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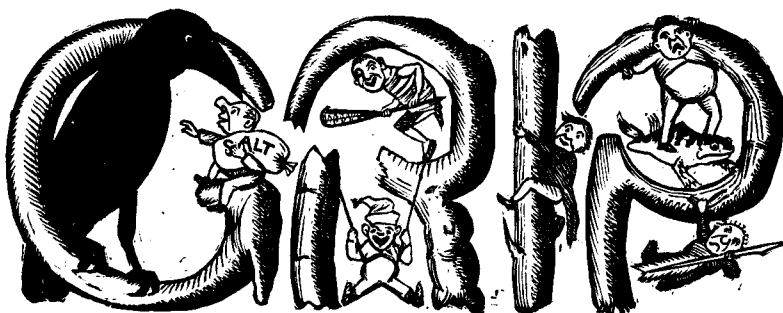
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The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.



49 King St. East, Toronto.

VOLUME XVII. }
No. 23. }

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1881.

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IMPORTANT! To the Laughter-Loving Public.

Know all men (all women are sure to find out) that on or about the 1st day of December next ensuing, Mr. GRIP will have the pleasure of placing before you a work which will eclipse all his own previous efforts, and surpass the efforts of all his contemporaries, for wit of pen and pencil, said work to appear under the title of

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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The tribulations which Sir John Macdonald has suffered at the hands of the office-seekers and other callers at Stadacona Hall since his return to Ottawa have been almost enough to destroy the good results of his visit to the Old Country. It is manifest that two important departments are more than the old gentleman can manage comfortably, and in the interests of the country no less than of his party he ought to give up one of them. The Premiership is quite sufficient to supply its incumbent with worry and fatigue, more especially if the Premier has given any countenance to the spoils system. And there is really no reason why the Department of the Interior should be placed upon the same man. Surely there are other members of the Cabinet who could take it in connection with their comparatively light duties. Or, better still, there is Mr. Phipps loafing around politically and doing nothing. He could relieve Sir John of one of his bundles—either of them, but alas for the country and alas for John A., Mr Phipps won't!

EVENTS PAGE.—Manitoba is a glorious Province. It surpasses the whole world in many respects. It even beats Toronto for mud. Our artist here gives a diagram of the principal thoroughfare of Winnipeg during the rainy season. He claims that the picture is authentic, but it is only fair to the Prairie Province to state that our artist has never been up there personally, and has gained all his information from a recently returned land speculator named Munchausen. It seems safer to suggest, nevertheless, that Winnipeg would be none the worse of block pavement, and if the City Council of that place wants to know how to put down block pavement in the manner that will pay best (for the contractors) the Aldermen of Toronto are the parties who can give them the required information.

The *Globe* scored a neat hit when it alluded to Archbishop Lynch's innocent attitude on the "indecent literature" question. After stating to his congregation that a wise law of the country prohibited the entrance of certain bad books, he dismissed the ladies and children and proceeded to read to the men some choice passages from one of the books thus prohibited. The worthy King-street organ very pertinently inquires how that book came into the Archbishop's possession. It is certain that it was never

printed or published in the Dominion, and surely the good Prelate never got it through the Custom-house contrary to law!

Of course they do most things better in London than we in this colony can ever hope to, but they certainly have their police arrangements in a cart-before-the-horse style. *Punch* is engaged just now in showing that it is not fair to leave the police without revolvers while the roughs are allowed the liberty of carrying them, if they so choose. Somebody ought to send the Metropolitan authorities a copy of our Blake Act.

And now the hotel keepers of Guelph and Galt have imitated the scurvy example of some of the Toronto snobocrats and refused accommodation to the coloured Jubilee Singers. When Burke talked so eloquently of the "genius of universal emancipation" protecting all on British soil, "no matter what complexion an Indian or an African sun had burned upon them," he didn't know that our bar-keeping swells have objections to the doctrine. Parliament should at its next session pass a law putting it beyond the power of such individuals to bring reproach upon the country. Let them accommodate the respectable public or give up their whiskey licenses.

A "Railway Employee" writes to the *Globe* to protest against the new arrangement of the Credit Valley Railway by which it is proposed to run a train from Toronto on Sundays. He calls upon the Christian people of the Dominion to "stamp out this pernicious traffic by not travelling by this train," though in the same letter he intimates that the objectionable train does not intend to carry any mails. As no females are likely to patronize it, "Railway Employee" may rest easy on the subject. At the same time it is manifest, as he points out, that the C. V. R. is distinguishing itself by introducing too much of the spirit of Chicago to suit Ontario palates.

It pays to be genial, obliging and industrious if nature has so shaped your cranium as to make it possible. Look at the case of the Jaffray Brothers, of Brantford, who are now in possession of a sprightly and successful evening paper! *The Telegram*, which they have evolved in less than three years from the elements of a trivial weekly, known as the *Union*. The *Telegram* is a Conservative organ, but nearly all the Grits in Brantford take it because it is conducted with ability and decency, and because the three "boys" are jolly good fellows of whom the citizens are proud. A joint-stock company is now being organized to "run" the paper, and it is the declared purpose of the projectors to make the *Telegram* second to no evening journal outside of Toronto and London.

Who will say after this that the Grits are a prosy and matter-of-fact party? At Mr. Blake's reception at Downmanville, he was entertained with some very nice selections of poetry, among

which was a couplet from "Home, Sweet Home" and some stanzas from a, to us unknown poet.

"To noble minds, when duty binds,
No sacrifice is hard."

Let the sweet singer of Niagara look to his laurels, or the Grit bard will take the cake.

The sort of subscriber we like is the rollicking, square man, who responds to our business manager's reminder in the happy style of the following, which came in last week:—

DEAR GRIP,—

Your pretty little notice,
Has lately come to hand,
It is so very cunning,
I really can't withstand
The sending of \$2,
In full of your demand."

Yours truly,

The Hamilton *Times* man gets off a good thing as follows:

"The Marquis of Lorne's recital of his Northwest adventures will be fresh and interesting to his royal spouse. He will tell of his meetings with the red Indian and his dodging of the chrome-yellow squaw, how he corrected the taste of the alkaline water with a few drops of duty-free whiskey, and how he stood in a safe place and watched a buffalo hunt. Such stories will make the time pass pleasantly, but when Lorne mentions that he was relentlessly pursued throughout his entire journey by a man with a buckboard, who several times got quite close to his party, his experience will be like that of Othello:

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her that she did pity them."

Alexander III., Czar of Russia, is reported to be undergoing another fit of nervousness. He seems to be very fond of this sort of exercise, as he does all in his power to bring on the attacks. Some sentimentalists endeavour to speak of these nervous spells in tones of pity, but such sympathy appears to us to be quite misplaced. If the Czar doesn't enjoy the excitement of being in constant dread of bombs, why doesn't he put an end to the trouble by giving his subjects a decent constitution, and treating them as men instead of cattle?

The match between the Torontos and Shamrocks had a most satisfactory termination when it resulted in a draw. Otherwise the long suffering public would have been bored all winter with growls from the defeated team about the cheating done by the victors. A rest of a few months will cool down the blood of both sides, and a fine game may be anticipated next season. Meantime everybody agrees that the play exhibited at Montreal last Saturday was ahead of anything previously witnessed, although the weather was about as bad as it could be.

The arrest of Parnell and his fellow agitators was a bold but deliberate stroke on the part of Gladstone, and it is to be hoped may have its desired effect. Resolutions are being passed by the League sympathizers, condemning this action, but we fail to see how it could have been avoided if the British Government proposes to retain any of its original dignity. Parnell committed a vast blunder when he took his

stand against the Land Bill, instead of accepting it as a fair instalment of justice and then constitutionally striving for more. Instead of this he practically undertook to establish an independent government, but if he imagined for a moment that he was strong enough to cope with John Bull he is probably convinced to the contrary by this time.

Our Private Box.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence are at the Grand this week, giving us another treat of *Bardwell Slope, M.C.* and *Mrs. Gen. Giffory*. Those who have seen these two leading characters of modern comedy will be anxious to renew their acquaintance, while those who have not will do themselves a mean trick if they stay away.

Mr. Frank Mordaunt, in his new play, "Old Shipmates" is renewing his triumphs at the Royal. The piece is one of considerable literary merit, and those who have seen Mr. Mordaunt need not be assured that he makes the most of the character entrusted to him—and a decidedly good character it is.

Mr. Kennedy and his talented family are singing the Songs of Auld Scotia at Shaftesbury Hall this week, and the heather is on fire for miles around. The next best thing to being a Scotchman is to hear Kennedy.

The Jubilee Singers return to the city on Saturday and will give a Matinee in the Pavilion, when another, and perhaps the last, opportunity will be given to hear their soul-stirring melodies.

At the conclusion of Mr. Mordaunt's engagement, Mr. Conner will introduce to Toronto the successful young actress Miss Lillian Cleves, who will appear in a strong new drama entitled "Only a Farmer's Daughter," in which she personates *Mme. Laurent*, a type of the unscrupulous adventuress. This engagement will last throughout the week.



D'ye know, it stwikes me as being vevy absed, in point of fact, wiculous, the way owah champion oahman, Hanlan, is commented upon by *soi disant* shaup fellahs in,—aw—connection with his actions wegawding the waces on the Bay heah, duwing the Pwovincial Fair and subsequent to that event. To the initiated, and to a gweat many othahs who flat-tah themselves that they are up to all the little ins and outs of the spawting cliques and cote-wies, the fact of Hanlan distinctly expressing his detehmination through the papahs to wetiash altogethawfwom what in, aw—pugilistic ceh'cles would be called the "wing," in ordah to devote himself to the management of his—aw—hostel-wie, and immediately attehwards entah into negotiations with Wallace Woss, or any othah pwofessional oahsman, appeahed twicky, and, as it weah, showing a want of appweciation of the gweat benefits he has dewived from his

native city, and, in shawt, a contempt faw the people heah, by his not affawding them the honah of viewing his extwawdinawy qualifications on Towonto Bay.

D'ye know, I don't think Mr. Hanlan is altogethew in love with his fellah-citizens, as a gweat many suppose he is and ought to be. My fwiends, as the Wevewend Gentlemen say, let us look back a few yeaahs, when Edwawd was yet a novice in the awt. His fellah-citizens then wather snee'ad at his pwetentions, and would at that time laugh to scawn the idea of his competing faw the championship of the world. When his coming antagonist, Wallace Woss, came heah first to twy conclusions with him, Woss' fwiends stuck to him like bwave Blue Noses as they weah, but Hanlan's people, wheah were they? Woss' people bluffed them at the pool-selling so that theah stwipling was the favohwite by lawge odds, and the now celebawted champion's fwiends, with a few exceptions, weah exceedingly cautious as to wisking theah—aw—money—upon him. Of caus, atfah he pwoved beyond doubt that he was—aw—in point of fact, inimitable, ewwybody gwew clamowous about him, yet weahly I caunt see that he has much to be gwateful faw to the majowity of his felloah townsmen.

It stwikes me vevy fawcibly that the gweat object of the pwofessional aquatic fwatehnty is like that of othah pwofessions and twades, to look out faw Numbah One, and although they display sometimes pehsonal hostility to each othah, still theah intewests are in common pwofessionally, and no doubt they undahstand theah own affaahs best, and if people will only wewlect a little they will pecieve that "hippodwomes" are got up in othaw twades than—aw—than sculling faw a living—ya'as—I think so—I weahly do.

Yorktown. 1881.

A FRIENDLY INVITATION BY A JUBILANT YANKEE.

DEAR BULL:—

Accept our compliments with this here invitation To come across and join us in the glorious celebration, That we, your "Kin across the sea," or whatever you may call us, Are to hold on the Centennial of our whacking Old Cornwallis.

We love you, John, indeed we do, with feelings warm and tender, And regret so much we were obliged to make Old C., surrender; Tho' perhaps if Washington was nabbed, its among my strong impressions He might undergo a fusilade from His Lordship's valiant Hessians.

If Bute or North could see the sight, perhaps it wouldn't please 'em, And witness our magnificence since that Colonial treason; But they lived in the good old times, when they'd flog and p'raps keel-haul us, In the ships of war attendant on my noble Lord Cornwallis.

Don't think this celebration is got up as a reminder, That if our country riles you up you know just where to find us, It's only got up to remind our rising generation That the fall of Lord Cornwallis was the rising of our nation

Then join with us, ye Britishers, and shout with us Hos saner, And wave your meteor Union Jack, long side our Starry banner, We love you now like brothers, and no matter what befall us, We'll keep alive our love for you and mem'ries of Cornwallis.

Innocence.

"Why, papa, do they call the Yonge-street pavement 'block pavement?'" asked little Johnny Sugarsand of his father, one morning last week. "Because," said that indignant grocer, "It has blocked the street completely for months, and we were blockheads to allow it. Now wipe your nose and get off to school, and don't ask any more silly questions."



WISE WORDS FROM WANDERING WILLIAM.

W. W. to New Arrival in Manitoba.—Young man, this is a grand country, and you are correct in your prognostication that it is bound to be the great food producing country of the world. It is true that we see around us a vast expanse of virgin soil which is only awaiting the advent of the husbandman to bring forth its treasures abundantly, but, my youthful sir, there is one fact I would like to impress upon your mind, namely, that the soil of this great heritage can never be adequately cultivated with a gun,—and don't you forget it!



ONE OF THE NEW MASTERS.

This is the portrait of a celebrated master of a renowned Art School, far, far away from Toronto. He has an elegant moustache and pre-raphaelite goatee, and he wears his hat a la Michael Angelo. His hair also has the truly artistic effect which is observable in all correct portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Millais, Vandyke, and other great masters. The pose of his palette bespeaks unmistakable genius, while the manner in which he holds his brush marks him an academician. There is only one defect about this truly great artist, namely, that he can't draw worth a cent.

Quick-lime will destroy the scent of a dead dog, and sometimes a quick-climb up a tree is the easiest way to get away from the scent of a live dog.—*Newton (Mass.) Republican.*



"YOU WOULD, WOULD YOU?"

Barney's Speech.

ERINGOURAH TERRACE, OCT. 12, 1881.

DEAR MR. GRIP:

Accordin' to promise, here's me spache. Gintlemen, (barrin' the ladies, an' more's the pity for that same) it's many's the way has bin suggested fur settlin' the grate questions of Capital Varsus Labour, an' the improvemint av the condition av "the workin' man;" but it's never to me knowledge been wance mentioned that the true way av helpin' the poor is by educatin' the rich. Don't yez be aftlier glowrin' at me that way! Did none av yoz ever see a young fruit-tree, how it shpreads, an' shoots, an' shpreads, till bedad it ud all run to branches and laves intirely, if ye'd let it. But a man comes to yer dure wan foine marnin' airly, an' asus yez if yez wout be aftlier havin' that tree pruned, an' begorra, the way he goes fur that tree! cuttin' an' sawin' an' snippin' relentlessly; till the poor tree, bicedin' at every limb, howlds up the few arrums it has left in a silent appale fur mercy. But oh! the plentiful showers av funder tinted blooms it sheds on the warm breeze av summer, an' the loads av luscious fruit it bends under in the autumn! Now, gintlemin, this is exactly the case wid the young tree av society growin' up in our midst, it's all runnin' to laves an' suckers wid extravagance an' pride, an' folly, an' ivery description av shan, trucklin' to empty titles, office-huntin' an' money-worship generally. It wants prunin' if it's to produce fruit worthy av the comin' 20th century. The first to be luck't aftlier is the young, the future voters an' legislators av the country. They should be educated rich an' poor together in the common schools, the same to be attinded barefooted from the 24th May till the 1st av Siptimber, first for the good av their own health, an' second, so they wout be aftlier luckin' down on poorer childer' whose parents can't afford shoes all the summer round. Thin, all jewelry, real or sham, that comes in be the school dure, I'd pitch out av the window. The sight av an on-fortunite child av twelve, shportin' a goold watch an' chain, an' rings, an' locket, an' puttin' on airs over her poorer sisters, is a sight to make angels wape. In the churches I'd have the richest an' safest cushioned seats set aside for the very poor who might come shlippin' in to hear a word av comfort, so that they might have

a saft sate for wance in the week, and by-an'-by, maybe, perhaps, they'd begin to believe that the words "brother" an' "sister," as used by the professed followers av the meek and lowly, had really some meanin' in them aftther all. An' I'd make it a bye-law av this Dominion, that ivery young man who was a capitalist an' an intended employer av labour, should live and take pat-luck for not less than three years in the family av a man who has a dollar or a dollar an' a half a day, wid all the rainy days and weeks av sickness, an' holidays an' odd hours kept off. At the end av that time to be made Chancellor av the household Exchequer for one year. Out av the income to feed, clothe, and educate with a common school education, from five to eleven childer', to pay as he goes, owin' no man, not even the doctor, an' show at the end av the year how much he has for rent, fuel, pew rent, mission money, money to help the owd folks a little, and surplus in savings banks. Failing to do this well, undergo the discipline of learning to listen meekly an' patiently to innumerable lectures on the wastefulness and improvidence of the "working classes," and the plain duty of layin' by something for a rainy day. This four years' apprenticeship to hard-handed practical poverty will, when he becomes an employer, greatly simplify to him the meaning of strikes. The best M.A.'s are those who have graduated with 1st honours in the school av Adversity, an' I'd never spend money on a University education for a young man, who could not shew himself capable av workin' his way there some time or other, alone an' unaided if necessary. An' in this day av resthetics and sunflowers run to seed, I'd suggest as a subject for the art students, "Haroinism in humble life." Subject, "A widdy woman wid a string av young wans behind her, thryin' her level best to keep an ugly lantern-jawed wolf from the dure, an' she a latherin' the daylight out av him wid a wash-board and scrubbin' brush." There are hundreds av haroins av this stamp that'll be fightin' unnoticed, like this, all through the bitter winter, sometimes wid success, but oeh! oeh! how often will the wolf conquer an' the poor childer' be destroyed body an' sow! An' fur yer young capitalists in the dry-goods line, I'd make it compulsory for them to earn their own livin' for at least two years, makin' shirts at \$1 per

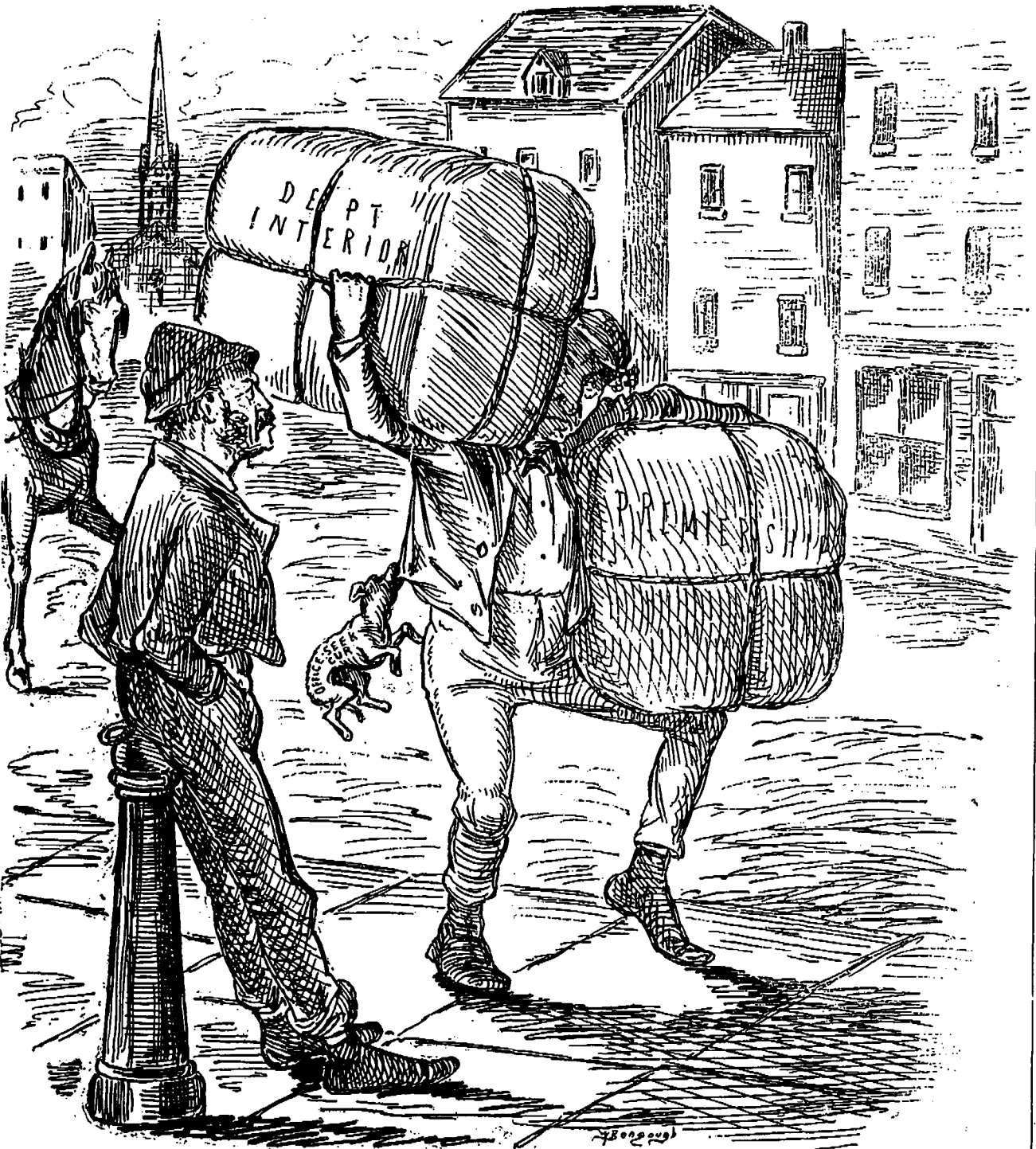
doz., or heavy-lined tweed pants at 18 etc., an all the time hear his employer's praise in all the churches for his Christian liberality; or make them and their sisters stand behind the counter from 9 to 13 hours a day, nor dare on peril of reproof or dismissal to wance sit down though faint an' waken, an' all the time to unshakenly believe their employer to be a sincere and humble Christian. Aftther this manner, gintlemen, would I train the rich, by practical expyanriance, an' I venture to predict that a revival av Shpartan trainin' ud revive a grate dale av the owd Shpartan nobility an' purity av life. As for the thavin' there is no need to be aftther tachin' them that, they are already to the manner born. What is grindin' the faces av the poor but thavin'? (an' that av the manest kind.) Yez neen't trouble yourselves thinkin' ye'll evangelize the world while the foundations av yer churches are laid in blood, in the tears av the half fed orphan an' the failin' health av the overworked widow; built up wid the profits av whiskey sellin' an' the money made from a business which is no business, but the blight an' bane av our young Dominion. Oeh wirra! wirra! the barefaced sham it is anyway. Lastly, gintlemen, now that that soine Canada av ours has outgrown her long clothes, an' can run alone, (aye, an' flirt like a born coquette wid owd Uncle Sam over the border.) I don't want to see this owd head av mine laid under the turf, until she stands up an' independint Dominion, tellin' Uncle Sam to be off wid himself, an' declinin' wid respectful thanks all further guardianship av Dukas an' Lords, shall offer the 1st prize av a four years' Presiding Govornorship, to the very best boys, born or naturalized in the Dominion, who shall by their capability, industry and trustworthiness, have won the confidence av the people so as to be elected by them to that high office. An' win ivery bye av thim knows—"Mother av Moses," says Nora, howlin' in my ear, "are yez aware that's its writin' in yer sleep yez are! Sure I missed yez out av bed, an' there yez are scratchin' in ycr night-gownd, an' grindin' yer teeth like yez had the wurrums." An' sure when I woke up there was this letter written to ycrself, Mr. Grip. Musha! what quare ideas comes in sleep to yours wide-awake,

BARNEY O'HEA.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND," &c.

G. B.—Kicked you out, did they? And you want to know what I think of it. Well, I have no hesitation in saying it served you jolly well right, if that's any satisfaction to you!



OUR OVER-LADEN ERRAND-BOY.

BOBBY PHIPPS.—(Aggravatingly.) I KNOW A COVE WOT COULD HELP YOU TO CARRY THEM PARCELS; COULD CARRY EITHER ONE OF 'EM FOR YOU—BUT HE WON'T!

* See comments on page 2.

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

The Editor.

By E. E. Edwards, Boston Transcript.

The editor, children, is a member of that race of animals called mankind. He is invariably a kind man.

He is perfectly harmless. You may go into his den without fear. But he has peculiarities. The sight of a poet makes him wild. He is then very dangerous, and is apt to do bodily harm to all within reach. He is also much wrought up when a man comes in with a little trifle he has just dashed off.

There is one thing that must be said in the editor's dispraise. His mind is so biased by long thinking in a certain direction, that he dislikes very much to look upon both sides of a question. Therefore if you value your safety, never approach him with manuscript written on both sides of your paper.

The editor usually writes with a pen, but his most cutting articles are the product of his shears.

And let me say right here, children, that a good deal of sheer nonsense has been printed about the editor. He uses his shears only when composing an entirely original article.

The editor would make a good public speaker, but for his propensity for clipping words.

The editor's hardest task is to dispose of his time. His would be a monotonous life indeed, were it not for the kindness of the few hundred people who call upon him every day, to oblivion his dull life with stories of their grievances, of their brand-new enterprises and with antediluvian anecdotes. When you grow up to be men and women, children, remember this, and spend all the time you can in the sanctum of the editor. He loves company so much, you know, and sometimes he has to sit silent and alone for a whole half minute. Is it not too bad?

The business of the editor is to entertain itinerant lecturers, book canvassers, exchange-friends and other philanthropists. He gives his whole day to these. He writes his editorials at night after he has gone to bed.

The editor is never so happy as when he is writing complimentary notices. For ten cents' worth of presents he will gladly give ten dollars' worth of advertising—all on account of the pleasure it gives him to write, you know, children.

He loves also to write neat little speeches and bright witty poems for people without brains who wish to speak in public. It is so easy for him to do this, that he is sometimes quite miserable when an hour or two passes without an opportunity to do something of the kind.

The editor dines at all the hotels free, he travels free, theatres open wide their doors to him, his tailor clothes him gratis, his butcher and grocer furnishes him with food without money and without price. In short, his every want is provided for. He spends his princely salary in building churches and schoolhouses in foreign lauds.

By all means, children, be editors. Of course it would be better if you could be hod carriers or dray horses. But as that is impossible, by all means be editors.

The Electric Cat.

(N. Y. Hour, Oct. 8.)

The average dog and the ordinary cat are not, as a rule, observed to lavish on each other any superabundant ardour of affection. Indeed, so far is the converse true, that married couples whose souls have ceased to have a single thought, whose hearts no longer beat as one, are proverbially said, by their interested and

sympathizing neighbours, to lead a cat-and-dog life.

Of late years, however, numbers of close scientific observers of that amiable school which delights in showing that the exception is really the rule, that things are always better than they seem, and everything we have hitherto believed is altogether different and quite the reverse—as, for example, that Henry VIII. was really a hen-pecked martyr, and Judas Iscariot a persecuted saint—have been engaged in accumulating evidence to prove that the dog and the cat, so far from being hereditary foes, are really by nature designed to be the most inseparable and steadfast friends. Not Hermin and Holenn are more beautiful instances of mutual devotion; two school girls on their first vacation are not on more intimate and gushing terms than our much maligned Puss and Ponto. Now it is a motherly tabby who takes into her care a litter of orphan pups and rears them even to the neglect of her own offspring; now it is a huge Newfoundland, the favourite hero of these touching legends, who adopts a helpless kitten, delighting to have it ride everywhere upon his back and growling and showing his teeth if one but looks askance at it; anon it is a tender-hearted grimalkin who abandons her own particular dish of milk to some starving and wistful cur. What need to multiply instances? Every one who reads the newspapers can recall a dozen such, a dozen times as affecting, for himself.

But now comes one of those pestilent fellows of another scientific order, hard-hearted iconoclasts, who also take their malign pleasure in jeering at and overturning all such harmless little sentimentalities, and tells us that our fraternizing cat and dog are really actuated by as purely selfish and sordid motives as any Damon and Pythias of human kind. When they seem to be caressing one another they are but holding a hollow and temporary truce for the purpose of exchanging such animal comfort as their diverse natures will allow. And he pitilessly explodes the pathetic story which has been going the rounds of the press, of the aged Newfoundland who was observed to spend hours at a time passing his paw affectionately over the back of a neighbour cat. This unfeeling cynic affirms that the aged Newfoundland really had the rheumatism and was simply treating himself to an application of the electricity which, it is well known, resides in large quantities on every well regulated cat's back, as well as in her claws, where dogs of less intelligence usually discover it first. Indeed, he goes so far as to affirm that in every case the canine member of those ill-assorted alliances is well advanced in years and, therefore, not only a probable martyr to rheumatism, but much more likely from experience and reflection to have discovered the electrical deposit in the cat's back than a young and giddy dog.

The scientific person who makes known this most interesting and important fact in animal biology is a member of the Congress of Electricians lately in session of Paris, and ought to know what he is talking about. His discovery may be ranked with the proudest scientific achievements of the day. On the one hand it gives us increased admiration for the intelligence and medical knowledge of the dog, which, indeed, many biped physicians might envy. On the other, it opens up to the domestic cat a vast and hitherto unsuspected field of usefulness, while it adds a new lustre to those triumphs of electricity which have already so amazed and delighted men. If dogs may use the cat as a patient cure for rheumatism, why not the human patent as well? Every mother of a family will be rejoiced to learn that she possesses in her own household a complete magneto-electric apparatus, neat, compact, often beautiful, fairly safe to handle and essentially harmless except when the baby

excites and adverse current by too persistently rubbing its fur the wrong way. But if the baby were allowed to play in like manner with the cumbersome and dangerous electro-magnetic machine hitherto in use, the result would be no less disastrous.

Henceforth, no doubt, the cat will be cultivated for her electric properties alone. The vulgar domestic duties of catching mice and accounting for broken crockery and the missing claret will be relegated to the inferior and less valuable animal, the dog, and the cat will assert her rightful pre-eminence in the household. The time will come when a cat-battery will be as essential and indispensable a feature of the family pharmacopœia as syrup of squills or calomel. One cannot help being struck alike with the admirable providence of nature and the stupidity of man in reflecting that the cat for centuries, in rubbing up against people's legs and curving its back for the friendly stroke, has not been seeking its own material comfort, as the world blindly imagined, but was really offering itself as a new therapeutic agent for the amelioration of human woes. The legendary pig who ran about with a knife and fork stuck in him, crying out, "Come, eat me!" offers the only parallel to this touching self-abnegation on the part of what we are pleased to term the lower animals.

He who gives soft hats to his friends makes his presents felt.—N. Y. News.

The glove-makers say that dear-skins are scarce, and we suppose scarce skins are dear.—Lowell Journal.

It is now said that the reign of the horso disease was an equine-noctial storm.—Newton (Mass.) Republican.

Maid of Chicago, ere we join our forces, tell me, who shall pay for the divorces?—Williamsport Breakfast Table.

Sometimes they serenade a shooter, and again they shoot a serenade. They are good ways to pass the time.—Modern Argo.

Fenderson says he wishes he was a rumour, for a rumour soon gains currency, and that he has never been able to do.—Boston Transcript.

It is the organist's fault that the church-goers are always played out. Don't lay everything to the preacher.—Cincinnati Musical People.

The mouse said he thought the trap rather small for comfort, but while there he felt safe beyond any purr-adventure.—Boston Transcript.

An actress fainted away on the stage before it was her cue to do so, and the manager declared she had flopped too swoon.—Andrews' American Queen.

The author who was in a brown study complained that everything was of a dun colour even to the letters from his landlord.—Boston Transcript.

A schoolmaster says her apt scholars are not generally her rapped scholars, although sometimes they are rapt ones.—Marble, Newton (Mass.) Republican.

"I'm quite a rheumatic sort of a fellow," as the old beau remarked when he plumped down on his knees before sweet two and twenty.—Andrews' American Queen.

In aethetical Boston when a man steps out to stretch his legs, they don't use that horrid expression. They put on the "too too," and say he has gone out to bifurcate.—Greenbush (N. Y.) Gazette.

Young swell, who has just obtained a clerkship: "I've got a soft thing now, Jones." Jones, looking hard at his informant's head: "Yes, I see you have."—Tarheel, Chaff.



No. 1.—Mr. Mackenzie was born in Scotland.



No. 2.—He was brought up tenderly.



No. 3.—Being a very studious youth.



No. 4.—He carried off the prize at school.



No. 5.—When a young man he emigrated to Canada.



No. 6.—Where he followed an honourable calling.



No. 7.—And took to the study of politics after working hours.



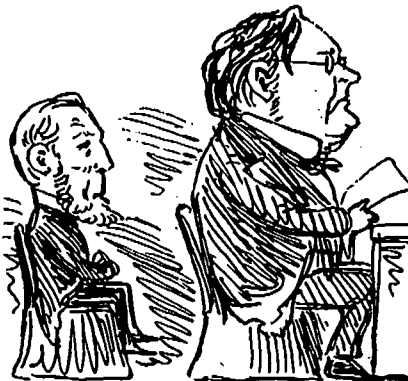
No. 8.—In due course he was elected to parliament.



No. 9.—And ultimately became Premier.



No. 10.—But he didn't suit the people.



No. 11.—And took a back seat.



No. 12.—He is now enjoying the bliss of private life.

THE FAVORITE ALES, PORTER & LAGER ARE BREWED BY THOS. DAVIES & CO.

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WINNIPEG DURING THE RAINY SEASON.

A Lost Art.

Where's this we saw the other day, something about introducing into our schools the art of conversation as a subject of study. We forget what paper we saw that in, and for that matter don't want any further reminder of it. But what we mean to say is this, surely they don't mean it. Surely it is not possible that they meditate converting our fine hearty Canadian boys, with their frank, outspoken manner, into solemn caricatures of Sir Charles Grandison; to restrict the natural, cheery, and intelligent utterances of our girls, to the set and formal phrases of Miss Edgeworth's day. Jerusalem! fancy a poor fellow in a roomfull of girls who had graduated in the *art* of conversation! Give us a rest. Our education is artificial enough already, without this new wrinkle; and by all that's honest, leave us at least the privilege of natural, unstudied speech in our schoolrooms and homes.

The bottom of a well is something that you can always deep-end upon.—One individual may dye a coat, or even a pair of whiskers, but it always takes two to dialogue.—*Toledo American*.

"So she refused you, did she?" asked Pin-gry; "why didn't you press her, my boy?" "Press her!" exclaimed Brown; "she wouldn't let me get near enough for that."—*Boston Transcript*.

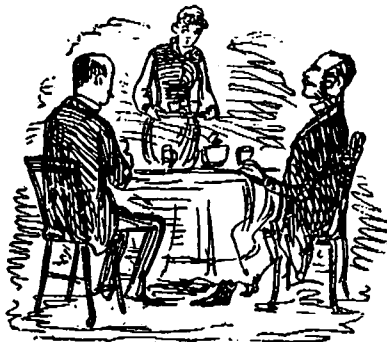
Guitar is the name of a man who is running for sheriff in Council Bluffs, and he's making a good deal of music for the boys and seems to have the most of them on a string.—*Visscher, Cheyenne Sun*.

"A wise man scaeth the city of the mighty," but the simple toiler of the sea scaeth the fish that cometh to his net, and selth it to his neighbour for chowder or the frying-pan.—*Newton (Mass.) Republican*.

When you squeeze a young lady, if you ever do, and she exclaims "Oh!" do not think she is at all displeased. It is only an involuntary action of the vocal organs—simply owing to the pressure.—*Lowell Citizen*.

Mrs. Turvy went to hear the new preacher last Sunday. She liked his ideas well enough, but she said he kept his lips so closely pressed together as to make his words almost illegible.—*Greenbush (N. Y.) Gazette*.

Rev. Dr. Lord's forthcoming lectures on celebrated historical characters will, no doubt, be scholarly, thoughtful, eloquent and instructive, but for concentrated humour and profundity they will not compare for one moment with the series of essays on many of the same characters, contributed by Jimuel Briggs, D. B., to GALT'S ALMANAC for 1892.



THE SERVANT-GIRL QUESTION.

Brown.—You'll excuse my wife, Mr. Jones, for doing the simple duties of a housekeeper herself, the fact is we find it impossible to get a servant-girl!

Jones.—Don't apologize, my dear sir, she does very well considering the limited education she has had!

It Saved My Life.

The value of human life is so supremely important that anything which tends to its prolongation is entitled to the highest consideration. Speaking to us recently on this matter, Charles Nelson, Esq., proprietor Nelson House, Port Huron, observed: I suffered so with rheumatism that my arm withered, and physicians could not help me. I was in despair of my life, when some one advised me to try St. Jacob's Oil. I did so, and as if by magic, I was instantly relieved, and by the continued use of the Oil entirely cured. I thank heaven for having used this wonderful remedy, for it saved my life. It has also cured my wife.—*Port Huron (Mich.) Commercial*.

"Twa Hours at Hame."

SHAFTESBURY HALL.

FIVE NIGHTS ONLY, COMMENCING
MONDAY, 17TH OCTOBER,
MR. KENNEDY,

The Scottish vocalist, will give his Entertainments on the SONGS OF SCOTLAND, assisted by the following Members of his Family.

- Miss Helen Kennedy - Soprano.
- Miss Marjory Kennedy - Soprano.
- Miss Maggie Kennedy - Pianoforte
- Mr. Robert Kennedy - Tenor.
- Master John Kennedy - Violin.

COMMENCE AT 8.
ADMISSION 25 & 50 CTS.



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, Patterson, Mills, Sinclair, Bethune, Froudfoot, Gurd, Maehar, Strong, Joly, Laurier, Frangle, Lount, Nipissing and Hingworth.

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.

4-12-81.

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