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—Students and all classes of the community are invited to inspect our Double Sole Tan —Lace Boots, especially made —for winter wear.

AT \$4.50
H. & C. BLACHFORD,
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Our Style **E**
PIANO :

Unrivalled Popularity, Tonal Qualities, and it is the Artist's Choice at its Moderate Price.

\$375.00

Common to all. Examine it Before purchasing Elsewhere.

MASON & RISCH
PIANO CO., LTD.
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YOU DON'T NEED

- To continue
- experimenting
- to find out
- "which is best"
- when you buy

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are the finest goods made as a substitute for Linen. Once used you will always use them. Give them a trial and be convinced. None like them



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[By Appointment.]



GODES-BERGER is a natural sparkling Mineral Water, which flows from a spring of this name, situated near the old Castle of Godesberg, opposite the Seven Mountains of the Rhine. This Water is exquisitely Pure, being entirely free from organic substances, and is the most pleasant water to drink, either alone, or mixed with Milk, Fruit syrups, Wines or Spirits. Although not a medicinal water, the use of Godes-berger will be found very beneficial to those who suffer from nervous weakness, or who are in any way troubled with indigestion, gout, or rheumatism.

GODES-BERGER has been highly approved by Her Majesty the Queen of England's Medical Advisers, also by numerous leading Physicians in London and throughout the world.

Dr. C. FINKELNBURG, Professor and Member of the Imperial German Sanitary Office, writes: "The Godes-berger Natural Mineral Water may, on account of its pleasant taste, and easiness of digestion, be continuously used as a Table Water, and is a refreshing and wholesome drink. It is to be highly recommended."

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WINE MERCHANTS, FIRST-CLASS HOTELS, RESTAURANTS AND CHEMISTS.

Ladies' Attention - -

We want one good lady agent in every city, town and village in Canada to sell our wonderful Fern Balm Medicine. Money can be made at home. No experience needed.

DR. PRICE MEDICINE CO.
TORONTO, - ONT.

IT PAYS : :

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DEAFNESS An essay describing a really genuine Cure for Deafness. Singing in Ears, &c., no matter how severe or long-standing, will be sent post free.—Artificial Ear-drums and similar appliances entirely superseded. Address THOMAS KEMME, Victoria Chambers, 19 Southampton Buildings, Holborn, London.

A few good boys wanted in unrepresented towns to sell

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Good inducements. Terms made known on application.



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HOLIDAY NUMBERS

You will have one of course and will want illustrations. We make a speciality of giving artistic supervision to this work.

DO YOU REQUIRE

A STORY ILLUSTRATED, A SPECIAL HEADING OR COVER, BUILDINGS, VIEWS, PORTRAITS, &c.

our prices are moderate and work unexcelled
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I Am Thankful

That Parker's Dyed my Suit so well. They were so nicely done that now I don't need a new one and so am able to give my usual Christmas Gifts despite the hard times. I am about \$20.00 in and I guess I can call that my Christmas Gift from Parker's. Go thou and do likewise.

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Dyers and Cleaners

787 and 209 Yonge Street
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475 and 1267 Queen Street West
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PATIENTS ARE EASILY AND THOROUGHLY CURED

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253 WELLESLEY STREET

For full particulars apply to WM. HAY, Manager.

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: POEMS :

: NIAGARA FALLS :

Naught but the hand of God could stay thy course
Or drive thee back to Erie's peaceful deep ;
Then onward press with thy gigantic force,
Till in Ontario's bosom lull'd to sleep.

Emblem of Freedom ! who would dare essay
To bar thy noisy progress to the sea ?
Then onward press ! while bord'ring nations pray
For strength and wisdom to be great and free.

Nearly 400 pages, neatly bound in cloth and gold, sent post free for \$1.00.

IMRIE, GRAHAM & CO.

31 CHURCH STREET
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The Great Northern Railway

Running from St. Paul or Minneapolis, and Duluth or West Superior, to

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Connecting at St. Paul or Minneapolis, and Duluth or West Superior, with all Railway and Steamship Lines from the East, therefore giving the shortest and quickest Route and Best Rates to MONTANA, IDAHO, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, MANITOBA, BRITISH COLUMBIA and all points on the Pacific Coast.

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GO HOME !

: VIA :

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Who will sell ROUND TRIP TICKETS from all points, Fort

William and East

.. AT ..

CHRISTMAS

Single First Class Fare

Going December 24th and 25th.
Returning until December 26th,
1894.

Fare and One-Third

Going December 21st to 25th.
Returning until January 3rd, 1895.

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Single First Class Fare

Going December 31st and January 1st.
Returning until January 2nd, 1895.

Fare and One-Third

Going December 28th to January 1st.
Returning until January 3rd, 1895.

Teachers and Students

Fare and One Third

Going December 7th to 31st.
Returning until January 31st, 1895.



EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

Vol. 42. *Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.*

No. 1100

The Unauthorized Reproduction of our Cartoons and Small Cuts is Prohibited in the Dominion.

No. 26



DR. GRIP'S ADVICE.

"Throw away your crutches, sir, take off the bandages, and come out flat-footed for Free Trade. You'll find yourself well supported. If you give way to timidity much longer, you may become a permanent cripple."



THE RIVALS.

MR. MOUNTAIN—(winding up the discussion)—“Well, at all events, you must admit that Hamilton is well laid out.”

MR. YONGE STREET—“Yes; all it needs now is a decent burial.”

HIGH SPIRITS IN QUEEN'S PARK.

SIR O.—“Morning, Hardy. How d'ye feel now?”

HARDY—“Never felt so Harty in my life.”

SIR O.—“Morning, Ross. How d'ye feel to-day?”

ROSS—“Haven't felt better Senn the general election.”

SIR O.—“Morning, Harty. How do you feel?”

HARTY—“It is probably unnecc-Essery to say that I am tolerably well.”

SIR O.—“Morning, Dryden. How d'ye feel this morning?”

DRYDEN—“I feel first rate, Sir O., only that the other fellows have got off all the easy puns, and I'm hanged if I can work in Conmee, or Hobbs. Well, let me see—yes, London played Hobbs with Marter, I guess that'll pass!”

CONCERNING WORK.

IF there is one thing more than another that the average man is honestly proud of, it is the amount of work that he does; and, as a general rule, the less the work, the more the honest pride. A man may be modest in all other respects, but when he is on the subject of his own work, he feels that nature built him for a talker. He has got to pat himself on the back for it anyhow, whether he is personally conducting a bare-armed tussle with fortune or pursuing the less exacting profession of watching his wife run a laundry.

Some men work for money. Others—what others? The fact is that there are so many men in the world who have for years been drawing a dollar for every dime's worth of labour that just now there is an appalling accumulation of arrears of work that will have to be done by somebody for nothing in order to balance the account, and the trouble is to find men with grit enough to do it. Now-a-days, it frequently occurs that the man who earns sugar-cake never gets any more than plain bread and butter; while the man who has only earned the bread and butter takes the cake. In the blessed golden time that is coming every man will have to earn every square meal that he eats before he sits down to take the first peck at it; and a wholesome frost will lie in wait for the man who is so great and so important that he can afford to be independent of all industry, except such as may be required in the persevering cultivation of habits that a self-respecting ourang-outang would turn its

back on. In these times the man who never does any work dines at someone else's expense. When a man is idle as a matter of choice, it simply means that someone else is doing his work for him somewhere and will want to be paid for it sooner or later with compound interest to date.

There are some men who can't work. Apart from the distressing vulgarity of it, the excitement is too much for them. People of this sort are, as a rule, only equal to the sustained effort required in the absorption of sufficient drinks to make a respectable drunk; and for any human being to attempt to argue matters with them with any reasonable degree of emphasis, would simply be a sheer waste of profanity.

Just now we are talking pretty considerably about the dignity of labor. We devote columns of the newspaper to prove that the working-man is the loftiest ideal of humanity, and when we go to shake hands with him we take mighty good care to keep our gloves on. We spread out our best and creamiest adjectives when we are talking of the value of work and the blessedness of honest industry; and then the first time we come into contact with a brainless loafer whose chief pride is that he has never done anything himself, and that he comes of a long race of ancestors who would rather have died than put their hand to any useful work, we take him home, give him the best bed, and fight for the honor of blacking his boots. The moral of which is that most of us are so expert at disguising the truth that we don't even know when we are lying to ourselves.

A. Golsworthy.

VETERINARIAN

THE patriotic editor of the Carleton Place *Central Canadian* stands up nobly in defence of our native cattle. He is not only a patriot, but a man of great veterinarian learning, and he boldly declares that our live beef is not afflicted with pleuro-pneumonia, but that in all probability the animals contract a disease in the nature of the la grippe on shipboard. His reason for repudiating the theory of pleuro-pneumonia is that “it is not known that an animal said to be tainted has lived long enough to die of it.” This is probably sound cow sense, but it does sound uncommonly like an Irish bull.

METCALFE'S DREAM (Kingston post office in the foreground) “Going, going, going. Going at \$2,000. Two thou, two thou, two thou, t'thou, t'thou, t'thou, thou, thou—going at \$2,000, any advance on \$2,000? Last call! \$2,000! Have yez all bid? Why, it's worth that to anny man. Going at \$2,000. Going once, going twice, going third and last time—Gone at \$2,000. Sold to myself. Next!



THE KINGSTON GAME OF BOWLS.

DR. SMYTHE'S prop is knocked out. Whereupon Sir Oliver extends Harty congratulations.



THE MODERN ANDROMEDA.

"Until the beginning of this century, womanhood, Andromeda-like, has been chained to the rock of custom, but now there is an advance."—*Magazine Writer.*

The original wore next to nothing, and was exposed to a sea monster for being too beautiful. The "New Woman" would frighten the stoutest-hearted sea monster out of a year's growth.

THE EDISON DOLL.

A FARCICAL TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

Dramatised by J. W. B., from a humorous poem by F. Anstey.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- MR. JINKINS, a Bachelor.
- MRS. McMURPHY, a Charwoman.
- FLOSSIE FITZALTAMONT, a Juvenile Patrician.
- BOODLES, a Shop-boy.

SCENE—*A scantily furnished lodging for a single gentleman. Grate, with smouldering fire, R. table, C. Shelf on rear wall with a square parcel in brown paper upon it. A few chairs, pictures, etc.*

(CONTINUED.)

MR. J.—How have I fallen! A *liar*, yes, a *liar* and—a thief. A positive, actual, literal criminal—I, Horatio Jinkins, hitherto a man of blameless life and spotless character! Yet, what wreck I, now that the deed is done, if fairly or foully. I've won the prize! It was my love that drove me to it—love which is as pure as an angel's! I could not let her go to the cold, mercantile embrace of that unfeeling little girl! 'Twere monstrous to think of such a thing! My darling is now mine—mine forever! Come from thy hiding place, little sweetheart, I am hungering for thee.

[He takes the Doll from under the cushion, and goes into extravagant lamentations over her injuries.]

Oh, cruel and thoughtless wretch that I am, thus to sit upon and crush thy delicate waxen nose and bulge this beautiful blue eye. O, Dolly, love, forgive me—forgive me! The beauty I worshipped is now a ruin, but I love thee none

the less—nay, 'I love thee more deeply, more tenderly, for the injury my thoughtlessness has caused. Speak to me, darling, say that I am forgiven. See! I touch thy little spring. Speak to me again in the voice that thrills my soul.

[He touches the spring]

The Doll (*in accents of contempt*):

Veave me! thafer I must be,
Oo's so—*click*—untind to me,
Best I yike a naughty boy,
Tick-tack—I'se a bwokeu toy;
Hhide from me, oo divedful liah!
An-an-ias an' Zafiah!
Never 'gain I'll, 'peak it's too.
Dolly dud-dud-don't love oo!

MR. J.—Horrors! She hates me! She rejects me! She denounces me as a cruel liar! I have sinned in vain! I can never endure that voice with its click and stammer of damaged works and its utterance so discordant and harsh and blurred! I can never more meet unmoved, that bulged blue eye, whose reproachful gaze pierces my very soul! That voice seems the voice of conscience I would have burked, and I cannot endure it. Oh! oh!

[He goes into a frenzy of mad despair.]

There is only one thing for it—only one. I must complete the ruin so involuntarily begun. I must put her out of existence, and at once, or make an end of myself. This world has not room for both of us! The fire in yon grate shall be her funeral pyre, but let the deed be done quickly or I shall go mad!

[He seizes the Doll and throws her into the grate.]

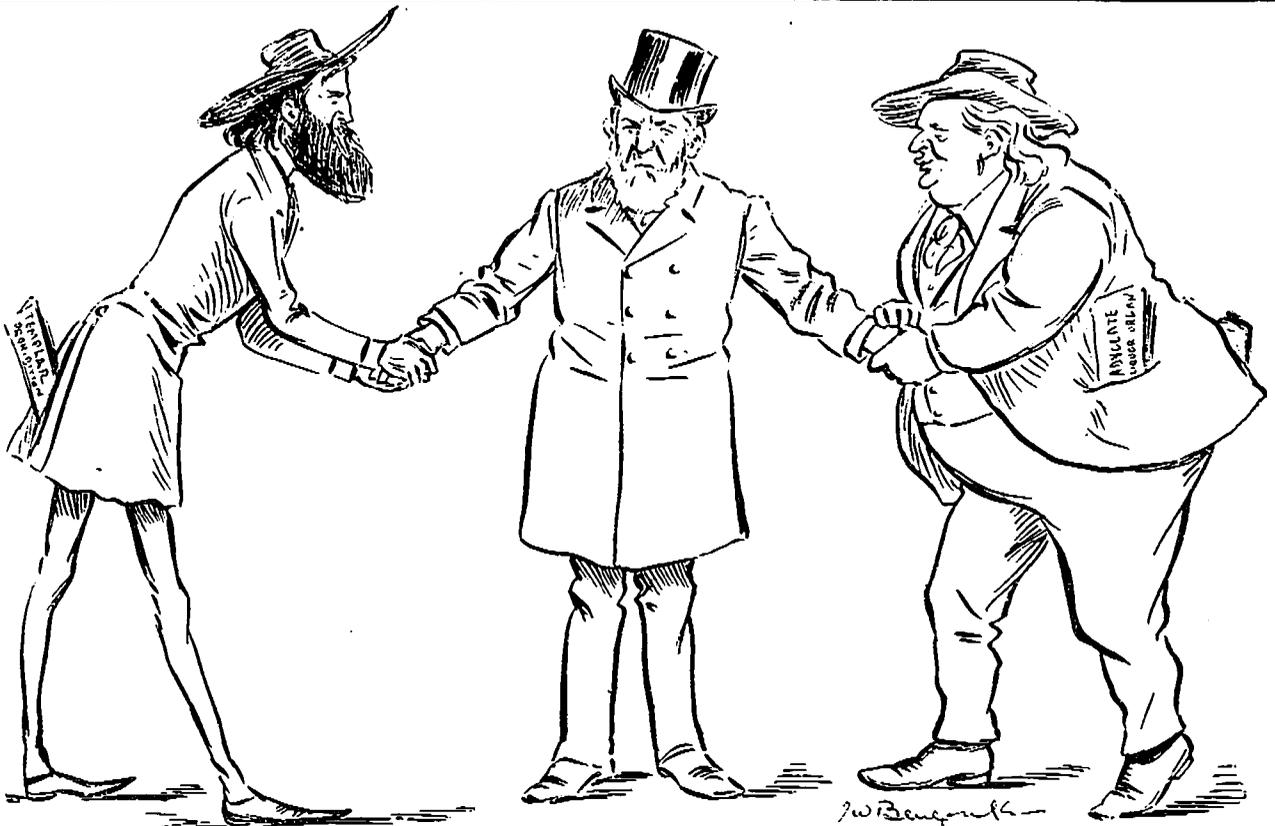
There, 'tis done! Farewell, Melinda, farewell forever!



A BUSINESS RATING.

SHE—"Mr. Lankdude has a highly poetical temperament, don't you think so?"

HE—(a rival)—"Yes; he has yearnings for the infinite and gropings after the unattainable—but he doesn't pay cash."



MARTER: "WHERE AM I AT?"

CONGRATULATIONS ON HIS LATE SPEECH FROM BOTH BUCHANAN AND KRIBBS.

"So far as doing anything to alienate Prohibitionists from him, he has made new demands upon their sympathy and support."
—Templar.

"We must say a word, too, in commendation of Mr. Marter . . . in dropping an impracticable scheme of intemperate legislation."
—Advocate.

But let me not see her melt—my darling, my darling! Let me hide my haggard eyes and stagger forth into the cold and barren world once more, forever, unloved, alone!

[In a paroxysm of grief he staggers to the middle of the stage and falls unconscious. Enter BOODLES, followed by FLOSSIE and Mrs. McMURPHY.]

BOODLES.—This is where I left it—I gave it to an old duffer wot was here.

Mrs. McM.—'Twas Mистер Jenkins, thin; and merciful saints! there he is lyin' on his face ferninst the flure. Help, help, some wan!

[She rushes to JENKINS' side.]

FLOSSIE—*(who has been looking about)*—And there's the Doll. The nasty thing, he's thrown her in the fire! And he said he'd never seen her!

BOODLES *(rushing and snatching the Doll from the grate)*—Saved! saved, with only slight damages!

FLOSSIE—What an awful story-teller he must be—I guess he was struck down for it.

Mrs. McM.—Are you better now, Mr. Jenkins, sor. Sure you must have fainted.

Mr. J.—*(dazed)*—Where am I? What—which—? Oh I remember—drop the curtain and shut out the horrible memory!

[He falls back into Mrs. McMURPHY's arms, while BOODLES, FLOSSIE and Mrs. McMURPHY weep softly.]

[CURTAIN.]

JIM SUTHERLAND suggests that on account of the Napanee Knight's proclivity for the *mal apropos*, a Bill should be introduced to change said Knight's name by substituting the syllable *ong* for *ight* as it now stands.

THE IDEA TO THE SONNET.

I.

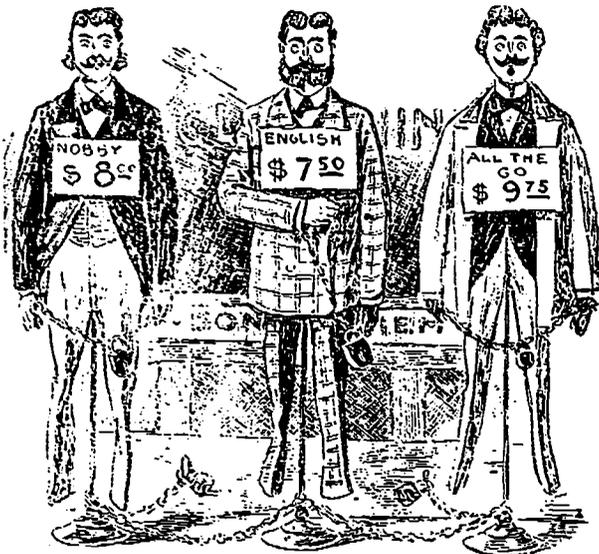
FOR pity's sake! Why in such heavy stocks
 Do you my limbs Herculean tightly squeeze,
 Screw down my soul Promethean like a cheese
 To fit exactly in a numbered box?
 My feet in these Italian bandage-socks
 Confined like those of a young girl Chinese,
 You leave me here to shiver and to freeze
 Mid octave, sestet, and Archean socks.
 Why run old Petrarch's poker through my back
 And beat with Drayton's scourge till blue and black,
 With William Shakespeare's hatchet hew and hack?
 Nature, you say, with noblest art combines,
 And for my soaring eagle-soul designs
 A hencoop iron barred, of fourteen lines.

II.

O why do you dilute me?
 I am so microscopic,
 Into a swollen topic
 'Tis painful to transmute me,
 A drop—it does not suit me.
 To be blown a bubble-topic,
 Nor is it philanthropic
 Up into heaven to shoot me,
 It were better
 Than distress me
 So,
 With one letter
 Thus express me,
 "O."

Charlie Wanderson.

APPROPRIATE Recital for the Ontario Majority. "We are Seven."



"EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE."

DON'S SUGGESTION.

MR. E. E. SHEPPARD has appeared in the new character of a social reformer—or perhaps it would be more exact to say he has revived his interest in the great social problem. At Forum Hall on Sunday he delivered a characteristically spicy address, in which he gave expression to many sound and sensible ideas. It would go a long way to solve the problem of scarcity of employment, Mr. Sheppard thinks, if machinery were devised to eliminate the tramp element, including in that category all persons who only pretend to want work, those who, in the words of the old saw, are "looking for what they are anxious not to find." This could be done easily enough if the Government would simply begin certain needed public works, such as the deepening of the canals, paying for the labor at a minimum rate of \$1 per day. The work would be extensive enough to absorb any possible demand for employment, and to it could be sent every member of the class above referred to. If individuals of that class would not go voluntarily, Mr. S. would make it compulsory by having them regularly sentenced to it, a portion of their wages being retained for their families, if they had such. This, he thinks, would so far relieve the glut in the labor market as to vastly lighten the present situation. The serious question as to the practicability of this suggestion is, Is the Government in a financial position to undertake any great public work? As to the socialistic color of the proposal, nobody would seriously object if it was shown to be workable.

THE *Moscow Gazette* SAYS: "Ignowski pratka groona polkiawanetzki 'Toronto,' Koldinatoo vitepsk czarwentkovoni skramstoplowenk Tasmania Krom Novzealand, Krom Figi, krom Irlandski." Professor Skroons, to whom we submitted this for interpretation supplies the following: "It has been a cause of great wonderment among the young members of the Imperial family (czarewentkovoni) where to place Toronto, which recently sent a message of condolence. Words have been high on the subject, and opinions are now equally divided as to whether this district (Toronto) is in Tasmania, New Zealand, Feegee or Ireland." In an editorial sentence the editor adds "the general opinion outside of the Imperial Family is, that owing to the number of O's in the name, it is most probable that the place is in some part of Ireland." Mayor Kennedy should write at once, enclosing a map of North America to the *Autokrat of all the Russias*.

ADVICE TO A WOULD BE POET.

SO you want to become a poet? You wish to show your devotion to the Muse? You are anxious to shoot off quatrains at the moon and the polar bear, and various other unlucky celestial inhabitants? In an extreme case, then, such as is yours, we will give directions.

Cultivate the habits of a poet. Let your hair grow long, and part it centrally, or leave it tangled.

Another thing it is necessary to do is to wear a bright green necktie. Tennyson and Mark Twain both wore bright green ties. Shakespeare, it is reported, usually wore a green tie when digging for fish worms in his back garden. By all means wear a green tie with an aluminum death's head pin.

Never have your vest or coat buttoned exactly right. Get at least one button wrong and, if possible, two. This indicates poetical absence of mind and a continual contemplation of the ethereally unreal. This absence of mind is enhanced by occasionally forgetting your collar or one of your shoes or else taking someone's new silk plug at the restaurant. Do not forget to cultivate absentmindedness.

Your hands deserve the utmost care. If they happen to be red send them to the Chinese laundry to be starched and whitened. On no account lose the checks, for a poet without hands is worse than a poet without a head. If they are rough a little railroad oil applied each night will soften them. Always wear gloves two sizes too small. The better the poet the smaller the hand.

While the hands place the thoughts on paper the eyes see nature's beauties. It then behooves the poet to wear glasses. A pair of spectacles will magnify nature and the beauties are, of course, magnified too. A *pince nez* must not on any account be worn. No true poet wears a *pince nez*. The old traditions must not be broken. Virgil wore square spectacles tied on with string, and with brass rims. It would be well to follow his example.

Wear a lean and hungry look. Cultivate the acquaintance of actors and learn the free lunch routes. A poet that does not look hungry is a disgrace to the profession. An undue consumption of food hinders the free flow of ideas. If your town has no free lunch routes board out at \$2.25 per week. You need not fear growing fat. Poets can't pay any more, anyhow, during these hard times. First and last we say be hungry.

As a last word let us caution you. When you personally take your verses to an editor always leave the office door open. If the editorial rooms are on the top floor of the



OUR NEW PREMIER MACKENZIE.

SHADE OF THE OTHER MACKENZIE—"Ye may be a blessin' tae the kintra, gin ye manage tae *live up tae the name!*"



**THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT VS. THE INJUSTICE
DITTO.**

HON. SIR C. TUPPER (Minister of Justice, to the late Minister of Marine) "My first act, sir, must be to make amends for the gross and indefensible outrage *you* perpetrated against the firm of Noble Bros., in confiscating their fishing fleet and ruining their business! Leave my presence!

building *don't go up*. If you can get your life insured do so *beforehand*. Don't delay. Delays are dangerous.

Any person may from these directions become a first-class poet. If all follow these directions they will reach the top of fame's ladder, which may possibly break from numbers, which will be a happy occurrence. Our asylums will require enlargement to accomodate the editors who read their copy.

L. H. R.

P.S.—As to actually writing poetry, that is quite a secondary affair and hardly worth alluding to. Many persons of high reputation as poets never write any.

THE TENDERFOOT'S AFFLICTIONS.

TENDERFOOT—"Much frost here in winter?"

OLD TIMER—"Well, I reckon. Why it was so frosty last winter, the fire wouldn't burn in my stove."

TENDERFOOT—"Why, how could the frost do that?"

OLD TIMER (*fervently*)—"Any fool might know that. The flames froze as they went up the pipe and choked it plumb full so it wouldn't draw."

THE VEILED LADY.

DOWN the long vista of time, veils have ever had a certain fascination for the weak sex. In benighted oriental countries, women still cling to the wearing of them. In our own land they survive in the little save-your bangs, that our fair dames make themselves fairer with. In the middle ages the woman who didn't wear a marriage veil, took the convent one, and the world heard nothing more of the superfluous woman. No newspaper man in those happy days was obliged to devote a page of his valuable journal, once a week, to the Woman's Kingdom. There is, however, an ever revolving cycle of fashion in this world, which continually brings us back well-nigh obsolete articles of wearing apparel.

People talk of their desire to raise the sex to heights unknown and worlds unsought, and yet they find that like other reformers they have to fall back upon old methods. Before the late Drawing-room in Montreal it was hinted that veils and feathers would be accepted as a gratifying token of respect to the vice-regal party, although the

wearing of them "was optional," and "court-trains not required."

This intimation caused, it is said, more fluttering in names than even the practice of the curtsy. Many a council of women was formed before the momentous question was solved. Of course it was generally decided to please vice-royalty. Veils are becoming, and the ladies very naturally seized the opportunity to look as pretty as possible. As a subtle aid to coquetry they were an immense success to the undoing of various young men, and a prominent Montreal paper announces that "veils and feathers have come to stay."

Now the question is, shall they be brought to Toronto, or be made to stay in Montreal?

As a Queen-city, we have doubtless strong leanings towards royal ceremonials and court gowns, but the fact is plain to the least observant eye that women are already too powerful, can our young men permit them to assume any weapons as dangerous as veils." We all know the influence wielded by the veiled Prophet, are we prepared for the sorceries of the veiled Lady?

What has become of the great mothering hand, the women, who formed a great Council promised the country a short time since? Are the sons to be left to take care of themselves and to the seductions of beauty adorned with court paraphernalia?

Must we really have a Drawing-room in Toronto?

J. M. Loes.

TEACHERS' ENGLISH.

TEACHER—"Well, Tommy, you were not present yesterday, were you detained at home in consequence of the inclemency of the weather?"

TOMMY—"No, ma'am, I couldn't come 'cause of the rain."

Ross and Hardy, the only two Masonic representatives in the Provincial Government, say they are satisfied to have the sacred number SEVEN to carry them through.

A SMALL PIECE OF BUSINESS: It was very appropriate that the Boodle Inquiry should wind up by implicating the alderman with the most insignificant name in the Council, though that alderman swears it's all a blooming lie.

DILLY (in horrified whisper)—"Mamma, Willy is an infidel."

Mamma—"An infidel?"

Dilly—"Yes; he said he don't believe there's any Santa Claus."



TABLEAU I

END OF THE CHINESE-JAPANESE WAR.



YSAYE
(AND HIS HAIR.)
ADAJIO CANTABILE.

A TALE OF THE EAST.

NOW in those days there was a certain cadi of good account in the eastern city of Karnak who was respected and waxed rich for he was a man who knew the law and its profits, so his fame went abroad throughout the land and many came to see him.

It fell upon a day, when the cadi went up to the judgement room, as it was his wont so to do, that he was in wrath and vowed a great vow that his anger should smite heavily upon his people. For be it known to you that the Supreme Chief Cook of the Cadi of Karnak had grown rich and flourished exceedingly and had eloped and fled from the kingdom with the Most High Elephant-driver-of-State. Wherefore the Cadi's dinner was badly cooked and he was filled with an inward pain and consuming ire.

When he had come up unto the judgement place and reclined upon the couch of Justice, behold the Grand Vizier approached his August Majesty with many salaams and much bending of the knees and craved permission to beg for justice.

"Knowst thou O Most High," said he, "that in this thy chief city there are many wicked who acknowledge not thy will! And lo! they have this day set upon and well-nigh taken captive the mother of thy favorite wife, and would surely have borne her away to far-off lands in revenge on thee, O Most Just Cadi but, Allah be praised! a mightier than these base thieves arose and drove them away, and it has come to pass that thy wife's mother is now safe in the palace of your Highness. Dost thou not think, Most Royal Master, that this man should gain some moiety of fruits for his service in your behalf, O Cadi!"

Then was the Cadi exceeding wrath. "What sayest thou, knave? Callest thou the action of this man a service to me? Hence from my sight, thou fool, or thy head will pay the penalty. Not even the smallest tithe will he receive from our Imperial Treasury. It is empty enough already."

Then the Grand Vizier saw the exceeding anger of his master, and prepared to depart.

But lo! the Cadi thought again and called him back.

"What sayest thou, does this man do within our dominions whereby he may be able to live, he and his family?"

Then said the Grand Vizier, "These many years hath he been keeper of the city treasurer, and yet without profit to himself. He is poor now, he and his children, whereas, had he been of evil heart, he might have had great riches

and have become a shining pillar of society in this your city, Most Serene Majesty."

Thus spake he, hoping to turn the Cadi's heart towards the poor man.

But the Cadi's anger burned greater and yet greater, and he put on his hat of State and saith:

"At sunrise to-morrow shalt thou execute this man with exceeding great torture, and his race shall be outcasts forever. Seest then to it, most obedient Vizier."

And as the Grand Vizier went out, the Cadi remarked: "Any man who would be such a fool to miss a golden opportunity like that, does not deserve to occupy space in these our Imperial Dominions."

MORAL—All people have not the same convictions on the subject of boodling. *Vide* daily papers for particulars.

Louis C. Campbell.

"It is now a well established fact that a man may support his family in Canada, live well and dress well, and yet not contribute one dollar yearly to the Dominion treasury or be taxed one dollar through the National Policy."—*London Free Press*.

GRIP once illustrated how that could be done when he pictured the *Spectator* man as a logical protectionist reverting to savagery, living in a state of nudity, burrowing like a wild animal and subsisting on roots, nuts and wild berries. And that is the only way the Canadian can escape the N. P.—*Hamilton Times*.

MARRYING IT.

SHE—"Why doesn't Mr. De Spud marry?"

HE—"He is waiting to become rich to get married."

SHE—"He isn't like most of them, is he?"

HE—"How is that?"

SHE—"They are waiting to get married to become rich."

A CLEVER FAMILY.

"WHAT is Juon doing?"

"He is an engineer."

"And Pedro?"

"A lawyer."

"And Carlos?"

"He's a doctor."

"And the old man?"

"The old chap has to work to keep the lot from starving."

WILLIE (as the dog comes into the room).—"Oh! Ma look how fast Pussy's hair is growing?"



YSAYE
(AND HIS HAIR.)
ALLEGRO GUERRIRO!

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A Year With Popular Authors.

NEARLY all the most popular authors seem to have been drawn upon by the editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal" to insure for his readers a particularly interesting year during 1915. The list includes such names as Jerome K. Jerome, Burt Harte, Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Madame Nordica, Mr. Howells, Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, Edward Bellamy, Eugene Field, Bill Nye, Robert J. Burdette, Conan Doyle, Francis Hodgson Burnett, Kate Greenway, Palmer Cox, Margaret Deland, Sarah Orne Jewett, and others, while famous composers will be represented by songs, marches and waltzes. "The Ladies' Home Journal" will really cover every interesting phase of contemporary life, — especially that of woman. The magazine will indeed be worth having during the year.

A large number of the subscriptions to GRIP expire with the end of the year, a few are paid ahead, but, alas, very many are in arrears. Accounts have recently been sent to all such, and we now beg to notify them that these accounts MUST be paid forthwith. Neglect will entail unpleasantness. A word to the wise is sufficient.

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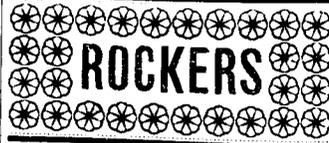
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