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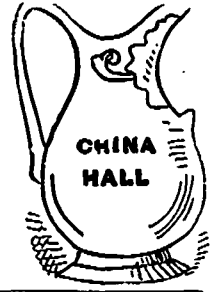
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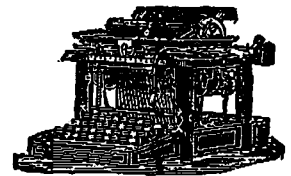
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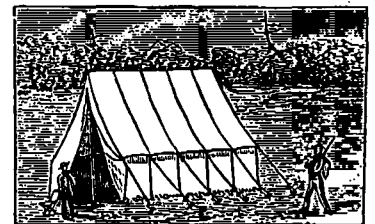


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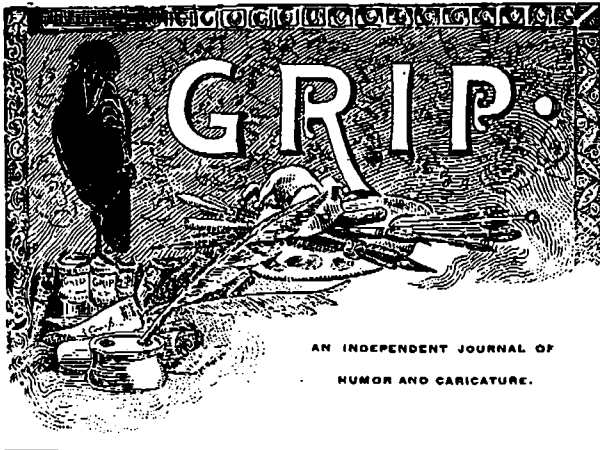
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Comments on the Customs.



OUR FIGHTING MAN.—Sir Charles Tupper has been selected as Canadian Commissioner on the Fisheries Enquiry, with Mr. Thompson, Minister of Justice, as consulting counsel. This is a good "team." Both gentlemen being Nova Scotians, are thoroughly conversant with the merits of the question, and fully alive to the importance of a satisfactory settlement of it. And we see no reason to doubt that they will do their very utmost for Canada, though some of the Opposition organs are throwing out hints about the paralyzing influence of titles and decorations. It is always the fair and decent thing to judge after the event, rather than before it. Sir Charles Tupper lately said he was prepared to do Sir John Macdonald's bidding; and we may safely assume that Sir John's bidding in this instance is to do the very best that can be done for Canada's case. Some doubt is felt as to Sir C. Tupper's position on Commercial Union; it is intimated that he is against that project. We are confident, however, that whatever his personal opinions may be, he will see the wisdom of accepting Commercial Union, if offered as a final settlement of the long-drawn-out dispute. Indeed, he is probably aware that it would be as much as his head is worth to come back to Nova Scotia if he did anything at Washington to discourage unrestricted reciprocity. We have entire confidence in our representative as a man of brain and pluck, and wish him God speed on his important mission.

MRS. YEOMANS AND PROF. FOSTER.—Hon. George Foster has been working several years for the exemplary trouncing he got from Mrs. Yeomans at Nanapanee the other day. Upon the invitation of the Ontario W.C.T.U., this noble knight of prohibition came up from Ottawa to address the convention. His speech was the exasperat-

ing Blake platitudes over again—about the country not being "ripe," the wisdom of high license for the present, etc., etc. It demonstrated in short, that the bribe of office has transformed this man from what he once was, a fearless advocate of moral reform, into a time-serving coward. Mrs. Yeomans followed him on the platform, and, metaphorically, laying him over her ample knee, she gave him the most effective castigation that any public man in Canada has ever received. Everybody says it served him right.

A POINTED QUESTION.

THE following brief epistle got into the wrong box at the post office, but it is well worth printing :

To the Sporting Editor of The Mail.

SIR,—Will you kindly inform me upon what principle you treat prize-fighting as a department of "sport." It is not a sport any more than saloon keeping is such. It is a business, and—next to that of saloon keeping—the most brutal, disgusting and abominable in existence. I should like to know what you have to say for yourself. Yours, etc., GENUINE SPORT.



THE RISING GENERATION.

Governess—Why, Ethel, you're fifteen, and can't spell your family name correctly!

Ethel—Oh, it doesn't matter—I'll be changing it soon, anyway!

SUCKLING'S FIRST.—The concert on the 17th was brilliantly successful. Miss Juch sang so well that the pavilion fairly shook with applause. Herr Hartdegen played the 'Cello very well indeed for a man with such a tremendous reputation. D. Carl Martin sang some solos but with very little soul; his voice, however, is magnificent, and finally, Madame Correno once more convinced us that there is really a lot of music in the pianoforte, if you only know how to get it out.

The Hero.

WHILE hosts of cowards in our time,
Round idols old are falling,
I hear a voice from realms sublime,
To every true Man calling:
"Up and despise time-honored lies!
The reign of error, end it;
Bring forth the true, the fair, the new,
And manfully defend it.

"Men hide their ignorance with gilt,
And call it education;
And halls and colleges are built
To stamp out innovation;
Despise the bigot's vile behest,
That to his faith would pin you,
And utter thou the soul's protest
Which rises up within you.

"For he to whom the truth is true,
The very heavens adore him;
Tho' men with thorns his path may strew,
Yet angels walk before him;
He marches on with ne'er a doubt,
And does the work assigned him;
And what tho' all the rabble rout
Are barking on behind him?

"He's eye surrounded by a host
Of heroes, bards, and sages,
Who come to cheer him at his post,
While Freedom's battle rages.
Then never fear the taunt and jeer,
But what is wrong amend it;
Seize on the Right with all your might!
And manfully defend it."

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

MY WIFE'S GHOST.

CHAPTER II.

"Is that you, Jack?" comes in trembling accents through the key hole.

"Of course it is! Why the Dickens don't you open the door?"

"Where's Mary?" I ask as soon as I am on the other side and the door closed. I stand face to face with Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Jones is in her dressing gown, which shows signs of having been put on hastily; the lamp in her hand sheds flickering uncertain waves of light over her ruffled hair and anxious face.

"Gone!" A visible shiver and a sound like the rattling of castanets. Mrs. Jones' teeth are chattering. "I'll tell you upstairs; it's too cold to stand here, and I couldn't find my slippers when you rang."

Grumbling my dissatisfaction to myself, I discard my great-coat and overshoes and follow her.

"Well!" I say, when I again see Mrs. Jones.

"Oh," she replies, emerging from under the blankets, at least so much of her head as will suffice for conversation. "Mary came to me this afternoon and said she would not stay another hour in the house 'to be murthered an' cut up in her bid be them dissectin' vagabones.' It was no use telling her it was all nonsense, or to try to keep her; she would go, box and all."

"I hope you were not foolish enough to pay her her wages?" I ask in a grand tone.

"No, indeed, I should think not!" (this with indignant emphasis.) "But" (with evident reluctance) "her month was up on Monday and she was paid then."

"But where's Jane? Why could she not answer the door?"

"Jane? Oh, poor girl, she was sent for just after she put the children to bed. Her sister is dying, so she had to go at once."

"The usual excuse."

"No; I really think it was genuine, she cried so hard and was so sorry to leave me and the children. She promised to come back the first thing in the morning if her sister was alive!"

Here was a nice state of affairs; 10° below zero and not a servant in the house to attend to the fires!

"Where are the children?" I ask as soon as I have gloomily concluded to make the best of it.

"In the room near the one we are to have on the other side of the house. Our's wasn't ready, so I thought we might sleep here for once. I did not like to disturb them, poor dears, to move them in here."



A DIFFERENT SPECIES.

Miss Highstier—No, Mr. Dudeville, once for all I tell you I care for no man.

Dudeville—No man? But still you may care for me, don't you know!

I am soon in bed and asleep. I am wakened by a violent shake from Mrs. Jones.

"Do you hear it?" she whispers hoarsely into my half-awakened ear.

"Hear what?"

"That awful scream!"

"No; nonsense. Go to sleep. It's only a nail starting somewhere," and I turn my back on her.

"Oh, no, it isn't, Jack," she whimpers. "There! its one of the children crying. Do get up and light the lamp."

I know I must, so I turn out half asleep and feel about for my dressing gown.

"Oh, do hurry. Can't you find a match? the box is close to you on the table."

"I've got them ; it's my dressing gown."

"Why on earth couldn't you say so then ! Here it is over my feet. It was the only thing I could reach without getting out of bed. Do be quick !"

A sound in the distance like the moving of light furniture, mingled with that of falling crockery, so disturbs Mrs. Jones that she is too anxious for my safety to allow me to go to the scene alone, so she gets up, too. Armed with the lighted lamp and a weak-backed poker, I set off down the corridor, closely followed by Mrs. Jones. The air is cool—chilling ; the passage full of breezes still bearing the wail of woe in melancholy cadences to our trembling senses.

I open a door at the end, cautiously—a crash—a rush—a sudden flash of fiery eyes, an awful shape seen, then lost in the gloom behind us.

"What's that?" screamed Mrs. Jones, grasping my arm with terrified violence. Down went the lamp-glass rolling away over the carpeted floor, leaving us in total darkness.

"Oh, Jack, it's the GHOST!" gasped Mrs. Jones.

"A cat, more likely!"

"A cat! It was too big. Don't you think I know a cat when I see one? I tell you it was the ghost! It's been in the children's room, too, and—(hysterical sob)—and—there you stand. They may be frightened into fits for all you care. Oh, my poor darlings! Oh, don't leave me, Jack; I shall die of terror!"

"Confound it!" I mutter, groping about for the lamp-glass. I got hold of it at last by the wrong end. It has not had time to cool, but I hold on like a man and a Briton!

A match? There are none nearer than the nursery, so I proceed to feel my way there.

Now, had it been midday instead of midnight, it would have required some little discriminating navigation to steer a passage clear of the household goods and chattels strewn upon the way. I put my hand out to ascertain that no wardrobe or bureau, drawing-room chiffonier or kitchen cupboard bars my passage, and fall headlong over the rocking chair, the rockers catching me neatly on the shin bone. Smothering a natural invective against rocking chairs in general and that one in particular, I recover my balance, with an effort, and walk into the best dinner service—laid out on the floor for safety!

I have lost Mrs. Jones, but soothing tones addressed to the weeping children, of "Don't cry, Johnnie, darling—papa's coming, my pet; and increasingly insistent tones to me of, "Where are you, Jack? Why don't you light the lamp?" give me a general idea of her whereabouts.

"Oh, what's that?" she cries, as, having come in contact with the folding screen, it topples over, carrying the fire-irons with it in its fall.

"All right," I say, still groping for the door which surely ought to be there.

"All right! (in withering tones.) Oh, dear! I believe if I was dead and in my grave"—the final disposition of her mortal remains being in Mrs. Jones' belief the refinement of reproach—"it would be all right to you, so I do."

I find the door, unexpectedly, with the bridge of my nose, while my outstretched arms are floundering in space on either side; a groan escapes me.

"Oh, Jack, darling! are you hurt? Where ARE you?"

I am holding my nose, so my voice is inaudible. Not so my children's.

"Oh, my babies, Don't cry so; mother will come to her darlings. Jack! if you don't get a light *this minute*

I'll—I'll never speak to you again. What's the good of being a man!"

I circumnavigate the door, route half a dozen chairs tied together with picture cord, with great confusion (I learn afterwards they were only the dear children's horses), upset the water jug, and while the cooling stream flows under my feet, put my hand—accidentally—on the match box. I strike a light. A glance discovers one child sitting up in bed, howling; the other on the floor surrounded with bedclothes which had accompanied his descent, also howling.

Through the open door Mrs. Jones at anchor in the clothes basket, her knees on the same level as her eyes. The screen, fire-irons and dinner set mixed, the prominent projections gracefully draped with the drawing-room curtains and the ironing blanket. My hat box, perfectly safe, the centre of four feet of vacant space.

We quiet the children (having helped Mrs. Jones to regain her feet), clear a passage and return all together to our room.

Next morning Mrs. Jones' nose is red from violent cold, mine from violent contact with the door. A gaunt, attenuated cat is found in one of the lower halls.

When the supernatural or ghosts are talked of now in Mrs. Jones' hearing, she does not express a wish to see one.

N.B.—The new dinner set cost something like \$120.

J. JONES.



IT DOESN'T PAY!

Wong Chin Foo—Why AM I a heathen?

BERIAH BLOSSOM.

(A TALE OF THE FISHERIES.)

BERIAH wasn't possessed of a single stitch to his back when he first opened his eyes in a rude, fisherman's cot and saw the waves beating against the coast of Cape Cod. Though his name signifies *in calamity, fell disaster*, he passed safely through the sieges of cholera infantum, measles, chicken pox, *et al.* Perhaps the worst trial of his early life greeted him when he went courting the russet-checked Patience Playfair, accompanied by a well

developed case of the mumps. Love and its subtle witchery is utterly foreign to mumps, especially when the bond of affinity assumes the grotesque form of a tandem case of mumps.

Cheek by jowl however poetically constructed does not promote a feeling of trust between two hearts that beat as one and two victims who are mumped as one. This is doubly intensified when one of the contracting parties transmits the case to the other.

Patience caught the mumps from Beriah! She would have naught to do with him after that. She refused to dig clams for him, and gave him her arctic shoulder when he asked her to repair a rent in his fishing net. After these manifestations of chilled affection Beriah felt that life was a reproach, a snare and delusion, with no redeeming features left to enlighten the gloomy aspect but rum and fish. As he was not of a high type of human intelligence he concluded to bury his blasted hopes in fish. Men of supreme intellect would have taken to rum. So casting aside all the bright and alluring dreams of his young life, he plunged deeply into the intricacies of piscatorial lore. The alleviating aroma of salt cod and stale mackerel relieved the poignant strain upon his passion, and, in a short time he was able to look upon the fluttering robes of fair women without experiencing any serious palpitations of his pericardium. Just about this time his uncle Absolam drifted into one of the proscribed ports of Canada for bait. Like a monster of fell disaster the basilisk-eyed minions of Great Brit's Dominion swooped down upon the gay skipper and confiscated his boat, arrested all hands from the bow-legged cook to the blustering mate. However the doughty captain was allowed to return to Cape Cod. He aired his woes from the front porch of the tavern, the western horizon assumed the hue of a sulphurous lake.

That night Beriah retired with a purpose in his heart. His bosom was a lava bed of wrath. He was mad. One week afterward the *Sarah Jane* swept out of harbor under a full spread of canvas, and amid the loud huzzas of the fisher folks.

Beriah was looking for fight. He hinted before he departed that the bows of the *Sarah Jane* would be splashed with gore when she returned. He swore it would be Canadian gore too.

The valiant *Sarah Jane* dropped anchor in one of the proscribed ports and proceeded to fill up with bait. She did fill up. The *Sarah Jane* went the way of the other unlucky crafts.

Seized.

Confiscated.

There was no gore splashed over the bows of the *Sarah Jane*. She did not receive the baptismal of the sanguinary.

She just laid there with her sun burnt sails flapping idly in the pine-scented breezes while her bait rotted in the hold. When Beriah dropped down upon Cape Cod there was a milder expression in his eye. Patience had married during his absence; hence there was nothing for him to live for longer. He went west and sunk his identity in a Colorado bull puncher.

H. S. KELLER.

THE base ball season is over, but every day the papers report the latest games of the Irish League.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN's new comic opera will be based on the career of Buffalo Bill. It will no doubt do a roaring bison-ess at the Savoy when produced.



NOT FOR JOE!

Chamberlain—Aw—Canada, let me see—that's somewhere in Nawth America; isn't it? Shawn't call there, doncher-know. Not worth while.

MR. ROSS AND HIS VERB.

“ THE Temperance Text-Book *should* be taught
In all our Public Schools ;”
So wrote the Honorable Ross
When framing of the rules.

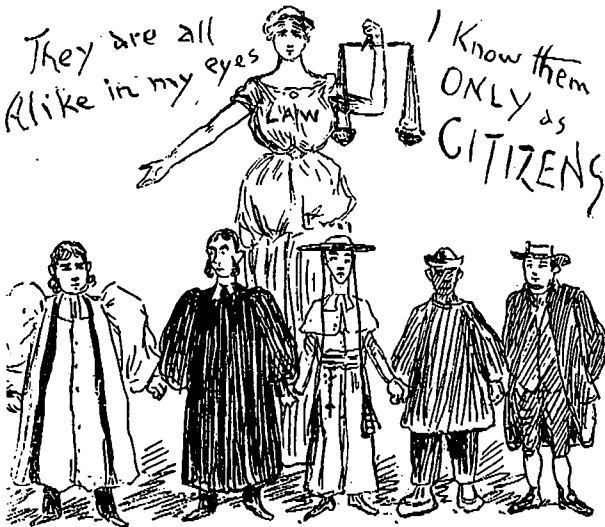
And now the Temperance Union comes
And asks the force of “ *should* ”—
Does it mean *may* or *can* or *must*,
Or *shall* or *will* or *would* ?

Good Mr. Ross had said the book
Would be compulsor-ee,
And yet his rule thus juggles with
The puzzling verb To Be.

For had he said it *shall* be used
We'd all have understood ;
But no compulsion is implied
In such a word as *should*.

It cannot be that Mr. Ross
Would make himself absurd
By hiding from the Rummie's wrath
Behind a little word ;

And yet he hasn't plainly said
Just what he means by “ *should*,”
But seems to stand the question off,
Unlike a man that's good.



THE LT.-GOVERNOR'S MISTAKE.

THE distinguished minister of St. Andrew's church addresses us as follows, apropos of some contents of our issue of the 15th :—

DEAR GRIP,—Your cartoons are generally distinguished by good taste as well as cleverness. I was all the more surprised at the extraordinary want of taste and right feeling displayed in your cartoon of Saturday last, and the comments thereon, holding up the Lieutenant-Governor of this Province to condemnation for having offered the hospitalities of Government House to Cardinal Taschereau. Did you in similar strain censure the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba for giving a reception to the Moderator and members of the General Assembly at Winnipeg in June last, and inviting distinguished men of other Churches to meet them? Did you condemn the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia when he accorded like hospitality on the occasion of the meeting of the General Assembly at Halifax? I do not recollect any note of warning as to this truckling to the chief dignitary of the Presbyterian Church.

You will always find me with you, shoulder to shoulder, in resisting every attempt on the part of the Church of Rome to gain unjust advantage, or to encroach on our civil or religious freedom ; but

I fail to see why the Lieutenant-Governor should not, if he chooses, extend the same hospitality to distinguished dignitaries of the Church of Rome as to those of other churches. We ought rather to rejoice in anything that tends to promote good feeling between Protestants and Roman Catholics as citizens of one common country. Yours truly,

D. J. MACDONNELL.
ST. ANDREW'S MANSE, TORONTO.
14th October, 1887.

Dear Mr. Macdonnell, this is not a matter of taste at all, it is a matter of very important principle. As was stated in the comment referred to, we would object just as much to the Lt.-Governor, in his official capacity, entertaining Rev. Dr. Grant as a *Presbyterian churchman*, as to his entertaining Mgr. Taschereau as a *Cardinal*. The precedents mentioned in Manitoba and Nova Scotia escaped our notice at the time or we most certainly would have protested. We are not actuated in the least by sectarian prejudice in this matter, we simply want to vindicate the plain and fundamental rule of our constitution, that our Government (represented by the Lt.-Governor) does not know any man or body of men except in the capacity of citizens. The Church, as such, is not recognized in any way by the Law of Canada ; the Governor, officially, is not supposed to know a Quaker meeting house from a Roman Catholic cathedral, or a Secular Society's upper room. The word *cardinal* or *moderator* is utterly strange to our constitution ; neither has any meaning at all in the official ear. Now when a dignitary of any of these voluntary associations known as “ churches ” is entertained in the name of the Government this constitutional rule is violated, and a vigorous protest is in order. To take any other view is to open the way for interminable difficulties, for, as all are theoretically equal before the law in this country, all have equal rights to recognition at the Lt.-Governor's table, and unless he is prepared to extend official courtesies to every sect in the community, he gives occasion for reasonable complaint. Had Cardinal Taschereau been entertained in his *civic* capacity, as a distinguished French-Canadian, an eminent educator, or an earnest Prohibitionist, not one word of fault could have been found ; but the honoring of him as a member of a particular church was a palpable outrage on the constitution, and Lt.-Governor Campbell is old enough in political life to know it.

CLAUDE COURSOL.

THE GREAT CANADIAN NOVEL, BY A HAGGARD WRITER,

AUTHOR OF HE-SHE-IT, AND OTHER TALES.

INTRODUCTION.

AN American magazine having called the attention of authors to the wide field of undeveloped romance in Canada, and having invited them to try their skill in cultivating it, under the conviction that the great American novel may come from the North, I have forestalled the robbery and secured the prize for my own land.

CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT NORTH LAND.

A lovely summer day about six months long, with the grass waving gracefully in meadows starred with oxlips or cowslips and daffodils and marguerites ! Lazy bees drowsing in the clover ! A crystal brook where the trout lie motionless in cool water, and the air is heavily perfumed violet ! Such is the great north land in midsummer.

In the middle of the field stands a high pole, and perched on top are two lovely children dangling their feet in the air. This is the north pole, and the children are the hero and heroine of my story.

CHAPTER II.

HERO AND HEROINE.

Claude Coursol is a beautiful boy over whose silken locks have passed the joys and sorrows of five summers. Maude McGonigal is a sweet rosebud of three, whose little head is as full of romance as a peach blossom is of honey.

As the sun grows tender towards the west—although it has no intention of going down for a month yet—she exclaimed, "Oh! Claude, what a noble thing it is to be a man. To think that you, my own true knight, will soon leave your ancestral home to breast the stormy billows of adventurous life, and to couch your lance at all the hydra-headed wrongs of humanity. Tell me, tell me, in the great world will you forget your Maud?"

"By the tobacco pouch which your tiny fingers have so deftly formed, and by all the endearing tokens of our love never! never!! never!!!"

"Then, dear, let us get down and go into supper, for ma said we should have jam."

CHAPTER III.

DEVELOPMENT.

Supper is over and about 20 years have passed since the scene recorded in the last chapter. Claude and Maud have left the North Pole, where they got tired of the long days and nights, and are living in Toronto. They have developed into strength and manliness on the one side, and tenderness and beauty on the other. One evening walking in Rosedale, as, for the thousandth time, they renewed their love vows, they were beset by a band of brigands. Claude killed five hundred and fifty-five with a walking stick, and the rest ran away.

This was their first encounter with the cruel world.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

Next morning they took the *Chicora* for Niagara, and climbed Brock's monument, where they dangled their feet as they used to do on the North Pole. Then they went to see the whirlpool rapids. "Claude, if you lose me, said Maud, you'll swim through them."

Claude ran up to the Suspension bridge, took off his coat, jumped in, and came down in the swift and angry flood. When he got down to it he dived into the whirl and came out the pool, but in doing so he struck his head on a rock, and his cold *corpus* was washed ashore where Maud waited, like Niobe, all tears. Oh what an agony was there. "Claude! Claude! she cried in wild accents of delirium, will your dear eyes never open more? Never look a love glance into mine? Never mirror the golden light of the declining orb of day as Phoebus' chariot is hurled against the wall of night? Oh! Claude. Oh! Claude, cannot thy lips voice some dulcet tone as in the all too happy past?" His eyes opened! His lips moved and said, "Come, old girl, dry up and light me a cigarette."

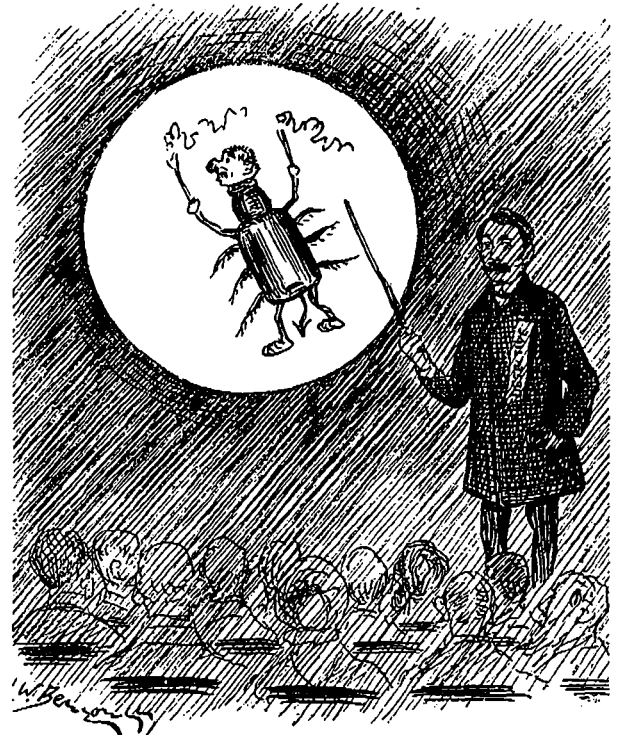
(To be continued.)

THE COMING MAN.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, bully boy, defines his clear position, With all his heart and muscle he is out for Prohibition; We greet him with a cordial cheer, and when he leads his party He'll find old GRIP supporting him in manner rather hearty!

APPEARANCE AND REALITY.

HE looked so handsome, so *spirituelle*, we were sure he was a poet. And then he walked along with his eyes fixed on the earth: oh, my! what a profound thinker he must be. Then he stopped and gazed meditatively down on the dead leaves swirling up around his feet. Jennie nudged me: "Look, oh, look! see what an admirer of nature he is! And oh! oh! do watch—he is picking up one of them! Say Anne, let's look in all the papers tomorrow for a sonnet 'On a Dead Leaf.' I'm sure he's going to write a poem on it, he is so particular in picking out a nice one—oh, pshaw! what a sell!" and my poor Jenny, in disgust, turned on her heel and left me to admire the *spirituelle* dude alone. For he had picked up a leaf—not to admire it, or to press it, or write a poem on it—no indeed, but to break off the leaf and utilize there and then the stem as a toothpick.



NATURAL HISTORY NOTE.

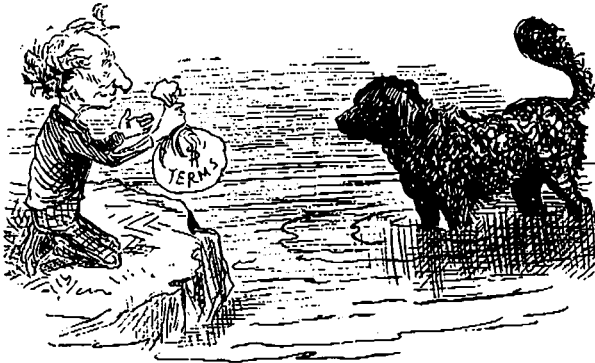
Lecturer—This, ladies and gentlemen, is the Anti-Scott Fire-bug. It subsists on the blood of human beings; in fact, makes its living in the same way as the bed-bug. It is much given to burning down the premises of good men, who dare to assist in enforcing the laws of the country, but the most peculiar thing about this infernal insect is that it is never caught and punished for its villainy. This point is worthy of the attention of the authorities.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE—Next week the attraction at the Toronto Opera House will be "Ranch 10," the well-known western drama—but for the first time presented in Toronto. It has been played over 1,000 consecutive nights in the United States, and has always been received by large and appreciative audiences—crowded houses being the rule everywhere. New and beautiful scenery, and excellent mechanical effects are standards to make a piece "a go"—but with an excellent company, a play of merit, and scenery unquestionably the finest ever produced by artist brushes, combine to give an evening's entertainment of pleasure and surprises.



OUR FIGHTING MAN.

Sir John—YOU'LL DO MY BIDDING, EH? WELL, SIR CHARLES, MY BIDDING IS TO FIGHT FOR THIS YOUNG LADY'S RIGHTS TO THE LAST TRENCH!



COAXING NEWFOUNDLAND INTO
CONFEDERATION.

MR. BILDAD'S MEMORY.

I.

MR. BILDAD lives in a nice little Queen Anne house on one of the avenues north of Bloor street. He and his wife—they have not been married more than a year—stood together on the front doorstep one morning not long ago. He was about to start for his real estate office down on King street, and had promised Mrs. Bildad that he would bring back with him the "few little things" she wanted him to purchase for her down town.

"You had better make a note of them in your memorandum book," she said before beginning.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Bildad, "my memory is good," and besides, his street car was due at the corner.

"Well, then," said Mrs. Bildad, "a spool of 60 Coates black thread."

"Yes," said Mr. Bildad impatiently.

"Four yards of not too dark and not too light calico."

"Yes, what else?"

"A small hammer, a dozen small pearl buttons, two yards of cardinal ribbon, silk on one side and satin on the other."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Bildad, glancing anxiously towards the corner.

"A good tooth-brush, a dozen lemons, three ounces of dark blue yarn, a paper of needles, a bottle of sewing machine oil, a—"

"Hurry up," said Mr. Bildad, for he heard the street-car approaching.

"A bottle of vanilla extract, a yard of triple box-pleated crepe lise ruching, three yards of small-checked nainsook, a can-opener, two—"

But Mr. Bildad had rushed wildly after the car, which he boarded breathless after having chased it three blocks.

II.

When the long yellow light was fading in the west, Mr. Bildad stood before his own door, with all his pockets bulging, and his arms loaded with packages of all sizes; there were even some small ones concealed under his hat. As he could neither open the door nor ring the bell, he was compelled to kick the panels till his wife came to admit him.

And this is what he piled up on the table before her:—A yard of bed ticking, a can of peaches, eight yards of black crepe, a scrubbing brush, a bottle of pickles, three yards of nankeen, a pound and a half of green yarn, sixty spools of "coat thread," several yards

each of very light and very dark calico, a bottle of pain-killer, a pair of slippers, some toilet soap, a dozen handkerchiefs, and an egg-beater.

"There, my dear," he said, after throwing down the last of his numerous packages, "I don't think you'll find anything missing. A man in my business has to cultivate a good memory." H.

THE BACON MYSTERY SOLVED.

It is possible that our readers have come by this time to think that enough has already been said about the Bacon-Shakespeare cryptogram, and that any additional remarks on the subject are unnecessary; nevertheless, if we can show that when Francis Bacon wrote some of his greatest works he had his eye on Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, and was, therefore, a prophet and seer of what the ages were yet to bring forth, we shall certainly have done much to set up Mr. Donnelly, not as a cockshot, but as a cynosure for all admiring eyes.

That Bacon employed a cipher we are quite as fully assured as Mr. Donnelly can be, but, unlike that fine old Shakespeare crusher, we know what the cipher is and willingly make it known. It is the word "Ignatius"—neither more nor less, nor different, though at times it is extended when special clearness seems to have been desired.

To apply this key let us first take the opening sentence of Bacon's fragment, called "De Interpretatione Nature Prooemium." The sentence, or rather, the phrase is "*Ego cum me ad utilitates humanas natum existimarem. Prooemium.*" This phrase contains the remark, "*Extra ea Ignatius scripsit ad humanos MMMMV.*, meaning "these things Ignatius wrote 4,005 (others) to mankind." Here we should be hopelessly at sea had we not, besides the general master-key of "Ignatius," been possessed of a latchkey or certain pick-lock with which to break in where others would not know how to tread. The secret lies just here: If from 4005 we subtract the date of the flood (2348) we have as a remainder 1657, and if from this we subtract 1623, the date of the folio edition of the plays, we have a residue of 34, which is the number of the dramas commonly attributed to William Shakespeare.

If the reader is not yet convinced he never will be, but let us pile up an Ossa on Pelion of proof by returning to the mystic number MMMMV., or 4005. The sum of these letters taken according to their order in the English alphabet, letting A be 1, B 2 and so on, is 74, and this, when multiplied by 3 (comedies, tragedies and histories), gives 222, which is exactly the numerical equivalent of the alphabetical letters which spell "Shakespeare did not do it."

The last and crowning evidence that we shall give is the great Baconian work, the incomparable "Instauratio Magna," and when we have asserted, as we do without fear of successful contradiction, that this title is but an anagram for "Ignatius aroma rat," which may freely be rendered "Ignatius smells a rat," nothing further remains to be said. The cup of proof is full and running over.

C. A.

A SOLDIER once fought in Ky.,
In a manner exceedingly ply.,
"Tho' I rank as a Col.,"

He wrote in his jol.,
"If I live through this war, I am ly."—*Life*.

MRS. MUDROW: Is baseball a game of skill, John? Mr. Mudrow: Well, judging from the New York's playing, I should say it was a game of chance.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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PAPA: Why so pensive, my daughter? ELOISE: Jack Buffington has just returned all my notes, and everything between us is ended. PAPA: Quite a coincidence, my dear. One of *his* was returned to me this morning—protested.

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"THE planks in a political platform, my son, should be so drawn as to please your own party and injure your antagonists." "That is to say, they should be so worded as to deceive both sides?" "Yes, that was the idea I had in mind."—*Boston Transcript.*

JUDGE (who invited an alderman to sit beside him on the bench)—Mr. Alderman, do you think the prisoner is guilty? Just whisper your opinion to me. Alderman—Judge, he is no more guilty than I am. Judge (hesitating a few minutes, then aloud)—I shall sentence the prisoner to five years imprisonment.

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S. C. WOOD, Manager. TORONTO, Oct. 19th, 1887.

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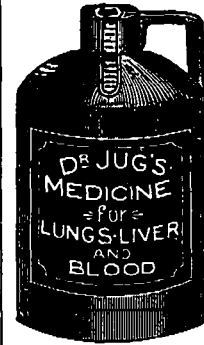
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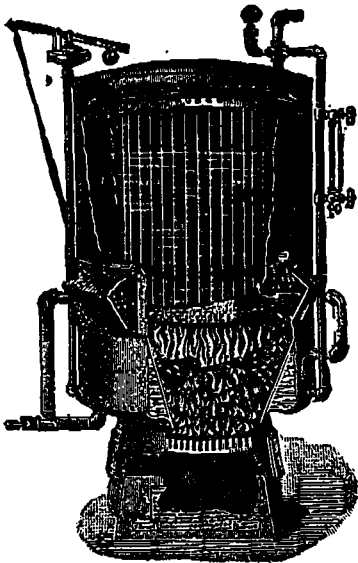
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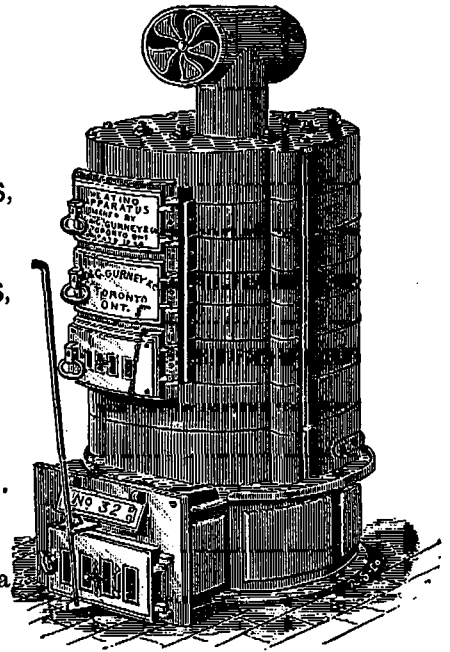
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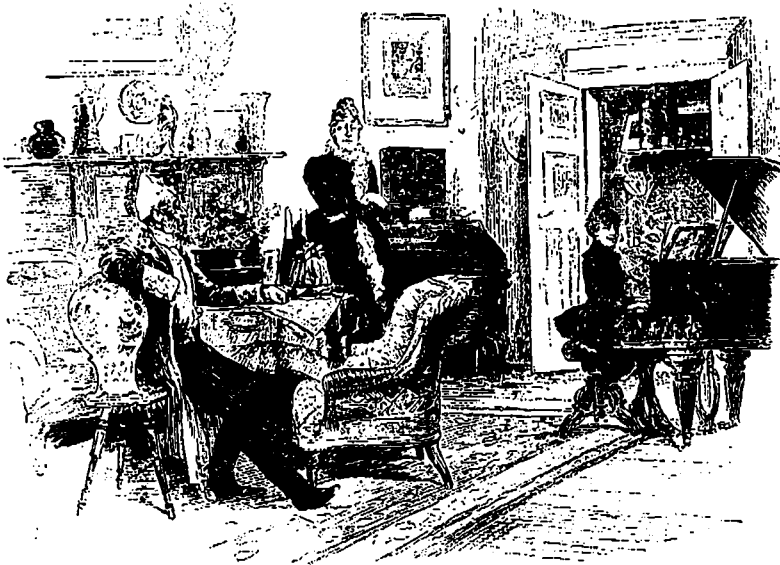
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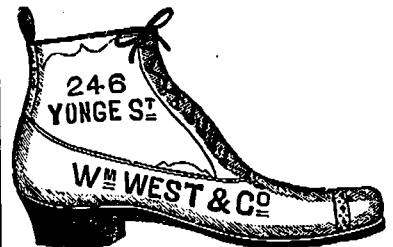
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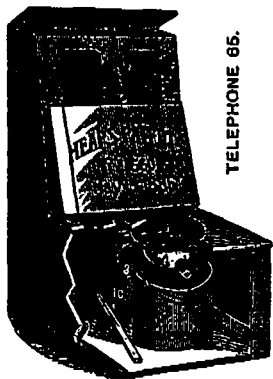
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Under Secretary of State.

OTTAWA, 19th Feb., 1886

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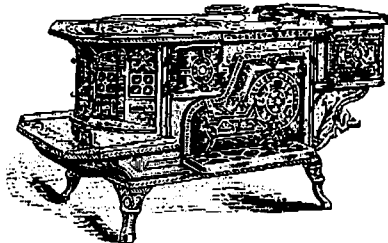
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