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

The Greatest Beast is the Ass.

 The Greatest Bird is the Owl.
 The Greatest Man is the Fool.
 GLOVER HARRISON, IMPORTER.
 49 KING ST. E., Toronto.

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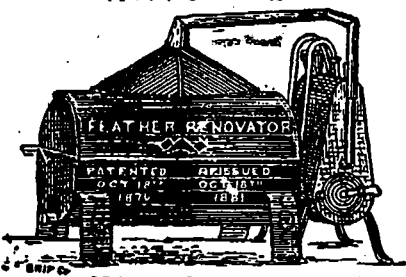
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1ST GENT—What find I here
 Fair Portia's counterfeit? Wha' Demi-God
 Hath come so near creation?
 2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, as he alone can
 so beautifully counterfeit nature.
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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Lt. Gov. Dowdnoy, of the N.W.T., is the political scapegrace of the day, and shares the honors with the bad boy of Milwaukee, who has been immortalized by Peck, of the *Sun*. The evidence goes to show that this official's career has been a series of questionable speculations by which he has filled his pockets through knowledge gained by means of his position. He is a bad boy, but his "Pa," Sir John, appears to love him dearly.

FIRST PAGE.—Sir Leonard Tilley has removed all duty from attar of roses, and he has conferred this inestimable boon upon the public just at the moment of Sir Charles Tupper's departure from the Cabinet. We do not say that Sir Charles is the most corrupt politician of modern times, but there is no doubt that a good sprinkling of attar of roses would materially improve the odor of his political record.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Theoretically it is the duty of the Prime Minister to look after the form and details of all bills introduced into the House, but theory and practice at Ottawa are two different things. It is a notorious fact that Sir John Macdonald has allowed Mr. Blake and other Opposition members to perform these functions for him during the whole of the present session.

Mrs. McCople rebuked her colored cook, Matilda Snowball, in the following words: "When I hired you, you didn't have any male friends, and now I find a man in the kitchen half the time." "Bless you he ain't no friend of mine." "Who is he, then?" "He am only my husband!"

A Cleveland paper relates a touching story of a joyful reunion between a brother and sister who had not met for sixty years. As the sister was only two months old, and the brother ten years of age at the time of parting, the reminiscences of early life must have been affecting indeed.—*Laramie Boomerang*.



Oatmeal keeps at the old prices, though the tariff admits sawdust free.

The Czar's latest excuse for postponing his coronation is that he heard that Tennyson had declared his intention of writing a poem in celebration of the event.

There ought to have been a large congregation at St. James' Cathedral last Sunday if gratuitous advertising is worth anything. The 'Sidesman's march' ought to draw.

A large reward is hereby offered for an amateur or college newspaper that does not contain the words 'we' five hundred times, 'our exchange list' three times, and 'waste paper basket' at least twice.

"Do not put articles that have held milk into hot water," says a recipe in an exchange; and a chorus of female voices rises, till the welkin, whatever it is, rings with the query, "Then how can the baby be washed?"

If Spring knew enough,—and she is old enough now to know it,—instead of letting that old bald-head, Winter, linger in her lap any longer, she would just boost him out with a kick sufficiently developed to make his heels break his neck.

Those parties in Hamilton who are so much in favor of cedar block pavement for that city should have taken a look at ours last week. Streets perfectly free from mud: any one could cross Yonge-street at any point without getting a particle of the stuff on his clothes—above his waist.

Well, well, hang the luck! No sooner had we collected a couple of tons of rubies and were holding on to them waiting for a rise in price, than Sir Tilley goes and lets them into the country free, and we have no use for ours but to pelt the neighbors' hens out of the cabages with. Rubies seventeen cents a peck. Apply at this office.

A marble, to look at, is about as harmless and innocent a thing as one can see, but let a fat man step on one on the sidewalk, where they are very abundant just now, and lo! the marble becomes an instrument of the Evil One, before which orange and banana peels pale into insignificance and nothingness as provocatives of profane oratory.

The city hall at London, Ontario, is to have a new and expensive roof. If London were Philadelphia we should say, "Don't do it, gentlemen," but the thing is different in Canada, and we very seldom see a man entering a pawnbroker's shop with a roof under his arm, here. Moreover, the London city officials are, and always were, scrupulously honest.

The Committee of Senators now sitting to hear the Nicholson divorce case have, by their general Dogberrian incapacity, made perfect the contempt in which the Senate as an institution is held by the Canadian people. It is not decided yet—and probably will not be for months—whether Nicholson will get rid of his wife, but a divorce was pronounced quite early in the trial between the Committee and common sense.

And now the industrious citizen begins to get his little kitchen garden into shape, and by the time he has spent twenty dollars or so, scorched all the skin off the back of his neck, and wasted bushels of naughty language upon his neighbors' chickens, to bring a peck of tomatoes to maturity, he will be able to buy the same vegetables at 2 cents a quart on the market.

Mr. F. Dunbar, the sculptor, has recovered \$300 damages from a swell family who gave him an order for a marble bust, approved of the model, and then refused to take the finished work on the plea that they thought Mr. Dunbar was doing the thing "on spec." We congratulate the artist heartily, and hope the verdict will prove a lesson to people who imagine that Art cannot understand Business.

Every newspaper smarty has something to say about chalk when writing of the adulteration of milk, whereas chalk has never yet, in a single instance, been found by any analysts when testing milk known to be adulterated. Any milkman who would use such an article would give himself as dead away as the fellows who get off the hoary old jokes about the practice, and he knows it. Read up, gentlemen.

Of course Mr. White and his special Orange Bill have been leisurely sat upon by the Government at Ottawa. Perhaps, after a while, when these fresh and verdant sons of King Billy get a little older and begin to understand political human nature, they will find out that there is such a thing as hypocrisy in the world, and that even Sir John doesn't always mean what he says. At present it is reported that Mr. White looks Blue, having found that Green is stronger than Orange in the eyes of the Government.

When a newspaper makes a specialty of religious topics, like the *Montreal Witness*, people don't expect to be deceived by anything that appears in the columns of such a paper, and yet the *Witness* heads a column in every issue 'Readable Paragraphs,' and then springs a lot of quotations from English *Punch* and patent medicine ads. on the guileless reader. Readable paragraphs! the advertisements wouldn't be so bad, but *Punch*—.

At last it has come—or rather, almost at first. Canada is to be blessed with the greatest railway monopoly in the world, by the union of the Grand Trunk and the Syndicate. Henceforth our people may enjoy the tender mercies of a soulless corporation whose powers are practically unlimited. And for this grand culmination of grasping greed the Cabinet at Ottawa may take the whole credit. We hope they will enjoy the curses that will ring in their ears before long.

In describing the sudden stoppage of a train near Trenton by the air brakes being suddenly put on, the *Globe* of the 9th inst. says that Capt. Bagot, A.D.C. to the Marquis of Lorne, was thrown head over heels from his chair in one of the cars. "He struck his head on the round of the chair, breaking it in two." The gallant captain does not seem to have been seriously inconvenienced, however, by finding his head in two chapters. That's where these aristocrats have the bulge on ordinary folks. Some people make a terrible fuss over a simple little scalp wound, but here is a blue blood who thinks nothing of having his head broken clean in two; morely gets the parts glued together again and is as good as ever: didn't even miss a solitary brain.



SMITH.

As Mrs. Pardiggle said of her basket chair, "Truly Smith is a great institution." What should we do without Smith? Everyone knows Smith, every one loves and respects him, and feels that, if no such being as Smith existed, there would be a void, a vacuum, a something wanting, a place to be filled, which nothing can fill but Smith. Why, then, are some of the bearers of this honorable patronymic fraught with a sense of shame that such is the case? History has a great deal of good to say about Smith, and very little evil, all things considered, and any one who bears the name of Smith and blushes because he does so, is unworthy of the name, and covers himself with infamy when he endeavors to palm himself off upon the world as anything else but Smith, and when he comes before us as Smyth, (substituting a *y* after putting out his *i*, though why he assumes a *y* to the detriment of his *i*, no mortal can tell), Smythje (having inserted a *j* into the tail of his name, unmindful of that bird in fable that was stripped of strange ornaments and shamefully plucked), Smithett, Smithies, Smithsone, Smythers, Smithurst, Smythwaite, Szhin-mydijskikoff, Montgomery-Dudley-Byron-Fitz-Smythjoille, Herr Von Kazenellenbogen Schmidt, or El Senor Conde Don Dios de Smitio, we recognize him at once, despite all the paraphernalia that is thrown about his name.

Smith is a fact which contradicts the nature and fortunes of fact in general; it bends to every exigency, sways and swerves with every wind of fashion, submits to the caprice or whim of the individual, and yet is able to extract itself from its surroundings, from the mere accidents of time and place; it rides triumphant through the shock of opinions and the storms of change, and need not fear the fate of many a brother fact, which, after having been jostled, brow-beaten and belabored, and been everybody's servant, is shamefully neglected, trampled on, despised and hurried out of sight and remembrance into the lumber rooms of the past. No! Brown, after an eventful life, may disappear from the busy

throng of men; his name may no longer drop from their lips nor his voice be heard in council chamber or elsewhere: Jones may become the memory of his former self, an enigma to future Layards, a hieroglyph, an unresolved problem, a puzzle, a mute mystery to antiquaries yet unborn. Robinson may be whirled away into the current of things that were, may lapse into a myth (not a Smyth), a fable, a heathen deity, an object for a museum of antiquities; one and all may vanish from the world's history; but Smith is an evergreen, a perennial, a flower always in bloom, replete with beauty and vigor, ever new, a true immortelle which decay can never touch, the delight of every eye, the charm of every heart, a hymn of welcome, a magic spell, a talisman, a theme for poets, historians, philosophers, in itself a sublime epic. Who shall unsmith Smith? We pause for a reply.

YE CLERKE AND YE VARLET.

A LEGEND OF YE MERRIE SPRING TYME.

FYTTE I.

Ye clerke addresseth his friende, who hath oft a-dressed him.

"Come forth, my gallant ulster coat,
The winter's season's past and gone;
Afar I hear the robin's note
From yonder lofty chestnut float,
I do not wish to put thee on.

"Good friend, I trow, to me thou'st been,
My flap-tailed ulster, stout and strong;
No trustier friend I've ever seen,
Than thou, so true and warm, I ween
The deed I meditate is wrong:

"Yet charge me not, my ulster gray,
With base and foul ingratitude,
For though I part with thee to-day,
Thou shalt not be six months away,
I swear in knee-bent attitude.

"Now Spring is here, and thou must go,
For little time to yonder shop,
Where hang three golden balls to show
All passers by who fain would know
Where they may goods and raiment pop."

He lieth him away.

FYTTE II.

"Votsh dat you 'ave, mine noble vriend,
In habar barcel? Ish it bants?"

"I came to you my purse to mend,
So tell me quick how much you'll lend."
"Vat ish it and how moosh you vants?"

"It is an ulster coat, behold!
It cost me dollars seveneen;
Produce, produce your glittering gold;"
"It'sh very thin, and look, dish dish!
Ish threadbare, and the lining'sh seen:"

"Vot might you want, now, for dose goat?"
"I will not tell it, I should scorn
To sell a friend on whom I doat,
But if the garment's worth a groat
It's worth ten dollars for to pawn."

"Den tollarsh: Cott in himmel, vot
You ashk den tollarsh? dot's immense!
Vot sheek, py shiuniny! you got,
I gifs you cash upon dis shpot
For dose old ulster, ninedy cents."

Ye clerke, you axeth wroth.

"Aroit thee, cuttiff, varlet, knave,
I treat thine offer with disdain;
My ulster coat thou shalt not have
Ten thousand times thy soul to save,
I'll bear it hence with me again.

"So come, my coat, of tailor's art
Thou triumph, let us homeward fly;
I will not place thee on the mart,
And thou and I shall never part,
Together in the grave we'll lie."

Huggeth his coat and fleeth.

DECLINE OF MAN.

Impotency of mind, limb or vital function, nervous weakness, sexual debility, etc., cured by **WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION**, Buffalo, N.Y. Address, with two stamps, for pamphlet.



TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

A youth in the Post Office Department was weary of life, and the incessant toil to which he was subjected had caused him to intellectually aberrate. This may seem a paradoxical statement when the rest of this story is read, but the fact remains the same for all that. The last straw was placed upon this poor Civil Servant's back, metaphorically speaking, one day, by a gentlemanly-looking man who enquired at the wicket if there were any letters for Mr. Beauchamp Cholmondceley. "Beesham Chummie, no, nothing for Beesham Chummie," replied the clerk. "Pardon me, but perhaps you did not look in the right place," continued the gentleman, and he spelt his name over. "Oh, ah!" said the clerk, "yes, jusso. Here's two, three for Beawkamp Chol-mon-deeley," and he handed the epistles over; but the blow had been too much for him, and reason, tottering on her throne, toppled over with a whang.

And now comes the strange part of the whole affair.

This member of the Civil Service, Post Office Department, went out into the lavatory and, taking a six-shooter revolver, deliberately poured its contents, six bullets, into his head, one after the other. Dissolution did not come worth a cent, and there the rash and misguided youth sat, with twelve holes, six on each side, in his skull, which resembled a double-action colander, and with the April zephyrs sporting and playing through those holes, and filling the entire building with a strange, weird, mystic æolian melody, and bringing several other members of the Civil Service, Postal Department, to the spot, who gazed in wonder and awe on the youth with the perforated parietal bones, and one and all, ejaculated in Civil Service tones, "Lawd;" but the youth who a few moments before had been so anxious to flop across the shimmering river, was now seized with an equally strong desire to further sojourn in this vale of tears and Cholmon-deeleys, for he saw that he had struck a bonanza. With a wisdom that would have reflected credit on any member of any service, civil or uncivil, he declined to let a medical man see him, and in a short time, recovered, though his head still remained with the twelve holes in it as large as ever, but these the youth plugged up with corks.

And now comes a still more wonderful thing. The youth, being a member of the Civil Service, Postal Department, possessed a head which was, necessarily—not to be harsh in my expression, but using the adjective with all due deference and respect,—hollow, and where the youth saw his bonanza was in the fact that he grasped an idea (a novel sensation for the



LATEST FROM THE CAPITAL.

CARLING AND TILLEY—(in the same breath)—WHAT'R YOU LOOKING FOR, SIR JOHN? LOST ANYTHING?
SIR JOHN—HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF A DOMINION TEMPERANCE ACT ANYWHERE?

poor fellow), and immediately put it into practice. He procured a flexible tube which he inserted into the first bullet hole on the star-board side, and, withdrawing several of the corks from the other holes, he blew, and lo! as he placed his fingers upon the holes, or lifted them, he found he could discourse most wondrous music, headifying, capital.

And the last state of that youth was fifty per cent. better than the first, for he resigned his position in the Civil Service, Postal Department, and went forth and became rich: and what is the most wonderful story of all about the who'e affair is that a man who had ever been in the Civil Service, should ever make a vast fortune by his head.

Where this all took place will never, never be revealed.

The latest puzzle is this:

Hard	Eggs
Boiled	Man.

The trick is to get the eggs inside the man without breaking the shells.

A clergyman in a sermon on "Courtship" says: "Flirtations are frequent, and prolonged even in the glare of the lights and before the gaze of the throng." "Well, what of it? If the glare were shut off and no throng present, there would be more occasion for gossip, but then some parsons will talk, you know.

The Scotch joke is usually dry: in this it is wet. An Aberdeen wit had a large handsome gold-edged card placed on his high door; in the centre of the card something was written in very small characters. The object naturally attracted the attention of the curious and the near-sighted had to get very close up to it. Afterward they found the value of the advice it contained, which was, "Beware of the Paint."



The original version of "Muldoon's Picnic" will be presented at the Grand Opera House on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next. No lovers of racy humor and droll situations should miss seeing the "Picnic," which is a great attraction in itself, and one to which the performances of a strong specialty company are added.

The concerts to be given at the Pavilion on the 17th and 18th inst. by the Philharmonic Society, under the conductorship of Mr. F. H. Torrington, will doubtless meet with the patronage they deserve. It is needless to say that a treat is in store for all who can appreciate true music when such names as those of Miss McManus, Mrs. Baxter, Messrs. Coleman, Taylor and Warrington appear on the programme. Piano, violin and vocal solos by distinguished performers will be rendered, in addition to the beautiful Cantata, "Rose Maiden," the whole making an especially brilliant and interesting programme.

When the dentists of this country can discover a way to extract teeth without making a man wish he had been born a hen, life will have twice as much brightness.

"Yes," said the gentleman from Maine, who had visited Washington, "I think I must have acted like the very devil while I was there, for I was twice mistaken for a Congressman."

GRIP'S FABLES.

THE TWO SOLDIERS.

As two Young Soldiers, one of whom was Wild and Reckless, whilst his Comrade was very Pious and Good, were about to March forth to War with their Regiment, their Friends pressed round them to bid them Farewell: to one of them (the Good one) they gave a Beautiful Hymn Book and to the other a stout Metal Flask of Whiskey; and the warriors marched away and were soon Engaged in a Desperate Battle with the Foe. And the Good Young Warrior to whom had been given the Hymn Book wore it in his Hip Pocket, whilst the other young man placed his Flask inside the Breast of his coat where it was Handy. And when the Battle was over it was found that the Good young man had been Shot, but the Bullet, having passed through the Hymnbook, had only slightly wounded him. And he was Very Joyful, and said to the other Young Soldier, "Behold: if I had not had this Good Book in my Pocket I should now be a Corp. Glory, glory." And the other replied, "Lo! I also was struck by a Bullet but it was Flattened against my Flask in my Breast, and would have Inevitably Slain me had not my Flask been there: but it puzzles me to think how you, who are always Wishing for Death and the Bright Celestial Regions, came to get Wounded in so Inglorious a Spot; nor am I aware that any Very Vital Organs are located beneath the Hip Pocket." And there was much Merriment among the Comrades of the young Men.

MORAL.

?

A FELLOW FEELING.

A gentleman was arraigned before an Arkansas justice on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. He had entered a store, pretending to be a customer, but proved to be a thief.

"Your name is Jim Lickmore?" said the justice.

"Yes, sir."

"And you are charged with a crime that merits a long term in the penitentiary?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are guilty of the crime?"

"I am."

"And you ask for mercy!"

"No, sir."

"You have had a great deal of trouble within the last two years?"

"Yes, sir I have."

"You have often wished that you were dead?"

"I have, please your honor."

"You want to steal money enough to take you away from Arkansas?"

"You are right, judge."

"If a man had stepped up and shot you just as you entered the store you would have said, 'Thank you, sir?'"

"Yes, sir, I would. But, judge, how did you find out so much about me?"

"Some time ago," said the judge, with a solemn air, "I was divorced from my wife. Shortly afterwards you married her. The result is conclusive. I discharge you. Here, take this \$50 bill. You have suffered enough."—*Little Rock Gazette.*

A Troy man had his ear ripped off with a buzz saw. An excited young doctor, who had been starving for seven months for his first case, stuck it on backwards, sewed it fast and it grew. And now that man looks like a crack trotter waiting to get the word, and he can hear half way round the square in both directions.



THE POLITICAL "BAD BOY AND HIS PA!"

SIR JOHN.—"NOW, I DON'T OBJECT TO YOUR PLAYING HARMLESS TRICKS; BUT YOU MUST NOT DO ANYTHING THAT WILL CAUSE THE FINGER OF SCORN TO BE POINTED AT YOUR PA!" (See Peck's Book.)



"So the world ways."

When a man has any thing of an unpleasant nature to communicate to another, it should always be done as quietly as possible, and the professor mentioned in the following anecdote evidently knew this and determined to let the victim down easily: This was the professor's method of

GIVING HIM A CHANCE.

PROFESSOR.—"What methods does man employ to express his thoughts?" SCHOLAR. (after mature deliberation): "He habitually employs speech." P.: "Right; but when he cannot employ speech, what does he do, eh?" S.: "He—" P.: "See here! Suppose you were a hundred miles away from some one you wanted to say something to, what then?" S.: "I would—I would—" P.: "Suppose that you had to announce to your father that you had been plucked—had failed in your examination—what would you do, eh? How would you announce it?" S.: "Oh, I'd write him a letter!" P.: "Go and write him one then!"

And now I am on the subject of examinations, those bug-bears of the students' existence, I should like to introduce the story of

THE IRISH STUDENT

who once upon a time appeared before an examination in medical jurisprudence. The subject for examination was poisons, and the examiner had selected that deadly poison prussic acid as the subject of his questions. "Pray, sir," said he to the candidate, "what is a poisonous dose of prussic acid?" After cogitating for a moment the student replied with promptitude, "Half an ounce, sir!" Horrified at the extreme ignorance of the candidate, the examiner exclaimed, "Half an ounce! Why, sir, you must be dreaming! That is an amount which would poison a community, sir, not to speak of an individual!" "Well, sir," replied the Hibernian, "I only thought I'd be on the safe side when you asked a poisonous dose?" "But, pray, sir," continued the examiner, intent on ascertaining the candidate's real knowledge, "suppose a man did swallow half an ounce of prussic acid, what treatment would you prescribe?" "I'd ride home for a stomach pump," replied the unabashed student. "Are you aware, sir," retorted the examiner, "that prussic acid is a poison that acts with great rapidity?" "Well, yes," replied the student. "Then, sir, suppose you did such a foolish thing as you have just stated," said the examiner; "you ride home for your stomach-pump, and on returning you find your patient dead. What could or what would you do then?" asked the examiner in triumph, thinking he had driven his victim into a corner where there was no escape. "What would I do?" reiterated the student. "Do! why I would hold a *post-mortem*!" For once in his life that examiner must have felt that dense ignorance, united to a power of repartee, was more than a match for him.

Any little drive at the clerical brethren is sure to find favor in the eyes of the ungodly, and as some of the ungodly are mighty good fellows, I don't mind pandering to their depraved tastes occasionally; this is how his reverence

HEADED HIM ANOTHER WAY.

A tender-hearted clergyman, who resides in a town adjoining Hartford, was about to give a trapped mouse to the cat when he caught what he thought was a beseeching expression in the little fellow's eyes and he relented. The mouse was so innocent and pretty and the cat so eager to seize it that the minister told his wife he would not sacrifice it. He took it down in the lot and set it at liberty. His wife told him that he had done a foolish thing, as the mouse would get into his barn and then back into the house again. "I guess not," said the minister; "I headed him towards neighbor B.'s barn."

* *

Manifold are the devices of the drouthy and impecunious to obtain the desired liquor without money and without price, and one of these dodges is treated of in the yarn of

HE RESEMBLED DICKENS.

Two printers and a moulder were keeping bachelor's hall together, and times being very slack and work scarce, the trio were often at their wits' end to obtain that which their souls loved above all things—ardent spirits. In the same city dwelt a druggist, a man most susceptible of flattery, and who did slightly resemble Charles Dickens, though he fancied the likeness was very strong and prided himself on it accordingly.

Well, the three companions of the bachelor's hall were exceeding thirsty one evening, and their joint funds only amounted to two coppers. One of the printers, however, intimated his intention of going out "on the mooch" to see what luck he might strike, and accordingly started. Chance led him past the druggist's store, and having heard of the man's weakness, he determined to play upon it, and accordingly he entered the shop. "Excuse me, sir," he began to the knight of the pestle, "but I could not refrain from stepping in to say that I was struck by your strong resemblance to that great genius, the immortal novelist, Charles Dickens; Positively never saw such a striking likeness: Pray turn your head—so: Well, well, the very image." "Ha," exclaimed the gratified chemist, "you were perhaps acquainted with him?" "Acquainted with him!" answered the other, "often and often have I set his manuscript: dear me, such a likeness I never saw. But I must be off; going to get a quart of whiskey for a sick friend," and he turned towards the door: "Stay, stay," said the druggist, "I have some very choice whiskey here." "Oh! but my credit is good down at the Red Lion," answered the typo, "and I am short of funds this evening." "Never mind," replied the druggist, upon whom the flattery had done its work, "I can let you have a quart on credit." "Thank you, thank you," replied the comp. "It will save me a walk." And he got his whiskey and returned to his comrades and reported. All agreed that a bonanza had been struck, and a jollification ensued. But a quart of whiskey won't last for ever, and next night found the three equally as dry and equally as moncyless as they had been the previous evening, and the second printer was deputed to sally forth and try the druggist. The same game, with a few variations, had the desired result, and another carouse was the consequence. The third night, however, the companions were rather at a loss how to make the raise of the "stuff;" it would never do for either of the type-stickers to make another visit, and with much foreboding and lack of confidence in the moulder, whose education

and literary attainments were but elementary, they at length decided to try him, and so after much instruction they despatched him, as he declared that he should remember the name of Dickens all right and that they need not fret. Away he went and presently reached the drug store. "Good evening, sir," he began to the proprietor, and commenced with a few remarks about the weather and so forth, and then, as if he had just been struck by something, he exclaimed, "My gracious! what a likeness; my goodness! never saw anything like it!" "What is it, my friend?" inquired the druggist. "Why your face: Your head: as like as two peas." "Like who?" asked the other. "Why, like Dickens," answered the moulder. "Dickson; what Dickson?" asked the chemist. "Why, Charles Dickson, the book-binder down on William street. Most astonishing resemblance." The druggist said nothing, but evidently began to smell a mouse, and when the moulder preferred his request for the whiskey, he replied, "Certainly, certainly, you shall have it." And went behind his counter and shortly handed to the other his quart bottle full.

Elated with the success of his stratagem the moulder returned to the room where his companions anxiously awaited him, and many were the congratulations showered upon him by the overjoyed printers. But after the second glass of "hot grog," their tune was sadly altered, and a night of dire agony and distress ensued, for the chemist, seeing how he had been duped, and angry thereat, had concocted a dose of exceeding great power, in which emetics and aperients were freely "exhibited," and it did its work with precision, and he was avenged.

THE CHATHAM WAGON.

Looking through the Chatham Manufacturing Company's extensive premises, one may see the very best White Oak, White Ash and Hickory for which the county of Kent has long been famous, being converted into Wagons at the rate of ten per day by skilled men operating all the latest improved machinery for making Wagons. Noting the superior quality of the iron and bolts being used, the greatly improved patent Arm made by the Company, the very great care with which every part was put together, and the immense strength given the axles by the improved Truss Rod applied by this Company to their Wagons, we are irresistibly led to imagine such a scene at the depot at Winnipeg as we depict on the third page of cover of this issue.

An Instantaneous Light.

Such in a word is the unique apparatus on exhibition at the rooms of the Portable Electric Light Co., 22 Water Street, Boston. It occupies the space of only five square inches and weighs but five pounds, and can be carried with ease. The light, or more properly lighter, requires no extra power, wires or connections, and is so constructed that any part can be replaced at small cost. The chemicals are placed in a glass retort: a carbon and zinc apparatus, with a spiral platinum attachment, is then adjusted so as to form a battery, and the light is ready. The pressure on a little knob produces an electric current by which the spiral of platinum is heated to incandescence. The Portable Electric Light Company was recently incorporated, with a capital of \$100,000, under the laws of Massachusetts. The usefulness of the apparatus and the low price (\$5) will no doubt result in its general adoption. Some of the prominent business men of the State are identified with this enterprise. In addition to its use as a lighter, the apparatus can also be used in connection with a burglar-alarm and galvanic battery.—*Boston Transcript*, Dec. 30.

THE SERVANT QUESTION.

SOME AUTHORITIES ON THE SUBJECT.
From ELIZA JANE.

Dear Mr. Grip:

I take up my pen to rite you these few words hopping they will find you well as they leave me at present. I see the daly papers is discoursing the question of femail servants, and the missuses lays all the blame on us for Im a servant, likewise a femail, and says nothing whatsomever about theirselves. Lor bless you mister GRIP, its oftener the missuses as is to blame than us, and one reason is this, they doesn't know their places, so there; being at one moment quite formiliar and frendly, and the next that aughty theres no putting up with them. You see, Mister GRIP, (write this in them small letters); *a good many of the missuses is the first of their family as ever was missuses*, and this is at the bottom of a good deal of the difficulty. Ive been in service in England with nobbs as *was* nobbs and always had been nobbs, and it came nateral to them, but these people here, some of them, that is, what I calls *half-an-half* gentility, and some of em has been *servents theirselves*, and thats where the shoe pinches. A lady as is a lady, won't never be nothing else, and wont be formiliar one ninnit and aughty the next. In course this is only one of the reasons why we cant get along, but it is one and no mistake. Its mostly the missuses as makes the trouble for the masters isnt so bad; if the master have risen from you may say next to nothin' he seems to remember it and dont put on so much airs as the missuses, but them wimmen, lor bless you, they forgets as they was servants once theirselves, and—but my letter is too long aready, so good-bye, Mister GRIP, I will rite another time and tell you some of the ins and outs of things and youll see as it isnt us as is to blame.

Yours respectfully,
ELIZA JANE.

From CHAWLES.

MR. GRIP,

DEAR SIR,—I was throan into hagnies of disgust when picking up my paper the hother morning I hobserved the ridiklis statements made concerning *suuvants*, for suuvants we har, say what you pless, thoa the reflexhuns and insinuwations was moostly about *seemales* to wich puswasion I don't have the honner to be long bein a male, and thoa I say it, a perdijs fine speimient of the harticle, my carvs and wiskers aving done fearful hexecution amongst the fare seeks and hour young missis hackshly—but let me paws: secrets is secrets.

Hi doant wonder at the difkilty there is of hobtaining suuvants in this country, that is of getting good thurredbred mencyals, for the native born Hamerican and Canadian girl has

a *foris pride* about her which perwents her hever bein hadapted to survive, and rele good dummesticks from the *hold sod* who have lived in fambllys where the 'savwor fair' was undeniable, hand ware the cads of ouses was the thing and no mistake, dont like to submit to the imputnent hairs of some of the masters and missises in Canady, who hare, probly, honly some *welthy linnng drapers* and sich hafter hall. Hi ave the hekstream good fortune to be in the suvvice of a gentleman of hexlent fambly and noways connektid with trade, and thoa he *his* a moast consummit hass, I must hadmit, still hes a gentleman who woud be ashamed to know wot coting was wuth per yard.

I mearly rite you this letter to hinform you that the ladies of the Suuvants All is not soaly to blame, and to let you know how inegspresibly shoked I am to see the 'O tong' of this orrible country trying to rewin the reputashuns of a moast hamiable clars of society. In conclsioon let me tell you that Ive seen '*feels de chomber*' whos manners was vashly shuperior to those of them as was thare misaises.

Fathefully yours,
CHAWLES NEBRITCHS.THE REV. MR. JINKS,
AND HIS DEBUT AT ST. JUDAS'S.

"Well, well, old fellow," exclaimed Polliwog (the same man who took me to hear the choir of St. Judas practise, a few weeks ago), bursting into my room and throwing himself into a chair, "you'd have died laughing last Sunday morning to see young Jinks, the Rev. Llewellyn Jinks, just out from the old country, and the new curate at St. Judas's, and as short-sighted as an owl, wears gig-lamps, and—"

"Whatever are you driving at, Polliwog?" I interrupted, "it seems to me that you have very little respect for religious matters, and no reverence for the clergy whatever, the way you carry on at St. Judas's. What have you been doing now?" "That's just what I was going to tell you, only you snap a fellow up so," replied Polliwog, as he leaned back in his chair, and exploded with laughter at the recollection of something. "How it occurred I don't know, and every one else in the choir pleads 'not guilty,' though Miss Highsee, our soprano, you know, says that her washerwoman does the surplices and things of St. Judas's."

"Look here, Polliwog," I said, sternly, "unless you are going to try and behave more like a rational being, and less like a drivelling idiot, and endeavor to tell something like a connected story, you had better leave me, as I'm busy. What has all this bosh about wash-crowmen and the curate and St. Judas's got to do with me? Are you crazy, or drunk or what?"

"Hold up, old fellow, don't get mad," responded the tenor, "I'll tell you all about it. You know Jinks, Mr. Jinks, the new curate, only arrived last Saturday, and this is his first venture in the clerical line; he's as blind as a bat, and he was in an awful stew about his baggage—luggage he calls it—not turning up; lost it somewhere on the way, with his surplice and everything in it. Well, the old sexton, old Jowls, you know, he's about as nearsighted as his reverence, but he calmed down Mr. Jinks by telling him that there were some spare surplices in the vestry; in fact, there was one come back from the wash that very day, that's Saturday, and he, that is Jinks, you know, could put that on and wear it till his own traps turned up; that is, not wear it right straight along, you know,—by Jingo! I should hope not—" (and here Polliwog collapsed into a paroxysm of laughing, at the end of which he continued)—"but just to wear it during service. This quieted Mr. Jinks, and all seemed serene. Well, last Sunday morning we were all there, the choir, you know, the whole caboodle of us, and the church was

crowded, every one being anxious to see what kind of a being the new curate was; you know, he's a bachelor, and as innocent as a chicken, and the girls put in a big appearance. The rector was taking Mr. Clutterly's duty over at Wensleydale, so the new curate was all alone, and mighty nervous he was about it, Jowls told me. Well,—don't be in a hurry, old man,—the organist was coming to an end of his voluntary, and everybody was on the tip-toe of expectation to see Mr. Jinks, and all eyes were turned toward the vestry door, whence he was to emerge and burst on their enraptured vision; well, well, you'd a-died. Presently the door opened, and in stalked Jinks—Mr. Jinks, I mean—with a face like a peony rose, and his spectacles on, and his surplice, oh, Jerusha!—" (here Polliwog became apoplectic with laughter) "his surplice—how

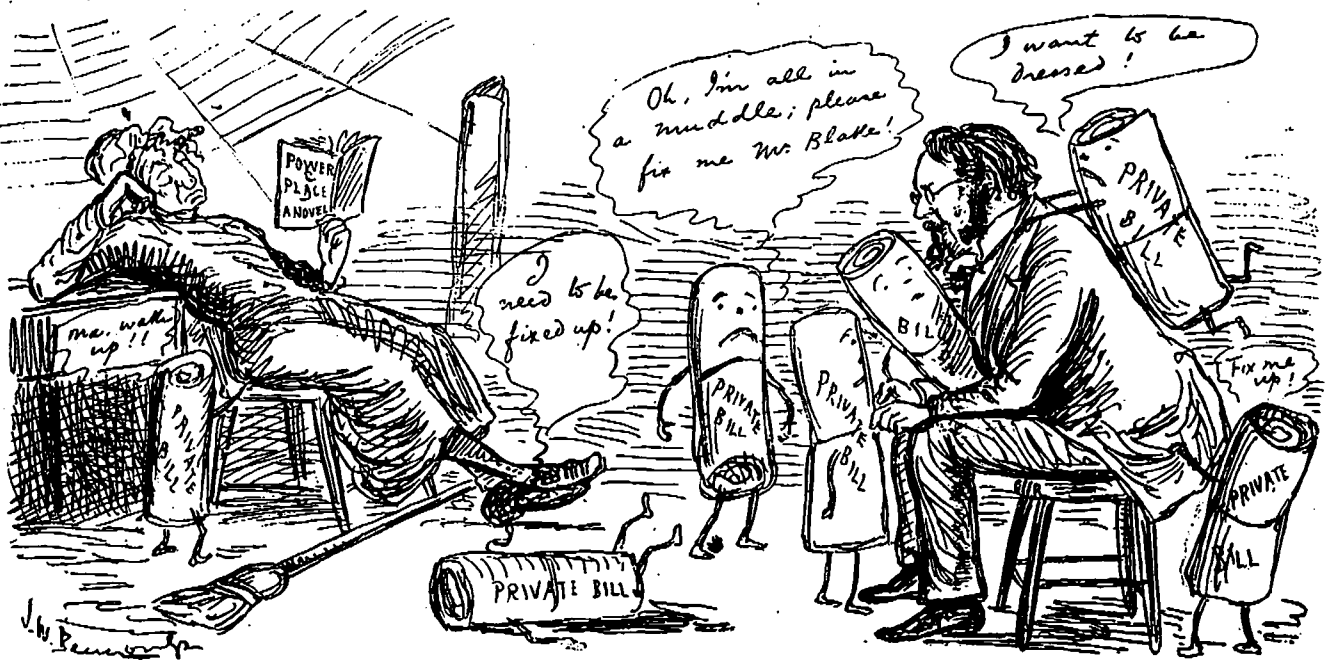


he ever got it on I don't know, and old Jowls must be in his dotage—but there he came, slap into the Chancel, with that surplice, a surplice with frills and fal-de-rols all down the front, and frills at the wrists, and he looking as innocent as a clam; well, Miss Highsee got as red as a boiled lobster, and every head in the choir bobbed down behind the desk, and I never heard anything like it; everyone was tittering, and the girls blushing like mad, till Bender, our bass, you know, went up and whispered to that old fool Jowls, and he went and whispered to Mr. Jinks, and his reverence made tracks for that vestry door like a dog with a gridiron after it; couldn't get him out for half an hour, and when he did come, as luck would have it, the anthem was 'Robed in white,' and for the life of me I couldn't help singing 'Robe-de-nuit' all the time," and here ensued another burst of uproarious laughter.

"Well," I asked, "how did it happen?" "I'll never tell you," replied Polliwog, "the things must have got mixed at the laundry, and that greery never knew the difference; thought it was some new-fangled kind of surplice, I suppose, adopted by St. Judas's. I guess Miss Highsee knows all about it, though. Well, good-bye, old fellow, I must be off. Tra-la."

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is everywhere acknowledged to be the standard remedy for female complaints and weaknesses. It is sold by druggists.

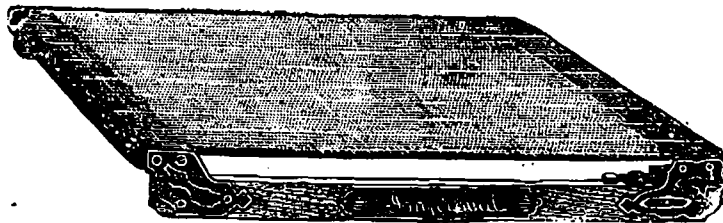
Nothing so strongly tests a man's veracity as to be summoned to the door and to be confronted with the question: "Are you the head of the house?"



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The following conversation was heard here the other day: He—"Araminta, *Je t'adore*," She—"Shut it yourself."

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