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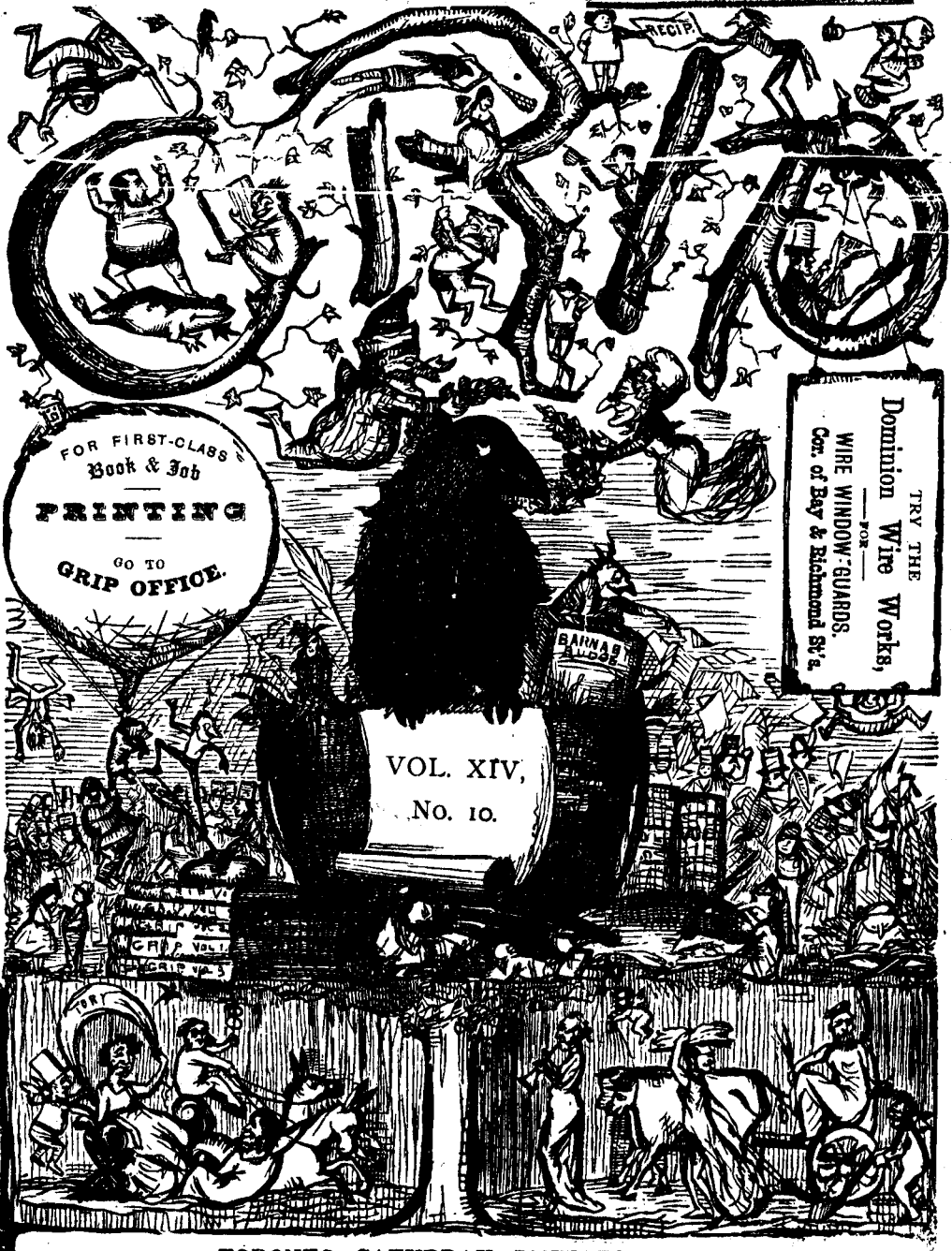
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ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Related manuscripts cannot be returned.

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**COAL AND WOOD,** AND AT **LOWEST PRICES, NAIRN'S.** Office, Next Post Office. Docks, Foot of Church Street.

**Literature and Art.**

**BARTHOLDI** is working hard on the Statue of Liberty for New York Harbor.

**BASTIEN LEPAPE** will send his portrait of the PRINCE OF WALES to the next Salon.

The Crace collection of plans and views of London, drawings and portraits has been purchased by the British Museum.

The villa of San Donato, which is in itself a fine art museum, is to be sold by PRINCE DEMIDOFF, the heir of its former owner PRINCE DEMIDOFF.

**M. DAJON** has been commissioned by the City of Paris to execute a marble group—the Republic on a chariot drawn by lions, and wheeled by Progress, Fortune and Amorini. The sculpture work will cost 75,000f.

We congratulate our contemporary the *Canadian Illustrated News* on its constant improvement. The last few numbers have been very fine, in both literary and artistic departments. This journal deserves great encouragement, and we are glad to note these evidences of its prosperity.

**WALTER PARIS**, an English artist, who will be pleasantly remembered by many music and art-loving people, as having a studio in New York last winter, is holding an exhibition of his works at Dawlish, Devonshire, which is attracting much attention and favorable criticism in England.

We have a copy of the constitution and by-laws of the proposed Canadian Academy of Arts. It would appear that this Institution, the suggestion of which originated with our cultured Governor-General, is in a fair way to become an established fact. There is no doubt it will give a great impetus to the study of Art throughout the Dominion, and thus prove an important factor in our rising nationality.

**M. GUSTAVE DORE** is now busy in illustrating *Shakespeare*—so absorbed in the work, it is said, that he can think and talk of nothing else but *Shakespeare*. He is putting forth his whole artistic power in the endeavor to interpret him in a worthy manner. He has already made a number of drawings, utilizing in some the sketches he made in Scotland last year. The first instalment of the work will appear early next year.

Of all the poets who do not look like poets, **ROBERT BROWNING** may be said to look least like a master of verse. He is stout, comfortable, prosaic, but fine looking, in figure and face; he looks, in short, exactly like a country squire of moderate fortune. Mr. BROWNING is a sturdy believer in the doctrine of work. He goes every morning regularly to his study and there writes till noon, being in this like **BULWER**. He has no patience, he has been heard to say, with writers who are obliged to "wait for inspiration."

A letter from **CARLYLE** is exhumed and published which was addressed to some friend who had solicited **CARLYLE**'s interest in behalf of a cousin that was ambitious of a place among writers for periodical literature. **CARLYLE** says: "There is no madder section of human business now weltering under the sun than that of periodical literature in England at this day. The meagrest bread-and-water wages at any honest, steady occupation, I should say, are preferable for a young man, especially for an ambitious, excitable young man."

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**Stage Whispers.**

**SAMUEL FRENCH** has gone to Paris, to be present at the first representation of **SARDON'S** new comedy, on which he has an eye for the English and American market.

**Mr. EDWARD SOTHERN**, son of the comedian, has retired from the Boston Museum company, where he has been playing under the name of "Mr. Dee," and will hereafter be included in his father's support.

**SOTHERN** will produce **GILBERT'S** new comedy at the Park Theatre early next season, and if it succeeds in making the hit that is expected for it, he will go direct to England with an American company—this time a genuine one.

**ALICE HARRISON** having been a star in California herself has declined to join forces with **Miss CLARA MORRIS** for a visit to San Francisco. She ought to have a bright play written for her, and with such a play she would soon secure a profitable opening.

**Miss NARD ALMAYNE**, who recently made the Canadian tour in the play of "Fate," was married on Friday, at Rochester, to **NELSON DECKER**, one of the members of her company. **Miss ALMAYNE** is the step-daughter of **ION PERDICARDIS**, a New York Theatrical Manager.

During **LAWRENCE BARNETT'S** coming engagement in Boston he will play "Louis IX," **DION BOUCAULT, Jr.**, appearing as *Daphn*. It is also contemplated that "Dot" **BOUCAULT** play "Hamlet" for a matinee bill, at the Boston Museum, during his father's engagement there.

The Beethoven prize, which has not been awarded since 1875, because the works submitted were not worth it, has this year been granted to **HERR HUGO RHEINOLD**, for a suite for piano and orchestra, and publicly performed two years ago. And yet they say Austria is a musical country!

**EDWIN BOOTH'S** farewell of the New York stage will shortly be made during an engagement in Booth's Theatre, under the management of **HENRY E. ABBEY**, who has leased that edifice from **DION BOUCAULT** for three months, beginning February 1st, 1880. **ABBIE** and **HICKEY'S** Pantomime open the season.

**McKEE RANKIN** last week refused to go on with the performance of his play in a Southern city until five dead-head policemen had left the house. He had paid the taxes, license and all that, he said, and he would exact the same from the city officials. The officers solemnly filed out, amid the yells of the audience.—*Ex.*

**JOHN T. RAYMOND** neither smokes, chews, nor drinks. He declares he never tasted of alcoholic liquors in his life. More wonderful, still, **Mr. RAYMOND** says he never tasted of a vegetable of any description. When he plays *Colonel Sellers*, and that bowl of turnips is brought on, it will be interesting to watch and see if his memory is treacherous.

Arrangements have been perfected for the early appearance in New York of the Ideal "Pinafore" company, which includes **BARNABEE, WHITNEY, FESSENDEN, FROTHINGHAM, ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, GEORGE CAYVAN**, and other New England celebrities. This is the same company which won great financial success in Boston last season. The company will be under the management of **TOMPKINS & HILL**.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

**Questions**

Suggested for discussion by the Political Economy Club of Montreal.

1. Have Canadians any right, under any circumstances, to do anything the *Globe* disapproves of?
2. Who ever said that free speech was not an inalienable birthright of Canadians?
3. Shall free-born Britons be allowed to wear their hair *a la* Mr. BRAY in a colony of limited dimensions, if not, why not?
4. Has Mr. PERRAULT a constitutional right to annex Canada to the United States without consulting the people?
5. What is the future destiny of Muskoka, politically and morally?
6. Have we, under the British North America Act, the power to prevent the inroads of grasshoppers and potato-bugs?
7. Wouldn't it pay the Province of Quebec better to have Legislative Union restored, and get Ontario to foot most of her bills for public works?
8. Wouldn't it be an advantage to do away with the Local Legislatures of the various Provinces, and govern the Dominion from one central seat of authority—say the *Globe* office, or the Political Economy Club Room?

**Dyspeptic Papers.**

**NO. VI.—POPULARITY AND PARTY LEADERS.**

Of late I have frequently met a little dark man with iron-gray beard and twinkling black eyes, who greets me with profuse smiles, and a prodigiously fine bow. The first time this happened—some weeks ago—I returned his salutation with a stony glare of surprise, wondering what the deuce he meant by including me in his list of acquaintances. My frigid demeanour had apparently no effect in lessening his amiability, his face retained its expression till we had passed, and turning round, with a vague thought that I must have previously known him somewhere, I saw that his very walk seemed to hint deference for the world at large. He elaborately inclined his body to two men a short distance behind me, and I then saw in their faces the very expression which had hardly departed from mine. He seemed to be a monomaniac in the matter of courtesy to strangers.

Entirely oblivious of the previous rebuff, he met me two days afterward with the very same smile and bow, and again went on his way absolutely unaffected by my indignant

stare. Was a bilious man with a general dislike for his fellow-creatures to be thus unmercifully accosted? What had I done to deserve such treatment? All day his disembodied smile floated in the air before me, even as the grin of the Cheshire Cat seen by ALICE in Wonderland. Had he mocked my saturnine visage? The perfect good humor of his face forbade such an interpretation. A light broke suddenly upon me,—he was probably a Frenchman, to whom politeness was second nature! Down in the St. Lawrence country I had seen men who acted in his manner, and then it did not seem unnatural. But in Toronto—a city which brags of being so very English—excessive politeness seemed a grave impropriety.

Next day, as I saw his advancing figure in the distance, I recollected that Lord CHESTERFIELD had taken off his hat to a crossing-cleaver, remarking to a friend that he could not allow himself to be outdone in politeness, even by a street-sweep. Yes, but this man looked quite prosperous, and I had no Chesterfieldian reputation for courtesy at stake! Still that such an example had been set by a nobleman insidiously affected me—for am I not a Canadian to the back-bone? My tormentor's greeting was returned by the best bow at my command. He broke out into a whole acre of smiles, and distinctly pronounced the words, "A very fine day, Sir," in a broad Scotch accent! Gracious! such politeness from a Scotchman! The occurrence was inexplicable, the order of things seemed revolutionized, before me the world reeled to its firm foundations! Pushing into a shop I excitedly inquired who that man was. In a moment the whole matter was made clear—he was an aldermanic candidate for my ward! I had been taken in by a popularity hunter! The sweet satisfaction of voting against him consoles me somewhat for the indiscretion into which I had been betrayed. But he had an immense majority at the polls, gained, I am convinced, by several weeks' exercise of assiduous suavity. He may be a very decent man—I opposed him on the broad ground that the search for popularity should be discouraged.

What idiots men are from highest to lowest that they can be cajoled by agreeable grins and assumed airs of deference and sympathy. A Premier succeeds in spite of an inflexible and ineffaceably bad record, by the same arts that serve CHARLEY RYKERT and ARMY PIPER. This voter is secured by a jovial poke in the ribs, that by an earnest attention to his platitudes, the other by the grant of full liberty to be insolently familiar. I have heard of a dissolute politician who captured a host of Methodist preachers by submitting himself to their sermons for several months before a general election. I know another who was enabled to hold one county for over ten years because, being slightly deaf, he stooped to his interlocutors, and conversed in a low tone, as though confiding an important secret to each individual. And the statesman whose public and private virtue is without a stain is abandoned by many of his party because he has not acquired the art of going through the world with a snickering, lying face! That he was firmly true to principle; that the grim, unyielding, staunch man laid the foundation for a great future victory when he sternly insisted on his own way in the one important question; that an honest, hard-worked minister, continually being approached by corrupt contractors and political sharks, must of necessity become irritable unless he is absolutely angelic, are no pleas to the poor, shallow critics of his own party! He hurt somebody's feelings, and he

isn't popular, and he didn't make himself agreeable! Somebody like SOAPY SAM of the other party is needed as leader! I think the finest thing about that other party was its loyalty to an apparently ruined chief. If he was worthless their devotion was only more touching. It was a gallant thing not to desert even a smirched man when he was down. What can be said for those who shared their leader's victory, and propose to desert him only because he is down? They pant for an agreeable leader, it seems, and I forget my dyspepsia in chuckling over the remarkable sagacity they display in choosing where to transfer their allegiance. Crazy Icelanders, looking for warmth, might travel toward the North Pole.

**A Woman's Want.**

A correspondent calls attention to what many women doubtless feel to be a want—the opportunity of meeting with men for the purpose of engaging in the discussion of social topics, on a basis broader than the tittle-tattle of the tea-table or the meaningless and vapid courtesies of the drawing-room.—*Evening Telegram.*

"And how in the world can this result ever be brought about, unless some humanitarian angel be sent to establish among us a society for mutual benefit, and a more perfect knowledge of each other, where we might meet without reserve.—KATIE.—(*Correspondent of Telegram.*)

How sweet it were, if man and maid  
Could meet together to discuss  
Great questions, wholly unafraid  
Of getting into any muss—  
Society's mere fume and fuss!

Astronomy is there tabooed,  
Anatomy is little known;  
One could not, without seeming rude,  
Converse of the coccygial bone  
When sitting with a man alone.

Full dearly do I love to trace  
Each page of philologic lore.  
But what's the use, in this dull place,  
On Sanskrit roots for one to pore?  
Philology is thought a bore!

The other eve', while whirled the dance,  
To one who talked with me I said—  
Thinking his pleasure to enhance—  
"Have you *Fors Clavigera* read?"  
He muttered audibly—"Good ged!"

Another night—'twas bright and still—  
With one who pleased me well I went,  
Softened, I spoke of STUART MILL,  
SMITH, and the theory of rent—  
He yawned and asked me what I meant!

Charmed with the intellectual face  
Of one who sat next me at whist,  
I broached man's ancestry and race,  
"Come we from apes?" I asked—he hissed  
"My stock is U. E. Loyalist!"

Oh! for some place where one could meet  
Men of a much profounder kind,  
Deep subjects who would wisely treat,  
And recognize my force of mind:  
Instead of social noodles blind!

Primordial atoms, Matter, Force,  
Geology, and fossils rare,  
Dawn animals, and nature's course,  
Together we would talk of there,  
All scientific labors share.

In common we would vivisect,  
Discourse of protoplasm and soul.  
All foolish social forms reject,  
Escape conventions and control,  
And go the porcine creature whole!

BOZENI.

At a negro baby-show down south you can  
pick *animus* from amongst the infants with-  
out any trouble

**Improbabilities.**

That Mr. MORRIS will ever cease to look as though he expected a kick behind.

That the transfer of Mr. O'CONNOR to the Post Office Department will cause the Irish Catholics to forget their grievances.

That the *Globe* will ever cease to love and admire Archbishop LYNCH.

That the *Evening Telegram* will ever discover that independence in politics consists in something more than squirting dirty water on both parties in turn.

That Sir LEONARD TILLEY will account for the increase in bankruptcies during 1879 by ascribing them to the action of the N. P.

That Mr. PHIPPS will take Sir JOHN again into favor.

That Mr. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN's noble heart will ever cease to glow with indignation at the shameful cruelty whereby the Headless Rooster was lost to society.

That the Rag Baby can become a worse nuisance than at present.



**Our New Lt. Governor.**

There is nothing particular in the above sketch—excepting a highly competent and respectable City Solicitor. We merely wish to see what Mr. J. B. ROBINSON will look like in the regiments of the Lt. Governorship of Ontario. We are satisfied that if appearance constitute fitness for the station, no better man can be found. In case this distinguished gentleman is appointed, SIR JOHN might justly mark his sense of past political services by abolishing the present three-cornered hat, and providing the new incumbent of the office with a gorgeous three-legged milking stool.

**Nonsense.**

It was a young man named MACMASTER,  
Who once talked a little bit faster  
Than the *Globe* would allow,—  
So he made his Kotow,  
And barely escaped a disaster.

The *Evening Telegram* observes that the *Ottawa Citizen* "seems to have been converted into a literary dumping-ground, into which every scribbler shoots rubbish at will." True, true; the *Citizen* is growing more like the *Telegram* all the time.

How to get a change of 'air.—Buy a wig.

"You may talk of the beauty of the Pyramids," said Miss SOCIABLE to a distinguished traveller, "but as for me, give me pyramids of ice cream at a supper-table."



**Pat-ronage.**

Our benevolent Premier has taken action to relieve the distress of the Irish—not by sending abroad a handsome donation from the public chest to assist the suffering people of the Emerald Isle, but by giving the portfolio of the Post Office to Mr. JOHN O'CONNOR, and thus bringing joy to the breasts of our own Celtic citizens. The country cannot but applaud this action, for it must be confessed the tribulations of Mr. O'CONNOR's countrymen in Canada were very grievous. The amount of pap they received was by no means in proportion to their numbers and influence, for their representative in the Cabinet had been shelved as President of the Council and could command none of the good things. It is all right now, however, and we hope Mr. BOYLE and all the other malcontents will come back to the Government ranks without delay. We shall soon see beaming Milesian countenances peering through the wickets of the Post Offices throughout the country in place of the grumpy Scotch mugs that remain here and there. So let there be joy amongst our downtrodden fellow-citizens.

It is not true that Mr. EDWARD BLAKE suggested to Pope LEO XIII the name of his newly established official paper—the *Aurora*.



**The School Book Wrangle.**

The human heart, which is prone to take more or less delight in a dog-fight, under whatever sort or coat it may beat, cannot but enjoy the tussel now going on amongst the rival firms of School-book publishers. Into the merits of the quarrel we do not propose to enter further than to present the above little sketch, which epitomizes probably all the "merits" it contains. If the wrangle results in destroying monopoly, and cheapening the text-books which the rising generation of school-boys thumb to pieces with so much facility, it will be a great gain to parents and guardians. And so mote it be.

**The Modern Nero.**

The Emperor NERO fiddled while Rome was being burned, and his modern prototype, G. B., plays gleefully while the country goes to pot. The *Globe* cannot conceal its ecstasies in announcing the fact that the business failures of 1879 exceed those of any year of the Reform regime. No doubt this is sad, if true, and there is just as little doubt of its truth. Is G. B. then a heartless wretch like the old Roman tyrant? O dear, no; on the contrary he is a most genial and good natured old gentleman, who wouldn't hurt a fly. It is not GEORGE BROWN you see in the picture; it is Partyism incarnate, and if NERO ever had more heartlessness, vindictiveness and cruelty in his nature than Toryism and Gripism have, all we can say is that historians have flattered him most fulsomely. Our cartoon does not exaggerate the spirit of faction as presented in the politics of our day, and it is submitted for the careful study of all thoughtful bystanders.

**A Short Sermon.**

DAN RICE, the well-known circus clown, announces himself as converted under Mr. MOODY's preaching and some of the religious papers have already raised the cry of "fraud!" We are not told that DAN has acted inconsistently with his profession (of Christianity), and it appears to Mr. GRIP that this conduct on the part of the religious editors is scarcely what a poor prodigal has a right to expect. DAN was never treated so badly in the ring. Church papers please copy.



**An Interesting Game.**

Our Minister of Public Works and Brother JONATHAN are at present engaged in a deeply interesting game of speculation. The stake for which they are playing is the carrying trade of the great lakes. At last accounts YANK had a point or too in his favor, but when our man plays the cards he has in reserve, there may be a change in the luck. In other words when Canada has secured the Lake Erie level, the deepening of the Welland Canal to 14 feet, the abolition of the harbor dues, and the diminution of insurance and ocean freight, the game is ours, for the Canadian route to England is 500 miles shorter than any Brother JONATHAN can command.

An advertiser in the *Globe* announces that he has succeeded in "restoring the hair to numbers of the most hopeless cases." Any man who can do this can surely cure bald-headedness.



**THE MODERN NERO.**  
FIDDLING AT THE DESTRUCTION OF CANADIAN COMMERCE.





## THE JOKER CLUB

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

"What is power?" shrieks an essayist. Try raw onions and garlic.—*N. Y. Express*.

Can a lazy man be styled a murderer, when he takes life easy?—*Waterloo Observer*.

One of the hardest things to sweat off is swearing.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

When a man falls down his temper generally gets up before he does.—*Boston Transcript*.

The couple married on Christmas day are spoken of as the Christmas tied.—*Philadelphia Item*.

There's many a slip between a geranium root and the blossom on the top of the stem.—*Syracuse Times*.

Walking matches will be done away with, now that leap year has come, it is to be hoped.—*New York Mail*.

Betting is immoral; but how can the man who bets be worse than one who is no better?—*John McCormick*.

The weather-cock, vane though it be, has the merit of always facing the world's storms.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

A Sunday school boy was asked if his father was a Christian. He replied, "Yes, but he is not working much at it."—*Ex*.

"This thing has gone far enough," yelled the amateur balloonist, as he frantically tugged at the valve ropes.—*New York News*.

"That's what beats me," as the boy said when he saw his father take the skate-strap from its accustomed nail.—*Burlington Hawk-eye*.

"We regret to an ounce," quoth the grocer's clerk, who apologized for being sixteen penny-weights short in the cinnamon.—*N. Y. News*.

"Here's for a good night's leap," said the burglar, as he jumped from the third storey window with his plunder.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

During the past year, young ladies, you have been told to "look ere you leap," but now you can "leap year you look."—*Whitehall Times*.

Genuine diamonds are now made by chemical process. This is of more importance to young men than the electric light.—*Keokuck Gate City*.

Domestic economy in these days consists in growling about the price of flour at home, and because your friend won't take "another one" while you are down street.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader*.

"I have a theory about the dead languages," said a new student. "What is it?" asked the professor. "That they are killed by being studied too hard."—*Ex*.

What is it that makes a ship so prowed?—*Salem Sunbeam*. She must be influenced by something or rudder, as a matter of course.—*Boston Journal of Commerce*.

Since TENNYSON has shown an invincible repugnance to hearing his poetry read by ladies, it will no doubt be wrung out by the wild belles.—*Hackensack Republican*.

The quantity of sweetness visible upon the countenance of the office-seeker about election time, gives peculiar appropriateness to the name candy-date.—*New York People*.

"What is woman's will?" shrieks a social scientist of the bachelor persuasion. Experience in our younger days teaches us that it is the only will that heirs don't want to contest.—*Oswego Record*.

"The years are constantly passing by," pathetically sings a poet. We knew this long ago, and we also know that men who owe money are constantly passing by—on the other side of the street.

It is strange and sad to think that those twelve Indians don't come forward to be hanged. What are they thinking about? Where is the boasted kind-heartedness of the red man?—*New York Graphic*.

"How is your wife, Mr. SMITH?" Says SMITH, pointing to where his wife sat in the next room at work upon his coat: "She's sew-sew." Mr. JONES: "Oh, I see: she's mending sure enough."—*Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. ELIZABETH THOMPSON discovers from statistics that every man pays seventeen dollars a year for rum, whether he drinks it or not. We shall prosecute the person who usurps our share.—*Elmira Free Press*.

Proprietors of tobacco shops don't seem to shut up their shops to any great extent, notwithstanding the legions who swore off smoking on the first—and went at it again worse than ever, on the second.—*Lockport Union*.

A little girl of six or eight years dressed nicely, with curling hair and bright eyes, presents a pretty appearance, but she never seems quite happy, in spite of fine clothes, unless she can manage to step into every mud-puddle she comes to.

Considerable disgust was felt in Stratford, down by the sea, because its school teacher was drilling the scholars in drawing ovals, but on explaining that the ovals represented clams, a reaction set in, and he is now given a hearty good speed in his work.—*Danbury News*.

The *N. Y. Com. Advertiser* thinks that when a man's wife is able to walk three hundred and forty-two miles in five days, there ought to be no necessity for his walking the household track with a refractory infant when all the world is hushed in peaceful slumber.

So marvellous are the inventions and the discoveries of the present day, that we are ready to believe that nothing is impossible, and yet there has been nothing found that will scratch a man's back every time exactly in the right place so well as a man's hand.—*New York People*.

The *Syracuse Times*, in reply to a correspondent who wants to know what to do with a hard corn on the toe, says: "Take it off and let the blacksmith pound it on his anvil for half an hour. Success will be complete. It is somewhat expensive, but it never fails to soften the corn."

Large carbuncles are being revived. They are intended for finger ornaments, but some men will persist in wearing them on their toes. You can always tell a man who wears his carbuncle on his toe when you see him at a swell party. He stands on his other foot the most of the evening, and lies to the hostess about the bang up time he has had.—*Ex*.

ULSTER is a curious name for a young lady, but it is what an Irvington young man calls his queen. We suppose it is because he is so wrapped up in her.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

One of the lady teachers in a Reno public school a few days since was laboring with an urchin on the science of simple division. This is what came of it: "Now JOHNNY, if you had an orange which you wished to divide with your little sister, how much would you give her?" JOHNNY, "A suck."—*Reno Gazette*.

Many men think lecturing is their field, and take to the platform. All succeed in one way or another. Some succeed in pleasing the public, and others succeed in making their hearers wish they had been taken to the platform by the sheriff before they thought of taking to it of their own accord.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Now, JOHNNY, you've had a merry Christmas, and you must be good till next Christmas to pay for it." "Oh, yes, of course; be good. I don't b'lieve you can hire me to be good for a year for a tin horse and a story-book just like what BILL JONES was going to trade me for three marbles. Not much."—*New Haven Register*.

We observe with much pleasure and satisfaction that an attempt is being made to arrest the insidious progress of the French metric system in this part of the country. The metric measure is a subtle, crafty, possibly Jesuitical assault upon our institutions, under the pretence of giving us thirty-nine inches for a yard.—*Brooklyn Union*.

Two men halted on Christmas Eve before a brilliantly-lighted dry goods palace. "Do you know," said one, "that this store reminds me of my wife's mouth?" "How so, my boy?" queried the other. Then the first speaker pointed in silence to a sign conspicuously displayed in the window. "Open all the evening."—*Buffalo Sunday Times*.

Give a boy "leave" to throw a snowball at you and he will skim the silk hat from your head just as easy; but if you attempt to retaliate he will stand in front of a glass door in such a tempting manner that you "let drive," not for a moment thinking the young rascal will dodge, but he does, and your snowball gracefully introduces itself through the glass and eventually goes through your pocket.—*New Haven Register*.

Two of those ornaments made of plaster of Paris flavored with sugar were bestowed upon an urchin, with the usual warning, "Don't eat them whatever you do; they will poison you." For some time they were regarded by him and his younger brother with mingled awe and admiration; but at no distant day they missed one. "Tom," said she to the owner, who was just setting forth for school, "what have 'ee done with that figure?" "Giv'd it to DRUG," was the reply; "and if he's living when I come home, I mean to eat the other one myself."—*Ex*.

A poet in a contemporary sings this kind of a song:

"They tell me of Italian lands,  
Where flowers, by zephyr breezes fanned,  
Perfume the evening air."

We don't like to discourage poets. As a great public teacher we admire them. But truth is tantamount to poetry, and the writer of the above might as well know first as last that the "flowers, zephyr breezes," &c., are nothing more or less than Italian organ-grinders with monkey attachments. And the perfume! Save the mark! It's only garlic!—*N. Y. Express*.

**The Pirates of Toronto Bay:**

A MORAL STORY FOR BOYS.

BY JIMUEL BRIGGS.

"But" said His Worship, "the detectives tell me that there are no more than fifty pirates on the Island all told, which is really a very small number compared with the population of this city. There must always be some pirates you know. If Toronto didn't have any it would be a one-horse kind of a place. Anyway, what do you know about pirates of your personal knowledge? Did any single one of you see any piracy committed? If so the courts are open and you can lay an information at your own expense. That's all I have to say. Git!"

They got.  
Mayor BEATY smiled, and raising up his trusty lute warbled the following aria.

THE PIRATE VOTE.

"Oh a pirate's life  
Hath its toil and strife,  
And so has the life of a mayor,  
There are hardships and ill  
Which a man nearly kill  
When he sits in the civic chair.

"But though sad is my lot  
Compensation I've got,  
Upon which for a moment I'll float;  
My opponent I'll beat,  
For I'm sure of my seat,  
With the aid of the Pirate Vote.  
Ha! Ha!  
With the aid of the Pi-r-a-a-te Vote."

"Ha! a messenger without! bid him approach! What tidings?"  
"Your worship, the Island corsairs last night hailed the mention of your name with loud acclaim. One or two Scotchmen, who indicated a preference for MORRISON were branded as Tory Annexationists and shot on the spot."

"Tis well. Here's gold for thee," said the Mayor, flinging him a purse well lined with sequins and moldores.

CHAP. VII.

And when amid blue giddy throng  
In walls of dazzling light,  
The harp's mellifluous notes prolong,  
Oh 'tis a cheerful sight,  
Or words to our effect.

—Horace lib. 1 ode 3.

Project thyself gentle reader into the Local legislature—not necessarily as a member thereof—that were too great a sacrifice, but as a spectator of the gorgeousness and magnificence of the opening. Picture to thyself the dazzling vice Gubernatorial cortege, the glittering throng of soldiery, their scarred breasts resplendent with the decorations won in many a campaign,—the fairest daughters of the land displaying on their persons the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind. not to speak of that realized in the grocery business; the vast auditorium filled with the culture and intelligence of the Province—also some bishops and the Consuls for Patagonia, Hawaii and Madagascar clad in their robes of office.

Hush! The Lieut. Governor rises! Every eye is centered upon our majestic ruler with expressions of unutterable fealty and life-long devotion. He speaks! Eloquence more entrancing never fell from mortal lips! In periods glowing with the rhetoric of a Demosthenes, enriched with the lore of centuries and glistening with the gems and flowers of Fancy, did he depict the bright future of our favored nation. Becoming enthused with his theme he soared to yet loftier flights, until his roseant and ornate utterances seemed lost in the illimitable vistas opened to the rapt listeners by his fervid impassioned oratory. Ever and anon

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**BALDNESS!**

Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-cobyn, 244 King-street, West, opposite Revere Block, as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.  
Send for circulars. xii-12-17

the assembled myriads burst into prolonged and rapturous plaudits.

"Among other measures," said he at length, "which I intend to enact, is a bill for the suppression of piracy in Toronto Bay."

"Carambo! Then we are betrayed!" This exclamation proceeded from a figure concealed by the long cloak and slouched hat ordinarily adopted by pirates in mingling with the world at large.

The speaker hastily quitted his place in the speaker's gallery, and gained the grounds in front of the building.

Plucking a dagger from his girdle, he turned and shook it fiercely. "Ala, proud governor; look to thyself! Beware the Pirate's Vengeance!"

The act had not passed unnoticed. Instantly a hundred rifles of the guard blazed forth their deadly fire. RUDOLPH, for he it was, quickened his pace somewhat, and strode on towards the Bay. His escape from death was well-nigh miraculous. Had the Queen's Own loaded with ball instead of blank cartridge, one or two of them would have been pretty certain to hit. He gained in safety the ice-boat which the pirates had hired for the season, that lay moored at the wharf. A young girl of surpassing beauty was near by fastening on her skates preparatory to gliding over the frozen surface. As the vessel slowly started on her course, RUDOLPH darted towards her, and seizing her in his arms, placed her on board.

"Thus, ha, ha! doth the pirate woo his bride! Now then—Pirate's Chorus—all together!

"Who would not be  
A pirate bold, &c., &c.—"

CHAP. VIII.

In vain for happiness we seek  
In this dull world of care,  
Where every prospect still is bleak,  
And nought remains but—hair—snare—  
tear—bear—pair—no, that won't do—lair—fair—  
wear—mayor—oh, well, fill in to suit yourself.  
—O. Mowat.

"Now then min," said Detective BURROUGHS, "go aisy now; we've got thim this time sure."

Cautiously the gen'darmes entered the lonely hut—carefully they raised the door-mat—they touched the secret spring revealed by GOUZALOO MCGINNIS, the traitor—slowly they descended the stairs and proceeded along the secret passage to the pirate's cave.

"Now thim," said BURROUGHS, "out wid your revolvers—rush in and pull thim."

They rushed in and found silence, solitude, darkness and some empty bottles.

The birds had flown—their present address is unknown.

"Just as I expected," said BURROUGHS. "It's all the fault of them papers. If that Grip reporter had only kep' the thing quiet whin I axed him, we'd have had 'em just as aisy."

THE END.

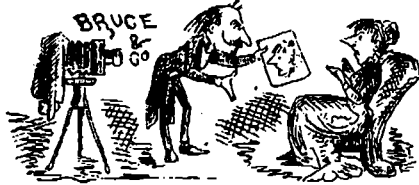
**Saving Harry.**

The reader will recall that touching episode in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in which ELIZA makes her heroic dash across the broken ice in the river, carrying her darling child with her. St. John's ward is just now endeavoring to emulate ELIZA's noble example, and save her pet alderman, ARRY PIPER. It is to be hoped this worthy gentleman will be safely carried over the rough and dangerous river of the law, for the city can ill afford to lose the benefit of his profound wisdom at the civic board. Unfortunately all our city fathers are not men of powerful intellect and exalted ideas, and the absence of ARRY would therefore be severely felt.



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**Humming Around.**

The cry is still they come,  
The poets of the "hum."

—Plumb.

Sir LEONARD TILLEY, K. C. B.,  
Is humming around, around, around,  
To note the effect of his great N. P.,  
As he goes humming around.  
He went out west to London the less,  
But the hum was faint he had to confess,  
And he shut his ears to the hum of distress,  
As he went humming around.

He next went east to Oshaway,  
Humming around, around, around,  
And his doings were noted by TIM O'DAY,  
As he went humming around.  
Here a hum he found where a hundred men  
Were as busy as bees at the work of ten,  
And all were content—even Mister GLEN,  
As he went humming around.

But Montreal did not hum worth a cent,  
Humming around, around, around,  
And Quebec didn't make him feel content,  
As he went humming around.  
But now he is doing the Maritime  
Provinces (please excuse the rhyme)  
And they say he's having a high old time,  
As he goes humming around.

**Horrible.**

"Great monsters with protruding eyes  
glared at me from slimy recesses. Trailing  
hideous shapes fought and mangled one  
another as I gazed. A Thing with the body  
of a Serpent, the legs of a Kangaroo and  
the jaws of an enormous Rhinoceros  
writhed mortally wounded in an ocean of  
mud. I shudder yet as I think of the huge  
beast-fowl t'at—" Mr. JIGGERS stopped  
because here his mother shrieked wildly  
"Come! JOHN! ALICE, JANE.—quick—my  
poor boy is crazy—Oh! help!". The next  
time she comes into the room, when he is  
describing what he saw in a drop of city  
water through a microscope, he will stop  
and tell the old lady what he is talking about.

"High spirits."—Wines drunk in a bal-  
oon.

"I am dish maid" as the servant said when  
she broke the dishes.

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- " Washeecotal do
- " Romsine do
- " Musquarro do
- " Pashasheeboo do
- " Cornelle do
- " Agwanus do
- " Maggie do
- " Trout do
- " St Marguerite do
- " Pentecost do
- " Mistassini do
- " Beesle do
- " Little Cascapedia (Baie des Chaleurs).
- " Nouvelle do
- " Escumenac do
- " Malbaie (near Percé).
- " Magdalen (South Shore).
- " Montlouis do
- " Tobique (New Brunswick).
- " Nashwaak do
- " Jacques do
- " Charlo do
- " Jupiter (Anticosti Island).
- " Salmon do

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