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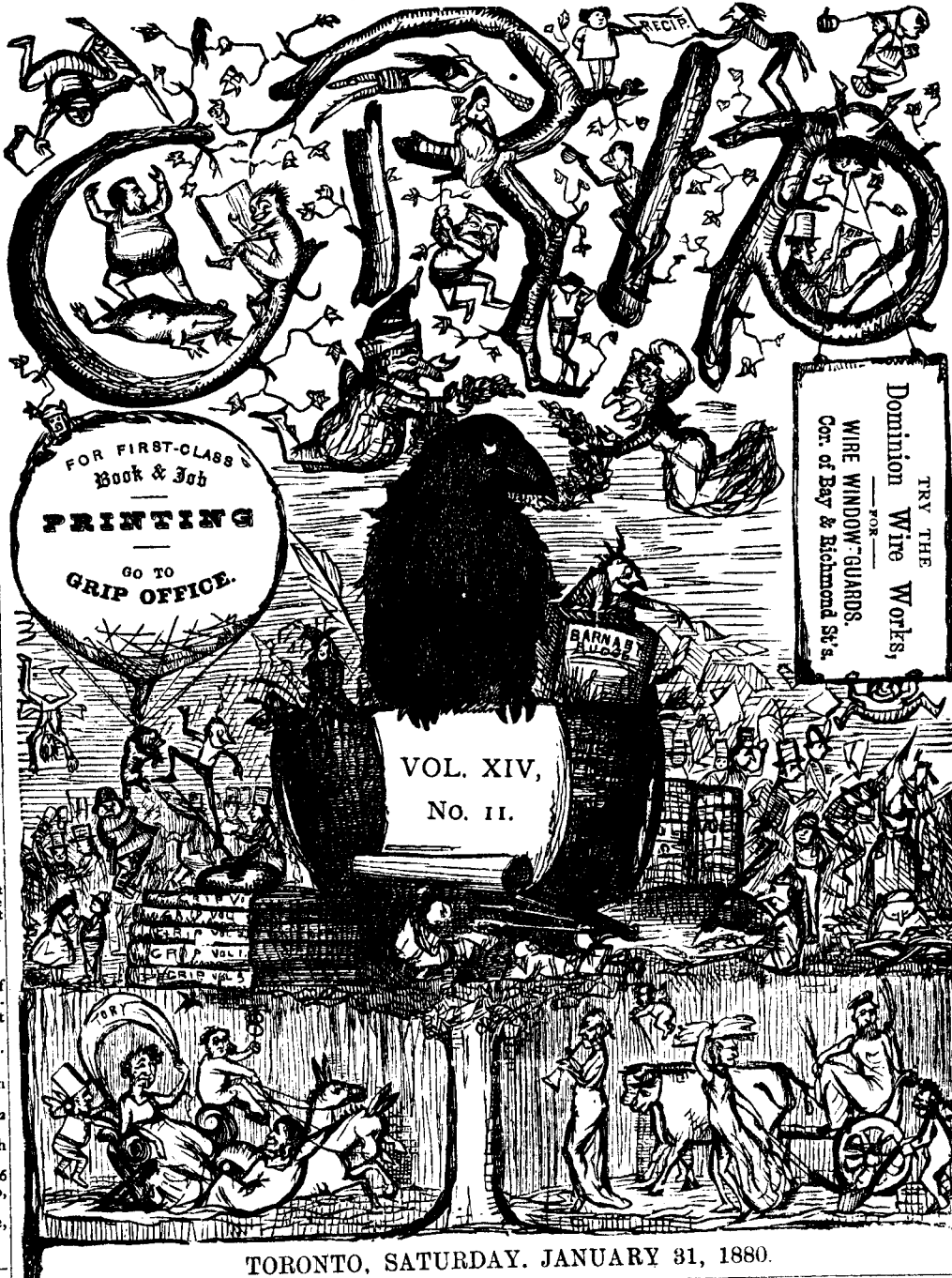
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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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Literature and Art.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY is writing a life of MARLBOROUGH.

KINGLAKE, of Crimean fame, is suffering from bronchitis, and has gone to the continent.

LORD DERBY has protested against the publication of his father's memoirs by his brother.

The Russian Government has given permission for the publication of the correspondence of PETER the Great.

Nuremberg is growing so rapidly that the destruction of her interesting, many-towered old wall has been decided upon.

ARCHIBALD FORBES, the correspondent, announces an article criticising Lord CHELMSFORD's conduct during the Zulu war.

Mr. PEKRAULT's new monthly the *Colonial Emancipator* is out. In appearance it resembles the *Bystander* though not in literary merit.

Macmillan is to have a highly sensational article for February. King CETYWAYO is to publish an "Apologia pro Vitasua," interspersed with running comments on the Zulu war.

The "Tablette" photograph, designed and introduced by the distinguished firm of NOTMAN & FRASER, is very much admired. Some exceedingly beautiful specimens may be seen at their studio on King St.

The London Society of Painters in Water Colors has lately announced, in its last catalogue, that there are no vacancies for lady members, which has made quite a stir in London art circles, for ladies up to this time have been sparingly elected.

A special meeting of the Society of Painters in Water-colors has been called by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., to memorialize the Italian Minister of Public Works in regard to the proposed restoration of the facade of St. Mark's, in Venice.

A fine collection of original drawings of JOHN LEECH has been purchased by subscription for the Charterhouse, the school at which LEECH spent his early years. The drawings are now arranged and exhibited in the library at the Charterhouse.

The *Spectator* says of the Princess LOUISE's contributions to the Water Color Exhibition, "that people will think them very able, for a princess," and that "some of the sketches are more fitted for a young lady's album than exhibition in a London gallery."

A gentleman writes us to know if we will accept a series of articles "pitching into" the management of the Canadian Academy of Art. As the Academy is scarcely yet in existence we think it hardly generous to attack its management—at least until something objectionable has been done.

The two child-songs, by ALFRED TENNYSON, written especially for *St. Nicholas*, appear in the February issue. Both songs have been set to music under Mr. TENNYSON's supervision, and one of the musical accompaniments forwarded by him will also be given in the same number.

The Berlin National Museum has lately been enriched by what is said to be the largest modern group of sculpture known. It is a "Prometheus" group, modeled out of one block of Carrara marble weighing three hundredweight, and has been executed by Professor GUSTAV MULLER, of Coburg, a sculptor long resident at Rome.

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Stage Whispers.

A local juvenile comic opera troupe gave performances of *Pinafore* at St. Andrew's Hall this week.

Mr. J. C. CONNER has resigned the business management of the Royal Opera House of this city. He will be succeeded by Mr. LUCIEN BARNES, late of BARNES' *Revellers*.

REMENTY, the violinist, was greeted by a large audience who enjoyed his performance beyond all expression. It is not likely that the negotiations with JOSEFFY will eventuate in the appearance of that wonderful artist before the Toronto public.

The "Commercial Travellers" is a new organization on the plan of the "Tourists." M. V. LANGHAM is to be the leading man, and the company includes WM. DAVIDGE, Jr., CORA DANIELS, and others. The first date is set for Wilmington, Del., Jan. 19.

Mme. NILSSON's debut at Madrid in "Faust," on Dec. 4, was one of the greatest triumphs of her career. After the garden scene she was re-called three times, also at the end of each following act, their Majesties joining in the applause, which at certain moments was almost frantic.

MINNIE PALMER with her comedy company occupies the stage of the Royal at present. The piece, which is called *The Boarding School*, abounds in humor and music and proves a good attraction. Mr. WM. J. SCANLON the well known Irish comedian plays the leading male part.

Queen VICTORIA is very fond of the drama, and Mrs. DAVENPORT says the profession is indebted to her for a valuable idea—that of turning the lights of the audience down during the acts, and up between them. The advantage was so obvious, and royalty having suggested it, it at once became the rule.

As an evangelist DAN RICE shows the same appreciation of the value of advertising that he did when he led a circus-van. On his letter headings is a circus clown gaudily pictured on a skeleton horse, with these words in red, "DAN RICE's New Departure—A Jump from the Ring to the Rostrum."

JOHN E. McDONOUGH, the veteran actor, has been interviewed by a Pittsburgh paper. He claims to have brought LOTTA out in 1858, finding her in a third story room of a San Francisco boarding house picking a banjo. He says that she had previously attempted to play in New York, but failed, and he started her on the road to success.

After JOHN E. OWENS, the comedian, had retired to his chamber in the Palace Hotel, in San Francisco, the other night, he caught the sound of something crinoline in the hall, and heard a gentle tap on the door of his room. He opened the door. He shut it again. For on the mat outside lay a pretty baby boy, who was crowing lustily. Pinned to the baby's clothing was the following note: "My Dear Sir:—I have seen your performance of *Higgins* in 'Dr. Clyde,' and consider it one of the finest impersonations I ever witnessed. The only way in which I can evince my gratitude to you is by offering you one of the loveliest infants I could select from the orphan asylum. Take it and cherish it, and God bless you and prosper you.—AN UNKNOWN ADMIRER." Mr. OWENS struggled with conflicting purposes for a few moments, and then summoning all his friends that could be found, solemnly announced that baby's adoption as "JOHN E. OWENS, Jr."

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Vers de Societe.**I.—THE ANTIQUATED BEAU.**

Well JACK, I saw you looking tender
Last night, at slim and pallid JANE,
And with strange cavy knew the splendor
Of youth and hope, in a sudden pain.
Queer that till forty I have heeded
So lightly how the seasons go,
That sight of your young love was needed
To make me feel an antiquated beau.

Your thrills translated me to twenty;—
The lights burned dimmer in the room;
Long faded roses grew in plenty,
I felt their fragrance, saw their bloom:
And NELLY—little jilt!—stood smiling,
A rose herself! how long ago!
That now I'm dead to so such beguiling,
Proves me an antiquated beau.

Then LILY with her golden tresses,
And eyes of most perplexing blue;
And MABEL—guide to wildernesses
Of fancy, sweet to wander through;
SYBIL with wooing looks—how many
Came back one moment to bestow
Their smiles, more lovely far than any
That greet an antiquated beau.

Fair visions all, balmorel skirted,
Enclosed in magic ring of hoops,
They moved—the girls with whom we flirted,
Their garments hanging down from loops—
Some serious move of JANE here rustles
Her silken folds—! I wake, and lo!
A world of girls sheathed close; no bustles;
And I an antiquated beau!

You standing there, a revelation—
The first—of youth no longer mine;
JANE straightly clad in imitation
Of narrow night-gowned saints divine;
Plumpness long vanished out of fashion,
Belles striving all their bones to show,
Æsthetic furniture a passion,
And I an antiquated beau!

JACK reach me down—I want her nearer—
That pictured girl in crino ine,—
Had she been true and held me dearer,
How different my fate had been!
Young voices might proclaim me father,
And little footsteps come and go—
Well, had it been, perhaps I'd rather
Envy the antiquated beau!

BOZONI.

National Poetry.

"Does Canada furnish Material for National Poetry?" This question was debated

at a public meeting of the University Literary and Scientific Society last Friday night, and the public will no doubt be astonished and disgusted to learn that Prof. WILSON, who acted as chairman, gave his decision in the negative. The blame, however, must be altogether charged upon the young men who undertook to uphold the affirmative, for it is presumed the chairman decided strictly in accordance with the evidence. Now, what kind of arguers can those young collegians have been to allow such a question to be answered in the negative? Question? Why, there's no question about it, Canada furnishes more material for national poetry than could be hauled in one of the Grand Trunk drays. Look at the array of national poets Canada has, whose prolific muses feed on home made material exclusively. Where does our poet PLUMB gather his inspiration, for example? Are not his beautiful and touching sonnets all made of Canadian material? What about the beaver, the maple leaf, the Thousand Islands, the Falls of Niagara, the magnificent water stretches, the great Lone Land, the forest primæval, the Pacific railway Charter, the salary grab, the Ottawa aristocracy—do not these and thousands of other native institutions that might be enumerated furnish unlimited material for poetry? What could those young men have been thinking of? They deserve to be punished severely—and no more fitting punishment could be devised than to compel them to read all the native poetry that has been written.

Something like Fables.

BY BEZONI.

THE UNSUSPICIOUS RAT.

A Rat was seated on a large wooden Wedge, engaged in devouring the only piece of pork in a barrel, when another, enviously watching, exclaimed, "Take care of the thin edge of the wedge." The alarmed rodent hastily jumped off his support which was immediately seized by the other, who in comfort devoured the coveted morsel, while the dispossessed animal was drowned in the brine.

Moral: It is a great art in politics to do the wrong thing at the right season.

THE SAVAGE AND HIS DOGS.

A Grand Old Reforming Savage, who possessed a fine Bull-terrier and a large Newfoundland, each remarkable for his strength of jaw, attacked a neighboring Robber in his Castle, and, with the aid of his Dogs, secured much Spoil. Putting the Terrier in charge, with the Newfoundland as assistant, the Grand Old R. S. went fast asleep with one eye open. The Routed Foe took up a new position and by persistently yelling "Yah!" so much discomposed the mortified Newfoundland's nerves that he said he would go to Europe to recuperate his health. Taking advantage of his absence the enemy forced the Bull-terrier and his Master to leave the spoil, which they did with many protestations that the country was lost to a Nasty Plunderer. On the Newfoundland's return with his poor Nerves in good order he offered to lead a new attack, but the Bull-terrier refused to follow, and the Grand Old Savage indignantly stood on his head. Thus the enemy was left in possession of the Coveted Spoil which he profusely distributed to a pack of Jackals sworn to defend him.

Moral: When honest men fall out thieves come by their own.

THE STUDIOUS DONKEY.

A Studios Donkey discovered a plan for getting oats at the Public Crib, and com-

municated it to a wily old Roadster. The latter at once put it into practice, and while munching away with great pleasure, in company with so many of his comrades that the Studios Donkey was excluded from the crib, turned to the latter and thanked him with much effusion. "Keep your thanks," said the Studios Donkey, "and let me get my head into the crib." Whereupon the horses only laughed, and the impatient Donkey, too hungry to wait until a place was made for him, went off in search of a party from whom he might get gratitude for future favors.

Moral: Better wait the convenience of one's obliged friends than seek the sympathy of a heartless world.

THE INSECT, THE BULL AND THE BEAVER.

A British Insect, mounted on the top of a lofty Canadian Maple, saw an Industrious Beaver pass below, and began to revile him as a vile, National Native. The Beaver merely stopped to reply, "Coward! it is not I you revile, but the place on which I stand." After saying this he met a herd of British Bulls, to whom he told the adventure. The Bulls immediately accused him of high treason, whereupon the National Beaver stood on his tail and made a low obeisance, humbly protesting his loyalty to any country but his own.

Moral: The sentiments that may be safely uttered in private should not be told to the herd.

(Ask Mr. MACMASTER, if you don't believe it.)

THE BEAVERS AND THE BULL.

As some Beavers were constructing a dam to keep out the flood from their meadow, a Bull, who intended to hold possession of it when the work was done, set up a tremendous bellowing because a Hunter looked on their work. "He will annex the meadow and injure us all," roared the Bull, while the Beavers fearing to lose their skins silently plunged into their houses.

Moral. Those in dread of the worst injuries don't always make the loudest noise.

THE ORACLE.

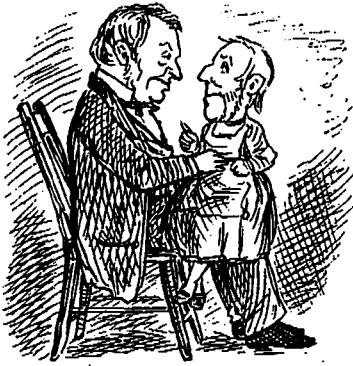
In days of yore a mighty Mumbling was heard from the shrine of an Oracle, and Multitudes stood for years in expectation of some wonderful Utterance. At last, as rosy-fingered Aurora touched the world, the voice became distinct, and people were told that their salvation depended on initiating a scheme for compulsory minorities.

Moral. Some mountains don't even bring forth a mouse.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE SHEEP.

Some sheep in which two parties had a joint ownership, were accustomed to be fleeced by their proprietors during alternating periods. A Philosopher from Oxford passing by noticed that they had recently been sheared by one party, and was informed that they would be sheared by the other in the following year. "Rebel against both," he shouted in a fit of moral indignation, "and follow me." "No," answered the sheep. "these men fleece us with decency and skill and we know not what might happen if we passed into new hands. Our Shepherds are sure to want wool wherever we go." "Brutes, deserving of your fate," answered the angry Philosopher, "I will inform the Eagle of your whereabouts."

Moral. Better put up with the ills we can endure than follow advice that we can't.



"Soapy Sam."

From the *Globe* we clip the following little story, taking the liberty to embellish the same with an illustration, as above:

Of the late Bishop WILBERFORCE this story is told:—On one occasion, while staying in a country house not many miles from Windsor, the daughter of his host, a little girl of seven, suddenly broke out before all the assembled company, "I want to ask you a question, my lord; will you answer me very, very truly?" The Bishop smiled, took the child on his knee, and said:—"Of course I will, my little dear. What is it?" The child looked gravely up at him and let fall the following terrible question:—"Why does everyone call you 'Soapy Sam'?" You can easily imagine the feelings of the company; but the Bishop was quite equal to the occasion, and after having cast a half-mocking and cynical glance round the room, replied simply:—"I will tell you my darling. People call me 'Soapy Sam' because, whenever I get into hot water, I always come out with my hands clean."

The Sentiments of Pidgeers.

"Shoot them!—dead, Sir!—dead as door-nails! of course I would," said PIDGERS, and he looked as ferocious as a canny bird at the man who doubted whether Canada-First men were guilty of high treason. "We hold this country for England, Sir. By the strong arm we won it—I heard my father say so. Who cares for national interests?—except England's. Why care for Independence? Where's the reason?" And the rash Canadian saw that there must be deuced little reason in a country where fellows like PIDGERS give a "tone" to public and private life.

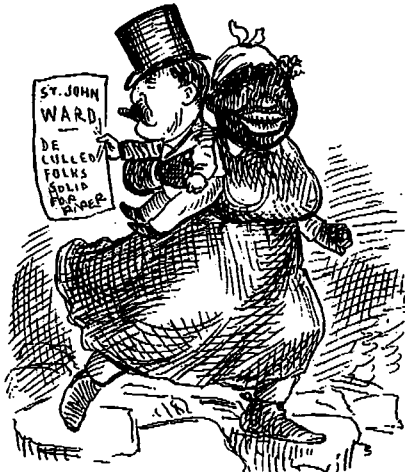


The Local Lads.

Mr. GRIP—Well, Master MOWAT, and what are you doing just now?
 Master MOWAT—Nothing, sir.
 Mr. GRIP—And you, Master MEREDITH?
 Master MEREDITH—Please, sir, I'm helping OLIVER.

Jenkins' Disappointment.

He thirsted for oratorical fame, and knew the weakness of his nerves. But at the dinner of last week he was determined to speak to the toast of "the ladies." Three long hours for three evenings were devoted to the preparation of his speech. Three more evenings saw him committing the effort to memory, and a fourth heard him delivering it to his sisters amid the wildest applause. How witty and brilliant it was the world will never know, because after drinking himself up to the state of sublime courage he was not called on to reply. Another fellow spoke on the subject so dear to the heart of JENKINS, who will never have a chance again to deliver himself because he is to be married in a fortnight. Wildly the Sauterne flowed through his maddened brain, and he wept tears in the gray morning.



St. John's Ward and Her Pet Alderman.

The city still remains in suspense as to whether or not the Council is to have the services of Mr. PIPER. If the question might be decided according to the generous impulse of the genius of the Noble Ward, there wouldn't be a moment's delay,—a tumultuous cry would at once ascend from a thousand throats—"Gib us HARRY or gib us death!" But, alas, it is the stern law that must pronounce upon the matter; Law, that does not take into consideration the moral affinities which may make an alderman dear to his constituency, nor the sentiments of love which may bind their hearts together. It is of no avail therefore for the Noble Ward to clasp HARRY to her bosom and declare that nothing shall part them; Justice, unmindful of her sobs and tears, will simply enquire whether or not he got his election by crooked means, and in accordance with the evidence the decision shall be rendered.

Improbabilities.

That the Revd. Dr. POTTS will ever appear as *Dick Deadeye* in Pinapore.
 That Mr. FRAZER will get Archbishop LYNCEY's permission to allow Mr. MOWAT to deal with the question of tax exemptions.
 That Conservatives will ever see that a fly-on-the-wheel Ministry is less injurious than a drag-on-the-wheel Cabinet.
 That the creditors of the United Evaders Club will long be content to permit the Committee to be "at home" to everyone but themselves.

That Canadians will view with pleasure the projected "court" at Ottawa.

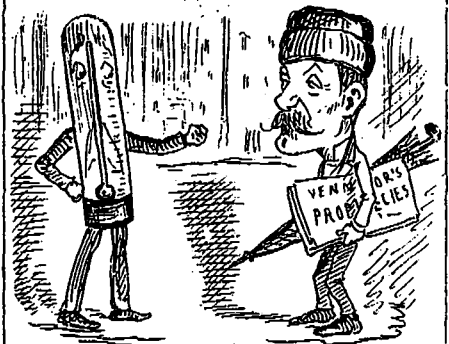
That the Tomnoddies will understand till too late that Canadian institutions are not republican only because they are democratic.



Boyle vs. the Globe.

Brother BOYLE, having trailed his journalistic coat-tail on the ground, the great *Globe* man trod upon it,—and then Brother BOYLE demanded ten thousand dollars damages. He didn't get it, however; in fact such damages as resulted from the suit affected the plaintiff himself more than the defendant. There is a great lesson to be learned from this, namely, that it does not pay as a general rule to sue the *Globe* for libel, for that paper has an awkward habit of usually being in the right as to matters of fact. The revelations of contractorial crookedness brought out during this trial must be extremely edifying to the public in general, and the ministry in particular. If this sort of thing is done with the knowledge and consent of ministers, it is surely temperate to say that the country is at present in the bands of a bad gang.

The following extraordinary announcement is made in the Seaside Library: "Who Breaks Pays"—Mrs. JENKINS. We presume the lady keeps a boarding house and that the notice refers to refractory boarders.



One for Vennor.

The Thermometer to the Prophetic VENNOR—Now, my boy, don't let there be any hard feeling between us. We haven't agreed very well for some time back, but it wasn't my fault, you know. Perhaps, if you would attend to your own affairs, and not concern yourself with my future movements, we would get along better, hey?



THE TOURNAMENT.

AN ADAPTATION AFTER KELLY, IN HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

A cigar for a penny is quite enough for a scent.—*Waterloo Observer*.

When a man proposes he makes his maiden effort.—*Philo. Item*.

The man doth illy choose who chews tobacco.—*Marathon Independent*.

If wishes were fishes what a whaling time we would have.—*McGregor News*.

A young man should always question the pop before he pops the question.—*McKean Co. Miner*.

No kissing by telephone for us. We prefer to take the electricity direct from the battery.—*Whitehall Times*.

The parlor sofa: The shorter it is the longer you like to sit on it, with good company.—*New Haven Register*.

A celebrated Chinese engineer has invented a new style of engine. We presume it must go.—*Chicago Tribune*.

We have heard of some people who say they could live on music. Then it must be on note meal.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

The mania continues. Years hence our children will speak with pride of their Pinaforefathers.—*Bradford Era*.

Lock your four-year-old boy up in a dark closet and you will have some idea of the force of compressed hair.—*N. Y. People*.

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is," than a whole hoghead of church festival soup where oysters are not.—*Whitehall Times*.

Time is money, and leisure is 5 cents to the man who reads the morning paper in a news depot without paying for it.—*Meriden Recorder*.

COURTNEY promises to ROW HANLAN next April. Better make the race on the first, and then we'll know what to expect.—*Waterloo Observer*.

Did it never strike you as remarkable that amid all the fluctuations in prices of commodities, paper remains stationery.—*New York People*.

Don't use your breath in blowing forth scandal. It can be put to a better use—whistling "Pinafore," for instance.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

A physiognomist says that large ears denote generosity, which is probably the reason why a mule squanders his hind legs.—*Herald P. I.*

It frequently occurs that the men who gave their whole mind to the sermon don't give anything to the contribution box.—*McGregor News*.

There was PAGANINI the fiddleist, and here's CAMPANINI the tenor. Rather singular how many ninnies get into the musical ranks.—*Rockland Courier*.

It is far easier to "raise the wind" for a church organ than to waft a denunciation to financial prosperity on the breeze of promises unfulfilled.—*Lackensack Republican*.

Some of our exchanges are debating the question, "Is Life worth Living?" but we notice that they all give the affirmative side the benefit of all doubts.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

The youthful minor pants for twenty one,
The statesman pants for office and a haul,
The poet pants for an undying fame,
The tailor only 'tis who pants for all.
—*Keokuk City Gate*.

Ask your wife what kind of beef to get for mince-meat and she will tell you the best. Ask the manufacturer of the prepared article, what kind he uses and he will tell you the neck's best.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

So many societies for the promotion of things are established, that JOHNNIE wants to know why somebody doesn't get up a society for the promotion of boys in schools, without making them study so.—*N. Y. Mail*.

The question is continually being asked, "What shall we do with our boys?" The people know what to do with their boys, but the trouble appears to be that the boys won't let them do it.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

When you see a fickle maiden,
Who is jesting all the while,
'Bout love affairs and flirting,
You may know that's jester style.
—*Sandie Stone*.

The average housewife will take more pains to carry a sickly fifteen-cent plant through four months of winter than she will to keep butter on the ice during three months of hot weather.—*Detroit Free Press*

If you would show your new bought clothes,
Built in the latest style,
The safest way to do the thing
Is, when the choir stands up to sing,
Glide down the middle aisle.—*Puck*.

Yung Wing, the Chinese ambassador has had a son born to him. Paragraphers will be sportsmen enough to shoot this item on the Wing, and will please spare the Yung one.—*Meriden Recorder*.

In Japan they have iron coins worth about the one-hundredth part of a cent. If such a thing were known in this country, they would all find their way into the contribution box in about two Sundays.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

By a careful computation it is discovered that a child from five to seven years of age will assume three thousand seven hundred and sixty-one distinct and separate positions during an ordinary Sunday sermon.—*Erratic Enrique*.

We had heard so much talk about this self-raising flour that we bought a barrel of it, the other day, and yet, when the bill came in, we had to go and raise the amount ourself. There are all kinds of swindles now-a-days.—*Peck's Sun*.

"My, my," said an old lady, "who can these Vassar girls be? I hardly pick up a paper that I don't see something about them. The Vassar family must be an awful big one, or what there is of 'em must be mighty smart."—*Stubenville Herald*.

An excellent chest-protector for a cold day, is a folded newspaper buttoned under the overcoat. But in case a paper is used on which the subscription is unpaid the party is liable to be frozen stiff in a very short time.—*Rockland Courier*.

Some of PAT's companions were joking him on an alleged breach of propriety. He stood the chaff a while, and then brought the session to an uproarious end by saying: "Bedad, you fellows who talk so much about the shortcomings of others should remember that people with glass eyes ought not to live in stone houses."—*Rome Sentinel*.

Says an exchange: "Happy is the man now whose chickens are laying eggs." We suppose then the ordinary chickens have been addicted lately to laying pipe stems, old shoes and rake-handles for a living. It is just like them.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

"Can alligators smile?" asked a studious subscriber. No, my son. The only living creature that can smile with any kind of success, is the politician. And his smile is as rare as it is sweet, and like an eclipse, we only see it semi occasionally.—*Oswego Record*.

"Are the girls of to-day fitted for wives?" asks an exchange. They may be up your way, sir; but down here they are better fitted for husbands.—*Waterloo Observer*. Up here they are oftener fitted for new dresses, and you should hear their "pa's" howl when the bills come in.

A dispatch from Fargo, Dakota, during the cold weather, stated that the thermometer was forty-six degrees below zero. They ought to have dug down in the ground so as to give the thermometer a chance. No thermometer can do anything if it is cramped for space.—*Peck's Sun*.

The winter holidays are fairly over. The children are twisting themselves all out of shape on hard school-room benches, and the mothers of the land, bless 'em, where would we have been without 'em, calmly sit down in the forenoon and wonder where all the noise is gone to.—*New Haven Register*.

The Pope's new journal *Aurora*, already has five thousand subscribers, so the publishers will not be obliged to solicit wood and pumpkins in exchange for subscriptions. Although his paper is only a week old, he has received several communications signed "An Old Subscriber."—*Norristown Herald*.

There are some women so afraid of missing a particle of gossip concerning their neighbors that they haven't time to attend to their domestic affairs. These are the wives who make home so pleasant that their husbands spend their evenings in more congenial company.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

A famous teetotaler in England has inherited the finest lot of old wines in existence "to be applied to scientific purposes." He is puzzled to know what scientific purposes they can be applied to, but a good thing would be probably to use them in passing railroad and insurance bills in the legislature.—*Albany Times*.

Somebody asked a great German chemist, "What is man?" "A pinch of phosphorous and a bucketful of water," he replied. He referred to a temperance man, of course—or else an editor. He couldn't find a bucket full of water in one of those fellows who spend from five to fifteen dollars a week in coloring their noses.—*Ex*.

An exchange undertakes to tell how far bells may be heard. Careful observation convinces us that it depends altogether on circumstances. A school boy bell may not be heard by a boy in the next lot, while the faintest sound of a dinner bell will be readily caught by a man who is digging potatoes in an adjoining township.—*Keokuk Gate City*.

A bank cashier has come to be a very important personage in this country. Whenever he takes a trip to Canada or Europe for his health, the fact is telegraphed all over the land. Now, a country editor could go off and stay 150 years, and nobody would get excited about it but his washwoman and the man he owed for a pair of suspenders.—*W. Scott Way*.

Pessimism.

They were enjoying æsthetic tea, and the hostess said, "Now, you who read all that sort of thing, Mr. FITZBOODLE, do tell me exactly what Pessimism is. I have an idea of it, you know, of course, but I should like to have it clearly defined."

"Very glad to hear you say so. It's a habit of my own mind, and most important, I do assure you, most interesting. Yes, a definition is a valuable and important thing. Makes it all so much clearer, you know, opens up a regular vista of—that is, ah—opens up a regular vista, as one might say," Mr. FITZBOODLE replied. "And as to this new application of the word Pessimism, you know, they're using it in quite a different sense in these days. MALLOCK and SPENCER, and the other Agnostics have—ah—differentiated it, to adopt the modern term. Used to be something in the prayer-book, you know. Can't exactly turn up the passage, but such is my impression. In fact, I think I am quite right about it. But the prayer-book is, now-a-days, you know—well, our advanced thinkers, the Agnostics, you know, have rather set aside the prayer-book, and that sort of thing, and Pessimism has gone with the rest. That is, it is used, you know, but in a different sense. Do I make myself clear? Oh, I read all these books, you know, MALLOCK, SPENCER, and the rest, and I should say that Pessimism, as used at present, is a kind of feeling that everything is worse than anything else—though also better as it were. Yes, thank you, I will trouble you for another cup."

Are We the Shuttlecocks of Fate?

A CONUNDRUM ANSWERED IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

BY STUBBS.

I.

She was seventeen, fresh from college, and fair and gentle as a spring lamb. She read OUIDA'S novels. She longed for her affinity. She didn't do plain sewing to any extent.

His was a mind and a moustache of no common order. He felt the fire of a poetic genius burning within him, and determined at no distant day to surprise the world with something grand. At present, however, he contented himself with writing poetry for the *Telegram*, and nursing his moustache.

He lived with his mother.

They met by chance. It is needless to say that they loved. Any fool knows that. We shouldn't have been writing about them else.

II.

In the seclusion of her boudoir she murmured, "Did I not feel that subtle, sympathetic thrill, that magnetic oscillation of the inmost nerve-centre, which is vouchsafed alone to those who truly love? Alas, cruel Fate, that we are strangers, whom thou hast so plainly marked for each other!" She sighed therefore. Both of them languished in misery, and implored their stars to grant them acquaintance.

III.

The stars took the matter into consideration, after the manner of Mr. MOWAT, and concluded to grant the petition of the lovers. They met again—this time after the formal fashion of society. What bliss, what rapture was theirs? Two harmonized, intellectual organisms that contained but a single sentiment; two unified seats of vitality whose blended throbbings were as one.

IV.

Nothing now was wanting to consummate their happiness but the consent of the stern

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BALDNESS!

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Wintercorbyn, 144 King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

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xii-12-17

parent of the adored one. The s. p.'s opening interrogatory to him was "What are your means?" The young man hastened to explain that as he was at present living on love, he hadn't thought it necessary to provide himself with any, but that he hoped—the remainder of his hope was uttered to the moaning night wind alone, for the iron of the old man's sole had entered him. Yet, as he mournfully departed, he comforted himself with repeating the assurance of his darling that she would never cease to fondly, madly love him until the moment of her final molecular dissipation.

V.

A few years have passed away, and the personages of our story have not unnaturally become older. We wish we could record the triumph of love, but an inherent reverence for facts constrains us to be veracious. The divine one has become stout, and was peacefully married not long ago to a widower with four children. Strange to say, the memories of her bygone love don't seem to trouble her much. They don't ever come to her in the dread unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof, and torture her soul with overpowering remorse. She gets stouter all the time, and the way that widower has to stand from under is systematic and thorough.

We regret to say, too, that the young man has, to appearances at least, pretty well laid the ghost of his former affection. He is now the enterprising proprietor of a steam laundry, and fully convinced that the prosperity of this country depends upon making the Chinese go.

We are.

Judgment Deferred.

GLADSTONE holds the opinion that young men born to a competence belong to the dangerous classes. So the *Saturday Review* says.

In what class would he include the young men born to an incompetence? Till Fiddlers of the Standard Bank, Flobbets of the civil service, and Doobil of nothing in particular, know his answer to that question they hardly know what to think of GLADSTONE.

We respectfully direct the attention of the U. E. Club to the *Ottawa Citizen*, which has recently indulged in open treason to the Conservative Party by referring in a sneering tone to Lord BEACONSFIELD'S spirited foreign policy. The offence consisted in putting the word "spirited" in inverted commas. This sort of thing cannot be allowed to go unchecked if the Conservatives of Canada wish to retain their connection with the grand imperial Party of Jingoism.

A democratic paper like the *London Advertiser* should never attempt anything in the Court JENKINS way. In its columns the other day there appeared a long piece about the Vice-Regal household arrangements, in which reference was made to "Prince LOUISE" and "Princess ALBERT VICTOR." When an editor is so far gone on monarchy as this indicates, he ought to confine himself to discussions of the N. P.

Young men who may have occasion to decline proposals of marriage during 1880, should commit to memory SAMUEL J. TILDEN'S response to a reporter, when that venerable bachelor was asked something he did not care to make direct reply to, "I would prefer that it be considered that you had not asked the question."—*Fond du Lac Reporter*.



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Two hearts that beat as one."



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A Queer Brood.

The following paragraph is at present going the rounds:

A lady residing at Cow Island, Louisiana, and wishing to "set" a hen, went into a field adjoining her residence where some of her chickens had been "laying," and produced some seventeen eggs and placed under the hen. When in the course of "human events" the chickens were hatched, lo, and behold, there came forth four small sized alligators. It is supposed that alligators from an adjoining marsh had deposited their eggs in the field, and she not knowing the difference placed them under the hen. And what is more strange, the young alligators follow the mother hen around the premises as happy as a Colorado beetle in a potato patch.

If there are any who feel inclined to doubt the literal truthfulness of this story (though there is nothing scientifically improbable about it)—let them consider it as a political parable, and take the above sketch as an interpretation thereof.

Rural Rhymes.

NO 5.—"OUT ON THE FARM."

I once loved a sweet rural beauty who had
The rosiest cheeks you could see,—
The only girl of a wealthy old dad,
And I thought she was spooney on me.
Some three times a week I was sure to be there,
Never caring for sunshine or storm,
To coddle the old man, and whisper soft words
To my fair maiden out on the farm.

I know the old chap had sufficient of stamps
To make us both jolly for life,
And I said to myself, she's the girl for me,
And determined to make her my wife;
And I never went there but she met me with smiles,
And a welcome so loving and warm,
So I reckon'd myself just in clover knee-deep,
With my rural maid out on the farm.

Now often we roam'd near the old orchard gate,
While she pointed out to my view
The trees, where in Autumn the turnips hung,
And the bush where the pop-corn grew;
And she shew'd me her favorite cow, which she said
Gave the buttermilk luscious and warm,
And I took it all in, for I finally believed
In my sweet maiden out on the farm.

But now I know better, and see I've been fool'd,
By this maiden so knowing and sly,—
She had made up her mind that the old man's cash,
Was all that I had in my eye.
But the worst of it is, my-companions all know,
And I shun them with dread and alarm,
For fear they should ask when the wedding's to be
With the rural maid out on the farm.

"All the world's a stage," and many men
and women are satisfied to steal a ride be-
hind.—N. Y. Express.

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- Cornelle do
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- Magic do
- Trout do
- St Marguerite do
- Pentecost do
- Mistassini do
- Beesie do
- Little Cascapedia (Baie des Chaleurs).
- Nouvelle do
- Escumencac do
- Malbaie (near Perce) do
- Magdalen (South Shore).
- Montlouis do
- Tobique (New Brunswick).
- Nashwanck do
- Jaquet do
- Charlo do
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