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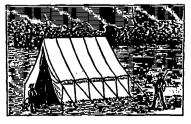


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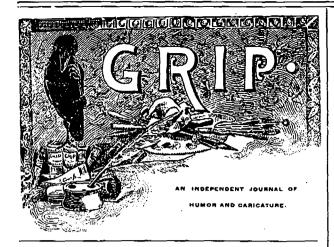
"How do you like the cheese, Mirandy?"

"Cabwaizer Kase): "I COUNTRYMAN (to bride, in restaurant): Bride (trying to eat Schweizer Kase): "I don't like it at all, John. In the furst place it don't smell right, an' in the second place it's all full o' knot holes.'

"IT is very late for a robust young man like you to get up in the morning," said an old gentleman in a Washington hotel to a youth who had just come down from his room, "when I was of your age five o'clock found me up and doing." "I s'pose it did, sir," replied the youth, "but I guess you never held a situation under the govern-ment."



DAY AND EVENING CLASSES



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Gamments on the Gastoons.



THE AMEASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY, VERY!—The interests of Canada being primarily involved, we sincerely hope that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain may prove a prudent, able, and successful diplomat when he sits down with the American Fishery Commissioners. It must be confessed, however, that prudence has not very highly characterized his preliminary actions. Had it not been for a suggestion from the level-headed Viceroy of India, Mr. Chamberlain would have gone to Washington direct, transacted his business, and returned to England, without having set foot on the soil of the couptry chiefly concerned in the negotiations. He apparently never thought that the good will of the Canadian people was worth taking with him to the American capital, until Dufferin intimated it to him. He will now call at Canada on his way, but, in his present frame of mind, it will be a mere

matter of form. He is evidently laboring under the impression that Commercial Union (which may come up for discussion in the Commission) is something which is being agitated by a mere handful of Canadians, and he has pretty plainly intimated that in his opinion it is a "fad" with which he does not sympathize. Something ought to be done to make it perfectly clear to this extraordinary person that Commercial Union is, in the estimation of a majority of our people, the only measure that will solve the present difficulties of Confederation and preserve British connection. With Mr. Chamberlain's views on the Irish question we have nothing to do, and we can only hope that his utterances on that subject on the eve of his departure for America may not in any manner jeopardize our interests.

OUR OWN "DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE."—We would fain regard Sir C. Tupper's late expressions in favor of Temperance Reform as sincere, but we cannot deny that the cantankerous critics who are pointing with derision at the extensive wine cellar of the London mansion, with its high-toned and high-priced appliances for beer, brandy, and wine-drinking, have made a good point. In all fairness to the new recruit we would wait and hear what he is going to do about this private bar, which certainly isn't a good thing for a Prohibitionist to have about his house. In the meantime Sir Charles appears to be playing the popular dual character of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

THE poor Canadian son of toil,
Beneath his load of taxes,
Turns to his old-time friend Sir John,
And for relief he axes;
Quoth he: "I'm nearly done to death;
This struggle's simply ruinin',
And I can see no other cure
Except Commercial Union."

"No," cries Sir John, "free interchange
A suicidal course is,
"Twould be disloyal to sell the Yanks
More cattle, sheep, and horses;
Behold this noble Union Jack,
I wave it, like a fairy,
And if you gaze at it, your load
Will grow quite light and airy!"

"O, do not take me for a fool,"
Responds the angry voter,
"I tell you 'neath this burden I
Refuse to longer totter—
Talk gammon to the Morning World,
Who'll swallow it like winking,
But understand that lately I
Have done a little thinking!"

MR. Spurgeon has left the Baptist Union because that body has become tinctured with unorthodox views. The great preacher has so little sympathy with novelties of doctrine that it is a wonder he submits to having his church longer called *New*ington Tabernacle.

A BALLADE OF BUSTLE AND BANGS,

AND OTHER POEMS.

ALPHONSO DEBROWN, having failed in all attempts to gain the heart of the beautiful but snow-like Araminta Van Goldstein, determined to apply himself to the art of poetry, of which he knew the said A. V. G. was passionately fond. He grew his hair to a length that surprised his fellow-clerks, and bought a bust of Byron, with which to adorn his top-back chamber. He studied metre until the landlady interfered with his nocturnal researches by studying the gas-metre. He was ever coining lines; but alas! he often cast his lines in wrong places, and much of his precious MS. was swept away and burned by the zealous chambermaid. Yet, he produced some startling compositions, which were sent by mail to his Araminta, who read and returned them without a comment. We print a few specimens kindly sent us by Mr. DeBrown. The first is a lovely little lyric, entitled

"GOOD MORNING."

In the very early morning when the birds begin to sing,
And nature wash'd in pearly dew looks bright and everything
Is waiting with expectancy for Sol to cross the line,
And polish up the surface of the earth with quite a shine.
When the baby ceases squalling and is calmly laid to rest,
With its little bald pate nestling on its worn out mother's breast.
When the milkman starts a ringing of his very much cracked bell,
And the wandering green-grocer doth inaugurate his yell.
When dogs begin a barking and the roosters cease to crow,
Then you rub your eyes and wonder if its morning, don't you know.

Mr. DeBrown wrote several Ballades, of which we give two verses of one, called

"A BALLADE OF BUSTLE AND BANG."

To fashions I mutter "Go Hang."
Let milliners live as they may;
Mother Eve had an easier way
Of dressing—no bustles outsprang;
No birds' wings caused Adam a pang.
Ah! life was then airy and gay,
But now see the bills we must pay
In this era of bustle and bang.

When the Greeks with a fanciful twang
On the zither did prettily play,
Women did not require a stay,
But danced at their case as they sang.
Ah! then was no horrible clang
Of pianos by night and by day,
Tum-tiddle, tum-tiddle, tum-tay,
In this era of bustle and bang,

Alphonso DeBrown designed a series of poems after well-known authors, amongst others, the following:—

'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour I never could my bills defray. There always was a debit power. That made my money melt away. I never wished a mild cigar To glad me with its perfume rare, But when I went up to the bar I never had the five cents there. For I'm one of the sort That is always short.

In order to show his conversancy with etiquette, A. DeBrown wrote a long series of lines after the following style:—

Oh! never eat cheese with a knife and fork, Or pull with your teeth an obstinate cork; Or put bread in your soup, Or otherwise stoop

To actions so vulgar as make people tork.

To show also his complete mastery of the English forms of poetising, our hero wrote a topical song, entitled

"Always Take Off your Hat to a Lady," of which the chorus ran as follows:—

Oh! if it be hot,
Quite sultry or not;
Or if it be sunny or shady,
Don't act like a mule,
But remember this rule,
Always take off your hat to a lady.

TIGGLES.

BISHOP CLEARY'S PASTORAL

(As it ought to have been written.)

To the Clergy and Laity of Kingston.

DEAR BRETHREN,-It gives me pain to announce to you that certain children of Catholic parents have been eiected from the public schools of this city, This, I regret to say, is a sad instance of Protestant bigotry. The parents referred to are good members of the Church, and have duly paid their rates to the Separate Schools, but they prefer to send their children to the Public Schools for certain reasons—amongst others that they receive a superior education in those institutions. It is surely a narrow and intolerant spirit that would refuse to Catholic children the benefits of the public schools simply because Separate Schools have been specially granted to Catholics, and the taxes of Catholics are set aside for their support. But we have always been downtrodden as a Church. We only ask for justice. We simply desire the right to use the Public Schools free of charge when we are so disposed, while our taxes are applied in support of the Catholic Schools, but this trifling boon is denied us. Brethren, all we can do is to suffer patiently; but we have the consolation of knowing that our grievance is one well calculated to win us the sympathy of all who have a sense of the ridiculous.

Your Loving Bishop.

THE NEW REPORTER.

HE was a new man and was directed to get a full report and particularly to describe the ladies' costumes. The city editor had been very minute in his instructions, and as the new man was very learned, having had two or three college educations (where he had put them we never could discover), he resolved to show how well he could do his work, teach his brethren of the press, and astonish our large number of subscribers.

He brought in his report next morning. The city editor took it for revision, read it and fainted. He was brought to after some difficulty. He looked at the new reporter and said: "This world is too small for you, get off it; go to New York, Boston, Chicago, Lachine, Quebec, anywhere; your talents are lost here." The reporter left Toronto. The sheets of manuscript lay on the floor, neatly written and numbered—there were 98 of them, and if published would have crowded everything else, editorials, local news, clippings and advertisements, out of the paper. That reporter lacked judgment, yet his manuscript was not very bad for a first attempt. It began as follows:—

"From time immemorial the custom of celebrating Christmas-tide has been a most honored one. Then are seen smiling faces and happy hearts, cheery words and kind deeds; the one season of the year when all feel compelled to be happy. The Xmas board groans with good cheer, all have good appetites, and the year's accounts become due. The holly and mistletoe, foreign plants, decorate our homes, and the children stay up all



THE EXCEEDINGLY ONE-HORSE HACK.

Sir Richard-What he wants is the whip! Just give me the reins and I'll show you how to "get there"!

night to grab their presents first thing in the morning. Then a very bedlam of noise is let loose, trumpets of tin blowing, children screeching, baby crying, father mad, mother worried, servants hurried, sisters flurried, dogs barking, boys larking, sweethearts sparking, and all because it is Christmas day," and so on for eight or ten pages of manuscript.

At page 32 he began his description of the ladies' dresses: "One lady wore a blue moire antique satinet, shirred and gored all down the back in innumerable folds and richly trimmed à la corsage with point lace. Another of white satin was à la pompadour and was heavily flounced with red Jacqueminots au natural. One costume of red satin attracted much attention. It was cut square in front and the back portion of the waist had been entirely forgotten—left at home probably—the train was very long and the lady carried it on her arm; it was trimmed with gold Cupids, somewhat in a state of nudity—this dress was the most marked and remarked." And about forty pages are given to a description of the dresses. It was while reading these descriptions that the city editor had his fit.

The moral of this little essay is—not that University Federation is a humbug, but that young men fresh from the halls of learning are not always up to newspaper work, though you can't convince them of it.

Very many burglars are as honest as the day is long; but unfortunately their honesty stops at sunset.

"BOODLE" IN STOCKTON.

"You see," said the horse editor of the Cyclone, "our chief is always trying to keep even with the great New York and Chicago journals, and last winter he started a 'Children's Hot Air Fund.' Had a big hall heated by hot air, and opened it daily for all the small boys and girls who couldn't get warmed up at home, to come and get toasted for three or four hours. Took like thunder; and ever so many people subscribed and got their names in the paper.

"Well, this being such a success, he began to envy New York, Montreal and Chicago papers their sensational 'Boodle Investigations,' and began to long to prove some of our worthy Alderwomen guilty of 'boodling' and securing them free board in the County Jail.

"On making inquiries, he heard of several shady transactions, and found any number of people who said if they told all they knew, that Stockton would be too hot to hold certain individuals who considered themselves pretty big guns around the Town Hall.

"The heart of the chief was full of joy; and the Cyclone came out with a couple of columns with great headlines, and the one portentious word BOODLE! in two-inch capitals at the top.

"Of course it created quite a sensation, and the Town Council delegated a committee to investigate the charges. The Cyclone engaged two lawyers; a Dutchman, who speaks broken English, and an American who speaks broken French (for you must know that Stockton has a

very mixed population, and you must be prepared to talk almost as many languages as at the Tower of Babel); and armed with a few facts and a great bundle of fiction,

the whole party appeared before the committee.

"Now you know our Lady Mayoress has a strong bump of common sense, and hardly had the investigation commenced, than she insisted on definite charges. These the Cyclone was not prepared to make, fearing inability to prove them and consequent actions for libel. Finally it was resolved to name the guilty parties after examining three witnesses on general principles. The witnesses were called. And then and there only the poor proprietor of the Cyclone learned that it is easier to make an accusation than to prove it. The lawyers were disciples of Isaac Walton and wanted to go fishing for evidence, and proposed raking up the private affairs, past and present, of some of the Alderwomen; but the Mayoress said it was the 'close season' for that kind of sport, and that they'd have to stick to the question and the terms of the accusations under established rules of evidence.

"Then the witnesses, who were supposed to be yearning to divulge everything, suddenly became troubled with shocking bad memories, and after several meetings and frequent acrimonious bickerings between the Mayoress and the lawyers, the great Boodle developments seem a

little further off than ever.

"People meet the chief and ask him when he's going fishing again; and I tell you he's mad clear through."

FELIX O'HARA.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

NEXT week's attraction at the Toronto will be little Corinne and her company of 50 artists. The Chicago Inter-Ocean says: "Corinne bounded on the stage at the Standard Theatre last night with a step light and free, a laugh hearty and contagious, and was warmly welcomed by a large audience. There were no vacant seats, and the standing room was crowded to the doors; but this state of affairs has long since become an old story; a light attendance upon a performance of Corinne, would be an occasion for surprised comment."

HIS EXPERIENCE.

THE following is from a letter picked up on the street

in London, Ont.:

I found Mr. GRIP seated in his private office. He arose politely, but I knew from the intelligent glance with which his eye passed from the MS. in my trembling hand to the overworked waste-basket, that he divined my errand.

"Well, sir?" he said, inquiringly.

With an effort I steadied my voice sufficiently to ex-

plain my mission.

"Ah, you wish to contribute?" he said, with another glance by which he gauged the capacity of the waste-basket and the extent of my manuscript.

I replied that such was my ambition.

What was my name and place of residence? I gave him my name and stated that I hailed from London, Ontario. (As the name of our exemplary financial centre fell upon his ear, he started, and instinctively felt for his watch-guard.) As to my social standing, I explained that, as none of our family had ever displayed sufficient enterprise to rob a bank, the "best society" in London rather looked down upon us.

I went on to narrate how, impelled by the fires of genius, I had closed up several country newspaper offices

and sent the well-meaning but unsuspecting editors to an early grave, with my devastating humor. That, in my contemplated attack upon Canada's comic paper, I was not actuated by any sordid motive, and that, though in very moderate circumstances, I did not seek the opulent indolence of a journalistic life.

Mr. GRIP sighed heavily.

As to my religious leanings, I was hardshell Baptist from away back. Politically, I favored a Canada First movement, and was fully persuaded that the welfare of Canada demanded the "removal" of 'Ras Wiman, and I quite agreed with the Editor of the World, that the most gratifying evidence of the country's prosperity was to be found in the handsome proportions of our National debt.

Mr. GRIP looked grieved, but, probably remembering

that I came from London, decided to let it pass.

What particular style of contribution did I propose to offer? I replied that I usually wrote on one side of the paper, leaving a two-inch margin on the left hand side. In apologising for the legibility of my writing, a most damaging evidence against the possession of genius, I expressed a hope that a course at one of the many Actual Business Colleges might disguise my hand satisfactorily.

The Editor explained that he referred to the matter of my contributions. I hastened to assure him that I dealt exclusively in prose, though I reluctantly admitted having once written a poem, but that was long ago, when I was

younger.

Mr. GRIP shook his head gravely. He took my manuscript and glanced over it. Then, taking me kindly by the arm, he bestowed a look of compassion on me, and

inquired if my parents were living.

I replied in the affirmative, and, as he conducted me to the door, I warned him of the grave responsibility he would assume in quenching the fires of genius. I reminded him that the primary works of all great writers had been rejected by undiscerning editors. Was this poor old world to roll on, unilluminated by the 10,000 candle power of my genius, and go out in darkness, unconscious of its loss?

These grave considerations seemed to impress him, for he told me to try it again next week when I felt rested, and with repeated admonitions to shun the "Plumber" joke, to abjure "Ice-man" and "Coal-dealer" pleasantries, and above all to give a wide berth to the "Niagara Falls Hack-driver," he opened the door.

Then, recollecting that I was from London, he added, "And let Hamilton down easy. We have two sub-

scribers in the village."

Having wrung from me a reluctant promise to that effect, he courteously bowed me out.

MACK.

NOTES ON WEDDINGS.

A WEDDING usually marks the end of trouble in a novel, but this is considered wholly a novel way of arranging matters, as in real life it is more apt to denote the beginning of trouble.

There are many kinds of weddings, such as grand, gay, fashionable, golden, tin, and tearful. As it takes more than one swallow to make a summer, so it takes more than one person to make a wedding. Usually it takes two mothers-in-law, with their husbands, their children, and near relatives, a bride, and some say a bridegroom, but the latter personage is of no particular importance, and, like salt in the porridge, is never noticed unless he is missing. The enormity of his offence in ruthlessly

preventing a young and lovely girl from becoming a sad and neglected old maid is deeply impressed upon him. He doesn't dare make a joke, for fear of being considered a monster, nor of looking grave, for fear of being thought an ingrate. He is compelled to wear boots two sizes too

tight for him, and to look divinely happy.

But the bride also is not without her anxieties. Besides the lurking dread that the bridegroom may dodge the ceremony at the last moment, by taking the early train for the far west, she has to give some thought to her personal appearance. However appropriate it may be for a bride to appear in soiled wrapper and crimping pins a few months after marriage, it is considered bad form on her wedding day. It frequently happens that a bride who, when she is married, looks in the eyes of her fond lord "sweet enough to eat," will, a few years after date, look sour enough to eat him. This is an eaternal mystery. In her appearance the bride should strive to mingle the grave and gay, the lively and severe. If too serious people will think she is old, and may imagine that this is her last chance. If too frolicsome they may fancy that she is unbecomingly glad to get married. In this, as in all other affairs of life, the main consideration is what other people will think.

Wedding presents vary from a house and lot down to half a dozen dish-cloths, with a red monogram emblazoned on one corner. If you are the father of a real bride, something handsome will be expected of you, but if you are only the father of a bride in a novel, all you need do is to give her your blessing. This, while it is always a graceful thing to bestow, is comparatively inexpensive. Congratulations may also be showered upon the young pair, but it is not the correct thing to wish

them many happy returns of the day.

Rice and old shoes are the most appropriate articles of diet to throw after them on their departure, as they beautifully typify the insipid and leathery quality of the food which will probably be their portion after the honeymoon is over.

It is generally supposed that a bit of bride cake placed under the pillow will produce remarkable dreams. Experience proves that the same piece eaten just before retiring will be much more efficacious.

REFORM!

JUDGE MACDOUGALL's report pronounces Mr. Waterworks Venables guilty of fraud and mismanagement. Now let the City Council carry out the good work so well begun—by reinstating Venables at an increase of salary. It is just what the public expect.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"What is the best English Dictionary?" is sometimes a poser even to the omniscient journalist. The true answer must depend upon various considerations, such as those of size, price, the occupation and object of the questioner, the time at his disposal, etc. If he will modify the conundrum and make it read, "What is the best English Dictionary for ordinary use by the largest number of persons, and for the greatest variety of purposes—the best one-volume dictionary, convenient in size, moderate in price, thoroughly comprehensive, reliable and up to the age and date in every respect," we think we can answer him. We know of no such work equal to, or even in many respects comparable with *The Concise Imperial Dictionary*. While retaining all the

best features of the original three-volume work, it has been rewritten by the editor, Charles Annandale, M.A., LI.D., with a view to retain everything necessary to the general reader or ordinary scholar, and at the same time to reduce it to a size and price suitable for the general public. This has been done with admirable skill and judgment. The result is a work which should be on everybody's table. The market in Canada is controlled by J. E. Bryant & Co., of Toronto.



WE HOPE CANADA WILL NOT "CATCH IT."

John Bull.—I'm doubtful of your success at Washington, after all, Mr. Chamberlain. I'm afraid of that rashness!

"MUCK!"

"MRS. AIRLIE," says I, the ither mornin' just as the nock clappit six, "it's time ye were up. The milkman has been ringin' on ye this half oor an' mair, an' there's ye lyin' there as soon' as a tap. Ye needna expect that a special miracle is gaun tae be workit in yer favor in the way o' lichtin' the fire an' bilin' the kettle, unless ye get up betimes an' start it in the ordinary manner. Habit, Mistress Airlie, is a very gude servant but a hard maister, an' ye ken what Solomon's description o' the sluggard's kail-yard is weel eneuch tae tak warnin'," an' wi' that I gied her anither dig wi' ma elbew tae keep her frae doverin' aff again, an' then I waited wi' becomin' dignity for ma answer. I got it. Turnin' her head roond on the pillow she opened ae' half 'ee,an' wi' a curl o' her lip, snortit oot -- "Muck!" Tae say that I was surprised wad be faur ower mild a description o' ma feelins' at that meenit, in fact ye cad hae knockit me doon wi' a feather. Sae great was ma miscomfishment that I crap oot o' bed an' had the fire lichtit an' the kettle stoofin' awa like a steam engine afore I cud tell whether it was ma head or ma heels I was staunin' on, indeed the first thing that brocht me tae me senses was the door bell ringin' like as somebody was haulin' the hale concern oot by the roots. Up tae the door I flew, ma suspenders flappin' ahint me like a torn tapsail in a hurricane, an' richt in the act I catch the paper laddie wi' his twa feet up again the wa' haulin' for a' he was worth on the bell wire. "What the deevil dye mean, ye imp o' Sautan," says I, makin' a grab at him; but missin' the supple rascal. "Wot the devil dye

you mean goin' down to the office an' tellin' as 'ow I forgets to leave the paper mornin's," says he, without sae muckle as winkin'.

"Laddie," says I, "gin ye belanged tae me I wad dust yer jacket in sic a mainner as wad—" but afore I cud say anither word he just clappit his sma' thoomb tae the pint o' his nose an' spreadin' oot his fingers he ejackilated the a'e word "M-muck!"

Hoo lang I stood dumfoondered glowerin' after the impident young scoondrel I dinna ken, but the naxt thing ma e'e lichtit on was the milkman's waggon, a graund affair, the hale side o't bein' covered wi' a most wunnerfu' specimen o' art, the waurk evidently o' some Toronto artist wha was determined his pictures wadna blush onseen if he cud help it. Oot o' this resthetic chauriot lep a jaunty young cheil, an' ma birse bein' a kind o' ap ony way. I tuk the opportunity o' speerin at him hoo he was off for chauk. He gae me me nae answer-but just glowered a wee, so I thocht I wad just let him ken that I kent the difference atween chauk an' water an' gude coo's milk. Then thinkin' a word in season might dae him gude an' lead him back tae the paths o' honesty an' fair dealin'. I telled him that though it wasna particularly specified. that there cud be na doot that bogus milk was ane o' the abominations so vigorously denounced by the prophet Habbakkuk or some ither sic name. But a' the thanks I got was "Muck!" as the fellow jumped intil his braw caravan an' brocht doon the whip on the flanks o' his onfortinate Rosinante. A' the the time this was gaun on a most extraordinar' soond, just like the first rummlin' o' an earthquake, accompanied by a burnin'-metal kind o' a smell, cam oot frae the direction o' the kitchen, an' hurryin' in what does I see through the reek but the chimney afire an' the kettle on the fire wi' the spoot melted aff an' the bottom burnt oot o't. Lordsake I was neither tae haud nor bind—an' upstairs I ran an' takin' ma wife by the shouther I pinted tae the smoke an' says I imperatively, "What dye ca that? Canna ye smell the lum afire? If ye're content tae stay here an' be burnt oot o' hoose an' hame-"

But by this time she was doon the stair like a flash, an' the bairn wha was sittin up in bed began tae greet for his mither. "Noona! noona! ma wee man," says I, clappin' him on the curly pow, "be a gude bairnie an' no greet." But the wee deevil, wi' a rap o' his sma' fist, gathered his broos thegither an' glowerin' at me fra under them said "Muck!"

"Foul fa the Muck!" says I in a toorin' passion, as I cam doon the stair, an' clappin' on ma coat an' hat, withoot waitin' for a bite o' breakfast I mairched doon tae the warehoose. I had a sair day's soopin' tae dae, mairover, Maister Tamson had gein me a ticket tae gang an' see Deacon Brodie at the matinee. So I whaskit ma broom aboot the office wi' considerable smeddum, raisin' sic a stoor that the bookkeeper when he cam in ran richt oot again cryin'—"Muck!" Aboot ten oclock in cam the boss himsel' an' respeckfully requested me tae tak a letter up tae Upper Canada College tae ane o' the dominies there. Of coorse up I goes, an' chaps at the door o' ane of the classrooms an' no gettin' an answer just at first, I turns the door sneck and keeks in. The room was near fu' o' wee rolickin' deevils o' laddies an' the dominie was just in the ack o' sayin' "If (x + y)—(x + y) what does it equal?" when tae me horrification the hale crew unanimously answered "Muck!" Gudesake! I scoored oot o' the grunds as gin as I had been haunted, for railly I was beginnin' tae wonder if ma brain wasna on the turn, or what ailed a' body, this mornin'. It was a relief !

tae me tae over tak ma sensible freen Mack, o' the World, sae I says till him, "That's a very sensible article in the Globe on Commercial Union, what's your opinion o't?"

"Muck!" says he. Scared oot o' ma senses I crossed tae the ither side o' the street, an' made for the warehoose, mair intent than ever on gettin' through an' gaun tae see Deacon Brodie in the afternoon. I didna want tae tak Mistress Airlie tae sic an immoral place as oor minister aye maks oot the opera tae be, an' the only thing that reconciled me tae the notion o' gaun was that it was a Deacon that was gaun tae play, an' sae it was maist likely tae hae a hair o' religious sentiment rinnin' through't tae redeem it, like ane o' E. P. Roe's novels. An' then I wanted to see whether the Deacon was the same Deacon o' that name I once kent in the auld kintra, an' above a' I wanted tae shake aff that awfu' word "muck" that had haunted me a' mornin'.

Sae I gaed—an' the spectacle o' a gude-luckin' man like the Deacon gaun tae the very deevil withoot help or hindrance, near brak ma heart an' I was just gaun tae get up in ma seat an' denoonce the heartless feend that aye stud in his way when he wanted tae dae richt, when I was petrified intill a twa thoosan' year auld fossil by seein' that red nosed burgler ram doon a double-barreled chairge o' Scotch contempt an' fire it aff in that frae henceforth immortal word—" Muck!"

HUGH AIRLIE.

PROVERBS.

(By Our Own Solomon.)

Komen-cense iz unkomen cense.

Luv iz like hair in plaster, it binds together.

Grandmothers ar proverbialy good and agreabel, while az mother-in-laws tha ar branded as the revers. I hope my mother-in-law shall alwus akt up grand-mother, even if she aint.

Pride iz the inheritans of fools and the most of us have been left a littel.

He that would willingly undo the good he haz done maketh that good to undo him.

If a mizer kood live on air alone still he wood'nt be satisfied; he wood want to live on nothing and sell the air.

Measure thyself not with a proud man lest you find yourself az big in all but konseat. The devil kan soon giv you that gift, if you desire it. Satan iz a konseaty devil himself. It waz that which lost him his seat in heaven.

Search out your equal in all things and make him your kompanyun. The peakok and the owl never chum it together.

If the 10 komandments waz \$10 bills, it would grieve sum phoks more to brake them.

Goliath of Gath waz a big man, but that did'nt kill him; it waz his big konseat that brot him face to face with deth.

HOPE YET.

"Mr. Goschen," says the cablegram, "speaking at Bradford yesterday, said the Government have not abated one jot of their policy on the Irish question." As Mr. Goschen said nothing about the tittle which is usually associated with the jot, there is hope for Ireland yet. This was no doubt a mental reservation for the Government.



THE AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY, VERY!

Chamberlain—Call at Canada? Very well, but it's a mere matter of form. I've got the whole thing settled in advance, don't you know!

THE INTER-PROVINCIAL CONFERENCE.



OTWITHSTANDING that the sessions of the Provincial Conference in Quebec have been strictly private, it goes without saying that GRIP knows all that has transpired. To prove this he submits a full report of a sample session:

The delegates assembled at the usual hour, Hon. Mr. Mowat in the

Hon. Mr. Mercier—Before proceeding to ze beesness of ze day, Monsieur le Chairman, may I make to enquire 'ow you have enjoyed ze reception of las' evening?

Hon. Mr. Mowat—I may say at once that is a question which, upon every ground, deserves an answer. I would not, however, care to commit myself before looking into the matter further. I will take it into my earnest consideration. Perhaps some other member of the Conference is prepared with a statement.

Hon. Mr. Hardy—Mercier, my boy, I don't hesitate to say the whole affair was bully. You are a brick, Honoré, and Madame Mercier is even more so. You may tell her so, with my compliments.

Hon. Mr. Norquay-Hear! hear!

Hon. Mr. Blair—My sentiments exactly. In fact, I beg to move—

Hon. Mr. Mowat—I don't think a motion will be necessary. A show of hands would undoubtedly neet the case. Those who are in agreement with Mr. Hardy's opinion, please make it manifest. Contrary, if any? Carried unanimously.

Hon. Mr. Mercier-Merci, messeurs.

Hon. Mr. Mowat—Seeing the trend of public opinion on the subject, I have now arrived at a conclusion myself. I am prepared now to state that I enjoyed the reception very much.

Hon. Mr. Fielding—Is this business strictly within

the limits of the Conference?

Hon. Mr. Mowat—As preliminary to a good understanding amongst the Provinces, yes. We will now proceed to other affairs. The special subject for the present session is Disallowance. What action does the Conference propose to take on this important point?

Hon. Mr. Norquay—I can speak from experience on this point. My opinion is that Sir John A. Macdonald

should be amended.

Hon. Mr. Pardee—The Constitution, you mean.

Hon. Mr. Fraser-Same thing.

Hon. Mr. Norquay—Of course I meant to say the Constitution. I think the veto power ought to be abolished.

Hon. Mr. Hardy—I object. I think the power of disallowance ought to be retained and used as often as possible by Tory Federal Governments against Tory Provincial Governments. It tends to make Grits of the latter.

Hon. Mr. Mowat—Very true, but we mustn't do evil

that good may come.

Hon. Mr. Pardee—To my mind, it's just like this. So long as the disallowance power remains at Ottawa, Sir John will use it for his own ends. Now we must either abolish it or Sir John.

Hon. Mr. Blair—I move that we abolish Sir John.

Hon. Mr. Ross—The same end would be attained if we could manage to make him truly good He wouldn't

then do wrong. It seems harsh to abolish him, so I move in amendment that we send the W. C. T. U. ladies in a deputation to convert him.

Hon. Mr. Mercier—As ze hour is arrive for ze drive à Montmorency, I move ze Conference to adjourn.

The motion was carried and the Conference arose.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.

FACES will be worn long this winter—by coal consumers. Defalcations by persons in positions of trust will remain fashionable.

There is no prospect of any change in the habits of

society.

The most taking wedding costume for young ladies this season is a check from the old gentleman.

Poodle dogs will continue to be worn.

The young gentlemen who have heretofore "put their whole salaries on their backs" will, it is reported, clothe the rest of their persons this winter.



HUGH'S OBVIOUS LEANING.

(APROPOS OF THE GREAT DOMESTIC CONTROVERSY IN MONTREAL.)

SIR,—The animus of the Star is not difficult to discover. We are told that both sides of the question would be given, but what do we find? Is there one letter giving the faults and shortcomings of servants? Not one. Is there one letter bearing evidence of coming from a mistress who knows anything of the real troubles and trials of housekeepers? Not one!—Correspondent Montreal News.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN is in Chicago leading the anarchists. He proposes to rescue the condemned prisoners if they are led to the scaffold. This Train badly needs a conductor—and a straight jacket.

WE have received the first number of the Canadian Advance, with which is incorporated the Parkdale News. The new paper is published by Yeigh & Co., and will endeavor to fill the field of non-sectarian Christian journalism. The Sunday evening sermons of Rev. Dr. Wild are to be a feature of the Advance. We wish our new contem. success.

IT is said that the pool which the milkmen are forming, after they get through with it, will be sold for bathing purposes.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allay all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoan. 25c. a bottle.

"GEORGE, dear," she said reproachfully, as she clung fondly around his neck, "why will you eat raw onions when you know you are coming to see me?" "Merely to test your love, my precious," replied George.

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MRS. MUDROW: Is baseball a game of skill, John? Mr. Mudrow: Well, judging from the New York's playing, I should say it was a game of chance.

PAPA: Why so pensive, my daughter? Eloise: Jack Buffington has just returned all my notes, and everything between us is ended. Papa: Quite a coincidence, my dear. One of his was returned to me this morning-protested.

EW MUSIC

MADAME D'AURIA will sing at the Classical and Popular Concert, on 10th inst., Signor Tosti's charming song, "The Love that Came Too Late." Also Henry Pontet's popular ballard, "Dolly's Revenge."

MR. FRED WARRINGTON will sing "Jackets o' Blue-a Sailor's Jubilee." by J. A. Macmeikan, and "My Sweetheart when a Boy." By Wilford Morgan.

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DIVIDEND No. 56.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of five per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after Thursday, the first day of December next, at the office of the company, Church Street. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the atth Margarbee inclusion. 30th November, inclusive.

S. C. WOOD, TORONTO, Oct. 10th. 1887. Manacer.

Imperial Bank of Canada.

DIVIDEND No. 25.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of eight per cent, per annum upon the capital stock of this institution has been dectared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after THURSDAY, the 1st day of DECEMBER next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. B. WILKIE, Manager. TORONTO, 27th Oct., 1887.

Federal Bank of Canada.

DIVIDEND No. 25.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of three per cent. upon the capital stock of this Bank has this day been declared for the current half year, being at the rate of six per cent. per annum, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in Toronto, and at its branches, on and after the first day of December next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November next, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.

G. W. YARKER, General Manager. Toronto, October 25th, 1887.

The Bank of Toronto.

DIVIDEND No. 63.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, upon the paid-up capital of the Bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after THURSDAY, the 1st day of DECEMBER next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th day of November, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. COULSON, Cashier. BANK OF TORONTO, TORONTO, 26th Oct., 1887.

The Central Bank of Canada.

DIVIDEND No 7.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of three per cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of six per cent. per annum, upon the paid-up capital of the Bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after THURSDAY, the 1st day of DECEMBER next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th day of November, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.

A. A. ALLEN, Cashier.

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TORONTO, 18th Oct. 1887.

NOTICE is hereby given that under Order in Council Timber Berths in the following Townships, viz.: Livingstone, McClintock, Lawrence, McLaughlin, Hunter, Bishop, Devine, Butt, Biggar, Wilkes, Ballantyne, Chisholm, Canisbay, Pentland, and Bolter, will be offered for sale by Public Auction on Thursady, the fifteenth day of December next, at 12 oclock noon, at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto.

T. B. PARDEE,

Commissioner.

Note.—Particulars as to locality and description of limits, area, etc., and terms and conditions of sale will be furnished on application personally, or by letter to the Department of Crown Lands.

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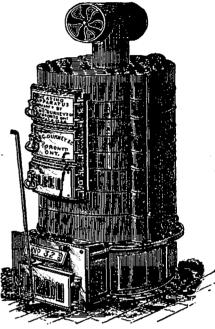
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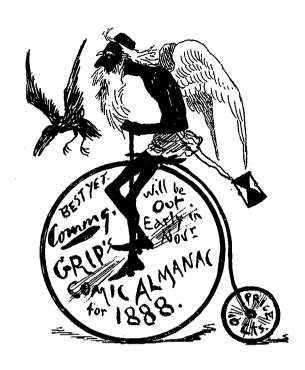
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