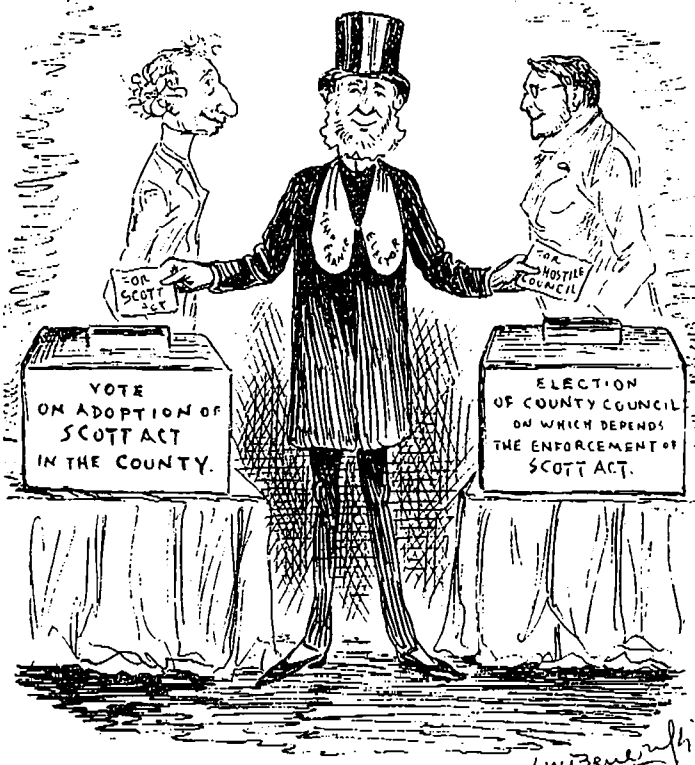
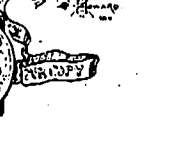
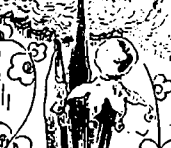


# GRIP

EDITED BY J. J. LANGRISH

GRIP CO. ENG.

LIT. TIER - ATURE



The gravest beast is the Ass.  
 The gravest bird is the Owl.  
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.  
 The gravest man is the fool.  
 - Joe Miller -

### WHY THE PARTY LEADERS LAUGH ;

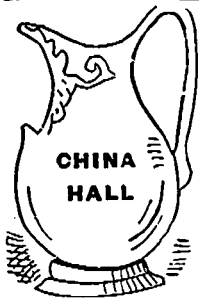
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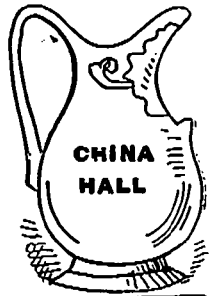
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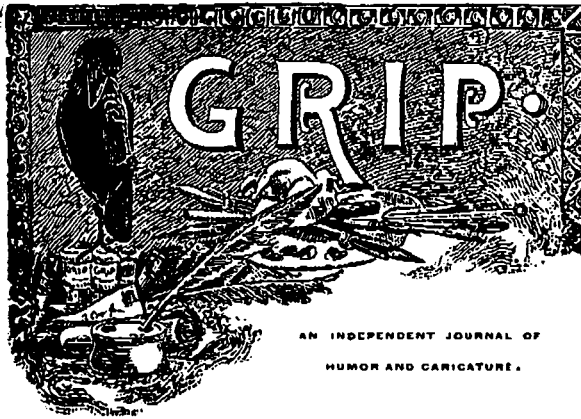
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J. W. BENGOUGH

EDITOR.

VOL. XXVII. TORONTO, DEC. 11TH, 1886. No. 23.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

**NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.**

OUR friends are reminded that the magnificent lithographed plate, "Prominent Conservatives," issued as a supplement to Midsummer GRIP, will be sent to every subscriber applying for same and enclosing five cents for postage.

**Comments on the Cartoons.**



MERELY A CHANGE OF LABEL.—In 1883 a pamphlet was prepared and circulated amongst the Catholic electors of Ontario in which it was demonstrated that the Ontario Government was intensely anti-Catholic. If this was true in 1883 it must be true still, for it is not alleged that any legislation has been passed in the meantime favoring the Catholic body. The school act amendments, etc., which form the subject of current discussion, were all passed before 1883. It is now charged, however, that the Government is intensely pro-Catholic, and it appears that this charge is made by the very people who issued the pamphlet referred to. A more utterly comical *contretemps* could hardly be imagined—though at the same time it reveals a shocking amount of political hypocrisy. Sir John Macdonald, Mr. Meredith and Mr. Bunting stand charged with the real authorship of the pamphlet of 1883, and their plea to the indictment is awaited with interest. As yet only one—Mr. Bunting—has pleaded "not guilty." As soon as the others join in the plea, the *Globe* promises to produce conclusive evidence now in its possession to prove the charge. Mr. Bunting is confessedly the leader in the present agitation against the Government on high Protestant grounds, and Sir John Macdonald, though he has taken no active part in the discussion, is no doubt willing to see Mowat defeated by means of it. Mr. Meredith (since our cartoon was engraved) has denounced the "No-Popery" cry in eloquent terms, and is entitled to full credit for having done so. Had he been a little more prompt in his action he would in fairness have been omitted from the interesting group in the foreground of our picture.

WHY THE PARTY LEADERS LAUGH.—In response to the appeal of Prohibitionists the party leaders point to the queer state of things existing in many if not all of the Scott Act counties—the spectacle of an anti-Scott council elected by the people to "enforce" the Scott Act. The consequence of this inconsistency on the part of the electors is, of course, that the Act is *not* enforced, and that Prohibition is represented as an impracticable measure. But the politicians draw the further inference—and it is not an unfair one—that the people who have voted for the Act, vote for the hostile councillors for the

express purpose of nullifying it—that, in other words, public opinion is not prepared as yet for prohibitory legislation. In view of this, no political party will adopt it in their platform. Now, the remedy for this lies with the Scott Act voters, who must stop voting for county councillors who are not known and professed Prohibitionists.

THE *Globe* indulged in some jibes at the *Mail* over the matter of Alderman Fleming's bill to reduce the number of liquor licenses, but the temperance people of the city have not failed to make a note of the fact that the *Globe* itself did nothing in support of the measure, and there is a prevalent belief that the reason was it *dare not*. On the other hand the *Mail*, as well as the *News* and *Telegram*, gave the bill an honest and earnest support. We never expected to live to see the old Liberal journal dominated as it now appears to be by the saloon interests.

THE NEW "SHEPPARD."—The workingmen of Toronto have put two excellent candidates in the field for the Local House, and for the Commons they have chosen Mr. Sheppard, of the *News*, for West Toronto. We hope they may elect all their candidates. We particularly wish to see Sheppard at Ottawa, where young men of brains and moral stamina are badly needed. Heretofore Toronto has been scandalized rather than represented in Parliament, and we congratulate the workingmen on choosing representatives who will be a credit to themselves and their fellow citizens.

**THE HOLY WARRE.**

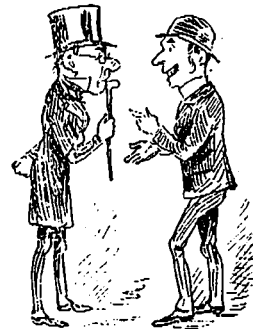
BEHOLD how goode a thyngc it is,  
Likewyse becomyngc well,  
The way we Scotchyerrianees fyghte,  
With wordy weapones fell.

In Ulster as in Canadie,  
Like fightinge cockes we be,  
With ruffled winge and cruel spurre,  
We at each other flee.

With brethren reverend and beloved,  
We fence and sparre and thruste,  
Nor ever doubten their goode worde,  
But take the lie on truste.

Eh-how! how Nick dothe cocke his hornes,  
And twirle with joy his taile,  
To hear each reverend brother's tongue  
Go threshyngc like a flaille.

Now doth he see the tyme approach,  
When men who preach and pray,  
His work of strife can carry on  
While he takes holydaye.



**DEMANDING A RETRACTION.**

Col. Ponsonby.—I understand that in the last issue of the *Bugle* you said Major Ryan was my *falus achates*.

Editor.—Well, yes, colonel, I did.

Col. Ponsonby.—Well, I want you to understand he is nothing of the sort. Major Ryan is one of the best friends I have.

WHAT are Mr. Julian Hawthorne's specialties? Biography, criticism and fiction. 'All in one?'—*Boston Beacon*.

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## The Day Preacher ;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD REFORMER.

PART FIRST.—THE PREACHER.

Tho' our hero was merely an old bonnet laird,  
And o' riches but sma' was his share,  
Contented was he wi' a cot-house and yard,  
For he had both wisdom and lair ;  
And he was a character in his own way,  
And to no common idol would bow ;  
And the things that he did, and the words he would say,  
Kept the haill parish aye in a lowe :

A plain unpretending apostle was he,  
Wi' a towrie-tap't twa-story heid ;  
And under each brow a contemplative e'e,  
In the centre a bonny bit bead.  
An e'e that was never intended to leer,  
That told of a spirit high toned,  
Yet seemed half unconscious of things that were near,  
And always seemed looking beyond.

At times there was something would keek through the blue,  
Wi' a strange and a weird kind o' gleam ;  
And as you approached him, it seemed as if you  
Awakened him out o' a dream.  
'Twas hard to decipher the lines o' that brow,  
Or to read what was writ on that face ;  
Yet his air, and his negligent manner, somehow  
Had a natural kind o' a grace :

But when he was roused up how changed was his look,  
And what terrible things he would say ;  
He would " get to his English," and talk like a book  
For the length o' a lang summer's day ;  
At any unjust thing his spirit did spurn.  
A devil looked out o' his e'e,  
And the bead in the centre, the way it did burn  
Was worth gaun a lang gait to see.

Tho' neither church, chapel, nor pulpit had he,  
Yet oft on the long summer's e'en,  
He spake to the people from under a tree,  
Which grew on the old village green.  
He was one of the preachers which God had ordained,  
And nature confirmed the decree ;  
And boldly and fearlessly still he maintained  
That Truth can alone make us free.

And oh, with what rapture I heard him discourse  
On Man, and on other strange things,  
For his thoughts had a grandeur, a power, and a force  
That bore me aloft on their wings ;  
They bore me to regions undreamt of before,  
A new mental rapture was mine,  
For I felt as on pinions my spirit did soar  
From the Human up to the Divine.

His words on our mem'ry tho' still they survive,  
Yet gone seems the magic he gave ;  
Our spirits would leap could that magic revive,  
While he speaks to us now from the grave.  
And as his whole life was a battle with wrong,  
His memory green let us keep ;  
And as the bard has it, " be it sermon or song,"  
Through the pages of GRIP shall he speak.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

## THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT six o'clock on Sunday morning our travellers arrived safe and sound within the portals of the Union Station, Toronto, and very soon afterwards were comfortably settled at the Rossin House. Having first indulged in a needed nap, they made the grand entree of the dining-room about two in the afternoon, dressed in their very

best, and looking " very fit indeed," as Bramley expressed. At the table, the programme for the day was arranged with the aid of a " Guide to Toronto." This included a stroll in the afternoon (on the presumption that cabs could not be had on Sunday in a city which prohibited street cars) and attendance at the church of the distinguished Dr. Wild in the evening.

On leaving the dining-room (which they did about an hour after entering), as they passed the clerk's counter, that worthy handed Mr. Bramley a large, official-looking letter, addressed to him, and bearing the crest and motto of the Junior Pickwick Club on its seal.

" Strange," said Mr. Bramley, as he regained his friends, " here is a letter from the Club, but how it came to be addressed to us at this hotel I'm sure I can't make out."

" If it is from Granby Simmers," said Coddleby, " there need be no mystery, for you may recollect he said he should always address his communications to us at the principal hotels of whatever places we might be in, and he has a guide to all the cities and towns on this continent."

" True, true ; I had for the moment forgotten that, Coddleby," replied Bramley ; " I think, then, we had better go into one of the parlors and see what this envelope contains."

Accordingly the quartette acted on this suggestion, and having seated themselves in an unoccupied room, Mr. Bramley broke the huge red seal and read the contents of the despatch : these were chiefly congratulations from Mr. Granby Simmers, on behalf the Club, upon our heroes' safe arrival on the American Continent, a fact that had been telegraphed, unknown to the four delegates, immediately upon the arrival of the S.S. *Chinaman* at Montreal ; and adjurations to the four gentlemen selected for the task to leave no stone unturned by which information concerning the country they were visiting might be acquired ; and concluding with fervent wishes for their welfare and a safe return.

" Highly gratifying, I think," said Coddleby as Bramley folded the communication and placed it in its envelope. " The eyes of the world are evidently upon us or how was our arrival in Canada known ?"

" True," remarked Bramley, " and now, Yubbits, let me implore you to be guarded in your conduct. We know not who is watching us. When we think we are least observed——"

" When we are flopping about with an old goat in the river, for instance," broke in Yubbits—" but go on."

" Oh ! well, if you scorn my advice, I cannot help it," returned Bramley ; " but let me ask you for all our sakes to be careful. Now, shall we stroll quietly out towards Rosedale ? I observed, Yubbits, and you, too, Coddleby, that you partook very heartily at dinner, and were both of you, I believe, helped twice to tart——"

" Pie," interrupted Yubbits.

" I said tart, and I meant tart," retorted Bramley, sternly, " and tart I will call it as long as I am able to utter a word. I was about to remark that, on account of the very hearty manner in which you dined we will walk very slowly at first so as not to disturb the process of digestion."

It may be remarked that Mr. Bramley had done by far the most considerable execution at the dinner table himself, and it is altogether probable that he was chiefly studying his own comfort by proposing the easy method of locomotion he had suggested. Accordingly the four started out for their walk, sauntering easily along King



NICE POSITION FOR A "TEMPERANCE" JOURNAL.

street past the *Mail* building, which called forth many expressions of admiration from them.

"I should think," remarked Bramley, as they halted for a few minutes before the large red brick edifice, "from what I have so far seen of Canadian newspapers, that the *Mail* is about the best of the lot. I have been much struck by the deep research and erudition displayed in some of its leaders, or editorials, as I see they are usually called out here."

"Well, I myself think the *Mail* is an excellent paper—for the colonies, you know," said Coddleby, "and its various departments are admirably conducted, but——"

"Yes, you're right, Algernon," interrupted Yubbits, "its sporting news is one of its best features, and I intend to subscribe regularly for the paper. I never saw anything better than the *Mail's* sporting columns—almost equal to the *Referee*."

"H'm," muttered Bramley, "it may be so. What do you think of American literature in general, Crinkle, old fellow," he continued.

"I have hardly given the matter a thought," replied the gentleman addressed; "I have read the *Mail*, and I regret to see that it pays so little attention to poetry; I think there should be a poet's corner in every paper."

"Ah!" exclaimed Bramley; "I agree with you there, Crinkle; there *should* be a poet's corner, as you remark, and the average newspaper poets should be condemned

to stand, in disgrace, in that corner. Such atrocious trash as the stuff that passes for poetry in most newspapers should never be published. Crinkle, I hope your advent to this country may be the beginning of a new era in Canadian poetry. I trust that you will publish something of your own in some of the Toronto journals, in order that people may see what true poetry is."

"I may do so," returned Crinkle, modestly, "in fact, such is my present intention. But, come, hadn't we better be moving on? Yubbits will be getting a crick in his neck if he stares up at that flagstaff much longer."

Acting on this hint, they proceeded on their way, turning up Yonge street, and then along Queen to Jarvis, up which thoroughfare they strolled at an easy pace, greatly admiring the many handsome residences on their way.

"Now, probably," remarked Bramley, "the majority of these very fine houses are the property or at least the residences of tradesmen—harberdashers, drapers, iron-mongers and the like; what puzzles me is to conceive where on earth such people get the taste displayed in the laying out of their gardens and grounds."

"My dear Bramley," said Coddleby, "I believe some, nay, a great many, of the Canadian tradesmen are, in every respect, gentlemen; many of them are men of very high culture and intelligence, and you must not, for a moment, compare them with the majority of the shopkeepers in England. I am beginning, already, to think

that the state of society at home is a mistake: *here* a man is valued for what he *is*, not for what his grandfather *was*, and that seems to me to be a sound, common-sense view of the matter."

"I won't venture to contradict you, Coddleby, till I have studied the subject more thoroughly than I confess I have done at present," replied Bramley, evidently rather surprised at the stand his friend had taken; "I shall most certainly devote a chapter of my Great Work to the State of Society on the two sides of the Atlantic."

"By Jove, Bramley," broke in the irreverent Yubbits, "if you devote a chapter of that Great Work to every subject you say you are going to, the book will be a curiosity, if only on account of its size. Why, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary will be a pigmy in comparison. I suppose there will be about fifty volumes."

"Yubbits," returned Bramley, somewhat nettled, "I do wish you would occasionally display a little sense, if you can; your remarks are most lamentably deficient in that quality."

"I observe, Bramley, that you always pitch into my want of sense when I don't happen to agree with you; but—bah! it isn't worth getting angry about, and the day's far too hot, at any rate."

In the course of half an or hour so, they found themselves clear of the city and in that most charming of Toronto's charming suburbs, Rosedale, where, throwing themselves on the grass beneath a spreading maple tree, where a delightful cool breeze played around their heated brows, they gazed in unfeigned admiration on the beauty of the landscape before them, and it was one possessing charms of no mean order. Richly wooded steeps ran up from a small stream which flowed down to the river Don, on the banks of which the bright emerald green of the grass was brilliantly relieved by the flaunting yellow of innumerable dandelions—a humble flower enough, in truth, but one which will reward the close investigator by revealing beauties of which but few have any conception. Wild roses grew in profusion around, and their odor, mingled with that of the pink and white clover which abounded in the valleys between the hills, filled the air with a delicate fragrance that quite captivated the senses of the poetic Crinkle.

"This is indeed a charming spot," he said. "It is the very place to inspire a bard with ideas of the most brilliant nature. Bramley, I shall come here alone to-morrow and write the poem of which I spoke this afternoon."

"Do so, my dear crinkle," returned Bramley, "I feel that you will be more in your element here, alone with Nature, than with us, for we intend to visit the island, I believe, and other spots of interest, the court house, and so forth, and I won't press you to join us, for I know—your heart would be here."

"Look out for snakes, old fellow," said Yubbits to Crinkle, "I believe rattlesnakes abound in places like this: the rattlesnake, however, is a gentleman and gives you warning when he is near, but I would be careful, and if I were in your place I'd bring a good bottle of spirits of some kind. Even if you don't get snake-bitten, the liquor will inspire you in your work, and give you some ideas."

"My dear Yubbits," replied Crinkle, who fancied his friend was poking fun at him and being very sensitive to ridicule, he was slightly annoyed, "My dear Yubbits, if I thought spirits would give ideas to anyone I would see that you were furnished with a gallon of brandy every day at my own expense. The game would certainly be worth the candle, though I fear you would be much

changed in a short time—though the change could not fail to be for the better."

"Crinkle, I never heard you make such a bitter speech in my life before," exclaimed Coddleby, "Don't be annoyed at Yubbits: it is only his fun."

"I'm not annoyed, I assure you," returned Crinkle, his flushed face, however, contradicting this assertion. "I shall act on Yubbits advice in one thing and shall not, most decidedly, come here unprovided with some antidote to snake-bite. The wisest of us may sometimes gain additional knowledge from the chance utterances of those less intellectually gifted."

"Ahem!" coughed Yubbits, "modest, I must say: Crinkle, you have crushed me. Shake hands, old fellow, you're a brick," and he extended his hand for the purpose, and the amicable manual performance being concluded Bramley suggested the propriety of setting out on their homeward walk, as it was now after four o'clock and they were all extremely anxious to hear the Rev. Dr. Wild in the evening, accordingly they started off citywards, reaching the Rossin House in excellent time for tea, or supper as it was more generally called.

(To be continued.)



#### WHY SHE DIDN'T WANT THAT KIND.

*Husband.*—Going to get a hat to-day, dear? What will it be—a high one?

*Wife.*—No, dear, I shan't go to the theatre much this winter.

#### RUNNING A COUNTRY NEWSPAPER.

A FEW REMARKS ON THE SUBJECT BY MR. STUBBS.

I RISE to remark that I don't believe there's an atom of truth in that ancient gag about B. Franklin eating sawdust pudding for breakfast every morning. It is a base and unfounded calumny upon the memory of Benjamin's subscribers. It seems strange to me that no brilliant writer has risen during the past few generations to confute this vindictive and libelous aspersion upon a community of ancient, but eminently respectable newspaper delinquents, who are unavoidably absent and unable to defend themselves. I have been a pioneer editor myself, and know how the thing works. I had a blamed sight more don't-care-a-darn set of subscribers than ever Ben had, yet I never came down to eating sawdust—I fasted for three weeks at a stretch! No! There never yet was a list of subscribers who would allow a man to subsist on sawdust. They might let you starve to death, but sawdust, never! In my case they asked two dollars a ton for the sawdust, delivered, but I could have all the starvation I wanted for nothing.

Still there is a fascination about running a country newspaper; a strong fascination. The more cordwood subscribers you secure, the more arrearages accumulate, and the oftener you get your paper-mill notes renewed, the more fascinating the business becomes. I have known editors to be so fascinated and oblivious to the outside world that they couldn't see when the time was opportune for them to throw up the sponge and skip the country; then I have seen the bailiff walk in, lock up the concern, and leave the editor without enough money to pay his railway fare to the next town. Bailiffs are inexorable. I know it. When I resigned my editorial labor into the hands of a bailiff there was one little memento I wished to retain. That was a due-bill for enough to purchase a good pair of boots. I had to walk out with the old pair.

It was a hard struggle to leave that musty old office, with all its distressing associations and starvation memories—the battlefield of my brain and muscles; the ground where I had struggled for three years with relentless poverty, in the vain hope of getting an under hold, but the old warrior had at last landed his force below the belt and I dropped. But the hardest thing of all to tear myself away from was six cords of fine hardwood nicely piled in the back yard. I mourned that loss all one winter.

I once heard of a man who became rich in the newspaper business. I never had the pleasure of his acquaintance, but I venture to affirm that it wasn't a country newspaper he ran. There was one man of my acquaintance, though, he owned large paper mills, and who had a country newspaper thrown upon his hands for a bad debt. He hired an editor and ran it for all he was able. He was worth \$100,000 when he tackled that paper, but in six months his mills were sold out by the sheriff and he died a bankrupt. There may be money in the business, but it costs more to mine for it than the face value of the bullion.

Editors never attain to a great age. The eldest one died when he was forty, yet he looked so aged and careworn that his friends, through compassion, emphatically declared him to be a centenarian. I do not wish to say anything disparaging of editors, for my sympathies are with them. When I see one dodging back and forth across the street, running through alleyways, with hat pulled down over his eyes to prevent recognition, I recognize an old character of my own and mentally exclaim: "God-speed! You have a tough row, old fellow, but you'll hoe it in a very few years; you're hoeing it fast now; but kind Providence won't prolong your miseries beyond 35 or 40."

A corpulent editor is a rare bird. The party who bought out my paper at the bailiff's sale was the finest specimen I ever saw. He was extremely corpulent, but he died three weeks after coming into possession. The doctor said it was too sudden a change for him, poor fellow. Then after his death they wanted me to take it again and run it on a good salary, but I didn't; I preferred to grovel along in a hum-drum sort of way, getting odd jobs now and again which brought me in a few dollars a month, and finally I secured a situation as collector for a mercantile firm, in which position I have found ecstatic bliss. The tables are turned. I find overpowering delight in running down delinquents, and gloat over their terrified attempts to evade me. But I never dun an editor.

STURBS.

TEACHER—Name three beasts of prey. Pupil—One tiger and two lions.

### TEN DOLLARS.

I CAN'T describe the X-tasy I feel  
When gazing on thy crisp, x-pressive face;  
Let me x-tend my hand to prove thee real;  
Let me x-plain why I thy form embrace.

Oh; powerful x! all masterful art thou  
To ward off foes of mine who x-erate,  
Because I could not x-ercise my brow,  
And pay x-tortioners who would not wait.

But here I have thee! Thou art mine at last,  
Yet still a bright x-cuse I will submit--  
I'm in-x-orable; I'll hold thee fast,  
And creditors may grumble at my wit.

Mayhap they think my logic is compl-x  
When placed in this x-temporizing form;  
Thou'rt destined to buy coal! Readers will x-  
Cul pate, x-onerate—I must keep warm!

W. H. T.

### THEY TOOK CHANCES.

A FUNNY story comes from an up-country town where the final voters' list court was held before the county judge a few weeks ago.

The name of one whom we will call "John Smith" for short was finally reached in a list of several whom the Tories were endeavoring to have put on.

"Have you any objection to this person?" queried his Honor of the lawyer who was representing the Reform interests.

"The only objection I have, your Honor," was the reply of the champion of the Liberal cause, "is that the person has periodical crazy spells, in the course of one of which he might possibly vote against us were an election on. But perhaps it will be during a sane interval he will have to go to the polls, in which case we are sure he would vote right. We'll take chances, anyway, and let the name go on the list."

And as the Court passed to the next name the Conservative lawyer was heard to mutter despairingly:—"By George, what a chance I missed when I didn't head that fellow off with an explanation from our side of the house on the same tack!"



*Grip's Comic Almanac for 1887* is out, and in the opinion of all who have seen it, far surpasses any previous issue. It is greatly enlarged, and brimming full of good things, literary and pictorial. The price is still the nominal one of 10 cents, for which the *Almanac* will be sent to any address, post free.

*The Brooklyn Magazine* is a welcome visitor at our table every month. Besides an excellent spread of literary wares, the *Brooklyn* always contains half-a-dozen sermons by Beecher and Talmage, which alone are worth more than the subscription price, \$2 per year.



**PROMOTION.**

*Old General Jolliboy (twiggling the turtle-doves).—WHAT A SHAME IT IS WE CAN'T BE PROMOTED BACK TO THE LIEUTENANCY!*

**BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN.**

A POLITICAL FARCE IN TWO SCENES.

SCENE I.—*A public meeting. David Diddlecombe, Esq., is seen addressing a crowd.*

DIDDLECOMBE—Electors, I appeal to your intelligence, an intelligence unsurpassed by that of any class around you. A grave issue is before you. Let not that intelligence be warped by false judgment. There is no class in the community whom I like better to address than the workers. I believe them to be the salt of the earth. They now and ever will rule. Think well of your powers, and act, as I know you will act. Am I in favor of Universal Suffrage? I would that every man, and, especially, every woman too, had that privilege to-day. I will support with my voice and vote any measure that will bring about that desirable end. Prohibition! Yes, that, also, has my heartiest support. When I look around and see the misery and crime drink is causing, I am of the opinion the time has come when it should be stamped out of the land. My voice shall ever be raised against the demon curse. Electors, should you be pleased to elect me as your representative, depend upon it, I will do my best to

advance your interests. I will work unflinchingly, untiringly for you, and when my term of office expires, may I have impressed you with the faithfulness of conscientious service. (*Loud and prolonged cheering.*)

FIRST SUPPORTER—I move this meeting repose every confidence in David Diddlecombe. His expressions are candid and sincere, his loyalty undoubted, his, etc., etc.

SECOND DITTO—Second the motion. Mr. Diddlecombe is a gentleman upon whom implicit reliance can be put, etc., etc.

*The motion is put, and the meeting decides to repose every confidence. Exeunt all.*

SCENE II.—*Drawing-room in David Diddlecombe's House.*

MRS. DIDDLECOMBE—Well, David, dear, how did you succeed at the meeting?

DAVID—Oh! splendidly. Gave the working men lots of taffy. Nothing like it, my love. Spoke about their intelligence. Fudge, every bit of it. Half of 'em don't know beans. Told 'em they were the salt of the earth. Rock salt, though, hard and coarse. Bah! It sickens me to talk such stuff, but if I didn't I'd never get inside the Parliament buildings to lay hands on that nice little pile, called remuneration for legislative services. I talked Prohibition, too; promised to support it. For land's sake, give me a glass of Gooderham's best to take the taste of that promise out of my mouth. I went for Woman's Suffrage.

MRS. DIDDLECOMBE (sharply)—Well, I should say you ought to.

DAVID D.—I should say I oughtn't, and I wouldn't, if I weren't scared of losing votes. It's all humbug about women voting.

MRS. D.—Now, David, I hope it is not necessary for me to give my views. If I do, I won't give you one ounce of taffy—

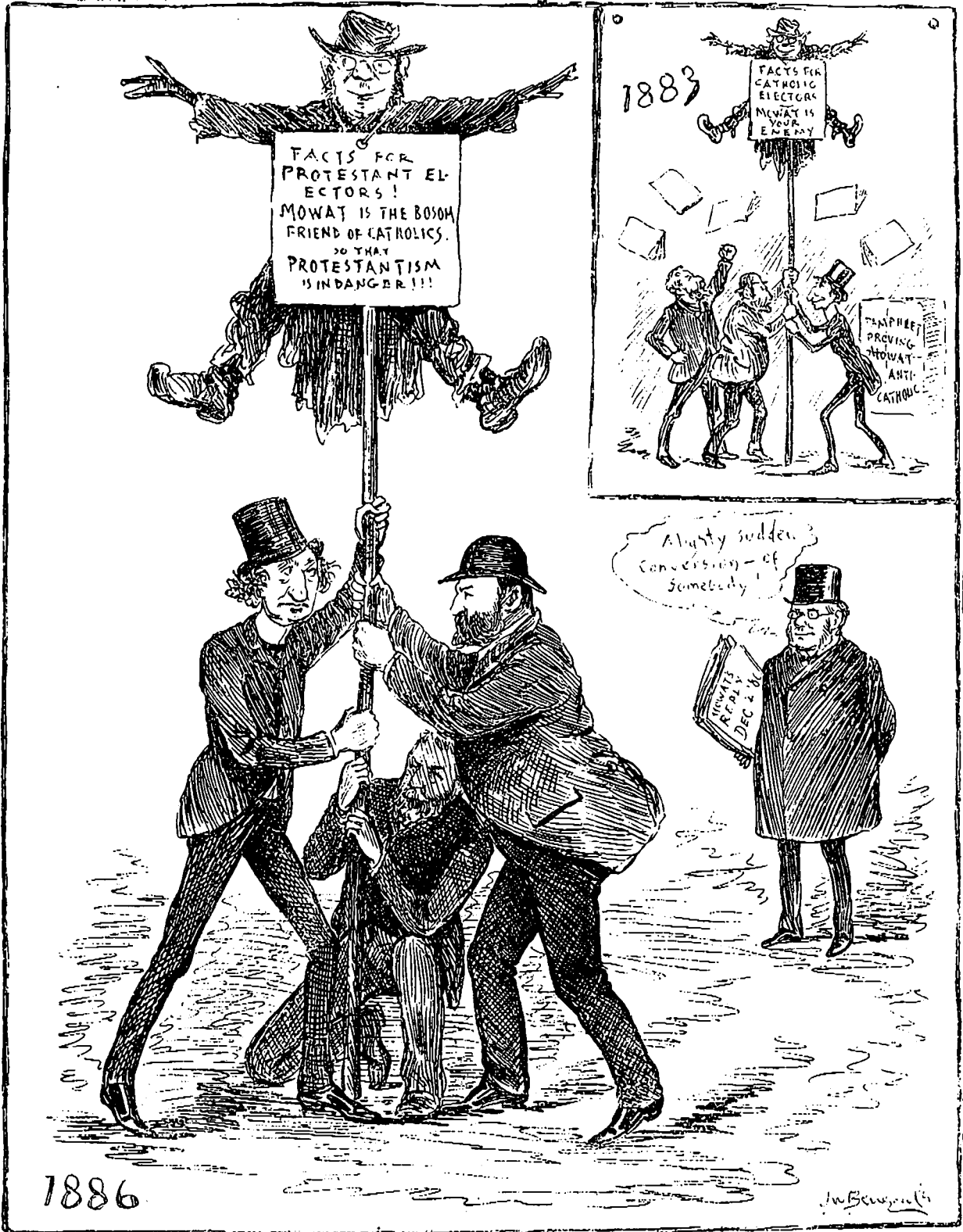
*Five minutes is supposed to elapse. The curtain descends on a tableau of conjugal affection, in which the admirer of the working man is not seen to the best advantage.*

TITUS A. DRUM.

"FATHER, why does the paper speak of Miss Cleveland's books as 'works?'" asked little Johnny McSwilligan. "You have never read one, I suppose, Johnny," replied his pa. "No, sir." "Well, if you ever should you will find out how hard work it is, and then you will never ask that question again."

"EPISCOPAL duty in some parts of Australia has its humorous side," says the Ballarat Courier. "One prelate, on his first journey around, was flung into the deep mud, by a restive horse. Rising ruefully, with his chaplain's help, and surveying the place, the bishop consoled himself with the reflection, 'I have left a deep impression in that part of the diocese at any rate.'"





MERELY A CHANGE OF LABEL.

**GRUMPLETS.**

BY THE GROWLING CONTRIBUTOR.

THE *Christian Guardian* is authority for the following item :—

The Rev. J. S. Youmans, formerly of Canada, but for some years a member of the East Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was given a supernumerary relation at the recent session of that Conference.

If I am asked to pass an opinion on the strictly literal significance of this intelligence, I should say that the Conference had sent the preacher's mother-in-law to live with him.

\* \* \*

"WHEN a man does not know what to do he naturally studies how he can postpone."

I rise from a perusal of a *Montreal Witness* editorial of which the above quotation is the introduction, with a pretty solid conviction that the editor, if he only cared to, could write a powerfully interesting and thoughtful article on Sir John Macdonald and the General Elections. As it is, the editor is only giving us Bulgarian disquisition. Philosophical premises of this order really ought not to be wasted.

\* \* \*

THE Brantford Street Railway Company have adopted a stove for heating their cars. Good! Let the march of civilization and progress take its sway! Let us go on advancing in this direction! Let us have iron dogs on the doorsteps of the street cars. Let us have a chambermaid attached. And a billiard-table. Likewise a barber-shop. Also an orchestra. A free-lunch counter, too. Every modern improvement, including a mortgage! If anyone wants to know what about room for the passengers, I triumphantly point to the roof.

\* \* \*

THIS extraordinary paragraph appears in my morning's paper :—

A single sheet of paper seventy-two inches wide and seven and three-quarters miles long was made without a break in a paper mill at Watertown, N. Y., a few days ago. The sheet weighed 2,207 pounds.

I can verily believe this, and I am pretty certain Rev. Mr. Milligan does too. And I further venture the entertainment of a shrewd suspicion that this Rev. gentleman also surmises that Hon. Oliver Mowat bought and used this very sheet recently.

\* \* \*

If there is anything in this world which invariably meets with my hearty and valuable commendation, it is liberality on the part of school trustees toward teachers. I do not like to find the trustees princely munificent, but would have them just pursue a properly limited course of large heartedness, such, for instance, as the Ancaster Board, who have raised the new head-master's salary to \$480 a year. I quote from one of the local papers :—

The school employs three teachers, one male and two females, and is one of the best public schools in the county. Mr. Hewson has had over twenty years' experience in teaching, and has taught in this county about 16 years with unqualified success. We congratulate the trustees of Ancaster on their wise selection, and feel confident Mr. Hewson will satisfy their most sanguine expectations.

Hear! hear! Any head teacher, of twenty years' experience, should, on a salary of \$40 a month, satisfy any man's sanguine expectations. The only trouble I apprehend in Mr. Hewson's case is the scarcity of Savings Banks out Ancaster way. But probably the trustees will take care of his large surplus.



**Notice to Contractors.**

TENDERS will be invited in a few days for the construction of the Section of the Cape Breton Railway extending from the Grand Narrows to Sydney, a distance of about 45 miles. This preliminary notice is given in order that Contractors desiring to tender for the work may have an opportunity to examine the location before the winter sets in.

By order,  
A. P. BRADLEY,  
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,  
OTTAWA, 26th Nov. 1886.

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NEWEST DESIGNS,  
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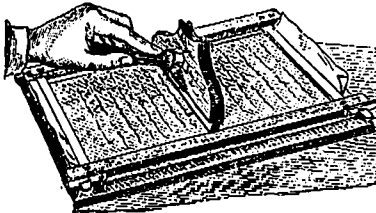
Notice is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT. upon the capital stock of this institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after

**Monday, the 3rd day of Jan., next.**

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th of December to the 31st of December, both days inclusive.

B. E. WALKER,  
General Manager.

TORONTO, Nov. 23rd, 1898.



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Stones, are prepared to  
offer the best value  
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“Сини, сини — сини сини!”  
“Сини! Сини! Сини! Сини! — Сини  
Сини!! — Сини, сини, сини;  
“Сини сини, сини сини сини сини сини  
— сини сини сини сини, сини сини, сини сини  
“Сини — сини сини сини? — Сини сини  
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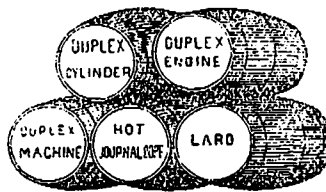
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“Сини! Сини! Сини! Сини! — Сини  
Сини!! — Сини, сини, сини;  
“Сини сини, сини сини сини сини сини  
— сини сини сини сини, сини сини, сини сини  
“Сини — сини сини сини? — Сини сини  
Сини сини сини: сини сини сини”

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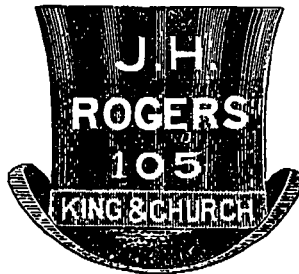
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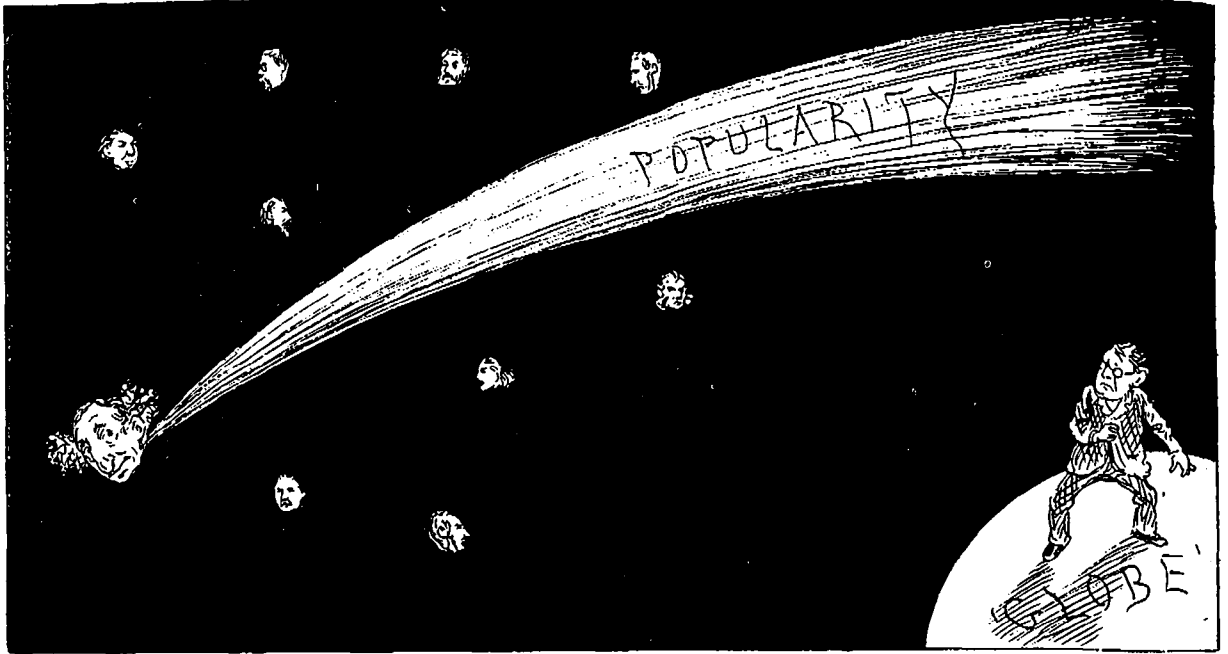
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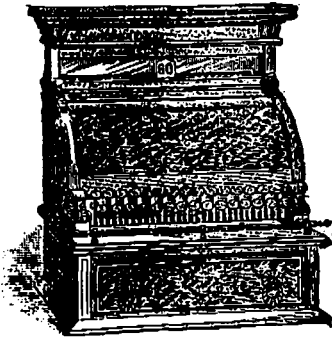
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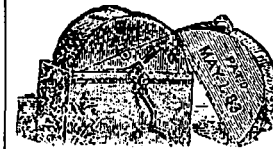


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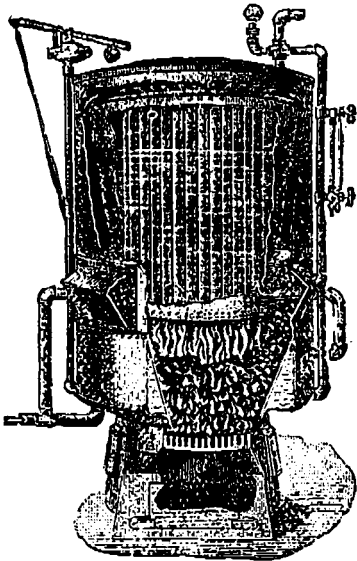
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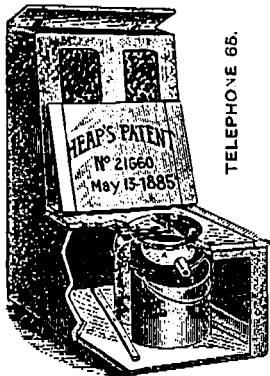
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