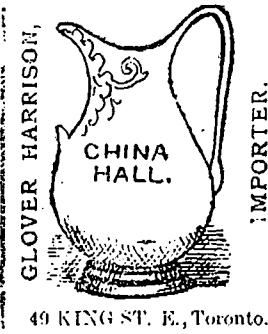
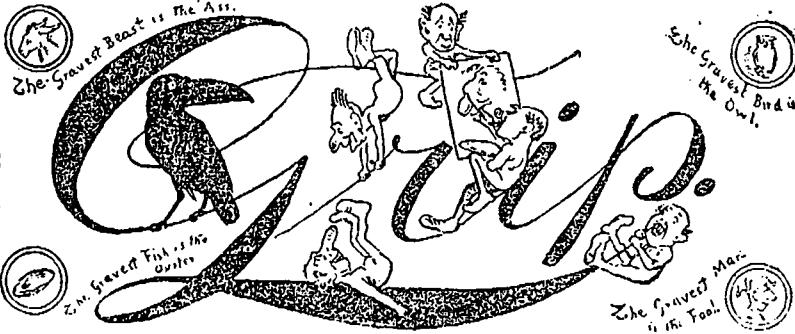
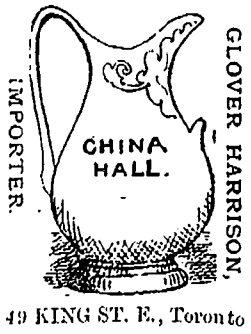


SMOKE [CABLE EL PADRE] CIGARS.



VOLUME XX. No. 8

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 30 1882.

\$2 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS EACH.



POLITICAL ASTRONOMY.
THE "GLOBE" HAS COMPLETED ANOTHER REVOLUTION!

MORE

Testimony in favor of the
REMINGTON STANDARD TYPE-WRITER
Thomas Bengough, Esq., Toronto.
Toronto, Dec. 11th, 1882.

Dear Sir,
We have now had the Type Writer purchased from you in use in our office for four months, and find it works very satisfactorily. We could not get through our correspondence without it. Yours truly, WELLS, GORDON & SAMPSON

Send for particulars to
THOS. BENGOUGH, Manager,
BENGOUGH'S SHORTHAND BUREAU, AND TYPE-WRITING
HEAD-QUARTERS, 11 King St. West, Toronto.

DENTAL NOTICE.

Artificial teeth inserted so as to feel perfectly comfortable. FULL SETS, \$18. UPPER or UNDER, \$9. Partial Sets in proportion.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

F. H. SEFTON,
Surgeon Dentist.
Cor. Queen and Yonge-sts., over Rose's Drug Store.

BRUCE THE PHOTO

1ST GENT—What find I here
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation?
2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, a he alone can
so beautifully counterfeit nature.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

W. BENGOUGH,
Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORR,
Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

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

Please Observe.

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

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The only excuse that can be offered by Mr. Mowat for calling a convention is his belief that in the approaching election he will virtually be called upon to fight the Ottawa Government, backed by the money and influence of the Syndicate. What foundation he may have for this belief we do not know. The Dominion Government may have no such intention, and in that case Mr. Mowat's conduct in endeavoring to waken still more an opposition which is already too weak is on a par with Sir John's Gerrymander meanness, and very like that of the old ear-mudgeon in the picture, who grudges the little boys the pleasure they can get out of their "slide."

FIRST PAGE.—The revolution of the *Globe* just completed, has excited almost as much interest amongst political astronomers as the transit of Venus did. And yet everybody ought to know that this is the season of the year when this phenomenon regularly occurs.

EIGHTH PAGE. One of the first effects of the change on the *Globe* staff is a change in the attitude of the paper towards Mr. Goldwin Smith. This is a decided improvement, at all events. Mr. Smith is a gentleman who deserves better treatment than he has ever received at the hands of the *Globe's* late editor. He is an unquestionable force in Canadian politics and journalism, and stands head and shoulders above any of our public men in point of scholarship and literary power.

GRIP is loth to let Mr. Gordon Brown pass from the arena without a word of sincere admiration of his ability as a journalist and his geniality as a gentleman. In both respects he is a model worthy the imitation of his successors, whoever they may be. His untiring energy has been a large factor in the success of the *Globe*—and his deposition is the immediate result of a quality in itself admirable—

that of unflinching adherence to sincere conviction. Mr. Brown hates the N. P.—and some other things—and rather than pretend he does not he is willing to be turned out bag and baggage; or to stay in and, if necessary, split his own party into fragments. This is the sort of stuff great men are made of, and Canada has only a few of them. The deposition may be all for the best—under its new editor the *Globe* will certainly remain a power for good on all moral questions—but nobody will deny that in losing Gordon Brown journalism has lost a strong man. Moreover, Mr. GRIP regrets it because the new editor has a face which is not half so pretty from a caricaturist's point of view.



Maxwell Spectacular Aggregation at the Royal. Play not much; scenery a perfect essay on the sublime and beautiful; specialties away up above the average. Next week Denier's Pantomime Company are expected. Salvini at the Grand Friday night. Mr. and Mrs. Knight were warmly received, though the audiences were not very large.

A CHRISTMAS SMOKE.

Mr. GRIP begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a fine sample of Davis Bros. Cigars. They are immense, not only in quality but in size, and in addition have a delicious flavor. Amidst the repose induced by these soothers, the hardworked editor cannot but feel renewed vigor. Thanks, Messrs. Davis—the same to you, and many boxes of 'em.

Mr. Jewell, the popular Restaurant man, asks us to inform the lovers of good living that he is at present regaling his guests on choice cuts from those fat cattle of which GRIP gave his readers choice cuts last week.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

According to William Shakespeare.

Cressida.—Dr. Wild.
Alexander.—Public Opinion.
Pandarus.—Ontario Trade Benevolent Association.
Ajax.—The Hotel Keepers.
Hector.—The People.
Andromache.—The Home.
Helen.—Society Scandal.
Enes.—The toast of the Queen.
Antenor.—“ “ “ The Gov-General.
Paris.—“ “ “ The Lieut-Governor.
Helicrus.—Absent apologists.
Troilus.—The Liquor Traffic.
Agamemnon.—Total Abstinence.
Achilles.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson.
Troy.—The Dominion. *Ilium.*—The Queen City. *Greece.*—Britain.

Scene.—Dining room at the Walker House on a late occasion.

Cres.—Who were those went by?
Alex.—A wife and her child.
Cres.—And whither go they?
Alex.—Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience is, as a virtue, fixed, to-day was moved; He chid Andromache, and struck his armor; And, like as there were husbandry in war, Before the sun rose he was harnessed light. And to the field goes he; where every flower Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw In Hector's wrath.

Cres.—What was the cause of anger?

Alex.—The noise goes thus:—There is among the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector; They call him Ajax.

Cres.—Good; and what of him?

Alex.—They say he is a very proper man *per se*, and stands alone.

Cres.—So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no 'egs.

Alex.—This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom nature has so crowded humors, that his valor is crushed into jollity, his folly sauced with discretion; there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an ailment, but he carries some stain of it; he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair; he hath the joints of everything, but everything so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and of no use; a purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres.—But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex.—They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame thereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter *Pandarus.* (Ontario Trades Benevolent Association.)

Cres.—Who comes here?

Alex.—Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

Cres.—Hector's a gallant man.

Alex.—As may be in the world, lady.

Pan.—What's that? What's that?

Cres.—Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan.—Good morrow, cousin *Cressid*; What do you talk of?—Good morrow, *Alexander*—How do you, cousin? When were you at *Ilium*?

Cres.—This morning, uncle.

Pan.—What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to *Ilium*? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres.—Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

Pan.—Even so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres.—That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan.—Was he angry?

Cres.—So he says here.

Pan.—True, he was so; I know the cause too, he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there is *Troilus* will not come far behind him; let them take heed of *Troilus*, I can tell them that, too.

Cres.—What, is he angry too?

Pan.—Who, *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cres.—O, Jupiter! There is no comparison.
Pan.—What, not between *Troilus* and *Hector*? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres.—Ay; if ever I saw him before, and knew him.

Pan.—Well, I say *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cres.—Then you say as I say, for I am sure he is not *Hector*.

Pan.—No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus* by some degrees.

Cres.—'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan.—Himself? Alas, poor *Troilus*, I wish he were,—

Cres.—So he is.

Pan.—Condition, I had gone barefoot to *India*.

Cres.—He is not *Hector*.

Pan.—Himself? No he's not himself,—

Would he wore himself! Sings
"I'm not myself at all."

Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end; well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres.—Excuse me.

Pan.—He is o'der.

Cres.—Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan.—The other's not come to't, you shall tell me another tale when the others come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres.—He shall not need it if he have his own.

Pan.—Nor his qualities!—

Cres.—No matter.

Pan.—Nor his beauty.

Cres.—I would not become him, his own's better.

Pan.—You have no judgment, niece; Helen herself swore the other day that for a carmine favour (for so 'tis I must confess) not carmine either.

Cres.—No, but carmine.

Pan.—Faith, to say the truth, carmine and not carmine,

Cres.—To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan.—She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cres.—Why Paris hath color enough.

Pan.—So he has.

Cres.—Then Troilus should have too much; if she praised him above his complexion is higher than his; he having color enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan.—I swear to you I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres.—Then she's a merry Greek, indeed. . .
(A blare of trumpets).

Pan.—Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here and see them as they pass towards Ilium? Good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres.—At your pleasure.

Pan.—Here, here, here's an excellent place here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names as they go by, but mark Troilus above the rest.

(Aeneas (the toast of the Queen) passes over the stage.)

Cres.—Speak not so loud.

Pan.—That's Aeneas; is not that a brave man? He's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus, you shall see anon.

Cres.—Who's that?

(Antenor (the toast of the Governor-General) passes over.)

Pan.—That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one of the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person;—When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon, if he sees me you shall see him nod at me.

Cres.—Will he give you the nod?

Pan.—You shall see.

Cres.—If he do, the rich shall have more.

(Hector (the People) passes over.)

Pan.—That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector. There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! There's a countenance! Is't not a brave man?

Cres.—O, brave man!

Pan.—Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good. Look what hacks are on his helmet! Look you yonder, do you see? Look you there! There's no jesting; there's laying on; take it off who will, as they say! There be hacks!

Cres.—Be those with swords?

(Paris (the toast of the Lieutenant-Governor) passes over.)

Pan.—Swords? Anything, he cares not, an' the devil come to him, it's all one. By yea and by nay, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris, look ye yonder, niece. Is't not a gallant young man too; is't not? Why, this is brave, now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? He's not hurt! Why this will do Helen's heart good, now. Ha! would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon.

Cres.—Who's that?

(Helenus (Absent Apologists) passes over.)

Pan.—That's Helenus,—I marvel where Troilus is;—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day;—That's Helenus.

Cres.—Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan.—Helenus;—No;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well;—I marvel where Troilus is. Hark, do you not hear the people cry 'Troilus?' Helenus is a priest.

Cres.—What sneaking fellow comes yonder? (Troilus (The Liquor Traffic) passes over.)

Pan.—Where? Yonder? That's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! There's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! The prince of chivalry!

Cres.—Peace, for shame, peace.

Pan.—Mark him; note him; y' O, brave Troilus?—Look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes. O, admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, had I a daughter, were a Grace, or a Goddess, he should take his choice. O, admirable man!—Paris?—Paris is dirt to him, and I warrant Helen to change would give an eye to boot.

(Fores (Principles and Arguments for Temperance) pass over.)

Pan.—Asses, fools, dolts! Chaff and bran, chaff and bran! Porridge after meat! I could live and die in the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look, the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece. (Total Abstinence and Great Britain.)

Cres.—There is among the Greeks, Achilles (Sir Alfred Lawson) a better man than Troilus.

Pan.—Achilles! A drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres.—Well, well.

Pan.—Well, well? Why, have you any discretion? Have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres.—Words, compliments, smiles, speeches fair I use,

Nor find it in my heart this cause to abuse; For more in Troilus thousandfold I see Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be; So speak I thus: Preachers are angels preaching. Things said are said, truth lies not in the teaching,

And he that preaches knows that truth ne'er changes,

Though audiences may, and frowning strange is.

Men prize the truths they prove by dint of palus;

Though preachers may not always count their gains

To be so much in principles evolved and put in use

As to please all their hearers, thus avoid abuse. Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:

When you a preacher are mind what you preach;

Speak as you know your hearers wish you should,

And trust to Providence to bring out good. Thus may you honored be by saint and sinner, Nor stiek for sentiments when asked to dinner.

A TERRIBLE STATE OF THINGS,

RYTHMICALLY POLYSYLLABLED.

I wonder what the scientists and analysts medicinal Will find out next, for really now the matter's getting serious; There's hardly anything at all of eatables official That they have not pronounced to be most highly deleterious.

I could make you feel a rising in your ornament capillary, If I should tell all the tricks, in all their vast enormity, Of tradesmen, and you'd never wish to wag your or maxillary Or jawbone, if you knew how widespread is their non-conformity

To fact as honest people should. It's disgraceful to humanity That such men really do exist. No system of parenthesis Would teach them to be honest; no amount of Christianity Can change them, tho' they read the Bible right slap through from Genesis.

Each grocer seems to be endowed with more or less propensity To sell us, as pure goods, the most repulsive things conceivable; And very few imagine the extent and the immensity Of the frauds of which we're victims, they are almost unbelievable.

Why, the very simplest thing we use, some every-day commodity, Is not the thing we think it is, but some adulteration; And if you get it pure 'twill be a most decided oddity, Though one which surely we should hail with utmost approbation.

Our sugar, that we used to think so pure in all its glossiness, These analysts have found is made of many a foul ingredient, And owes a great deal of its bright appearance to its dressiness, And to go without it now would seem to be a good expedient.

To think that milk is only chalk, or something more injurious, And tea is only shoe leaves, and coffee nought but chicory, The very thought's enough to drive a saintly martyr furious, If not to make him wish to swear like blazes or old hickory.

Our beer is doped with opium, our pickles are eruginous, Our bread has been discovered to be fearfully aluminous, Our drinks are doped with something which is terribly sub-eruginous, And our wisest plan would be to live on things that are leguminous.

Then as for eating meat, if a man goes to his kitchen, he Will see some things which will be quite a shock to his propriety; The cook will tell him that the pork is full of loathsome trichine, And he'll shortly be convinced what frauds there are upon society.

Preserves have been discovered to be turnips mixed with crusote, And butter is a compound of vileness oleuginous; But luckily all poisons are believed to have an antidote, Though one would be required that would have to be farruginous.

To work against so many ills. My verses contumelious I now must end. I know they are a trifle apagogical, But all these frauds have made me feel severely atralibulous, And not at all like writing on matters theological.

I have not mentioned half the things which are not what they're thought to be; My space will not permit it, for they are so very numerous;

But every cheating tradesman or knavish grocer ought to be Set up for J. L. Sullivan to slug straight from the humerus.

That's all at present.

Swix.

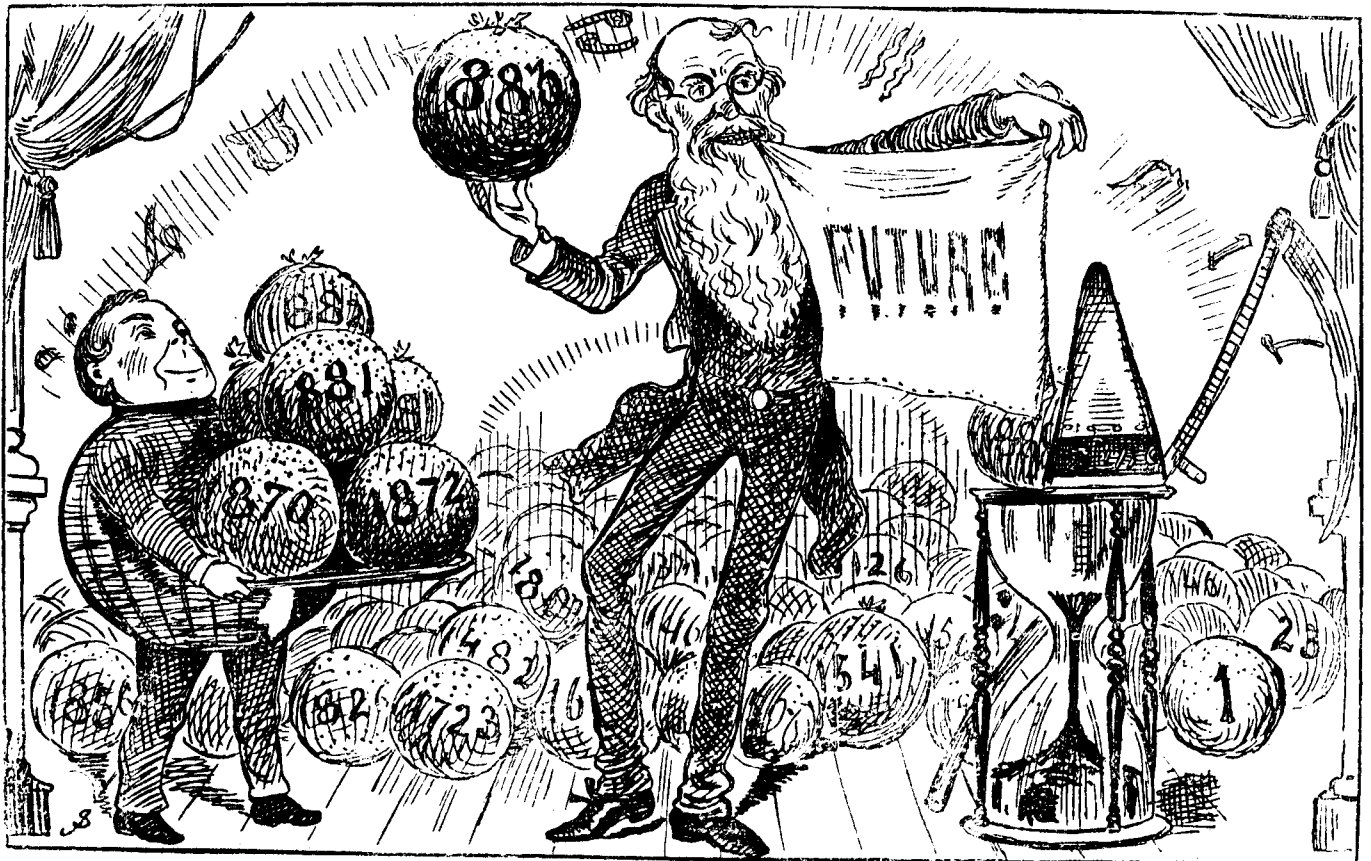
It will be a dreadful thing for Oscar Wild if a big snow storm should occur during his stay in this city. Why, the illustrious idiot would actually be compelled to wear boots.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

The deacon's son was telling the minister about bees stinging his pa, and the minister inquired: "Stung your pa, did they? Well, what did your pa say?" "Step this way a moment," said the boy. "I'd rather whisper it to you."—Chicago Cheek.



A CHANCE FOR THE SONS OF TOIL.

SANTA CLAUS.—VOTE FOR IT, MY DEARS, AND YOU SHALL HAVE IT.



ANOTHER PUDDING!

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

ON THE SIMPLICITY OF SIMPLE SIMON.

Now, was this Simon, whose simplicity we have heard so much of, more knave than fool? Let us examine the facts of the case. The historian tells us that "Simple Simon met a pie-man going to the fair." To begin with, what does this mean? Was it the pie-man who was going to the fair, or was it Simon on his way to the fair who met the pie-man coming back? Much more depends upon this than may at first strike a careless reader.

If any mortal pie-man, with pie on his hands and hope in his heart, were saluted as Simon saluted this pie-man with the memorable words, "Let me taste your wares," is it possible that he—allowing, of course, that Simon's simplicity was depicted in his countenance—would reply, "Show me first your penny"? Who, since the world began, ever heard of the most unconfiding costermonger, on a Saturday night, in the lowest and roughest district, wanting the money put into one hand before he passed the goods with the other? But here it is distinctly stated, "Says the pie-man unto Simon, 'Show me first your penny.'" Now if, on the other hand, the pie-man were coming back from the fair, and whilst at the fair had not only sold little, but had had his pies stolen from him, we can understand he had become sour and generally suspicious of human nature, even in its most childlike and blindest phases. But, then, if Simon were, to that pie-man's certain knowledge, a simpleton, why doubt the poor lad? Certainly there is one conclusion we may arrive at, which is that Simon was such an idiot that he did not any money would be required, and when questioned he replies, according to the three versions lying open before me, 1, "I haven't any," 2, "I haven't got any," 3, "Indeed I have not any." Do you, however, seriously suppose that this was Simple Simon's simplicity? Not a bit of it! The pie-man knew our young friend and all his school but too well. He had been there before. It was a planned thing. Had the pie-man parted with his pie it would have been a free gift, and when Simon owned up, can't you imagine how he thrust his tongue into his cheek? and can't you picture to yourself the snook and the hook he immediately took? / can; and how he subsequently and with great subtlety, tried on the same game with some one of a more confiding nature.

To the above legend has been added, and I think there is sufficient external evidence to prove it to be the work of another hand, an extra verse exhibiting Simon's foolishness. Says this writer, "Simple Simon went a-fishing for to catch a whale, all the water he had got was in his mother's pail." This may be either dismissed at once as a mere fable, by one whose inventive powers were superior to his ability as a rhymester, or the whaling expedition was another of Simon's dodges to get his name up. Take my word for it—he was all there, was Simon.

"Solid facts"—Ice blocks.

TAKEN OUT OF BED.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir,*—I have to thank you for the great relief received from your "Favorite Prescription." My sickness had lasted seven years, one of which I was in bed. After taking one bottle I was able to be about the house.

Respectfully,
AMANDA K. ENNIS, Falton, Mich.

WINTER RAIN.

BY AN OLD CURMUDGEON

How sweet it is to lie
Up at six,
No yawn,
The sky,
In your garret, where it's comfortably dry;
When the rain
Upon the pane
Spatters,
And scatters
The mud-bedraggled wretch going by
So wry slush,
Soft as mush,
Doth gush
Through his boots;
How he scots
As to his far-off home he doth fly!
Car the last
Has past,
And hence,
He's left
In the rain,
For in vain
He to the conductor loud doth cry,
"Hi! Hi!"
Come again!
Gentle rain—
Winter rain!



LATEST NEWS FROM THE "GLOBE" OFFICE.

Jimuel Briggs has had his hair cut! The new Directors are bound to revolutionize the whole establishment!

Central Prison Industries.

Offers will be received by the undersigned up to noon of

FRIDAY, JAN. 5th, 1883,

FOR

1,000 Cords of Wood

AS UNDER:—

700 Cords Pine,

300 Cords Mixed Soft Wood.

Delivery in the Central Prison Brickyard, Toronto, to be completed by the 31st March, 1883.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

R. CHRISTIE,
Inspector.

Office of the Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, 22nd December, 1882.

RECORD OF A SLEEPLESS MAN.

When the clock strikes ten
I retire to my den,
Intending to sleep, though I can't tell just when.
When the clock strikes eleven
I say "Would to heaven
That morning was come and the clock striking seven."
When it's twelve by the clock
I feel with a shock
That this will not buy the dear child a new frock.
When the clock strikes one,
It is really no fun;
The battle for sleep has now fairly begun.
When the clock strikes two,
I am awfully blue—
I turn and I twist and don't know what to do.
When the clock strikes three,
In my keen misery
I would like to be hanged to the very next tree.
When the clock strikes four
I hear a deep snore;
Some fowls crow and cats fight just outside the door.
When the clock strikes five
I am barely alive;
Too weary to struggle—too near dead to strive.
When the clock strikes six
I am out of the fix;
Sound asleep now, for sure, I put in my best ticks.
When the clock strikes seven
I say, "Would to heaven
I hadn't woke up, but slept on till eleven!"
When the clock strikes eight
I must yield to fate,
I come down and am so dazed for getting up late.

SNAKES AS LIFE DESTROYERS.

The loss of life in India due to the ravages of venomous snakes is almost incredible. Yet Consumption, which is as wily and fatal as the deadliest Indian reptile, is winding its coils around thousands of people while the victims are unconscious of its presence. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" must be used to cleanse the blood of the serofulous impurities, for tubercular consumption is only a form of serofulous disease. "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy for all forms of serofulous disease, or king's-evil, such as tumors, white swellings, fever sores, serofulous sore eyes, as well as for other blood and skin diseases. By druggists.

EARS FOR THE MILLION!

Foo Choo's Balsam of Shark's Oil

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

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

Hear what the Deaf Say!

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

I have been greatly benefited. My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

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

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

Only imported by HAYLOCK & JENNEY,
Sole Agents for America. Day St., N. Y.



"EVERY MORNING WHEN HE WAKES."

PREMIER NORWAY.—LET'S SEE; WHAT WAS MY POSITION ON THE PROVINCIAL QUESTION YESTERDAY?

THE PARLIAMENTARY SYMPOSIUM.

The near approach of the holiday season infused an extra amount of festiveness into the blithesome assemblage which convened in the spacious *salon* after the close of the debate the evening previous to the adjournment. The place of Symposiarch was occupied by Mr. Pardee, the Treasurer having desired to vacate the position in consequence of his retirement from public life. The first act of the new Symposiarch, was to liquidate, so to speak, an appropriation which will be found in the Public Accounts under the head of "Sealing-Wax \$24." The wax was of a green color, but that is no reason why any exception should be raised to the item.

"I shall proceed," said the Symposiarch, "to state a few observations which occur to me on this occasion. This is the proudest day of my life, and the honor you have conferred upon me will be remembered, to quote the words of the immortal bard,

"While men try holds her seat
In this distracted globe."
—(Sensation.)

No, gents don't misunderstand me. No pun intended."

"That a no-pun question," suggested Morris.

"I shall now," said the Symposiarch, "bring my remarks to a close, and call upon the gentleman who has just spoken for a song."

"Hear, hear!" said Bell, "A song and dance—a merry Morris dance, so to speak—seasonable and picturesque."

"As he pleases about that," said the Symposiarch. "Waiter sling Col. Morris the lute, and silence for the madrigal—(mad-wriggle.)"

Mr. Morris struck a chord or two on the weapon to see that it was in tune, and then seating himself on the back of his chair, in approved negro minstrel fashion, burst forth into the following strain of song:

THE IMPENDING CRISIS.

(AIR—So early in de mornin'.)

Local Gub'nent ain't no good,
Not sence losin' Brudder Wood;
Him could cypher just so slick,
Ebery time he take de trick.

Chorus.—So early in de mornin'
So early in de mornin',
So early in de mornin',
Before de broke ob da'.

Oliver Mowat—bery bad man,
Fool de folks on de license plan;
Dem licent'ous schemes won't work,
Pull 'em up wid a lively jerk.

Chorus.—So early, &c.

Brudder Crooks, he runs de schools,
"Gardin' to de party rules";
Ebery time makes big mistake,
But de Marrison racket takes de cake.

Chorus.—So early, &c.

Brudder Wood he lead de way,
Now he's gone de rest can't stay,
Soon dey got to shut up shop,
Dey'll be bustle up save pop.

Chorus.—So early, &c.

Clar de track when dey ring de bell,
Victuals vote am a gwine to tell;
"Long come lecton—big defeat,
Grits broke up on de second heat.

Chorus.—So early, &c.

"Mr. Hay will now favor the audience with an impromptu joke," said the Symposiarch.

"Me?" said Hay, "why Mr. Speaker I never made a joke in my life. Indeed I can't, but I suppose I can do the other thing. Give your orders, gentlemen, Apollonaris water for me, waiter, with just a slight dash—a mere flavoring as it were—of Old Tom."

"Brother Rayside will now be heard from," said the symposiarch.

"Well, if I must I must, so here goes. Why does the Provincial Secretary at work on a public document remind you of a doctor performing a difficult surgical feat?"

After two minutes reflection they gave it up.

"Because he's performing a scissoream (Caesarean) operation," replied Rayside. (Aside.) "It's a trifle rough on the party, but then it would cost altogether too much to treat this crowd."

"If we had not just partaken of refreshments I should not let that attempt pass," said the Symposiarch, "however, you're a new member, so it may do."

"It is a cutting sarcasm," said McAllister. Bonfield was next called on. He thought intently for a minute, and then asked:

"Why did the Hon. Treasurer resign?"

"Well, why?" asked the Symposiarch after it had been given up.

"Casey Wood," replied Bonfield.

Cries of "explain!"

"Kase he would, d'ye moind."

The Symposiarch sadly smiled, and then slowly shook his head. It went to my venerable friend. It really won't. It isn't up to the mark. Waiter please pass round the cigars on Mr. Bonfield's account."

"And now," said the Symposiarch after a pause in the conversation, "we come to the choice *morveau* of the evening, in fact very much more so. My esteemed colleague of the Public Works Department will warble a son-

ata to the lascivious pleasing of a lute. Air—*Viva la compagnie*. The company are requested to join in the chorus *con expression*."

Fraser then, with a significant smile in the direction of Morris and Lauder, sang as follows:

THE OPPOSITION RING.

I'm going to mention a singular thing,
Viva la compagnie.

How the Tory lieutenants are all in a ring,
Viva la compagnie.

Chorus.—Viva la, &c.

They're of aid if new leaders the breach should step in,
They'd be left in the lurch if the Tories should win.

Morris, Lauder, Bell, Merrick, and Creighton they say,
Are thus giving their leader and party away.

To rule or to ruin they all are agreed,
How under the sun can they hope to succeed?

They'd greatly prefer their old places to keep,
Than that new Tory leaders the honors should reap.

Then why should we fight with such excellent friends,
Who would keep us in power to serve their own ends,
Viva la compagnie.

Chorus.—Viva la, &c.

At this stage of the proceedings our reporters left.



ART AND UTILITARIANISM.

ARTIST—I beg pardon, but really, sir, I cannot see that I am doing any harm, and I am sure you will—

FARMER (in amazement, stopping him short)—Well, I'm blowed, not a-doin' any harm; oh no, it won't, will it not? an' it won't be a-doin' any harm if you keep them sheep a-standin' all day a-starin' at you, instead o' fillin' up as fast as they can them bellies o' their' for me! Not a-doin' any harm, why—
[At this point Pingo packs up.]

CAROLLINGS BY A CRANK.

Woe'd he would to the wild woods go,
Heigh ho! says Hardy.
Whether his colleagues would like it or no,
With his Hardy, Hardy,
Hardy and Hardy—
Heigh ho! says Hardy and Hardy.

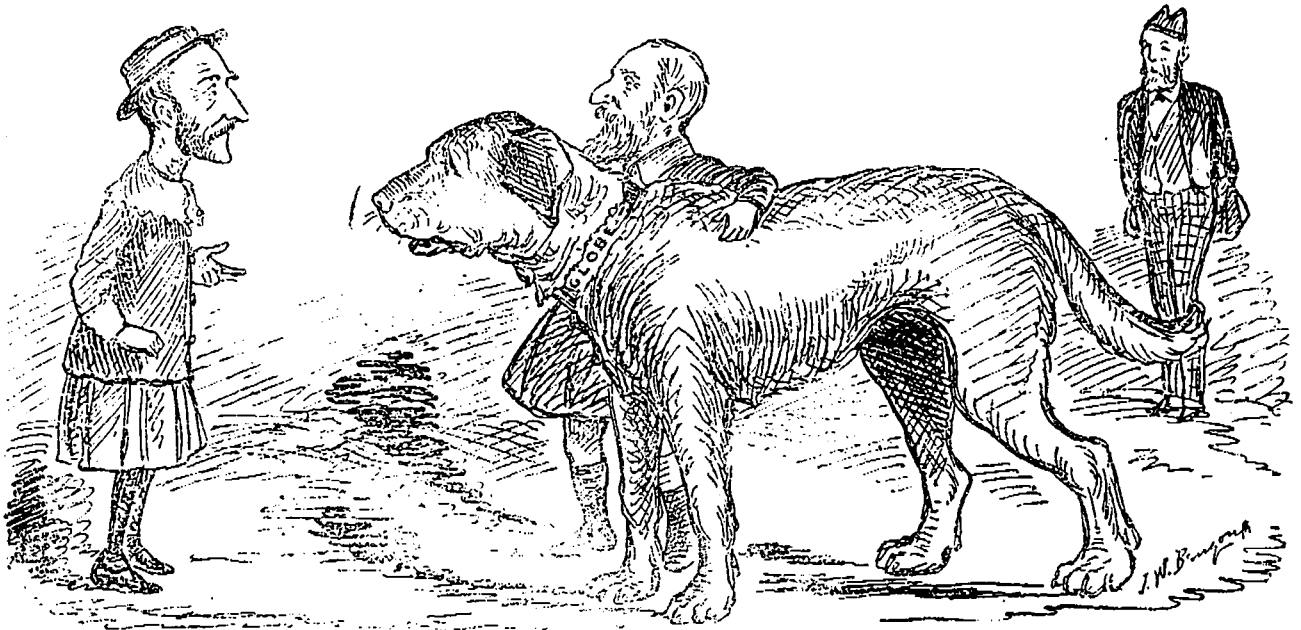
LINES BY A LUNATIC.

'Tis sweet to watch the rustic maiden stroll
Amid the shadowy cedar-shaded maze;
'Tis sweet to see her on the rising knoll,
With oxgoad whack the cow that round her plays.

She pensive thinks of coming happy days,
With love's young dreams to captivate her soul,
When lo! the bovine on his horns cloth raise
Her form, and *chaiks* her in a musk-rat hole.

IDYL BY A TRAMP.

I sigh, I sigh for the sweet sunshine,
When I lay in the fair Queen's Park,
In the calm delightful summer time,
'I'd stay till the night grew dark!
When the cruel crushers wild "baroo,"
And terrible watch-dog, bork
Would hasten me off for pastures new,
Away from my best loved Park!



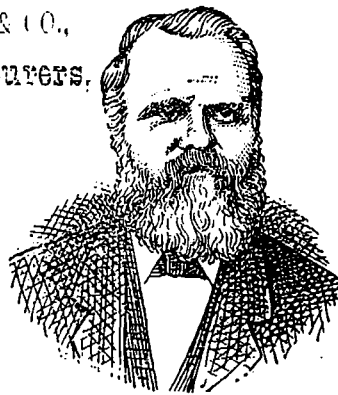
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