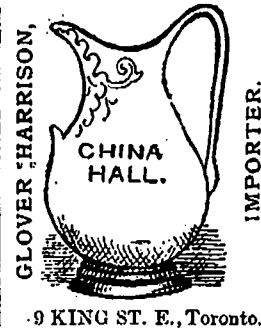
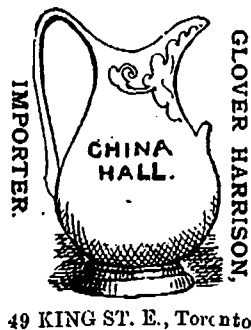


SMOKE [CABLE EL PADRE] CIGARS.



VOLUME XX.
No. 7.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1883.

92 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.

GINGALESE HAIR RESTORER!

PREVENTS THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT. REMOVES DANDRUFF, AND PRODUCES A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR. ALL THE LADIES SPEAK HIGHLY OF IT.



THE YOUNG HOPEFUL OFF ON HIS CAREER.
MAY GOOD LUCK GO WITH HIM



MORE

estim only in favor of the
REMINGTON STANDARD TYPE-WRITER
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Toronto, Dec. 11th, 1882.
DEAR SIR,
We have now had the Type Writer purchased from you in use in our office for four months, and find it works very satisfactorily. We could not get through our correspondence without it. Yours truly, **WELLS, GORDON & SAMPSON**
Send for particulars to
THOS. BENGOUGH, Manager,
BENGOUGH'S SHORTHAND BUREAU, AND TYPE-WRITING
HEAD-QUARTERS, 11 King St. West, Toronto.

DENTAL NOTICE.

Artificial teeth inserted so as to feel perfectly comfortable. FULL SETS, \$18. UPPER or UNDER, \$30. Partial Sets in proportion.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

F. H. SEFTON,
Surgeon Dentist.

r. Queen and Yonge-sts., over Rose's Drug Store.



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

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



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL
Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing
Company of Toronto.

W. BRNGOUGH, Editor & Artist. S. J. MOORE, Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum,
payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our
mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new
address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be
particular to send a memo. of present address.

Notice to Exchanges.—Editors of weekly ex-
changes are reminded that copies of their
papers need be sent hereafter only when they
contain references to GRIP, and in such cases
should be enclosed in a marked wrapper.

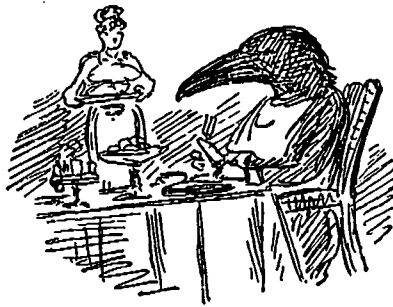
Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—In his recent impor-
tant speech to his constituents in West Dur-
ham, Mr. Blake made no reference whatever
to the prominent Provincial questions which
are at present agitating the local legislature—
an omission which has caused surprise and
called forth comment from the press. On the
occasion referred to the leader of the Opposi-
tion devoted most of his time to the problem
of representation in the Commons.

FIRST PAGE.—The youthful year starts off
briskly on his adventures. There is no tell-
ing what may befall him, but no youngster
ever carried with him more good wishes for
his prosperity and peace.

FIFTH PAGE.—The death of Leon Gam-
betta, which proved to be the first important
event of the new year, has carried profound
sorrow among the friends of the French Re-
public, and it is even feared that the cause
may suffer seriously by his removal. La
Belle Republique has the deepest sympathy
of Liberty throughout the world.

The Double Holiday Number of the *Art In-
terchange*, from an artistic standpoint, is the
best thing that has ever come from an Ameri-
can Press. It has all the vim and brightness
of the French journals, and proves conclusively
that there is an uncommon amount of good
art in our own country. Editorially it refers
to the lamentations of the French critics that
the art prestige of Paris is passing away, and
that New York is taking her place in point of
importance to the Art World. The contents
are as usual excellent—not only giving ser-
viceable information to the practical worker
in ceramics, embroidery, painting of all kinds,
metal work, etc., but supplementing such in-
struction with copious pages of full size work-
ing patterns and designs together with full di-
rections for using them. Leading artists are
represented.



GRIP AT DINNER.

On Saturday evening MR. GRIP sat down
to dinner in company with a genial party,
made up of the attaches of his printing office,
and a number of invited guests. The table
was spread in the elegant apartments of the
Coffee House, King St. East, and, as the re-
porters say, groaned under its weight of good
things. In the chair of honor sat Mr. Jas. L.
Morrison, the popular president of the GRIP
Printing & Publishing Company, and under
his practised direction the programme of the
evening was pleasantly gone through. This
was in at least one respect an original pro-
gramme, as the toast of "the ladies" was ably
responded to by members of the fair sex. Songs
and speeches followed one another in
rapid succession, until the adjacent cathedral
clock admonished the company that Sunday
had arrived, when, like truly good folks, they
ended the amusement and departed. Thanks
are due to Messrs Taylor and Wilson for the
courteous loan of a magnificent stuffed raven,
which graced the principal table and formed a
conspicuous and appropriate ornament. Dur-
ing the evening, Mr. S. J. Moore, the Manager
of the Company, was presented by the em-
ployees with a handsome fruit epergne, and Mrs.
Moore with a china tea service, a token of their
appreciation to which Mr. Moore responded
feelingly.

Why is Gordon Brown's new scarf-pin like
the Principal of the Brantford Blind Institute?
Because it's a Diamond of the former *Globe*
staff.

The *World* "would like to know" "when
GRIP is going to be funny just for once."
Can't say really, will try and obtain the
services of the *World's* overcoat clown.

Senator Morgan of the United States has
offered an amendment to the Bankruptcy Bill,
making it an act of bankruptcy to deal in
"futures." It does not apply to Canada, how-
ever, and Dr. Wild is safe.

The February *Century* (the "Midwinter"
number) will contain a frontispiece portrait of
Mr. George William Curtis, which is said to be
one of the most successful engravings that
Mr. Cole has yet made. The accompanying
article will be from the pen of Mr. S. S.
Conant, of *Harper's Weekly*.

The editor of the *Mail* is tickled at Mr.
Blake's calculation of the vote of Ontario,
which gives twenty members and a half to
each party. The idea of a *half member* is con-
sidered very funny and very ridiculous. What
Mr. Blake means, no doubt, is a political quan-
tity like Hon. Wm. Macdougall, who is as
nearly as possible half Grit and half Tory.

It is in order now with the day papers to
exercise themselves about the change of di-
rectorship in the *Globe* Company. The *Mail*
acknowledges that the Messrs. Brown were
stern dictators but good newspaper men, and

avers that the Browns were the *Globe*, and the
Globe the Browns—ergo, no Brown, no *Globe*.
The *World* is a very bird of ill-omen in the
matter and in a series of semi-editorials fore-
tells the desertion of the whole of its old-
fashioned Scotch supporters. Its new rulers
are low fellows, attorneys, pulp-makers, slab
manufacturers and shop-men, and likewise
prognosticates its speedy demise. It moreover
delicately hints that a certain morning paper,
like Major Joe Bagstock, is "Alive, sir, wide-
awake and staring, sir," and—only one cent!

In the above connection it may be as well
to let our readers know that there is no likeli-
hood of Mr. Gordon Brown falling into a state
of absolute penury. "Thirty years of editorial
labor," as our doleful contemporaries put it,
may possibly have made the gentleman capa-
ble of earning an honest living in some other
walk of life, say as a sheriff, a street-car con-
ductor, or even as a proof reader or county
registrars.

A Mr. Kenneth McFadyin, who, from his
peculiar name, is open to the suspicion that he
may possibly be a Scotchman, sends us a touch-
ing poem of four-ten stanzas. We regret that
our limited space debars us from giving it to
our readers in its entirety, but we are pleased
to be able to publish the chorus:

"For a' that an' a' that,
And twice as much a' a' that,
List shier ye'r gabs 'boor, pulp and slabs,
The *Glob's* the *Glob* for a' that."

The Hon. members will soon be back from
the holidays. Poor fellows! they surely required
rest after their ten days' hard work, especially
the opposing leaders and new members who
waxed verbose even unto the verge of inebria-
tion. The speeches of those sophisticated and
unsophisticated rhetoricians should be con-
sidered after the manner of the "disputed
territory" question, inasmuch as they need a
defined limit to their boundaries—especially
their length; their breadth or depth will not,
as a rule, have any particular effect, good or
bad. Here arises another boundary question.



Mr. W. D. Whitehead is giving a series of
his musical lectures in the various city
churches. He is an excellent vocalist, and as
a speaker is forcible and witty.

Hartz, the great magician, is at the Royal,
and in addition to the best performance we
have had this season he gives his patrons
valuable presents. Next week the Boston
Ideal Double Uncle Tom's Cabin Company,
including the famous Sherwood Sisters, are
announced to appear.

Devene's Allied Attractions at the Grand
played a splendid engagement for the first
half of the present week—providing a pro-
gramme which for fun, novelty and sensation
has never been surpassed in this city.

Mr. James O'Neil, announced as the great-
est American star, is the present occupant of
the Grand, to be followed on Monday by
Miss Emma Abbott and her Grand English
Opera Co., who remain throughout the week.



YOUNG TORONTO'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT!

CIVIL SERVICE EXAM., 1882.

HISTORY.—Describe the state of Canada under the rule of the fics on the wheel, and give reasons for the present excitement in Manitoba.

ARITHMETIC.—If a farmer has to travel five miles to vote for the N. P., how much further will he have to travel at the same rate of speed to sell his wheat for \$1.50 per bushel?

If I John A. = $\frac{1}{2}$ a Lorne, how much wire-pulling will it take to secure the Gov.-Generalship for the present Premier?

GRUESOME GRANGE;

OR,

ALL WITHIN IS DREAR.

A ROMANCE OF HIGH LIFE.

BY FANNY F. FLAMINGO.

CHAPTER I.

Standing in the silken draped bay window of a luxuriously appointed drawing-room of Gruesome Grange, the ancestral seat of the Most Noble The Earl of Flawintitle, Lady Millicent Moribund gazed out on the green and close cropped lawn fronting the mansion. Ever and anon she raised her lovely dark eyes to contemplate the beauties of the crimson and gold-tipped mountains which formed a gorgeous background to the pleasant scene, radiant in their borrowed glories of the illuminated clouds in proximity to the setting summer sun.

"How beautiful is all without, while all within is drear!" sighed the fair girl, as, retiring from the window, she seated herself on a magnificent *futicuel* of velvet, heavily embroidered in gold.

What secret and unhappy thoughts could call up such a gloomy exclamation from one in Lady Millicent's position. The heiress of the mighty Earl, her father, blessed with a lovely face and figure, and *fiancee* of young Lord Fitz Plunger, one of the wealthiest of England's noblemen, what more could she desire?

The magnificent *salon* in which she sat was a marvel of gorgeous upholstery. *Pauticuls* and sofas of the time of the *Grande Monarque*, elaborately carved chairs of the rarest bass-wood and elm from the wilds of Canada, mantle-pieces and gargoiles of Amalekite and porphyry, *Sevres china* (obtained at a sale carried out by the High Sheriff of Burgundy, bought in by Frederick Barrabossa, and forwarded to England as a present to Sir Hudibras Flawintitle, an ancestor of the present Earl), a rare and costly *suite* of *Chevieux de France* inlaid with ormula and gold, once the

property of the fair Pompeydoor, *Aguilettes*, *haurestiques* and *barbelles* of beautifully cut Venetian glass, and countless other treasures in *bric-a-brac*, *bigotrie* and *vertu* adorned the massive and richly sculptured tables of teak, mahogany and black ash. The walls were covered with gobbler tapestry principally worked by Matilda, maternal great grand-aunt of William the Conqueror, over which were hung in the finest taste, superb paintings principally of the Old Masters, "Brigands Eating Hash," by Salvation Rouser, "Ten Minutes for Refreshments," by Leonardy Wincey, "The Die is Cast," by Ralfie, "The Alimentary Canal," a fine Venetian scene by Toeshans, "Enchre Speilers Lager Drinkin'," by Robins, and a very effective domestic picture, "Limburger Kaize Schollen," by Van Dyke were among the finest. The floors were laid with carpets and rugs from the looms of Persia, Turkey, Axminster and Pepperminster, and statuettes from the chisels of Parallaxities, Paradoxities, Pericles, and old Parian himself were grouped in every available corner, and ornamented the brackets of the room.

"Yes," she repeated, in a subdued and melancholic tone; "yes, all within is drear" and tinkling an exquisitely fashioned silver bell, a tall footman in orange and pea-green livery with buttons emblazoned with the moribund crest "*Va Mouchet!*" entered the room and awaited the lady's command.

"James," she said.

"Yes, yer ladeship."

"Has Lord Fitz Plunger returned with Black Maria?"

"Yes, yer ladeship."

"Tis well. Tell the groom Staffles to saddle her again for myself, and—and—James—Let Staffles accompany me."

"Yes, yer ladeship."

"And James."

"Yes, yer ladeship."

"Let Staffles bring both steeds to the postern gate. I will walk there."

"Yes, yer ladeship."

"And James."

"Yes, yer ladeship."

"As I am taking these exercises on purely corrective principles, you will not mention them to any one."

"No, yer ladeship," and the menial left, murmuring to himself, "Ere's a rum go." And Millicent sought her boudoir.

CHAPTER II.

Why did the fair Lady Millicent hesitate when she ordered Staffles to accompany her? Why this emotion—But we anticipate. In a short time Lady Millicent descended from her boudoir to the drawing-room, arrayed in a charming riding-habit, silk hat, and gold-mounted whip. After taking a momentary glance at the reflection of her shapely form in a magnificent mirror, her brow once more darkened and again she exclaimed, "Alas, all within is drear!" when the footman again appeared.

"Hosses waitin', yer ladeship."

"Very well, you may go."

"Yes, yer ladeship."

Millicent then betook herself speedily to the postern gate, where she found the horses and her attendant groom in readiness. Vaulting lightly into the saddle, she cantered briskly down a shady lane leading to the confines of her noble father's *demenses*, the groom following at a respectful distance. On reaching a turning which shut out all observation from the Grange, she halted, and the groom was instantly at her side.

"Rudolphe, what madness is this? Know ye not that I am not my own mistress? I have absolutely nothing in my own right! The Trust and Loan Company have a first mortgage on all the estates, and my father—cruel man—favors the suit of Lord Fitz Plun-

ger. And why, oh, why—above all things—Rudolphe, in the name of all that's ridiculous, did you assume the horrid name of "Staffles?" Alas, all within is drear!"

Rudolphe turned to her, his dark eye flashing. "Millicent," he said, "I have loved you aye, long before you sported long dresses and a train a *la Prince-esse*. True, I have no money yet. I care not for your father's wealth, even if he had barrels of gold; but mark me, Millicent, never will I allow you to give your hand to that abominable cur, Fitz Plunger. As for my present name "Staffles," it's good enough for a groom," he said, bitterly; "when I officiate as bridegroom, dear Millicent, with you, I will again become Sir Rudolphe Runnymede, of H. M. Horse Guards Blue. Until then—"

"Hark! Oh, horror, Rudolphe. Here comes my father and Fitz Plunger. Alas, all within is drear!"

(To be Continued in our Next.)*

* Not much, my fair Fanny. It won't be continued, at least not in this paper. GRIP apologizes to his numberless readers for inflicting them with this fragment of high life romance, which inadvertently, in the absence of our fashionable editor, crept into this valuable journal. Yet he fondly hopes that a perusal thereof may deter the thoughtless maiden or youth from investing in literature of which this fragment is a fair sample. We would advise Miss Flamingo, to take her MSS. to one of the evening papers, "where all within is drear."—ED. GRIP.

"STOP MY PAPER."

At midnight when the sun was low,
A string tied to my left big toe,
In bed I lay, prepared to wake
As soon as twitched by brother Jake—
"Aye, aye, sir," groaning ribbidy
But ere that joyful morning's prime
I dreamt a dream, Oh! happy time!
Full fifty regular subscribers
Disturbed my editorial labors,
Each yelling "stop my paper."
In that dire dream my sins I learned,
The burning wrath my work had earned,
"No daily paper on this *Globe*
Shall hidden thoughts and motives probe,
Just stop my paper."
"Not any *blat* shall analyse
Some wicked other 'party's' l—
Nor on religious problems wrate,
Urging 'protection' by the state—
No! stop my paper."
"I won't be lectured by the *World*,
My margins to destruction hurled—
Third parties, Strickland suits, and Dr. Wild,
J. L. F.'s letters—truth not mild—
Hi! stop my paper."
"Electric spark, Oh! *Telegram*,
Filled full of 'ads'—the mental cram,
Too nicely poised upon the fence
With *pirotechnic* glare intense—
Here! stop my paper."
"High coloured sheet of *Evening News*—
Perfection's 'pink'—gives me the 'blues';
Wild echo of the bulkier press
Trimmed to all winds to win the race
'Gainst,—stop my paper."
Five editors rolled into one
I seemed—somehow no praise I won;
Re-olved—I'll speak out clear and bold
What's true, regardless who is sold—
They howled in chorus, "stop that paper."
"We want to hear but flattering lies
Told neatly, as if just and wise—
Our peccadilloes cloaked and draped,
Our social sins to virtue shaped,
None then will cry out, "stop my paper."
"Praise every party, every movement,
Call every change a marked improvement,
Your goose quill dip in fonted ink,
The public echo—never think—
Thus run your paper."
Jake twitched the string, and I awoke
The dream still vivid—I "dead br-ke."
Thus will I henceforth run my sheet—
Read it to day, 'twill be a treat—
A model paper.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—little liver pills (sugar-coated)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. By druggists.



A BLAZE OF GLORY.

[Mr. Gordon Brown has been presented with a diamond pin by former attaches of the *Globe* now residing in Winnipeg.—*Daily Paper*.]

NEWSBOY.—GLOBE, SIR—ON'Y THREE CENTS!

MR. B.—NAW! GLOBE BE BLOWED! NOTHING SHORT OF "GRIP" WILL SUIT ME NOW.

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.



SIR TOMKINS lived in days gone by, a gallant knight was he,
A noble heart beat in his breast, tho' humble his decree;
He dearly loved a charming maid, as every true knight should,
Her father was a baron bold within the neighborhood.

Sir Tomkins every evening went and to his chosen maid
Would ventily toot upon his flute a mournful serenade;
Her haughty parent did not smile upon his honest suit,
But used immoral language when he heard his amorous flute.

Her name was Alice, and she was the fairest of the fair,
Her eyes outshone the brightest stars, like golden thread her hair;
She had an elder sister who was good but very plain,
For whom the baron sought a mate, but long had sought in vain.

One day Sir Tomkins thought he'd go and ask her parents consent,
And so to her baronial sire right joyously he went:
To him he said "I wish to wed your youngest beauteous child,
And leaning on his trusty sword he at the baron smiled.

The baron shook his haughty head distinctly saying "No!
Sir Knight, if that's your errand here I think you best had go;
I cannot spare that maiden fair, but if you like to wed
Her sister Anna, then I will pour blessings on your head."

Sir Tomkins said, "Sir Baron, without prejudice or malice,
I never did like Anna, and I madly worship Alice;
She came unto my drooping soul as gratefully as manna,
Res, actually I beg to state I could not marry Anna."

The Baron roared with wrath and rage; he had Sir Tomkins bound,
And thrust into a dungeon deep, some feet below the ground;
And there amid bats and toads and rats, and things that crawl and creep,
Sir Tomkins lived for many a year, both waking and asleep.

Full fifty years have rolled along since from the light of day
Sir Tomkins by that baron bad was spirited away;
Sweet Alice still was constant, but she thought he was no more,
And sister Anna daily grew much uglier than before.

The knight lay quite forgotten in his dungeon deep and damp,
His armor was all rusty, and he had perpetual cramp;
His hands and face were never washed, he fed on what he could,
And bats and rats and such "small deer" were Tomkins' daily food.

One day it struck the baron that a many years ago
He'd placed a stranger in the moat, and thought he'd like to know
If he were dead or living, and he said if he were gone
He'd decorate the castle with his bony skeleton.

But if the man were living, he would have him in the court,
And make him fight a dragon, which would be exceeding sport;
Or if the man objected, as most probably he would,
He would marry him to Anna, which would be about as good.

The great courtyard was almost filled, a numerous array
Had gathered there from far and near to see the sport that day;
And in a striking tableau, on a platform side by side,
Stood a bishop with the dragon and the blushing would-be bride.

Sir Tomkins pale but resolute was led upon the scene,
His general appearance being anything but clean;
They asked the fatal question, "mid the people's bated breath,
"Was it liberty with Anna, or the dragon and grim death?"

Sir Tomkins did not hesitate, he heaved a heavy sigh,
And wiped upon his bony wrist a tear-drop from his eye,
And blushing slightly as he thought he'd scarcely got a rag on
Remarks, "My Christian friends, will you produce your fiery dragon?"

With labored respirations, being rather short of breath,
Sir Tomkins drew his rusty sword, prepared to fight with death;
He fought for twenty minutes, then he found he could no more,
His heart was full of vigor, but his boots were full of gore.

But see that gleam of happiness pass o'er his pallid face,
He shakes hands with the dragon, who returns his fond embrace;
They recognize each other as a long-lost valued friend
Who'd acquaintance formed in childhood, which stern death alone would end.

Sir Tomkins' mother used to eat a dragon's egg a day,
And once Sir Tomkins stole one in a boyish sort of way;
With simple childhood's artless guile he asked a man he met
To buy the stolen property that he some sweets might get.

This dragon was inside the egg that Tomkins did annex
It grew to be the biggest of its species and its sex;

Its heart long burnt with gratitude, and now the friend's had met,
It saw a chance to do some good and so repay its debt,
Sir Tomkins and his dragon friend they sat down side by side,
Astonishing the natives and the disappointed bride;
And Tomkins asked his new ally with really righteous ire
To swallow scheming Anna and her haughty, heartless sire.

The dragon did as he was bid, the guilty pair he ate,
He wished he'd left out Anna, but he wished the wish too late,
For Anna's body poisoned him, and just before he died
He spread his feeble wings and blessed Sir Tomkins and his bride.

Yes! happiness had come at last, sweet Alice and the knight
Were married by the bishop to their mutual delight;
The guests all graced the wedding, and Sir Tomkins and his wife
Lived happy ever after, a contented, married life.

MORAL.

My moral points to all who read this most authentic lay,
All will come right to-morrow, if it can't come right to-day;
Than can never come at all, by far 'tis better to come late,
"All things will come around to him who will but only wait!"

A NEW YEAR'S INVITATION.

"Is Mr. Blank in?" asked a beaming-faced man with a many-returns-of-the-season expression in his joyous eyes, as he briskly stepped into one of the many political "Association" offices last week.

"Mr. Blank is not in, sir," replied a subordinate disseminator of campaign correspondence, as he slung ink on a confidential envelope.

"Sorry, very sorry,—must see him to-day, ye know. Monday's New Year's. When d'ye expect him?" said the smiling visitor, more radiant than ever.

"Can't say,—at a meeting," said the J. S. curtly.

Thrice did he again call in vain, but on the fourth he found the gentleman sought, hard at work, and absorbed in his political antics, as busy as a nailer.

"How do you do, Mr. Blank? Glad indeed to see you," said the visitor, grasping his hand, "you must come up on Monday, if only for five minutes,—we all expect you. No denial, now. Send you a carriage if necessary. You must positively promise to come."

Mr. Blank stared. Who could this important visitor be? Was it a wedding party he was invited to, and his visitor the anxious groom—was the man a long forgotten relative? What did this exceedingly pressing invitation mean? Stay, I've got it. If he's not the expectant bridegroom, he must be one of our strong supporters, and a small caucus is about to be held on New Year's. It won't do to disappoint them. "My dear sir, I am, as you see, excessively busy, and will be on Monday. I hardly see how I can accept of your kind invitation; but as you say it will only take five minutes, I will go with—aw—great pleasure. By the way—aw—where shall I have the honor and—aw—pleasure of witnessing the—aw—ceremony?"

It was now the radiant man's turn to stare. "The ceremony! Why, up at the Dash-street polling booth. Hurrah! Withrop for ever!" and with a look of gratitude that pervaded his *tout ensemble* at his promised vote, he smilingly skipped away, and Mr. Blank with a mingled look of amusement, wonder and surprise, turned his attention once more to the welfare of the noble yecoman.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Her marble brow, with one fair hand
She presses.
She fiercely tears the gem-encircled band
From round her tresses;
Sadly the maid doth moan,
Oh Mother! Mother!
The cause she dare not own,
She'd rather smother!
But I'll the secret tell,
(It is a good'un),
She'd taken too much—well—
Too much plum puddin'.

LIBERAL CONVENTION

JAN 4 - 5.

HON D ...

HON ...

REPRESENTATION.
ON 7 A.R.O.
As of 15 Members

Notes Cast.
136,300 Tory
133,200 Grit
AS IT OUGHT TO BE:
136,300 Tory 46 1/2
133,200 Grit 45 1/2

This is unjust
and scandalous

MINORITY
REPRESENTATION
BILL

BLAKE AT BOWMANVILLE

— "But not a word concern-
ing Ontario's Rights, the Terri-
torial Dispute, or the Bound-
ary Award"

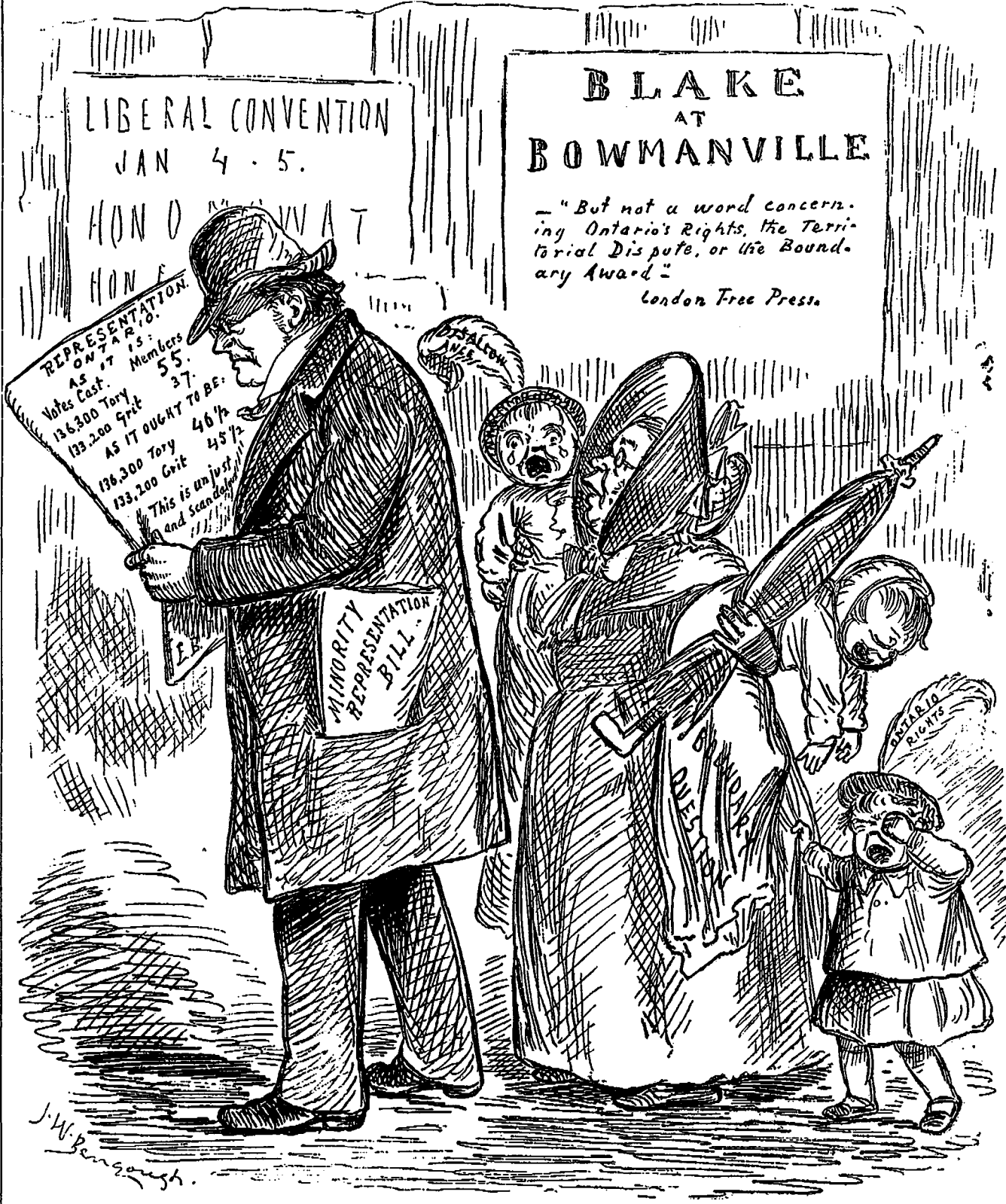
London Free Press.

WALTON
JANES

ONTARIO
RIGHTS

J.W. Bengough.

IGNORING THE "CRYING" ISSUES!



THE HONEST HUSBANDMAN.

To earth His Dread Satanic Majesty
Once hurried;—heard it rumoured had, just he—
"An honest man had been discovered there!"
(Whose trade, of course, was husbandry, so rare
Is honesty in any other trade.)
And Satan came to see. He felt afraid
Such new disease might prove contagious;
Honest Humanity were more outrageous!
He found the man about to harve-t hay:—
"Hello!" said Nick. The farmer said "Good day."
Nick next, "A nice cool breeze!" The man replied—
"Isn't this hot enough for you?" Denied
It cannot be, the Arch-Tormentor trembled,
But not from fear; his rage suppressed, dissembled,
He said, "I'll bet that I can beat you mowing."
The churl no more vouchsafed than, "That needs show-
ing."

The upshot of it was, they put up stakes
To be contended for—"Who wins, he takes."
The farmer marked out swathes, marked one for each.
The Devil took his choice. But Sol, to reach
The tall embraces of the western pines,
Began. By night the face of Satan shines
With lurid light sulphurous. Incog.
Would he remain; 'twas now high time to jog.
So, when to come and cut, agreed upon,—
"To-morrow morning, while the dew is on,"—
Each went his way.

But that same evening, late,
That guileless granger, several drag-teeth straight
Along the line of Satan's chosen swath,
Drove in. He said, "I'll cook the Devil's broth!"
Now, on the morrow, when they came to mow,
The De'il had cut about a rod or so,
When right around an iron drag-tooth went
His sharp scythe's edge; which little incident
He didn't seem to mind. But soon again
It rasped athwart another tooth, and then
He shouted to the farmer, "Wait to what!"
The farmer worked right on, and won the bet.

So much Old Nick admired so smart a man,
He thought he'd like to learn upon what plan
These farmers get a living. So he went
Into partnership with the yeoman: he lent
Him lots of filthy lucre, seed to buy
And implements; helped do the work; sowed Rye
And Wheat; agreed that each one half should have
When grain got ripe.

The farmer said, "Let's halve
It this way:—"You take your half next the ground;
"I'll take mine off the top, though thinner."

Found
No fault with this, the unsuspecting Fiend;
But when their grain was harvested and cleaned,
He saw the point; and swore that *he*, next year,
Would have his off the top!

Seed-time drew near;
He plainly told the man, "I take, this time,
"The upper half." The farmer seemed to chime
Right in with him: he said, "All right."
Proposed to plant Potatoes.

The Devil supposed
The farmer better understood "rotation
"Of crops," than *he* did; for the situation
Of his own homestead, and its climate, seemed
Not to suit Agriculture.

His eyes gleamed
Ominously in the next October!
Next spring he said, in accents sternly sober,
"I'll stand no more monkeying. Now, *this* year
"I mean to take my half this way, *you hear*?—
"One quarter on the bottom, one on top;
"And you may have the middle half."

The crop
The farmer thought it best to plant was Maize,
Or Indian corn.

While sultry summer days
Wor-wearily away, the Hell-King hoed
Industriously.

September seemed to goad
His Majesty almost to madness!

He,
As business bad, abandoned husbandry:
And ever afterward, whenever he heard
Of "honest husbandmen," he growled "Absurd!"
"He, from experiment, could proof advance,
"But lack, to cheat the Devil, yeomen chance!"

AYLESWORTH.

Rogues' Hollow. 1882.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is not
extolled as a "cure-all," but admirably fulfils
a singleness of purpose, being a most potent
specific in those chronic weaknesses peculiar
to women. Particulars in Dr. Pierce's pam-
phlet treatise on Diseases Peculiar to Women,
96 pages, sent for three stamps. Address,
WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,
Buffalo, N. Y.

There is a man at L'Amaroux,
I do not know what he will dour;
His nose is red,
His hope has fled,
Sloped has his love he thought so troux!



A Bay Horse—Hanlan.

Reading matter—Paper pulp.

An appropriate stopping place for violinists
—The Rossin House.A godsend—The extremities of the upper
galleries at the Grand.Sampson must have made a great hit as a
tragedian when he brought down the house.Scene, Yonge-street. Very smart boy:
"I say, driver, your car is empty." Driver
(gruffly): "So is your head!"Why is it natural for the clergy to favor the
Temperance Colonization Society?—Because
they prefer the Prayer-book Way.

Epitaph on a boot black:

"No more he shines upon the earth,
Hushed in the grave is all his mirth,
With roses o'er him twining.
On the golden street at angels' feet,
In Heaven his soul is shining.

PASSING JOKES.

"Why don't they get up something new?"
asked one oleaginous gentleman in prehistoric
hat of another oleaginous gentleman in a cap
of coeval date, pointing to the Brewers' sleigh-
ing party as the cortege swept by their favor-
ite corner the other day.

"Do you refer to the age of their malt
lickers sir? if so, I may draw your attention
to the well known fact that both new and old
ales are alike provided by them," replied O. G.
No. 2.

"Sir," said O. G. No. 2. "I refer to their
sleighing parties, for methinks 'tis a well estab-
lished fact that for any number of 'circles,' as
my learned friend E. Blake would say, they have
been slaying parties without number, and I
moreover kinder cognavit, kind friend, that you
and I are two of the parties, inasmuch as we
have been by them so often 'slewed,' see?"

"I catch on, I catch on sir with the greatest
tenacity," said No. 2. "Your *Judy-pee*,
though somewhat ungrammatical, has at least
the one great merit of truth. Permit me sir,
while I remember it, to manifest my apprecia-
tion thereof by, with your permission, and the
expenditure of a single dime, joining you in
partaking at the nearest hostelry of a smile,
and the oleaginous ones smile forthwith.

The Joker Club.

"The Sun is mightier than the Sword."

AN EDITION DE LOOKS.—A professional
beauty.—Punch.PARLIAMENTARY PARADOX.—The "sitting"
of a "standing committee.—Punch.Oscar Wilde's big brother wants to come to
America on a lecturing tour. Oh, if we only
had a navy now to protect us.—Laramie
Boomerang.

IN JULIA'S EYES.—"I live in Julia's eyes,"
said an affected dandy in Colman's hearing.
"I don't wonder at it," replied George,
"honest man I observed she had a sty in them when
I saw her last."

"I don't know," replied Montmorenci, cut-
tingly, with a polite smile; "but I know a
man who had twins so much alike that the
only way to tell 'em apart was to send one to
Harvard and one to Yale. Then one came
back a gentleman and one a Connecticut
rough."—*Harvard Herald*.

SCENE—St. Andrew's street, Kilmarnock.
Highland dame to her son Tougal: "Tougal.
Tougal, why did you'll preak your milk and
spill your shug on ta stane pianes?" Tou-
gal: "Pecause ta pavement slipped on my foot
and cracked ta milk, and ta milk wudna haud
ta shug any more whateffer.—*Baillie*.

Corn will shrink from the time it is husked
from the field or shock, in the autumn, in
well-protected cribs, from twenty to thirty per
cent by spring. In this respect it closely re-
sembles coal, which often shrinks about thirty
per cent between the coal-yard and cellar.—
Philadelphia News

"What do you do for a living?" asked a
farmer of a burly beggar who applied at his
door for cold victuals and old clothes. "I
don't do nothing much but trave about,"
was the answer. "Are you good at travel-
ling?" asked the farmer. "Yes," replied the
beggar. "Then let's see you travel," said the
farmer.

A gentleman in Winnipeg to his groom—
"James, have you cleaned this horse?"
James—"Yes sir."

Gentleman, after ten minutes—"James, are
you sure you cleaned the horse?"

James—"Yessir, sure."
After another pause—"James, when did
you clean this horse?"

James—"Day before yesterday, sir."

"ACCEPT OUR GRATITUDE."

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—
Your "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured
my boy of a fever sore of two years' standing.
Please accept our gratitude
Yours truly, Henry Whiting, Boston, Mass.

EARS FOR THE MILLION!

Foo Chow's Balsam of Shark's Oil.

Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the only Absolute
Cure for Deafness Known.

This Oil is extracted from a peculiar species of small
White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as Car-
cherodon Rondelatti. Every Chinese Fisherman knows
it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing were discovered
by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1470. Its cures were
so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the
remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire.
Its use became so universal that for over 300 years no
Deafness has existed among the Chinese people. Sent,
charges prepaid, to any address at \$1.50 per bottle

Hear what the Deaf Say!

It has performed a miracle in my case.
I have no unearthly noises in my head, and hear much
better.

I have been greatly benefited.
My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle
will cure me.

"Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative
character's date, as the writer can personally testify, both
from experience and observation. Write at once to
HAYLOCK & JENNEY, 7 Dey-street, New York, enclosing
\$1.00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will
enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative
effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing
so."—EDITOR OF MERCANTILE REVIEW.

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REGISTERED LETTER.

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THE AMATEUR TENOR.

I know a tenor rather slim,
Who sings with rare good gusto,
And hoops out high notes with a vim
That really does entitle him
(Although I've stated he was slim)
To be a "Tenori Robusto."

A modest man of course is he,
Who ever knew a tenor vain?
Yet he can struggle up to "C,"
And can prolong the agony,
(Although I say, 'twixt you and me,
I think it is an awful strain).

A song or two he always brings—
A ballad or a lover's ditty;
At socials and the like he sings,
Likewise at festive tea meetings—
You must have heard his pretty things—
You haven't? Well! that is a pity.

Oh! Who can counterfeit his strain?
Whose face display such tender feeling?
Methinks I hear his wail again,
So like an infant when in pain
(Or something else that is not sane)—
I fear to much I am revealing.

I will not mention any name—
Indeed it would not do to tell,
But someday, when he finds his fame
Or fame finds him—It's much the same
(The chances either way are lame),
I think you'll say, I know him well.
Hamilton. H. B. W.

VISITS TO TORONTO INSTITUTIONS.

NO. I.—THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY.

The Reformers who compose this organization are not distinguished advertisers, and possibly it may be news to most of our city readers to learn that every Sunday afternoon a meeting is held in Temperance Hall in aid of no less an object than the entire suppression of the Liquor Traffic. As a rule the speakers address small audiences—even when they have star attractions—a direct result of defective advertising. Usually the addresses are delivered by old temperance war-horses of local repute, but no distinguished advocate of the cause is allowed to pass a Sunday in the city without making an appearance. Our man about town dropped in to see what was going on last Sunday afternoon, and was well repaid for his visit. The proceedings were opened by Mr. Pell, a venerable-looking teetotaler, with an honest English face, and after singing, led by a choir of ladies and gentlemen stationed at the Chairman's right hand, that well-known cold-water man, Mr. E. M. Morphy, was called upon for a speech. Mr. Morphy is an Irishman, and it is therefore unnecessary to say that he always has words enough at his tongue's end. On this occasion he remarked that he only intended to occupy a few minutes, awaiting the arrival of the speaker of the day. The personage alluded to arrived promptly at four o'clock, and proved to be Mr. W. H.



Whitehead, of Manchester, England, who was at once introduced to the audience. Mr. Whitehead is a jolly-looking little man, of solid build, and looks the picture of happiness, notwithstanding that, as he said, he was born a teetotaler and had remained so throughout. As a speaker he proved fluent, witty and at times eloquent, but it evidently put more reliance on his other specialty—singing. Sitting down at the organ at intervals he interrupted the course of his remarks with "a bit of a song." His voice is a good baritone, and his songs exceedingly well adapted to instruct as well as amuse. He gave us first, Sullivan's "Lost Chord," in capital style, and later on several sacred solos with equal effect. Altogether the meeting was a very pleasant one, and the hall would undoubtedly have been crowded had the outside world known what was going on. Gentlemen of the Reformation Society, you have a worthy cause, and you mean well, but you can't afford to neglect printers' ink if you want to make rapid progress.



SEVEN MEN AT LEAST, JOIN THEIR CONSENTING VOICE.

The chairman of our meeting is a gentleman of On-tay-ri-o, of ancient descent—a baron-knight of the most illustrious order of St. Michael and St. George, his name is Sir Leonard Rockaway. His grandfather was inventor of that famous dance which is called after him. Although of ancient descent, his grandfather had to earn his livelihood by teaching the "Canadians how to dance," and hence in his younger days he was taught "to toe the mark," and enlisted in the Queen's Own as full private. An early acquaintance with the goose step and his power of imparting knowledge, combined with his rare parts and merits, soon raised him to the highest position in the corps. A lieutenant-colonelcy was not sufficient for his ambition, so he aspired higher and became an adjutant-general, and so continues. His rare genial good humor endears him to all, and though crossed in love, even yet in his old age shows great gallantry towards the fair sex. He is now in his sixty-fifth year, cheerful, gay and hearty, and disdains the "towel" exercise, though introduced by foreign importation under the highest British authority. In imitation to true British institution follows Sir Garnet Wolseley and indulges in his favorite beverage for the army—tea.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor of Osgoode Hall. He is rarely found in the courts—they being too dry for his fund of wit and humor. He never held a brief, yet is not a briefless barrister, for he files many a record in the courts of literature, and pleads his case with many a "fair lady." He is still, however, a bachelor, his suit having been in vain. He is an excellent critic, and his handiwork is often seen in the local press when "Minnie Hawk," "Rhea," and other bright stars find their way to the stage of the Grand Opera House. And even now threatens to leave us, to find a home in the far West, in Regina—the El Dorado of the North; from this centre of aurora borealis to emit these scintillations of genius which will illumine the Dominion.

Next comes Sir W. R. Toille, a merchant

of some prominence in our city, though still comparatively young. A person of indefatigable industry, strong reason and great experience, firmly imbued with the wants of the country. He is a political weatherhead, and votes now with the Liberals now with the Conservatives; shouts for Sir John and the N.P., and declares most emphatically that "Mowat must not go." He can tell you beforehand how an election will result, and always ends his story with "I told you so." He is pleasant company, and with his pipe and a glass of "Toast and water" makes time pass quickly as he indulges in his commercial oddities.

Next to him in the club room at "Jewells" sits Col. Smythe, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He was for some years in the gooseberry trade, with vintages of all years, but he quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit. I have heard him often lament that in a business where merit is so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty, and yet when he has so talked I never heard him make a *son* expression. He is never over-bearing, although accustomed to command, and as a tactician cannot be surpassed.

But I must not forget our mirth-maker, the excelsior promoter of our risibilities, the twin brother of the funny fellow of the *Evening News*, who gathers his news from all sources, and enlivens us with his racy descriptions and well told tales. To hear him make an after dinner speech is *something* to have heard, and we would not miss his general fellowship for the "world."

He is not alone, his shadow sits beside him, a stern-featured man of intellectual parts, an iconoclast, a thinker whose sententious expressions are ever useful to check the hilarity of his next-door neighbor. With open heart, great benevolence, and profuse hospitality, he is the *alter ego*, and as well beloved. And lastly, there is our chaplain, but him we do not often see, for, like Dr. Wild, he is strangely taken up with the "Anglo Israelites," "the mystic numbers," "the new third party," the "Pyramids," and "Disallowance," but still he is a clergyman, though for conscientious scruples he will not teach in the Central Prison with the members of the ministerial association. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks on, but what he says is always worthy of being heard. These are the members of our club-room.

ON-LOOKER.

THE SONG OF THE GRAND TRUNK.

The increase in the business of the Grand Trunk is perfectly marvellous of late, and is augmenting still further from day to day. The strain upon its rolling stock is almost unparalleled.—*Mail*.

Great is the strain upon our rolling stock!
Huge loads of freight are passing through *en bloc*:
Busy are the smashers
In the festive baggage car.

The strain upon our rolling stock is quite unprecedented;
The holders of old G.T. bonds are feeling more contented;
Happy are the feelings
Of the clever manager.

Deep are the growlings of our many freight *forwarders*!
Loudly they proclaim us the chief of freight retarders!
Let them growl a little
Or full surely they will bust.

The strain upon their patience is quite unprecedented,
And this of course we must admit is much to be lamented.—
Cheer up, patient shippers,
For a double track we'll have.

And some day we shall swallow up the Canada Pacific—
Aye! That will be a railway deal just monstrously terrific.
Vanderbilt will grow green
With a new-born jealousy.

Or possibly, in days ahead, the tables will be turned,
And in the C. P. railway's maw we'll be ourselves in-urned.
There's a good time coming
For the ruling railway kings!
ALLUSSE WUNNE.



four o'clock, and proved to be Mr. W. H.



LIBERTY CONSOLING FRANCE.

A TRIP THROUGH ENGLAND.

FROM THE DIARY OF A YOUNG LADY.

We here in Canada have for years been amused at the accounts in the English papers and divers "Notes of Travels" in this supposed hyperborean clime. We acknowledge that occasionally the weather is refreshingly cool sometimes in Ontario, and that the winters in Quebec sometimes suggest the propriety of blowing one's fingers, and that blizzards are supposed to make their appearance in the west, but they blow themselves out in a short time as no doubt the local politicians will blow themselves out on the disallowance question. We admit that the climate has its faults, as all climates have, but why we should have the commiseration of the natives of islands situated in such high latitudes is one of the things "that a fella" can't understand. The subjoined extracts from a young lady's journal with the above title on the fly leaf, found on one of the lately snowed-up English railway carriages, will give the much pitied Canadian an idea of the climate of "haughty Albion" in winter.

Toronto, Dec. 1st, 1882.—I propose to go to Europe for my health, and to get the benefit of pure English air. Poor dear pa is so anxious about my health, and how highly he praises the delightful climate of England. He is always praising it.

Dec. 2nd.—Weather delightful. Almost too warm. Conclude to start for England. Shall I bring my fur sacque? Yes, it's just possible I may require it on the ocean if not in England. I leave on the evening train.

Portland, Dec. 5th.—Take passage on *Manitobian* for Liverpool. Fine steamship. Noble-looking captain. Handsome 2nd officer. Mem.—Must have flirtation on passage.

Dec. 6th.—At sea. Ship rolling uncomfortably. Noon.—Must be a tempest. Ask 2nd officer. Officer grins, and says "fine weather for this time of year." Mem.—Don't speak to him again. Go on deck. Come down, or "below" as the horrid sailors say.

Dec. 7th.—Dreadfully sick. Take *petit verre* of brandy. Sicker than ever—call steward.

A hiatus appears in the "Journal" until the 20th, when follows—

Dec. 20th.—Arrive in Liverpool, weather extremely stormy and cold, snowing. Glad I brought furs. Am not favorably impressed with first experience of English weather.

Dec. 21st.—Take train for London. Locked up in compartment of coach. Don't like it. Horridly cold. Still snowing.

Dec. 22nd.—Still snowing. Can hardly hold pencil to write. Sigh for my far away Canada! Oh Canada why did I leave thee? Mem.—Won't again in a hurry.

Dec. 22nd.—Snowing harder than ever. Guard says 20 feet deep. Train stuck fast. Shall we freeze? or starve? Horror!! Oh what a country! What a climate! I can almost *hate* poor pa! why did he so deceive me? Oh that I wore back again in dear old Canada. Mem.—

What the young lady intended to do is probably for ever lost, as the memo. was not written in the diary found. Nor has its owner yet turned up. Whether she ultimately escaped her threatened doom and got to London, or whether she perished in the surrounding snow banks is as yet a mystery, but if she be yet alive and lives to come home and interview her paternal relative, we have no doubt the old gentleman will get a lively lecture on the beauties and healthfulness of the English climate.

"What ails the telephone?" yelled the editor to the central office, which he had been vainly calling for ten minutes. "The battery wants to be charged," came the indistinct answer. "Well, charge it," murmured the editor mechanically. It gets to be a second nature with some.—*Rockland Courier Gazette.*

(Established 1854.)

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