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 No. 10.

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Messrs. J. S. Robertson & Bros., Whitby, are Special Subscription Agents for GRIP, and have authority to appoint Sub-agents and countersign receipts issued by us.

Mr. George Crammond, our sole Advertising Agent, is also authorized to transact subscription and collecting business. Mr. C. is about to visit Montreal in the interests of the paper, and we bespeak for him a kind reception by our many friends there.

BENGOUGH, MOORE & BENGOUGH.

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.—Sir John Macdonald's forte is comedy. He is immense as the *Artful Dodger*, he plays *Macnabber* with inimitable humour, and few can equal him in the character of *Col. Sellers*, but he has just demonstrated that he is a tragedian as well. Our cartoon this week pictures him in his great impersonation of *Macbeth*. The scene is that in which he announces to the over-mastering *Lady Macbeth* that her behest has been obeyed, and the murder of the Manitoba Charter to the South Eastern Railway has been accomplished. There he stands, with the fatal dagger falling from his clutches, and a great dread creeping over him. The next scene of the play will witness a great row in the House and ultimately fitting punishment will be visited upon those who have "done the deed."

FIRST PAGE.—The Local House is now in session, and as busy as bees talking for the glory of the Province. A solid programme of downright work is before the members, however, and we trust the session may prove to be a really fruitful one. The leader of the Opposition shows a commendable inclination to take off his coat and help the leader of the Government to get through his work. This is as it should be. It is right of course for the boys to have a little fun playing at Partyism occasionally, but we never could see why play should take the place of work altogether—so long as sessional indemnities are paid.

TENTH PAGE.—The current number of Rose-Belford's *Canadian Monthly* contains a splen-

did paper on Canadian loyalty by Mr. W. D. LeSeure, B. A. It is a reply to Mr. Alpheus Todd's article in the preceding number, and, in our opinion, a conclusive one. Mr. Todd's idea of Canadian loyalty is illustrated in the first of the two sketches given on our eighth page, to wit: the loyalty of the big, overgrown calf of a boy who thinks his mother will feel offended unless he insists on being carried; Mr. LeSeure's idea is that Canadian loyalty ought to mean loyalty to Canada; that England and the world will think more of us if we show a little self-reliance, and relieve the already overburdened mother of the responsibility of taking care of those who are well able to take care of themselves. This is the view held by the *Monthly* itself, if we mistake not—and it is a view with which all manly Canadians must sympathize. *En passant*, we are glad to observe that this national magazine is flourishing. As the only purely literary medium of the Dominion, ably conducted as it is, it merits the earnest support of all.

The *Century Magazine* (late Scribner's) surprises the world by improving steadily, because most readers had made up their minds that further improvement was out of the question. Both in the editorial and artistic departments the *Magazine* more than sustains the high reputation that the late Dr. Holland won for it.

The complimentary dinner tendered to Mr. T. P. Thompson on his return from Ireland, came off with great *eclat* at Albert Hall on Tuesday evening. Mr. Thompson's letters to the *Globe* have won for him an extended reputation as a skilful special correspondent. We trust Mr. Brown will find an editorial chair for this able writer.

The *World* is suing somebody for libel. The damages are laid at several thousands of dollars, and we hope the *World* may get the money, as it will strengthen the resources of that journal—the only paper besides *Grip* that practically calls its soul its own, and isn't afraid to speak out what it conceives to be in the interests of the public.

The *Citizen* publishers have struck out in a new direction which will prove a great boon to English book readers. We have long groaned under the heavy prices charged for our *Graphic* and *Punch*, and we cannot do otherwise than recognize the proposal of the *Citizen* to supply its subscribers with "English books at English prices," as a premium which ought to bring them an enormous subscription roll.

The *St. Thomas Journal* expresses itself in this way:—

"To-day's issue of *Grip* is one of the best that has yet appeared. The artistic cartoons, large and small, are on current topics and hit the nail right on the head. It is also pleasing to see that while the press of Canada seems to have been gagged by the Railway Monopolists and land "scoopers," *Grip*, with arguments

more forcible than words, depicts the evil of the present system with the independence that carries more weight than partizan zeal."

We have been shown an autographic letter from the Princess Louise, in which she expresses her great interest in "Picturesque Canada." The Marquis of Lorne has also written to say how fully he appreciates the beauty and fidelity of this illustration of Quebec scenery. It is probable that Picturesque Canada will do a great work for this country in making our beautiful scenery known in England. It is certain that no such work has ever yet been issued in illustration of any part of the Queen's dominions.



Mill'e Rhea, a distinguished French actress, appeared at the Royal on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. The plays were *Camille* and *Adrienne*, and her acting was such as to sustain her high reputation.

Miss Annie Graham is the star at the Grand this week. She is ably supported by Mr. F. Gardner and company, in a capital play entitled *The Legion of Honour*. The piece affords an excellent evening's entertainment.

Those who love music should carefully remember the performances of the English Bell-ringers and Gleemen, at the Pavilion, on Friday and Saturday evenings of this week. No written description can convey any idea of their charming concerts. A matinee is to be given on Saturday, at popular prices.

Mr. Leslie Main is a platform genius who has struck out a new line of entertainment. Being a first-rate vocalist, as well as an accomplished elocutionist and lecturer, he provides an evening of literary and musical good things, tastefully spiced with humour and fun. His lecture on "Tennyson," on Tuesday evening, and on "Poets and Singers," on Thursday, were brilliant artistic successes. Another opportunity remains of hearing him at Shaftesbury Hall this (Friday) evening, when he will give a new lecture entitled "Grave and Gay," introducing many of his best readings and songs. He proposes to visit some of the leading towns of the Dominion, and we cordially assure them of his sterling merits.

Mr. Chas. Roberts, Jr., the distinguished Reader who is to favour Toronto with two recitals next week (26th and 27th), is regarded by good critics as fully equal to Vandenhoff—some say decidedly superior. Judging by the encomiums pronounced upon him by the best New York papers, we have no hesitation in promising a rich literary treat to all who attend his entertainment. His Honour the Lt. Governor and His Worship the Mayor are to be present on the occasion.

Commander Cheyne, R.N., is about to visit various towns in the Province to lecture on the Arctic Regions. This chilly subject in Mr. Cheyne's hands always evokes warm interest from the auditors.

Remenyi, the greatest of all violinists who have ever visited Toronto, is coming again. He will give two concerts—on the 31st inst., and 3rd of Feb. respectively.

Unhappy Thoughts.

BY A CANADIAN COUSIN OF THE AUTHOR OF "HAPPY THOUGHTS."

NO I.

I am the author of a great work as yet in manuscript, to be entitled "Pessimistic Positivism; or the Mistakes of Existence," the object of which is to prove that all things are as they ought not to be, that life is a miserable delusion, and that the vexed question left undecided by Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, ought to have been summarily answered in the negative.

I recommend all those desirous of appreciating my system of philosophy, to study previously the ingenious lectures of Mr. Bob Ingersoll, and the works of the late Thomas Paine. They cannot be obtained through the Toronto Custom House, but may be picked up occasionally at Mr. Cook's well-known store. ("Unhappy Thought:" Strong meat only at the Cook's shop!)

With a view to contemplating the darker side of human existence, I intend to pass some time at the various Toronto boarding houses; also by sending my eldest daughter to a Toronto school, to become intimately acquainted with our system of Public Education. The "Unhappy Thoughts" suggested in the course of these sombre experiences will be noted from time to time as material for "Mistakes of Existence." My dismal diary is as follows: Toronto, Jan. 6. Somewhat exhausted by a lecture on "Evolution" at the *Young Men's Unchristian Association* at Dufferin Hall, I slept soundly last night till 5 a.m., when I was awakened by a hideous outcry from the poultry yard outside my window. I looked out and saw in the full moonlight an enormous Cochin rooster as big as one of Rev. Mr. Stinson's emus! Unhappy Thought: Why is this rooster like Macbeth? Because "Macbeth hath murdered sleep." More Unhappy Thought: "He will do it again." See remarks on Repetition as a cause of Evolution in "Mistakes of Existence," Vol. I, p. 23. Lay awake meditating sadly till 6 a.m., when attempted to dress. Water in pitcher frozen hard. Went to kitchen for hot water. Kitchen a den, where interviewed the cook, a fat woman using snuff profusely. Unhappy Thought: Material probably at breakfast for notes on "Deleterious effects of Tobacco when mixed with Food," (see *Mistakes of Existence*, Vol. I). Dressed slowly, razor had an edge worthy of the Glacial epoch, bit of soap jumped out of my hand and ran away under a chest of drawers, where I had to tear my hand against a nail getting it out. (Note:—Intimations of spiteful-sin-inanimate things). Breakfast at 8. Tea and coffee. Unhappy thought: Tea imperfectly differentiated from coffee. Sausages and fried liver: snuff clearly traceable, see notes. Boarders; four young men, two of them Normal School students, one a medical student, one a dry goods store clerk. Two young ladies engaged in sewing. One a school teacher. The young men never talk during meals, they act as if by machinery. The sewing girls giggle at each other. The teacher sits next me, she comes down late, eats little, goes away the soonest. Dinner at 12. Boarders come and go in silent haste. Bill of fare, same, with addition of pie and baked beans. Medical student, who seems to have some faint molecular sense of wit, informs me that the former is named "What-is-it pie." (Note:—Missing link in Evolution may yet be found in Toronto Pie Factory). Tea at 6. Same as breakfast. No animal food. Pre-historic apple pie. Size and consistency of circular saw. After tea, went to parlour, comfortable room, fire in stove, only one in house except in kitchen. Sat down to write notes for "Mistakes of Existence." Room delightfully still, no sewing girls, no students, only very quiet young man with our proud young lady on sofa. Settle pleasantly to write. Not a sound in room except the soft and not unpleasing

cheep produced by the meeting and parting of two sets of labial muscles. (Note:—To collect by observation of the actions of these young persons, materials for essay in next chapter of diary on "The Philosophy and Evolution of Kissing.")

(To be Continued.)

**MODERN GEOGRAPHY.**

SCHOOLMASTER.—Where is the finest town property in Manitoba?

HEAD BOY.—On paper.

SCHOOLMASTER.—Right. And what do they call it when town lots ten miles from town are sold at auction?

BOY AT FOOT.—A sell.

SCHOOLMASTER.—Correct. Go up head.

Divided.

I heard to-day some people say
There's been a little breeze;
The Marquis is come back again
Without his dear Louise,
And is she ill, or is she well,
Or is she bawling,
Upon the Rhone or Danube's
Delightful waters cruising?

Where warmer winds are blowing
Upon familiar faces,
And old acquaintances are bowing
With fascinating graces.
Where fashion and good breeding
Seeks a change of air,
To mollify their feelings
Of *ennui* or despair.

I do not write with levity,
Or the least desire to mock,
But if she ne'er comes back again
We shall survive the shock.
We are too plain and homely
For pampered royalty,
Who cannot feel but ill at ease
Surrounded by democracy.

And to the gallant Marquis
We extend our sympathies.
For indeed, without a wife
A lonely life is his.
When his official term is ended
Let us graciously decline
To receive another Governor
Alien to this clime.

S. S.

Intelligent Reporting.

TO THE EDITOR OF GRIP:—

SIR,—The unreliability of the average newspaper report is nothing new to those who have the opportunity of comparing the actual occurrence with its subsequent record in the press. No one will, however, deny that there are several grades of correctness to which every report deserves more or less to be assigned, and perhaps, as a rule, the nays have it. Still there

is reporting and reporting. And certainly the report of Miss Smiley's Bible-readings as given in the *Mail* of the 9th inst., is gravely open to criticism. To my mind, a report should be a photograph of the occurrence it professes to record. Like a photograph the report may be wanting in some of the high lights, but certainly all the salient points should appear; and so they will if the reporter knows his work.

In the report to which I have special reference, we are informed that "the full seating capacity of the room was called into requisition, the audience being composed principally of ladies." If erinoline were in fashion I could understand the connection between the "audience composed principally of ladies" and the "requisition" of "the full seating capacity of a room," as, however, Canadian ladies are of the, *utheles, aesthetic*, I fail to see the correctness of the logical deduction to be drawn from the statement in question.

We are next told that "His Lordship, Bishop Sweatman, introduced Miss Smiley," and I am thus led to wonder whether the reporter does not know that "His Lordship" is a style only applied to lords temporal, and not to the lord bishop of a diocese. To call the Lord Bishop, "his lordship," is just as proper as to say "his loraship, Lord Dufferin," which would be ridiculous even in a school-girl's ears.

The reporter proceeds to say that "Miss Smiley then began what cannot be termed otherwise than as explanations." I cannot help wondering whether the reporter expected to hear the audience read in turn like a class in a Sunday-school, that he takes so much trouble to expound Miss Smiley's method. For my own part I have always understood "reading" to be a *rendering*, whether by word or manner, and this, I believe, is the idea that most intelligent people have of the term, *readings*.

From what elevated position the *Mail* reporter surveyed the proceedings of the meeting, I cannot guess, but certainly he could not have stood on the common level, or he would never tell his readers that, "To aid her audience in following her explanations or deductions, Bibles or portions of the Scripture were furnished to each one present." Well, I was present and I received, as did everyone else, a sheet of hymns to be used during the services of the week. And on leaving the school-house, in accordance with Rev. W. S. Rainford's request that the audience should use them for the purpose of persuading others to attend who could best thus be reached, I received a paper headed, "Bible Readings for Ladies, etc.," which contains the credentials furnished to Miss Smiley by the Bishop of Pennsylvania and the Bishop of Michigan. These two were the only "portions" furnished the audience, and were neither "Bibles" nor "portions of Scripture;" and had they been, I cannot imagine how they could have helped an audience to follow either "explanations" or "deductions," especially the last.

Hoping that the art of reporting may make due progress in the coming year,

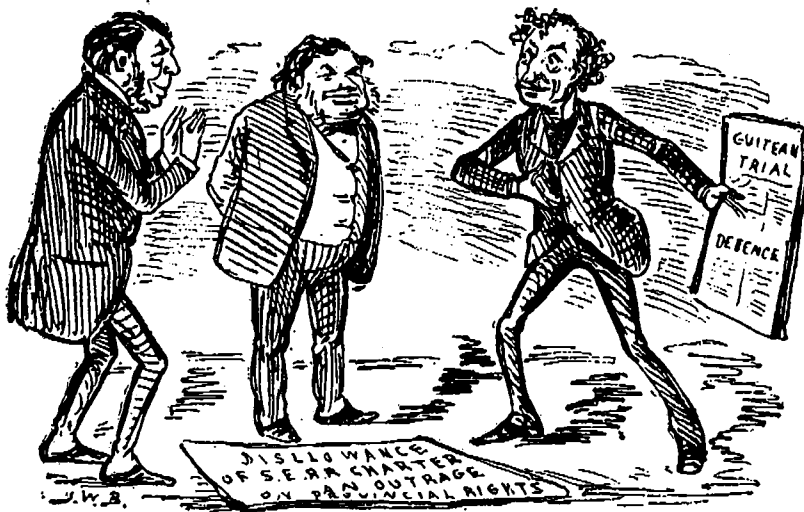
I am, sir,

Yours respectfully,

CRITIC.



"THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR"



HAPPY THOUGHT FOR THE DEFENCE.

SIR JOHN.—THERE'LL BE AN AWFUL ROW ABOUT THIS DISALLOWANCE; BUT I CAN SAY I WAS IMPELLED TO REMOVE THE CHARTERS BY THE PRESSURE OF THE SYNDICATE!

West Lynne.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

VOL. I.

Lady Isabel lived in the utmost harmony with her noble and wealthy husband. The daintiest dishes graced their table; together they perused the sparkling pages of GRIP, and each week's post brought it to their ancestral castle in the Queen's Park, Toronto. Isabel was waited on by pampered menials in gorgeous liveries. Every afternoon's hour of winter sunshine saw her step from store to store on the dollar side of King-street, while obsequious dry-goods men, jewellers, and fancy-work vendors, tripped forth smilingly to deposit her many purchases in her carriage drawn by high-stepping bays. So time passed till her husband was suddenly called away to the neighbourhood of Winnipeg, where his presence was required as an important member of the Syndicate. To cheer her up during his absence, he asked his eldest sister, Tabitha, on a visit, and requested his friend Mowbray de la Till, the most aristocratic bank clerk of the period, to call frequently in the evening.

VOL. II.

Sister Tabitha came, and did not seem inclined to go. She made herself as disagreeable as ever she could to everybody, from Sarah Jane, the hired girl, to Isabel herself. She ordered Garr to be immediately stopped, for she disapproved of innocent mirth, which could find no place in her own starchy face and thin lips. She ordered Sarah Jane's young man to be turned out of the kitchen on the Sunday evening after she arrived. She took control of the money for housekeeping, so that poor Isabel's housekeeping came to an end. She was even so mean that she stopped the weekly pocket money of Isabel's children, Tommy and Flossie. She would only allow one cent each week between the two of them, and that cent she expected Isabel to expend. The rest of their pocket money should go to buy flannel petticoats for the cannibals in Africa, and if they wanted amusement, let them read the tract about good little Samuel. "I am sure," sobbed Isabel, "I think any lady ought to feel real mean going in to spend one cent on two children. I shan't do it." "I

hate that nasty little Samuel," said Tommy. So times were far from gay at West Lynne Castle.

In spite of Sister Tabitha, Mowbray de la Till came to the castle most every evening to tea. Whilst Tabitha went fussing around the hired girl in the kitchen, he sat in the best parlour, talking to Lady Isabel and hearing her play. He deducted considerable sums from what ought to have gone to pay his weekly bill at the pic-foundry where he resided, in order to present Isabel with expensive presents. She accepted them, thinking, as many ladies still do, that bank clerks and millionaires are synonymous; and he meant no harm whatever. But one day Sister Tabitha came in just before tea, and told him to go to his own boarding-house, and Isabel said it was no business of hers, and things were too rough on Mowbray, who went home to Mrs. Wriggley, his hostess, who demanded the board bill. This, being unable temporarily to pay, he left at once for Manitoba, and entered the mounted police. Meanwhile Isabel got so insulted by Sister Tabitha that she started that very night, by a different route, to join her husband and tell him all about it, and Tabitha was wicked enough to write, and tell the street milkman that his wife had eloped with the bank clerk.

VOL. III.

Isabel could not find her husband, and she had been a week in Winnipeg when she saw by the Toronto Telegram that her children were very ill of the measles, in fact she noticed an advertisement for a sick-nursery-governess at West Lynne. She resolved to disguise herself, and, so to speak, to ante up on the red and euche Tabitha. She laid aside her lovely beaver hat with scarlet feather, her point lace collarlette, her tight-fitting black velvet jacket and polonaise, and put on a poky black imitation fur cap with thick veil, and a common shawl over a dress from a second-hand clothes store. Not a store-keeper in King-street would have known her. Tabitha was glad to hire her at four dollars a month, and no followers. But Isabel had pawned her watch and six of the rings, and every day she bought the children oranges and figs and chewing gum. Meantime her husband met Mowbray de la Till in Manitoba, heard the true story from him, and at once

set out for home, when Tabitha at once got soaked, and the supposed governess revealed as their own dear mamma to the children, who tumbled to the notion every time. Garr was taken in once more, and happiness reigned. Of course Isabel made her husband give Mowbray funds to pay his board bill, and to purchase a new Ulster, scarf pin, and *solitaire* diamond, which made him the envy of every bank clerk in Toronto.

There's a Good Time Coming, Girls.

(Tune, "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys."—H. Russell.)

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming,
I may not live to see the day
But you shall bask within the ray
Of the good time coming.
Prejudice may preach and rave,
But progress is the stronger,
There's a good time coming, girls, wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming
Oppression in our eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity,
In the good time coming
Woman's speech shall not be gagged
To prove man is the stronger,
But all her words command respect, wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming,
Woman then shall have a vote
Her opinions to denote,
In the good time coming.
I have the right to cure the soul,
Or make the body stronger,
Discourse of learning, or of law, wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming,
Woman shall not slave and moil,
Day by day in hopeless toil,
In the good time coming.
Woman shall the good things share,
Nor die of cold and hunger,
Remuneration shall be fair, wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming,
When a widow's family
Shall not be her misery,
In the good time coming.
Girls shall earn the same as boys,
Nor slaves nor toys be longer,
Their prospects then no more be sad, wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming
Peace and mercy then shall meet,
Truth and righteousness shall greet,
In the good time coming.
Nations then shall join as one
To make earth's welfare stronger,
The advent of millennium come, wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, girls, a good time coming,
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps if warmly given
Will make the movement stronger,
O hasten then the happy day, NOR WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

S. A. C.



THE UNACCOMMODATING "DRAPER."

FENTON.—Please, sir, I want material for several suits.
DRAPER.—You can't have it.



MACBETH HATH MURDERED THE MANITOBA CHARTERS!

MACBETH.—"I HAVE DONE THE DEED!"—Act. II., Scene 2.

[Markdale (Ont.) Standard.]

Fooled Once More.

MR. EDITOR:—



HE most of people relish a good story, provided it be a truthful one. Tales of adventures, daring, heroism, dangers of the deep, battles, &c., all have their charms. Who amongst us could read the adventures of Robinson Crusoe half wry through, and not have a desire to know the end of it. We confess being of this class. Now, the first thing we do when we receive our weekly newspaper is to hurriedly glance through it and pick out what we consider the most important items. These are generally distinguished by their headings; but you don't catch us trusting any longer to these glaring impositions. We could laugh at being fooled at once or twice, but to get caught a third time is our reason for remonstrating. Two or three weeks since we got to reading what we thought was a very nice story in one of our Toronto weeklies and toward the end it informed us about St. Jacobs Oil; we only laughed and said humbug. The week following we noticed another heading, "How Mark Twain Entertained a Visitor." Well, thinking we might learn a little etiquette, in case Mark should take a fancy to send us an invitation, we read it, but by St. Patrick, if they didn't finish by making Mark introduce St. Jacobs Oil. Well, confound it, we exclaimed, but they have got another dose of that St. Jacobs Oil on us again, determined not to be caught so simple next time; but now, sir, I admit the corn; along comes our *Toronto Mail* on Thursday, down we sat, and almost the first thing that caught our eye was the adventures of Captain Paul Boynton; it appeared quite interesting; it told how he had bumped against sharks, etc. At this point we began to feel a little incredulous, because, from our knowledge of these gentry, they would relish the captain alive or dead, all the same. However, determined to learn some more of his exploits, we read a little further, when—O, well, it don't matter what we said, you can't find it in any of the dictionaries. I'm dashed if the captain wasn't oiling himself all over with St. Jacobs Oil, it may be, the more easily to evade the sharks, for we made no further search, our curiosity was satisfied. Now, Mr. Editor, in order to fool us again, it will require to be printed wrong end up. We have made up our mind to look out for anything and everything in the shape of St. or Saint attached to their name.

We are sorry for the readers of any journal to be thus "taken in," so to phrase it, but what can they expect when we editors are caught in the same storm without any protection. Whilst sympathizing with them, we can only admire the ability shown in any enterprise which can thus compel, as it were, the attention of the people. When it is considered that only a short time ago St. Jacobs Oil was scarcely known in Canada, and now has so commended itself to the people of the Dominion as to become the household remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, pains, bruises, chilblains, etc., and all because of its surprising efficacy in these ailments, we think it will be regarded by everybody as a matter of congratulation that we possess, so easily attainable, such a reliable means for the cure of disease. Such is our view of the matter, although we are "fooled," on an average, about five times a week. If St. Jacob can stand it, we've made up our minds to "fight it out on that line, if it takes all Winter."

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

A Half Column of Humor.

Our foreman has just put his head in the door and asked for a half column of humor. There was no more ceremony about it, and no more thought of a refusal from us, than if he had requested a chew of tobacco or the loan of a dime, indeed not so much, for we do run out of tobacco occasionally, and there have been times, when an embarrassment has been ours, not wholly unconnected with an absence of money; but a demand upon us for humor we always honor at sight.

It is a pleasant thing to be able to promptly respond to such calls, and it is a source of constant pride to us that we are able to do so. Every week we purposely refrain from supplying the printers with enough copy so that we may have our whole being thrilled with the exquisite satisfaction afforded us by some such request as the above.

Occasionally, too, there is an addition to our pleasure by the fact of the request being overheard by some admiring friend who may happen to be visiting us. At such times we are afforded an admirable pretext for excusing ourselves to a long-winded friend; if he is a good sitter and waits for us we fire our fun into him when we have finished; and that never fails to fetch 'em.

It is a good thing to be funny, for the world is good to funny people. Many people are born that way, and when they are so funny as to be unable to take care of themselves they are placed in magnificent houses built and maintained especially for them by the State.—*Griswold, Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

If the wind were wisdom we'd all be philosophers.—Who ever saw a rich young lady that was not beautiful?—*Bowen, Oil City Derrick.*

Climb as high, young man, as a worthy ambition will let you; but never despise the ladder which assisted you upward.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Debt is man's grim shadow.—Right is the best end of an argument.—School-houses are the watch towers of civilization.—*Whitchell Times.*

You can always tell the fastidious man by his sending twenty-seven cuffs and collars to the laundry accompanied by a single shirt.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"Fall overcoats" is a frequent sign just now And many a poor fellow would like to fall over one or have it fall over him.—*Stevens (Ind.) Republican.*

The speaker is he who does not speak, and the President he who does not preside. What a beautifully simple language it is to be sure.—*Boston Transcript.*

Telephone is a mighty handy thing to have in the family when you want to order something and have not the cheek to ask the man to his face to give you more credit. Yes, it is.—*Bowen, Oil City Derrick.*

Gilded Youth: Can you judge of a man's character by his eyes? Sometimes. If he has a black eye you can infer that he is a conceited rooster and thinks he knows more about fighting than he does.—*Boston Post.*

A dog is valued according to his scents, a rich man by cents, and a wise man according to his sense, but a paragrapher and a poor man, alas, according to their non cents.—*Greenbush (N. Y.) Gazette.*

The mouth is the keyhole by which the devil unlocks a man's heart with a whisker.—The world accords more room and greater respect to a lively donkey's heels than it does to a lazy man's head.—*Whitehall Times.*

When a man tells you that he lies, believe him.—The dumber a man is naturally, the more he naturally thinks he knows.—Some men gain quite a reputation by using the originality of other people.—*Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.*

Mr. L.— writes to inform us that his son has a taste for poetry, and asks, "What should he do?" Send him to us—he's the very young man we've been looking for! We have two baskets of sprung poetry; we will let him eat the whole of it!—*Philadelphia Sun.*

A man deposited \$53 in one of the Hartford savings banks, left it there and died. The bank paid the executor last week \$479 or \$426 for the use of the \$63, more than nine times the amount of the original deposits. The lesson this teaches to be frugal and die should be treasured by many.—*Danbury News.*

To the humorist who is also a sentimentalist it must be pleasant to reflect that his witticisms have caused red lips to smile with delight, and white throats to swell with laughter that begets no sorrow. And, by the way, land is fifteen cents a pound.—*E. R. Wick, Danbury News.*

W., the lawyer, did not like visitors. One day, being "annoyed" oftener than usual, he determined to insult the next man who entered his room. In came D., and with his usual cheerful manner said, "How are you, old boy," and sat down. W. was boiling over. "What is the difference," he asked, looking savagely at D., "between that stove and a jackass?" D. saw something was wrong, so he got up and walked towards the door. "Can't you answer?" said W. "Not positively," said D., "because I have not a foot-rule with me. I'm going to get one, to give you fair measurement! Please don't move until I return!" And he shut the door with a bang that made W. jump in his chair!—*Philadelphia Sun.*

**TENDERS.****CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**

Bridge over the Fraser River, B. Columbia.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned will be received on or before the 10th day of FEBRUARY, 1882, for furnishing and erecting a Bridge of Steel or Iron over the Fraser River, on Contract 61, C. P. R.

Specifications and particulars, together with plan of site, may be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer, at Ottawa, on or after the 10th of January, inst.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms. An accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$500.00 must accompany the tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into contract for the work, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required by the deposit of money to the amount of five per cent. on the bulk sum of the contract, of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

(Signed,) F. BRAUN,
Secretary.Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, January 5, 1882.

A Tale of Fair Women.

Mr. GRIP has great pleasure in giving to the public the following letter from Miss Susan St. Clair, as well as the stanzas of her friend, showing as they do the sentiments of Canada's fair daughters on the importation of their European sisters to poach, so to speak, on what they consider very justly their own preserves.

Piche Island, Co. Kent,
Jan. 18th, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP:—

I, among the other young ladies living "west of Chatham," feel indebted to one of our own ex who, in a letter to the *Mail* of the 14th instant, under the *nom de plume* of "An O'd Maid" gives a piece of her mind regarding the presumed exodus of the surplus female population of Great Britain to this country as a "promised land" for their matrimonial ventures. This invasion of unmarried young persons is, I believe, encouraged by no less a personage than our own Governor-General, and a horrid rumour is afloat that the Dominion Government is to grant aid to this scheme, which is directly antagonistic to the vested, or shall I say vestal rights of our own young women, who certainly, according to the spirit of the National Policy, ought to be protected from the foreign market. I send in its entirety a few stanzas written on the subject by a young lady of my acquaintance, and which I hope, with your well-known gallantry and sense of justice, you will publish in GRIP, that terror of evil-doers.

Yours patriotically,

SUSAN ST. CLAIR.

P. S.—I am only eighteen myself.—S. ST. C.

A Modern Girl's Ideas on Female Emigration.

What is all this talk about emigration
That Lorne is making "over the sea,"
If I understand the situation,
I think he had better just let things be.
"Women are scarce"—well, I'd like to know it,
Here we are, numbering seven to one;
Our chances of husbands are slim—I can show it,
And will be slimmer if this thing goes on.

Here are we maidens lingering, sighing,
"Wasting our sweetness on desert air,"
And for all our scheming, and all our trying,
We can't get husbands our lot to share,
It isn't that we're useless—we know our duties,
We can cook and wash, can scrub and sew—
We may not be rosy like English beauties,
But we've style and accomplishments—that I know.

Don't we take interest in all around us?
In Churches and Sunday-schools, missions and such,
Why, if men were so plentiful, they would surround us,
And force us to marry—but do they?—not much.
And as to these pioneers out on the prairies,
Who are dying for wives—I know it ain't so,
Why don't they ask us, they've no cause to fear us,
Let them say "Come along," and we'd willingly go.

Now let me advise all my fair English sisters
To calmly reflect ere they cross o'er the sea,
They are just as well off in the pay of their masters,
With as good chance for husbands at home as have we,
No, no, let us girls have a chance first to marry,
Then bring out your shiploads if girls get scarce,
But talk of that now—every Tom, Dick, and Harry
Knows perfectly well that the thing is a farce.

ALMIRA.

Chatham, January 7th, 1882.

The Heathen Chinese.

We are advised by newspaper paragraph, that a poor heathen who had come to London, Ont., and settled down there with the intention of earning an honest livelihood by laundrying, has been jeered at, hooted, and stoned out of that Christian, church-going, law-abiding city, and was fain to escape with his life to Toronto, all of which is coolly recorded by that enlightened and liberal instructor of public opinion, the daily paper, without one word of protest or disapproval therefrom. GRIP has hitherto

been of opinion that it was the dark places of the earth, yeelpeth heathendom, which were full of cruelty. That a moreiless crowd of lawless loafers should be allowed by Christian citizens to persecute and hound a poor inoffensive laundryman out of their city, for no other offence than being an emigrant from that land to which we are implored in Macedonian accents to send missionaries in order to convert them from the evil of their ways, is an anomaly anything but pleasing to contemplate. It strikes GRIP that that paragraph, descriptive of the stoning of a lonely and defenceless foreigner, if translated into Chinese, and sent to the flowery land, might form an appropriate text wherewith to illustrate to the worshippers in the pagodas, the evil effects of that Christianity which is sought to be disseminated among them, and might perhaps induce them to subscribe funds to send missionaries to convert the unbridled youth of the Forest City to the gentler, unoffending manners of the Celestials. It is to be hoped that Toronto, to which he has fled as to a city of refuge, will act consistently with her reputation as a city of churches and missions, by showing this stranger and sojourner, this representative of a people we are so anxious to convert, that in this city at least he shall be protected with the strong arm of Christian justice, in his humble endeavours to earn a living, and to owe no man anything.



THE MUNRO DOCTRINE.

YOUNG CANADA.—That doctrine of yours is sound, Sam! This continent is intended to contain only one nation. The question is:—which of us is it to be!

Goodwill among Men.

A CHRISTMAS EDITORIAL AFTER THE MANNER OF THE OTTAWA "CITIZEN."

The London *Advertiser* is a nasty, scurrilous sheet, whose editor delights in falsehood, slander and vituperation. In his issue of Thursday he called Sir Charles Tupper a "sea coast snorter." How elegant! how dignified! He then goes on to charge this distinguished and able gentleman with being "a bully and a coward." What very abusive and disgusting language. It is simply horrible to think of the manners of these Grit hirling sheets that are ever ready to belch forth their spicen against their enemies. But Sir Charles Tupper is not a coward; it is Blake who is such, and not only is he a coward, but a mean, miserable poltroon as well. Who but a coward would make a boast of stabbing under the fifth rib, and kicking out Alexander Mackenzie with a "speak

now" letter? Coward, indeed! Blake is the biggest coward in the world. As for a "bully," look at Cartwright, that wretch Cartwright! Was there ever a greater specimen of bullying than the way in which he left the Conservative party and joined the Grits? The miserable mixer and muddler, the nasty, crawling, cringing bully! But language utterly fails to adequately paint these besotted cowards and bullies of the other side. When will the time come when personalities will be banished from Canadian politics?

Johnsoniana.

One evening at Lady Beauclerc's, Garrick, Gray, Walpole, Wilkes, and others of the *virtuosi* being present, Boswell, in order to show off to his noble hostess the large and comprehensive knowledge of the sage regarding the public men of the time, asked the great man, "Doctor, what is your opinion of Baxter?"

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, looking sternly at his questioner, "do you mean 'Saints' Rest' Baxter?"

"I crave your pardon, sir, most humbly," explained the obsequious 'Bozzy,' "I made bold to allude, sir, to Baxter, one of the greatest of our retired City Fathers."

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, turning fiercely upon his follower, "why do you worry me with such puerile and semi-idiotic questions? What have I to do with City Fathers? I know nothing of them except from their indifference to my impecuniosity and callousness to my extreme indigency during my sojourn in Grub Street. Sir, you're an ass! However, to oblige my Lady Beauclerc, I will say that Baxter is the double quintessence of a rhetorical ward politician, obfuscated with the protuocance of his own corporosity."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Lady Beauclerc.

"Now," said Dr. Johnson, "I'll take a waltz down Fleet Street."

"Oh, sir," said the faithful Boswell, "may I, with humility and a thorough appreciation of your valuable time, ask you as an especial favour to Lady Beauclerc, to condescend to give us a gentle synopsis of your opinion of Blake?"

"Who? Admiral Blake?" roared the great lexicographer. "Madam, he is an infamous son of a sea cook, and should be keelhaunched under his own flagship."

"Sir," exclaimed the frightened Bozzy, "I allude to Blake, the leader of the Opposition."

"Ned Blake, sir," said the great Doctor with great deliberation, at the same time inverting one of her ladyship's candles to make it burn brighter, and spilling the melted wax on the carpet, "Ned Blake, sir, is an Irish Red Shank who would be better riding steeple chases over the stone walls and through the sodden bogs of his ancestral Galwayan deserts, than endeavouring to act the part of a statesman. He is a *doctinaire*, a visionary and a dreamer. Sir, Ned Blake is a nefarious nisi priusified popinjay, belcaugered with the bulkification of is bulldosed bri eosity."

"Do tell!" said Lady Beauclerc.

"Now, as I said before," said Dr. Johnson, "I'll take a skip down Fleet Street."

"Not, I hope, before giving me your opinion of Sir John, Doctor," said her ladyship, with one of her most bewitching smiles, that always subdued and mollified the roughest moods of the ursine pundit. "I would like so much to hear your opinion of Sir John!"

"Madame," replied the Doctor, "if your Ladyship wishes information as to Shakespearean characters, I must take the liberty of referring you to Mr. Garrick, whose vagabondish so-called profession obliges him to read of such. My opinion of Sir John Falstaff—"

"I beg your pardon, Doctor," interrupted her Ladyship, "'tis not about the wicked Falstaff, but of Sir John the Chieftain and Pre-



CANADIAN LOYALTY

AS IT IS.

AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

mier that I would like to have your much-prized ideas."

"Madam," said the learned Doctor, "Sir John is by birth a Scotchman, and being a Scotchman, not much can be expected of him, but the fact of his being caught when young, clad in civilized costume and fed on provender more substantial than oaten cake and pease brose has had the effect of bringing out some brilliant qualities, which, though never discovered, may possibly lie latent in his heathenish, sans culottes clad fellow-mountaineers. I think, Madam, if Sir John would drink more tea," (here the Doctor emptied his nineteenth cup) "and less raspberry syrup, a pernicious tippie to which Horace refers when he says:

"Homo qui est inebriatus
Non potest budgeleri,"
Rasberi surepi,

he may yet be a great man. Yet," said the Doctor, sententiously, "as his case now stands I consider Sir John to be a self-sufficient Syndicated sophist, palpably pragmatic in his Pacific ponderosity."

"Thunder!" ejaculated Lady Beauclerc.
"Now," said Dr. Johnson, "I will take a waltz down Fleet Street," and he and the faithful Bozzy bowed themselves out.

Artemus Ward and the "Michigan Regiment."

In a Louisville, Ky., hotel one day, Artemus Ward was introduced to a colonel who had commanded a Mississippi regiment in the war. Artemus, in his way that was "childlike and blaud," said: "What Michigan regiment did you command, Colonel?" Then it was that the Colonel spun like a top and swore like a sailor, until pacified sufficiently to hear an explanation. Artemus, with surprise, observed, "that he was always getting things mixed about the war." It is always unfortunate to get things mixed, but never more so, than when one is sick. Then it is that the right thing in the right place is wanted more than at any other time in life, or under any other circumstances. It is a pleasure for us to note in this connection, the experience of our esteemed fellow citizen, Colonel Samuel H. Taylor, who, as is well known, does not get things mixed. In a recent communication he writes: "I do hereby certify that I suffered very much from rheumatism and neuralgia during the fall of

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1879, and tried many remedies with little if any good results. I had heard of St. Jacobs Oil, and concluded to try it; more as an experiment than with any hope of good results. I can with great pleasure commend it to others, for the reason that I know it cured me." Such an emphatic endorsement coming from one of the very foremost lawyers of our state, well and widely known, carries with it a degree of importance and suggestiveness, which cannot be over-estimated.—*Washington (Ind.) Gazette.*

If there is ever a time in a man's life when he indulges in reflections about the welfare of his future, it is when he fails in a prolonged effort to get off a pair of boots at least three sizes nearer to nothing than his feet.—*Job Trotter, Boston Times.*

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