue?
Do you

Not know what it is?" "Yes, I do," said she
'Tis a hyacinth precious as life to me."
"A hyacinth! eh? well that beats me,
'T-eh!"

"Why, what is it then?" cried the lady fair,
"Well, the name that we give to that thing over there
Is an onion, and that's what it is I dare
Swear."

Then the delicate Lady Montague
Turned red as a peony rose's hue,
And sniffed at the bulb in the tall glass blue,
Plew!

Ah! great was the grief of Dame Montague
At the trick that was played by her bad nephew,
And out of the window the onion flew,
Adieu!

THE BITTEREST BLOW OF ALL.

A STORY FOR SATURDAY NIGHTS AFTER SEVEN O'CLOCK.

CHAP. I.

It is a winter's night! There is of course nothing particularly strange in that, as it is a fact which generally occurs seven times a week during the present season, but it suits the purpose of the writer of this soul-stirring story to say it is a winter's night. What particular night it is, is, however, not left to the option of the reader, who must understand that it is Saturday evening; time 9.30.

CHAP. II.

Since writing the above chapter we have been considering if we should not let our readers have the chance of deciding whether it is a winter's night, or a winter's day, but we have arrived at the conclusion that we shall not. We must have it a winter's night, because we want to bring in something about "the pure and spotless snow, reflecting the silvery rays of the fickle Dame of night." A novelist has a sad and sorrowful mission in this world, and he can't perform it without

the aid of snow and moonlight, therefore we must usurp the proud prerogative of deciding that it is a winter's night.

CHAP. III.

It is a winter's night, and tottering feebly down Lombard-street may be seen the figure of an aged man, on whose pallid countenance the light of the moon shows a depth of care and suffering. It is Phelix O'Dofferty the returned convict. For twenty long years he has been immured in a penal settlement. And why? Was he not innocent of the crime for which he received a felon's doom? No, he was not!

CHAP. IV.

Wearily poor Phelix plods through the slush—we mean o'er the spotless snow, and at last reaches the door of the humble abode from which he was dragged by the ruthless hand of justice twenty long years ago. He tries the latch but it yields not to his touch. He then raps gently, but receives no answer. Two hard kicks meet with no response, but the half brick he hurls through the bedroom window, brings forth the head of a female, who asks, "What the blazes are yez kicking up such a row for?" The face of this woman is strange to him. It is not the one which he has been hungering to see, and which he could tell anywhere by its nose broken by his own loving hand in the early days of his happy wedded life. "Who are yez?" asks the woman. "Oim Phaylix O'Dofferty," replies he in a voice broken by emotion. "Phat the devil do yez want, thin?" "Shure is me wife, Bridget O'Dofferty, inside the house?" "Och, then, is it Bridget ye mauc? Why she tumbled off the wharf in a drunken fit an was dhrowned seven years ago, hiven rest her soul." "Oh, me poor Bridget, this is inclade a bitter blow. And phat about me only son, Pathrick?" "He was lagged five years since for a murderous assault." "Oh! oh! me poor Pathrick, this is a bitterer blow shtill. Shure, marm, ye've praps a little drap ov phiskey in the house to kape a poor lone heart-broken owld man from dying av grief?" "Divil a drop hev oi got at all at all," says the woman as she bangs the door in his face. "Divil a drap," echoes he, as the tears stream down his wan face. "Not a drap av phiskey, an all the saloons is shut up. Och hone! but this is the bitterest blow of all."

A Russian nobleman is driving a smallpox wagon in Chicago; attired Englishman is chambermaid in a Laramie livery stable, and a French count is working on the Rock Creek section. Instances like these show what inducements America can offer to scions of the nobility. None of them need hesitate to come over from fear of not finding honorable employment suited to their capacity.—*Bill Nye.*

French humor. Madam X. calls to see Madam Z. "How well you look," says Madam X. "'Tis strange you say so," replies Madam Z. "Why?" asks Madam X. "Because," rejoins Madam Z., "people usually despise what they do not possess." This was written by a renowned French humorist, marked with a blue pencil and sent to this office. It was translated at our own expense, and we hope that the public will appreciate our efforts to please.

He was enjoying this exciting but dangerous amusement, when by some mishap he collided with a stone fence and his bended knee striking a stone with great violence a fracture of the patella-knee-cap resulted.—*Peterboro' Examiner.* The writer does not state whether the femur-thigh-bone was injured, or if the tibialis-shank escaped undamaged. We think-imagine that the editor-writer ought to be more cautious-careful in his statement-remarks.



"PEACE AT ANY PRICE."

The "M. M." FURROW (to Oliver, who is commanded to hold up his hands).—GIVE HIM EVERYTHING HE WANTS—DON'T MAKE A DISAGREEABLE FUSS—LET US HAVE PEACE!!

5. 1. 3.;

OR,

THE MYSTIC NUMBER.

'Tis many and many a year ago
Since I lived in a town by the sea;
I dwelt in a street, and right over the road
A doctor lived opposite me;
A maker of pills, and squills, and bills,
M. R. C. S., M. D.

About that time in that dear little town,
That town down there by the sea,
The people got up a gift enterprise,
Which was naught but a lotteree;
And the thought of this thing and what number to buy
Was constantly puzzling me.

And the days sped by, still I couldn't decide
Whatever my number should be;
And I left it to dreams, but, dream as I might,
No figures appeared to me.
And I longed, with a longing most awfully long,
Some sign or some omen to see.

One night at a restlessly tossed in my bed,
In that town down there by the sea,
A something occurred which gave me a hint
As to what my number should be;
And I shouted with joy when I thought of my luck,
And I skipped like a jubilant flea.

I had been dozing as list'ning I lay
To the waves dashing over the quay,
When a roseate light filled my chamber bright,
In my house in the town by the sea,
And in letters of gold appeared on the wall
The numbers—5. 1. 3.

I pinched my calf to see if I slept,
And stuck a pin into my knee;
There was no mistake, I was widely awake,
And fortune was coming to me;
For there was the sign on the wall of my room,
As plain as plain could be.

"Oh! kind, kind Fate," I cried, "I know
You mean to be gracious to me;
'Tis a sign from heaven," I could scarce refrain
From going on a jamboree,
But I thought of the pain and the anguish sore
Of a man getting over a spice;
So I made up my mind to let liquor alone,
And avoid an attack of D. T.

And then I slept, for I said to myself,
"If again those figures I see,
I shall know it was not an illusion, but
A sign that's appeared to me;
And again the next night at the self-same hour
I saw the five, one, three.

The following day I hurried away
With a feeling of joyful glee,
And I purchased all tickets which bore on their face
The numbers 5. 1. 3.
And I longed for the day of the drawing to come
Bringing wealth and fortune to me.

The tickets were dear, but little I cared,
And I spent a month's salary
In getting those numbers in every shape
In which they could possibly be.
Three, one, five, and one, three, five,
Three, five, one; five, one, three,
A one, and a five, and a three and then
A five, three, o. n. e.

And the very day after I went to my room
Not very long after my tea,
And I saw a sight which made me feel
Like a half-singed chimpanzee;
And I knew that the spirits had nothing to do
With the sign that appeared to me.

Right over the street, at the doctor's door,
Was a new l. a. m. p.
The glass was red and in figures of gold
Was the mystic 5. 1. 3.
And my blind had been up when he lit up his gas,
The reflection shone over to me.

Yes; in number five thirteen the doctor lived,
In that street in the town by the sea,
And five thirteen drew a beautiful blank
In that damnable lotteree,
And I danced with rage, swearing oaths by the page
That began with a big, big D.

And now three figures I loathe and detest,
A five, and a one and a three;
And the very sight of a medical man,
Is worse than his medicine to me,
And that lamp never beams without bringing me dreams
Of that horrible Lotteree.

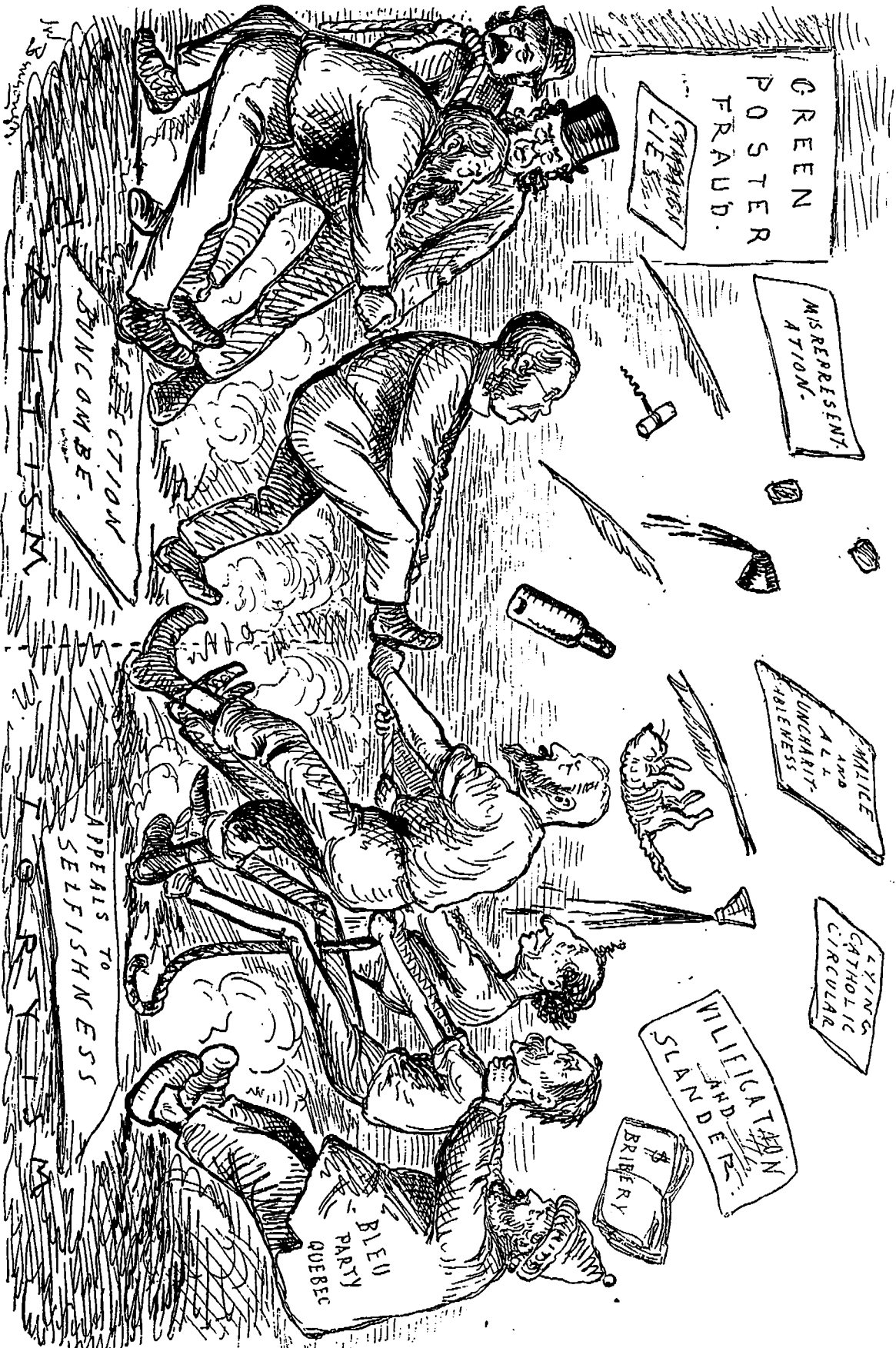
THE COMING SCOURGE.

"No, I cannot enter that house."
The speaker was a fair and fragile young
girl of some nineteen summers. For three
long hours she had paced the sidewalk in front
of a noble mansion on Jarvis-street, and though
the bleak March wind whistled shrilly through
the bare branches of the two stately maple
trees which formed the avenue leading from
the pavement to the entrance hall, and though
the fleecy snowflakes whirled around her as she
paced to and fro, still, whenever she glanced
towards the windows of that residence, whence
streamed forth the bright, cheerful, ruddy
light of several unesthetic yet genial coal-
stoves, a perceptible shudder thrilled her
delicate frame, and a look of stern resolve set-
tled more firmly on her fashionably be-frizzed
brow, and she resumed her solitary sentinell-
like walk with determination stamped on every
feature that could be seen. Presently a vener-
able, aristocratic-looking gentleman approaches
her; it is her father, General Aaron Fitz-Levy,
and he is returning from his daily business;
he is senior partner in one of the largest and
most patrician second-hand clothes stores of
which Queen-Street can boast. The hour is 8

p.m., and St. James' chimes had just drawled
it forth in their drive-a-man-into-the-jim-jams
tone. "Why, Rosalind, my dear," he ex-
claims, as he pauses in wonder, "what are
you doing out of doors at this time of night,
and alone, and the mercury 10 below, too?
Come into the house, pet, I can even now hear
the saggies frying. Come." And then it was
that those words which commence this tale
were spoken. "No, I cannot enter that
house." "But, my dear," remonstrated the
fond parent, "you cannot remain longer out
here. Wiggins' storm may be upon us at any
moment, for it was to have been here three
weeks since; so come, Rosie, no more bosh."
"Father," says the girl, raising her finger to
heaven, "I swear, by yonder empyrean that,
rather than enter those portals, on the farther
side of which I know lie warmth and grub,
rather, I say, than cross that threshold, I
would stay out here and per-r-r-r-ish of bliz-
zards and—oh, father," she continued, burst-
ing into tears, "you are the cause of my deter-
mination." The haughty features of the gen-
eral became o'erspread with a fixed, rigid,
can't-give-you-more-than-six-shillings-on-this
look, as he started back and regarded his
daughter in amazement. "I the cause," he
hoarsely murmured, "I, your father! Ex-
plain, miss, or by my escutcheon! the welkin
of the back parlor shall resound with the tin-
tinabulation of thy mother's slipper on thy
person ere another hour mingles with the
past." Rosalind approaches her parent, and
pausing before him, speaks slowly as follows:
"Father, thou knowest yonder sable robe
thou gavest me, and which thou purchasedst
from Ivan Hotwiski, the Russian refugee, but
three nights since—" "I do, I do," replied
old man Fitz-Levy, "proceed." "Well, dear
father, I wore it this morning, and oh! father,
father—" "What, my darling Rosalind?
Speak; wrack not thy father with this sus-
pense," almost shrieked the gallant general.
"Father, when I doffed it at noon I felt that
—that it was populated; I know that even
now a member of the species *pulex irritans*,
genus *podura nivicola* is ensconced in my un-
der apparel. Yes, father, there is about my
person one of those fell destroyers of happiness,
the Russian snow-flea, and as long as I remain
in the cold air he will not bite, but oh! father,
I dread to approach yon hospitable doors, for
I know that when he feels the heat he will, oh!
father, he will go for me. No, I cannot enter
that house."

The fourth number of the *Bicycle*, the official
organ of the Canadian Wheelmen's Association,
published in Hamilton, and edited by Walter
C. Nichol, has just been laid on our table.
The paper is, as it has been from its birth, a
bright, interesting little sheet, and is getting
to be a big boy now. When our eyes alighted
on the wood cuts which adorn the pages of
No. 4, we felt inclined to doubt the veracity of
the statement of Gustave Dore's death. No-
thing can touch them in artistic merit; no-
thing of artistic merit would want to do so.
We shall get every one of them framed and
hung up in our woodshed when we can afford
to purchase frames cheap enough. We are
glad, however, that the Don left that girl
(whose portrait is given) behind him, as she is
just the style of maiden, judging from the cut,
that we would like to snap up ourselves. Very
soulful, very tender(?) Several artists have
called on us to obtain the address of the wood
sculptist whose wild imaginings led him to per-
petrate the cuts referred to, but as we doubt-
ed the pacific nature of their intentions, we
withheld the sought-for information, and the
gentleman has yet a chance to emigrate to
Van Diemen's Land before Retribution snakes
him.

Wood cuts apart, the *Bicycle* is a most cred-
itable little publication, and does its able editor
infinite honor.



NOW COMES THE TUG OF WAR!

Touchstone's Talk.

"And so the world wags."

Some lawyers can pull a man through anything, no matter how conclusive the evidence against their client would seem to be. They appear to be endowed with a supernatural instinct as to the whereabouts of some loop-hole, and let the counsel on the other side argue till he is black in the face, these gifted individuals seem to come out victorious on all occasions. Such an one must have been the barrister referred to in this anecdote of why

HE THOUGHT HE WOULD WAIT.

An individual having been arrested for the theft of a pair of those garments which every one sees often enough, though for some reason no one (that is, in these days of shoddy and codfish) cares to mention by their right name in the presence of the fair sex, retained an eminent barrister to defend him, which he did with so much success that the accused one was triumphantly acquitted, although the court was crowded with witnesses for the prosecution. At the conclusion of the trial the learned counsel, turning to his client who occupied a seat at the barristers' table beside him, whispered, "Well, you are clear; you can go." "Not yet, not yet," replied the late defendant, "wait awhile." An hour or so passed by, and still the man stuck to his seat in court, and again the learned counsel told him that there was nothing to detain him. "Ah!" replied the fellow, "but there is." "Nonsense, man," said the lawyer, "I tell you you can go when you please; the jury has acquitted you. What's keeping you here?" "Well, I'm waiting till all those witnesses get out," responded the man. "Pshaw! what does that matter? They can't injure you; what's the matter?" asked his counsel. "Why, sir, those trowsers," was the answer. "Trowsers," said the lawyer, "what trowsers?" "Those trowsers I was arrested for stealing," answered the other. "Why, what on earth have they to do with it?" said the legal limb, sharply, "You were shown to be innocent. Get on, man, you're all right. Never mind about the trowsers." "But, sir—" "Well, what?" "I've got 'em on!"

Children have a way of saying what would be very sarcastic things if they were only intended as such, but there is a strong doubt in my mind as to whether the youngster spoken of below did not mean just what he said. Everyone must have heard, at some time in his life, an innocent-looking little six-year old make to some grown up person a retort which would have been bitter even for a Douglas Jerrold. Papa must have been rather taken aback when his young hopeful told him

THE REASON WHY.

A gentleman having a little toddler with him the other day stopped at a confectioner's, and purchased two balls of pop-corn. He gave one ball to the child, and the confectioner put the other in a paper sack. Then the two wended their way homeward, meeting as they proceeded two ragged urchins, whom the man stopped and made a divvy of the remaining pop-corn ball. "Ain't he a good man?" was the exclamation that greeted him as he walked away. The little toddler then broke forth: "Papa, don't you know what they said that for?" "No; why?" "Cause they don't know you." The silence was only broken by the munching of the corn.—*Detroit Free Press.*

I spoke last week of a very remarkable echo. I have since heard of one which is, perhaps still more extraordinary, and it is to be conversed with in this very country, but

exactly whereabouts must remain, for the present, a secret. This echo has the peculiar gift of being able to give its answers in almost any language, as will be seen by reading the following, and invariably in a different one to that in which it is addressed. When I heard it, the first to interrogate it was a sportsman. His questions were answered in Latin, as follows:

"Can you tell me where to find a possum?"—*Possum.*

"What furnishes for it a harbor?"—*Arbor.*

"Will you tell me what the tree is, eh sir?"—*Acer.*

"Is it mine? Give a solution honest."—*Non est.*

A German came next and asked

"Sehr wohl, mein freund, und wie befinden sie sich?"—*Sea-sick.*

A short coated "gent" from cockneydom rushed up and enquired,

"Well, old man, where's your eyes, whom dy'e see aught on?"—*Scanton.*

The little man declared this to be all Greek to him.

These are only a few specimens, but I do not think I am wrong in stating that this echo is fully as peculiar as those I have before mentioned.

GRIP'S CLIPS, &c.

If you want to read a first-class obituary notice of yourself, get smashed up fatally dead in a railway collide, and then prove an alibi.

The boys are saying that kisses will cure freckles. The girls say it is nonsense but it is quite singular that they take their medicine so regularly.—*Detroit Chaff.*

The King of the Sandwich Islands has had to pawn his crown. He proudly sports the pawn ticket, however, pinned to the lapel of his coat.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

Boston papers are having a great deal to say just now about the next "world's fair." It strikes us the next world's fare will be pretty common for some folks.—*Henderson's Gold Leaf.*

A man in St. Louis who had been drunk for twenty years, died within a few hours after sobering up. What a terrible lesson to those who are thinking of sobering up!—*Detroit Chaff.*

If Lord Bacon, as some literary cranks assert, wrote the plays attributed to Shakspeare merely as recreation from laborious toil, it is a great pity he didn't recreate more and toil less.—*Check.*

A fiend who figures like an adder estimates that not less than seven hundred of Tennyson's "Light Brigade," which rode into the valley of death at Balaklava—the "noble six hundred"—have died in this country during the past twenty years. "When can their glory fade?" indeed!

MARDI-GRAS.

FEB. 7, 1882.

They do not know the Frenchman's law
Who rashly speak of Mardi Gras;
They do still worse, alack, alas,
Who sharply hiss out Mardi Grass;
And they pronounce down below par,
Who hail the day as Mardi Gras;
Sweller are they, more lah-de-dah,
Who aptly call it Mardi Gras;
Safely it is, though hardly used—eh?
To print it simply thus!—Shrove Tuesday.

—N. Y. Life.

"Beauty Unadorned (with pimples) is Adorned the Most."

If you desire a fair complexion free from pimples, blotches, and eruptions, take "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

The price of a wife in Siberia is eight dogs; but as we don't know how much dogs are worth in that country we can't tell whether this is dear or cheap for a wife; live dogs, in this country, have all sorts of fancy prices, though from 10 to 15 cents is about the thing for the defunct animal. The Siberians, however, may have some very expensive brand of sausage which will, of course, greatly enhance the market value of purps.

"Like his legs his arms were always thrust too far through his coat sleeves." This is clipped from a letter descriptive of a giant, and published in one of our exchanges. It may or may not be true, but it does seem strange that even a giant should choose to thrust his legs through his coat sleeves. To wear that garment on legs and arms at one and the same time must have required Anak to accomplish successfully.

HIS LAST WORDS.

A drummer lay dying,
About him were crying
The friends who had loved him the best;
But he lay in his stillness,
As all through his illness,
For he knew he would soon be at rest.

Ah, slowly he's going,
Not asking, not knowing,
With a smile on his quivering lip;
He has learned the sweet story,
He is touched with the glory—
"I won't carry my samples this trip."

"DO LIKEWISE."

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:—"Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment recommended in your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' In three months I was perfectly cured. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them and enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the treatment and were much better already."

MRS. E. F. MORGAN, New Castle, Me.

A PIAZZA TRAGEDY.

The benighted Ethel's father has a
Newly-painted front piazza—

He has a
Piazza;
When with tobacco juice 'twas tainted,
He had that front piazza painted—
That tainted
Piazza painted.

Algernon called that night, perchance
Arrayed in comely sealskin pants—
That night perchance
In gorgeous pants;

Engaging Ethel in a chat,
On that piazza down he sat—
In chat
They sat.

And when an hour or two had pass'd,
He tried to rise, but oh! stuck fast!
At last
Stuck fast!

Fair Ethel shrieked, "It is the paint!"
And fainted in a deathly faint—
This saint
Died faint.

Algernon sits there till this day—
He cannot tear himself away—
Away?

Nay, nay;
His pants are firm, the paint is dry—
He's nothing else to do but die—
To die!
Oh my!

—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE WAIL

OF THE HARD-UP BRITISH ARISTOCRAT IN CANADA.



As day follows day
I am fading away,
Till at last there'll be nothing of
me but a silhouette,
All night long I lie
And despairingly cry,
Whilst my breast is nigh burst as
I grievously sigh,
And my hot scalding tears make
the case of my pillow wet.
The tears of this silhouette
Make the case of his pillow wet
Pillow wet, ilow wet,
Case of his pillow wet.

And why do I weep?
Is not laughter as cheap?
Ah! I reader, in me, though you
may not imagine it,
You behold a descendant
Of a race once resplendent,
Of a line that of tradesmen was
once independent,
That race which is known as the
race of Plantagenet.
Tho' you may not imagine it,
I am a Plantagenet:
Plantagenet, agenet, cap with
a badge in it,
Yes, I am a true born Plan-
tagenet.

To think of the shame
That one of this name
Should be brought down, as I am, to a state of mendicity,
I can't beg, and to soil
My fair hands with rude toil,
The thought of which causes my blue blood to boil,
Would plunge me o'erhead into deep infelicity;
I'm next door to mendicity,
Domine, benedicite,
Dicite, icite,
Quick, I solicit ye.

Then I think, with a shudder,
Of myself, a blue-blooder,
Being treated by shoddy with cool incivility;
That sanguineous fluid
Of mine, so deep blue-ed,
So sure, so richly curulean hu-ed,
Boils o'er when I think of my state of humility,
At their cool incivility
I weep in humility,
Mility, ilite,
I was made for an ornament, not for utility.

It, in truth, does surprise me,
Even tailors despise me,
And drapers exalt their base nasal protuberances;
And they laugh me to scorn,
These tradesmen baseborn,
As they see me pass by all hard up and forlorn,
And they give to their scuffings their fullest exuberances.
Their nasal protuberances
Proclaim their exuberances,
Exuberances, iberances,
Their shoddy exuberances.

Is there no pity
For me in this city?
I've stated my case with the nicest veracity,
For ne'er a Plantagenet
(The idea has outrage in it)
Fell so low as to stoop to a word of mendacity.
No; my veracity
Shall not change to mendacity,
Mendacity, acity,
A Plantagenet never yet stooped to mendacity.

Put your hands in your coffers,
Ye plebeian scoffers,
And let me return to the lands of my ancestors;
That proud home of my childhood,
'Midst England's fair wildwood,
(To see which Canadians from this land be beguiled would)
And far from the smoke of Newcastle and Manchesters,
Aye, my once kingly ancestors
Scorned Sheffields and Manchesters,
Manchesters, anchesters,
But little they cared for Sheffields and Manchesters.

COLD STEAL.

The London *Advertiser* probably imagines that its readers never see a copy of George Peck's *Milwaukee Sun*, or it would hardly be sufficiently barefaced to publish a story of the bad boy and the grocery man in its issue of Feb. 15th, as "something our reporter overheard between two boys." The *Advertiser*, however, gives itself dead away, as anyone will see who reads the article in question. We are always suspicious of anything good in the *quondam* only religious daily.

GRIP'S FABLES.

THE BAD BOYS AND THE TEACHER.

There were once two Boys, named Tommy and Uriah, who were attending the same School, and one day they conducted themselves in school hours more like two Bear Cubs than members of the Human Race, and the Teacher felt compelled to administer a good Ticking to each of them, laying it on where it did the most Good. And when they went Home at noon they each told their Parents of the Great Grief that had befallen them. And Tommy's Papa chuckled to himself and was filled with Joy, but Uriah's parents were very indignant and took their Son away from the School and caused the Teacher to appear before a kind of a One Horse Beak, who imposed a penalty of many Dollars upon him, thus stamping himself as great a Nin-com-koop as Uriah's Papa. And when Tommy and Uriah grew up and became Big Men, Tommy turned out to be a Real Nice Fellow, with a large family, all of whom he sent to School, telling the Teacher that he himself did not pretend to be wiser than King Solomon, and that if his children made Vulgar Little Whelps of themselves, to let them have it Hot and Strong. But Uriah got a position in a Bank, and before two years had elapsed he was arrested for Cooking his Books: for he said to himself, "My Paw will not let me be punished, and I shall get off All Hunk," but this is just where he fooled himself and got left, for the real Beak, and not a One Horse Substitute, bounced him down for five years, and he was Very Sad.

MORAL.

As no true boy was ever yet known to sit still for five Consecutive Minutes when he had a Chance to Move Around, it is evident that Nature provided a certain Part of his Body for some purpose besides sitting down; and it is always Bad Policy to attempt to thwart the Benign Designs of Nature.

HAIL, SOAP-BUBBLE.

Soap bubbles can be blown to a size of two feet in diameter and kept two days by using a preparation of oleate of soda and glycerine.—*Hamilton Times*.

Let those who have declared that the *Times* had not a mission on earth, now take a seat as far back as possible. The above recipe, alone, is sufficient to stamp the *Times* as a benefactor to humanity. The man who has not hankered for a two foot soap-bubble is dead to all sense of honor and morality. What does Scott say in his noble, glorious, and immortal Marmion?

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
Where may I get with little trouble,
A bright, prismatic two-foot bubble,
Preserved in all its glorious sheen,
By oleate and glycerine?"

What more can any man desire on this earth than a collection of soap bubbles? those things of beauty which, with a little care, can be made a joy, if not for ever, for at least two days, and the man who cannot be really, truly happy who has in his possession a choice assortment of these delicious bivalves, or words to that effect, should be immediately sat upon and nipped in the bud.

The recipe is not, however, sufficiently explicit, and we are somewhat at a loss how the preparation mentioned is to be used; whether applied to the bubble with a whitewash brush, or whether the bubble should be thoroughly soaked in the mixture and then hung out to dry. Further advice on the subject will be thankfully received.

The noblest pursuit of Woman.—An honest man.

THE RIME OF THE NORMAL STUDENT.



was a youth, in very
truth,
Who halted me on
the street,
And he held me fast in
the piercing blast
That bore the snow
and sleet.
And I could not flee
from the youth, for
he
Clutched hold of my
button tight;
Whilst all around on
the frozen ground
The snow lay pale
and white.
"What would ye have,
young man, I crave,
Nay, tell me and let
me go?"
"I will, I will; if ye
but stand still,
And don't be rearing
so."

His eyes were red as a poppy-hed,
His cheeks all haggard and pale,
And his limbs shook fast 'neath the piercing blast,
Like reeds in a wintry gale.

"Oh! go not away, but a moment stay,
For my tale I now must tell;
'Tis a yarn I must speak out or bust."
Down, down the snow-flakes fell

And hid us from sight in a mantle white,
But still the youth spake on:
"My tale is sad, but I am not mad,
Tho' in truth I'm pretty far gone.

I'm a student, a fool, from the Normal School,
And day after day I cram;
And I'm hurting my brain 'neath the awful strain
Of working for my exam.

Night after night, by my candle's light,
I read in my room at home;
And I rack my brain with awesome pain
O'er many a classic tome.

My head throbs, throbs; and my worn heart sobs
As I gaze on the fearful pile
Of stuff that my part is to learn by heart,
As I burn the midnight ile.

There's arithmetic and rhetoric
And physiologie,
Philosophie and chemistree,
Euclid and algebre,

Etymology, Entomology,
And also Therapeutics,
Music, Geometry, Trigonometry,
And likewise Pharmaceutics;

Then Latin and Greek, and learn to speak
In French and Italian;
And the monotony of the course of botany
Is too much for any man.

Dost wonder I quail and my cheeks are pale,
And the flesh of my brow is shrunk?
Dost wonder my eyes ain't both of a size,
And are deep in their sockets sunk?

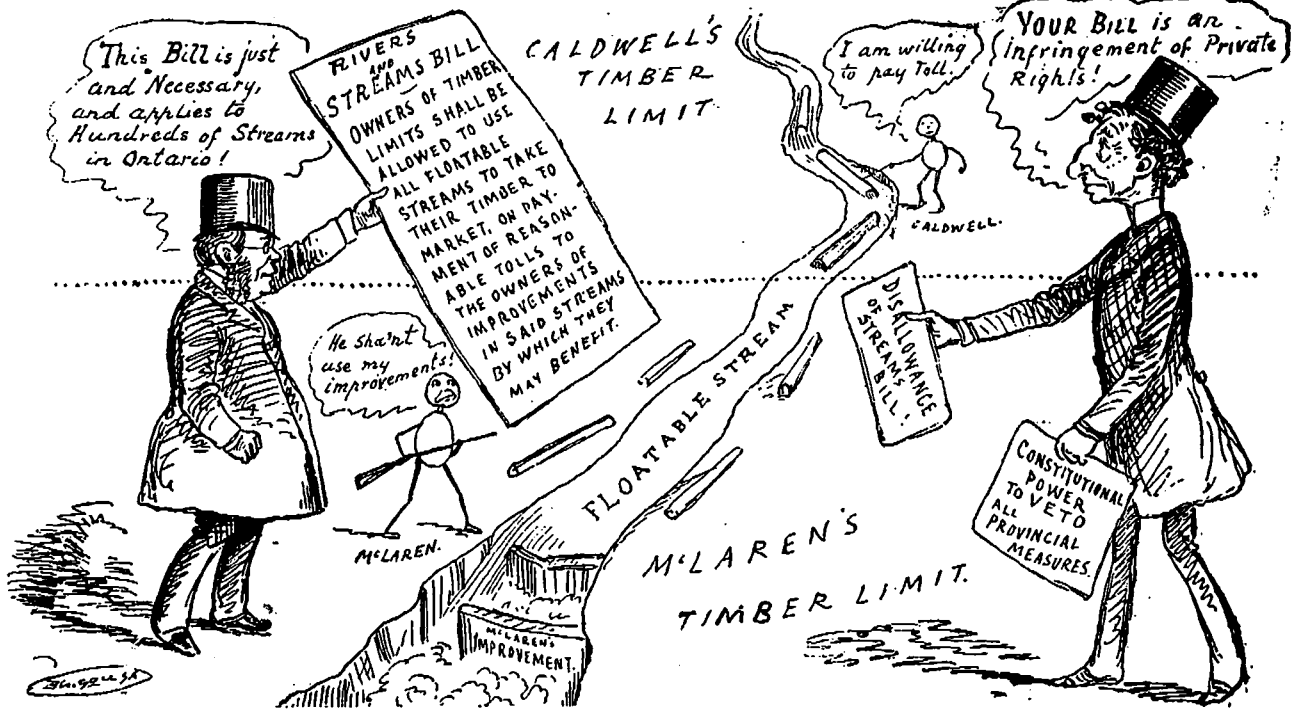
Oh! I feel that I must let up or die,
My brain will soon be gone,
And the worst of it is that in this 'biz,'
I'm not the only one.

Now, I must flee, for to-morrow will be
Examination day.
And he turned him round and over the ground
He swiftly passed away.

But I felt and knew that his tale was true,
And that never a truth he'd shirked;
And I said, "Oh! fools, who run those schools,
Your pupils are overworked."

Master Tommy—he had been very naughty, and was now amusing himself with his Scripture prints: "Here's Daniel in the lion's den!" Mamma, incautiously: "Ah! What was he cast into the lion's den for?" Master Tommy, with triumph: "'Cause he was good."

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets," or sugar coated granules—the original "Little Liver Pills," (beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.



A PLAIN STATEMENT OF THE FACTS IN THE MATTER OF THE "STREAMS BILL."

THE CIRCLE SQUARED.

Come list to my ditty, ye scientists singular,
Though rather peculiar the rhymes of my jingle are,
For I have done something not yet done by man:
Nay, wreath not your lips with those smiles that are
skeptical,
He who does what I've done, him a skillful adept I call,
For many have failed in devising a plan
For making rectangular figures elliptical.
Yes, for squaring the circle I've hit on a plan.
Now don't get excited: Keep cool and sang froidical,
As all should who tackle these figures rhomboidal,
Angular, circular, what shape you please;
Keep calm, and allay all your feelings excitable,
Don't drink, (you'll get nothing but water at my table.)
I'll point out my plan with the greatest of ease.
Don't drink, as I've said; you may eat all that's biteable,
And I'll square you the circle with consummate ea-e.

Now the plan that I've hit on for squaring the circle is
A simple affair, not a labor for Hercules,
It's as plain as a pikestaff by day to the eye;
Sit down to a table well spread with such luxuries,
Such things as are made by good housekeeping *wives*,
And amongst them, be sure, have a round rabbit pie.
Then, as quick as that trip that we read of of Puck's or his
Chums, make a square meal of a round rabbit pie.
And you've well fared,
And the circle's squared. (Q. E. D.)

THE DIFFERENCE.

"In our country," said the Englishman, as
he leaned back in his chair, "before we marry
we arrange to settle a certain sum upon the
wife."
"Yes, I know," replied the American, "but
with us it is different. It is after we are mar-
ried that we settle everything on the wife and
arrange to beat our creditors."
"Haw! I see. And how do the creditors
take it?"
"They never find anything to take."

Letter from a well-loved young French
lady to her lover: "Finally, my ownest own,
understand that I love you more for your de-
fects than your moral qualities, and thus judge
of the boundlessness of my love for you!"

Teacher, teaching boy to say the ten com-
mandments, asks the boy to repeat "Honor
thy father and mother," etc.

Boy, having been treated badly by his
parents, sharply—"Honor to whom honor is
due."

THE WRONG HOT PLACE.

At a dinner party in London there were two
sisters present, one a widow who had just
emerged from her weeds, the other not long
married, whose husband had lately gone out
to India for a short term.

A young barrister present was deputed to
take the young widow in to dinner. Unfortu-
nately, he was under the impression that his
partner was the married lady whose husband
had just arrived in India.

The conversation between them commenced
by the lady remarking how extremely hot it
was.

"Yes, it is very hot," replied the barrister.
Then a happy thought suggested itself to
him, and he added, with a cheerful smile:

"But not so hot as the place to which your
husband has gone."

The look with which the lady answered this
lively sa'ly will haunt that unhappy youth till
his death.

To make half-a-crown go far.—Send it to an
African mission.

The four boxes that govern the world.—The
cartridge-box, the ballot-box, the jury-box,
and the band-box.

Two of the winter months have passed and
it is now time for the man with patched pants
to be saving up for a new pair before he sheds
his overcoat.

The benefits arising from Dr. J. Rolph Mal-
colm's system of treating pulmonary diseases by
inhaling vapours directly into the lungs has now
withstood the test of twenty years practice.
Address him at 35 Simcoe street, Toronto, for
book.

IT STANDS AT THE HEAD.

**THE LIGHT-RUNNING
Domestic Sewing Machine**

A. W. BRAIN,

SOLE AGENT

And general Sewing Machine Agent. Repairer of all
kinds of Sewing Machines. Needles, Parts and Attach-
ments for Sale.

7 Adelaide-st. East, TORONTO.

The Goddess of Liberty on the new United
States nickel wears her hair banded, but her
full-length pictures show that she is not a safe
person in the matter of dress for modest
ladies to follow.



DR. E. G. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a
guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions,
Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostra-
tion caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakeful-
ness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, result-
ing in insanity and leading to misery, decay, and death;
Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either
sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea, caused by
over exertion of the brain, self-abuse, or over-indulgence.
Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box,
or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of
price. With each order received by us for six boxes,
accompanied with \$5, we will send the purchaser our
written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment
does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by
JOHN C. WEST & CO., 81 and 83 King Street East
(Office upstairs), Toronto, Ont. Sold by all druggists in
Canada.

"The International News."

Write enclosing stamp for a copy of the above, publish-
ed at the International Throat and Lung Institute,
monthly. It contains a treatise on the symptoms, causes,
and this new and wonderful mode of treating catarrh,
catarrhal deafness, bronchitis, asthma and consumption,
also letters from patients, showing a few of the many
wonderful cures that have been made in all parts of Can-
ada and the United States by the Spirometer (invented by
M. Souville of Paris, ex-aide surgeon of the French army)
and the medicines prescribed by him and the surgeons of
the institute. Consultations and a trial of Spirometer
free. Parties unable to visit the institute can be success-
fully treated by letter addressed International Throat and
Lung Institute, 173 Church Street, Toronto, or 13 Phillips
Square, Montreal.

PROFESSOR WIGGINS has plied his storms so
strong and heavy that they have nearly worn out the
winter. It is doubtful if it has enough vitality left to
undertake the March storm, but don't wait for it, go at
once to

A. W. SPAULDING, The Dentist,
51 King Street East,..... TORONTO.
(Nearly opposite Toronto St.)