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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.

To Correspondents.

F. W. J.—Rather funny, but where is the raison d'être?

T. S.—Sketch received. The idea is very good. Will probably use it at an early date.

"No Draughtsman."—We are always glad to receive suggestions for cartoons and sketches, and no apology is needed for the original drawing. A good hint is all that is required.

Ed. "Yorkshireman."—What's become of you, dear boy? Haven't seen your rubicund visage for several weeks now.

Vol. XVIII.

As Mr. GRIP writes these Roman numerals he finds himself soloquising. "That means that I am to-day exactly eight years old, which is tolerably venerable as comic papers go. I began small and weak, and I have grown and prospered as well as I could reasonably have hoped. To be sure I have always kept on the quiet side. I have never decked myself out in gaudy colours as some of my contemporaries—many of them now dead and gone—have done. I have been content to put things down in black and white, and the public have not failed to give me a substantial and ever-increasing meed of encouragement. I have not been infallible—that's certain; many an error I can detect as I turn over the pages of my back numbers—some of them the fault of my head, many of them the intelligent compositor's progeny—none of them, I am proud to say, the fruit of malice. What a lot of heads I have hit, to be sure. Not a crown on any statesman in the Dominion but bears the marks of my beak—albeit most playfully administered. And what fights I have had with the bigots and the little-souled carpers who, themselves the galley slaves of party, could not comprehend my independence! I a partizan? Rather would I be a barnyard fowl, if that meant what it means to the editors who write on the party papers. But I am and always will be a partizan of the cause of Right. I will continue to look at matters with the naked eye—and a Raven's eye is proverbially sharp—and the friends of Truth, Right, Justice, and Honour will find my pen and pencil always in the front rank, while I hope my future work may be more than ever gall and wormwood to those who oppose our army, by whatever name they may be called."

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Our central cartoon represents the position of railway affairs in the Nor'-west in a manner which we hope will convey the idea to the minds of all concerned without any mistake. The St. Paul, Minneapolis and Minnesota railway is the only outlet which the agriculturists and business men of Manitoba at present have to reach On-

tario and the sea-board. The managers of that line are thoroughly aware of this fact, and act as human nature is prone to do under such circumstances. They do not—as such innocent souls as Sir Charles Tupper might imagine—bear constantly in mind that they are gentlemen, and adjust their freight tariff on the gentlemanly principle of "live and let live." Not at all. They play the character of the western "road-agent." Feeling perfectly secure from governmental control because they possess a persuasive money-bag, and feeling utterly contemptuous of any interference from the people because they possess the government, these licensed highwaymen plunder the people remorselessly. Since the abolition of the Spanish Inquisition we have nothing to measure the brutal cruelty of man by better than the railway corporations that hold monopolies. The red-shirted ruffian in our cartoon charges freight rates three times as high as is charged on any railway where competition exists. And the worst of it is that apparently there is no escape for the unhappy serfs. The Legislature of Manitoba, in response to the demand of the people, some time ago chartered a road which would furnish the desired outlet. But the St. Paul highwayman has now got the directors of that projected line as well as the farmers of the Nor'-west "covered" with his revolver. Appeal has been made to the Dominion authorities, but the powers that be refuse to interfere, as that would be committing a breach of faith with the Syndicate. Meantime the Syndicate have not built their contemplated North Shore line, and until they do so, the position will remain as we have depicted it.

FRONT PAGE.—Monsieur Joly has been prevailed upon to return to public life. His heart has been touched by the lamentable condition of things in his native province. On the one hand, a Government alleged to be recklessly regardless of economy, and incompetent to administer affairs honestly; on the other hand an Opposition without a head, dejected, demoralized, and on the point of being swallowed up in the surrounding corruption. Mr. Joly is perhaps not unaware of the power of a spotless character, even though unaccompanied with remarkably brilliant gifts, to work a reformation under such circumstances, and that he possesses such a character, the bitterest of his opponents will not dare to deny. The task he has undertaken is a laudable one, and its successful accomplishment would undoubtedly be a grand thing for Quebec apart from all party considerations. We therefore hope he may be successful, especially as he has begun by giving the "practical" politicians in his following distinctly to understand that in the event of victory they need not look for a "spoils" scramble.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Don't interfere, Mr. Policeman; the boys haven't long to wait now.

The Ottawa Free Press calls upon the Government to remove the taxes imposed on type and printer's material, on the ground that (1), The revenue doesn't need the tax, and (2), There is no likelihood of the articles being produced

in Canada. This very sensible suggestion is endorsed by many other papers of both political parties, and we hope Sir Leonard Tilley will take immediate steps to relieve the printing offices of the burden under which they are at present labouring.

We read that at the recent meeting of the Conservative Party in West York, the member for West Toronto (Jas. Beaty, Q.C.) created great amusement by describing the latest cartoon in GRIP, and he took occasion to say that, notwithstanding accusations to the contrary, that journal upon the whole was very fair in representing public sentiment. We commend this to the particular attention of the *Mail* man, who was present on the occasion, and no doubt internally uttered an irrepressible "hear, hear."

The *Evening News* thinks it would be wise for the Conservative Party to organize a Junior Conservative Club in this city. It might be wise for the old wire-pullers to organize such a club, but it would be foolish for any young man to become a member of any organization which would make him an ally of either of the old foggy parties. Nothing is more lamentable than to find a bright young Canadian, whose natural intelligence is shackled with the prejudices and littleness of partyism. Every straight-out Grit and Tory is a walking repository of animosities with which the rising generation have nothing in common, and it would be a calamity to pervert the talents of Canadian youth, which ought to be devoted to the future country, into the service of the contemptible partyism of to-day.

We have been favoured with a copy of Capt. C. W. Allen's *Land Prospector's Manual and Field Book*, which is having a large and rapid sale in the North-West. The work is thoroughly well done in all respects. The author, who is himself a surveyor, having had the advantage of official revision of his proofs, the *Manual* is an authority on the subject, and will be found invaluable to all who may contemplate taking up land in Manitoba, whether for settlement or speculation.

The prize-fighting roughs changed their minds about making Canadian soil the scene of their battle, partly owing to the activity of Sheriff Deeds, of Port Dover, and partly to the fact that an American revenue cutter, with guns mounted and loaded, stood ready to blow the party to Jericho if they ventured to leave Erie. The fight was commenced at a point near the line between Pennsylvania and Ohio, and three rounds (minutely described in all the slang of the ring in the columns of the virtuous *Globe* and *Mail* for the delectation of Canadian families) were fought, when the principals were arrested by an Ohio sheriff.

The Jury panel has at length been filled in the Gittreau case and the trial is now proceeding. The addle-brained prisoner has taken the ground that Garfield was killed by the doctors, and goes into a long circumstantial argument to prove his own insanity.

The Marquis has arrived in England safe and sound, and has, in company with the Princess, paid a visit to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden. The Princess is to accompany His Excellency to Canada on his return some five weeks hence—which we will believe when we see her Royal Highness getting ashore at Quebec—and again the rumour is revived that the Governor-General will resign his office early in the new year.

Our Private Box.

The engagement of Signor Rossi at the Grand was duly fulfilled this week, but was only moderately successful financially, and exactly one-third of a success artistically. The distinguished Italian is far too "fat and scant of breath" to do *Hamlet*; and as to his *Romeo* we refrain from writing a word in its praise for fear that our good friend Baxter should be inspired to undertake the role. *Othello*, given on Wednesday evening, was, however, sufficiently fine to fully vindicate the great reputation of Rossi. The version played was one adapted by the tragedian himself, and had many excellent points which are usually omitted. Rossi gave a grand rendition of the jealous Moor (whom by the way he tinted much deeper than Salvini's hero). In the earlier scenes of the play Rossi is less majestic than his countryman; indeed the grandeur and repose of Salvini is incomparable. The difference comes out effectively in the manner of stepping—Rossi spraddles; Salvini strides. In the latter scenes Rossi is every whit the peer of his great fellow-artist, exhibiting a marvellous intelligence and force. The tragic denouement was a wondrous piece of acting. *Othello's* position after the death of *Desdemona* is a climax of human despair, and Rossi proved himself equal to the occasion. He succeeded in evoking the compassion of the audience instead of dying with their wrath upon him, and no actor has ever done more. Mr. Levick's *Iago* was masterly. If this gentleman's name was Booth, the performance would have been considered one of the finest pieces of classic acting ever seen here. Miss Muldenor performed the role of *Desdemona* with great ability, and in representing that character as a virtuous woman fighting for her life against a wild, unreasoning monster and acting accordingly, she interpreted Shakespeare better than if she had acted the "gentle martyr" the *Globe* critic would have had her. There is a strong suggestion of Neilson about this young lady, and we very much mistake if she does not achieve high distinction ere long.

And now the curtain rolls up to disclose one of the old-fashioned Irish dramas, Gayler's "Connie Soogah" (Merry Pedlar). The leading part will be played by Mr. Clark, who is spoken of as an able comedian. The play will continue to the end of the present week, to be succeeded by the Mastodon Minstrels of the ubiquitous Haverly.

The boards of the Royal are occupied by an aggregation of specialty performers, whose cleverness in many lines of business has furnished amusement to large audiences all the week. The programme embraces a lively little sensation drama entitled "Swift and Sure," in the action of which prominent parts are taken by three highly trained and intelligent dogs.

On Monday, Nov. 21, Mr. Charles Fostelle is announced to appear at this house in his notable impersonation of "Mrs. Partington." Everybody has heard of the dear old soul, who is constantly pushing up her spectacles in astonishment at the shocking things she reads in the papers, and getting her hopeful son *Ike* to read 'em over again. It will be a great treat to meet the old lady in *propria persona*, and unlimited amusement will be the necessary outcome of the meeting.

New Arrivals at the Zoo.

An advertisement in the daily papers apprised the public of the fact that the Zoo was to be closed the other day, pending the arrival of a fresh consignment of curiosities. It may not be generally known that amongst the rare specimens secured by the enterprising manager at enormous cost are the following:

A New York actor who doesn't entertain a consuming passion of jealousy against some other N. Y. actor or manager.

A worm that will "turn" at the word of command.

The half-smoked cigar with which the hole was burnt in the Contract; also the aforesaid hole, carefully preserved in a glass case.

The Stake upon which Dr. Wild is in the habit of "staking his scholarship;" also a large and varied assortment of cast-off Hebrew from Bond-street.

A life-size model of a little school-boy stuffed with sawdust, illustrative of the system of cram. This valuable acquisition to the Zoo is accompanied by a book of reference by Messrs. Crooks and Hughes, fully explaining all details.

A bowl of mud washed from the most fashionable part of King-street.

A Board of Works pie with the finger of an alderman in it.



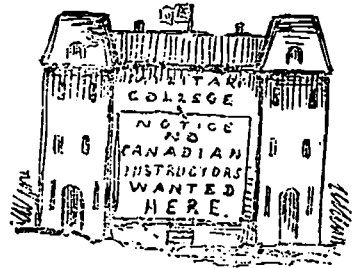
PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT!

The other day our esteemed contemporary, the editor of the *Globe*, opened his mouth and put his foot in it. It was done inadvertently of course, but that made no difference with the lynx-eyed editor of the *Mail*, who seized upon the circumstance, and made one of the best thrusts he has yet administered to his "hated rival." Happily, it was not necessary for the *Mail* man in this instance to resort to the miserable little trick of carving out a portion of a sentence from one of the opposite party papers, and commenting upon the meaning the words would then bear, leaving his readers to infer that the quotation was an honest one. The *Globe* had snid in an article against the advocates of Canadian Independence:

"We want to become possessed of their strong reasons for wishing, at a time when the utmost harmony and good-will exist between Great Britain and Canada, and when not even a single substantial grievance arising out of their relations to each other can be discovered or invented, to interrupt our young Dominion in its career of progress, and to embark it upon the turbulent waters of political revolution."

Of course it was delightfully easy for the *Mail* to show how neatly this deliverance dis-

posed of all the *Globe's* previous dirges on the state of the country and its "anti-British tariff"—and the task was done with decided ability and humour.



THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, KINGSTON.

Our contemporary, the *Evening News*, goes in for the abolition of that glorious institution—the Royal Military College at Kingston. Alongside of the truly good and loyal *Citizen* of Ottawa, Mr. Grip raises his hands in horror at the suggestion. Abolish the College? What, the Royal Military College? and let the country drift helplessly into the clutches of the Peruvians whenever they choose to invade us? Very likely, indeed! No, sir, not while there is a drop of British blood in the veins of the Britishers who rule the roost in that noble academy of the art of manslaughter, never! And why, forsooth, is this clamour raised at the present time? Just because a solitary Canadian officer has been deposed in favour of a born Englishman on the staff of the institution—as if Canadians had any right in a *Royal* College by reason of their nativity. It is true that Sir John Macdonald's policy secures Canada for the Canadians, but it is by no means so clear that Kingston is in Canada. We are aware of a railway station in the eastern part of this province which is so named, but there is no city or town to be seen in the vicinity. Now if Kingston is not in Canada, Canadians have no privileges as such in Kingston. Besides, it is notorious that Canadians are not adapted for positions of prominence in this Dominion, and in proof of this we may point to any commanding position in military, educational, artistic or any other department of life in Canada which will be found occupied by some exotic person—though generally by one who can say with the *Boatswain*,

"I am an Englishman."

Again, when British officers settle in Canada, it is plain that they thereby become Canadians, and if Canada is for the Canadians, isn't it therefore for British officers? Of course it is. So don't let us hear any more of this talk about abolishing the Royal Military College of Kingston.

"Meeting of County Council."

Speech by Patrick Delancy, Esquire, Reeve of the Township of Montague, delivered at Pontiac, July 5th, 1859, in reply to Thomas Burke, Esquire, Reeve of the Township of Killaloe.

MR. WARDEN.—I rise deeply compressed with my own significance and with the reimportance and solemnness of the occasion which imperilled me here. About twenty years ago, a boy left the shores of "Ould Oireland" under the statue of a penal code. He earned the money that paid his passage without any trouble or fatigues to his dismoralized body. Burke, you're a scorpion of sedition, as poor Mickey Dwyre that was hung knows to his sorrow. The alternatives of fortune may change my habiliments, but never can change my deposition. That remains forever and internally the same.



THE KNIGHT ERRANT,

WHO ALAS! DOESN'T APPEAR TO HAVE ANY ERRANT TO GO.

O is there a maiden in all these landes,
Who is in somme soare distresse?
Lo, here is a knight with somme time on hys handes,
Who woult gladly yield her redresse!

Delaney's a man, and Mr. Warden, I will not shrink from giving you some more tuition who my antagonist is. When he left the nest where he was born, he had all his contents of his trunk on him, and that was a prize coat on his back, corduroy breeches on his stretchers, and a pair of cashel brogans on his naked feet. When he landed on the shores of Ameriky he domiciled wid John Dolan, to feed pigs at four dollars a month, and during his recumtency, so intent was he in deformin his daily invocations that he pulled all his nails off scatchin praties out of the ashes. Delaney was in the servititude but same engaged workin at more manly re-sources. I have been oblivionous of this scorpion of sedition ever since his extradition with the blood money, from the ould sod, and judge of my distonishment when I organized him the cther day, dacently impartment and attendin here in the capacity of Reeve for Killaloo. Truly, Mr. Warden, the alternations of fortunare fickle and fallowness, or Tom Burke would have been a beggarman to-day instead of a lumberman. But ould Biddy the mother, will be glad to hear that her boy that was cursed by the whole parish for takin the blood money, is dacently reforming hisself and his townies imposing confidentially on him. But he must lave Delaney to his own renoun, or I'll scourge him wid my wit, charm him wid my eloquence, and slab him on the gob wid my fight. I will never allow such a remnant of morality to reduce into this country his doubly rivited de-position.

Sheenboro, Mr. Warden, can niver, now, nor hereafter looso the sate of Government. Burke might as well try to pump the falls of Niagara up Deep river wid a baby squirt as deprive "Sheenboro" of the boon reposed on hor by His Royal Highness Sir Edward Head, of Her Majesty's General-Governor. Delaney's affections are firmly and fondly detached to the "Sheen" lboys, and will always voto wid them and for them, for they thrate me to whiskey whin I am dlay, and give me money whin I lave home, and whin I come back. And Burke

can niver distrust those affections, except by walkin over Delaney's lifeless corpse. Burke has a follower thore sittin at his right hand, as ugly as Connolly, the Ulster man. I would advise Burke to knock one of his eyes out, as it would reprove his looks. Put him in a box and exhibitate him round the streets of some popularious town. He might in this way reprov his misfortunes and retrave his character. I will now close by proposin "Sheen" and the sky over it, and expandin a wish that Burke and his Jack in the box, may be speedily swept from their impositions, and that no more trouble may intervene, in passing our immortal by-law when the debentures come from By-Town. Mr. Warden, I must impresince myself and be hurried in my motionments, having a child on Allumette Island undergoin educational connivance, and another at By-Town in the same imposition. And I want to be in "Sheen" before the boat laves for the hought of land. The back of my hand and the sole of my foot to you, Tom Burke, you scorpion of sedition, may I never see you more, either here or hereafter, dead or alive, for you are as mane as Patsy Whelan, the thief that hung his own mother and stole his father's one pair of brogans.

Yours respectfully,

PATRICK DELANEY.

Dulcimer Notes.

ADOLESCENCE VILLA, Jarvis St.,
Toronto, Nov. 15th, 1881.

Mr. GRIP:

Dear Sir,—See here, about this confounded University business, by Jove! it's too bad, you know. Just listen to this paragraph, will you?

"Young women are carrying off the honours at the London University. A girl took the palm in the class for mathematical honours; a girl also came out ahead for English honours; two for German honours, one in chemistry, another in anatomy. In every case they distanced their male rivals, and carried off the honours from them."

Now, Great Cusar! you know this will never

do, and I now write to ask you, what are we going to do about it? You see what these Londoners have got for their stupidity in admitting the weaker sex to compete in University classes, and I'm sure I sincerely hope and trust that the very few who were foolish enough to advocate equal advantages to both sexes in Canada, will now see their folly, as it is perfectly clear to me that it's going to play the doose with us fellows if allowed here. Girls, sir, can never learn, never. They have no head for anything but ribbons and feathers, and all that sort of thing; they can't study worth a cent; all the same, they'd carry off all the honours to be had, just for spite, sheer spite. Now the short and the long of it is they've got to be kept out, and Mr. GRIP, do now, there's a good fellow, use all your enormous influence to keep these here University gates looked, barred and bolted against them, that is, if us fellows are going to have the shadow of a chance. Why, we'd have to study all hours to keep up with them; a fellow couldn't have a lark, nor take an afternoon's fun, for fear of them getting ahead, and then of course we couldn't cut up rough, with girls in the classes. Oh! confound it all, GRIP, I tell you it won't do, we've got to keep them out, and there's an end to it. Say, couldn't you get up a few articles now, about the proper sphere of women, and all that sort of humbug, you know the kind of thing goes down best; give them lots of taffy, call them the angels of the home, queen of hearts, "She at whose knees, &c., &c." and all that sort of bosh, you know, and then point to "the most sensible thing," the *Hamilton Spectator* "has seen this many a day," viz., "Six dollars premium for the best darned pair of stockings." You've got to use a little tact to bring them in. I remember when I was a kid, our young filly would get out sometimes and scamper away over the fields, and the only way I could get her back was with an old hat and a few oats in the crown of it, then when I had baited her I'd slip the halter over her neck and lead her back to the stall. Now that's the way to manage them girls. These filly, sir, have slipped the halter, they are not in the pasture, and, by Jupiter! if allowed to run at large, they'd soon assume the curves and proportions of an Arabian, and I want to know where are you going to get your beasts of burden if this sort of thing is going to go on. No sir! here's the bait that'll fetch 'em. "Six dollars for a darned stocking!" Of course we can get new ones for 25c. or 50c. a pair, but, darn it, I say, and then you'll get six dollars for it, and when you're about it quote the "simple cottager," and the "blessings of contentment." But anyhow you fix it, drive the notion of University training out of their heads, and save us the disgrace of being beaten at the examinations by girls.

Yours in great disgust,

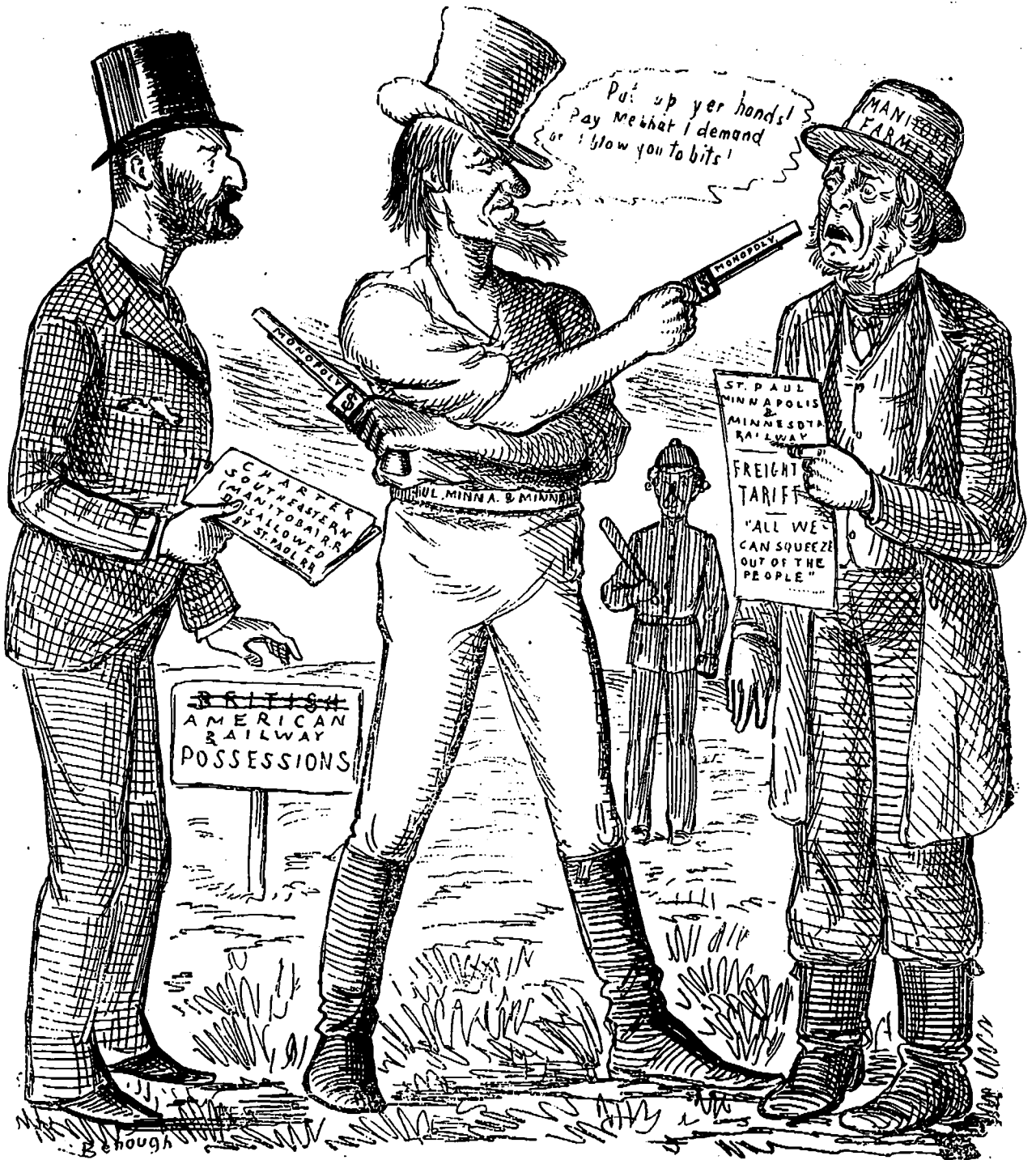
THEODORE Z. DULCIMER,

Undergraduate Toronto Univ.

P. S. (Private Statement.) In looking over this letter I have come to the conclusion that I've got a good deal of literary talent, for, on the whole, I must confess it is very cleverly written; quite equal, in fact, to anything that Goldwin Smith has written on any Canadian subject, and will certainly drive a nail in somebody's coffin. I don't frequent the library, but think I'll hunt up some of the best authors on the "Supremacy of Man," and send you any notes which I may consider might be useful to you, in demolishing the pretensions of these darned girls.

T. Z. D.

"An unknown Wild!" ejaculated Mr. Jumbleup, reading a displayed heading in *Thursday's Globe*. "Thank goodness that can have no reference to our preacher, anyhow!"



THE (RAIL) "ROAD AGENT."

HOW LONG WILL THE PEOPLE OF THE DOMINION SUBMIT TO THIS INSOLENT HIGHWAYMAN?

* See comments on page 2.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

The Schoolmaster.

Ed. E. Edwards, Boston Transcript.

The curiosity I have to show you to-day, children, is perhaps the most wonderful in the collection. He beats all.

The schoolmaster, it is said, trains the young idea how to shoot. He is not himself given to shooting, however. He takes more delight in the rod than the gun.

The schoolmaster is supposed to know everything. This is a mistake. There is one thing he does not know. He does not know how soon the school committee will find a man who controls more votes to take his place.

The schoolmaster is not a military man, but his principal assistant is. The name of this assistant is Corporal Punishment. It is to be hoped the Corporal will soon be remanded to private life.

The schoolmaster is sometimes called a tutor, and occasionally he is called an ass. On the whole, an astuter man is seldom found.

The schoolmaster thoroughly understands the rule of three, but always insists upon the rule of one. So you see his understanding is out of all proportion to his rule.

Although the schoolmaster is a ruler of the boys, he has his own ruler. If he be not stick himself, his ruler always is.

The schoolmaster is a very inquisitive person. He is always asking questions. His is a question-able calling.

The schoolmaster can be found in all classes. He is also given to classifying knowledge. I sometimes think I would be in his classify could.

The schoolmaster is good at figures. He would cut a pretty figure if he were not. He is the figure-head of the school, or should be; but sometimes a boy gets ahead of him.

He is also good at spelling. He can stand a long spell in a good situation without finching.

He is always correcting the errors of his pupils, and consequently has but little time to attend to his own.

The schoolmaster is not a man of war, but he often employs a monitor. He would be all at sea without his monitor. He gets the monitor to see in his place.

O, shun misbehaving, children, or the see of the monitor shall overwhelm you.

The schoolmaster teaches A B C, but he cannot make a bee see.

Every sort of ology is taught by the schoolmaster, but tautology is no better coming from him than from anybody else.

In a school of young rascals the schoolmaster is always the principal.

Some schoolmasters are actuated entirely by the law by love—love for their situations. Some entirely by hate—hate to give them up.

The schoolmaster loves to have callers at his school; but habit has so possessed him, that he not only collars his scholars, but he also scholars his callers.

I used to wonder at the schoolmaster during my school days, but my school daze will never return.

"Do you want a brand-new joke?" he said, as he came in with a three-by-five smile on his countenance, and holding his side to save his vest buttons. "The best thing you have heard this season, and you want to put it right down. I just thought of it as I came around the corner. Here goes: Why is a bald head like the future state? You give it up of course. Well, because there is no dying or parting—" The inquest will be held to-day.—*Middletown Transcript.*

To a Dish.

AN ESTHETE'S RHAPSODY.

Consummate Dish! Full many an ancient crack
Is seamed across thy venerable back;
And even through to thine æsthetic face
Cracks run, to lend a more enchanting grace!
What matter though the epicure now loses
The juice which through thy gaping fissures oozes?
Thrice happy Table-cloth! Thou knowest not
The too too beauty of yon greasy spot.
To think that with a little vulgar butter,
This High Art Dish can make thee look so utter!

Alas! I rave. Thou art but silent clay,
And canst not speak, nor e'en hear what I say.
Yet, oh, I love thee, Toest of all Toos!
I would not have thee whole, e'en could I choose;
And were it possible thy cracks to cure,
My brain must burst—no more could I endure.
My brain, say I? Fool! blinded by my passion,
I quite forget that brains are out of fashion.
What brains can we intense ones need or wish?
We live for soul, a feather, and a Dish!

—Mrs. Charles G. Moore, in Harper's Bazar.

Ball-Room Etiquette.

A. H. Ister, Columbus (O.) Capital.

A certain rising young blood writes me that he is anxious to know just now how to behave at a ball or private party.

Listen, young blood.

Wear as heavy stogas as your feet can possibly stand, as this will enable you to make such noise on the balance step as to attract such general attention to your presence; and besides, when you step on anybody else's feet you will enjoy the satisfaction that your labour has not been in vain.

Don't bring a partner with you if you can help it. It's lots of fun to cheat another fellow out of his company, besides it goes to show that you ain't anybody's fool or tool.

If anybody asks you why you came alone, tell them you didn't care to bring your girl without knowing just exactly what kind of a crowd was going to be present.

If you are a poor waltzer make it a point to dance only with the best lady waltzers in the room. This will be making things pleasant for your partners with a vengeance.

Write your name on every lady's programme in the room, whether you intend to dance with her or not, as by your so doing you have your choice of all the dancers present, and can readily work up a plausible excuse from dancing with any certain one, who you supposed, because she was good-looking and handsomely dressed, was a good dancer, but after the opening dance you saw enough of her dancing to convince you that you preferred to have the other fellows waltz her about. To be sure, this act will cause some kicking now and then, but don't let them worry you the least bit.

Whenever one of the floor managers, or a friend, offers to introduce a lady to you, demand that a map of her shall be furnished to you first. This will show that you are a blood of the first water and don't care to risk your reputation by being introduced to Susan, Jane or Mary, without first knowing how she stands in society, whether she is good-looking, dresses toney, can dance well, etc.

When you get into a quadrille set and your eagle eye falls on a certain couple who in your opinion are not quite up to your standard of tone, take your partner and leave that set at once, as this act will convince all present that you are too utterly toney for any use.

If you find it impossible to waltz, denounce the music, say you "never heard as bad before," or lay it to the floor; say "it's waxed too slippery," or that you "hate to dance on a muslin cover."

If you can't dance the new quadrilles, remark so that everybody in the set can hear you: "What's the matter with the caller?" and "Why didn't the managers hire something with a mouth to it?" etc. This will impress your fellow dancers that you are a born wit.

When you see a lady who doesn't care to recognize you, make it your business to tell her friends "she can't go in your crowd," and "wonder who had the cheek to bring her there."

This is my advice. Act accordingly, and if you don't succeed, don't blame me.

In a recent suit before a justice in this city a lady reluctantly testified that she thought that another Newark lady might be a good enough neighbour if she lived in a locality where the houses were twenty-five miles apart and was so crippled that she couldn't come over to gossip or borrow.—*Newark Call.*

A MINISTER of Irvine who was about to marry a couple, seeing the bridegroom sitting at the fireside with a most rueful countenance as if saying to himself "I canna, winna, manna buckle to," said to him, "What is the matter, James?" "Ah, sir," replied the doleful bridegroom, "this is a fearsome business, I hae been in many a habble, but this is the warst habble ever I was in."

"Can't take punched coin here," said the clerk gruffly. "It's all the change I've got. You'll have to take it," was the reply. "Makes no difference. See the sign: 'Punched or mutilated coin not received here.'" "Yes, I see the sign. But you sold me 'punched or mutilated' goods. This paper of coffee has got a hole in it and more than half the strength has leaked out." "Oh, well give us the coin and call it quits."—*New Haven Register.*

"Darling," she whispered softly, as they sat, locked in a fond embrace, gazing at the stars, "I have been told that each star in the heavens is a bright, pure, noble soul. Is it so, dearest?" "Yes, I have heard so," he replied, pressing a kiss on her lips. "And do you, darling," she continued, "do you—do you think I will become a star when I die?" "Oh, pshaw! You're too fat to be a star!" He protests that he said it without thinking, but she refuses to accept his apology, and the engagement is off. She is riding horseback to get down to star-weight!—*Philadelphia Sun.*

Mrs. Wigglesworth was reading the local paper. She began aloud, "The Inebriate's Home—" and then her eye caught a new fashion note and she paused an instant. "Well," sighed Mr. Wigglesworth, who was poking the fire and thought she had finished. "I'm mighty glad of it and hope he'll stay. I had an awful time getting him there last night, and the next time I see him rooting around in the mud and swearing about the bad sidewalks I'm going to let him alone." And Mrs. Wigglesworth, as her eyes wandered to the "births," wondered what in the world her husband could be muttering about to himself.—*Rockland Courier.*

Intercepted Letters.

RURAL DELL, Oct. 1st, 1881.

MY DEAREST BELLE:—

Here I am in the country, far from all city delights, with (it is true) those purer enjoyments which nature presents, in the shape of green fields, woods resplendent with the hues of autumn, fresh air, and eggs, and unadulterated milk, etc., and yet—You know how intensely I love nature in her varied aspects, and how hateful the artificial is to me, so much so indeed, that even in the depth of winter I could never bring myself to wear any ornaments (with my simple dress of white satin) but natural flowers, and endured with perfect sang froid dear prosaic papa's complaints and black looks when the florist's bill came in, and yet with all these surroundings I find myself sad and bored.

When Emma and Maud complained of being dull when staying with auntie, I used to con-



SIGNOR EVENING TELEGRAMI,

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sider how they could be in a place so pretty, with horses to drive them about such lovely roads, but I put down this discontent to the want of depth in their character and small appreciation of the higher intellectual pleasures, and looked eagerly forward to the visit I am paying, and now I am here only that I don't like to be laughed at I would go home at once. Don't think I am homesick. My home, alas! is not what a home might be, I am one of those unfortunate beings whose talents are unappreciated, consequently when I want to paint, or to play some of the pieces of a divine composer, or improve my mind by reading, or my health by exercise, in the shape of a walk on King-street, mamma has always some tiresome thing for me to do, such as ordering dinner, dusting the drawing-room, or perhaps worse than all, socks to mend for papa and the boys, so I am not homesick, still I am triste, and feel, I imagine, as the man did who was searching for the Lost Chord. My only consolation in this sensation of loss, this unexplainable unutterable "something," is that I am in sympathy with the master minds, and most keenly sensitive hearts of the world's thinkers, but (you are the only person, Belle, to whom I would confide it) I don't like this feeling at all, it is vague and uncomfortable, the season doubtless has its effect on my sympathetic soul and physique, for I can say truly with the poet

"The melancholy days have come
The saddest of the year."

But I am not selfish enough to trespass further on your patience, by unburdening my innermost feelings, so I will try and tell you all there is to say of this dreary place. The town itself

is pretty, and is blessed with a surrounding country principally hill and dale. Uncle and aunt live in a rather nice house about a mile and a half away. There are, I believe, a few nice people living at Rural Dell, but I have not met them yet—as far as I can learn there is but one member of the sterner sex with whom one would feel on an equality—I have not seen this particular "him," this oasis in a desert, however he has something to do with a bank. Toronto experiences make me satisfied that as that is the case he is quite *comme il faut*, and I am looking forward to meeting him to-morrow at an entertainment they call a social.

But I must say good-bye, write soon to me dearest Belle, and remember that though you are in the midst of the stir and bustle of a city, I am "far from the madding crowd," and longing for the touch of a vanished hand, and for news. So write at once to

Your ever fond friend,
EVANGELINE FITZJONES.

P. S.—Remember me to Charlie King and other friends.

(Answer to the above.)

TORONTO, October 3rd, 1881.

DEAREST EVA:—

I just received your letter, and with a truly Christian spirit am curtailing my afternoon walk to write to you, for you do seem to be blue, most deeply, dimly blue, and I don't wonder, for I agree with old what-do-you-call-him, who says "Oh solitude, where are the charms that sages have seen in your face?" The only time

I am conscious of wishing to be alone is when compelled, an unwilling third, to play gooseberry. But really you need not mind being out of Toronto just now, for except shopping, several good troupes at the theatres, some concerts, a few quiet evenings and a musical or two there is positively nothing going on in the city. There has been so much rain, even King-street is less jolly than usual, and for the same reasons very few new suits have been worn by their fair owners. The display of ulsters has been great, but they show nothing especially new in their style.

Do you know, my dear Mlle. Evangoline, you must give yourself a shake, or you will be altogether "too too," too utterly utter, for anything. The admiration for that sort of thing is on the wane with sage green frocks, you must be animated, lively, *intense*, to please the taste of the bank clerks and lawyers' students of this fair Queen City, and to be in keeping with the prevailing fashions. I am revelling in bright ribbons, and if you remain so intensely æsthetic you will "fade" when you see some of my brilliant garments. Now confess, Eve, you feel at a loss for some one to flirt with, and it is all nonsense about the "Lost Chord," and the wonderful "something." Take courage, my dear. I see coming consolation for you in the bank man.

One can live without poetry, music and art,
One can live without parties, one can live without heart,
One can live without friends, one can live without foes,
But a good-looking girl cannot live without beaux.

One can live without foes, what are foes but aggravating,
One can live without friends, what are friends but deceiving.

One can live without most things 's a fact very certain,
But a modernized girl cannot live without fitting.

What do you think of that for original poetry? But I musn't waste any more time writing the poetic muses, as I expect to meet "some one" by the merest accident at the corner of King and Bay at half-past five o'clock. So my dear, adieu. With lots of love and oceans of kisses.

Yours, fondly,
BELLE.

P. S.—I have sent word to Charlie King to come and spend the evening with us, and then I will give him your message.

Nonsense

Says Torrington to Warrington,
I'll play—what will you sing?
Says Warrington to Torrington,
All right—play anything!



ADVICE TO THE CAPTAIN.

Young Bellevillian.—Say, Cap., maybe you'll learn now what I did when I undertook to have a smoke out of dad's pipe and burnt my finger half off—that is to keep away from Mischief, after this.

The Capt.—Avast, you young land-lubber, what do you know about fast yachts?

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CHORUS OF BOYS.—WE AREN'T LOAFIN' AND LOITERIN': WE'RE WAITIN' FOR GRIP'S ALMANAC FOR '82.

"We cannot Check Manitoba."

There seems to be a muddle amongst the newspapers as to what Sir John meant by the expression "We cannot check Manitoba," when speaking of the clause in the C. P. Railway bargain which prohibited the Dominion Government from granting charters to railways running in any but a westerly or south-westerly direction in Manitoba. The Grit papers say he meant that Manitoba was left at liberty to do what she pleased about granting Provincial charters; the Tory papers say he meant that the Dominion authorities couldn't check such granting of charters, but they could and would disallow all such bills after they were passed. Both parties are wrong. Mr. Gair is in a position to give the only reliable translation of the words, which it may be remarked are in Diplomatic English,—a language known only to statesmen of the very first water. What Sir John meant was that we could not check Manitoba—just what he said. It is necessary to explain, however, that the Premier was aware of a plot hatched by certain Scotch Grits, which had in view the revolutionary design of obliging the Indian and half-breed population of the Prairie Province to wear plaid breeches. This was a move to get up a corner in checks, in the interest of a certain large importing firm which shall be nameless, and the Premier was very indignant indeed when he heard of it. In saying "We cannot check Manitoba," therefore, with emphasis on the cannot, he meant to imply that the scheme would be too costly, in the first place, and too corrupt to be entertained, in the second. With this explanation, which must commend itself as more reasonable and lucid than the *Mail's*, we retire from the discussion.

Seats are being rapidly taken up for the concert of Mr. W. Waugh Lauder, at the Pavilion, on Monday evening next, and a good audience to welcome the brilliant pianist is assured. Mr. Lauder will be assisted on the occasion by Mrs. Bradley, Miss McCutcheon, Mr. Warrington and Mr. Torrington.

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The Last Gazette.

"Why do they place V. B. after Major Bolton's name?" asked an Ottawa young lady of her papa. "Because," interrupted her brother, "the young hopeful" of the family, "Everyone knows he is Very Bad!"

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DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.
Toronto, 6th October, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that, under an Order in Council, Timber Berths in the undermentioned townships in the Muskoka and Parry Sound Districts will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the Department of Crown Lands at twelve o'clock noon, on

TUESDAY, the 6th Day of December, Next, viz:—Townships of Mowat, Blair, McConkey, Hardy, Atterson, Mills, Sinclair, Bethune, Proudfoot, Gurd, Machar, Strong, Joly, Laurier, Pringle, Loant, Nipissing and Hinsworth.

The area to be disposed of in the above townships as timber berths is upwards of 1,400 square miles, and to suit all classes of purchasers each township will, as nearly as practicable, be divided into four berths.

Sheets containing conditions and terms of sale, with information as to area and lots and concessions comprised in each berth, will be furnished on application personally or by letter, to the Woods and Forest Branch of the Department, or to the Crown Timber Office at Ottawa, Belleville and Quebec, and the office of T. E. Johnson, Esq., Parry Sound.

T. B. PARDEE,
Commissioner

N. B.—No advertisement will be paid for unless previously ordered by the Department.

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