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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BENGOUGH, Editor.

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

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BACK NUMBERS OF GRIP WANTED.

We wish to obtain the following back numbers of Grip: Vol. XIII.—Nos. 1 to 26; Vol. XIV.—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 23 and 24; Vol. XV.—No. 12; Vol. XVI.—2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15, and 16. Will subscribers having any, or all, of the above numbers please communicate with us, stating particulars. We would be prepared to purchase the bound volumes from May, 1879, to May, 1881. Address: Publishing Department, Grip Office.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The occasional spasms of independence displayed by the Orange Society towards the Conservative Government are highly amusing to disinterested onlookers, and void of all terror to the parties threatened. The secret of this is that the Orange Society, however bravely it may talk when the fit is on, has neither the inclination nor the power to carry its threats against Toryism into effect, for the sufficient reason that Orangeism and Toryism are one and the same thing. There is no reason, that we are able to see, why this should be the case. The Orange Society is established, as we are given to understand, for the defence of the Protestant religion, and the maintenance of the principle of equal rights to all citizens. It is hard to discover what there is in this programme that should necessitate any allegiance to one political party more than another. Common sense would seem to dictate that the interests of Orangeism would be best served by an attitude of strict neutrality as between the parties—the attitude which the Orange Brotherhood now occupies, as contradistinguished from that of the Orange Society. The notorious fact is that self-seeking politicians have long since reduced the Order to a position of serfdom to serve their

own ends, and the membership at large have not spirit enough to assert their rights. In other words, a society established to defend Protestantism exhibit in their own persons the most striking specimen we have of genuine Popery, for what does their spiritless subserviency to their leaders mean but a disavowal of the right of Private Judgment—the foundation doctrine of the Protestant faith? Orangeism has become a laughing-stock to all who know anything about Protestantism.

FIRST PAGE.—The future of Canada is up for discussion, by the gracious permission of the *Globe*, and notwithstanding the *ex cathedra* prohibition of the *Mail*. Plans and proposals and prognostications are now in order, and they are forthcoming in many shapes. The general characteristic of most of the writing on the subject, however, is vagueness. Nobody has yet been known to define exactly what is meant by Imperial Federation, and how that Utopian condition of things is to be brought about. Independence is bravely advocated, but precisely what we are to do after declaring our independence few of its advocates have the temerity to state. Only one journal has the programme marked out in good bold lines, and this plan deserves our attention for its definiteness, whether we can favor it or not. The *News* of this city is the journal referred to. It goes in for Independence and the adoption of a straight democratic form of government. It argues that our present "responsible" system is directly accountable for the bad government we "enjoy," and that its natural and irresistible tendency is to corruption and extravagance. A democratic form, under which the Cabinet would have only executive powers, would, it is claimed, cure this evil. This is a startling proposal, but since the subject has been kicked into the arena, why not argue it out?

EIGHTH PAGE.—Sir Adolphe Caron seems content to have the Canadian public believe that he is in league with the "scallawags" who, it is alleged, robbed the country most shamefully in connection with the transport and supply service during the Rebellion. Definite charges have been laid before him against these parties; he has been fully informed of all the facts, and the proofs are ready at hand. Sir Adolphe, however, makes no sign. Mr. Luxton, of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, has time and again challenged an investigation, but without avail. Surely Sir Adolphe Caron is not willing to have the lustre of his new decorations tarnished by the suspicion of complicity in a huge and cruel job! We can tell him plainly that this will be the effect of further inaction on his part.

OH NO, NO!

For they'll hang up Wandering Spirit,  
Dislocate the spine of Old-Dog,  
Yank the vertebra of Kl-Yi,  
Jerk the neck of Mr. Bull-Skin,  
Possibly they'll hang up Toe-Nail.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Who set Wandering Spirit whooping?  
Who made Old-Dog shoot his pistol?  
Who put Kl-Yi on the war-path?  
Who made Bull-Skin paint his own skin?  
Who made Toe-Nail scalp the white man?

Was it Riel? then tote him upwards;  
Give a chance to ignorant Red Skin.  
But they won't hang Riel, oh no, no,  
Bet your life they'll not hang Riel up!  
For they want him some day coming  
As a member of the council,  
Of the famous North-West Council,  
Wouldn't do to hang this Riel up,  
But yank the spine of Wandering Spirit,  
Lots where that poor Injun comes from,  
Injuns have no vote, remember,  
No one cares a darn for Injun.  
—THE KHAN.



COMPARING ACCOUNTS.

Uncle Sam.—How is it that my governmental machine is run so much cheaper than yours, Miss Canada, considering the difference in population?  
Miss Canada.—You forget that you have a mere Republic, whereas I have—I hardly know what to call it. That's the reason!

At the Toronto Exhibition the first prizes in all classes of clothing were awarded to R. WALKER AND SONS. Their stock of Fall and Winter materials is now complete. Place a trial order for a suit or overcoat.

ANOTHER AMERICAN TENOR.

Proud Mother.—Do you know, dear, I believe our baby will be a singer, perhaps a great tenor like Brignoli or Campanini?  
Tired Father.—He strikes high C mighty often, if that's what you mean.  
P.M.—Yes, the tones are so sweet and shrill. I hope we will be able to have his voice cultivated in Europe.  
T.F.—By Jove! good idea. Send him now.  
—Philadelphia Call.



Mr. Bengough's comic opera, "Bunthorne Abroad," is to be given by the Holman Company at the Pavilion for the last three evenings of this week. The piece has been much improved since its first presentation, and will be given on this occasion with an excellent cast. Popular summer prices still prevail.  
Hoyt's comedy, "A Rag Baby," is creating no end of fun at the Grand. It is not exactly refined comedy, but as it originated in Boston it must be all right.

(All Wrongs Deserved.)

THE MIND CURE.

A SUPREMELY RIDICULOUS FARGE OF THE MOST APPROVED NINETEENTH CENTURY FORM.

Scene—Sitting-room in Mr. Dumford Dicey's villa. As the curtain rises Mr. D. is discovered seated at G., his right leg wrapped in flannel and resting on stool.

Mr. D.—Darn this gout! Here I've been a prisoner seven weeks, with the delightful prospect of remaining so other seven weeks. Euh! (Takes up newspaper.) Hum! What's the news? Sir John—Blako—and the rest of them—all well—galvanic appliances—big fire—mind cure. Ah! what does it say about the mind cure? (Reads) "Many wonderful mind cures have been recorded of late, but it has been reserved for us to chronicle the most extraordinary cure yet heard of. A prominent merchant on — Street had the misfortune some years ago to lose the sight of one of his eyes. As soon as convenient he had the useless optic removed and a glass eye put in its place. A short time ago the mind cure process came prominently before him, and he determined to test it upon his deficient eye. What was his surprise to find at the end of a few days that he could see as well with the glass eye as with the real one." (Loquitur) Great Scott! That is wonderful, very wonderful. I wonder how it would act on my gouty leg? (Reads) "Mr. Bunkem, a noted professor of the mind cure process is now at Swag's Hotel, where he can be consulted at any hour." I'll send for him. (Rings bell. Enter John.)

Mr. D.—John, there is a Professor Bunkem staying at Swag's Hotel—

John.—Glad to hear it. Hope he's enjoying himself.

Mr. D.—No insolence, John. I want you to go there and tell the professor I require his services, and bring him back with you. You understand?

John.—I tumble to the racket, sir. At once, in a cab. (Exit John whistling "The Cork Leg." Ten minutes elapse. Enter John with the professor.)

John.—Mr. Dicey, this is Professor Bunkem.

Mr. D.—Pleased to see you, Professor. I have sent for you to assist in curing this gouty leg.

Bunkem (passing over to Mr. D. and tapping leg).—Ah! an interesting case, (tap, tap) very.

Mr. D.—Sakes alive! Professor, don't do that—it goes through me like a knife.

Bunkem.—My dear sir, you can afford to smite. We shall soon have rid of this troublesome gout.

Mr. D.—Can you proceed at once?

Bunkem.—I have come for that purpose.

Mr. D.—That is well. John, you may go. (Exit John.) Now, sir, I am ready.

Bunkem.—Hem! Now, Mr. Dixey—

Mr. D.—Dicey, sir, Dumford Dicey.

Bunkem.—I beg your pardon, Mr. Dicey; first you must banish from your mind all thoughts of earthly things. Have you money about you?

Mr. D.—Yes, but what has that to do with it?

Bunkem.—Well, you see, money is decidedly an earthly thing, and your thoughts might be drawn towards it. It must be removed.

Mr. D.—Oh! certainly. I will ring for John to—

Bunkem.—There is no need to do that. You may sit upon it. That will place you above pecuniary considerations. Allow me. (Mr. D. removes his purse and Bunkem places it under chair cushion.) Now, sir, we require two silver conductors; silver spoons will answer the purpose. You must understand that magnetism, that subtle and mysterious fluid, enters largely into the process, and good silver, such as you use, helps to assimilate the higher and lower degrees of mind magnetism.

Mr. D.—That seems very reasonable. I will send my man for two of my silver spoons.

Bunkem.—I regret to have to alarm you, but if you do so you will spoil everything. (Solennly) Already around us has begun to gather the grand ceruleum of mystic mind matter. Should any person, especially one of a common calibre of mind, enter within its pale, the grand ceruleum would vanish and our work would be in vain.

Mr. D.—It will be troubling you so much, Professor. Here is the key. John will show you the plate-chest.

Bunkem.—No trouble at all. Excuse me. (Exit Bunkem.)

Mr. D.—That professor is a well-informed gentleman. My leg feels much better already. Euh! What a twinge!! Such a statement was evidently premature. (Enter Bunkem with two silver spoons.)

Bunkem (joyfully).—My dear sir, do you know I feel intuitively that you are a splendid specimen to work the mind cure upon; you possess such a massively organized brain, (aside) and a well-stocked plate-chest. I believe that within an hour's time you will be able to walk and even run—yes, sir, run. But now to business. Hold a spoon in each hand, so; let them touch, so; lay back your head, so; and now think, think, think. Concentrate all your thoughts upon your pain, and will its departure. Whatever you do, take no notice of anything that may happen around you. If you do, the continuity of the mind matter will break and the grand ceruleum vanish.

Mr. D.—How long must I remain in this state?

Bunkem (mysteriously).—Well, it depends upon circumstances. It is most probable that you will be able to use the gouty member within an hour. It will be necessary for me to leave you for a time to attend another patient. Now, compose yourself. Let nothing trouble you; (goes to door) that will come soon enough. (Exit Bunkem. Mr. D. closes his eyes. Half an hour elapses. Enter John, hastily.)

John.—Sir, (no answer). Mr. Dicey, (no answer). Has the professor poisoned him? (Shouts) Mr. Dicey!!

Mr. D. (raising his head and looking ferociously at John).—How dare you come here, sir, without my ringing for you? You must have a screw loose.

John.—Maybe I have, sir. The professor's all right; he's bolted.

Mr. D.—What mean you, scoundrel? Do you know you have broken up the grand ceruleum?

John.—Sorry for that, sir, but the professor has broken into your plate-chest.

Mr. D.—Nonsense, man. You know he had my leave to take out a couple of spoons.

John.—Did you give him leave to take away half the contents of your plate-chest?

Mr. D.—What!!!

John.—That's what he's done. He's bolted, scooted, skipped out with the best part of your silverware.

Mr. D. (passionately).—The devil he has! —! —! Let me go for him. (Jumps up and runs to the door. John seizes him as he falls and carries him to chair.) Euh! This leg ain't much better after all. I felt like running that time, John. Now I think of it, just look under my chair cushion for my purse. (John looks.)

John.—Not the least sign of it, sir.

Mr. D.—Then that villain of a professor has robbed me of my dollars as well as my plate. (Groans.) By gosh! John, if you are ever sick don't employ a mind cure man. The only true words he spoke were that within one hour's time I should be able to walk and even run. You saw me do that, John.

John.—I was an unwilling witness of that extraordinary piece of agility on your part, sir.

Mr. D.—That "piece of agility" as you call it has cost me fifty dollars and pickings from my plate-chest. (Falls back exhausted.)

John (aside).—Which ought to teach the old fool this lesson, which is a moral for all: (to audience) Have nothing to do with Professor Bunkem and the mind cure. (Tableau representing a man-servant's tender regard for a rich and deluded master.)

CURTAIN.

—TITUS A. DRUM.



THE TERRIBLE MONTREAL MAJOR.

The Major's Friend (after listening to the bold warrior's tale of wrong).—Why don't you challenge the scoundrel?

The Major.—Duelling is against the law; but I will assassinate him if I get a good chance!

DECIDED AT LAST.

A decision has at last been reached in regard to which is the cheapest place in the city to buy harness at. The name of the firm is the Canadian Harness Co., 104 Front Street, opposite Hay Market. You can buy a set of harness \$15 cheaper of them than any other firm in the city. They have the advantage over small dealers as they manufacture in large quantities; 200 sets to choose from, all hand-stitched.



GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

XIV.—GOVERNMENT HOUSE—OSGOODE HALL.

We have not yet visited the house of His Honor the Lieut. Governor of the Province; a very grave omission, so let us proceed thither before one could say Jack, or Bev. Robinson.

Here we are, ringing at the front door of the Lieut. Governatorial residence on King Street West. Any stranger is sure of a hearty welcome, and if he be a pugilist, so much the heartier will be his reception, for His Honor is a well-known patron of the manly art, and is himself a direct lineal descendant of the celebrated Russian family of the Fistykovs. He is a very genial gentleman and, unless we provoke him very much indeed, will not strike

us. In any case, however, his manly address and fine physique will strike us favorably; in fact he is a very striking personage. His manly address may be heard at the opening of Parliament when he appears in full fig. (not Figg, the prize-fighter, as that gentleman died a year or two ago, and now lies buried in a quiet English churchyard, beneath his own yew or Figg tree), the official costume of a Lieut.-Gov. being about as manly a dress as can be seen anywhere.

There is not much to be seen about the house, which is a square building of a roseate hue (and, by the way, when we see His Honor's countenance, we shall perceive that that is somewhat roseate, too), with a lawn in front (just like a bishop), and a yard behind (just like a lady with a fashionable train), but it is the correct thing to go and look at it, or, as a Scotchman would say, "luik" at it, thus contradicting the assertion of the old song that there is "Nae look about the hoose."

One of the great sights of Government House is His Honor's aide-de-kong, Capt. Geds, baby Jowve! and when he appears, as he does at times, in kilts, he is a sight to strike terror into the smallest newsboy in Toronto. His form, like the late lamented Mr. Bowling's, is of the ma-a-nliest beau-ooty, his head—no, his heart—is pure and soft. He is said to be an excellent A. D. C., and performs his duties to perfection, having all the necessary qualifications for the performance of them. As the duty of an aide-de-camp is to do nothing, it will at once be allowed that the gallant Captiving is the right man in the right place. In similar words to those of the song in "Iolanthe":

"Our A. D. C. when there's no war  
Does nothing in particular,  
And does it very well."

Having said "How-de-do" to His Honor, we may as well shove ahead somewhere else. If we shove a head it will help this tale, which, being heads and tales, will be something like "shoving the queer." Will it? Queery? Let us put our best foot forward, then, and, as that foot will be clothed in leather, this will be another instance of shoving the cuir. Whither shall our footsteps tend? Where but to

OSGOODE HALL.

This really fine building will be found on Queen Street West. It is so large and fine that no one will have any difficulty in finding it. It is surrounded by a highly ornamental iron fence, emblematical, it is said, of the defence of of-fence that goes on almost daily—Sundays excepted—within the building, inside of which are four courts where Justice and Truth reign supreme—the latter especially, as lawyers are as thick as the leaves that do something or other in Vallambrosa. Of course these courts are inside; no one likes to be "caught out." Judges sit here almost constantly, and as their offices are permanent, the position may be termed a permanent "sit." These judges, as is customary in this country, do not dress in the regulation costume of an English judge, and wear no wigs; they are, however, said to be capable of giving terrible wiggings to anyone brought before them.

Osgoode Hall is built of grey stone, though it would seem that Blackstone would have been a more appropriate color; but black stone is hard to find; in fact coal is about the nearest approach to it, but who ever saw an erection of coal? Coke would be better, especially for an edifice sacred to the business transacted in Osgoode Hall.

Not being an architect, the writer is unable to say just exactly what style of architecture that of Osgoode Hall is, but as there is an entrance in front and another at the rear, it is probably the Twodoor kind; it may, however, be of another style, as the lawyers and students go thick there. Yet another sugges-

tion: it is built of large rough stones; may not this hint at the Elizabethan architecture, as it is well known that her Virgin Majesty much affected the style of the large ruff?

Abler writers than the present chronicler must settle these questions; space in these columns will not permit of further discussion here, so, bidding adieu to Osgoode Hall, we will make for the Post Office.

—S.



"IT'S A POOR RULE," ETC.

Scene.—Vestry meeting in parish not far from Ottawa.

The Chairman.—If we understand it, sir, your reason for slighting Canon Farrar was that he accepted pay for his lectures.

The Clergyman.—Precisely. A clergyman should be above mercenary considerations.

The Chairman.—You will be pleased to learn, then, of the action we have taken. Out of consideration for your scruples, we have resolved to refrain from paying you for your preaching, which is still more sacred than lecturing.

(But his reverence isn't very highly "pleased" after all.)

A SURE INDICATION.

Whenever there are festering sores, blotches, pimples and boils appearing, it indicates an extremely bad condition of the blood, which should be speedily cleansed by that best of all medicines, Burdock Blood Bitters.

MR. NYE TO HER MAJESTY.

Nye, the American humorist, has been writing to the Queen, inviting her to come over and give readings from her own works. Here is the conclusion of his letter:

"I would assure your most gracious majesty that your reception here as an authoress will in no way suffer because you are an unnaturalized foreigner. Any alien who feels a fraternal interest in the international advancement of thought and the universal encouragement of the good, the true and the beautiful in literature, will be welcome on these shores.

"This is a broad land, and we aim to be a broad and cosmopolitan people. Literature and free, willing genius are not hemmed in by State or national lines. They sprout up and blossom under tropical skies no less than beneath the frigid aurora borealis of the frozen North. We hail true merit just as heartily and uproariously on a throne as we would anywhere else. In fact, it is more deserving, if possible, for one who has never

tried it little knows how difficult it is to sit on a hard throne all day and write well. We are to recognize struggling genius wherever it may crop out. It is no small matter for an almost unknown monarch to reign all day, and then write an article for the press, or a chapter for a serial story, only, perhaps, to have it returned by the publishers. All these things are drawbacks to a literary life which we here in America know little of.

"I hope your most gracious majesty will decide to come, and that you will pardon this long letter. It will do you good to get out this way for a few weeks, and I earnestly hope that you will decide to lock up the house and come prepared to make quite a visit. We have some real good authors here now in America, and we are not ashamed to show them to any one. They are not only smart, but they are well-behaved, and know how to appear in company. We generally read selections from our own works, and can have a brass band to play between the selections if thought best. For myself, I prefer to have a brass band accompany me while I read. The audience also approves of this plan.

"We have been having some very hot weather here the past week, but it is now cooler. Farmers are getting in their crops in good shape, but wheat is still low in price, and cranberries are souring on the vines. All of our canned red raspberries worked last week, and we had to can them over again. Mr. Riel, who went into the rebellion business in Canada last winter, will be hanged in September if it don't rain. It will be his first appearance on the gallows, and quite a number of our leading American criminals are going over to see him debut.

"Hoping to hear from you by return mail or prepaid cablegram, I beg leave to remain, your most gracious and indulgent majesty's humble and obedient servant."—Boston Globe.



JUSTIFIED BY THE FACTS.

Old Lady.—And so you go to the kindergarten, my dear. I hope you are all very good there, and never hear any naughty words?

Little Girl.—Yeth, ma'am, only Jimmy Jones called Bobby Smith a darn fool.

Old Lady.—Dear me! Shocking!

Little Girl.—O, but he is!

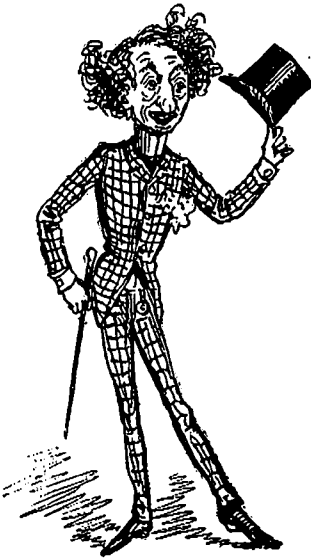
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## ORANGE WRATH.

*The Orange Power.*—HEAR ME, NOW! IF YOU DON'T HANG RIEL, I'LL—I'LL—  
*Sir John.*—YES, I KNOW. YOU'LL VOTE JUST THE SAME AS USUAL!





IS THERE GREEN IN THE WHITE OF MY EYE?

AS SUNG BY THE GREAT AND ONLY PREMIER.

AIR.—“Says I to myself, says I.”

When Riel once before made a terrible muss—  
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)  
I saw that his capture would cause a great fuss.  
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)  
Oh! heavens, I cried, that catch him I could,  
My friends, I am sure, are convinced that I would—  
But I thought a few thousands would do Louis good—  
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)

My right hand shan't know what my left is about—  
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)  
I said, as I helped Louis Riel to dig out—  
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)  
But I pulled a long face and I said, “I declare  
To catch this bold rebel I'm anxious, I swear,  
And heaven knows well my intentions are fair”—  
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)

And now, once again, Louis Riel has cut up—  
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)  
“I'll slap his d—d chops” for a treacherous pup—  
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)  
He ought to be hung—so the people all say—  
And they ask me, “Now will you hang Louis, John A.?”  
“I'm not a Jack Ketch,” I reply, Canning, oh?—  
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)

I really don't think I could smuggle a thou—  
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)  
To help Louis Riel to skeddaddle just now—  
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)  
But really I think it's a horrible shame  
That the people should say that I play a snide game  
When all I possess is my pure, honest name—  
(Is there green in the white of my eye?)

—SWIZ.

OUR SET.

A TALE OF FASHIONABLE CANADIAN LIFE.

“You're going, of course, to the Decosters' party on Tuesday?” said Mrs. Senator Mullein to Mrs. Senator von Kornstaker as they were sitting in the latter lady's exquisitely-furnished drawing-room yesterday afternoon. Everything in the magnificent apartment indicated the wealth and style of the lucky owners. A red-eyed poodle of muff-like contour and appearance, with blue ribbon around his body adjoining the head where his neck should be, lay snarling on a beautifully-embroidered foot-stool, and the air was odoriferous of all the perfumes of Araby or the laboratories of Lubin and Rimmel. Hypercritical visitors occasionally remarked after their afternoon calls that the upholstery of the mansion was rather glaring and pretentious, and that among the articles of furniture a too great preponderance of cardinal colors prevailed; but as an artist who called on Mrs. Von with a view of painting her “mug,” as he called it (a low and impecunious fellow,

this painter), assured her that he was delighted with her arrangement of color, and that they were in perfect harmonious contrast, reminding him of the Porgo Palace in Italy, she was well satisfied, not only that she was a lady of taste, but that the artist was a genius. So the painter got the “job” and \$200. But to proceed.

“No,” replied Mrs. von Kornstaker to her friend's question as to going to the party, “no, we don't visit the Decosters. You see they are not our style—good enough people I must confess, but not in our set. You are, perhaps, not aware that Mr. Decoster's father was once in trade.”

“In trade! Why, bless me, Mrs. von Kornstaker! who would have thought it? Why, the Decosters, since I recollect, have always been high in fashionable and political circles! Why, really, I can scarcely credit it. In trade!”

“Yes, my dear Mrs. Mullein. I have an humble connection of our family in the house who knew the old Decosters well. I will send for her and assure you of the statement that the Decosters were really in trade. She is quite an amusing old thing, and a perfect encyclopedia as far as early Canada is concerned. We all call her Aunt Hannah, he! he!”

The bell was rung, a servant appeared, and disappeared with the order, “Desire Miss Boomerickle to step up stairs.”

When Miss B., alias Aunt Hannah, was told by the domestic that she was “wanted up stairs,” she remarked, “Plague take it all! Jist when I git right to work at my knittin' or surhin', down comes the gal and says, ‘You're wanted, Miss Boomerickle!’ I reckon Eliza Ann's got quality company.” Adjusting her spectacles the old lady marched up to the drawing-room, knitting in hand.

“Mrs. Mullein, this is Miss Boomerickle,” was the introduction.

“Take a chair, Aunt Hannah,” said Mrs. Von, patronisingly. “You recollect old Mr. Decoster that came here from the States long ago?”

“Yes, I reckon I do. I knew the old man well.”

“Well, wasn't he in trade after he came here?”

“In what?”

“Trade.”

“Wall, I don't know as he did much trade, Eliza Ann. Him and your grandfather, old Uncle Squeezer we uster call him, sort o' jined partnership in a hoss and wagon, and uster peddle tinware round the country. They uster take sheep and coon skins in exchange, and your old granddad—” Mrs. Von's face grew redder than the crimson sofa on which she reclined, as Mrs. Mullein remarked, “From such undeniable testimony of such an old inhabitant as your aunt is, I feel quite sure that the Decosters were in trade,” and then the lady smilingly arose to go.

“Say,” asked the irrepressible Aunt Hannah, “be you a granddaughter of old Hebediah Mullein that was put on the limits after he bankrupted and lit out for the States? I reckon—” Mrs. Mullein, whose face at this question, which was to the point, reddened as did rodden the visage of her friend, bounced out of the house without saying “good day.”

There is a coolness between the houses of Mullein and Kornstaker, but the question of trade is settled for evermore.

B.

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

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

LORD LAWDEDAW.

GRIP is glad to be able to delight his readers with the announcement that he this day presents the first of a century of short papers from the talented pen of Lord Lawdedaw, now travelling in Canada, with a view to gathering material for a future novel. The services of this talented nobleman we have secured at a high figure, knowing the public will share their appreciation of his liberality and enterprise. (Ed. GRIP.)

THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN TOWONTO.

The religious element prevails lawgely in Towonto. Stweert caws are not allowed to wun on Sundays, all saloons are closed, there is no access to any saloon on that day except by the back daw. The Salvation Ahmy pawades the stweerts, and cwaks the public tympanum by devotional whacks on a lawge dwum. The chuches are all well filled, and the wawious congvegations are tweated to the sawt of doctwine they like best. In the Catholic Cathedwal English tywanny is shown up in an intwesting and convenient mannah, and the Catholic Church shown to be the only woad to heaven. In the Pwotestant chuches English politics are discussed and expounded in the evenings; Gladstone is instwucted in the way he should go, and the chuch of Wome denounced as anti-Christ. One of the pastaws, the Wevewend Dr. I. Toldyouso, claims to be a pwophet, fawtells fuchaw events, believes in Tory ascendancy and Impewial Fedewation, blames the Libewals faw all the waws which have devastated Euvope, keeps his weathaw eye upon the coming battle of Ahmageddon, and boasts of having as lawge a congvegation as either Talmage or Spurgeon. In some of the pulpits the pawstaws give out their opinions on pwohibition, Scott Act, or Genewal Gwant, lately deceased, and the congvegations get pointaws on politics and the wawious questions of the day. Othaws, again, wail at science, and denounce scientists such as Huxley, Tyndall, and othaws, but they, at the same time, do not fail to take full advantage of the discoverwies and knowledge of these infatuated and misguided men. Which seems to me aw—inconsistent. There are sewewal colleges here, and they should pwopely come in under the head, “Educational,” but as we are now discussing the religious element it may not be out of place to mention two of these institutions in particular, to wit: the Godless and the Godly. The Univohsity College is a public institution faw the highaw education in awts and sciences. The young men—the students of this univohsity, have developed the religious element lawgely—having subscribed, along with some wealthy citizens, sewewal thousand dollars for the eweetion of a hall for prwayah-meetings and othah religious pawposes. They are taught by men who, in addition to being pwofessaws of awts and sciences, are also pwofessaws of wewigion and members of city chuches—this is the Godless College. Twinity, I believe, claims the distinction of being the Godly College—and of cause it would be ungentlemanly faw any one to insinuate that a college which calls itself godly could be influenced by such a base motive as self-intewest—in pointing out the dangaws attendant on a caws of awts at a secular and godless college like Univohsity.

Altogethaw, the religious element of Towonto is wemahkable faw its elasticity, its adaptability, and its confawmability to the spiwit of the age; faw the numbaw of astute politicians among the clehgy, and for its detehmination to make the best of both welds.

LAWDEDAW.

“Only the brave deserve the fare,” as the landlady said when she placed the oleomargarine upon the table.—Whip.

**THE SMALLPOX GERM.**

**WARNS ONE WHO BELIEVES NOT IN JENNER.**  
 "Several people are very much averse to vaccination and look upon it as a sin."—*Montreal paper.*

It was in the bleak October, I was sitting, sad and sober, having taken salts of Glauber, not being well and feeling bilious.

I suppose that I was dozing—sure I was without supposing, this no secret I'm disclosing though some cynic supercilious

Might declare that I'd been drinking—but I sat there, nodding, blinking, merely most profoundly thinking when I heard, down near the floor

Something like a mouselet squeaking—not a chirping nor a creaking, but a small voice softly speaking, and its tones a semblance bore

To the murmur heard in seashells on the ever-sounding shore.

There upon my nether garment was the strangest little varment—by this term there is no harm meant—that my optics ever greeted,

It was crawling, grappling, creeping up—believing I was sleeping, with its volicoit ever keeping time—as I was silent seated.

"Do I sleep or am I waking?" Then I cried in terror quaking, "I'm awake, there's no mistaking"—here I tweaked my nasal feature—

"What d'ye want, you horrid pigmy—do not with your clawlets dig me—you are very small, not big"—

"Me," then replied the little creature,

"I'm the germ of variola," then replied the little creature.

"I am come to tell Toronto that, though I really do not want to, her people soon I shall be on to if they don't make preparation—

There's one thing will stop me now, sir, and the way I'll tell you how, sir, 'tis the vaccine of the cow, sir, yes, I don't like vaccination.

I am merely come to warn you—smallpox pits do not adorn you—with them foolish folk would scorn you—and besides they're very sore.

So I pray you let your doctors—bohuz, draught and pill concoctors (medicine men in tongue of Choctaws) vaccinate each little bore,

Vaccinate each squalling, squealing child upon your Bay's sweet shore."

Then my frame shook with a shudder. "What," I cried, "take stuff from udder of that beast that chews the cud, or, as they call it, rumination?"

"Yes," replied the imp of evil—small as midgot, flea or weevil, "I intended to be ceevil when I spoke of vaccination.

That alone, dear friend, will cure you and from smallpox will insure you and 'gainst my attacks insure you"—Here I sprang upon the floor,

"Get thee gone, thou horrid midget, t'lier far than any Bridget—do you think that I am a hijit? got thee gone from out my door—

Take your claws from off my pant-legs and your form outside my door."

Then with plaintive suspiration went the germ outside my door.

—Swiz.

**UNCLE SAM TO NEIGHBOR CANADA.**

Look hyar, cousin! I ain't goin' to be a meddlin' with any of these here consarns o' yourn, 'tain't any o' my funeral; but you bet I dew believe in them noospapers o' yourn actin' on the squar. Fur the last ten or fifteen y'ar 'n more them thar noospapers bin an' come down on me every time like a thousand o' brick, fur aidin' an' abettin' consarns o' blatherskites agin England—on this yer friendly sile—(an' I'm blamed ef ye'll find a friendlier anywhar on top of this round yarth). They kep on a-hammerin an' a-poundin' about that thar nest o' vipers I was a nussin' of in my buzzum, till the time was ripe fur them to slip an' fasten their fangs on John Bull; to say nothin' of gobblin' up the British Empire generally. I them thar noospapers called upon me to spend my time and my money a-huntin' up an' gaggin' every blessed Irish blatherskite who went round beggin' for somebody to tread on the tail of his coat, an' when I didn't just see my way to do exactly as they pinte'd out, they called me *sich* names! I was a Fenian cuss, a goldarned coward as couldn't call the nose on his face his own for fear the Irish vote would bite it off, and sich, and so forth—fhey went fur me, I tell you. Now, I ain't a castin' of this up fur nothin'. I ken stand the racket as long as you ken—an' I take it, I ain't the kind of hair pin to restrict liberty o' speech—even though it be the speech o' blatherskites, sound an' fury signifyin' nothin'; but what I wanted

tew remark is this—whar's them thar noospapers now? Hyar I see you've got right thar in Toronto public meetin' for the open purpose o' the dismemberment o' the British Empire; blood an' thunder speeches denouncin' the Saxon tyrant and sich, an' so forth; an' subscriptions taken up to fight England. Now, that's exactly what they did in the United States of Ameriky. *It's your turn now*—whar's yer thunderin' articles in the noospapers now about vipers and sich?—why don't you smoke 'em out as you axed me to do?—why do you let 'em spit on your flag like that? Finally, Cousin Canada, what air you going to do about it? Air you also down on your knees fur the almighty Irish vote?



**POPE'S UNIVERSAL ANSWER**

TO CRITICISMS FROM THE OPPOSITION BENCHES.

"He would blast the labored argument of an adversary by a look of scorn or contemptuous wave of the hand."—*Parkman, Wolfe and Montcalm, Vol. II., p. 42.*

**OLLA PODRIDA.**

**EXECRABLE.**

"Joe," said young Swizzleton to a friend who he knew was not addicted to partaking of that which, etc., "Joe, have some champagne," and he pointed to two or three bottles of "fizz" which were cooling themselves in an ice-pail.

"No, Jack, it's against my principles, you know," was the reply. "In fact, I consider it naughty, as the girls say."

"Ah, Joe," said Swizzleton, "its naughty, but it's on ice!"

**DRAWING NIGHT.**

Ere long the little boy,  
 Full of joy,  
 Will take his little sled  
 From the shed,  
 And down the hill he'll go  
 Thro' the snow.  
 But the difficulty is  
 In this "biz"  
 That tho' he meets a rock  
 With a shock,  
 It doesn't kill him quite;  
 He's all right.  
 Little boys a nuisance are,  
 Ask Papa.

**CUTTING.**

"Oh! bahbah," said a young "blood," entering a tonsorial establishment one morning, I'm in a tewwible state; was out with the boys laht night, y'know, and I want you to shampoo my head or something, y'know. It feels twemendously swollen—just like a balloon."

"Ah! yes," replied Razors, who knew his man, "it is like a balloon—in every respect."

**FAREWELL, IRISHMEN!**

On the 28th day,  
 As I'm going to say,  
 Of the lately-flown month of September,  
 Was enacted a sec'e,  
 (Sure one which, I ween,  
 I'm likely full long to remember.

The I. A. A. Team,  
 Brought o'er ocean by steam.  
 Were leaving our fast-growing city;  
 So to see the boys off,  
 And at parting hats doff,  
 Went a few folks—but few, more's the pity.

Yet we made such a noise,  
 While a-cheering the boys,  
 As attracted a deal of attention;  
 Their answering cheers  
 Even *every* dull ears  
 Could have heard, thro' brick walls' intervention

For Barry, from Cork  
 (Faith he's not like a stork,  
 Roared out like a young Bull of Bashan,  
 And he and the rest,  
 It may here be confessed,  
 Could be heard to the end of the station.

When the cheering was done  
 Then a song was begun,  
 'Twas that we were all "jolly good fellows";  
 Then out into the light,  
 And soon from our sight,  
 Went big Barry, with lungs like a bellows.

—J. A. MESAG.

**THE SITUATION HE WAS FIT FOR.**

*Keeper of Intelligence Office.*—You say you desire a situation?  
*Applicant.*—Yes, sir.  
*K.O.I.O.*—What can you do?  
*A.*—I have no trade, but I am willing to do almost anything.  
*K.O.I.O.*—What have you been doing lately?  
*A.*—Working in a dynamite factory.  
*K.O.I.O.*—Dangerous work, I suppose?  
*A.*—Very dangerous; but I did not leave it on that account, but because the work gave out. I'm not afraid of anything.  
*K.O.I.O.*—You ain't, eh? You ain't afraid of being pounded half to death, cuffed, kicked, execrated, knocked down, rolled in the mud, being made a football of, or anything of that kind?  
*A.*—Certainly not.  
*K.O.I.O.*—All right, I will get you a position as a baseball umpire.—*Boston Courier.*

**LOVE ALL GONE.**

*Bride.*—There, I knew how it would be. We have not been married a month and already you have ceased to care for me.  
*Young Husband.*—Why, my dear, what can you be thinking of? You are dearer to me than ever.  
*B.*—It isn't so; you know it isn't. You took tea at our house several times before we were married, and you scarcely touched a thing. Ma said she knew you was truly in love, because you had no appetite.  
*Y.H.*—Of course, dear, but—  
*B.*—And now you are actually complaining just because I forgot to get anything for breakfast.—*Philadelphia Call.*

**A SPLENDID OLD SETTLER.**

"Did you hear about that riot in Chicago the other day?"  
 "No; what about it?"  
 "It was a fearful mob, and I thought at first the troops would have to be called out, but it was finally quieted by an old settler."  
 "How did the old settler quiet the mob?"  
 "The old settler was an egg, and it hit the ringleader behind the ear. Beats the troops all to hollow."—*Newman Independent.*

Jumbo's trunk was checked by a freight train.—*Waterloo Observer.*

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WAITING FOR THE INVESTIGATION.

**A LIBERAL EMPLOYER.**

"You have to work pretty hard, don't you?" said a good-natured old gentleman to a car-driver. "Well, I should smile; but I have no cause to complain." "Why not?" "Because my boss is so liberal that he gives me nearly eighteen hours to do my day's work in, while you poor bankers have to crowd your work into about four hours."—*New York Journal.*

Said a Bloomington police judge to a darkey witness yesterday, "Do you know the nature of an oath?" "You mean cuss word, sah?" "No," said the justice, "Do you understand what you are to swear to here in court?" "Yes, sah, our lawyer told me what to swear to, sah."—*Bloomington Eye.*

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**LEAR'S**

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

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