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IMPORTER.

GLOVER HARRISON,
CHINA HALL.

49 KING ST. E., Toronto

The Greatest Beast in the Zoo.

The Greatest Bird in the Owl.

The Greatest Man in the Fool.

The Greatest Fish in the Quiver.

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CHINA HALL.

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49 KING ST. E., Toronto.

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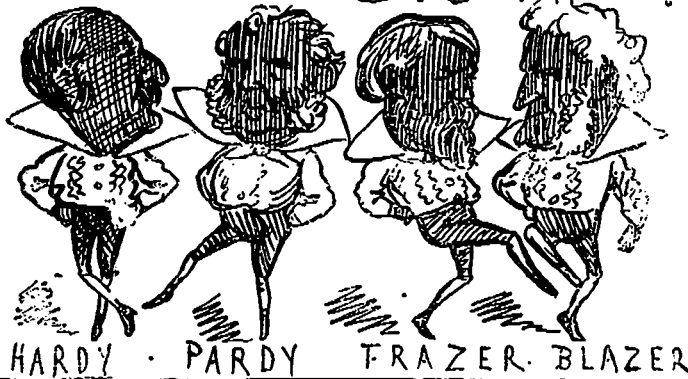
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THE
PHOTO!

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2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, a he alone can
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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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W. BENGOUGH,
Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORE,
Manager.

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

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Latest Manitoba exchanges to hand inform us that the Hon. Mr. Norquay has deliberately accepted the responsibility of the Disallowance policy of the Dominion Government. He has, with a measure of frankness, informed the people of the Province that however unpleasant the situation may be, they must grin and bear it. The only mitigation he promises is in the shape of some equivalent for Provincial Rights, which he has reason to hope the Federal authorities will grant. Now, if we are not mistaken in our belief that Disallowance means Monopoly, with all its accompanying evils, we fail to see what adequate compensation can possibly be given for the loss of the power to charter competing lines of railway. When Premier Norquay seeks to belittle the bad consequences of Disallowance, he acts as absurdly as we have represented him in the cartoon.

FIRST PAGE.—Hague's Minstrels at the Grand next week are certainly "immense" in their way, but no troupe in the theatrical profession can rival the company headed by the great and only Mowat. This superb combination of political stars are announced to appear in two grand Convention performances in this city on Jan. 3rd and 4th. The affair has been thoroughly advertised throughout the province, and "packed" Grit houses are certain to greet the performers.

EIGHTH PAGE.—This cut is intended to speak for itself, though it is not likely to say much for the *Globe*.

Said an eloquent preacher: "It is very likely, or in other words, highly probable that—" something or other was going to happen. We have forgotten the latter part of the sentence, but it really seems as if the former part is the sort of thing that the world does not willingly let die.



A few opportunities still remain of witnessing the brilliant performances of "The Merry War" by Haverly's Opera Company at the Grand. Next week crowded houses will be certain to greet Hague's British Operatic Minstrels, whose former appearances in Toronto proved them to be by far the finest troupe that ever visited the city. Although the comedy element and the specialties are far above the average, the Company are strongest in the musical line. Every singer is a star whose voice would do honor to grand opera or oratorio. If you love merit, wit, and refined amusement, go and see Hague's Britishers.

Mr. Charles Gardner is drawing good houses at the Royal, where his stirring and interesting play, "Karl," is growing in popularity. Mr. Gardner in the role gives a capital delineation of German character, and is no less truthful and amusing in the other parts assumed during the progress of the piece. Miss Patti Rosa, the leading lady, plays her part excellently, and the support is on the whole good. Next week, the Western drama, "Nobody's Claim," will be presented at this popular house.

OUR JOURNALISTIC FRIENDS.

We are glad to observe that *The Consulting Engineer of Canada* evinces every appearance of prosperity. This journal of which No. 5 of Vol. I is before us, is a representative paper in every sense of the word, and is edited by gentlemen who are experts in the branches of industrial science and art treated of. Its twelve pages are filled with articles on topics interesting to architects, engineers, mechanics, artisans, operatives and artists,—and large original illustrations are also given. The office of publication is in the Mechanics Institute building, in this city.

Truth.—Mr. S. Frank Wilson the enterprising proprietor of *Truth*, seems determined to make that journal to Canada what its celebrated namesake is to London. The paper has just been enlarged, and embellished with a highly artistic title page. In addition to the liberal amount of original and select reading matter given in each number, *Truth* now contains several sheets of music each week, which are engraved specially for its pages. Such enterprise deserves recognition, and we trust that Mr. Wilson may receive a due share.

How to build a railroad without buying the right of way.—Coax or bully from Council a right to use streets or roads free. Warranted to work. For terms and instructions as to mode of operating apply to London Junction Railroad Company's offices.

LUCY AND MARIER.

A SCIENTIFIC NOVELLETTE, IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.

Not many weeks ago a vast wave swept over the bosom of Lake Erie. Scientists and savants set their gigantic minds to work to ascertain the cause of it. They found it—in their gigantic minds. They proclaimed it to have been one of those periodical tidal waves which will occur in the best regulated lakes and oceans, but these scientists were as far

away from the real cause as Vennor was in his October forecast. Three people alone on this globe know what made that wave. I am one of the three.

CHAP. II.

A sultry day, with a faint mist nestling on the bosom of Lake Erie. Two young ladies from Peterboro' spending their vacation at a little hamlet on the shore. This is the scene: these are the *dramatis personæ*. (This is Latin.) The waves ripple, ripple, on the sandy shore. The young ladies walk by the murmuring waters and talk about their fellers. (This is slang.)

CHAP. III.

"Marier," said Lucy, "wouldn't it be too sweetly precious to dabble our feet in these pellucid waters?" "It would indeed be chawming," replied Lucy, "let's." Next to Bawsting perhaps Peterboro' boasts of more double distilled "culchaw" than any village on this boundless continent. The two sweet innocents sat down on a projecting tongue of land, and with many "ohs" and "I shall screams" divested their pedal extremities of their coverings.

CHAP. IV.

When a solid body is plunged into water it will displace an amount of that element equivalent to its own bulk. (This is science.)

CHAP. V.

"Now then, Marier," said Lucy, "both together," and into the water went the four feet. And immediately there arose that vast wave of which we have read, which caused so much terror and destruction as it swept onward in its course. Lucy and Marier were cast on a high cliff near by. Their shoes were found some days after, miles away. A cat and five kittens had taken refuge in one, whilst several barnyard fowls had found protection in the others. What does all this prove? Why, that scientists and savants are but human, and *humanum est errare* (this is Latin), and consequently they sometimes make mistakes; and that, besides "culchaw," the Pete. boro maidens are possessed of most astonishing understandings. (This is fact.)

—DABBADACK.



Current events—Freshets.
The best thing out—A bad cigar.
Ties between cities—Railway ties.
The worst thing going—A poor watch.
Bread-stuffs—Putting insertion in turkeys.
Behind the *Times*—Its editor and proprietor.

A corn dodger—A darkey when you throw an ear at him.

Are stockholders called "bulls" on account of the bullion they deal in?

The top of a mountain should be warm as it is often "wrapped in clouds."

Servants in the old country keep their eyes open and their mouths shut. In this country these conditions are precisely reversed.

VERSA VICEY.

A Novel with a moral for Mothers. By the author of "Vice Versa," a lesson for Fathers.

VOL. I.—THE DABUDA STONE.

"Thank goodness this is the last day of vacation!" said Miss Versa's mamma, as she superintended the packing of her eldest daughter's valise. "I am sure you've had idleness enough this summer, with all the expense your papa and I are at for your education. I shall write to request Miss Backboard to keep you more to your lessons and to give fewer holidays." Miss Backboard was the Lady Superior of the Archbishop Cranmer Academy for young ladies in the good city of Toronto, and quite strict enough in her ideas of discipline not to need admonition on that score from any parent or guardian. So Miss Versa thought, but as the subject of pocket money was about to be discussed, so she with some difficulty suppressed an inclination to pout, and waited her mamma's next speech in dutiful silence. "As to pocket money, Versa," said her mother, "you are really better without more than is necessary." Versa remembered that the elder lady had lately bought a twenty dollar bonnet and a sealskin jacket of unknowable cost. "There's the church collections, mamma," said Versa, "all the other girls give five cents, and I don't like to feel mean." "Church collections," said her mother, "I think the collections are the only ceremony which all the churches agree in retaining, but there are two dollars and a very liberal allowance for a girl of sixteen!" Poor Versa thought with a sigh of the many pleasures of Toronto that were beyond the reach of impecunious young ladies. She took the two dollars and placed them carefully in her portmonnaie, which was on the table. "Why, what's that you have rolled up in paper?" asked her mamma, as she took from Versa's purse a small fragment of dark polished stone which might be agate or blood stone. "Oh this is a fragment of the famous Dabuda Stone which poor Uncle Tommy left here when he was last on a visit; it is only a little bit of the original stone, mamma, but I thought it might bring me good fortune somehow." "Let me look at it," said her mother. The good lady took the stone in her hand and held it as she went on talking to her daughter. She was ignorant of the peculiar property of the stone by which, if a person holding the stone in hand expressed a wish to change appearance and dress with another person of the same sex, an immediate transformation was effected. "You school girls don't know how fortunate you are," she said, "why a school girl is happier than she will ever be in her life again. I only wish I could change places with you and be a girl of sixteen again!" Which thoughtless wish had no sooner been uttered than the soul of Mrs. Vicey passed into the body, the boots, the bodice and the garments of her daughter Versa, including a pair of pink hose not unfrequently darned, a short skirted grey dress of the kind appropriate to sweet sixteen, in whose pocket was a bit of slate pencil, some caramels wrapped in silver paper, the two dollars just given for pocket money, a dime and a two cent piece. With delight Versa saw the charm had worked, and resolved to give her mamma some experience of the delights of school-girl life.

VOL. II.—AT MISS BACKBOARD'S SCHOOL.

Mrs. Vicey was a widow of certain income and uncertain age; she was not an unkind mother, but like many selfish ladies took her own way through life without troubling herself about the wants of her children, of whom Versa, as being the eldest, was chosen to experience the benefit of boarding-school life. It was part of the charm of the

Dabuda Stone that the person affected by it did not perceive the change in personal appearance. Mrs. Vicey felt that some strange change had come over her, but by no means realized what had occurred. She left the room to give some orders to the servant. "Fetch a cab to take Versa to the railway," she said, "and tell the cook that I expect some friends to dinner at six." The servant looked at Mrs. Vicey, whom she took for her daughter Versa, with amused pity, they thought the girl was crazy. Just at that moment, Miss Backboard appeared, solemn and stately in black velvet bonnet and crape mantle, funereal, yet gorgeous. Versa, in the semblance of her mother, came eagerly forward. "I am so glad you have come," she said, "so that I can send Versa back to school under your care. She is a little inclined to be self-willed, and I shall be glad if you exert your strictest discipline." Mrs. Vicey was too much astonished at this to make any remark. "If so," said Miss Backboard, "there had better be no delay, and as I see a cab at the door, we had best start at once. Come Versa. Mrs. Vicey, resolving to explain what had taken place to her friend Mrs. Backboard followed her into the cab; in fact it would not have been easy to resist, for the good school mistress had an iron will joined with the muscle of a well preserved amazon of fifty. Mrs. Vicey made several efforts to explain what she considered an absurd mistake, but Miss Backboard who considered her pupil's manner objectionably free, ordered her to be silent for the remainder of the journey, adding that as a punishment for her impertinence, she was to write out the verb *punio* twenty times after school next day. At the railway station were several girls of ages from twelve to seventeen, also pupils of Miss Backboard, and on their way to school. Mrs. Vicey was greeted by all there with rapture, and asked many questions about cake, pocket-money, and a supposed flirtation with a bank clerk in Toronto. This Mrs. Vicey indignantly repudiated, to the astonishment of her companions, who said that Versa who used to be such a first-rate girl before last vacation had lamentably changed for the worse, got quite stuck-up notions, and was too proud to recognize her best friend. During the journey there was no escape, and Miss Backboard was far too dignified to give any opportunity for explanation. And so Mrs. Vicey had ample experience of school life, and was cut by some of the girls and teased by others. Her long want of practice in music brought her frequent rebukes and punishment. Indeed she quite changed her opinion of that lady, whom she grew to consider a most objectionable person. Meantime Versa astonished the servants and delighted her little brothers and sisters by instituting an entirely new department in family arrangements connected with diet. A large quantity of candies were consumed, cakes to no end and multitudinous jam-pots graced the table; a general holiday was proclaimed, and things were rapidly going into a state of anarchy and demoralization. At last a letter from her mamma induced Versa to visit Toronto, and by aid of their Bahuda Stone to retransform the pair to their original likeness. By mutual agreement Versa was never again stinted in pocket-money, and became once more a favorite with her preceptress and herschoolfellows. And her mamma learned by a somewhat painful experience the motherly duty of sympathy with school girl troubles. The Bahuda Stone, Mrs. Vicey took care to have ground to powder and thrown into Lake Ontario.

C. P. M.

Write me a letter from home. But if you haven't time to write a letter send a note—bank note preferred.

A NEW OPERA.

"The Pot boils merrily in Manitoba."
—Ottawa Free Press.

On observing the above joyous sentence of our Ottawa contemporary denoting as it does, the evident satisfaction of the writer at the prospective ructions attendant "Manitoba Rights," the possibility of a sanguinary revolution and the subsequent annexation of that Province to the territories of Uncle Sam, the master mind of GRIP at once grasped the idea that the situation affords an excellent and original theme for the Grand Opera. Sparing no expense MR. GRIP has secured the valuable services of *Signor Steama Pennuth* to write the music and arrange the score of an Opera to be called "Il Terra Deserta," replete with thrilling situations and truthfully depicting the blood-thirsty characteristics of the nomadic and turbulent race now inhabiting that until lately almost unknown region. The libretto has been written, and stage settings and scenery arranged by one of the most talented of MR. GRIP's theatrical poetical staff. Subjoined is a Barcarole, Scene 1. Act 2, of the Opera.

BARCAROLE.

Solo, Tenor.

Merrily, merrily boils the pot!
Poke up the "chips" and keep it red hot
As over the rolling prairie we go,
See that the fire is kept in a glow.

Chorus of Injuns.

Ca, wan, a, shin. Shaganos Skenta wa boo!
Bring out the *Chewings* and shut out *ber-joo!*
We'll bury our *pograns* and *Thoma-hawks* draw
For we're all jolly Injuns of Man-ito-baw!

Solo, Basso.

Merrily, merrily boils the pot!
We'll never be satisfied till we have got
A line of our own, and can take our own car,
In spite of the Syndicate C.P.R.

Chorus of Speculators, Landgrabbers, Auctioneers, etc.

Murrah for the jolly red Auctioneer's flag.
We'll haul down the dirty Dominion rag!
And as for the Union, we don't care a cent,
And we'll all go over to Uncle Sam.



THE GROWTH OF REGINA.

Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, one of the leading citizens, has been showing the visitor over the rising capital of Assiniboia. They have just finished a careful count of the houses. "Now, sir," says the sprightly Nicholas, "we will have to begin all over again, as several buildings have gone up since we counted! Talk about places, me boy, there's no place like Regina!"

THE FAIRY CURATE.

(The Ballad upon which Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, *Taliska*, is founded, with Gilbert's original illustrations.)



Once a fairy
Light and airy
Married with a mortal;
Aha, however,
Never, never,
Pass the fairy portal.
Slyly stealing,
She to Ealing
Made a daily journey;
There she found him
Clients round him
(He was an attorney).
Long they tarried,
Then they married.
When the ceremony
Once was ended
Off they wended
On their moon of honey.
Twelvemonth, maybe,
Saw a baby
(Friends performed an orgie).
Much they prized him,
And baptized him
By the name of Georgie.

Georgie grew up;
Then he flew up
To his fairy mother.
Happy meeting—
Pleasant greeting—
Kissing one another.
"Choose a calling,
Most enthraling,
I sincerely urge you."
"Mother," said he
(Reverence made he),
"I would join the clergy."

"Give permission
In addition—
Pa will let me do it:
He's a living
In his giving,
He'll appoint me to it.
Dreams of collar
Easter off ring,
Tithe and rent and pew-rate,
So inflame me
(Do not blame me),
That I'll be a curate."

She, with pleasure,
Said, "My treasure,
Tis my wish precisely.
Do your duty,
There's a beauty;
You have chosen wisely.
Tell your father
I would rather
As a churchman rank you.
You, in clover,
I'll watch over."
Georgie said, "Oh, thank you!"

Georgie scudded,
Went and studied,
Made all preparations,
And with credit
(Though he said it)
Passed examinations.
(Do not quarrel
With him, moral,
Scrupulous digestions—
'Twas his mother,
And no other,
Answered all his questions.)

Time proceeded:
Little needed
Georgie admonition:
He, elated,
Vindicated
Clergyman's position.
People round him
Always found him
Plain and unpretending:
Kindly teaching,
Plainly preaching,
All his money lending.

So the fairy,
Wise and wary,
Felt no sorrow rising—
No occasion
For persuasion,
Warning or advising.

He, resuming,
Fairy pluming,
(That's not English, is it?)
Off would fly up,
To the sky up,
Pay mamma a visit.



Time progressing,
Georgie's blessing
Grew more ritualistic—
Popish scandals,
Tonsures—scandals—
Genuflections mystic;
Gushing meetings...
Hosom beatings—
Heavenly ecstasies
Brothered spencers—
Copes and censers—
Rochets and dalmatics.

This quandary
Vexed the fairy—
Flew she down to Ealing.
"Georgie, stop it!
Pray you drop it!
Hark to my appealing:
To this foolish
Papal rule-ish
Tivvadle put an ending:
This a swerve is
From our service
Plain and unpretending."



He replying,
Answered sighing,
Hawing, hemming, humming,
"It's a pity—
They're so pritty;
Yet in mode becoming,
Mother tender,
I'll surrender—
I'd be unaffected—"
Then his Bishop
Into his shop
Entered unexpected!

"Who is this—
Ballet miss, sir?"
Said the Bishop coldly,
"Tis my mother,
And no other."
Georgie answered boldly.
"Go along, sir!
You are wrong, sir;
You have years in plenty,
While this hussy
(Gracious nussy!)
Isn't two-and-twenty!"

(Fairies clever
Never, never
Grow in visage older;
And the fairy,
All unwary;
Leant upon his shoulder!)
Bishop grieved him,
Disbelieved him;
George the point grew warm on;
Chang'd religion
Like a pigeon,
And became a Mormon!

A FEW REMARKS.

"My idea of bliss," said the young and ardent Romea, "is embodied in the words, June, balcony, moonlight, icecream, and sweet seventeen in a white dress near me." He has married since then, and now his idea of bliss is expressed by hot dinner, good fire, children snoring, wife smiling, last paper, and seven by nine slippers.

"And what is your object through life, sir?" demanded the fierce school examiner of the mute pupil. "Oh, I am an intransitive verb," replied the scholar in a passive voice. "If that is the case," continued the fierce man, with an active indicative wave of the hand. "I should consider you rather as a singular noun." "Oh, do not parse sentence upon me," implored the youth.

A newspaper reporter says that in spite of the cold, quite a respectable crowd was present. Well, we are real glad of that. The great tendency of cold, as everyone knows, is to make holes in a man's shoes, muss up his hair, tear his coat to tatters, and give his tail hat the appearance of a half closed accordion. It is to the credit of our citizens that they are able to make a respectable appearance in spite of this evil agency.

"What have you on your throat?" asked the aristocratic new doctor of the young lady whose cold he was prescribing for. "Turpentine," said Leonora, blushing. As soon as he left, she rushed for the turpentine bottle, poured a liberal supply of the contents upon the well worn stocking round her neck, and hysterically inquired, "Girls, girls, do you think a fib five minutes old is worth considering a fib at all?"

Little Tom Blinder is beginning to read the papers and take an interest in the affairs of the day. "Here's a man went in swimming yesterday," said he, looking up from the *Globe*, "and drowned himself." "What an old fool!" growled Mr. Blinder. "Just like a man," said Mrs. B. "Did he go in or fall in?" asked Miss Amelia. "He went in," replied Tom. "The idea of such a piece of foolishness in November," said the boarder. "Let me see the paper," said Solomon Blinder, who is a very wise youth, and is going to matriculate in two or three years. "Ah! it's just as I thought," said he; the paper is dated July 31st. Then they changed the subject.



"MINISTERIAL" CONSOLATION.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the S word."

DER LEEDLE SHARMAN POY.

BY JAMES ROY NICOLSON.

Dere vosh a leedle Sharmen poy,
 Vot keef'd shust roundt der shdreet,
 Dot vosh so vond of saushages,
 Or anydings to eadt,
 Und used to hang aroundt my shstore
 Vere I soldt saushage meadt

He vos a leedle Sharmen poy,
 Vot blay't upon a fludt ;
 He sometimes blay for pennish,
 Und dut vas very goodt,
 Und sometimes he would blay vor fun,
 Vere beople never stoodt.

Und den dish leedle Sharmen poy,
 Ven he vos tired mit blay,
 Would sec me near de door, und say :
 "It Vos a bleasendt day,
 Und vot vas shblendit saushage meadt,
 Und vos it mush to pay ?

"Und vos the beoples goot to please
 Und did der School Boardt oreadt ?
 Und vos der long pig kill'd ash vell
 As roundt vuns, fat und neat ?
 Und vos I vant a leedle tog,"
 Vos vond of saushage meadt ?

Und I vos breddy shout, you know—
 Vas beople shust as big
 Und greasy, voice upon a time,
 As in der bresendt dig,
 Ven men ish made of saushage,
 Und saushage made of pig ?

"Und did der parson often gome,
 Und leave a leedle pook ?
 Und vos it Vegetarium
 Dey call my Sharmen cook ?
 Und vos it hear der leedle poy's
 Got worms to bait der hook ?

Und den dis leedle Sharmen poy
 Would go und blay some more,
 Und pring some mad boliceimans round,
 Der sidewalk at my door,
 Und tell dem, "Schmell my saushages"
 Und run away—und—svore.

Dis leedle wicked Sharmen poy,
 Der next day after dot,
 Wouldt come, so goot und innocent,
 Und have a leedle schat.
 Und say, "Boliceimans all vas bad,
 Und did dey schmell der lot ?

"Und had I any babies yet,
 Or vas dey kill'd or dead ?
 Und vas I vond of saushages,
 Und vas dey all home-fed,
 Or vas I soldt dem shust vor vun,
 Und other volks instead,

"Und how about der customers,
 Und did dey like to stop
 Und listen to his music ven
 He blayt "Der Hangman's Drop"
 Und would it cost some dollars now
 To start a saushage shop ?"

Und so dis leedle Sharmen poy
 Vot blay't grew up a man,
 Und vas so goot und clever dot
 I took him py de hand,
 Und now he goes aboutt der schtreets
 Und leads a Sharmen band.

THE NEW RED RIDING HOOD.

The subject of this sketch was a clever little girl, who derived her odd name from wearing on her head the sleeve of one of her father's old red flannel shirts. She was an independent little piece, and when asked why her mother didn't buy her a new bonnet said she would "just sleeve wear what she had on." When one of the neighbor's children sneeringly said "Your pa gets drunk," Little Red Riding Hood responded, "Your pa would, too, but he can't afford it," and when the next-door boy ill-naturedly said, "Your mother takes in washing," Little Red Riding Hood answered, "She don't take in much when your mother gets the first whack at the line.

It will be seen from these incidents in her life that, though little read, she was well post-

ed, and the confidence with which her mother dispatched her to carry codfish balls down into Stoors Township to her sick grandmother is easily understood.

Holding the lead dime which her mother had given her for car-fare tightly in her hand Little Red Riding Hood started for a street car, and, having a few minutes to wait, improved the opportunity by setting up a howl that attracted the attention of a benevolent old gentleman, to whom she explained her cause for grief. She was going, she said, to her poor, sick grandmother, and had just been put off a car because her dime was counterfeit. The gentleman gave her a quarter and put her on the next car. The conductor in due time called upon Little Red Riding Hood for a fare, when she produced the lead dime. "This is counterfeit," said the conductor, whereat Riding Hood fell to sobbing as if her heart would break; the conductor passed her, an old lady gave her a dime, and a boy shared some gingerbread with her. Arrived near her grandmother's house Little Red Riding Hood sat down and ate the codfish balls; then she bought some milk from a drunken milkman, upon whom she passed the counterfeit dime, receiving from him sixteen cents in change, after which she proceeded to her grandmother's and stayed with her for three weeks.

In contrasting this story with the original Little Red Riding Hood the reader should bear in mind the disadvantage our heroine labored under in having to be her own wolf, a role which she sustained with signal ability. There does not appear to be anything more to add, except that the town is full of our kind of Little Red Riding Hoods.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

AMERICAN FABLES.

THE WOUNDED OX.

An Ox who was one day passing along the highway fell and broke his leg. In a short time along came the Horse, who halted and called out:

"Mercy on me! but what has happened?"

"I have broken my leg."

"To bad—too bad! I assure you that you have my heart-felt sympathies."

When the Horse had disappeared along came the Mule and inquired:

"How now, my old friend—what's the trouble?"

"Broken my leg."

"Dear me! but that's unfortunate! You were always an honest, hard-working Ox, and I am deeply grieved that this accident has come upon you."

The Mule pursued his way, and the next animal to stop was the Hog.

"Hello! What does this mean?" he grunted as he checked his pace.

"Broken my leg."

"Is that possible! It isn't six months ago that you had a lame shoulder, and to have this misfortune come upon you is enough to discourage the best Ox in the World. If you don't recover from it always remember that you had my warmest sympathies."

After the Hog came the Goat, who halted at a safe distance and called out:

"Anything contagious?"

"No; I have broken my leg."

"Oh, that's it? Sure it's broken?"

"Yes."

"And you'll probably be laid up for months even if the master doesn't knock you on the head and make beef of you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm sorry for you, and if you happen to get well I shall be highly delighted."

The Goat had passed out of sight when along came the Rhinoceros on his way to the pool.

"Hello! What's up now?" he asked as he looked over the bank.

"Broken my leg."

"Is that so. Well, I never even had an introduction to you nor heard your name spoken but here goes to help you. I'll get you up, help you home and see you through as far as I can. It is sufficient for me that you are in distress and need help. Have you no friends?"

"Oh, yes. They have all extended their heart-felt sympathies, but left me lying in the ditch."

MORAL.

"Sympathy, my friend," said the Rhinoceros as he aided the Ox to stand up, "sympathy sticks in the ear and lets the stomach starve. Depend upon your friends no longer than they can depend upon you. Come, now—here we go."

The public will please observe that Venno, didn't receive a single vote at the late election. That shows what this country thinks of a false prophet.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

WHAT PHYSICIANS SAY.

SAN LEANDRO, Cal.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir, —I have employed your "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" in my practice for the last four years. I now use no other alternative or cathartic medicines in all chronic derangements of the stomach, liver, and bowels. I know of nothing that equals them. J. A. MILLER, M. D.

In the Russian language B stands for W and P for R. It is plain that the inventor of the Russian alphabet never took much interest in temperance.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

An exchange says: "There will be no pronounced loud styles this winter." Don't you believe it. The style of snoring will be just as loud as ever.—*Philadelphia Herald*.

HOW WOMEN WOULD VOTE.

Were women allowed to vote, every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would vote it to be an unflinching remedy for the diseases peculiar to her sex. By druggists.

EARS FOR THE MILLION!

Foo-Choo's Balsam of Shark's Oil.

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

This Oil is abstracted from a peculiar species of small White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as *Carcharodon Rondeletii*. Every Chinese Fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing was discovered by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1410. Its cures were so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for over 300 years no Deafness has existed among the Chinese people. Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at \$1.50 per bottle.

Hear what the Deaf Say!

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

I have been greatly benefited.

My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

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

To avoid loss in the Mails, please send money by REGISTERED LETTER.

Only imported by HAYLOCK & JENNEY, Sole Agents for America. 7 Dey-st., N. Y.

PORTRAITS OF FAIR TORONTONIANS.

Not by FRANK MILES.

11.—MRS. LOVEM.



MRS. LOVEM (or Cranem or Miss Shylock, for since these prospectuses are all alike one copy will do for all), receive a number of young duchesses into their select and desirable establishments, for the purpose of filling their young and elastic bodies with all the delicacies of the seasons and a few over, and cramming their youthful brains with a picking from the bones of most of

the sciences that have engaged the erudite brain of man since the fall of that vulgar and ill-conducted young woman, Eve. Mrs. Lovem (Mrs. Cranem or Miss Shylock) regret to say, that though weeping tears of blood at the vulgar selfishness of the demand, they are forced to request that the sum of \$500 per young duchess per annum be paid to their account at the Smashup Bank, strictly in advance.

N. B. 1.—A quarter's notice required before the removal of a pupil.

N. B. 2.—Each young duchess is required to bring her own knife, fork, and spoon, in solid gold, with her monogram set in diamonds on the handle.

NOTE.—These articles are not returnable.

N. B. 3.—Should any pupil die through neglect, or be seized with brain-fever in consequence of over-cramming, the principal will not be responsible.

Having thus introduced these talented ladies to the reader by means of their prospectuses, we may now commence our sketch.

Fat, fair, and not quite forty, Mrs. Lovem is a happy mixture of the old and new schools combined. She is always spoken of as "much liked by her pupils." She combines a motherly tenderness with a delightful ignorance of all mundane subjects; particularly those connected with the health and management of young girls. She possesses, however, in an eminent degree, the gift of the gab; and so beautifully can she expatiate upon the care and attention which the health of those exotic plants in her greenhouse require, that the parents, in ninety nine cases out of a hundred, depart in great satisfaction. Mrs. Lovem rakes her pupils by "moral influence," and makes great capital of the intense love she bears them. She insists upon all the windows being tightly shut whenever the air is the least chilly. She keeps the house at a mean temperature of something like 157 in the shade, during all the winter months. In the summer, on the contrary, Mrs. Lovem awakes to the necessity of plenty of fresh air for young people; and the draughts that circulate through that academy in the dog days, are enough to blow the very hair off the loved ones' heads.

Now and again, Mrs. Lovem's pupils die from cause; that she considers are not under her own control. On these occasions, the afflicted principal scatters all her pupils broadcast through the city, dresses in sable garments, and falls to bitter weeping. The amount of learning acquired by the pupils in this select academy is something remarkable. On one occasion we had the pleasure of the acquaintance of a pupil of Mrs. Lovem's, who had attended the classes for nine years. So magnificent an opportunity was not to be missed, and we promptly set to work to in-

crease our own knowledge by ascertaining hers. Being only eighteen years of age, we were stupified by the discovery that she knew the capital of England to be London. She was not, however, acquainted with any of the other capital cities of Europe, nor did she seem conversant with the geography of her native land or any other part of the world, but then, this could not be expected of any girl who was only eighteen years of age, and who had only attended nine years at Mrs. Lovem's. History, general and particular, was a branch of study to which this young lady had a rooted objection, therefore it would be ridiculous in the last degree to expect her to know anything about it. In arithmetic she could do multiplication and addition, also division, if not too hard. She was fairly acquainted with (How shall we utter it without a blush?) with vulgar fractions; but having perpetrated the sublime act of self-denial and condescension, involved in teaching her pupils a subject so revolting, this refined lady-principal could not be expected to plunge any deeper into the mire which contained proportion, practice or reduction.

We will endeavor to present faithful portraits of Mrs. Cranem and Miss Shylock in our next.

F. E. DOWNES.

SELECTIONS FROM THE STANDARD POETS.

TUMULT.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
Toronto's students bright had gathered, when
A portion of 'the boys' were somewhat tight
And loudly singing *Vive L'Amour*, as d then
Startling from their slumbers weary men,
Their voices rose with wild, discordant yells;
When they approached the festive "boozin' ken"
They entered, and ne'er thought of "Number One's"
dark cell.

Beside a broken niche of a stone wall
Lay Jones, B.A., prostrate on his left ear;
He said he heard the peelers "buzzoo" call;
His comrades laughed because he decared it near,
"Hip, hip, hurrah! Let's go and have some beer!"
Jones cried, "Dry up," he knew the sound too well;
As lawyers say, "On that point he was clear,"
And he was right, that night they passed in dungeon
cell!

Last morn beheld them in the lecture room,
At noon perhaps they felt a little gay;
The evening showed them all upon a "boom."
At midnight they were "ready for the pay,"
And roared in accents wild each roundelay,
Till they were "copped" by a blue-coated squad,
Who then the erring youths did straight convey
To where, repentant all, they passed some hours *in quad*.
—Byron.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the Prairie Province passed
A youth who bore through snow and ice,
A satchel with this strange device—
Calgary.

His hands were cold, his nose was blue,
His bearded face was stuck like glue
With frost and sleet. Still on his back
The legend shone out from his "puck"—
Calgary.

He did not pause at Winnipeg
To taste the treacherous "ingleleg";
When strangers tried to take him in
He only answered with a grin—
Calgary.

"Stay!" the half-breed maiden cried,
"The prairie is both long and wide,
If you keep on you will get froze."
He still replied, with thumb to nose—
Calgary.

A "sport" he met said, "Stay and rest,
Wipe off your chin, pull down your vest,
Let's go and have a game of 'draw,'"
The youth replied, with loud 'haw, haw!'—
Calgary.

His weary westward way he tramped,
Until his legs grew stiff and cramped;
He cried, "I can no further go,"
And sighed as he fell on the snow—
Calgary.

Next morn a half-breed on his way
To Winnipeg with load of hay
Brought back the youth, who swore like sin
When he found out that he was in—

FORT GARBY.
—Longfellow.

A SIGN OF "THE TIMES."

Regina! loveliest village of the plain,
Which, erstwhile reached by humble oxen wains
Policeman's charger, or the festive mule,
Is now the favored spot of Fashion's rule,
The buffalo hump and ligreous pemican
Have given place to chicken broiled and ham;
The crooked whiskey-vile—the red man's bane
Forsaken is for sherry and champagne.
The dusky brave, with savage painted face,
Is seldom seen, his form has given place
To dukes and viscounts, earls and other nob's
(Barons and baronets are there in mobs),
Nobility of genius too, and men of mind
Are moving there, and very soon you'll find
A Journal independent, bright and free,
The TIMES, and edited by N. F. D.
—Goldsmith.

SABBATH EVENING.

On Sundays passing to and fro,
Tho' slippery lies the trodden snow,
The ladies with mammas and beaux,
Proceed to church religiously.

But you may see another sight,
About the hour of eight at night,
When corner loafers mostly tight,
Are talking wife obscenity.

In ulsters and flat hats arrayed,
They ape the Yankee blackguard blade,
And forn fit subject for a raid
By the police fraternity.

A girl goes by with prayer book—
Each beery "bum" and slip'ry "crook"
Will ogle her with lecherous look,
And grin with gross vulgarity.

Their late n-jas the "fine cut" crunch,
Suggestive of the late free lunch,
And pity 'tis some one don't punch
The heads of all the galaxy.
—Campbell.

"Willie, my precious boy," said Mr. Bunn, the other evening, to his newly arrived prodigal, "how could you have the heart to go a playing in the streets after school, instead of coming straight home? Here's your mother and me been a wondering and worrying and a-working ourselves up, and a-wearing ourselves out, trying to fancy what kind of a strange animal had swallowed you entire. Don't let this happen again, my own son, or you and I will have to have a little re-union in the back wood shed. You'll find it a very striking programme, and the music will be furnished by yourself, my cherub. There's no doubt in the world about that."

Hulton is a good enough young fellow in his way, but he is rather vain of his youth and cleverness, and fond of his dog. For these enormities he receives the scornful attention of a young lady-enemy in a letter to her friend as follows: "The all conquering hero, the irresistible, the lady-killer, the render of hearts, the young man of whom you spake is he yet alive? Is he as young as he used to be or younger? Is babyhood coming on apace? Can you see the sweet deciples coming round the dear little neck and wrists? would you kindly ask him to write a list of the things he doesn't know, as I want a bit of paper small enough to wrap round my finger before putting on the thimble. Is he making love to that good Sophy Miles? If so, please kick his dog for me. Is she going to throw herself away on him? If so, poison the dog."

Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has become so thoroughly established in public favor that were it not for the forgetfulness of people it would not be necessary to call attention to its power to cure consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, and other blood diseases, as eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers, and "liver complaint."



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and consumption in its first stages are treated at the International Throat and Lung Institute, 173 Church street, Toronto, where the Spirometer is used an instrument invented by Dr. M. Souville of Paris, and ex-aidie surgeon of the French army, which conveys the medicines in the form of cold inhalations to the parts diseased. Suitable constitutional treatment is used when required. Consultations and trial of the Spirometer free. Poor people bearing certificates furnished with the instrument free. When not convenient to visit the office write, enclosing stamp, for pamphlet giving full particulars to International Throat and Lung Institute, 173 Church street, Toronto, or 73 Phillips square, Montreal.

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