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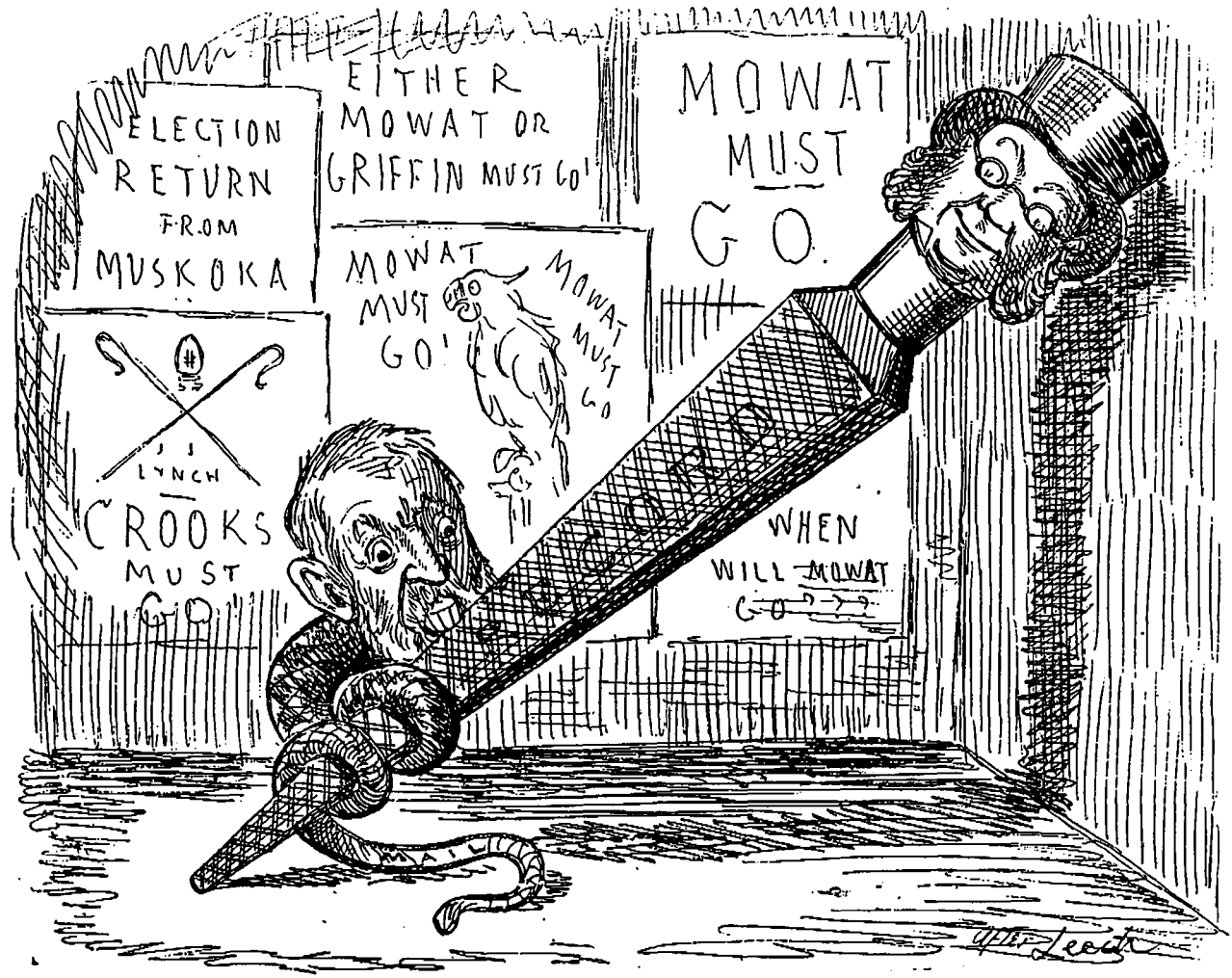
IMPORTER.
CHINA HALL.
GLOVER HARRISON,
49 KING ST. E., Toronto

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VOLUME XIX.
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1ST GENT—What find I here
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Hath come so near creation?
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so beautifully counterfeit nature.
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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH,
Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORE,
Manager.

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

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

Please Observe.

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

NOTICE.

To prevent constantly recurring mistakes, we would notify correspondents that the "Shorthand Bureau" has no connection whatever with this office, but is managed by Mr. Thos. Bengough, at No. 11 King Street, West. All letters pertaining to phonography should be sent to that address.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Agrippa.—Not up to the mark, and sub'ect too hackneyed.

W.O.C.D., Montreal.—Your latest not suitable.

[Contributors are requested to write by the foot, not by the yard. If MS. is not worth this attention on the part of the writer, it will receive none from us.]

EXTRA SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

It is generally known to the civilized world that MR. GRIP enriches each Christmas season by issuing a *Comic Almanac*. Mankind will be delighted to know that MR. GRIP has finished his literary and artistic labors on the *Almanac* for 1883, and that the same is now in the hands of his skillful printers, who are rapidly putting it together. Early in the month of December the work will be ready for an eager public, and it will be a sad want of discrimination on the part of the aforesaid public if they do not unanimously pronounce it the best and funniest book ever issued in the Dominion. It will be crowded from cover to cover with original wit and humor of pen and pencil, notwithstanding which it will cost only 25 cents per copy!

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Archbishop Lynch has stated plainly from his pulpit that he intends using his influence in favor of Mr. Mowat's party in the local elections. Hons. Frank Smith and John O'Donohue have issued a manifesto reproving the Archbishop for interfering in political matters in his priestly capacity. In this the hon. gentlemen are

perfectly sound. It is against the best interests of the State that the Church should attempt to dictate in matters political, especially when, as in the present case, there is no principle of religion or morals at stake. The manly and sensible letter of the two Catholic honorables is very much to the point, but everybody knows that it would never have been written if Archbishop Lynch had announced his adherence to the other party. The whole thing is a transparent humbug on both sides, and everybody knows it.

FIRST PAGE.—The *Mail's* vile attacks on Mowat and his colleagues continue. *Aesop's* fable of the Viper and the File seems to fit the case very neatly, and so we simply reproduce one of John Leech's peccillings, replacing the heads of Peel and Disraeli with those of men not quite so distinguished.

EIGHTH PAGE.—This sketch, it will be observed, is a sequel to the one given last week. Scarcely had the brave words here copied left Mr. Norquay's lips before Sir John issued his order in Council disallowing the charter of the railway, which the Manitoba premier had valiantly declared would "go right on." It will be interesting to keep an eye on the burly gentleman of the Prairie Province, and see if his valor will be any better than that of Bob Acres. According to his stated programme he will at once call the Legislature together and re-enact the charter. We sit back in our chair and await developments.



ROYAL.—Mr. and Mrs. McDowell are again with us for a brief season prior to their provincial tour. We join most heartily in the regret that the "Ranch 10" company was not better patronized. No finer performance has been given in the city this season. Alas, that theatre-going intellect prefers ballet girls to actors with brains.

It is stated that manager Conner will retire from the Royal at the end of the present season. The patrons of the house will universally regret this, and Mr. French will certainly find it difficult to get a more urbane and attentive man for the position.

The favorite play of "Hazel Kirke" is at present the attraction at the Grand. They say it took the whole staff of this house, assisted by a Grand Trunk dray, to carry the cash box to the bank after last week's business.

Aspiring lecturers should file their names with the International Lecture Bureau just organized in this city. Address, Mr. Burgess, 11 King-st. W.

"Yes," said the young lady, who was accused of leaving college because she thought too much of one of the teachers, "but it was not Mr. X. alone who was the object of my affection. I was equally in love with the black coachman and the broken-down stove in the basement, and the impossibility of deciding between the brilliant rival attractions was what forced me to leave."

TO THE COMET.

Mysterious Wanderer—gleaming in our skies—
Please tell us of thy travels—far in space—
Where have you been since last our startled eyes
Gazed with astonishment upon your face?
What you've discovered in your travels lone—
What worlds you've visited—besides our own?
Comet, excuse the liberty I take,
In thus addressing questions unto you—
But there are some important points at stake,
And if you please—we'll settle them by you.

Now first of all,—"the Sun,"—inform us on
His size, his shape, and how far he's away
From our small world?—And give some facts upon
The population of the "God of Day?"—
What are the "taxes?"—Is the "Government" right—
And tell us where his "Lordship" goes at night?
How is the climate—humid, dry, or wet?
And what—*fair* figures for the national debt?
Is there a man within his boundaries, pray—
Who'd give, or take, expenses—either way—
And try to lower our "Rowing Champion's" pride,
For, let us say—ten thousand dollars—aside?
If there is—say so—we'll put up the purse—
And it will be "the farthest fared the worst."

Now for the Moon! Kindly inform us, please,
If her component parts are *really* cheese?
What number of inhabitants there may be—
Or is there but *one* man—the one we see?
What makes her change her figure every night—
Is she illumined with the "Electric light?"
Are there "Railroads" on that distant sphere—
Have they the "Telephone" as we have here?
What "Policy" does the Government pursue—
Where goes the "Old Moon" when we see the New?

Give the dimensions of her tallest spires—
And what, the mileage of her "Telegraph wires?"
How is she fixed for "Minerals,"—has she Mines?
And *what* she "gets full" on when she so inclines?
Are all her *schools* first run by hooks and Crooks—
Or is "Marmion" allowed with other books?
Answer these questions, Comet, if you can,
And you'll confer a boon on restless Man.

And in return for any information
That you may give our knowledge-loving nation,
We'll tender our hearty thanks—and what is more—
Pay you such price as ne'er was paid before—
Do what the "Ancients" thought was very nice,
"Offer our Noblest Man—a sacrifice!"
Our *purest*, fairest, dearest, whitish lamb—
Our darling little *leader*—*Mowat's* the Man!
Go, take him, Comet—take this Man in tow—
And bear him far into space—For *Mowat* must go!
"THE SUB."

AUTUMN LEAVES.

- Interest too high.
- Money very tight.
- Sick of party politics.
- North-west land too cheap.
- Full of weather prognostics.
- Bread and meat very high.
- Stock in it not so bad, though.
- Housekeeping expenses no less.
- Quite sure it's John A.'s doing.
- Bank stock speculators feel sick.
- The same old bay water to drink.
- Consistent Conservatives, of course.
- Sure there will be no skating this year.
- Quite sure the N.P. will ruin the farmer.
- In daily expectation of "the beautiful."
- Intending to get season tickets for the rink.
- As much in love with the bank clerk as ever.
- A splendid crop of weeds on our boulevards.
- Utterly disgusted at the low prices of wheat.
- Perfectly persuaded trade was never so slow.
- Nearly as fond of $\frac{3}{4}$ time for our hymn tunes as we were.
- No street car route from east to west, north of Queen-street.
- Quite as attentive to our neighbors as we commonly are.
- As much out of breath in the hymns at church as last year.
- Almost—perhaps quite—as inattentive to the preacher as usual.
- No, not quite willing to admit that we have had a splendid harvest.



THE TRADE.

A SOLILOQUY.

I. Is it not an outrage on a civilized community That a man can't buy his liquor a minute after seven? Let us try and bust the Crooks' Act up, that grinds us with impunity, And keep our bars on Saturday wide open till eleven.

II. Don't we pay our lawful taxes like other men of business, And likewise buy our licenses at a terrible expense? What though our constant customers sometimes complain of dizziness, We have to pay our licenses, our taxes, and our rents!

III. When I see the working man go by from workshop and from factory, With money in his pocket that he might have left with me, I acknowledge I get savage, and inclined to get refractory, To see the greasy fellow going straight home to his tea.

IV. See how my place is fitted up, my beautiful decanters, My beer pumps, "Tom and Jerry" bowl, my silver-ware so bright. And to think I get so much abuse from intermeddling rangers, Because a man should happen in and get a little tight!

V. They say we foster drunkards, but they're very much mistaken, For if a man gets boozey, and in a chair gets fast asleep, We pull the chair from under him, when he'll thoroughly awaken, And gently catch him by the neck, and fire him in the street!

VI. Perhaps he then gets noisy, when along will come the "collars," And the chances are he finds himself confined in No. 1; In the morning he is mulcted in the sum of sundry dollars, Or in default soon afterwards across the Don is run.

VII. Of course we make distinctions, if the gentleman has money We put up with a great deal as long as it does last; We let him sing his merry songs, and tell his stories funny, And when too drunk we call a hack, and home he gets quite fast.

VIII. Now, why can't we keep open late on Saturday as Monday, Shall we, as British subjects, be defrauded of our rights? Perhaps we do! and if your "fly," you can get dozed up on Sunday, It's not all illicit "shebeens" that produce all Sunday nights.

IX. This course is confidential, and it is extremely risky, For sometimes you may get dropped on, and fined a heavy fine: When a thirsty traveller comes around and wants a horn of whiskey, It's as hard to tell a "spotter" as logwood wash from wine!

X. What care we for the drunkard, what his wretched wife is suffering, So long as we wear diamonds, and make a grand parade, And drive around a fancy "rig," as stylish as Lord Dufferin, Let bummers look out for themselves, we'll look out for the Trade!

"He is a man among ten thousand," said Mr. Smith to his wife, in enthusiastic description of his friend Jones. Whereupon his little son inquired, "Does Mr. Jones live in a town that has just lately been made a city?"

MRS. McDERMOTT'S COMET.

ERINGBOROUGH TERRACE, Oct., '82.

MY DEAR SIR,—The following is the epistle I received immediately on my arrival home from Aigipt:—

"Hamilton, Oct., '82.

"Dear Cousin Barney,—I do be glad to think that you are home again. There's a grate comet coming to Hamilton to-morrow night, and if you'll make it conveyant to visit me then, and stay a couple of days, I'll be much obliged to ye, as I do not like to go to the top of the house, in the dead hour of night, without a man-body being in the house. Francis sends his love to you, and his Auntie Nora, and Tim.

Nomore at present from your loving cousin,
AUNTIE McDERMOTT.

P.S.—I got Francis to write this letter for me. Yours, old buck,

FRANCIS."

Seein' that Mrs. McDermott was a widdy woman, an' me first cousin, an' one av the family, as it were, it immaydiately behoved me to request Nora to lay out me Sunday suit, me white shirt wid the studs, me green tie, an' me goold pin wid the sphinx head, so I could be a kind av dacent to visit me cousin and see the comet. Mrs. McDermott had a bye, be name Francis, an' me nephew to wit, an' bedad that's the bye has more in his head than ye'd be afther thinkin'. Me cousin made me very welcome whin I cum, an' afther sittin' talkin' over me adventures in Aigipt we retired for the evening. I went to bed airly, an' afther shlapin quietly for three or four hours, I tuk to dhramin', and was enjoyin' meself beautifully, when all at wost whirr-rr-rr-rr-rackethy-bang! rang! clang! pell-mell! thunder! murder! whirr-rr-rr-oo! cum thumpin' agin me unfortunate timpanum, wakenin' me out of me shlope, and shtrikin' terror to me sowl. Slick as lightning I out o' bed, an' down the shairs wint tarin' like mad, niver shtoppin' until I run agin what I tuk to be Mrs. McDermott's bedroom dure. "Mrs. McDermott," sez I, knockin'. "What?" sez she. "Are you there?" sez I. "Yes," sez she. "What for?" sez she. "Sure the comet's tumbled into the sun," sez I. "Didn't yez hear the shindy? sure the pieces have been rowlin' down the chimbley for the lasht half hour an' more." "Glory be to Peter," sez she, gettin' out av' bed wid a thump, an' fumblin' around the room. "Have ye'er a match ye'd be afther lendin' me?" sez she. Wid that a dure opens away down at the other ind av the hall. "Where are yez?" sez she. "Here," sez I. "Where?" sez she. "At the bedroom dure," sez I. "Faith an' yer nothin'," sez she, "for I'm at the dure myself. Have yez'er a match at all?" "Nary a match," sez I, "sure I left thim upstairs in me vesht pocket." "Here's wan," sez Francis, slidin' down the bannisters an' rippin' a match up agin the wall, revealin' me a-shiverin' at the pantry dure, wid the ruffles av Mrs. McDermott's nightcap just visible out av a dure away at the other ind av the hall. "You young divil!" sez she, "what tricks have yez been to up now? tell me," sez she, makin' a grab at him, "what diviltry did yez play on yer Uncle Barney?" "Nothin' mother, only the alarm wint off in the night." At this moment the match wint out an' I sayzed the chance to flounder upstairs again to me own room, mighty thankful that it wasn't the crack av doom afther all. Whin I lighted the gas, behold ye, there was the little alarum clock that bye had stuck on a chair close up to the head av me bed; and away it wint rattlin' in the night like the rattle av a hundred an' fifty kettle-drums. "Well," sez I, "byes will be byes," sez I, "and many's the thrick meself played a quarter av a century ago."

Afore I turned in I lukt out at the night.

It was fine an' clear, plenty of stars, but nary a comet. So I concluded I'd best be afther havin' a slape until it was time for the comet to come out. Whin I woke up again the sun was shthramin' in through the window, and the comet had been an' gone two hours before.

The next night meself was awakened up wid a modest little bit of a rat-tat-tat at me bedroom dure. "Arrah! be aff out of that will yez," sez I, thinkin' it was the bye again. "Cousin Barney," sez the voice av Mrs. McDermott, softly, "would yez like to see the comet?" "Howly Moses! Mrs. McDermott, is that you? sure it's beggin' yer pardon I am. I was afther thinkin' it was the bye Francis." "Hurry up," sez she, "an' come up to the top av the house to have a squint at it; you can see it beautifully to-night." "All right," sez I, "I'll be there in a jiffy," and wid that gets up an' inside av me suit in less than no time; the night bein' a kind av chilly I hauled on me overcoat, tied a sock up me jaws for fear av the toothake, and wint up to Mrs. McDermott's obsarvatory in the attic. Whin I got there, behold ye, Mrs. McDermott was standin' upon a wash-stand wid her head outside av the little bit av a shky-light, an' she a howldin' on to the roof wid her two hands. "Glory be to Peter," she was sayin'. "Sure an' it's as big as two moons, an' lukt at all them little black marks round an' round it," sez she. "Now I declare," sez she, "the works av nature is wonderful, raley. I wonder, now, is it raley a-fire, or just shinin' like that stinkin' fish meself was afther throwin' out. Sure I can't see how that could fall into the sun, whin the sun isn't here at night to get fallen into, and the comet don't be here in the daytime. Glory be—" "Miss Mrs. McDermott," sez I, fur the teeth were chatterin' in me head wid' the cowlid, "is that the comet yer afther shpakin to?" "Oh, cousin Barney," sez she, bringin' her head from above the roof, "it beats all I ever see, but the tail aint out to-night. Get right up and see it," sez she, jumpin' down wid a clump that shuk the whole house. Well, meself mounted on top av the wash-stand, an' afther squeezin' me head up through the shky-light I lukt cast acrosht the shingles, but saw nothin' but clouds an' darkness. "Mrs. McDermott," sez I, "What?" sez she. "Where's the comet?" sez I. "Over be the chimbley," sez she. "The chimbley!" sez I, "sure the chimbley's in the west." "Who's to blame for that?" sez she, "sure the comet's there all the same—lukt out be the chimbley." Well, to please her I lukt out over the ind where the chimbley was, and sure enough there was a large dull ball av fire a-blazin' away as quiet an' cool as ye plaze. "Be me sowl," sez I, "that's a mighty quare comet, it's round an' round, wid nary a tail that meself kin discover at all. Mistress McDermott," sez I, "will yez be good enough to slip yer hand in me coat pocket an' hand me out that shmal field glass the general gave me in Aigipt?" "I will," sez she, divin' her hand in me pocket an' handin' it up. I tuk the glass, an' fixin' me eye properly, tuk one look, and then the glass rowled out av me hand, down off the roof, an' I laid me face down on the shingles an' laughed till the tears cum drappin' down like rain into Mrs. McDermott's wash hand-basin. My dear Mr. GRIP, whin I lukt through the glass it was exactly half-past two on the face av the comet, fur Mrs. McDermott's comet was nothin' more or less than the splendid new illuminated clock on the corner of James and King streets.

I remain, dear sir, yours truly,
BARNEY O'HEA.

"What is the best remedy for melancholia, spasms, weak-knees, alcoholism, sick headache and ring-bone?" asks HYPOCHONDRIAC. A weekly dose of GRIP, my boy. It never failed yet. St. Jacobs Oil is a fool to it.



THE ONLY MAN FOR THE JOB.

Dufferin has been sent to Egypt to straighten out the Governmental tangle.—*Daily Paper.*

PRESENTS.

THE GRAND OLD MAN AND HIS GRAND OLD PRESENT.

A paragraph from an English paper states that in October Mr. Gladstone visited the Dowager Marchioness of Waterford, at Ford Castle, Berwick, and, as his habit is, "felled a tree as a memorial of his visit." Not only did the G.O.M. cut down the tree, but he actually promised the forester, John Ormiston, his axe as a present. It furthermore is stated that the People's William, forgot all about his promise until "two weeks ago, the anniversary of his visit to Ford Castle, when he sent the old forester, now *bedruiden*, a fine axe of American manufacture, accompanied by a kindly letter."

This was, beyond doubt, a very graceful action on the part of the G.O.M., but what on earth is the bedridden old retainer going to do with the axe? And why did he send him one of American manufacture? Was it a covert suggestion to the old forester to "cut his stick" and "go west?" It looks very much like what Artemus Ward would call a "sarkasm." Wonder if he sent a remittance in his "kindly letter?" It would likely answer the bedridden forester's purposes as well as an axe, however fine or American. Perhaps, however, it was the celebrated hatchet of G. Washington. Such acts of generosity as the above are highly commendable, and—they don't cost much.

THE GRAND OLD COUNTRY AND ITS GRAND OLD PRESENT.

Speaking of presents, GRIP takes great pleasure in reverting to the unsolicited, generous action of the "Ome" Government in presenting us with a nucleus of a navy in the shape and form of that gallant war ship, the *Charlydis*. Unfortunately, however, Canadian waters seemed not to agree with that noble vessel's constitution, for we learn that her engines are to be "disconnected and sent home in a transport, and her hull is to be used in one of the English dock-yards as a coal barge." The *Charlydis* will look rather Scylla in her new position, but this is a *tender* subject.

If you resist a policeman you will likely get a bat on the head.

Advice to railway managers—"Train hands" in the way they should go.

When does a person learning to swim resemble a fish? When he is a flounder.



ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH.

A STORY WITH AN IMMORAL.

"Dear children always tell the truth," said old Deacon Ardshell in his remarks to the Sunday School. "No good never comes of lyin', I have always noticed that them boys which are truthful and wouldn't tell a lie on any consideration, are those which succeed in life and grow up to be worthy and respected citizens, while the liars are always found out and come to a bad end. I remember of readin' a story about George Washington when he was a boy, &c."

Philander Gregsby was an impressionable youth, and notwithstanding that some scoffers did allege that the Deacon had a habit of watering of the milk he sent to the cheese factory, he entertained the greatest veneration for that good man. The discourse sunk deep into his mind, and he resolved that from that time forth Veracity should be his guide through life, and that he would never stoop to the meanness of a lie.

CHAP. II.

"Well, Phil," said his father one day, "you're getting about big enough to earn your own living now, and seeing you don't seem to take to the farm work, I guess you'd best go clerking, or something. I was talking to old Brinstead, up at the corners, and he wants a boy to help in the store. He'll take you on trial for a week if you like."

"I don't like, father; I should prefer to do nothing as long as possible."

"You durned lazy cuss!" said the old man, indignantly.

"Would you have me tell a lie?" said the noble boy. "No, father, I do not like to work, but, as I was going on to observe, I suppose everyone has to do it, so I will clerk for Brinstead."

The following morning found our hero at his post behind the counter.

He got a'long very fairly for the first few hours, for he was a bright youth, though he tied up the parcels rather clumsily at first.

By and by an old lady came in for some groceries. Brinstead being busy with other customers, Philander waited upon her.

"Any good butter?" she asked.

"Well I don't know as it's *very* good," said the votary of veracity. "I heard Mr. Brinstead tell the farmer he bought it off that it warn't fit for cartgrease."

"It doesn't taste much better," said the customer. There's lard in it, isn't there."

"Yes, we mixed a little in this morning," said Philander, "not very much though. It improves the taste of some kinds of butter."

"You miserable little scoundrel," said Brinstead, indignantly. "What do you mean? I've a mind to, to—"

"Well sir, you know it's true. I did not come here to tell lies. I was taught at Sunday School never to tell a lie, and I never mean to."

Brave boy! Noble adherent of principle! How few there are like him in this evil world. Did Mr. Brinstead say, "Ah, here is a boy I can trust," raise his salary on the spot, and eventually take him into partnership, and give him his daughter to wife?

We grieve to say that he did not. He simply swore a few terrific oaths at Philander's stupidity, and told him he wasn't fit for the grocery biz., and could go right home, and the other customers laughed at him for a greenhorn.

CHAP. III.

"The grocery trade," thought Philander, "must be peculiarly unfavorable to truthfulness. I'll try some other line."

So he left the corners and struck for the nearest city, some twenty miles off, where he had an uncle. Through the influence of the latter he got a situation in a dry-goods store. He kept it for about two weeks, for the store was a large one, and the proprietor did not find out his idiosyncracies all at once. At first his admissions that articles were not first-class, that the cloth was shoddy, and the blankets largely cotton, was set down to rural stupidity, but when it was discovered that he systematically told the truth on principle, he had to go. Everybody said it was a pity, that he was a smart active youth, and would make a first-class salesman if he would only reconcile himself to the ways of trade and abandon this absurd habit, but it was no use, Philander was determined to tell the truth.

He was a pushing fellow, and not readily discouraged, and he tried successively a shoemaker's store, a broker's office, a restaurant, and a drug store. He lost his place as a waiter for giving away the composition of the beef-steak pie, and forfeited the confidence of the druggist by a frank admission that the lemon syrup of the soda fountain was extracted by a chemical process from old boots. It seemed as if commerce had no sort of use for a truthful man, for by this time he was pretty well grown up.

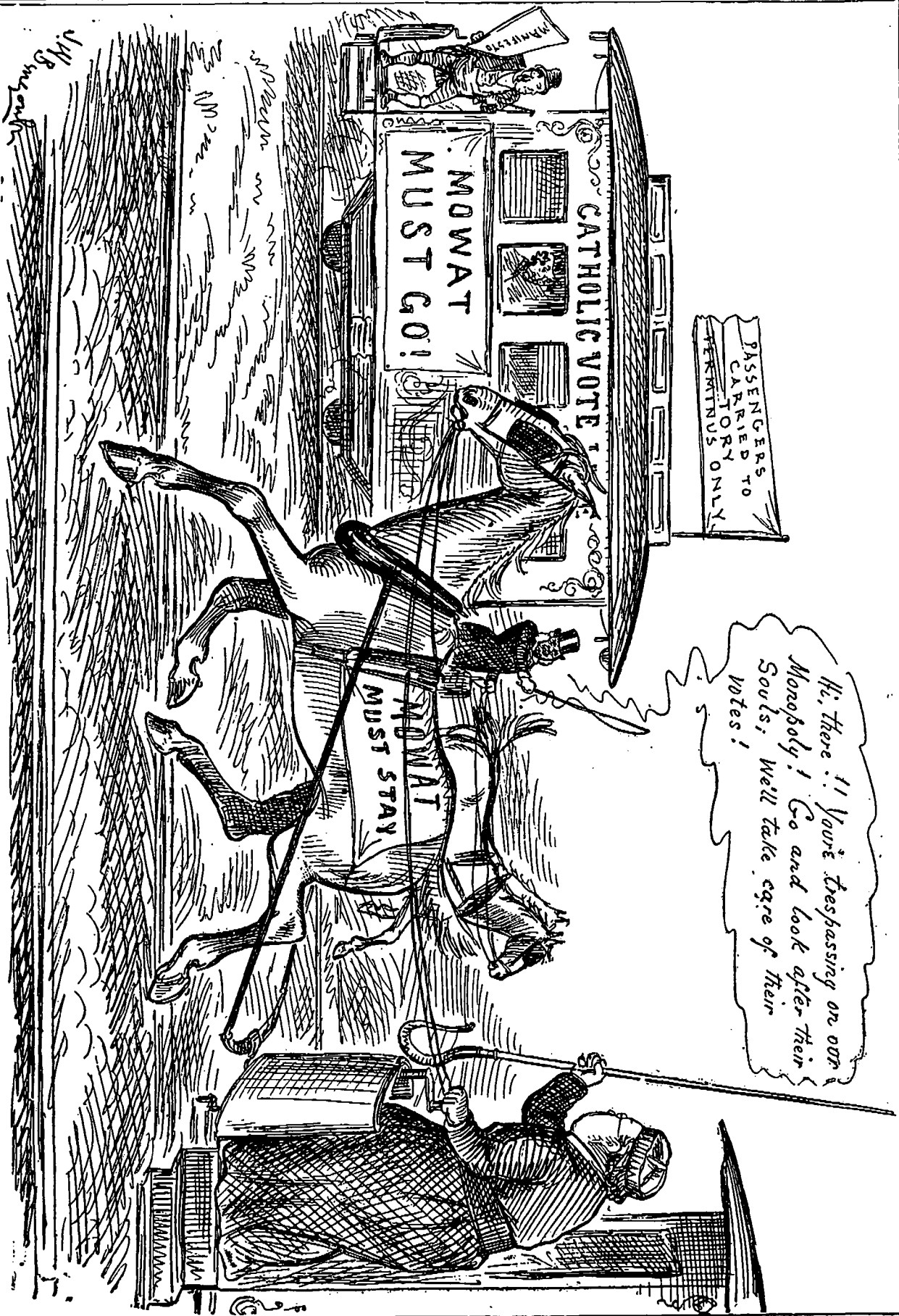
(To be continued.)

AN ALLEGED TISSUE OF FALSEHOODS.

The *Hamilton Spectator* gives the following account of the recent visit of a deputation of Licensed Victuallers to the Premier;—

The simple facts are that several gentlemen representing the licensed victuallers of Ontario called upon Sir John Macdonald, "to ascertain from Sir John Macdonald whether it was the intention of the Dominion Government to take into its hands the regulation of the license law, and if, in so doing, it was the intention to do away with the marked political character of the existing Crooks act. In answer to the above, Sir John Macdonald stated that it was the intention of the Government to take the matter into its hands, as such a course was forced upon it by the late decision of the Privy Council in regard to the Scott act, and that in the framing of the measure, it was the intention to make it strictly non-political."

Now, if this is true, the *Globe* stands convicted of several deliberate falsehoods told for party purposes, to wit: that in the interview in question, Sir John Macdonald promised to repeal the Saturday night closing law; that the Victuallers produced their books and stated that they could influence 7,800 votes; that Sir John suggested that a complaint against the Saturday night early closing should be formulated, and that he would act upon such complaint; that Sir John promised to fix it so that saloons could be kept open till midnight on Saturdays, and lastly that he exacted a promise of secrecy concerning the interview. It is altogether likely that the *Spectator's* version is the correct one, as it is in a position to know the facts, and it is not probable that the correspondent, or editor of the *Globe* was taken into the confidence of the Victuallers on the occasion. The Grit organ must prove its case, or assume the proud position of Champion Liar of the season.



THE OPPOSITION LINE;
 OR, FRANK SMITH'S MONOPOLY BROKEN AT LAST.

CLEAR GRIT ELECTION HYMN.

John A. moves by mysterious fits
His antics to perform,
He hurls dire vengeance at the Grits
To keep his venom warm.

Deep in mysterious Tory mines
Of Jerry-mander skill,
He formulates his dark designs
To please French Tories will.

Ye fearful Grits, ye need not quake,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with money and shall break
In bribery on your head.

Judge not John A. as wanting sense,
Nor trust him for his grace;
Behind a money recompense
Each Tory gets a place.

His purposes are ripening fast,
We hear it every hour;
To Grits 'twould have a bitter taste,
To Tories ill-got power.

Blind, silly Grits, are sure to err,
And look for truth in vain;
John A.'s his own interpreter,
And time will make it plain.

The *Blen* French Tories made demands,
And said what they would do clean;
John A. then rubbed his two clean hands
And said, *Merci, Monsieur!*

CLICK.

A FEW REMARKS.

Pleasant it was when woods were green,
And you and I were ditto,
To feel, while gazing on the scene,
We formed a part of it-oh.

But now, when leaves are sere and old,
And you and I are older,
Perhaps we're wiser and more bold,
But oh! we're so much colder!

"Now, do come and see me," said the young city lady to her friend the farmer's daughter. "You might drive into town any time." "Can't do it," replied the country maiden, "we have nothing but an old dead horse to drive." "My dear!" remonstrated her mother, "an old dead horse!" "Well, mother, sadly replied the girl, you know he's old, and I've often heard you say he had no life in him."

"Now, Bertie," said Lewy, "I'm going to be the teacher, and you're to be the school. I'll hear you recite in geography first. Are you ready? Very well. Describe the course of the Saskatchewan river, telling between what peaks of what mountain range it rises, through what passes it flows, its latitude and longitude, the exact number, length, width and direction of its undulations, the rivers which flow into it, and the lakes drained by them; the cities upon its banks, with the names and dates of their founders, description of the country through which it flows, with the number and kinds of metals to be found there; the depth and force of the current, and the names and religious persuasion of the various tribes that have settled upon its shores since B.C. 49." Bertie—"Say it over again, and then it will be time for recess."

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

HE KNOCKED OFF FOUR.

In riding over to Lost Mountain from Marietta, I came across a young man who was digging post-holes for a barbed wire fence, and when I told him what I wanted, he replied:

"I'll go with you. I was in that ront myself, and I kin point out every position."

When we reached the ground, he began telling me where this and that regiment was stationed, and finally he halted before a huge boulder, and said:

"Right here, stranger, was where I squatted for four long hours. I rested my gun right thar' on that ledge, and I reckon I killed exactly twenty-eight Yanks that day."

"No!"
"Solemn fact, and I know a dozen men who'll swear to it."

"Let's see. This battle was fought in 1864?"

"K'rect you are."
"That's about eighteen years ago?"
"Jist about."
"And you are about 25 years old!"
"I was 25 this spring."

Then I looked at him for a long time, but he never winced. When we were going home, and after a long period of silence, he suddenly remarked:

"Stranger, don't you believe I was thar'?"
"Perhaps you were, but you see you were not quite seven years old on the day of that fight."

"That's what I've been figuring on," continued he in a very serious voice, "and I'll tell you what I'm willing to do."

"Well?"
"I'll call it twenty four instead of twenty-eight dead Yanks in front of my position! That's fair, isn't it?"

I told him that nothing could be more liberal, and cordial relations were at once re-established.

THE LATER GEOGRAPHY.

Q.—Where are the Poles located?

A.—At the school house, town hall or some empty store.

Q.—What is a circle?

A gathering where the gossips sew for the heathen and tell all they know.

Q.—What places have noon at the same time?

A.—Factories and boarding houses.

Q.—Where do we find the hottest part of the earth?

A.—In the same house with our mother-in-law.

Q.—When are the nights the longest?

A.—When you cannot sleep.

Q.—Is there a plain in your neighborhood?

A.—We should think not by the way ours is borrowed.

Q.—What disadvantage in having a bar at the entrance of a harbor?

A.—It would take away trade from the saloons in port.

Q.—What is a strait?

A.—Five cards following in order of denomination. (Hoyle.)

Q.—Where do we find the largest and fiercest animals?

A.—At the menagerie.

Q.—Where do we find the greatest number of insects?

A.—Out of town on a hot night.

Q.—Into what races are we divided?

A.—The Horse race, the Boat race and the Human race.

Q.—How are the inhabitants of a civilized country generally employed?

A.—The men in working and the women in shopping.

Q.—What is mining?

A.—Finding out how much you have been cheated.

Q.—Name some substances now manufactured for food?

A.—Oleomargarine and boarding-house hash.

Q.—What is commerce.

A.—Selling your neighbor goods at three times their value.

Q.—What do merchants do with products of the surrounding country?

A.—Gather them together and form a "corner" in the market.

Q.—How are the commercial towns connected with the towns of the interior?

A.—By "drummers."

Q.—What is fishing?

A.—Sitting in a boat all day for nothing, and having to lie all the evening about what you caught, and what got away.

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One day toward nightfall, and in uncertain light, a man bought an overcoat of pretended plum color. The next morning it proved to be of a quite too unmistakable green. Returning it to the shopkeeper, that worthy regarded the buyer calmly and said: "You must have a little patience with it, my dear sir; it isn't ripe yet."—*Le Figaro*.

From singing school the lover comes,
His girl upon his arm,
And sitteth by her father's fire
And waiteth to get warm.
A foot at half-past one is heard,
The swain doth quickly scoot
For fear of getting too well warmed
By her fond parent's boot.

—*German town Indicator*.

An Austin business man was cleaning up his desk the other day, and tearing up old letters, when the colored porter, who was in the office, spoke up and said: "Boss, gimme one ob dem letters." "What do you want it for?" "I promised to write a letter to my old mammy in Norf Car'lina, but as I hasn't larned to write yit, I can jess send her one ob dem letters you hain't got no use for. Hit will make her feel awful good, hit will." The gentleman gave the affectionate son a patent medicine, antifat circular, which was duly mailed and addressed.—*Siftings*.

Unlike other cathartics, Dr. Pierce's "Pullets" do not render the bowels costive after operation, but, on the contrary, establish a perfectly healthy action. *Being entirely vegetable*, no particular care is required while using them. By druggists.

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Hear what the Deaf Say!

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

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

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

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ONE FOR HIM.

YOUNG LEGO LEX, (to Miss Fitz-suburb, whom he thinks of marrying if her 'dad' has money enough), in the intervals of Vesuvian and cigar: Er—what a pity it is you don't smoke, Miss Fitz-suburb.

MISS FITZ-SUBURB—It is, indeed, for then I might be able to endure it in others.

L. L. subsides, and accidentally drops his cigar.

THE BELLE OF CABBAGETOWN;

OR,
THE BLIGHTED BARMAN.

A ROMANCE.

CHAP I.—DESCRIPTIVE.

It was at the close of a pleasant autumn day, too pleasant almost for the time of year; a lurid glare lit up the clouds in the western horizon. The impetuous current of the noble Don was hid by a low hanging mist, which settled upon the Eastern portion of Toronto, causing the massive towers of Castle Frank to assume gigantic proportions, and gave to the hoary feudal mansion a mystic and decidedly *Drachenfels* or Banks-of-the-Rhinish look—reminding the gentle reader (providing the G. R. had ever done Europe) of the Schloss *Strumfortom*, the family seat of the Ritten von Pretzbundbier, in the Black Forest. The storm signals were, by command of the haughty though scientific Commodore Jordan, R.N., of the Observatory, ordered up at Port Credit, Mimico, Oakville, and Bronte, a timely warning to the hardy toilers of the sea within sight of the above-named harbors of refuge. Everything indicated bad weather and that a storm was brewing, and so there was, on shore as well as at sea—but we anticipate.

CHAP II.—THE COTTAGE.

On the evening just mentioned stood, and in all probability yet stands, an unpretentious dwelling, which, though not to be compared with the lordly castle heretofore described, in antiquity, yet time, the remorseless, had evidently set his destroying hand upon it. The cottage was not altogether without an indication of artistic taste in the doubtless humble architect thereof, inasmuch as it boasted of a porch, "covering," to use a military expression, the entrance to the front door, but alas! the original lattice work was almost completely torn therefrom, and (possibly) used for kindling wood. The "scarlet runners," which once bedecked, in company with "Virginia Creepers," the humble porch, seemed to have taken the cue from their name and run away. Likewise the "creepers," following their example, had crept out of sight, and now only a few blighted and twisted remnants of the plants testified to their former glory. Several panes of glass were absent from each of the windows of the cottage, and in lieu thereof

were placed different articles of attire of various textures and hues, evidently placed there by an aesthetic hand, for the *tout ensemble* of colors at a short distance blended into a harmonious whole—a great improvement on the hole left by the absent glass. Let us enter. On a Peruvian ottoman sat a young girl of some eighteen summers. Her ruscate hair fell in luxuriant though dishevelled profusion over her ivory shoulders, except where it was secured in front by the aid of portions of *The Evening Telegram*. In her lily hand she absently held a book, and ever and anon heaved a gentle sigh. The room, though aesthetically arranged, made no pretentious display; on the contrary, the furniture and upholstery was very simple and unostentatious. Two white china dogs with black ears and red eyes gazed at the surroundings from either end of the mantelpiece. Two peacock feathers placed saltierwise graced its centre, and a plain square table, two chairs, and the Peruvian ottoman, manufactured indeed by its fair occupant out of a soap box and an old chintz curtain, was all—*voilà tout*. The place was called Chinonville Cottage, the sole remaining portion of the vast estates of the once haughty and opulent Donovans, who for generations had turned their attention to the consumption of "ale, wine, and other spirituous liquors," instead of paying taxes and other charges imposed by the corporation and others. Hence the gradual diminution of the area of their ancestral acres, but the Donovans were from time immemorial a haughty and imperious race, and maintaining that all imposters were but base devices of the Saxon,

"Battered away till they hadn't a pound,"

and among the haughtiest of that haughty race was Delia Donovan, whom we left sitting on the ottoman, the peerless Delia, the Belle of Cabbagetown.

CHAP III.—THE TEMPTATION.

"Eight o'clock, and Bernedetti not yet come! Does he seek to trifle with my maiden affections? Have a care, young man! Were it not for the high social position you hold as *chef-de-bar* of the Swellhead Saloon, and that solitaire gem in your shirtfront, I would almost think 'twas the old man's stamps you're after." Thus mused the fair Delia, as, languidly putting her book away, she gazed sorrowfully out of the window. Hark! that well-known tap at the window. "'Tis he, my Bernedetti!" She enters the latticed porch. Delia! Bernedetti! Tableau!

"Dearest Delia," said her lover, after the first greetings were concluded, "to-morrow night you must fly with me. Saturday even we close, and my absence will not be discovered until Monday. Nay, dearest, do not hesitate." "I'll—I'll think of it," said the fair girl; "but Bernedetti, how are you fixed? Your salary, is it of the princely order? It would never do to fly without the necessary shekels." "My salary, though small in itself, I have found a means to replenish it."

"How?"

Bernedetti drew his inamorata towards him, and whispered in her ear a few words. "All right!" said the fair girl, "I'm fly. Come again at this hour to-morrow night."

Bernedetti took a hasty farewell and Delia took herself into the house and resumed her book.

(To be continued.)

"I love you, Lelin," said the slow-speaking, blushing country youth to his rich young cousin: "I have often wanted to tell you so. I love you to—" "Distraction?" inquired the maiden. "No," returned the young man, blushing still more, "not that exactly. I love you to sing to me while I lie here on the sofa. It seems to soothe me off to sleep like."



THE NEWER ARITHMETIC.

Some boys tied a tin kettle to a cow's tail. The animal, in her triumphant march down the street, overturned an apple stand, broke a plate glass front, killed a child, and fractured a dog's leg. Find about how much *fun* there was in this operation?

A druggist caused the death of two sick men by furnishing on prescription sulphate of quinia, adulterated, for morphia. Find the druggist's chances of getting to heaven, and if he does slip in, whether he is likely to meet Mr. Phipps of Alms House notoriety there?

A boy of tender years went fishing. He slit the leg of his pants, and, falling in the water, lost his hat, collar, and one of his shoes. Find, upon his return to the family mansion, whether his mother used a slipper or a pine shingle, and whether the boy *ined* for any more?

A young lady of twelve attended a juvenile party, and at supper consumed four pieces of cake, half a pound of candy, two pieces of mince pie, nuts and raisins, and some Dutch cheese. Find what hour the next day the doctor called, and whether he administered calomel or jalap?

A very smart boy thought he would put up a contract on a blind man by giving him a tin tobacco stamp, with the spur filed off, for ten cents. The beggar discovered the fraud instant, and smacked the boy over the snout. Find whether the lad considered the affair a brilliant success or not, and how much the blind man was fined?

A certain great public work, in the counties of Simcoe, Victoria, and Peterboro', was, through political influence, judiciously kept alive and revived from time to time for 16 years. In this period it helped the Government to win four elections, and caused the sitting members to be banqueted and dined sixteen times. Find, if you can,—to within a week, say—when the Trent Valley Canal will be completed?

A certain weather prophet predicted that three-fourths of October would be so wet and stormy that a new ark would become a necessity. As a result there were more fine days this October than were ever known before. Find—but we know the reason of this failure; it was because Mr. Vennor didn't exchange his bulletin with the *Hamilton Spectator*; so he says, anyway.

Pen Pictures—Hogs.

Rubber goods—Playing cards.

A one-horse play—Mazepa.

Places of Interest—Banks.

A cool scoundrel—Jack Frost.

Is Miss Terious a strange girl?

A lack-a-day month—February.

"Presented at Court"—The docket.

A thyme keeper—A market gardener.

A *stock in' trade*—That of Santa Claus.



WILL JOHN FALSTAFF NORQUAY PROVE EQUAL TO THE OCCASION ?

"The Peoples William"—A dollar bill. A Draught player has a checkered career. Present troubles—Those of parents at Christmas-time.

Some authors, like some kinds of machinery, prefer to work incog'.

If Eve was so very like an angel she must have been decidedly evangelical.

The Christmas boar's head must have originated in Tuskany.

The only profession by which you can rise in this world without working—Ballooning.

"Oh you knotty man,"—as the young lady said when the sailor tried to kiss her.

Money won in a walking match is properly called "gait-money."

How to improve a bad figure—Add three oughts to a one dollar bill.

"Give us arrest," as the policeman said while chasing the thief.

"I prefer a resting some other evening," as the thief replied.

A broken tumbler—An acrobat with a fractured limb.

How to act on principle—Use up your capital.

A Christmas box placed under a child's pillow becomes a pillar box.

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