


EL PADRE, EL PADRE, EL PADRE,

IMPORTER.



CHINA HALL.

GLOVER HARRISON,

49 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.




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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VOLUME XIX. No. 4.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1882.

\$2 PER ANNUM 5 CENTS EACH.



1. He is utterly unstable.

2. He has sponsored a bill for the abolition of the Oyster.

3. He is not to be trusted for he would make a weak Government.

4. Because in a Justice Office he has popped in and out so often.

5. No Reader can be trusted who has been so easily convinced as he by the 'Dissolving Views'.

6. He perfidiously supplanted Mackenzie's leadership.

7. Because he is utterly ignorant of the meaning of any word.

8. He has stuffed his N. P.

9. Free Trade is best for all sections of the Community.

10. He was not consistent in his speeches at Charlottetown and Toronto.

11. Free Trade is impossible in Canada.

12. Because he promises his sail to the passing breeze from every quarter.

13. He is a promoter of the Country of the U.S.

14. He is the Libeller of the N.W.

15. Because he denounces the Dominion of the Steamship, though he has introduced similar bills when Minister of Justice.

16. Because he crept out of the House & started the 'Horse & Dog' Debate, being afraid to meet Sir John.

17. He is the Prime Rotten of Ontario.

18. Because he believes in Chinese Labor.

19. He proposes to be shocked at the Sermon in the Serrymans.

20. This is his Racket!!

REASONS WHY BLAKE SHOULD BE DEFEATED.

(From Monday's Mail)

TO THE TRADE.

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BRUCE THE PHOTO.

1ST GENT—What find I here?
Fair Fortia's counterfeit? What demi-god Hath come so near creation?

2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can so beautifully counterfeit nature.

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The story related by a speaker at one of the amphitheatre meetings the other evening so exactly illustrates the position of the working classes—that is, all classes excepting certain manufacturers—that we give it the further benefit of pictorial representation. The cartoon, no doubt, speaks for itself, but it will not be out of place to give here the story as related by the speaker in question. A certain old Scotch wife had a "coo," which she kept tethered upon a ledge of barren rock, which, however, commanded a fine view of landscape. Some person having remarked to her that the cow appeared to have very poor pasture, she replied, "Weel, to be sure, the grass is scant, but the coo has a gran' prospect!" This little anecdote was related *apropos* of Sir John's late bid for the workingman's vote on the ground that millions of money await investment in Canada if the Government is again returned.

FRONT PAGE.—Last Monday's *Mail* contained a long article giving twenty-one reasons why Blake should be defeated at the polls. As many of our readers may not have seen the article in question, we give the gist of it, with appropriate illustrations, on the first page. It will be observed that we have only mentioned twenty out of the twenty-one reasons; this is accounted for by the fact that two of them were practically the same in scope and intent.

The electors are advised to give these reasons the most serious consideration.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The farce of the week has been the O'Donohue Shuffle. In order to offset the force of Blake's Irish speech, and to catch the catholic vote (which Mr. John O'Donohue is supposed to control), that gentleman was presented with a Senatorship and a seat in the Cabinet. No sooner was this announced than Sir John Macdonald was beard by the Orange section of his party, who objected to O'Donohue on the score of disloyalty. Sir John, with his usual acuteness, overcame the difficulty by taking the portfolio of O'Donohue and giving it to an equally good Irishman—Frank Smith. The Orangemen (who never surrender) declared themselves satisfied that the hated "Fenian" should retain his Senatorship, and in this they gave a most unkind backhanded cut at our house of Lords. If the Government are returned to power, and it should occur that Mr. Smith hands back the portfolio to O'Donohue, the Orangemen will no doubt be very much astonished, but the rest of the world—who know something of John A. -ism—will simply say "I told you so."

The Reformers who in '78 voted for the N. P. are not all dead by any means, and they are pretty sure to vote that way again, unless Mr. Blake announces his policy on the tariff question more clearly than he has yet done. Let him tell the country forthwith precisely the extent of the changes he proposes to make in the present tariff, well in advance of the 20th; or, better still, let him publish the tariff itself, in the form it will take under Grit auspices—if such auspices are preferred by the Electorate.

Mr. Mowat is appearing on the platform during the present contest, and apologises for doing so, recognizing that only under special circumstances should local ministers interfere in Dominion Elections. His apology is that vast provincial issues are at stake. In the one matter of the Boundary Award, the snug little sum of at least \$17,000,000 is to be filched from the treasury of Ontario if Sir John carries out the policy he is committed to, and in which he is supported by many members of the Conservative party. Under these circumstances Mr. Mowat is undoubtedly justified in taking the stump, especially as he carefully confines himself to the questions which are exclusively Provincial.

The *World's* rebuke to the *Mail* the other morning, for allowing Mr. John Hague to defile its columns with slanderous abuse of certain young men, who, it was alleged, had interfered with the good order of the Yorkville meeting, was very well-timed, but it would have been less laughable if it had not contained a shocking proportion of the very commodity it condemned.

A respected correspondent objects seriously to the reference in a recent number to a re-

cently appointed bishop as "Head bottle-washer." The simile was certainly not elegant, but still bottle-washing is an honorable avocation, and as dignified as any other labor if done in the proper spirit.

Our editorial brother, Livingstone, of the *St. John Sun*, is no doubt very busy keeping up his end of the political log, and has little spare time for poesy. Under the circumstances we are willing that the *Sun's* poet's corner should be supplied from *Grip's* columns, though hereafter the overworked editor ought to somehow find time to add the credit mark.

The terrible position of the wretched Guiteau is deemed a proper subject for newspaper "humor" just now, and some of our American contemporaries are surpassing themselves in coarseness on the subject. *The Judge*, of New York, and the *Hornet*, of Louisville recently came out with horrible cartoons, representing the doomed assassin in the clutches of Satan. We are at a loss to see the funniness of such Pictures. They simply expose the vulgarity of their authors.

Apropos of Costigan's motion and Blake's speech on the Irish question, our English contemporary *Moonshine* advises Canada to mind her own business. But how can we mind our own business until we have the right to make our own commercial treaties?

Whatever may be thought of Oscar Wilde's evening costume, or his long hair, or his "stained-glass attitudes," he is undoubtedly doing good service to individual artists if not to American art in general. He appears to be inspired by good feeling, and delights in extending a helping hand to struggling genius. He has repeated in Boston the eulogy he pronounced here upon Mr. Homer Watson's landscape work, adding an equally generous word of praise for Mr. Dunbar, our Canadian sculptor. At Chicago he discovered a highly gifted modeller, whom he mentioned in his lecture, and who is now in receipt of many commissions.

Mr. Peter Imrie, Lanarkshire Farmers' Delegate to Canada, has sent us a copy of his pamphlet, in which he undertakes to prove that the C. P. Railway Co. are in a position to extort from the farmers of the North-west as much as \$7.50 per acre per annum beyond what they have any equitable right to, and that they will undoubtedly do so unless "a more severe Government than the present one be appointed to look after the interests of settlers and the country generally." This is certainly a matter for serious consideration and Mr. Imrie has done well to bring it to the notice of the public.

BY AN EAST TORONTO LIB.-CON.

The tale of Jack who killed the giant,
Electors, please recall,
For here we have a Mammoth Grit,
And a Candidate who's Small.



"THE VARIOUS CITY CANDIDATES ARE PROSECUTING THEIR CANVAS ENERGETICALLY."—Daily Paper.

THE MYSTERIES OF LONDON (ONT.)

NOT BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MYSTERIES OF LONDON (ENGLAND).

PART I. A DISAPPEARANCE IN THE DARK.

Bright streamed the radiance of the summer gas and the purer lustre of the electric light on the glittering stores on Dundas street. All was fairy-like as where the same scene is depicted by the artist of the forthcoming London part of *Picturesque Canada*. Mortimer Collins, the youthful reporter of a leading local journal, observed the glittering scene with melancholy gaze. That evening's game at billiards had gone against him, his wealth was at an end, and it was in vain to betake himself to the Tecumseh bar-tender, who is the friend of mankind, but does not give credit. To the impecunious there is little pleasure in contemplating richly furnished store-windows. Mortimer Collins bent his steps to the public promenade in Victoria Square. There under the blooming chestnut trees beside the central fountain, he saw Selina, loveliest blonde in the city, daughter of a very wealthy resident, the Hon. Silas Stoddart. She wore a bewitching over-the-garden-wall straw hat with *marguerites*, and a dress of rich sage green, trimmed with a lustrous material of a lighter shade of the same colour, with a suggestion of gold and embroidered flowers in satin. She was joined by a man of sinister appearance, who beckoned her away. She seemed to obey with reluctance. They were shadowed by a second figure, a tall man, muffled in a dark cloak. Mortimer followed, grasping his stout Irish blackthorn, and resolved, if needful, to die in the rescue of Selina. They quickly passed to a dark street leading to the river bank, and as the corporation of London are no more liberal than that of Toronto in supplying street lamps to the distant parts of the city, the place was as black as a bottle of ink in a barrel of pitch at the bottom of the sea. Mortimer could see their figures in faint outline, in a moment more they had disappeared. Had they sunk into the recess of a subterranean passage? Mortimer searched, but in vain. Next day he could discover no trace of the place of the mysterious event, as to which he kept silent, fearing to damage his professional reputation as a newspaper man, to which of course, veracity, and the absence of any tendency to exaggerate, were of the first importance.

PART II.—A DISAPPEARANCE IN THE SUNSHINE.

A week, and the hot sun of a June Sunday

afternoon shone fiercely on Mortimer Collins, as he walked listlessly past the new Opera House. It was closed, as were all other places of refreshment: added to which Mortimer was in his usual state of impecuniosity. He passed on for about a mile to a street composed of a number of private houses. One of these was a spacious mansion, whose garden, cool with fountains, and fragrant with tropical flowers, arrested Mortimer's attention. In a sumptuous dining hall he could see the black servants busied in preparing a banquet. They were ranging champagne glasses of the purest crystal: they were heaping silver ice-pails with the costly flasks. Mortimer gazed without a thought of envy, but with a longing he could not repress to have were it but a few hours' experience of some such life of luxury. He had stood some moments absorbed in this reverie, when his shoulder was touched by a black servant, who respectfully invited him to enter, as his master desired to see him. In an inner room stood a gentleman of commanding address, with dark hair and eyes, who invited him to dine. They sat alone in the banquet room. After dinner his host handed Mortimer a cigar box and said, "This box contains two dozen of those regalias which you said just now you liked, also bills for ten thousand dollars. A like sum will be paid you every month for a year. During that period this house and all that it contains are yours. Whether you will retain the position depends on your action when we next meet. Two conditions. Not a word of thanks, and keep entirely aloof from all former acquaintances. Now farewell, till the decisive hour arrive."

PART III. SUNSHINE.

The happy months passed by. Mortimer avoided all his former associates, who knew he had got suddenly rich, and thought he was proud. Mortimer became a total abstainer, and sought amusement in the society of the lovely, cultured *belles* of London, above all of Selina. She at length consented to be engaged to him.

PART IV. THE SYNDICATE OF ASSASSINS.

About this time startling and mysterious crimes occurred all over Canada. No one could trace them. The policemen were kept out of the way of all able-bodied and suspicious persons, and assisted plenty of helpless drunkards and women.

One evening Selina was walking with her lover near the scene of the event recorded in

our First Part. Impelled by irresistible curiosity Mortimer implored her to tell him all. Love which she could not control forced her to divulge the key to the mysterious experience.

The stranger, Mortimer's benefactor, was her uncle, the respected Hon. Silas Stoddart. With a secret key she opened an iron door in a secret place covered by the river shrubs. Stoddart, who was her uncle, not her father, had compelled her silence by threats. She had learned from a secret source that he had been killed by an accomplice in a brawl. She told of a dark plot to secure the persons of Oscar Wilde, Goldwin Smith, and Gordon Brown, and to force them, by compelling them to endure each other's society in the luxurious underground chambers, to surrender their wealth. Oscar was to be fed on a diet of alternate lilies and sunflowers, till he gave up the proceeds of his lecture-tour. This diabolical plot, of course, fell through, but it is believed by some that the "Syndicate of Assassins" did overpower the members of the Pacific Railway Syndicate, and that these gentlemen sleep in nameless graves, while the band of robbers, dressed in their clothes, carry on successfully the business of plundering Canada.

C. P. M.



"BEATS COCK-FIGHTING."

Emigrant from the Land o' Cakes has been ringing and knocking for the last half-hour at the empty house next door to Smythe's.

Smythe (putting his head out of his own window)—"Hallo! There's no one lives there."

Emigrant—"Is'n a this number forty twa?"

Smythe—"Yes. Who are you looking for."

Emigrant—"Ow, just my gude brither, Sandy Mackay."

Smythe—"Mackay, oh! he's off to Winnipeg."

Emigrant—"Lord bless me! This beats cock-fichtin! I've been this twa days lookin' for my relations 'over the toon, an' deil a word can I hear about ane o' them, but juist they're awa the Winnipeg. It's awfu' to be a stranger in a strange land an' every keevin' soul belongin' tae ye awa to Winnipeg. Hoo mony mile is it frae here?"

THE ALDERMAN'S REASON WHY.

"What? vote for Kilvert? No, sir, oh! no, no! I'd far sooner vote the Grit ticket in toto; Of Kilvert, believe me, I'd more than my fill, oh! Why, he cheekily called me an *armadillo*!"

"An *armadillo*! why, man, perillion Were as much to the point; what he said was *Chameleon*!" "Why, for that I'd forgive him, and cancel the bill, oh! But it wasn't *Chameleon* but—*Armadillo*!"

AMBIT. CRT.



MEN OF ONTARIO! TO THE RESCUE!!

ÆSTHETIC.

Of Oscar's visit to Hamilton he may say *veni, vidi, vici*. He looked as if he had stepped out of a picture frame, and on the platform talked a good deal of common sense and second-hand Ruskin. A shrewd fellow who can use other people's brains to his own advantage and the improvement of his hearers. He did not mention anything about the washboards on this continent, but we suppose the sight of the horrible stove restrained him from further research. *Apropos* of his visit to Brantford, while waiting at the station he was accosted by the Rev. C. A. Johnstone, of the *British Lion* and the *Moving Sun*, who introduced himself as one of the clergy.

Mr. Leland, the American Consul, being also on the platform, was then instantly buttonholed by Mr. Johnstone, who led him up and presented him with great *calor* to the distinguished apostle of æstheticism, who thereafter departed on his way rejoicing, no doubt profoundly impressed with his unexpected interview with the representative of the Hamilton city clergy. As for the genial consul, we are certain that he more than appreciates in its true inwardness, the ah—ah—ah what-d'ye-call-it French word of the whole affair, and we would desire nothing better than to measure the size of his smile, as he privately meditates thereon.

NOTES FROM HIGH SOCIETY.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Though but a new correspondent, I (like all of Adam's sons and some of Eve's daughters) take such delight in seeing myself in print that I have resolved to send you a few more letters on the same general subject. This I do with the praiseworthy intention of increasing your world-renowned wisdom in a direction where one of your sober and thoughtful disposition cannot have many opportunities of observation. I am therefore for

the time being a critic of our society and even of my personal friends. A critic, I say, but not from the far-off gallery, nor the brilliant boxes, nor the humble pit, but from behind the scenes where I, an actor, move among the actors, and view my brethren much too close to join in the rapturous clapping and the delighted smiles awarded us by the audience. The rosy cheeks too often are daubs of paint, the luxuriant ringlets musty wigs, the brilliant jewelry tarnished tinsel. And yet there are actors on this stage who manage to admire themselves and fellows, shortsighted people who see no more than the audience though much more near. Well, I do not wish to quarrel with them; let them enjoy themselves while they can, that time is past for me, I see that. I wear the paint, powder, and tinsel and despise myself for it; still it is better to be what I am, an actress, if you will, but one who hates acting, who suffers herself to be decked out, stands in the background of the stage, and repeats mechanically the words of the chorists, than to daub myself with delight, walk to the footlights and repeat grand poetry which I do not understand, lofty sentiments which I do not feel, to laugh when I am sad, and weep when I am gay. I would rather—but, dear me! I've been borrowing a leaf from Thackeray, that won't do! He is the one novelist whom a young lady should not quote, the only one whom a woman of fashion may not read, the solitary writer of fiction who should be banished from aristocratic circles. Why, what untold mischief may not Thackeray do? He has often spoiled a ball for me by including me to look too far beyond appearances, and he may do the same for others. He may teach young and foolish girls that if marriage is the end of our existence (as we all believe), that end is not attained by marriage of every kind, but only when the life-partner is chosen by the heart. He may say that where indifference exists between husband and wife, they are

farther from the end designed for them than they were before their birth. He may try to prove that happiness does not consist of servants, carriages and dinner-parties, and I fear he may even insinuate that it may be entirely independent of them. Now this, Mr. GRIP, your owlish wisdom will tell you might seriously interfere with Mamma's little plans for a "really good marriage" for dear Ethel, and induce that misguided child to neglect her parents' advice and her own interest, and marry Jack Blank, who has a very small annuity and works hard for that. Having said this much in extenuation of my fault, I will close for to-night, promising the next time to write nothing but what is proper for young people to read.

I am, dear Mr. GRIP,
Yours in deep contrition,
JEMIMA.

THE SORT OF POETRY WE LIKE.

(BY A SUBSCRIBER, WITH CASH ACCOMPANIMENT.)

MR. GRIP, your gracious pardon
Now most humbly I implore,
That so long I've kept you dunning,
Dunning gently, o'er and o'er.
But the truth is, my good husband,
Seeking to increase his store,
Off hath hied him to the North-west,
Where the mails reach nevermore—
That is, hardly ever—reach they
Once a week, but nothing more.

And I being but a woman,
"Lone and lorn" and all unversed
In the art of paying moneys,
Had to write and ask him first,
"Can I send for GRIP, beloved,
Till, at least, election's o'er?"
All my politics come through him,
And I'd miss him, oh! so sore.
And he answered, like a husband—
"Do without GRIP?—nevermore!
Do without your summer bonnet,
Do without all lesser lore,
But, pay up your sub. for GRIP, ma'am,
Or I'll leave you evermore."

So I herewith send two dollars,
And my tardiness deplore;
One I owe you for back numbers,
And the other you'll be sure
To repay me in hard rappings
On the pates of men who'll lure
Our fair country to destruction,
Had we not a GRIP, who, truer
To the cause of Right, cries, "Never,
O, ye wrigglers! nevermore
Shall ye nibble in our cheeses—
Squirm away for evermore!"

NAPANEE, ONT.



THE MODERN ATLAS.
OR, PHIPPS BEARING UP THE "WORLD."

A Frenchman, by way of giving expression to his love of nature, exclaimed, "O madam, I love ze cows, ze horses, ze sheep, and any-zing else that is honest."

Spring pants are so attenuated in style that when a young man of the period sits down in them he will wish he had stood up and saved rent.—*Elmira Telegram*.



A GLORIOUS PROSPECT!

THE AULD WOMAN.—TRULY, AS YOU SAY, SIR, THE PASTURE IS VERA POOR, BUT THE COW HAS A GRAND VIEW !!

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

To Herr is German.

Vegetarians have "got the bulge" on the corner in beef.

The secret of the Keely motor has been divulged. It is money.

The Turkish cavalry is quite as well drilled as the ordinary artesian well.

Ben Jonson was the first Englishman to drop his h.—*Boston Transcript*.

In charity it may be better to give than receive; but in kissing it is about equal.—*Picayune*.

A man does not necessarily talk cents when he speaks in money-syllables.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Oui, eet eoz true. I sings ze opera of ze Offenbach in ze Anglaise. I sings him so next season.—*Aimee*.

"Ah, ha," said Mrs. Partington, "it takes all sorts of folks to make a world, and I'm glad I'm not one of 'em."

Oscar Wilde was the first to discover that there are greenbacks to sunflowers.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

The Ladies' Work Society—Ah! that they do, and don't they go about it in an artful manner, neither!—*Quiz*.

"The crops are backward this spring," said the fox, as he slung the hen over his shoulder.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

The euphemistic way of saying that Gail Hamilton is over 80 is to say that she has a last-century face.—*Lowell Courier*.

A poet asks: "Why is the nightingale's song so sad?" Perhaps it is because the nightingale has to get up so early in the morning.

"What are you blowing about?" said the tree to the tornado. "Blowing about eighty miles an hour," was the reply.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Sophronia—"What is philosophy?" It is something that enables a rich man to say there is no disgrace in being poor.—*Somerville Journal*.

Fashion permits women to wear false hair, but the poor, bald-headed men who need it the most cannot even wear bangs.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

THE NEWER ARITHMETIC.

If a man buys a box of strawberries with the bottom shoved up half-way to the top for twenty-five cents, how many can he buy for \$2?

Bought a horse 14 years old for \$65 and sold him to an editor for \$120 as a 6-year-old stepper. How much did I make?

If it takes eighteen men to do the bossing and four men to do the lifting when a street car horse falls down, how many bosses and lifters will it take to put five horses on their feet?

Julia has 5 beaux and Emily has 3, while the old maid next door has none. How many beaux in all, and how many would be left if they should give the old maid half the crowd?

How many are \$18 less the \$5 you lent a Congressman's son to help him pay his fare to Iowa?

A certain city has a population of 420,000. The census man can't find but 231,580. What

is the difference, and where did the remainder hide during the census taking?

A. has an overcoat for which he paid \$18, and his wife trades it off for two red-clay busts of Andrew Jackson, worth thirty cents each. How much money will she get from her husband to buy a fall bonnet?

If six men who talk politics and dispute on Biblical questions can build a wall in five days, how long will it take two men who whistle and flirt with the widow on the corner to do the same work?

A man pays thirty cents for three pounds of evaporated apples, and gets a \$14 newspaper puff for sending them to an orphan asylum. Did he gain or lose, and how much?

How many peck peach-baskets, each holding six quarts, will be required to hold seven bushels of peaches, each bushel of which is short four quarts?

How do you obtain an abstract number? Answer: Hire a strange boy to take a dozen oranges to your house.

How do you obtain a concrete number? Answer: Mix one part Akron cement with two parts of sand and spread.—*Detroit Free Press*

RULES FOR WEARING TIGHT PANTS.

When we started out with the above we thought that the subject would bear elaboration, and that we might, upon consideration, be able to append a number of suggestions that would be valuable to the stern and interesting, perhaps to the gentle sex. Having chewed our pen-holder for half a hour, we are prepared to declare that there is but one rule for wearing tight pants, viz:—stand up.

There are several places about a pair of very tight pants that are subjected to such tension that the act of seating one's self in them is an extremely precarious one, and certainly it will be universally conceded that man is never so wretched looking as when endeavoring to appear at ease thus clothed and seated, wriggling now one leg and now another, and pulling his pants down at the knees as he notes the too great exhibit of sock, and ever and anon pulling his pants at the knees as he reflects with dismay how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have bagginess at the knees.

Come to think it all over, there is one other suggestion regarding tight pants; don't wear them. Like the kid glove, they are peculiarly ill-adapted for comfort in any season, being cold in winter and hot in summer.

It was a Cincinnati young lady who remarked last Sunday concerning a knot of young men, all clad in the tightest fitting of light pants, that they resembled nothing so much as a bunch of spring onions, for there were the slender white ends and the green tops were not probably wanting.


About thirty years ago extremely tight pants were the fashion; now a gentleman completes his toilet by drawing on with the greatest care a pair of close fitting kid gloves; but in those days the last thing to be accomplished was the donning of the pants, and an extremely delicate operation it was. The boots of that period were made to lace tightly to the limb, and after they had been adjusted and every other portion of the attire subjected to a most critical examination and found to be perfect, and the mind thus left free to concentrate itself upon the great final act, the pants were tackled, and after being subjected to a glove stretcher and filled with French chalk, the long and laborious operation of fitting them without a wrinkle was entered upon. This process in some cases involved the solution of the most intricate problems, as for instance where a gentleman possessed a foot that wore a No. 11 boot and an ankle that measured an inch and a quarter in diameter.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

JUST AT THE WRONG TIME.

Mr. Robert Wilson, of the City Surveyor's office, and Street Commissioner of the Eastern Division for the Board of Public Works, Toronto, Ont., who is very fond of shooting, says: "To lose a duck hunt is a loss for which there is no adequate recompense. This misfortune lately overtook me. The boys got together recently and made arrangements for a good hunt. At the time the arrangements were entered into I was in good health generally; but, just as the shooting was to take place, my old enemy, the rheumatism, came back to stay with me awhile again, and I had to forego the pleasure. The rheumatism has been a source of great bother to me, and I have done a great deal of doctoring for it, without much good. When this last attack came on me and crippled my hands so that they were drawn up, a friend of mine recommended St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. I tried it, I am happy to say, and the result is that I am now cured and as well as ever. St. Jacobs Oil succeeded where more than a score of other liniments and medicines had failed."

Rev. Mr. Lyon, of Bridgeport, preached Sunday night on the national sin. There was a universal exchange of umbrella's the next morning.—*Danbury News*.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

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"SORROWS OF A WORKINGMAN."

I want, dear GRIP, your sage advice. Assist me if you can,
For I'm a humble and, I trust, a truly honest man;
I want to vote the proper way, but somehow always fail
To strike an even average, betwixt the *Globe* and *Mail*,
And after gazing on their bright Kaleidoscopic Views,
Have really failed to find, as yet, the proper side to choose.

I read both *Globe* and *Mail*, of course, but 'tween myself and you
There's not a more annoying thing a working man can do,
For when I read the *Globe's* account of meetings at the Grand,
It seems to me that Edward Blake's the saviour of the land;
But now I've read the morning *Mail's* satirical report,
I feel that all my hopes of Blake have somehow come to nought.

The *Globe* avers the late award's scandalous "land slip,"
The *Mail* declares that doubtful act is Heaven-born statesmanship;
That Tory "Gerrymander Bill," the former claims to be
But second in iniquity to Mr. Phipps' N. P.,
The *Mail*, about the latter says, Reformers must confess
Protection is, and always was a glorious success.

And now, far worse than *Globe* or *Mail*, the melancholy fates
Make me the wretched object of ambitious candidates,
Who always kiss the babies and admire my homely wife,
And swear the welfare of myself is all they want in life!
They always walk with me to work, by early morning light,
And patiently at 6 o'clock escort me home at night.

Alas! if I but walk out "West," I'm brought up face to face
With Jamie Beauty's legal form, or Mac's seductive grace;
When sweetly "doing" King and Yonge, I'm sure to meet Bob Hay,
Or Edgar's *nisi prius* laugh is heard across the way;
Then Eastward, I'm in Thompson's arms, and last and worst of all
Is, when I've pass'd the Maunmoth House I'm button-holed by Small.

Farewell, dear G—! I'm losing weight, my soul is plung'd in doubt;
"Twixt catholic and colored plots, it seems "a black look-out"
At all events I'm sure to be as honest as I can,
For am I not my country's pride, a humble working man;
And if the worst comes to the worst, I'll make an "Irish steu,"
And be a full-blown Senator like John O'Donoghue.

PORCUPINE.

THE LION LYING DOWN WITH THE LAMB.

A learned Professor of Queen's University, visiting the city of Toronto this week, expressed much interest in the *Canada Educational Journal*, and inquired anxiously for Mr. Houston and Mr. W. J. Gage, whom he fondly imagined to be deeply interested in the above-named excellent magazine, as its editors and proprietors! We may expect that other "wise men from the east" will inquire for the *Globe* office to ask after the welfare of Professor Goldwin Smith, or ask at the lodge-gates of the Grange, after the health of Gordon Brown. All which illustrates the saying of an ancient heathen observer, in the early ages of Christianity: "See how these Christians love one another!"

GARIBALDI.

Hush! for earth's grandest spirit sleeps the sleep
In which none dream or waken!
Hush! let God's judgment-book his record keep
Of shrines and kingdoms shaken!
False shrines, where high priests fed men's souls with lies,
Godless, in God's name reigning,
Whose sword ruled earth, whose incense hid the skies,
Truth, Peace and Freedom chaining!
Oh, Garibaldi! thy brave voice and hard
Woke Italy from slumber
Austrian and Pontiff, thou bad'st, thy own fair land
No more curb or encumber!
And by thy lips was Freedom's clarion blown;
From land to land it sounded,
And from thy hand, fire mightier than their own,
Earth's tyrannies confounded!
Pure-hearted, Freedom's Saviour and her Son!
No need of power or station,
No gold was gerdon for thy service done,
From her thou mad'st a Nation!
Thou wou'd'st not stoop to counterplot and feign—
A wily politician!
Or with base tricks of knavish statecraft stain
The pureness of thy mission!
For sons like thee our Canada may pray
In this dark hour, Heaven head her!
And for the strife that shall not end to-day,
God send her such a leader!

C. P. M.



Dr. Strathy's Pianoforte Players' Classical Club gives two concerts in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens this (Friday) evening and Saturday Matinee. The Club will play Beethoven's Grand Symphony, No. 5, "Egmont," Overture and Mozart's Overture, "Titus," besides other pieces, with 28 hands, given for the first time in Canada. Vocal and instrumental solos will also be given. These concerts will be well attended, we have no doubt, as their advantage to music students and music lovers is apparent. We are glad to see, also, that Dr. Strathy has made the general admission only 25cts., thus enabling all to hear the best of music at a trifling expense, and as he promises to give such concerts frequently if duly appreciated, we wish him every success.



POTATO AND BEEF:
Members of Canadian "High" Society.

Happy is the father whose children are so young that he can delude them into the belief that the procession is all there is of the circus.
—*Buffalo Express*.

[ADVT.] TO THE
ELECTORS
OF
WEST TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN,—

As it will be impossible for me to call personally upon every elector in West Toronto during the short time at my disposal, I take this means of soliciting your vote and influence, and, if elected, will endeavor at all times to act in such a manner as will advance the general interests of the Dominion, but particularly of this Province, and my native city. The living questions of the day, now agitating Ontario and Manitoba, viz., the *Boundary Award* and *Provincial Rights*, must be decided at the polls. I uphold the award as just, fair, and honorable, and will vote for its confirmation. Justice to Ontario demands its ratification instead of repudiation, as is the policy of the present Government.

The right to manage our own affairs in this Province is a right we must strictly maintain, and I strongly oppose the Government in their endeavor to deprive us of this great heritage. I cordially advocate the right of Canada to make her own commercial treaties, as past experience has shown that we can attend to our own interests much better, and more profitably, than when confided to those who are utterly unacquainted personally with them. We should have *no Monopolies*. Our North-West lands should be thrown open to actual settlers, with no reserved sections to separate them, instead of being placed in the hands of speculators.

The present high tariff, which requires to be maintained now for revenue purposes, should be so amended as not to discriminate against the working classes; it should be the same for the rich and the poor, and I am therefore in favor of taking off the specific duties now levied upon textile fabrics, and on such goods favor an *ad valorem* duty. I advocate the abolition also of the present *coal tax*, and am in favor of assisting our manufacturers by admitting the raw material free. I am strongly opposed to the policy of the present Government in placing the labor market here in competition with that of the world, by granting assisted passages to *mechanics* to this country, thus making our mechanics contribute towards bringing competition against themselves. I am opposed to building our railways with Chinese labor. Our Militia Department should, I think, be controlled by Canadian officers, and we have the material in our midst to do this successfully and creditably. I trust to be able to explain my views on these points more fully as I have the opportunity at the various meetings I may hold.

As a Canadian—as one deeply interested in this city and Province, and anxious to build up on a solid basis our grand Confederation, I ask you to support the principles I have thus enunciated, and by returning me as your member enable me as your representative to advocate the same in the High Parliament of the nation.

Respectfully Yours,
W. B. McMURRICH.

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ORANGE AND GREEN—A FARCE IN FOUR ACTS.

ACT I. Sir John gives O'Donoghue a Cabinet seat and a Senatorship. ACT II. The Orangemen demand the withdrawal of both. ACT III. Sir John brings soft-soap to bear, as usual. ACT IV. And all live happy ever after!

[ADVT.] TO THE
**Free and Independent Electors of
WEST DURHAM.**

GENTLEMEN,—
The Government, which but a brief space since was craving a longer trial before judgment, has prematurely dissolved Parliament, and precipitated a general election. For what reason? Because it felt that it would be weaker next year than it is to-day, and that its only chance of victory lay in a surprise? But it has not ventured to appeal to the constituency of 1878.
IT HAS PACKED THE JURY.
By an iniquitous measure it has concentrated in a few districts large numbers of Liberal voters, in order to weaken the effective Reform strength in many ridings, to impair the prospects of election of leading Liberals, and, if possible, to turn a minority of the people into a majority in Parliament. For these purposes it has disregarded the county bounds, disturbed the electoral districts, and violated long-standing associations of friendship, business and convenience throughout the greater part of Ontario. But even this was not enough. Repealing the law which makes sheriffs and registrars the returning officers, it has taken power to appoint where it pleases its own nominees to do its work, and so to reenact the scenes of ten years ago, when men defeated at the polls in Muskoka and West Peterboro' were made into members of Parliament by the will of these officials. Such acts are subversive of those principles of justice, equality, and fair play on which our constitution rests, and which gives a moral sanction to the laws. They show that Government, notwithstanding all its boasts, feels itself beaten in a fair fight; and so attempts foul play. We are appealing to all good men without distinction of party, to rebuke this gross abuse of power; and to show its authors that, though they may exchange townships and cut up counties as they like, the votes of the electors on whom they count cannot be transferred to the supporters of iniquities

like these. We are calling not only for an enthusiastic, vigorous, and organized effort on the part of Reformers, but also for the support of many, heretofore indifferent or hostile, who will yet decline to become accomplices in this transaction. And our call is answered! Such a spirit has been aroused among the people at large as I have not seen before—such a spirit as warrants the belief that the attempt will fail of its base purpose, and will recoil with just severity on the heads of the concoctors and supporters of the plot!
BROKEN PLEDGES AND ADDED BURDENS.
On what do the Government ask a renewal of your confidence? On a record of broken pledges and of added burdens. They promised that they would not increase the rate of taxation; they have enormously increased it. They denounced the former scale of expenditure; they have largely raised it. They declaimed against the additions which were made to the public charge in order to carry out a policy and engagements settled under their own former rule, and left by them as legacies to their successors in 1873. They have greatly added to that charge; and have, as far as in them lay, ensured the recurrence of a period of severe financial difficulty and distress. They boast of an increased revenue; due, so far as they are concerned, to increased taxation only. They boast of an enlarged prosperity; due not to them, but to the general revival of trade throughout the world, to large products at home, and high prices abroad.
THE PACIFIC RAILWAY CONTRACT.
They pride themselves on their Pacific Railway contract. I condemn that bargain as improper, being made in secret, without public tender, contrary to the existing policy of the people and of Parliament, and opposed to the provisions of the law. I condemn it as extravagant, since the enterprise will cost us sixty million dollars, and twenty-five million acres of the choicest lands, while the road is to belong to the company which will realize the cost of its part of the work out of its land and money

subsidies. I condemn it as outrageous, in conferring on the company a practical monopoly, for twenty years, of the trade of our North-west Territories, and large privileges and exemptions, very valuable to them and still more detrimental to the public. I condemn it as indefensible, being consummated in the face of a tender to perform the same obligations for three million dollars less money, three million acres less land, without the monopoly of trade, without the exemptions from taxation, and on other conditions much more favorable than those of the contract. I condemn it as premature, since the true policy was to provide for the rapid completion of the line from Thunder Bay and for the immediate construction of railways through the prairie, and, by securing the early development and settlement of the North-West, to give added value to our lands and a prospect of traffic for the road before contracting for the completion for the eastern and western ends. The progress of the North-West is due to the work we did and proposed to do. The difficulties and drawbacks which exist, very serious now and far more serious in the future, are due to the obnoxious terms of the contract. One short year has vindicated our policy. Who can doubt that, had it been adopted, we could to-day make a bargain for the undertaking under which it would be completed as soon, and on terms infinitely better than those to which we are now committed? The Government and Parliament declined to give you an opportunity of deciding on the question. We have now to ask the popular judgment on the men who refused that opportunity and consummated that contract.
THE TRADE QUESTION.
You know well that I do not approve of needless restrictions on our liberty of exchanging what we have for what we want, and do not see that any substantial application of the restrictive principle has been, or can be, made in favor of the great interests of the mechanic, the laborer, the farmer, the lumberman, the shipbuilder,

W. H. STONE { Yonge Telephone 219 Street. } **FUNERAL DIRECTOR**