

SMOKE [CABLE EL PADRE] CIGARS.

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

The Greatest Beast is the Ass.
The Greatest Bird is the Owl.
The Greatest Man is the Fool.

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VOLUME XX.
No. 5.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 23, 1882.

\$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.

By Jove! I'd sooner go without drink than take out a license!

Don't you see, this law respects the liberty of the subject that my dog likes it!

Show your license, sir, if you want a drink.

V. H. R. LICENSED TO SELL WINE, BEER, RYE ETC. TO HOLDERS OF DRINKING LICENSES ONLY.

LICENSE TO DRINK LIQUOR 1882

LICENSE TO DRINK LIQUOR 1882

THE FEAR OF MRS GRUNDY LIST OF ALL WHO HAVE TAKEN OUT DRINKING LICENSES PUBLISHED OFFICIALLY

W. Bengough

A HINT FOR TEMPERANCE REFORMERS.
MAKE THE DRINKERS TAKE OUT LICENSES AS WELL AS THE DEALERS!



MORE

Testimony in favor of the
REMINGTON STANDARD TYPE-WRITER

Thomas Bengough, Esq., Toronto, Dec. 11th, 1882.
DEAR SIR,
We have now had the Type Writer purchased from you in use in our office for four months, and find it works very satisfactorily. We could not get through our correspondence without it. Yours truly, WELLS, GORDON & SAMSON.
Send for particulars to
THOS. BENGOUGH, Manager,
BENGOUGH'S SHORTHAND BUREAU, AND TYPE-WRITING
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Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

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Surgeon Dentist.

Cor. Queen and Yonge-sts., over Rose's Drug Store.



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

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

W. BENGOUGH, Editor & Artist. S. J. MOORE, Manager.

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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.—The feeling that the *Globe* was mainly responsible for the ill luck of the Grit party, and that Mr. Gordon Brown was altogether responsible for the infirmities of the *Globe*, has at last "come to a head," and Mr. Brown has been deposed from the editorship and management of the paper. It is hoped that in other hands the journal will do better service for the Party under its chosen leader, Blake.

FIRST PAGE.—What have our temperance agitators got to say to MR. GRIP's proposed License Law, under which every drinker is obliged to take out a license before he can get his tippie? Here you have a statesmanlike solution of the difficulty about the liberty of the subject being infringed—while at the same time you increase the civic revenue and decrease the number of drinkers.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Lest everybody (who knows the Ontario Premier personally) should fail to recognize the awful character here portrayed, we beg to say that the *Mail's* article undoubtedly had reference to Mr. Oliver Mowat, Q.C., Attorney-General. The very same man.

The preliminary notes and studies for Hawthorne's posthumous novel, "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," are in two different groups, of very different character. One group, in the possession of Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, and now appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, seems to consist of passages written out in narrative and dialogue form. Another group, of about equal length, consists of notes only, and these have been placed by Mr. Julian Hawthorne in the hands of the editor of *The Century*, and selections from them will be published in the January number of that magazine. They are said to form a record of extraordinary interest, being a complete revelation of the artistic principles and methods of one of the subtlest artists that ever lived—in fact, a full and clear recipe for the making of a Hawthorne romance.

The fastest city in the world—Velocity.
A clock speaks its own peculiar dialect.



Be in time! Be in time! Look out for the big Jubilee at Toronto's Semi-Centennial! Lasting four days, with four distinct and separate land and water parades! Parades "illustrative of the settlement, rise and progress of the city." (big thing.) Military, police, fire brigade, secret, benevolent, harbor and torch-light parades! (great scheme) the whole to conclude with a grand commemorative ball! Be sure and come! Plenty of time, however, to get your "claw hammer" coats ready. The performance will commence in 1884, *vive* McMurrich!

Twenty-four Krupp guns have been sent to the Chinese to arm their forts, a clear case of Krupption.

How can ladies ever become thoroughly versed in their household duties, and of what use will the schools organized to that end be, when even medical students object to ladies learning to carve? Cruel man, who thinks their proper curriculum is a baby carriage!

GRIP has been assured that the objections raised by cavillers against the customary display at the opening of the Session were literally knocked into a cocked hat on the 13th. Whether it was the C. H. of the Liont-Governor or that of Col. Denison, our informant sayeth not.

The indignation against the expatriated rebel chieftain is still very great in Egypt. A firman has been issued ordering the authorities to seize all the copies of Lallah Rookh on account of the song "Farewell to thee, Araby's Daughter," being contained therein. The Khedive is under the impression that the words have some secret political meaning. Moore's the pity.

Now is the appointed time, O nobleycoman, honest mechanic, and horny handed son of toil, to put on all the airs you are possessed of. Your great excellence and stirring worth will be appreciated until after your vote is polled at the coming Provincial election, by the aristocracy, the plutocracy and the "politocracy" generally. Now your hand isshaken, by and by you will be "shook" altogether, and you will relapse once more into your normal condition, that of one of the greasy multitude. Rejoice, O workingman! You have still GRIP to look out for your rights.

Lord Dufferin, on account of the threatened action at law on the part of the Nationalists to take the control of the canal from the

foreigners or make them pay for the occupancy thereof, has insisted that the Khedive must change the name of it, as it sounds too much like "sue us" to be pleasant to English ears. The Khedive then asked with a grim smile if "own us" would strike him as a good name. "It might," replied his diplomatic Lordship, "but if it don't the name will rest in you, the *onus*, don't you see?" It took the Khedive six hours, aided by a learned pundit, to make out the joke, and even now he can't see the un of it.

A great movement has taken place lately in Civil Service reform. Before obtaining a "gov. birth, now, it is necessary that the aspirant first obtain a certificate from the Board as to his qualifications, both from an educational and moral standpoint." "This is as it should be," says the joyous reformer. But, tarry awhile, my exuberant friend! John Solon Jones, Roderic Ramesus McTavish, and Patricio Polyphemus McQuirk, obtain their testimonials of moral character from a clergyman or local magistrate, they send their applications to the C. S. Board, which are accepted, they go before the Board and pass. Jones, McTavish, and McQuirk then seek the head or mayhap the deputy head of the department they aspire to, by letter or otherwise, and are told that there are at present no vacancies, but their application, which is on file "will meet with due consideration." They wait and wait for years, for

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast!" But let John Solon, Roderic Ramesus, and Patricio take the advice of GRIP and "drop it," except indeed they are backed by a strong "friend of the family," for their chances are nil. The measure is principally got up to avoid reading the applications perpetually pouring in to the departments. So drop it boys, drop it!

THE GENTEEL OSSIPI.

An excellent lady is Madam Remplit,
So portly, so grand, and so gracious;
At each Dorcas meeting and 5 o'clock tea,
May be seen her fine figure so spacious.
What interest she takes in each boy and each girl,
On their conduct she waxes loquacious;
Some say that she gives them a terrible "whirl,"
But of course I'm aware that's mendacious.

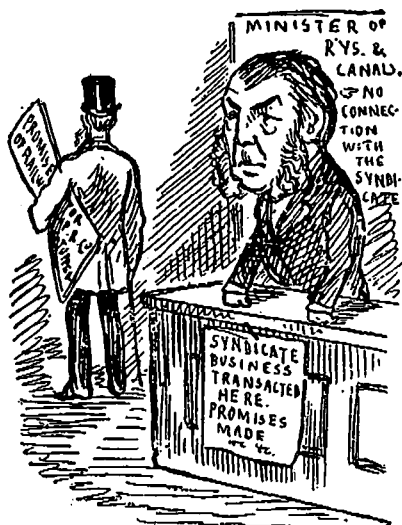
She kindly will call on a young chap's papa,
And reluctantly hint of his doings;
She next will "drop in" to a maiden's mamma,
And sighs when she tells of her wooings.
"I don't like to mention it, bless me! oh no,
But then dear, your daughter's a beauty,
And really the young man's not quite *comme il faut*,
I must tell you. It's only my duty.

"Your daughter, my dear's, but an innocent child,
And of course she can't be too discreet, for
You know that young men are so prone to be wild,
And then he so often does meet her.
Of course it's no harm to go out for a walk,
But night after night! its quite fearful,
For you know, dear, the way that some people *will* talk,
Why really, I'm growing quite tearful!"

And thus she will talk, pious Madam Remplit,
And thus into very hot water
Will get "ma" and "pa," you can readily see,
And so will the son and the daughter.
She forgets when she used (the long time ago),
To walk out with her now ancient lover,
And say, you're the *one* I love to her old beau,
And no harm in it could she discover!

What heart-breaking trouble this gossiping brings,
What sorrows, what tears and annoyance?
In having no faith in quite innocent things,
Or on honor or virtue reliance.
Now which is the worst, as a matter of fact?
(For my part I think it's a toss up)
'Tween a dangerous crank whose intellect's cracked,
And a vexatious voluble gossip!

"What is your boy reading?" is an expression made use of very often lately. We cannot undertake to answer this query, but the probability is that if he has a rich father the last thing he glanced at was an unreceipted tailor's bill for \$104.



A VERY PERTINENT QUESTION.

The Ottawa Free Press says that when Mayor Carney, of Emerson, Manitoba, came down recently to look after the railway interests of his town, his special business was with the C. P. R. Syndicate. The Emerson people sent his worship to see if he could not make some sort of arrangement with that powerful organization, with a view to securing much needed railway facilities, a boon which, under the "Monopoly Clause," the Syndicate alone could grant. Mayor Carney succeeded in his mission, but strange as it may sound, the whole matter was settled, not in the office of the C. P. R. at Montreal, but in the official Department of Sir Charles Tupper at Ottawa. This is a circumstance to which we invite the attention of Parliament. What possible authority can the Minister of Railways have for transacting business for an outside Company—especially a company which holds a government contract? Are we to understand that Sir Charles Tupper is a *sleeping partner of the Syndicate*? If so, the sooner he ceases to be a minister of the Crown the better for the *Independence of Parliament Act*.

THE GRIT CONVENTION.

(EDITORIAL FROM THE "MAIL" OF JANUARY 5th, 1883.)

The first Convention which the Grits have had the temerity to hold for a number of years, was held in this city on the 3rd and 4th inst. It was only by resorting to strategy that our reporters succeeded in gaining an entrance to the "Pow-wow." Having gained admittance they were surprised to find that instead of three or four hundred honest, intelligent looking men, such as constituted the Conservative convention a few months since, there were scattered about the room a motley crew of eighty or ninety of the most dilapidated, spavined, ring-boned, bald-headed apologues for men one could find anywhere outside of a cemetery. Despair was depicted on every countenance, and any unprejudiced observer could not but be convinced that each member of the convention had mentally concluded that Mowat must go.

The proceedings were opened by Minister Crooks, who read a passage from a book lying upon the table. As the reader proceeded there were signs of restlessness all over the room, while the features of Mr. Frazer were painful to behold, and he had just risen to his feet with the ejaculation, "Mr. Speaker," when Mowat explained to the audience that Mr. Crooks had made a slight mistake. In the hurry and confusion the latter gentleman had picked up a copy of the distasteful "Marmion" instead of the "Rules and Regulations of the Con-

vention," which he was to have read. Mr. Crooks apologised for the error, saying that "he had not looked into it."

At one of the sessions a deadly encounter took place between the *Globe* and Blaku followings. Mr. Hardy, representing the latter, had dared to hint that Protection in some instances was desirable, and if not beneficial to the general community the Reform party should not so sternly oppose it, as the people were in love with it. Of course such sentiments could not be tolerated by the editor of the *Globe*. That loathsome object raised its Agnostic head and poured forth such a volume of abuse and invective as left the unfortunate Hardy completely vanquished.

Our reporters, though their presence was not known, succeeded in attending each session of the convention. For two whole days did the representatives of the "Great Liberal Party of Ontario" sit in council. During that time not a single new principle or idea was formulated, the precious hours as they passed being devoted to abuse of the Conservatives, and the lauding of each others' virtues. With such a demoralized party, under so imbecile a leadership, is it at all surprising that the public are clamoring for its removal from power in Ontario?

SULPHUROUS LITERATURE.

An intercepted letter, to a writer not connected with GRIP staff.



Y DEAR FRIEND AND ALLY,—

You ask me for instructions for writing a successful novel—one that will take. Well, my dear, you must impregnate it with the atmosphere it will circulate in. This is an age of preaching *versus* practice, of professing one thing and living another. Consequently, I advise you, first to buy a printed set of the Ten Commandments (nay, don't start,—I have, like you, got used to them, they don't hurt me now), large type. Let them be hung up over your writing desk, after the manner of charity and Sunday Schools, hospitals, jails, and so on. Second, you must study them thoroughly (Nay, I am in earnest, don't laugh), study them carefully, for to be successful you must model your heroine as a gentle, noble, heroic and lovable woman, who, in the sweetest and most engaging way, manages to be irresistible from the rising to the falling of the curtain, while breaking and trampling on every one of these rules; in short, you must make vice lovely and crime captivating. Proceed somewhat in this fashion,—1st.—"Thou shalt have no other, &c., &c." Her rhapsodies to her idol, the adored of her soul, effectually disposes of *this*, of course, and humanity with a fellow-feeling will readily pardon this in a woman,—in fact, it is fashionable. 2nd.—She must adore a crucifix, and, although a protestant, will kiss it passionately and alternately with her lap-dog. 3rd.—She will have a habit of exclaiming "My God!" when an unfortunate mouse, driven by hunger, darts across the floor, or when any similar horror harrows up her soul. 4th.—She spends Sunday as the other fashionables do—which is enough. 5th.—"Honor thy father and mother, &c." She must discover mamma to be a schemer and papa a selfish old screw, who has been narrow-minded enough to educate his daughter up to the pitch of despising him and his low-origin

ideas. 6th.—"Thou shalt not kill." H'm—stiff rather, but as she has already killed one or more men, morally and eternally, by her flirting propensities, her pretty little lectures, her fascinating efforts to do them good, and all that sort of thing, for which she is wholesomely cursed by the mothers of the soft fellows, who were, on the whole, not bad sons at all, you might wind up by making her commit a *bona fide* murder, if necessary. This will crown her in the eyes of your sensational readers.

7th.—The fifth is called, so I have heard, the commandment with promise, but commend me to this one for promise in the breaking of it. As to fulfilment, I lay my first digit on the side of my proboscis and am silent—it is not for me to warn. In order to the graceful demolishing of this commandment, it will be necessary to tie her to a good sort of a fellow who adores her, but whom she cares not a straw for, while her affinity flits across the horizon, grave and preoccupied. She pines, he pines, they meet, philosophise, they bow to the inevitable; meanwhile the little children come, and as a mother she looks more and more interesting. About this time the husband and father must be made to appear as a weak-minded but who can't see worth a cent, quite unworthy of the dear creature who still now and again meets the affinity—he mournfully keeping watch over her as scandal and ruin threaten and menace the family. You may continue this sort of balderdash all through one administration if you like, trusting to your precious good name as a writer to tide you over the odium you incur by the possibility of injury to the morals of the young and unsophisticated. Don't let that phrase "It must be that offences come, but woe &c., &c." trouble you, you must feed people with what they have an appetite for, and the present popular appetite palls on the game, unless it has positively approached the last stage of decomposition. As for creating a healthy moral tone—bah! my dear, it does not pay, society would vote you dull, you would come short of shekels. Some infatuated devotees of morality and common sense may call your lovely and pensive heroine a "hussy"—or, in Scotch parlance, a "two-faced limner," never mind, common sense is generally in the minority any-way. About the 9th, your divinity must not be guilty of lying—unless it be in bed o'mornings, but she may equivocate and prevaricate to any extent, so be her overmastering passion for the affinity be her motive. Nor covet—nothing so low, she must only long for what the law says she can't have, but which will surely come in the end, not as the reward of self-sacrifice, but as a successful termination to a novel which will be sown broadcast over the land, bearing fruit after its kind fifty and a hundred fold according as it falls in prepared or unprepared soil. The husband you must get out of the way somehow, "fair is foul and foul is fair." What might happen if he should persist in living to the end of the novel, as the husbands in real life generally do, I do not pretend to prophesy, but once more elevate my digit as before. For the present, my dear colleague, I am yours sincerely.—SATHANUS REX.

A work of (he)art—A love story.

Bowled to succeed—An apprentice.

A counter charge—Accusing a clerk of till-tapping.

The London tailors, Poole and Strickland have found a "Newmarket" in Canada.

When the gentlemen at the theatres go out between the acts don't be alarmed, they are only in search of an opera glass.

In Chicago McVicker's theatre has a new play entitled "In Paradise." This should certainly commend itself to the gods.



CHRISTMAS BEEF.

Bird's-eye view of a fat procession which halted in front of Mr. GRIP's office the other day, to enable that distinguished patriot to comprehend what Mr. G. F. Frankland and Ald. Mallon are doing for the cattle trade of this Province.

THE PARLIAMENTARY SYMPOSIUM.

The first gathering of the members of the Social Club a day or two after the opening of the session was characterized by all the old-time hilarity and *abandon* of these cheerful occasions. About thirty of the members were present, Wood occupying his place as Symposiarch.

"Well gents," briefly observed the Hon. Treasurer in assuming his post, "you probably all remember the rules. Each one is expected to contribute his share towards the entertainment of the company either intellectually—*or—*—"

"Or spiritually," interposed Ferris.

"Precisely. We'll begin with you."
"Take the gentleman's orders, waiter."
"Hot with sugar for me," said the Treasurer, "and while 'the cup which,' etc., is in circulation, I shall call upon Brother Creighton for a song."

Taking down his trusty lute from where it had hung silent on the wall since the last gathering, Creighton, after a little preliminary fingering, warbled in a clear contralto voice the following ditty:

MOWAT MUST GO.
(AIR—"Long, Long Ago.")

Long have we struggled for office in vain,
Mowat must go—Mowat must go!
Surely at length we our object shall gain,
Mowat must go—he must go!
Hardy and Pardee and Fraser must get,
Spite of their teeth we shall euchre 'em yet;
This time we Tories will scoop 'em, you bet,
Mowat must go—he must go!

Onward we sweep with the favoring gale,
Mowat must go—Mowat must go!
Shouting the war cry composed by the *Maid*,
Mowat must go—he must go!

If we persist in repeating the phrase,
Quickly the public will follow our ways;
Thusly the prestige of victory we'll raise,
Mowat must go—he must go!

Oh, if Sir John will but come to our aid,
Mowat must go—Mowat must go!
Even the gods will assist in the raid,
Mowat must go—he must go!

With him to Bacchus, by Jove, we'll succeed,
Apollogues we no longer shall need;
Juno I think we shall conquer indeed,
Mowat must go—he must go!

When we have captured the enemy's spoils,
Mowat must go—Mowat must go!
Then we shall find sweet reward for our toils,
Mowat must go—he must go!

Mowat and Co. will be laid on the shelf,
Meredith, Lauder, and Bell and myself
Then will come in for our share of the pelf,
Mowat must go—he must go!

Mingled applause and laughter greeted this effusion, at the conclusion of which numerous criticisms were passed on the rendition.

"I admired the refrain particularly," said Young, "so much so that I wished there was more of it. In fact it struck me that if Creighton would warble less and refrain more, or even refrain altogether, it would be an improvement."

"You are too much of a sarcasm, Young," said Hardy. "The rendition was excellent. As to the sentiments—well, don't holler till you're out of the wood, that's all."

"It's you who'll be out of the Wood before long," suggested Metcalfe, with a significant nod in the direction of the Symposiarch, who forthwith called on him for a joke.

"Let me see," replied the member for Kingston, meditatively. "Ah—um. Why is Sir Leonard Tilley's policy sure to suit the farmers?"

"I could tell why it don't," said D. D. Hay, "because it goes against the grain."
Every one gave it up, and Metcalfe, being called on for the answer, replied,

"Because he is a pharmacist."
Solemn silence.
"Explain yourself, please," said the Symposiarch.

"Well, Sir Leonard was a druggist—a druggist is sometimes called a pharmacist—*farmer-suit ist*, don't you see?"

"Balfour, let us hear from you."
"Eh—ah—Why is a—that is to say—What is the reason that, Well, come to think of it, it's a long time between drinks, and you may as well fill up."

The beverages having been replenished the Treasurer called on another new member, McAllister, of North Renfrew, to explain his anomalous political attitude, which he did in the following charming madrigal:—

THE INDEPENDENT MEMBER.

I'm the Independent member
Who was chosen last November,
And both from Grits and Tories I can always take advice,
But when it comes to voting,
Or my attitude denoting,
I'm just as Independent as the merry hog on ice.

I'm a patent combination,
Who attained my present station
By assenting to the parties' most ingenious device;
The fence I'm bound to straddle,
And my own canoe to paddle,
And I'm just as Independent as the merry hog on ice.

I'm free from all dictation,
And have no affiliation
With either of the parties, and I own I think it nice;
On no caucuses attendant,
I am free and Independent,
Yes, just as Independent as the merry hog on ice.

"Our friend from North Renfrew," said the Symposiarch, "promises to be quite an acquisition to our festive board. He has a fine tenor voice, and the liquid harmony of the notes of his upper register is particularly noticeable. I think we may fairly say that he has created a *role* for himself. If he would try a duet with Bro. Creighton, now—"

"Don't du-et," interrupted Boulter. Cries of "Shame!" groans, etc.
"Such interruptions are unseemly," continued the Symposiarch, "and if the gentleman who made that remark is possessed of the right feeling with which I have always credited him, he will tender the usual *amende*—and this time, waiter, you needn't put in quite so much sugar, and see that the water is hotter."

It was in vain for Boulter to attempt to expostulate, so he submitted with as good a grace as possible, and after a nightcap had been partaken of and charged to "unforeseen and unprovided for," the party broke up.

SCENES AT THE DEMI VICE-REGAL SHOW.

THE GOVERNOR.

Here comes the Governor out in full fig,
Here come the horses attached to the "rig,"
Here comes the coachman so healthy and fat,
Here comes the aide-de-camp's big bearskin hat.

THE "HOUSE."

This is the house built of pretty red brick,
In a quite early year of the reign of "Queen Vic"
That is its moss-covered roof, which, perhaps,
Will come down by the run on the Parliament chaps.
These are the desks where the members all sit;
These are the walls just as flat as their wit;
That's the big chair, like a potentate's throne,
And this is the speaker, who sits there alone;
On his right is what's known as the Treasury side,
And the left is for those who their measures deride.
And—Oh, gracious me! there's a rat or a mouse,
So I'll say no more of the Parliament House.

THE GUARD OF HONOR.

Cavalry.

See the cavalry bold, with their helmets so bright,
How gaily they light up the scene!
How proudly they prance (when they're not very tight,
And their chargers excessively green);
Observe their keen scimitars hanging straight down,
While their "carabines" point to the sky.
You'd think that the rain would the bold fellows drown,
Yet I'll bet all the troopers are dry!

Infantry.

See the gallant Queen's Own boys,
One hundred altogether;
They have marched with drumming noise,
In spite of rainy weather.
They're standing now at ease,
While their clothes the rain is drenchin',
I rather think they'll freeze,
When the Captain cries, "Attention!"
Each wields a falchion true,
Does the gallant Guard of Honor,
And if he'd run it through
Your corpus—you're a goner!

The Dread Artillery.

Now then you'd better scatter—see
Here comes the bold Field Battery.
Gunner No. 2
Doth daub
With his swab,
His uniform quite new.
He is No. 2
On the gun—
No. 1
Says fire! at the officer's desire,
Bang!
And the loud report doth jar us,
And frightens all the sparrows.
And at the last report,
Away to the old Fort,
Trots the gang.



“PARTY” POLITENESS.

HOSTESS.—WHAT, *MUST* YOU GO, MY DEAR MR. BROWN?

GUEST.—MY DEAR MADAM, I AM *COMPELLED* TO TEAR MYSELF AWAY!!

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

SAM WELLERISMS.

"That's a miss-take," as her friends said when an elderly spinster married a soft young man.

"I grow my own corn," as the man observed who wore tight boots.

"That's cool," as the young gentleman remarked when he first caught sight of Eton College.

"I thought I should have burst," as the empty boiler said when the servant put some cold water into it.

"Gin is a snare and a trap," as the Blue Ribbonist said, with a hiccup.

"I keep my own counsel," as the litigious gentleman with three Chancery cases observed, "and a very pretty sum he costs me."

"Laugh and grow fat," as the proprietor of the prize hog said.

"RICHARD's himself again," as he remarked after successfully passing through the Bankruptcy Court.

"Turn over a new leaf," as the proprietor of the new journal said to the public.

"The pink of perfection," as the young lady whispered when she rubbed the powder carefully into her cheeks.

"Teach the young idea how to shoot," as the man observed who sold toy pistols and catapults.

"To remain till called for," as the fellow said when he was remanded for want of bail.

"Laughing naturally leads us to coffin," as the phonetic professor remarked.

"Your age protects you," as the hungry man said to the stale fish.

"It all depends, sir, how you take it." For instance, if you take red rum straightforward and proper, it's a regular good drink and medicinal, but if you begin at the other end and read backwards it means murder.

"What barbarity!" as the fish said to the hook. "It's sharp practice, I must admit," replied the hook.

"How do you do?" as the honest poor man inquired of the rich swindler.

Sacred hims—monks.—*Every Monday.*

THE MISERIES OF A MEAN MAN.

Sometimes I wonder what a mean man thinks about when he goes to bed. When he turns out the light and lies down. When the darkness closes in about him and he is alone, and compelled to be honest with himself. And not a bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a manly act, not a word of blessing, not a grateful look, comes to bless him again. Not a penny dropped into the outstretched hand of poverty, nor the balm of a loving word dropped into an aching heart; no sunbeam of encouragement cast upon a struggling life; the strong hand of fellowship reached out to help some fallen man to his feet—when none of those things come to him as the "God bless you" of the departed day, how he must hate himself. How he must try and roll away from himself and sleep on the other side of the bed. When the only victory he can think of is some mean victory, in which he has wronged a neighbor. No wonder he always sneers when he tries to smile. How pure and fair and good all the rest of the world must look to him, and how cheerless and dusty and dreary must his own appear. Why, even one lone, isolated act of meanness is enough to scatter cracker crumbs in the bed of the average ordinary man, and what must be the feelings of a man whose life is given up to mean acts? When there is so much suffering and heartache and misery in the world, anyhow, why should you

add one pound of wickedness or sadness to the general burden? Don't be mean, my boy. Suffer injustice a thousand times rather than commit it once.—*Burdette.*

Truth is stranger than fish stories.—*Ex.*

A simple but significant inscription in a western cemetery: "The editor was in."—*Boston Star.*

A well-known theorist says, "The great curse of Americans is riches." We desire to be cursed.—*Somerville Journal.*

Ben Butler does not wear a toupee, but then he never did have much sympathy with the wig party.—*Gloucester Reporter.*

An old proverb says: "The anvil lasts longer than the hammer." We'll take the top position in a fight if we can get it, all the same.—*Somerville Journal.*

J. Lewis, of Woodstock, N. Y., drank water in the dark and swallowed a live wasp, and wondered how the blazes he happened to get hold of whisky.—*Boston Post.*

Everything isn't a failure this year. It is estimated that the toothpick-toed boots have added at least 1,000,000 corns to the crop of this country.—*Cedar Rapids Stylus.*

The comet has traversed a distance of 90,000,000 miles in the last four weeks, which leads to the suspicion that the blazing wanderer is really a first class scandal.—*Boston Post.*

Somebody has discovered that the correct pronunciation of the word Khedive is "Kedowa." They might as well tell us that the proper way to pronounce beehive is beehowa.—*Norristown Herald.*

The Salem *Sunbeam* says, "grief county seconds; happiness forgets the hours." It is presumed that "grief" has been married for some time and that "happiness" is about to be married.—*Toledo American.*

"I regard those buildings as perfectly safe," said a New York building inspector as he finished his rounds, and in ten minutes the walls caved into the street. They were an inch out of plumb and he couldn't see it.

Gen. Forrest says that he made his second start in life with \$1,500 won at poker, and that he won because his wife was home praying for his success. We pass the subject to anyone who thinks he can handle it.

A young widow in Brooklyn received \$18,000 insurance on her husband's life and handed it over to a lawyer to invest. He built him a house with it, and is so mean that he won't even let the widow in to see how it looks.

The Italians have gone into the cremation business more extensively than any other nation. An Italian widower who is permitted by custom to marry again in a few weeks can't bother to keep anybody's grave green.

Lightning struck a contribution plate in a western church just as the deacon was passing it round. "This is the first time that anything has struck this plate in three months, said the deacon, thoughtfully.—*Boston Globe.*

A LADY WANTS TO KNOW

the latest Parisian syle of dress and bonnet; a new way to arrange the hair. Millions are expended for artificial appliances which only make conspicuous the fact that emaciation, nervous debility, and female weakness exist. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is sold under a positive guarantee. If used as directed, it can be dispensed with. It will overcome those diseases peculiar to females. By druggists.

Artists are fond of praising the "old masters" in oil. There are about a dozen old masters in crude oil that will find it to their advantage to keep away from this city. Even a lamb will turn when trampled on.—[*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

A Nebraska clergyman who wouldn't accept two gallons of whisky for marrying a couple had to go without any fee at all. The bridegroom said he'd be hanged if Parker County wasn't getting altogether to tony for a common man to live in.

Probably not one preacher in fifty will ever say anything about it if the \$10 bill given him by the bridegroom represents a busted Canadian bank. Such bills can easily be secured for twenty-five cents each. Practice economy if you would get rich.

Paul Ford, who pretends to know what he's writing about, says: "An instance of a wife being jealous of the servant girl was never known in Russia." Fact is, gentlemen, that's the country for a married man to get along in without meeting trouble.

The *Philadelphia Chronicle* expresses the hope that during Thanksgiving week Republican papers will probably observe the spirit of the occasion and not call the Democratic party a set of bald-headed hyenas. Let us a east have one week peace during

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is a concentrated, potent alterative, or blood-cleansing remedy, that wins golden opinions from all who use it for any humor, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the formidable scrofulous swelling, or ulcer. Internal fever, soreness and ulceration, yield to its benign influences. Consumption, which is but a scrofulous affection of the lungs, may, in its early stages, be cured by a free use of this God-given remedy. See article on consumption and its treatment in Part III of the World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets, costs two stamps, post paid. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Hear what he 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 any body else, and whose curative effects will be maunent. You will never regret doing so."—EDITOR *MERCANTILE REVIEW.*

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A POSER FOR A PROPHET.

Oh Doctor Wild! Oh Doctor Wild!
Oh mystic and prophetic Child!
Thou'rt very learned about the Nile,
And thou can't tell to half a mile
The distance to the fiery Mars,
Or ee'n the twinkling little stars.
Thou know'st the height of Old Goliath,
And when the prophet Jeremiah
Packed up his tent on Israel's soil,
And started for the Emerald Isle.
But wilt thou, Doctor, kindly show
What party in On-tay-ry-o
Next session on the right will sit!
Will it be Tory or be Grit?
Oh learned Doctor, tell me that,
In sooth I've wagered a new hat;
Canst thou do thus, oh Bond Street prophet,
I'll raise to thee my hat and doff it.



Signor Salvini is the next attraction at the Grand, and no doubt his reception will be as enthusiastic as on his last visit.

Mr. Jos. J. Dowling is still at the Royal, presenting this week an attractive melodrama entitled, "Republic Mine," in which he displays great skill as a marksman.

The sixth Christmas concert of the Toronto College of Music, under the direction of Professor Kerrison, took place at that Institution on Thursday evening. The programme consisted of selections from the various musical masters, and the pupils' comprehensive rendition of such a high order of music must afford the highest satisfaction to the management of the institution, which has produced such clever pianists as Miss Annie Lampman, Miss Lily Smith, and others.

It is reported that Mr. John Hague, late secretary of the Philharmonic Society, intends opening a Chesterfieldian Academy for instruction in Polite Letter writing. His recent letters in the press, against Mr. J. B. Boustead, abounding in such elegant phrases as "audacious," "gross," "unwarrantable," "outrageous," "repudiating faith-breaker," "white-washed," "right-destroyer," "dictator," &c., are fine examples of harmonic English. Grip bespeaks immense success for the academy.

One of our city's greatest musical favorites, Mlle. Marie Litta, will be heard here on the 25th-26th, supported by a new company, said to be much stronger and more attractive than

any that have travelled with the *prima donna* heretofore. Litta delighted every one of her hearers when she sang here last, and her popularity will be sure to attract a fine audience from our many music lovers. The company includes Signor Ernesto Baldanza, the great Italian tenor, late with her Majesty's Opera and the Strakosch Grand Italian Opera Troupe; Miss Annie E. Beere, the favorite New York contralto, late with the Thursby Concert Company and the Arbuckle Concert Troupe; Julius Bereghy, the great Hungarian *basso profundo*; Louis Blumenberg, the wonderful violoncellist, and Joseph Harrison, pianist and accompanist. This makes the Litta Company one of the finest musical attractions in the field, and their concerts on the 25th and 26th will, doubtless, be a rare artistic treat. This is Litta's last American concert tour, as next year she returns to Europe.

A MYSTERY OF THE DEEP.

IN THREE SCENES.

SCENE 1.

Adown by the sounding sea where the summer breezlets play,
And the wavclets to the zephyrllets are murmuring all the day,
In the gladsome summer season, in the monthlet of July,
Two lovers sat on the sad sea-shore. How swift the moments fly,
When eye to eye is speaking,
When heart to heart is throbbing,
And against the vest on the lover's breast,
Goes hobbitly bob-lob-bobbing.

The lover's twain were as dainty a pair as ever felt the passion,
And each was dressed in the very best and quite the latest fashion.
A soup-plate hat, and a brief, brief coat, and tight, tight pants had he,
A weird, flap dress, and a poodle dog, and a Gainsboro' hat had she,
How swift the moment flew.
As they gazed in each other's eye,
And each discerned in the other's thimble burned.
The joy of a glad surprise.

And there on a rock these lovers sat, away from the city's din,
And they took no heed of the silent tide as it came acreeeping in.
As it crept, and crept, and crept, till the rock was all surrounded,
And they little thought of the danger near, or how soon they might be drowned!
For unnoticed the moments speed,
When heart to heart is bumping,
For, like a pup from tether freed,
The souls go jump, jump, jumping.

SCENE 2.

On the deck of a gallant man-of-war the Captain strode abaft,
And as he paced his quarter-deck, the middies larked and laughed,
And the bo'sun swept the horizon of the Oceanic blue
With his spy-glass, for it is the way that all good bo'suns do.
When sailing the raging main,
And scouring along the deep,
When the billows break in the vessel's wake
Like a flock of snow-white sheep.

"A sail, a sail!" the bo'sun cried, "away on the starb'rd bow,
But, shiver my timbers, I never see so strange a craft till now.
She's never a stick nor spar, she's never a rope nor sail,
And she makes no way, but lies along and very much like a whale."
And he shivered his limbs and eyes,
And he swore till all was blue,
'Tis a way with sailors of expressing surprise,
And all good bo'suns do.
The captain he took his telescope, and gazed from the taffrail aft,
And he looked, and looked, but never a thing could he make of the curious craft.
The second "luff" took a long, long look as he off to leeward spat.
"It looks to me," at length, said he, "like a monitor squashed out flat."
And they nearer, and nearer, drew
To the gruesome mystere,
Which heaved, and pitched like a thing bewitch'd
On the undulating sea.

SCENE 3.

"Oh! Chawlie, Chawlie, woe is me, how fearfully, awfully too,
The tide's come in, and we shall drown, oh! Chawlie, dear, boo-hoo.
And the maiden wept, and Chawlie looked round and saw the seething wave
Had crept all round the little rock, and he quailed tho' stout and brave.
"Oh! Cynthia dear," he said,
"One thing remains, that's flat,
Let's go afloat in that thing on your head,
That fashionable Gainsbro' hat."
"We must, we must, indeed we must," cried the weeping maiden fair,
As off she took her cherished hat, and a lot of her dainty hair,
And down in the water put the hat which made them a boatie brave,
"Hurrah!" cried Chawlie, "cheer up, hurrah! for a life on the ocean wave,
And the lovers got on board,
On board of the Gainsboro' hat,
And away they went as the billows roared,
Now this way, and now that—

Till afar on the boundless deep they floated, the vertest speck,
Till they were seen by the captain bold, as he paced on his quarter-deck,
And as we've said before, were seen by the gallant bo'sun too.
And the captain ordered the course of his ship to be changed a point or two,
Till at length they came close up
To where the lovers sat,
Upon the brim, with the poodle pup,
All safe in the Gainsboro' hat.

FINALE.

And now, you girls, who affect these hats when you go to the Theatrar,
Pray keep them till you visit the sea, like Chawlie and Cynthia;
For there beneath their welcome shade, as on the shore you lie,
You'll find how quick and sweetly fast, the precious moments fly,
When eye to eye is speaking,
When heart to heart is throbbing,
And 'gainst the vest on your lover's breast,
Goes hobbitly, bob, bob, bobbing. --Swiz.

WHAT'S SAVED IS GAINED.

Workmen will economise by employing Dr. Pierce's Medicines. His "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" and "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanse the blood and system, thus preventing fevers and other serious diseases, and curing all scrofulous and other humors. Sold by druggists.



"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

(G—N S—H.—Too late! Too late!!
Here I am again with the Bystander just in time to see Gordon Brown step down and out!
O, cruel fate! What is there now left for Bystander to live for!



M: Oliver Mowat as he appeared when he first made his entry into Political life. A truly good man.

"His Religious friends saw him lean with helpless imbecility on an AGNOSTIC ORGAN which patronized Atheism and obscenity!"

"His Temperance friends heard him confess that he was trading on their feelings while making Partisan Capital"

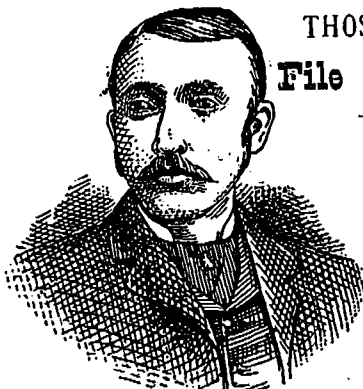
"His Respectable friends saw with chagrin that his word in the House of Assembly was considered a doubtful quantity"

"His Orderly friends saw that he could hold out temptation to any Ruffian in the Unparliamentary SPILL BLOOD or Steal Property!"

"His LOYAL friends see him daily trying to weaken public confidence in Confederation" "Liberal extracts from the MAIL of Monday, 1881"

THE SAD FALL OF OLIVER MOWAT.

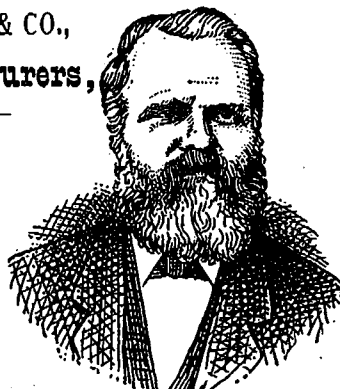
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An article just now is having quite a boom, entitled, "A New Use for Salt." The old use was to chuck a double handful into a shot gun, and fire it into the legs of the small boy just evacuating a melon patch.—*Cheek.*

Young lady, writing a love letter to the kitchen maid: "That's about enough now, isn't it?" Maid: "One thing more, Miss; just say please excuse bad spellin' and writin'." —*Resuscitated by Louisville Courier Journal.*

[Established 1854.]

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