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GRIP

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BENGOUGH, 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.

MONTREAL AGENCY 124 ST. JAMES ST. JOS. S. KNOWLES, Agent.

NEW YORK AGENCY 150 NASSAU ST. AZRO GOFF,

Sole Advertising Agent for the Middle and New England States.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Our French fellow-citizens continue the effigy-hanging business with Gallic fervor, and the fever of rage against the Government seems to be increasing throughout the Province. This expression of hostility, however, proceeds upon a mistaken basis. The Government is denounced for having hanged Riel—the members of the Cabinet are declared to be murderers, and the victim of the judicial slaughter is elevated into a martyr. In the opinion of a vast majority of the people of Canada the Government did no more than their duty in allowing the law to take its course in the case of the rebel leader, and every intelligent person outside of Quebec knows that the talk about "Orange fanaticism" in the matter is the veriest hosh. Now, if this crazy business goes on it is going to have the precise effect the Mail foresees and is working for, namely, the sustaining of the Government at the next general election by an overwhelming majority. If the issue is staked on the idiotic proposition that "Riel is a martyr and the Government murderers," it needs no prescience to assure us what the verdict of a sane electorate will be, and in case of such a victory the Government neatly escapes from what they most dread—a searching enquiry into the causes which led to the rebellion. The French enthusiasts have made a mistake in the wording of their placards for their effigies. A careful study of our cartoon will do them good.

FIRST PAGE.—Notwithstanding the disclaimer of Mr. Tarte, it is true that the popular doctrine in Quebec is to the effect that Riel should have been spared because he was of the French race. It is no wonder that Mr. Tarte hastens to deny this, as the very statement of such a piece of nonsense is a reflection on the

intelligence of the people of his Province. "Wandering Spirit" had just the same right to a commutation on the ground that he was of Indian blood; and if the principle is to be admitted at all, it naturally ends in a reductio ad absurdum.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Nobody has yet told us why Sir Charles Tupper could not have attended to the Reciprocity business which called Sir John to England in such hot haste. And why? Oh, because nobody supposes that Sir John went to England primarily on any such mission. The visit is another ironical commentary on the promises that were made when the High Commissionership was created.



FASHION ITEM.

False hair is attaining a high popularity.—Ladies' Journal.

THE PRESENT STATE OF RELIGION.

SIR,—I hev notissed of layte the inklineation of our pulpit lambs to turn rams and but each other in a most extrorniry way. They cite passages of Scrippter from the time of the passige of Faro who was on the keen run after the isralites to the rayther prolonged passige of Noah's line of steamers. I do hayte the rakin up of old fudes like those. Faro's ded—let him lie sine die. Just now a man by the name of Littledale who I never herd of anyway is ketchin it right and left. I guess be-kaws he's ded and can't defend hisself. Charity covers a multitoode of sins, as the feller said when he gave the beggar a brass farthing, but I rayther suspect these ministers is a tryin to make peepel believe they are offul good—so they are 2 at abuse. The idea of kawlin little-dayl a lyer and the man ded. Its redikluss. PORK.

THE BUCKRAM FACTORY.

The story, I'll tell it as well as I can, In Toronto thero lived a certain man, Who one fine morning hatched a plan; The civic brain, as it wero, to span. Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo!

Ho went to the council and said, said ho, "You've some water-lots lying waste, I see, I would like if you'd lease them there lots to me, They're just what I need for a starch factorce." Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo!

Then the council looked wise, and the council looked grave, And said, for one-fifty a foot he could have A twenty years' lease of the lots. "What a shave! Cried the man, "Twere enough if a dollar I gave!" Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo!

Then the council considered and looked very wise, And an alderman said, "Let 'em go, I advise, Let's throw in the odd fifty a foot, as a prize, To encourage home industry—give it a rise." Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo!

"A starch factorce, now's, a very good thing, A factory wealth to the city will bring; 'Twill employ lots of labor, right under our wing; Let us cherish home industry, while we all sing"— Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo!

So the man got the lots, and the lease was made out, Signed, sealed and delivered—with nary a doubt. But the man who took lots knew what he was about, As the badly sold council quite early found out. Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo!

O, the starch factorce was a castle in Spain, And never was heard of from that day again! For the lots were re-let at a figure, 'twas plain, Would net to our hore one thousand clear gain! Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo!

Then a grave alderman to the lessee he went, And asked if the rumor was true, that he meant For twenty a foot them there lots to re-rent, And clear a round thousand ere risking a cent. Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo!

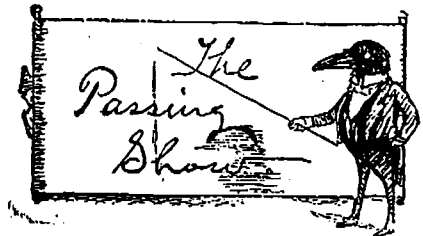
Then the lessee looked innocent, verdant and sby; He'd re-let a few feet, but 'twas all in my eye About nothing a thousand—oh, dear me! oh my! It was but fifteen hundred, still, how's that for high? Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo!

Now the council is wroth and is making things hum, And the city solicitor sits, looking glum; But the lessee hints blandly they'll see kingdome come Ere he will release them from under his thumb. Right toooral-oooral-oooral-oo! Ral-oooral-al-oooral-al-oooral-al-oo! —WATERLOTS.

FACETIE.

BY J. FRANCE.

- Bear-faced—Bruin. A cheap kind of vice—Ad-vice. Night-errantry—Getting up out of bed and going for the doctor. A cynical con—Why is matrimony like the letter e? Because it's the end of love. The milkmaid's flower—Cowslip. The housemaid's—Broom. The belle's—Venus' looking-glass. The old maid's—Wallflower. The prude's—Ice-plant. The lawyer's—Barberry. The musician's—Trumpet flower—Paddy's. Black thorn. The rake's—Wild oats. The toper's—Rye grass. The sporting man's—Woodbine. Gair's—Allspice. The fortune-hunter's—Marigold. The baseball player's—Catchfly.



PASSING SHOW.

The soloists for the next Monday "Pop." will be Miss Henrietta Beebe, of New York, soprano, and Mr. Sherlock, tenor, of Kingston. The vocal numbers will consist of English ballads, and both these artists have a high reputation in that class of music.

The concerts by the Schubert Quartette last week were the richest musical treats Toronto has had in many a year. Those who failed to be present have suffered a positive loss, which, however, they have a chance to retrieve in some measure, as the Y. M. C. A. have arranged for a return visit of the company in the latter part of March. The quartette consists of Mr. Johnston, tenor, Mr. Tyley, baritone,

Mr. Stone, 2nd tenor, and Mr. Pott, basso. Each of these gentlemen is a finished artist, as the solos they severally rendered testified, but it is the marvellous adaptation of their voices to each other in the quartette numbers that makes these concerts unique. Mrs. Goetz, soprano, has the rare power of touching the heart: of her auditors as well as satisfying their critical tastes. Miss Georgiella Lay proved herself a most brilliant pianiste, and played the accompaniments charmingly. Shaftesbury Hall will be crowded when the Schubert Quartette re-appears, if Toronto deserves her reputation for musical taste.

THE HAY RAKE MAN.

DEDICATED TO THE NOBLE YEOMAN.

He ne'er will let a farm-house pass,
The Patent Hay Rake man.
He walks in with a cheek of brass,
The Patent Hay Rake man.
The greatest pains he then will take
To show, just for amusement's sake,
The beauties of his Patent Rake—
The Patent Hay Rake man.

Long hours the farmer's ear he'll rasp,
The Patent Hay Rake man.
He sees the yeoman's in his grasp,
The Patent Hay Rake man.
For a consideration he
Will make the farmer agent, see?
At last the farmer doth agree—
The Patent Hay Rake man.

He has an invoice in his pouch,
The Patent Hay Rake man.
That it is genuine he'll vouch,
The Patent Hay Rake man.
The goods are wanting, and the price
Is plainly marked in the "advice,"
All which the farmer thinks so nice—
The Patent Hay Rake man.

He'll only charge him what they cost,
The Patent Hay Rake man.
Just on account of the coming frost,
The Patent Hay Rake man.
He'll take a note for all the Rakes,
The ownership the farmer takes;
Then finds the goods are no great shakes—
The Patent Hay Rake man.

The farmer's note is shaved at once—
The Patent Hay Rake man.
More victims for the Hay Rake hunts,
The Patent Hay Rake man.
The Rake's no good, but all the same,
The Rake lend's worked his little game,
The farmer is as much to blame
As the big fraud Hay Rake man.

—B.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE'S SPEECH AT THE YOUNG LIBERAL CLUB.

MA RESPECTET FREENS,—This bein' positively ma first appearance in public, I suppose the kerreck thing for me tae dae wad be tae begin, "Freens, Romans an' kintramen, len' me yer ears," only ye see that wadna be tae the pint, seein' there's no a Roman i' the kintra, an' anither thing, the members o' this club are confined neither tae ma freens, nor ma kintramen. As for yer ears, I dinna want the len' o' them, for the gude reason that I happen tae be furnished wi' a gude whappin' pair o' ma ain. It's aye been an onaccountable mystery tae me hoo a respectable Roman like Maister Anthony, noo, cud make sic a rideckless ass o' himsel' as tae seek the len' o' the folks' ears, I canna account for't in ony way except on the supposition that he had been makin' ower frae wi' Caesar's funeral whuskey. What was the use o' askin' the thing he kent brawly they cudna gie him? Nae doot there's some folk in this world that wad pairt wi' their lugs if they were lowse, but it's ma private opinion that the Roman lugs were a weel fastened on, an' at a respectable distance frae the croons o' their heads, but grantin' they had been slack enough for them tae haul them aff and len' them till him, what on earth cud he dae wi' them? They cudna hae been less than sax or seven hunder at the funeral o' sic a celebrated man as Caesar—an' what the man

wanted wi' siccan a quantity o' ears I'm sure I canna think, unless he raily wanted tae bury Caesar in them, or mak' a floral tribute o' them, like. Anither thing I dinna like, is the way he keept herp—herp—herpin' on, aboot Brutus an' the rest o' them there bein' honorable men. For my pairt I dinna see hoo Brutus was onything by ordinar' honorable. Like mony mair in this world he micht be honorable enouch when it paid him either in pouch or carackter tae be sae, but the pawkiest sophist in auld Rome cudna get me tae believe that ony man wi' a spark o' honor in him wad gang prowlia aboot the toon wi' a murderin' knife stowed aneath his cloak, for the express purpose o' murderin' an' onsuspectin' freen an' bosom crony, the very first chance he got. Na! na! ye micht as weel say the moon is made o' green cheese, as, fegs! it micht be, for onything we ken tae the contrar'.

I'm very sure if Maister Anthony had been in his sober senses instead o' been half seas ower, as is maist evident, he wad hae indicted the hale caboose o' them for murder, instead o' crackin' them up for honorable men, for the undeniable fack is they were naething but a pack o' envious, schemin', self-seekin' scoondrels; an' if Maister Anthony was here noo I wad tell him sae tae till his face. The warst o' a' is him sayin' what he wad dae gin he was Brutus—I declare I can hardly keep ma temper wi' him there. Weel did he ken he cudna be Brutus without daein' as Brutus did, an' tae say that Anthony turned intill Brutus wad pit a tongue intill ilka wound intill the murdered man's body an' set them a' claiakin' an' skreighin' till the very stanes o' the causey wad rise an' mutiny—did ever ye hear tell o' sic anither clishmaclaver? Noo, hoo cud a stane mutiny? hoo cud ae man turn intill anither ane? whaur wad he get the tongues tae pit intill the wounds? was that what he wanted wi' the ears he wanted the len' o' a' an' even sae, hoo cud he mak an ear intill a tongue? I tell ye the hale thing shows a lack o' discreemination that ye dinna expect frae a man o' sic gumption as Maister Anthony. But, hooever, wi' the exception o' thae twa slips o' the tongue, the result nae doot o' grief an' funeral whuskey, the oration, takin' 't a' in a', is no' sae bad ava, an' wad pass vera weel, if it was only tae show that amangither things copied frae the Romans we didna forget the funeral sermon.

But whaur was I? I declare I've clesn forgotten what I was gaun tae say! Bein', as I was sayin', ma first appearance on ony stage, ma thochts naterally got a wee jammit, like; till here's me, stannin' amang the crood' i' the Forum listenin' tae Caesar's funeral sermon! Sic anither association o' ideas! I really think—Losh, save us! Ma time's flown!

THE FATE OF THE FALL POET.

Ever since I can remember
Each succeeding bleak November
Calls for poems, rhymes and stanzas—
From Halifax way out to Kansas.
So it is with chill October,
Rhymes it calls for, but more sober,
Yet gloomy as the funeral pall
Are all the verses of the fall.

A weird-like man calls at the sanctum,
Whore, as a crank the "Ed."s' long ranked him,
And in his hand he holdeth "copy."
(If I'm allowed a word so shoppo)
And sayeth meekly, "Here's some verse, sir,
They might be better, might be worse, sir.
Prompted by some inspiration
Methought I'd pour out a libation.

"I sing of Autumn when leaves wither,
Which by the winds blown hither, thither,
Fly off on their erratic race,
In vain to seek a resting place.
I sing of flowers 'nipped' by the bud."
Look out! take care! a sickening thud
Upon the poet's head, unawares;
They solze and dro him down the stairs.

The "staff" all smile in happiness,
And say, "There's one fall poet less."

—B.

"CANADA'S CHRISTMAS."

This is the title of an attractive sixteen-page holiday publication, just issued by the GRIP Printing & Publishing Company. It is elegantly printed, in tint, on superior paper, and the illustrations throughout are admirable. They are entitled as follows: Frontispiece (a beautiful design); At the Rink: "Shinny" on the Ice; Young Canada at Home and Abroad; Canadian Sleighing Parties in Town and Country; Shooting Partridge; Still hunting the Moose; Snow-shoeing; Ice-boating; and lastly, a great double-page cartoon by J. W. Bengough, introducing nearly one hundred figures representing Canadian notabilities, amongst whom are the following: Lansdowne, Sir John Macdonald, E. Blake, M. Daly, A. Mackenzie, Mercier, Cartwright, Morris, Tupper, Langevin, Edgar, T. White, Meredith, Dr. Wilson, Caron, Patterson, Alexander, Costigan, P. Ryan, Rykert, McLellan, Dr. Grant, Davin, Tilley, Chapleau, Davies, Mowat, M. C. Cameron, Trow, Casey, Mills, Pope, McCarthy, Goldwin Smith, Senator Boyd, Carling, G. Brown, Wells, Gzowski, Dr. Wild, Stephenson, Landerkin, McIntosh, Sheppard, Mitchell, Hardy, Pardee, McPherson, Laidlaw, S. Blake, Finch, "Moses Oates," Manning, Farrar, Bunting, Griffin, Baxter, John Cameron, Robertson, Bowell, Lynch, and Fraser. "Canada's Christmas" will cost but 15c. per copy, and nothing more appropriate to send abroad in the holiday season could be chosen.

BOBSERVATIONS.

"Cultivate a habit o' bobservation, Sandy."
—Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

I am glad I am not Mr. Stead—that is, to have Mr. Justice Lopes charge the jury.

Riel has added his closing item to that chapter of Canadian history he strove to make glorious by inglorious means.

Whisper now, Pater, me boy, hav'n't yiz got yer north eye on that ixmiphin clause what's in danger av bein' repaled? Till me, now, wid yer Conservytiv' an' Refarm!

I am sorry to see how caddish our press is becoming in quarters where we have a right to expect better things. Honest criticism, founded on a knowledge of the facts, is replaced by diatribe, and every departure out of the beaten track is at once credited to the lowest of motives.

I notice that some persons were astounded to hear that the rebel leader "died game." There is nothing wonderful about it; natures such as his can always meet a great emergency greatly, because they invest it with all the glamour of an excited and ardent imagination; it is the drudgery of detail that brings out their littleness. When the dull reality puts to flight the glowing ideal then they fall.

Ninety thousand grog shops at one fell swoop, are closed by the Czar's prohibitory ukase against drunkenness, according to *The Week*, which proceeds to remark that "this is the sort of legislation we want in Canada." But *The Week* does not say what is to become of the men engaged in the traffic and the manufacture in Russia—it probably thinks the Czar will pension them all off handsomely for life; or perhaps it has come to the conclusion that if money is not spent in spirits it will go for bread and clothes and other articles of luxury, and thus the stricken balance will right itself. In Canada, however, *The Week* professes to think there are morals and morals, and that the morals of the Liberal Temperance Union, which would perpetuate the traffic and the manufacture the Czar has condemned, are far above the morals which enforce sobriety, and turn the stream of ill-spent money into healthier channels. That which in Russia is wise legislation, in Canada is rank tyranny.



It was a haughty millionaire
 Who had a bank account
 Of fabulous amount
 Which perhaps accounted for his
 haughty air

His age was over 93
 Which isn't very old
 For one possess'd of gold
 Who isn't married, but who ought to be.

So gracefully fair maidens posed
 In his vicinities.
 Each fondly hoped to be
 The favoured one — meanwhile he dozed.

And fond mamma's discussed events,
 They gossip'd first of this
 And then of bliss
 Secured by marriage — settlements.

Cupid, the god of love, he crept
 Upon his hands and knees
 The foremost chance to seize
 Of shooting the millionaire — who slept.

"Oh! why should beauty be ignored?"
 The god thus whisper'd low
 And stily bent his bow,
 The millionaire in answer — snored:

So beauty displayed her whites & pinks
 But no admiring gaze
 Did the wealthy gallant raise.
 He just indulged in FORTY
 WINKS.

A ROUNDEL.

Oh, Boreas bold I too soon to our southern glades,
 On blizzard wings, you come with a rush and a roar.
 Oh, call a truce; return to your northern shades,
 Till I "raise the wind" and hie to my "uncle's" door.

My Irish frieze, oh King of the North, is there;
 Likewise my watch, with its guard of the glittering gold;
 And a locket neat with a lock of my darling's hair—
 He's got 'em all (providing they've not been sold).

Oh, breezy King, just halt the myriad feet
 Of your savage hordes, till I borrow the lucre vile,
 And sneak away by an unfrequented street,
 And my "uncle" greet with a compound interest smile.

—PERRINS MIDDLEWICK.

A LEARNED REVIEW.

Having received from a publisher of children's holiday books an assortment of nursery rhymes, we thoughtlessly placed one of the little works in the hands of our University Contributor, asking him to write a playful little notice of it. Here is what he brings us. We publish it simply to illustrate the ruinous results of giving a university education to a man who is not big enough to hold it:—

Humpty Dumpty, and Other Rhymes. Illustrated. New York: McLachlan Bros.

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;

All the king's horses and all the king's men
 Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again."
 The exceeding antiquity of these matchlessly sweet lines is proved by the entire absence of pronouns; they were written before those useful parts of speech had been invented. A modern writer would have penned the lines somewhat in this fashion:—

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
 He, she or it had a great fall;
 All the king's horses and all of his men
 Couldn't put him, her, it, together again."

The next question that meets us is, who or what was Humpty Dumpty? The popular delusion that H. D. was an egg is a melancholy instance of the unreasoning gullibility of the public to swallow any plausible lie that evilly-disposed and designing individuals like to set afloat. A poet, so careful in the choice of his words as the illustrious author of the beautiful stanza under consideration, would not have written, "sat on a wall," in speaking of a thing without volition. In using the words, *without volition*, we are aware that scientists would at once demur to the phrase; they would aver that there was much *latent volition* in a hen's egg, just as there is much latent music "in the brown egg of a nightingale." We do not question the truth of such a statement; but our author was speaking to the public and expresses himself in accordance with the popular idea that eggs are, for all practical purposes, without volition; therefore, "sat on a wall" cannot apply to an egg.

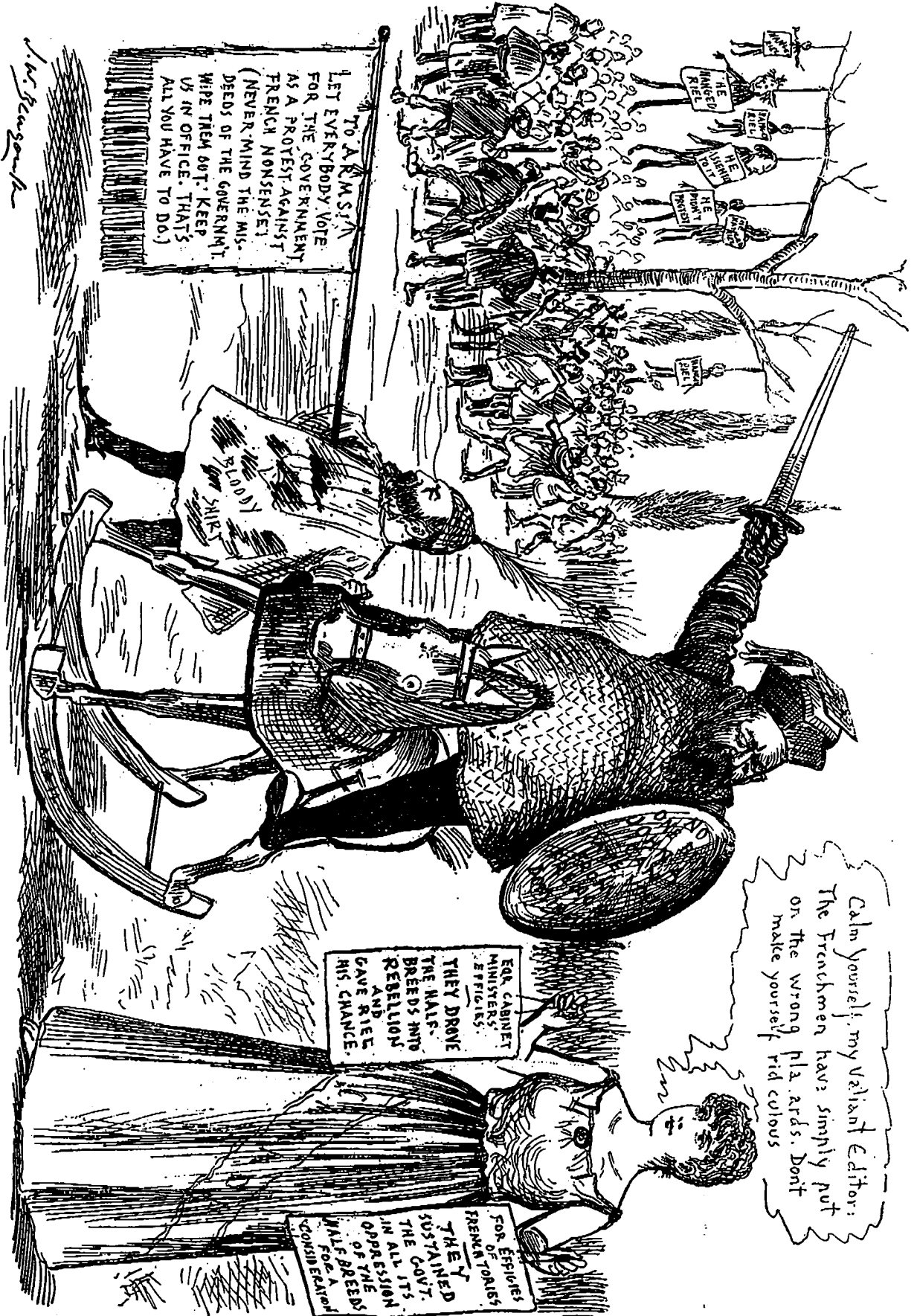
"H. D. had a great fall" from a remarkably high wall round some ancient city. This catastrophe must have occurred in a country under a despotic monarch; if not, "all the king's horses and all the king's men" would not have been summoned in such pre-emptory manner to aid in putting "together again" the unhappy victim of the untimely accident.

The difficulty of putting H. D. "together again" has been used as a strong proof of the truth of the egg-theory by writers of that school; but this difficulty of putting together again applies just as forcibly to other things. A human being, we surmise, would be a difficult article to restore to its pristine form if broken into many fragments.

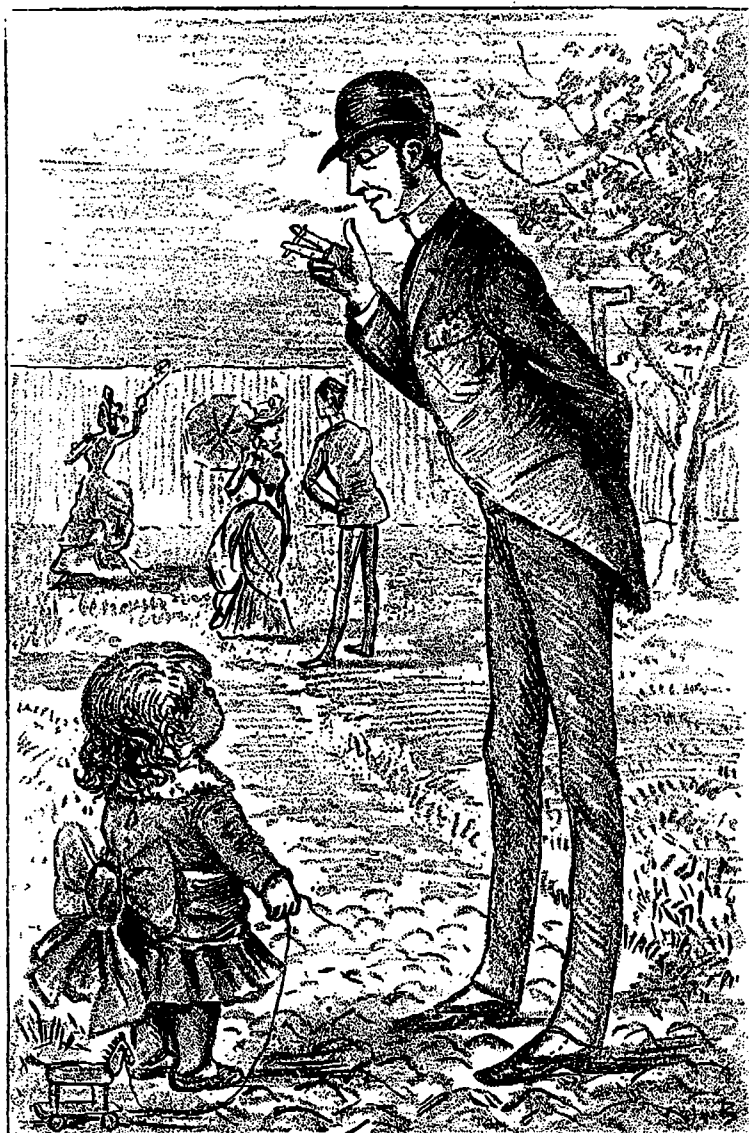
Readers must not be astonished at horses being called in to help in the restoration of Humpty Dumpty; the Romans once had a horse for a consul; and in our own day, in this enlightened nineteenth century, we have horse-doctors, who do a thriving business. And in ancient history we read of a Babylonish queen who, in sickness, was attended by a horse. Our belief is, that Humpty Dumpty was a deformed dwarf, probably a celebrated court jester in the employ of some King of Babylon; that he was sitting on the high wall performing some trick when he unfortunately overbalanced himself and had the great fall which smashed him to atoms. The king, in mad despair, summoned all his men and all his horses in the vain hope that somehow or other H. D. would be put together again. As this hope, in the nature of things, could not be possibly realized, the poet mercifully throws a veil over the remainder of this sad history—the obsequies and attendant lamentation, weeping and woe; the contemplation of such misery would have harrowed up our feelings cruelly! Thanks, noble poet, for thy thoughtful consideration and forbearance.

E. W. L.

"And so Todgers has failed, has he?"
 "Yes, poor fellow, he's gone under."
 "I've thought for some time he couldn't stand it much longer."
 "He hasn't been extravagant, has he?"
 "Oh, no."
 "Not much given to speculation, was he?"
 "No, I think not; but I understand his wife has been for some time trying to clear off a church debt."—Chicago Ledger.



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING!



QUITE FRESH.

Mr. McDude.—Well, my little fellow, and how old are you?
 Little Adolphus.—I ain't old, I'se nearly new!

THE BEAUTIFUL S—

Beautiful snow!—oh!
 Moses! who struck me this time
 Such a terrible, vindictive blow?
 What? snow is no subject for rhyme!
 Now I think they are suitable,
 My lines on the beautiful—
 Oh! stow
 That large club away,
 I'll wish you road day;
 Still, I think that my rhyme
 Is simply sublime.
 On the beautiful, beautiful snow.
 But no newspaper man or editor can
 Stand any poem, on snow, oh no!

A LA NORMAL SCHOOL.

PRIME CITY, Oct. 1st., 1885.

MISTER GRIP,—Oh, say! if I send you some letters all the way from Prime City will you print them? Oh, do! there's a good GRIP—now if you don't you'll be real mean. I'm just

dying to tell you all the fun we have at school here. You know my pa and ma sent me to school here in Prime City, it isn't quite a hundred miles from Toronto, and I board with my auntie and my cousins, three great big fellows, and they go to the same school as I do; but in school we're not allowed to speak to each other, oh my, no! It's so funny. In the country school where I was brought up, the boys and girls all learn in the same class, and you don't think no more of a boy than of a girl; it's just all like brothers and sisters. Some were nice and some were horrid things, just like it is at home, or at auntie's with my cousins. But here the boys are shut up and locked out from the girls; you've got to shun the boys like they were lepers, or like it is in a nunnery. Good gracious! if they saw you speaking to a boy they'd take a fit. And oh! it is such fun. One day we were all sitting at lunch, and the caretaker went out to get something. "But," says he, "girls"—and he'd such a dry twinkle in his eye—"I'll have to shut the door after

me for you know you might see a boy!" Well, sir, I just roared.

The master is an awful good man, awful good, and so strict, oh, my! fearful strict. He's got to be strict, and it keeps him watching the boys and girls all the time. My cousin Jack says he has velvet soles to his boots, and he comes slipping, slipping without a sound, so sly, and just when the boys are in the middle of a lark, he'll glide in just like the ghost in Hamlet, and first thing they know is the gleam of these awful spectacles transfixing them, and then, oh, my! ain't we prim—you'd think butter wouldn't melt in their mouths!

I tell you, Mister GRIP, I wouldn't go back to a school where the boys and girls are in class together for anything again. Why, there's no fun; every thing is frank and open and above board; no watching; no need to hide anything, no deceit; it's all so tame. We don't think a thing of the boys except to beat them at exams., but to be forbidden to speak or look at your own brother or cousin, to see them watching that you keep your eyes to the front for fear you should happen to squint over at the boys' side when we're all assembled in the hall, oh, my! it's so jolly, so comical, to have all the teachers what Jack calls private detectives! When we're all at home in the evenings we have such fun telling all the larks. Now, don't you forget to print this and maybe I'll get Jack, Cousin Jack, to send you a letter next week. Yours sincerely,
 GERTY LARKIN.

VASTNESS.

BY LORD DE-DAW.

If you seek vastness, to Canada come,
 So much the better if vast your cheek;
 Come out to Canada, make things hum,
 And crowd out Canadians humble and meek.

Lies upon this side—lies upon that side,
 Will do you to tell to the jolly marines;
 And be certain that you don't let anything "fat" slide,
 Then you're sure of your mutton and bacon and greens.

Turn up your nose at our mutton and beef,
 Pitch into the climate as "beastly and cold";
 No good beer or porter, which is the chief
 Glory and pride of your country old.

The plays are no good, and the prices ridiculous,
 "You'd see better at 'ome at a fair Penny Gaff."
 With such yarns as these you amuse us, and tickle us—
 Your vastness is funny, it makes us all laugh.

Oh! cad from the Angel at Islington—
 Oh! duffer distressed from Ratcliffe Highway,
 What on earth have we poor people done
 That such folks as you come out here to stay!

With everything here you're sure to find fault,
 Nothing does please you, not even our skies;
 Stay home and enjoy there your essence of malt,
 And don't make us sick with your sneers and lies.

-B.

ELEGANCY WANTED.

Somebody advertises in the Mail for an "elegant penman." Wonder what they want the distinguished personage for! It is hinted vaguely that he or she will be utilized in sending off envelopes. Now, an "elegant" penman would naturally be possessed of a good address and be able to address anybody or anything well, including letters or circulars. Yet we cannot help thinking that there is some hidden meaning to the "ad." Perhaps some æsthetic lady wants an amanuensis, and would like something "elegant" to harmonize with her furniture. Or, perhaps, indeed, it may be some high-toned old gentleman who requires an elegant young lady for the purpose of adoption. Or perhaps the advertiser is an Irishman or a Yankee, who always call everything that pleases them "rale illegant" or "real ullegant." Or perhaps— But we give it up.



THE ALMOST FATAL LETTER.

The night was slowly, ah, how slowly! going by as Sybil Schoonmaker sat looking in the fitful, flickering fire in the grate of her chamber.

Not yet two years married, her husband, Ferdinand Fritz Schoonmaker, had of late passed most of his evenings at that rather indefinite institution that he called "the club" instead of remaining home and listening to the news of the neighborhood and what was going on in fashionable church circles, and other delightful themes so pleasant for a man to hear from the lips of his lovely and accomplished wife, as all good husbands should, and except the utterly degenerate do; and in this no doubt all respectable Benedicts fully agree.

Poor Sybil! "And he leaves me alone night after night," she murmured to herself. "Alone, neglected, and by him. Why, oh, why, did he bring me from my father's house, my happy, happy home? Why, why did I marry a Dutchman, anyway? why?" Thus sadly communing with herself her meditations were disturbed by the sound of the front door-bell ringing violently. A servant opened the door and a boy with clothes of many colors and odors asked for the "Missis," and was ushered into Sybil's presence.

"Be you Missis Schoonmaker?" the boy asked.

"Yes, yes," answered Sybil anxiously. "What is it?"

"Here's a letter for you. Man told me to tell you to hurry up and no monkeying or he would fire him into the street."

Horror! What could this horrid boy mean?

Tearing open the oleaginous missive she read as follows:—

"BULLY BOYS HOTEL.

"MISSIS SHOONMAKER,—You had better send a hack for your husband at once. He lies here dead —"

"Dead!" With an appalling scream that almost raised the hair of the unsavory messenger through the roof of his threadbare cap, she staggered and fell unconscious into the arms of a stalwart policeman who rushed off his beat at the double to see what was up. The officer with that grace of manner so peculiar to the "force," carried the insensible lady to a crimson-velvet sofa and sprinkled some violet powder which he took off her dressing-table in mistake for cologne water, over her face, which partly "brought her to."

"Oh, dead! dead!" she moaned. "That letter, that dreadful, horrid letter!" and she pointed to the much-abused epistle lying on the carpet.

"Here, here," said the officer, "take a small drop of this," and he produced a small flask containing some restorative bearing a

very striking resemblance in color and smell to a fluid commonly called "Old Rye."

She took his advice. "I feel better now," she said. "Oh, good sir, kindly road to me again that letter. I am unable, powerless to read anything. Oh, horror! my Ferdinand dead!"

"Faith! I'll do anything that'll please a lady in trouble," said the gallant officer, Cornelius Corcoran. "The letter will explain, you say?" He raised the letter, brought it to a lamp, and perused it, when a smile as broad as a silver plate on a coffin lid illumined his expressive features.

"Did you read all the letter, mum?" he asked the lady.

"No," replied Sybil. "I read, alas! enough."

"Feth, then, I will read it till ye again," said Mr. Corcoran.

"BULLY BOYS HOTEL.

"MISSIS SHOONMAKER,—You had better send a hack for your husband at once. He lies here dead —"

"Oh!" exclaimed the poor lady.

"Will ye listen?" interrupted the now disgusted crusher. "He lies here dead drunk and if you don't send for him quick I'll fire him into the street and give him in charge of a cop.

Yours truly,
"BERNARD O'RAGAN."

"What! what!" screamed Sybil, "to think that I've been crying for an hour about that drunken thing! If I don't make him jump when he gets home I hope to holler! Policeman, get the worst hack you can find and drive that miserable wretch, my husband, from the Bully Boys Hotel to—No. 2 Station. Here's a dollar for yourself, and just try, like a good man, to rub him down gently with your baton. Good evening to you."

"Be jabers, if the bloke don't whack up another dollar," said Mr. Corcoran when he got outside, "faith, I'll put the nippers on the drunkard."

And poor Sybil! What of her? We give it up.

THE DRAMA OF THE SCHOOL BOOKS.

(Enter three Book Publishers.)

1st Publisher: Hail to the day, the happy, happy day.

2nd Publisher: For we have the contract, which it shall us pay.

3rd Publisher: And that we give good value, too, there's none shall dare guinsey.

4th Publisher (rushing in): But I say nay.

1st Publisher: How dare you us to contradict, pernicious base outsider.

2nd Publisher: There have been statements wide of truth, but you are going wider.

3rd Publisher: Or is it madness you afflict?—in us be a confider.

4th Publisher: Do silent, vain derider.

1st Publisher: Our paper it is smooth and white, our printing very black.

2nd Publisher: Our price is very moderate, you know.

3rd Publisher: And we give much better value than you gave them some time back.

4th Publisher: I'm determined to deny that it is so.

1st Publisher: The value to the Government is very good indeed.

2nd Publisher: The teachers call them excellent—The scholars are agreed.

3rd Publisher: Why then so unconvinced appear? Why thus the facts deny?

4th Publisher: The reason now you soon shall hear; And likewise by-and-by.

1st Publisher: We grieve a publisher to see—
2nd Publisher: Of standing good as you—
3rd Publisher: Declare the thing that's not to be—

All: And state what is not true. And the meaning of the sort of thing we do demand of you.

4th Publisher: This is the meaning, Number One, And Numbers Three and Two, Both of the things which I have done And do intend to do— These books I do not publish now, I am not in the ring; So I oppose you every-how, And all the books you bring. So that you shall not please me now, in this, nor any-thing; And my loud objections, through the press, continually shall ring, And each Opposition sheet shall give my objurgations wing.

The faster colors are, the slower they run. Is a moth's ma a moth-er?

PRESS COMMENTS ON OUR CARTOONS.

The full-page cartoon in the last issue of GRIP vividly illustrates an idea which very generally prevails. Sir John and Justice have met upon the ground outside of the Regina jail, from whose flagstaff floats a Union Jack half-masted. Justice looks pained as she rests her hands upon a sword, and Sir John asks: "Well, madame, Riot is gone; I hope you are satisfied." Justice is keen and cutting in her reply: "Not quite; you have hanged the EFFECT of the rebellion, now I want to find and punish the CAUSE of it."—*Whig, Kingston.*

This sentiment is echoed by every honest heart and we firmly believe the people of Canada will punish the cause of the rebellion, the shiftless Ministry supported by a servile following, when the proper time arrives.—*Dundas County Herald.*

THE stomach is the grand central of the living system, the first organ developed in animal life, and the first to suffer from excesses. Regulate its diseased action by Burdock Blood Bitters, which restores health to the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys and blood.

Among the local "ad's" this week, we see the "Rev. Savage's Band," and don't quite twig. What Reverend Savage is this? Is he a converted Zulu, or one of our own Rev. Aborigines. And his band, are they also savage? Does it mean a band of Reverend Savages—and what are they banded together for? Has this Reverend Savage no Christian name—and if not, why not?

LUXURY ON WHEELS.

The new Pullman Buffet Sleepers now running on the Grand Trunk Railway are becoming very popular with the travelling public. Choice berths can be secured at the city offices of the company, corner of King and Yonge Streets, and 20 York Street.

Appropriate punishment for sailors who mew-tinate—The "cat."

"The autumn winds do blow, And we shall soon have snow.

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of WM. WEST & Co.'s lace boots? They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

TARTE.—Naturally a little sour to the-taste of the Mail.

Imperial Cough Drops. Beat in the world for the throat and chest. Far the voice unequalled. Try them.

Punch, a monthly comic short-hand containing 32 pages full of fun. Photographic Books supplied Wholesale and Retail. Short-hand thoroughly taught by mail. Teachers sent to country towns where classes can be formed. Address all letters, etc., to the head office. THE ONTARIO SHORTHAND SOCIETY, Head Office, 36 Arcade; Branch, 26 Adelaide-street East, Toronto.

Engineering. Certificates granted, and situations procured. School teachers and advanced students will find this very valuable school to attend, and should at once send in their applications so as to secure the advantages we now offer. Short-handers should send for application form to be enrolled a fellow of our Corresponding Society, and also enclose 16c. for sample copy of "Phonographic

Short-hand, Type-writing, Book-keeping, Composition, Commercial Arithmetic, English Grammar, Writing, Languages, Matriculation in Law, Medicine, Arts, and Civil



IMAGINARY CONVERSATION IN LONDON.

Blake.—Hello, John, what brings you here? Sir John.—Oh—er—er—I forget! O yes, Reciprocity—important business—yes. Sir Charles.—And, pray, what am I here for?

SOMETHING NEW.—Fragrant Philoderma. For chapped face or lips it has no equal. Not sticky or greasy. Ask your druggist. Price, 25c.

Why is the idea of a Grit policeman capturing a Conservative wrongdoer a laughable affair?—Because its catchin' a Tory.

Before deciding on your new suit go into R. WALKER & SONS' Ordered Clothing Dept., and see their beautiful Scotch tweed suitings at \$18, and winter overcoatings from \$16.

Canada is likely to play a great part in the Indian and Colonial Exhibition in London. Through the efforts of Sir Charles Tupper we have the finest location and ample space, which we trust our manufacturers and other representative workers will worthily fill.

BOILERS regularly inspected and insured against explosion by the Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co. of Canada. Also consulting engineers. Head Office, Toronto; Branch Office, Montreal.

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Awarded in the Dominion in 1883-4 for
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McCOLL'S LARDINE

Still takes the lead for machine purposes.
CYLINDER OILS, HARNESS OILS, WOOL OILS, ETC., ALWAYS IN STOCK.

OUR "SUNLIGHT"
Is the best Canadian Coal Oil in the market.
McCOLL BROS. & CO., TORONTO.

Prompt shipment and lowest prices guaranteed.

CLOTHING. J.F. McRAE & CO., Merchant Tailors, 156 Yonge-street, Toronto.

Go to Kingsbury's 103 Church-street, Toronto, for fine Cheese and Groceries.

SPECTACLES THAT will suit all sights. Send for an Illustrated Catalogue, and be convinced. H. SANDERS, Manufacturing Optician, 186 St. James Street, Montreal.

BRUCE, THE PHOTOGRAPHER, SPELLS his name with a U, and don't you forget it. He is always on hand to attend personally on his patrons, and still leads the profession in the artistic quality of his work.
Studio, 118 King Street W.

There is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor. Parlay's is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

COOK & BUNKER, Manufacturers of Rubber and Metal Hand Stamps, daters, self-inkers, etc., etc., railroad and banking stamps, notary public and society seals, etc., made to order. 86 King-street west, Toronto.

What are you thinking of? Others claim to be Kings, and Crowns, and Perfect, but we claim to be only a DOMESTIC, but one that no lady will part with. Found only at 98 Yonge Street, Toronto. Call and be convinced.

LEAR'S
NOTED GAS FIXTURE EMPORIUM, 15 and 17 Richmond-street West. Proprietor, having business that calls him to the Old Country in June, has decided to offer for the next two months inducements to buyers not often met with. Ten Thousand Dollars Wanted. Cash customers will find this the golden opportunity.
R. H. LEAR.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—It pays to carry a good watch I never had satisfaction till I bought one of WILSON & TROWBRAN'S reliable watches, 171 Yonge-street, east side, 2nd door south of Queen.

BOUQUET, SWEET BRIAR, WHITE CASTLE, PRINCESS LOUISE.
Best Value in Canada.
MORSE SOAP COMPANY.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAPS
ARE PURE AND THEIR PERFUME CHOICE AND LASTING.

COVERNTON'S Fragrant Carbolic Tooth Wash cleanses and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, purifies the breath. Price, 25c. Prepared only by C. J. Covernton & Co., Montreal. Retailled by all Druggists; wholesale, Evans, Sons & Mason, Toronto.

CLOTHING. J.F. McRAE & CO., Merchant Tailors, 156 Yonge-street, Toronto.

PHOTOS—Cabinets, \$2.50 per dozen. J. DIXON, 201 to 203 Yonge-street, Toronto.

VIOLINS—First-class, from \$75 to \$3. Catalogues of Instruments free. T. CLAXTON, 197 Yonge-street, Toronto.

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