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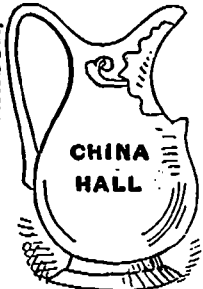
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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND
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J. W. BENGOUGH,

Editor.

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

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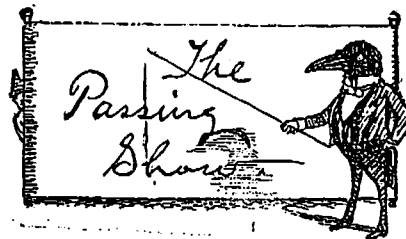
Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Quebec is in a blaze over the execution of Riel, and unless some miracle is wrought on behalf of thoroughly undeserving people, the days of the present administration are numbered. To use a hackneyed expression of the *Globe* "the probabilities all are" that when the House meets in January, the Cabinet will be sent to the right about by the combined votes of Grits and French Bleus. This fate they will suffer for having executed a duly tried and condemned man—one, however, whom their own criminal carelessness and corruption had called into being, but primarily the wrath of the Frenchmen is directed against their own representatives in the Cabinet, whom they regard as cowards and traitors. Those who vote to sustain the Government will do so because they believe that Riel is better out of the way, on general principles; not because they are prepared to say there was no cause for a revolt on the part of the halfbreeds. It need not be said that the present attitude of affairs puts the Grit party into an inexpressible ecstasy. We have felt utterly incapable of conveying in pictorial form any idea of their delight in a positive manner, so we have tried to do it negatively. When we represent that the managers of the Opposition are earnestly praying that the French gentlemen may calm down before the House meets, we get as far from the truth as the east is from the west—precisely that distance.

FIRST PAGE.—The sudden flight of Sir John to England on alleged public business (which nobody believes to be more than an excuse concocted for the occasion) is the first premonition of the coming burst-up of the Government. "The greatest statesman Canada has ever seen," (to quote banquet streamers we

have occasionally gazed upon,) has managed to work the most peacefully-disposed and orderly population in the world into a state of dangerous irritation, by a dogged and cynical persistence in the arts of corruption. If the banquet-streamer description of Sir John A. Macdonald is true, then we want no more statesmen in Canada. Give us plain men, with some conscience in them, and an average amount of common sense. "Statesmanship," so-called, has been the ruin of Canada.

EIGHTH PAGE.—"Murder will out," it is said, and the promoters of the Prince Albert Colonization Company appear to believe in the adage. Despite their most ingenious twistings enough has been made known about the origin and proceedings of that precious scheme, to convince the citizens of Canada that it was the immediate cause of the late rebellion. This being so, it is a matter of extreme importance that no Cabinet Minister should be proved to be in any way connected with it. Yet, out of the mouth of Mr. Jamieson, the secretary of the company, Hon. Mackenzie Bowell is condemned. Mr. Jamieson underwent examination recently in a court of law, and in the course of his statement admitted that he had received fatherly favors at the hands of the Hon. Mac. These, however, were "not on account of any interest Mr. Bowell had in the scheme," but only on account of his interest in Mr. Jamieson himself, who is his son-in-law. Here is a very fine point for the lawyers. No doubt Mr. Blake will take profound interest in studying it when he comes home.



Mrs. Annie Louise Tanner, soprano, and Mr. Thomas Martin, pianist, are the stars for the next Monday Pop., 30th inst.

The Schubert male quartette will make a second appearance at Shaftesbury Hall tonight. These gentlemen are finished artists, and it is speaking moderately to say that their staging is a revelation to Toronto of the beauties of concerted music. In addition to the great attraction of the quartette, however, Mrs. Lena Gootz, soprano, and Miss Georgiella Lay, pianist, give variety to the evening's programme.

The third Monday Popular Concert attracted a fine audience, as was anticipated, and once more the quartette scored a brilliant success. Miss Emma Thursby was the vocal soloist. Her numbers were marvellous specimens of voice culture, exciting the astonishment as well as the pleasure of the audience. In response to *encores* Miss Thursby gave a couple of pretty ballads. Mr. Jacobsen made a great hit with his violin solo—the Mendelssohn Concerto—being heartily recalled and *bouquetted*. A word of praise is due to Mr. Theodore Martens, who, at each of the concerts, has filled the difficult position of accompanist

with rare ability. The success of the concerts thus far is a matter upon which our city may be congratulated. They have evidently come to stay.

The Irish Protestant Benevolent Society's concert on Monday evening was very successful as usual, and would have been entirely unexceptionable had it not been for the vile taste displayed by Mr. James Fax in his alleged comic songs. In one of these, evidently original, he made an allusion to Riel which sent a cold chill over those of the audience that had any sense of propriety, but as it was apparent that the singer thought he was being "funny," his hearers good-naturedly refrained from hissing him off the stage. Mrs. Caldwell and Miss Ryan were as heartily received as usual; Mr. Warrington was the same popular Fred., with his customary *apropos* selections, sung so that everybody could understand them. Alas, what a pity it is that the silver-voiced Richards doesn't "shake" that "Italian method" of his, and sing English words as if they were English! This matter of pronunciation is more important than most singers imagine; in Mr. Richards' case it is getting to be grotesque. Brace up, Sims, and let us hear the words. Mrs. H. M. Blight acted as accompanist, and gave perfect satisfaction as usual.

SEE YOU LATER.

LUNACY LINES.

Sharply blow the northern breeze,
The white snow-flakes were falling,
A sparrow, that no cold could freeze,
Was to a swallow calling,
"Why not stay the winter here,
Why more southward do you steer?"
The swallow said to the bird below,
"As straight as a bee-line I will go
Down nearer the Equator."

Then off the gay young swallow sped
Upon his way rejoicing,
"I'm not a wedding cake," he said,
"I don't require much icing."
A goshawk sailed down from on high,
And said: "By George, I've got a 'pie.'
He caught him with his long-nailed claws,
And chawed him up in his big jaws,
Just like an alligator.
"Good-bye, I'll see you later!"

Observed the hawk—The moral is,
Of this my little story,
Stay home and mind your own sweet "biz"
And you're all "hunky dory."
But don't get scared of cold or snow,
And off to southern climates go,
And act the small "portater"
Stay here and hoo your own straight row—
Good-bye, I'll see you later!

—B.

THE SOCIETY OF BUSYBODIES.

A few days ago the celebrated Society of Busybodies held its annual meeting in Toronto, and as the important event has apparently been overlooked by the great and enterprising dailies, to prevent a serious loss to mankind, we present a concise report of the proceedings.

As the hour for the commencement of the meeting approached the hall filled rapidly with sharp-featured, poke-your-nose-into-other-people's-business looking people of both sexes.

Mr. Uriah Ferrett, the president, took the chair, and after complimenting the members upon their business-like appearance, said he was pleased to say the society had never been in a more prosperous condition. During the year one hundred and fifty-six new members had been added to the roll, making a grand total of 2,630 members, distributed as follows: Toronto, 1,068; Hamilton, 642; London, 349; Kingston, 296; the remainder being found in most of the large towns in Ontario. Without further remarks he would call upon the secretary to read the annual report.

Mr. Bartholomew Borewell, the secretary, then rose, and after blowing his nose vehem-

mently, causing a red glow to creep over that attenuated organ, read the annual report. It proved a remarkable, and in many ways a most startling, document. It stated that more than one thousand persons and families had been placed under close supervision. Many other absorbing facts were stated but want of space prevents us recording them.

Mr. Borewell concluded amidst vociferous applause, which so bewildered him that he sat with considerable force upon the president's hat.

Mr. Solomon Sneaker here rose to complain. His name had not been mentioned in connection with one of the most important events of the past year, namely, his securing the large cheese offered by a prominent Toronto merchant, to the man who could mind his own business. That cheese was now in his possession, and he would be pleased to entertain any of the members who would bring their own lager and crackers with them. He concluded with a desire to see his name and deed entered upon the archives of the society. (Applause.)

The chairman said the members no doubt were greatly pleased with the able report just read. The secretary would see that the serious omission complained of by Brother Sneaker was attended to. He now called upon the secretaries of the special committees for their reports.

The first to rise was Mr. Peter Piper, the secretary of the Hired Girls' Supervising Committee. This committee, he said, overlooked the proceedings of the servant girls. Its members had been successful in surprising thirty-seven girls in the act of surreptitiously handing broken victuals to poor and aged relatives; fifteen had been seen buying cheaper goods than they had been sent for; and thirty had been caught being kissed by their masters. Some of the hired girls had been made honorary members of the society, and had been of great assistance to members of other committees.

The Peepers and Fryers Branch was next reported upon by Mr. Quizzer. This committee was not called upon to do brilliant work; it merely acted as a pioneer before the more important committees. Its work, however, had been felt by many. He had to report that the actions of two hundred and twenty married persons and four hundred bank officials had been under supervision. This report was received with marked attention.

Mr. Watchem, secretary of the Next Door Neighbor Investigators, next rose to report. Eighty-nine neighbors had been detected buying five-hundred-dollar pianos, the husbands wages averaging eight dollars a week; sixty husbands had been found wearing thirty-dollar suits and diamond rings, whilst their wives and children were going around half-clothed; sixty-two wives had been seen borrowing dishes and brushes in the morning and going to the opera house in the evening.

Miss Delilah Dimmity, a spinster of uncertain age, rose and said she had a protest to raise. Her class had not once been mentioned during the reading of the reports. They desired something better than this. She, alone, had caused thirty husbands and wives to separate, and had been successful in breaking off engagements between fifty gushing lovers. She was of the opinion that a committee of Spinster Spyers should be organized.

A facetious member at the back of the hall here rose and asked if it would not be more in harmony with the subject to call it the Old Girls' Gobetween Committee. Cries of "shame" and "turn him out" came from all parts of the hall, and the facetious Busybody was bounced by the worthy inner guard.

After the excitement had subsided Mr. Sam Sniffington presented the report of the Public Good Vigilants. Fifty policemen had been shadowed, and in forty instances had been forced to do their duty; one hundred and

eighteen professed teetotallers had been detected drinking in saloons; twenty public officials had been found neglecting their duties. Other important services which had been credited to others were also mentioned, and Mr. Sniffington resumed his seat evidently laboring under great emotion.

Mr. Timothy Tearup, the vice-president, rose to say he had no objections to offer against the work of the Vigilants, they had done well, but he would like to ask: What about the aldermen? Should not they receive more than special attention? They promised much but performed little. He hoped the committee would take these gentlemen in hand.

Mr. Sniffington promised that the aldermen should be straightened out before the next meeting.

Other business, of no special interest to the general public, was transacted, and the annual meeting of the Society of Busybodies closed to meet next year in Hamilton.

MILITARY NEWS ITEMS.



In view of the threatened uprising of Indians in the West our active and energetic Government are thinking of sending troops to the scene of probable disturbance. The Minister of Militia has conceived the happy thought of sending them by snail instead of by rail, the experience of a recent occasion having shown the latter method to be the less expeditious.



We are glad to hear that Major-General Sir Fred Middleton is enjoying robust health after his campaign of the summer, and looks forward without a tremor to the prospect of a similar job in the more or less remote future. Meantime his valuable time is being devoted (so it is reported) to teaching the Cabinet Ministers how to face the Quebec thoroughbreds without funkng. If he succeeds in this task Parliament will willingly grant him another \$20,000.

DISCOVERED AT LAST!

DEAR GRIP,—As I saw that the Bulgarians are a chewin' one another all up I axed a friend of mine what they was a doin' it for? "Why," says he, "that's the question." Ho! ho! so that's your Eastern Question that they've been blowin' about. I remember a sittin' up all night on carrots and cold tea huntin' the dictionary for the Eastern Question. Pshaw! It's as plain as can be. The Turks keep sayin': "To be or not to be—that is the question." To think I never saw through that. Vanity Fair! Vanity Fair! POBK.

CASHING A CHEQUE.

Customer (presenting cheque humbly to Ledger Keeper). [Strange how a customer drawing money always does it humbly. He hides his little piece of pink, green or white paper as if it were a death warrant. He talks in undertones. He addresses the clerks, who sit like austere judges behind their railed counters, or like male Hesperides guarding untold wealth. Even when the customer does get his money (and it is sometimes his money, you know) he counts it on the sly as if he knew he oughtn't to, as if those judges scoffed at his suspicions.] —Will you be kind enough to cash this for me?

Ledger Keeper (licking his fingers and turning pages rapidly).—Next desk.

Customer (at next desk).—Will you be kind enough to cash this for me?

Receiving Teller (dashing his hand into a dirty, wet sponge).—Next desk.

Customer (at next desk).—Will you be kind enough to —

Accountant (cleaning his nails).—Next desk—paying teller.

Customer.—Will you be—

Paying Teller (snatching cheque).—Third desk down.

Customer (at Ledger Keeper's desk).—I was told [told, not asked] to bring you this.

Ledger Keeper.—"A" to "K" or "L" to "Z"?

Customer.—I beg your pardon.

Ledger Keeper.—Here, hand it over.

Customer.—Hand what over?

Ledger Keeper.—Here, be quick. Can't you see I'm busy?

Customer.—Well, no; yes, I mean. What do you want?

Ledger Keeper.—That cheque.

(Customer hesitatingly lets go the precious document.) [Ledger Keeper bangs a big book about, scribbles a few flourishes in two or three different corners of two or three different scraps of paper, and hands customer cheque. Customer stares blankly.]

Ledger Keeper.—To Paying Teller! (Supply "to" after "go" and "the devil" after "to" to judge from Ledger Keeper's face.)

Customer to Paying Teller.—I have brought this back.

Paying Teller (counts out \$5,000 in twos and ones and silver, scribbles flourishes with a fine pen in half a dozen books and more loose pieces of paper, licks his finger and thumb, takes a hair out of his pen, looks for another pen, stamps seven or eight cheques, walks over with pen in mouth and papers in hand to another part of office, looks at clock, says to somebody, "Clock's slow, put it on to ten minutes to three," comes back, pulls up his trousers so that they won't "knee," sits down and says).—Well?

Customer hands cheque dumbly.

Paying Teller.—Not endorsed.

Customer.—Beg pardon.

Paying Teller (slowly, deliberately, incisively, sarcastically).—It is—not—endorsed.

Customer.—Oh!

Paying Teller points to pen and ink behind customer (excessive politeness).

Customer brings back cheque. Finds four well-dressed, lanky, hair-parted-in-the-middle boys talking to Paying Teller. All got books under arms. Remembers seeing them in offices of other banks. Waits. They still talk. Conversation unintelligible. "A's" all "aws"; no "R's" anywhere. At last all say, "Taw-taw." Presents cheque.

Paying Teller.—This your name?

Customer (in a whisper).—Yes.

Paying Teller.—Got to be identified.

Customer.—What? The name?

Clock strikes three. Customer hustled out.

Is a man who has a mania for clipping his toe-nails a clip-toe-maniac?



was a gallant Captain
 Who braved the wintery weather
 On a whaling trip, in a sailing ship,
 And his boots were made of leather.
 His ship was trim and taut,
 And built for stormy skies.
 The Captain's kit was a perfect fit
 And his boots came up to his thighs
 His crew were brave and hardy,
 Nor feared the northern cold.
 His heart no doubt was brave and stout.
 His boots were both cork soled.

How'er the breezes blustered,
 How'er the billows beat,
 Not a sign of woe would the captain show
 While his boots were on his feet.

But should a tempest threaten,
 How blanched his cheeks would grow
 If this boldest of skippers were up in his slippers
 His boots being down below.

Of course the fact was noted,
 And led to grave disputes.
 Amongst the crew, some said they knew
 That his courage was in his boots.
 And others held opinions
 "A slate was off his roof"
 In his boots he was consoled because
 (And this is the probable truth)
 If he lost his ship he could walk the trip
 For his boots were WATERPROOF.

FURRY.

'Tis now the lilies maiden
 Overhauled all her furs,
 And all the other pretty
 Winter fixtures that are hers.

She brushes and she airs them,
 And sometimes she waxeth wroth,
 When she finds them devastated
 By the all-devouring moth.

Oh! happy, happy, cat skin,
 Which she fondly thinks is seal,
 If you've any sensibilities
 How honored you must feel.

As for me, I'd be contented,
 And be satisfied enough,
 If she'd only let me warm her hands
 Like any other muff!

BILLIKENS IN THE COUNTRY.

"How beautiful is the country, even in the fall!" said Billikens, who had got off the train at the station of a North York village, and was taking a walk in its surroundings. See the apple trees weighed down with their load of luscious fruit. Observe the corn stalks standing erect as sentries seeming to watch the treasures of the orchard!" and Billikens walked serenely up the lane and gazed in admiration at the comfortable abode of the wealthy farmer, its happy owner. "What progress does this scene show," mused he. There yet stands the ancient log house, where the proprietor of this almost palatial residence was likely born, and where his father and mother lived before that event. Behold the

-9-

old meeting-house crowning you hill. There no doubt on the quiet Sabbath, led by his fond mother's fostering hand, he went to his childish devotions. There the old school-house—

"You just get right out of this!" roared a loud and harsh voice, which proceeded from a tall, grizzly-haired man in cow-hide boots and high-water pants, to whom a noble watch dog was moored by a stout chain. "You git! I don't want no lightin' rods, no hay rakes, nor no books. You're a consarned book agent. I kin tell by your lank and brassy cheek, and the note-book in your pocket. If I ever ketch one of you fellers on my premises ag'in, I'll fill his clothes with snipe shot, by the great troth all hemlock! Now, git outter this in one minit and a half, or I'll let my bull dog go—and then you'll think that you'd fell into a threshing machine. Git!"

Billikens no longer talks of the beauties of the peaceful country.

B.

TAKING HIM DOWN.

"It is useless, sir, you arguing with me," said Ponsoby Beauclerc Budger, B.A., to Hiram Hayraker. "You are but a country Canadian. Recollect I am of Oxon."

"Oh!" retorted Mr. Hayraker. "See here, I bet you I know more about oxen than any confounded Englishman that ever crossed the seas. Haven't I driv' 'em, haven't I fed 'em for years on the old man's farm? No, siree, you can't fool me on oxen?"

"Sir," said the disgusted Budger, "I referred to the University of Oxford. I am speaking, sir, of a college."

"Why in thunder didn't you say so, then?" said Hayraker, indignantly. "I've heern tell of a school for trainin' hosses, but I never heard of a college of oxen before. What have you got B.A. tacked to your name for?"

"The letters stand for Bachelor of Arts." "Oh! I thought they meant Bull Admonished or Bovine Adviser. I'm from the backwoods, old man; forgive my ignorance. Let's take something."

A VILLAGE BAR ROOM CONVERSATION.

"Give me another horse!"—Shake.

"That's a pooty slick lookin' colt you driv' in with to-day, uncle."

"Yaas, she is pooty slick."

"She'll likely git to be pooty speedy."

"Waal, yaas. She is kinder that way now."

"How much do ye reckon she's wuth?"

"Don't know, hardly; wuth about \$200 I reckon."

"Think ye kin git that for her?"

"No man can git her for less money."

"Yaas, she's a pooty s'lick colt, but she's hardly wuth that much, Jake. How'd you like to swap for my bay? What boot'll you give me?"

"Couldn't give no boot for that bay; want boot myself."

"Waal, my colt's a good colt."

"And you bet my bay's a good hoss."

*	*	*	colt.
*	*	*	hoss.
*	*	*	colt.
*	*	*	hoss.

And so on, and so on.

B.

Employment Agent.—You said you didn't care what sort of a domestic I sent you. Lady.—I didn't say that, I know. "As to color, I mean." "Yes, I remember, I did. Either black or white, I said." "Well, I filled the stipulation, didn't I?" "No. The one you sent me is green."—Phil. Call.



"KNEE-DRILL."

THE GRIT PARTY PRAYING THAT THE EXCITEMENT IN QUEBEC MAY NOT BE KEPT UP LONG ENOUGH TO DEFEAT THE GOVERNMENT.

CONDENSED NOVEL.

Thrilling and romantic episode of the North-West Rebellion of 1885.

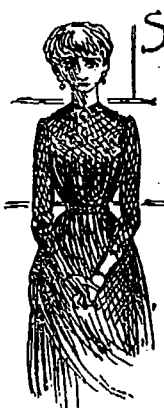
Fine fellow—North-West—
Engaged to girl he loves best—
War declared. Can't do better—
Sends friend—explanatory letter.
Girl on steamer—coming over—
To wed fine fellow—happy lover!
Meets friend—who falls in love—
Hides letter—(sneaky move)—
Plot succeeds—time to mellow,
Girl forgets poor fine fellow—
Going to marry sneaky friend—
Rites caution—war at end.
Lover returns—all explained—
Shoots sneak—girl gained.
Sneak recovers—all forgive—
Ever after—happy live.

FINIS.

—F. I. M.

CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.

OPEN TO ALL READERS OF "GRIP."



TARTING ANNOUNCEMENT.—Knowing full well the importance which most persons attach to handwriting, especially the receipt of a bill, we have, at the most earnest solicitations of a large number of our readers, secured at incalculable expense and trouble the greatest handwriting expert to be found in Canada (that he skipped from the States because he imitated the signatures of others too well is no concern of ours, we pay him handsomely) and we trust that his services as an analyzer

of character from handwriting may prove of vast service to those desirous of knowing more about their characters than they know themselves.

N.B.—When writing for a delineation of character please let your letters be long and your remarks short. We do not accept money but if any one chooses to enclose a small sum for the benefit of the heathen (i.e., the expert) the same will be put to good use. The larger the enclosure the rosier-tinted the expert's eye-glasses. Type-writing is not accepted, not being a due reflex of the writer's mind.

[Note by the Editor.—The glad news having been surreptitiously spread far and near by our worldly-wise office-boy we have been too previously deluged with requests. If any delineation, therefore, does not read as expected by the sender, it will be because press of business has prevented the letter being read by our expert.]

From the two car-loads received we extract the following:—

1. *When I go out to see*
2. *Dear Sir:*
3. *Please send up*
4. *It is quite in*
5. *your note and*
6. *If you please*

1. "Snap Dragon," Bowmanville.—The writer of this hand possesses a considerable dash of spirit (after he has called upon some saloon-keeper), he would not be afraid to meet a blind man in the dark. He is generous-handed (dollar bill received all right) and without pride; "old hoss," applied to a representative of GRIP, is certainly familiar enough.

He is refined and lovable. He plays upon the slide trombone and is not afraid to let his neighbors know it. He is wayward at times, when under the influence of the dashes of spirit previously mentioned, but always manages to toe the line when he sees his minister approaching.

2. "Lovely Lilly," Hamilton.—Lady's hand. She is a poet. I see it plainly. She writes in poetic language, but her feet are too large (I do not mean her natural feet, but her poetical feet) and too irregular. Notwithstanding this I find ambition rampant throughout. She is very sensitive and musical. Her affections for her young man, if she could get one, would be most enduring. Her ideas are large and she expresses them in large letters. I notice a warmth of temper which will make things hot for the man who makes her his wife

3. "Sloggin's Von Crasher," Toronto.—Gentleman's hand. This hand betrays an angular and vinogary disposition. He is doubtless a member of the Liberal Temperance Union. When he leaves the meetings of this society his movements are more singular than angular. When sober he is critical and egotistical. He has *Week* views upon many subjects. History is his forte. He can tell the exact number of saloon calls he made before joining the L. T. U. and how many more he now makes than formerly. He has much generosity and will part with his last cent, to get a drink. His wife often brings him to task, for I see he has lost most of the hair off his head.

4. "Jacques The Carter," Montreal.—Here I see a man who has had the fortitude to undergo vaccination. His tastes are simple. He is little influenced by ulterior motives. He is in love. By the time he has recovered from the application of the vaccine point his love will have gone with another fellow who has overcome the smallpox. He is not always truthful (no enclosure as stated in letter), but when he tells a lie it is a big one. He is very devotional; he goes to church and when he gets half-way there, turns back to nurse his sore arm. He is of a restless disposition and I see a desire on his part to come west. He must be cured before coming this way.

5. "Miss Nimony Nock," Kingston.—A lady's hand. She is of uncertain age. She evidently believes in woman's rights, although her inclinations are to the left. Notwithstanding this she is light-hearted and as fond of kisses as any girl her size, when she can get them. If she had ever been able to secure a husband she would certainly have managed him in great style, for she has grace, tact and several easy methods of accomplishing this usually difficult task. She puts her hair in curl papers, which indicates that her temper can be turned and her tongue set wagging at a Maud S. trot when unduly provoked.

6. "Salamander Pickles," Yorkville.—I have been unable to decipher anything but name, address, and the words, "five dollars enclosed," for which accept my thanks. He is rural in his tastes and delights in the acquisition of wealth. He has great adaptability for business and would make a splendid Toronto merchant. He reads no books, but "picks up" from the *Weekly Globe*, yet his mind is vast and, to him, there is nothing great beyond Yorkville. I notice a jocular vein of humor runs through his letter (although it did not make me smile so much as did the five-dollar bill) and I have no doubt he would make a good companion with whom to "do" some seaside resort next summer.

(More to Follow.)

Why are medical men who publish works on anatomy, etc., acting in accordance with the doctrines of Scripture?—Because they are author docs.

WHY HE NAMED HIS DOG AS HE DID.

"Hallo, Jim," said Jack, as he met an acquaintance who was accompanied by one of those white, foxy-looking dogs that somewhat resemble the Esquimaux breed, "that's a good dog. Come here, old fellow; poo' dog; poo' fellow; what d'ye call him, Jim? what's his name?"

"Well, I call him 'Speck,' but it's only an abbreviation; his real name's 'Expectorator,'" was the reply.

"Deuce of a name that!" remarked his friend; "what ever made you call him that?"

"Because he's Spitz," was the reply.

"Good morning."

"So long."



STUPIDITY OF MAN.

She.—O Charley, I've written some verses on my poodle; would you like to read them?
He.—Why, what did you write 'em with, and didn't it hurt the little brute?

A TERRIBLE STORY.

A horrible story comes from Montreal that will doubtless prevent a great number of emigrants—especially young Englishmen of good family, a class it is our most cherished ambition to obtain—from settling among us, or even, perhaps, setting their aristocratic feet upon our shores at all!

Some two years ago a couple of youthful scions of a "good family," enabled for aught the vulgar populace of Montreal know even to this day, came to that now plague-smitten city, and took up their quarters at an A No. 1 hotel, as all young gentlemen of good family from England should do.

They came around and, accoutred with rifles, shotguns, and all the paraphernalia of Nimrods, for the benefit of the wild beasts that roam the solitary wilds of Canada. They had cases of store clothes and furs, boxes of haberdashery, and valises of jewellery, all of the first quality, lustre and water. These two innocent young gentlemen of good family immediately proceeded to make "Rome howl." They drank iced champagne, Hockheim, and Moselle till all was blue. Bass' Ale and Dublin Stout flowed as water in their suite of chambers, which, with lashings of claret and whiskey galore, they and their friends "kept it up." Of course, their friends and boon companions introduced the two young Englishmen of good family to families by no means good, likewise to faro banks, etc., to fight the tiger, which said tiger, it appears, was the only wild animal the young gentlemen saw outside of Gilbault's Gardens.

In a short time it came to pass that the two young gentlemen got "short," likewise their board bill being unpaid at the hotel, they

had to seek other and possibly less high-toned quarters. Now, it appears that the "good family" which the two unfortunate youths belonged to, although good, were not generous enough to "whack up" any money. So one by one, or two by two, as the case might be, all their valuables went into the hands of a Mr. Moss, their "uncle," but strange to say, no relation of the "good family." Mr. Moss kept the jewellery and glittering gems, the furs and "old clo'" for the space of two years, when he advertised them for sale. Now Her Majesty's Customs interfere and want their dues according to the tariff. This difficulty was, however, speedily and satisfactorily settled (probably on account of their once having been worn by two young gentlemen of good family).

Is not this a pitiable tale? Two young gentlemen of good family who honor us with their temporary presence, obliged to "hang up" their togs and trinkets with an almost unknown gentleman named Moss, or, as some say, "Moses." It is true that the young gentleman lived rather "fast," but they had, no doubt, been used to such living, and could not therefore be blamed. Why should those harpies of Montreal be allowed to go unscathed after bringing the young gentlemen to such ends? Why did not the Government provide them with a nice berth in Ottawa to keep them out of harm? They generally do in cases of noble youths coming here. Why—But no; the subject is too heartrending. How can we expect people of "good family" to come here after hearing the above horrible tale of the wretched colonists? B.

MIGGLES OF YORK.

(A la Barbara Freitchie.)

Up from the meadows, now forlorn,
Dim in the cool November morn
Clustering spires and twinkling lights,
Toronto stands walled by Scarboro' Heights.

On that cloudy morning, so wet and chill,
When Miggles marched in from Richmond Hill—
All on foot he came marching down
To view the sights of Toronto town.

All on foot he pursued his way,
Through the swamps of York in the early day,
But he looked forlorn when he reached the town.
For its mud was adhesive and bore him down.

He wearily paced down the filthy street,
With poor, tired limbs and lingering feet,
Hungry and weary, cold and damp,
Misjudged by a "copper" to be a tramp.

A stagger, a lurch, his feet are fast,
Like a drunken man he is floored at last;
Like a drunken man he is borne away
From his comfortless couch of clinging clay.

Then he hears from his cell, so damp and cold,
The evening bells for rations tolled;
His soul grows bitter with anger then,
And he wishes himself at home again.

"I'll be darned if I ever saw" says he,
"Such a dashed trick played on a man like me
By such a parcel of blamed galoots—
But I'm glad that I wore my cowhide boots."

'Twas thus that Miggles came into town,
When the air was damp and the leaves were brown,
But whether he ever departs, we doubt,
For the mud is so deep he can't get out.

—W. H. T.

THE WEEK VERSUS THE SKOT AKT.

The Week says that taw the licker interest, "the Scott Act means practically the free sale of liquor without license and they have no inducement to fight their way back to a system under which they would have to pay license fees." Wel now, if the licker interest can maik moar munny under the Skot Akt, why doan't they vot for it and save the lisen fees? What's the good of payen \$6,000 to King Dodds to lectur agin it when they ken sell moar whisky under the Akt and pocket the fees besides? The Week brags they do,

and shose that the licker interest is kimposed of harepins that air bound tew maik munny by sellin' licker either with or without the sang-shun of the law. It spiles the karakter of the Week to be seen in sich kompany.

The Week says, "The idea that it (the Akt) would be sustained by a reverence for legal authority soon vanished." That's tew say, the idea that the licker interest wood have respect for any athority that stud in the way of their makin' munny to the detriment of the publik, and at the ekspanse of the lives and purperty of other people, has been dispeld by the trial of the Skot Akt. Well, the Akt did that much good enyhoo; it throo an electric light on the karakter of the licker interest, and shode what good law-abidin' citizens they wor. But what a week thing of the organ of the licker interest to give its klients away like that! The prair of the licker interest shood be, "Save me from my friends," for he goes on tow say the Skot Akt trials are a very effektive skool of perjury, its advokates are "moral murderers," "children of the Devil," "enemies of God." It most skares a sober, drink-eschoin man to think that, by advokating the Skot Akt with a view to lessenin' krime, he has becum a child of the Devil, an enemi of God and a moral murderer. But wan thing is klear, the Week has been dinng of pork and green tee. Yours trooly,

OLD SHOOS.



PERFECTLY EXCUSABLE.

Hasty Gent.—Beg pard'n, miss—and 'xouse me stopping to pick y' up—I must get there before GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC for '86 is sold clean out.

LORD LAWDEDAW ON DEMOCRACY.

The Democwatic element, I am sowwy to say, is lawgely developed in this Dominion—aw—I may say it is one of the most supwisng featchaws which this wemahkable countwy pwsents. The woking clawases seem to lose their mannaws entihley whenever they bwathe the aiah of this climate. They seem to lose entihley that natuwal wespect faw those who have been so long their mastaws, and it is next to impossible faw them to see why they should lift their hats when a membaw of the awistocwawy appeaws. Things in Fwanoo are also in a dwaadful state—no wespect faw the upph classes—the vewy peasants considher themselves as good as any man. In fact, both there and heah they seem to have adopted as their cweed the statement of that vulghar Scotch peasant, that a man is a man, no mat-tah what his station in life—a most absuhd and dangewous and—aw—in fact wiculous theowy. When a man finds himself in a

cehtain position in the world he ought to stay there. You nevah find a man in awistocwawic oichles twying to change the situation in which Pwovidence has placed him. Ovah-education, I am convinced, has a gweat deal to do with this, and as I said befoah in my last ahticle, there is nothing like excluding the gweat unwashed fwom ewerything in the shape of highaw education by high fees. In fact, if the awistawkwawy wish to suhviwe they must stamp this sawt of thing out. These lowaw classes seem to have such a monopoly of the inventive faculty, the aptitude faw mathematics is so developed in sons of mechanics, the love of music is so stwong and so easly developed, that if the pwivilege of highaw education were accawded them, people of family would soon find themselves nowheaw. And so long as they are perfectly willing to pay taxes faw the suppawt of Collegiate Institutes fwom which their childwen can dewive no benefit because of exclusive awangements, why, the wichal and well-to-do, who can affawd to pay high fees, may as well weap the benefit. An awangement wheahby the childwen of the wich can get an education at the ekspanse of the poor is one I entihley approve of as opposed to the spiwit of Democwacy. One would nachually expect these people, howevah, to have enough shewwdness to claim faw their own childwen a share of the educational pwivileges they pay faw—but this is only anothaw pwroof of their stupidity.

LAWDEDAW.

Much complaint is made that there are so many hungry candidates for every little office. The men are not to blame at all. It is their wives who are the cause of the trouble. Let women be brought up to habits of industry and economy, so that they will be able to support their husbands, and then there will be fewer men running for office. If women support their husbands more liberally, the latter would not be obliged to call on their political friends to rally to their support.—Texas Siftings.

INFLUENZA.—This is an epidemic worse and more depressing than an ordinary cold, and requires prompt remedies to break it up. Haggard's Pectoral Balsam is a trustworthy remedy for all forms of colds and their dangerous results.

What is the difference between a statue poser and one who assaults a dandy?

One strikes an attitude and the other strikes a natty dude.

LUXURY ON WHEELS.

The new Pullman Buffet Sleepers now running on the Grand Trunk Railway are becoming very popular with the travelling public. Choice berths can be secured at the city offices of the company, corner of King and Yonge Streets, and 20 York Street.

A paper may be issued daily and yet be a weakly paper.

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

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

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—A man named Gass, in Halifax, N.S., sells lamps and kerosene oil.

Imperial Cough Drops. Best in the world for the throat and chest. For the voice unequalled. Try them.

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SOMETHING NEW. — Fragrant Philoderma. For chapped face or lips it has no equal. Not sticky or greasy. Ask your druggist. Price, 25c.

The following card is in the window of a gents' furnishing store on Granville Street: "No reasonable offer refused." The good-looking young man in charge must be hard to suit, as he still remains in single wretchedness.

Before deciding on your new suit go into R. WALKER & SONS' Ordered Clothing Dept., and see their beautiful Scotch tweed suitings at \$18, and winter overcoatings from \$16.

Captain Banks is at the head of the Salvation Army in Halifax. As she is doing what she can to save sinners would she come under the heading of "Saving Banks"?

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THERE is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, PRILEY's is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

COOK & BUNKER, Manufacturers of Rubber and Metal Hand Stamps, daters, self-inkers, etc., etc., railroad and banking stamps, notary public and society seals, etc., made to order. 86 King-street west, Toronto.

What are you thinking of? Others claim to be Kings, and Crowns, and Perfect, but we claim to be only a DOMESTIC, but ONE that no lady will part with. Found only at 98 Yonge Street, Toronto. Call and be convinced.

LEAR'S

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

R. H. LEAR.

A Good INVESTMENT.—It pays to carry a good watch & I never had satisfaction till I bought one of WELSH & TROWER's reliable watches, 171 Yonge-street, east side, 2nd door south of Queen.

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