

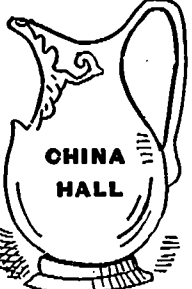
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VOLUME XXV. }
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 21st, 1885.

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GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.
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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH,

Editor.

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

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States.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Louis Riel is no more. On Monday morning, Nov. 16, the public executioner quenched the fitful flame of a life that will long remain a puzzle to the student of our history. It must be left to some future Parkman to tell how much of human good and evil was mixed with the madness that was so pathetic; we of the present moment are content to know that Riel, whether Prophet or Agitator, is henceforth absent from the problem of the North-West. Let us hope that much at least may be for the general weal. Let us believe that justice has been done, as we do most sincerely believe that the only aim and intention of the Government was to do justice. For although GRIP's attitude toward the present Cabinet has never been that of an enthusiastic supporter, he repels with indignation the horrible idea which has found voice in Quebec, that Riel was sacrificed to sectional prejudice. Sir John Macdonald may not be a virtuous politician, but to say that he would commit murder rather than resign office is surely the insane height of partisan fury. But, alas! the disappearance of the ill-starred Half-breed does not end the matter; it only makes the way clear for Parliament to address itself to the task of investigating the causes which led to the outbreak. Riel was but an incident of the rebellion; justice will not be satisfied until the actual authors of it are exposed and punished, whether these turn out to be plotting speculators at Prince Albert or drowsy Ministers at Ottawa.

FIRST PAGE.—Sir John has devoted some of his valuable time to the cultivation of the humorous in his nature, and there are, perhaps, not many good jokes that he is not familiar with. Perhaps, therefore, he has heard that ludicrous ditty (it used to be done

by the clown in the circus) concerning the unfortunate gentleman who was left in charge of a troublesome baby whose mother departed never to return. This little incident is really very funny when worked up well in the shape of a song, but in actual life it isn't quite so amusing to be left in such a predicament, either literally or allegorically. Sir John at the present moment can appreciate this fact, as Tilley has retired and left his beloved chieftain to do the best he can with a very healthy and vigorous deficit.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Liberal Party of England, weakened by internal divisions, awaited anxiously the trumpet blast of its Grand Old Man, trusting that he would be able to suggest a plan for united action. This task was probably beyond human skill, for it is generally admitted that Gladstone's Scottish speeches on this occasion failed of their purpose. In the words of an esteemed contemporary, "Gladstone has lost his grip."



PASSING SHOW.

Since the proposed Musical Festival is now the topic of chief interest in professional circles in this city, a few words of information about it will be acceptable to the lay public—without whose generous aid it cannot be the success it ought to be. That our music-loving citizens will do their share, however, we have no doubt. Indeed, a large portion of the guarantee fund of \$5,000 has already been subscribed, and as it is proposed to make the guarantors the executive of the Festival, the money is pretty certain to be effectively applied. The great affair will take place probably in June, 1886, in the Mutual Street Rink, which can readily be transformed into a fine auditorium, capable of seating 4,500 auditors. The concerts will occupy three evenings, with one matinee, and will consist of two oratorios and two orchestral and solo performances. The very best vocalists available will be secured; and these will be supported by Thomas' or Damrosch's orchestra, strengthened by our choice local players. The chorus for the oratorios will contain from 700 to 1,000 voices, selected from our city choirs and musical societies. In short, the idea is to give Toronto an opportunity of enjoying a treat that has hitherto been monopolized by Birmingham, Boston, Buffalo, and a few other large cities.

Fräulein Lilli Lehmann, Fräulein Brandt, Herr Staudigl and Herr Sylva will be allowed, by the Metropolitan Opera people, to sing in concerts. Here are four fine chances for the directors of our Monday "Pops."

Girl conductors are all the rage in Chilean horse-cars. How would they do on Halifax busses?—*Halifax Herald*. It's a Chili day when a Halifax girl gets left on a "buss."

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

III. THE "I TOLD YOU SO" MAN.

The "I told you so" man is a most remarkable person. He always knows what is going to happen—after it has happened. Whoever heard him utter a truly prophetic remark upon the future of any single person? Mr. Jones, after struggling for years against bad trade and bad debts, is obliged to assign into the hands of his creditors. The "I told you so" man has here a glorious opportunity, and hastens to make the best of it. For several days you may hear of him going around shrugging his shoulders, looking very wise, and forcing conversations with those who would much rather mind their own business, in which Mr. Jones' name is freely used. He mysteriously alludes to Jones' "goings on," and to Mrs. Jones' "extravagance." "Why, sir," he remarks, "not more than a week ago they were seen driving out in a carriage. Such waste. I knew how it would end," and so on, *ad nauseam*, winding up with his stock-in-trade expression, "I told you so."

Singular though it be, it is a fact that this man will always be found with an excellent knowledge of every unfortunate event, but never with the lucky or happy ones. Suppose a certain person invests his money upon some speculation and he loses all, the "I told you so" man is soon buzzing his mean remarks around. But if, on the contrary, the speculator makes a fortune by his venture; where is the knowing one? He is in a dark corner at his home, grieving over a lost opportunity. He is as silent as the grave. His croak is not heard again until the next case of misfortune reaches his ears. The fact is, this kind of man delights not in the prosperity of others; misfortune and its attendant evils he specially revels in, and we cannot do better than leave him to die out.

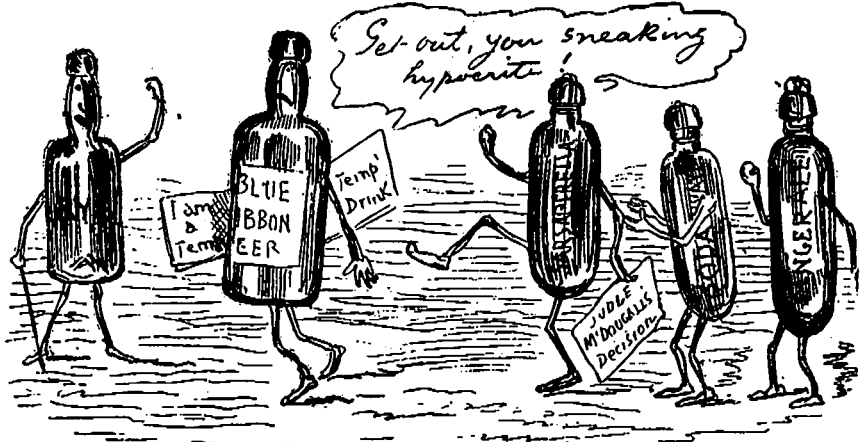
IV. THE FUNNY MAN.

The full and complete title of this peculiar personage is, "The man who writes funny articles for the papers." Oftentimes the funny man hides his identity for a time, but as such talent cannot be hid like a light under a bushel, he is eventually discovered and is at once sought after by the patrons of wit and humor, and invited to social and dinner parties without end.

Unfortunately for the funny man, when his fun, that is, the eating part, comes in, he is expected to amuse the company with flashes of wit, and, like poor Yorick, "to set the table on a roar." This he proceeds to do at the expense of his stomach, and when dinner is over he is the hungriest man under that roof. But how often is the funny man found to be as serious as a well-trained undertaker? Any subject, save that of wit and humor, he can talk upon, but a joke—well, he may grind a few out, but being delivered in a serious tone, and accompanied with a funereal expression of face, his hearers might, with a very slight stretch of the imagination, convert them into obituary notices.

The funny man, however, prospers exceedingly amongst certain classes of society. It is only necessary for him to be known as Mr. Jokular, of the *Monthly Merry-maker*, to ensure a roar of laughter from those around, everytime he opens his mouth, if it is only to sneeze; they see something very funny in that, even. Whenever he goes he is expected to say something funny, and any joke, old-fashioned or idiotic, which he may trot out, is sure to be received with boisterous laughter, and Mr. Jokular is declared "a very funny fellow."

The funny man, if he be a genuine one, is undoubtedly the most bored of individuals, but as this is indicative of popularity and, of course, prosperity, for our funny man derives a princely income from his writings, we prefer to leave him to spend his wealth and enjoy the world as best he can.



KICKED OUT OF DECENT SOCIETY.

HOW I CAPTURED A BURGLAR.

SAVED BY COOLNESS AND A WOMAN'S POCKET.

I am, by nature, one of the bravest men that ever lived. I am descended from a long line of daring, fearless ancestors whose valor was a household word many centuries ago. Our race all possessed that cool, calculating, intrepid kind of bravery which is so often wanting in the man who may be called brave, but whose valor is so often rendered useless on account of the recklessness and lack of caution that accompanies it. Our family, centuries ago, were all warriors, and many were the doughty deeds performed in the Wars of the Roses in which a De La Funke (that is my family name) figured as the hero. It was a De La Funke that saved an entire regiment, of which he was the colonel, from being cut to pieces at Culloden, by sternly refusing to march his men within bow and arquebus shot of the foe, and a similar exploit was performed at Otterbourne by a De La Funke who cautiously waited till the battle was over before appearing with his command on the bloody field. For such deeds as these our family was ennobled in the reign of Henry VIII., who created the sturdy old John De La Funke an earl and himself selected the family crest—a snowy white feather *courant*, on a ground of liver color (white liver) with the crest,

"Whilst this feather flies
No De La Funke dyes."

and my warrior ancestors were invariably assigned a post of trust, guarding the baggage and cooking utensils behind a hill a few leagues from where the battle was raging.

Our ancestral halls are hung with suits of armor that bear witness to the terrible scenes through which their wearers passed; the backs of the coats of mail and ponderous cast-iron surtouts being dinged and battered in all directions and the seats of the metal trousers perforated with many a bullet-hole and yawning gash from some enemy's battle-axe; the pride of the De La Funkes being evinced by the care taken of the family crest which was borne on the breast, and which may be seen intact and unscathed in every instance.

Time and popular ignorance have corrupted our grand old name and we are now known as the Funkies, and I, Hubert Sanspeur Funkie, am one of the last of the race.

I reside with my wife and family in an imposing mansion near the city and it was here that the event which I am about to relate occurred, a perusal of which will show that the cautious bravery which distinguished my ancestors is yet a feature in the character of their descendants.

It was a blustery night, and Mrs. Funkie and the hero of this tale had retired to rest

about an hour, when sounds were heard at one of the lower windows of my house, which proclaimed the proximity of a burglar, perhaps of two or more. My presence of mind never for an instant deserted me and I resolved on the course of action to be followed with inconceivable rapidity. I could hear the burglar raise the window down-stairs and enter the dining-room and, quicker than thought, I rose and with superhuman energy pushed a heavy bureau across a corner of the room and encoined myself behind it. It was a cold night and I am aware that my teeth chattered and my hands perceptibly trembled as I said to Mrs. Funkie:

"Pauline, rise quietly and go to the head of the stairs and inform the intruder that I am aware of his presence but that, rather than imbrue my hands in his gore, I will give him a chance to retire unscathed."

Pauline, woman-like, suggested that I should deliver the message myself, but I pointed out that burglars often carried firearms and that it would not do for me to thus expose myself and run the risk of, by my rashness, bringing the race of Funkie to a termination. I demonstrated to Pauline that should she be killed, I could marry again and the race of the Funkies might not become extinct, but that were I slain, the line would end there and then. Thus in the time of awful peril did my hereditary coolness and intrepidity assert themselves. After a vain appeal to Pauline to get up and go and meet the intruder—whom I now heard cautiously ascending the stairs—and inform him that he had better withdraw, as I was very terrible when aroused, I ducked down behind the bureau and determined to sell my life as dearly as possible. But my brain was not idle and I was maturing a plan for the burglar's capture, even as I crouched face to face with death.

The burglar entered the apartment, and without paying the least attention to Mrs. Funkie's "Go away, bad man,"—after which she covered her head with the bed-clothes and shrieked in a muffled manner—he stalked into the middle of the room.

"Where's the boss?" I heard the villain ask. "Where's the old hunka, and where does he hide all his tin?" and he came close to my place of concealment. I knew further attempt to hide was useless and with my teeth chattering, limbs trembling and hair standing on end with the cold, I rose up and confronted him! He immediately covered me with a deadly-looking bull-dog revolver; but even now my presence of mind did not desert me, and I dodged down.

"Where d'ye keep your chink, old fellow?" the vulgar brute demanded. My plan was now matured and I replied:

"In the large chest in the corner, there."
"The keys, then, the keys, and look something or other slippy about it," said the burglar, and I heard the ominous click of the hammer of the pistol.

"You'll find the keys in that dress hanging up there," I replied, pointing to one of Mrs. Funkie's garments.

The villain, commanding me to hold my hands up, and watching me with one eye all the time, crossed over to the dress indicated and commenced searching for the keys.

The clock down-stairs struck one.

For a whole hour he pawed around that dress searching for the pocket. He swore terribly and conigned his eyes and limbs to some very unpleasant places. He could feel the keys; he could hear them jingle; but, curse and swear as he might, he could get no clue to the opening to that pocket. He dragged at the dress; he perspired; he turned it inside out; oh, how he swore!

The clock struck two, still the burglar kept on in his search and I could see a wild look coming into his eyes as the hours sped on and day began to break. Up and down, round and round that dress he went, yet no opening could he find. I saw that he was becoming desperate as daylight grew stronger. Six o'clock struck and, calm, cool, undaunted, intrepid as ever, I motioned to Mrs. Funkie to touch the electric knob communicating with the servants' quarters. In five minutes the burglar alarm sounded through the house; the footmen, butler, coachman, gardener were all aroused, and dashed into the room.

There stood the burglar holding Mrs. Funkie's dress in his hand at arm's length; his eyes were bloodshot, his tongue protruded and he foamed at the mouth.

He was, indeed, a hopeless, raving maniac. "Arrest that fellow," I cried to my myrmidons, as I stepped forth, and as my sturdy retainers seized on the villain, I hurled myself at him and dealt blow after blow upon his powerful frame. I felt no fear; my rage overcame my caution and with reckless courage I pummelled him till I could pound no longer. Then I ordered him away into confinement and sent for the police, who had him removed to the asylum for his reason was gone forever.

Reader, did you ever try to find the pocket in a woman's dress? If not, don't attempt it if you would retain your senses. S.

MEMS. OF THE YEAR 1885.

As usual, the City Fathers allowed the citizens to trip and break their heads over the broken by-laws which lay about the streets throughout the winter.

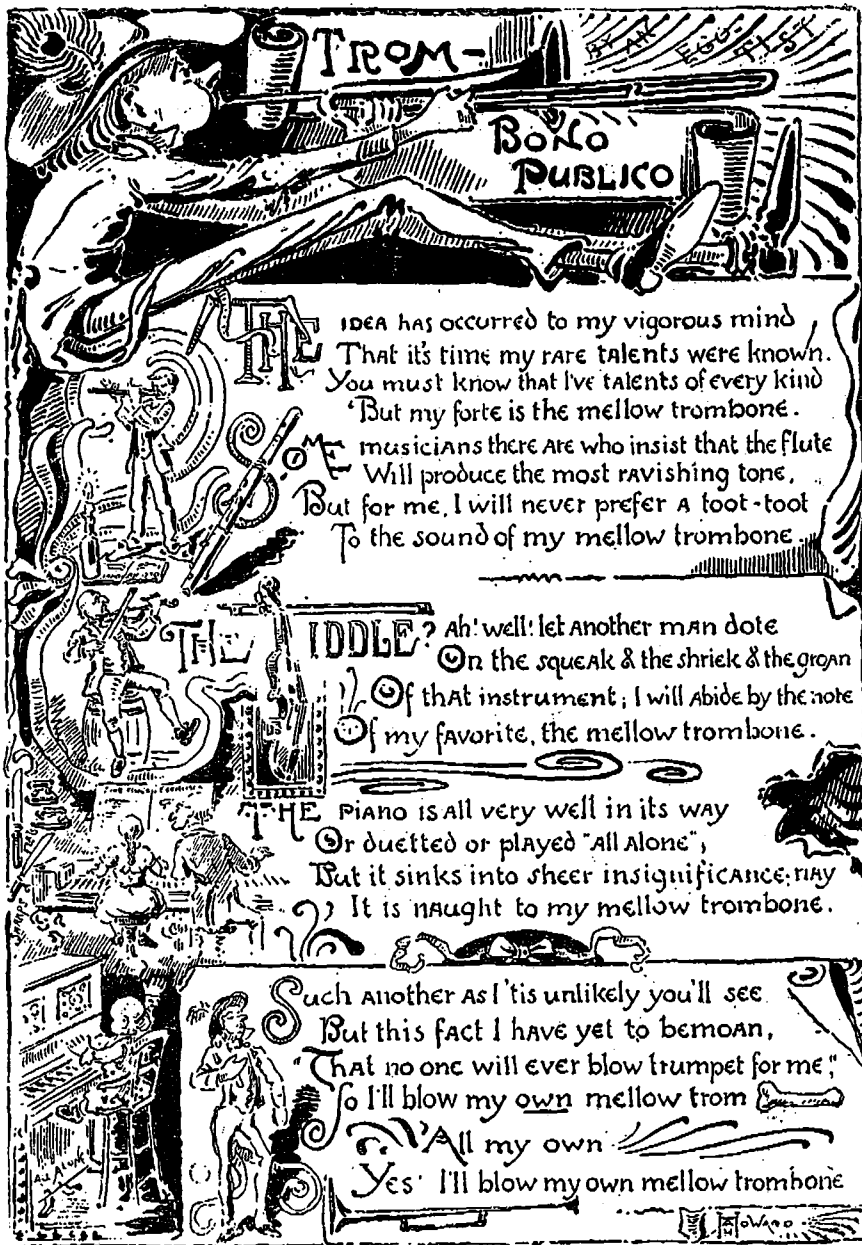
Later on the Dominion Government permitted Riel to break the national peace with missiles taken from the large heaps of broken promises which had been piled up by its unfaithful servants. Many broken hearts were the consequences.

The year was remarkable for a frantic attempt on the part of an association in Toronto calling itself the Liberal Temperance Union, to persuade level-headed Canucks that it would show their sense if they would adopt the motto: "Evil, be thou my Good."

Equally remarkable was it for the fact that these same level-heads accepted the Scott Act with readiness, not to say avidity, seeing that it curtails their private liberty (to get drunk and to make their neighbors drunk), their public liberty (to sell alcoholic poisons), and incites to drunkenness by banishing the facilities for drinking.

The smallpox broke out in Montreal; so did vaccination in every sensible community. Both "took" immensely.

Arcades became fashionable, so did home-made plate-glass.



THE IDEA HAS OCCURRED TO MY VIGOROUS MIND
 THAT IT'S TIME MY RARE TALENTS WERE KNOWN.
 YOU MUST KNOW THAT I'VE TALENTS OF EVERY KIND
 BUT MY FORTE IS THE MELLOW TROMBONE.
 MUSICIANS THERE ARE WHO INSIST THAT THE FLUTE
 WILL PRODUCE THE MOST RAVISHING TONE,
 BUT FOR ME, I WILL NEVER PREFER A TOOT-TOOT
 TO THE SOUND OF MY MELLOW TROMBONE.

THE MIDDLE? Ah! well! let another man dote
 ON THE SQUEAK & THE SHRIEK & THE GYAN
 OF THAT INSTRUMENT; I WILL ABIDE BY THE NOTE
 OF MY FAVORITE, THE MELLOW TROMBONE.

THE PIANO IS ALL VERY WELL IN ITS WAY
 OR DUETTED OR PLAYED "ALL ALONE",
 BUT IT SINKS INTO SHEER INSIGNIFICANCE, MAY
 IT IS NAUGHT TO MY MELLOW TROMBONE.

SUCH ANOTHER AS I 'TIS UNLIKELY YOU'LL SEE.
 BUT THIS FACT I HAVE YET TO BEMOAN,
 THAT NO ONE WILL EVER BLOW TRUMPET FOR ME,
 SO I'LL BLOW MY OWN MELLOW TROMBONE.
 ALL MY OWN
 YES! I'LL BLOW MY OWN MELLOW TROMBONE

IN THE LONESOME OCTOBER.

"Stovepipes cleaned, missus?"
 "Well, I do want ours cleaned, of course. How much do you charge?"
 "Fifty cents a stove."
 "Oh! Well—no, I think not, not to-day," and Mrs. John shut the door on the retreating form of the sooty applicant, and returned to her rocking-chair. "Fifty cents, indeed! I should think not!" she reflected, going on darning John's socks. "John can do it as well as anybody, if he only wouldn't swear so! We did have a pretty awful time last year, I know, and he vowed then he'd never touch a stovepipe again if he lived to be a thousand years old. But fifty cents for carrying a few pipes down to the yard and shaking a little soot out of them! Nonsense! it's outrageous. Wait, I'll get round John! I'll watch my chance!"
 An opportunity seemed to present itself that very evening when John, having exhausted the papers, and put his meerschaum care-

fully away in its case, thrust his hands into his trouser-pockets, looked about him, and shivered. "Going to light that hall-stove this fall, Mary? I thought we left it up this summer so it would be all ready for the cold season."
 "Oh, that reminds me, dear: I've been waiting till some evening you'd have time to examine the pipes and see if they needed cleaning—"
 "You don't mean to say you haven't had those stovepipes cleaned yet?"
 "Well, I don't suppose they're really very dirty," said Mrs. John. "I thought we'd just look at them some evening before we risked lighting the stove. A fire would be pleasant to-night, wouldn't it? It's turned real chilly!"
 "Chilly? It's as cold as blazes!" said John, getting up and sauntering into the hall. Mrs. John stepped lightly after. John took one hand out of his pocket and tapped carelessly on the pipes within reach. He was humming a tune.

"We could make a fire at once," said Mrs. John, listening to the soot rattling ominously down. "What do you think, dear? They don't seem to need cleaning, do they?"
 "Let me see," said John, looking musingly along the line of pipe. "I believe I swore last October I'd never take those confounded things down again!"
 "Did you, John? Why, I believe you did, and I'd hate to have you! How could you look, you poor dear! You had better go back to the sitting-room, and I'll just take this first length out myself, and then I'll be satisfied. Why, perhaps they don't need cleaning at all, and we can have a lovely fire immediately!"
 "You! Here, keep away from here! I suppose you've made up your mind to look at the confounded inside of a stovepipe to-night or die! Get me a cloth or something, can't you?"
 In a twinkling she had handed him a cloth and an old pair of gloves, spread an old carpet at his feet, and placed a pail beside him. These preparations John seemed not to observe, as he gloomily began that tentative series of operations that connect themselves with the detaching of stovepipes from each other. But his song was silent now.
 "Why, there's very little soot after all," exclaimed Mrs. John, briskly, as pipe number one yielded to his treatment. "Just shake it out into this pail, while I take a peep up the next one."
 "I don't know what you call a 'little,'" said John, sulkily. "It's choke full, by Jove! that's what it is!"
 "Why, how extraordinary!" said Mrs. John, in accents of deep surprise, and hopped up on a chair. "And, dear me! I believe the pipes are coming apart up here, four lengths up. Why, John, it's coming right down in my hand! Oh, take it, take it, or I'll drop it! There. How lovely it must be to be as strong as you are! Goodness, wouldn't it have been awful if I had dropped it? But now that it is down, you had better carry it right out and empty it in the barrel in the yard."
 And John did so, and when he came back he found the step-ladder placed invitingly ready, more old carpets spread, and his wife looking enthusiastically up.
 "I can show you exactly the next place where they'll come apart most easily," she said, with animation. "I declare, we're almost half-done already. I never knew anyone work so quickly as you do, dear! How good the fire will feel, won't it? I believe it will be zero before morning, dont you. Oh, dear—"
 "Get me a hammer, can't you?"
 "Here is one, dear, and the screw-driver."
 "What the deuce do I want a screw-driver for?"
 "Of course not, only—"
 "Hand me that screw-driver, will you? Any time to-night!"
 At a quarter past nine John was carrying the last of these pipes in from the yard. His countenance was sad. His coat was off. Streaks of stove-polish were on his high, white brow, and various smuts upon his nose. At a quarter past ten he was still struggling to get the darned things back into position. He pushed and hammered and tugged and coaxed and thundered and swore at them, as men will, and when he had got them all right at one end, they dropped apart again at the other, or in the middle, or at the elbow, or came bouncing down to the floor, rolling and rebounding, as their frolicsome way is.
 Mrs. John's spirits never once flagged, and when towards midnight they had got the fire kindled, and she stood warming her hands, she smiled brightly and remarked:
 "And we've saved fifty cents!"
 "Fifty—blazes!" shouted John. "Do you mean to tell me—? —!"



JUSTICE .STILL UNSATISFIED.

Sir John.—Well, madam, Riel is gone ; I hope you are quite satisfied.

Justice.—Not quite ; you have hanged the EFFECT of the Rebellion ; now I want to find and punish the CAUSE.



MR. PETER RYAN

and his ingenious invention for securing good and honest municipal government. Mr. R. may be seen at the Reform Club, where he will be glad to explain the working of the machine at any length to all interested.

A RHYME OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY.

BY OUR OWN ANTIQUARIAN.

No doubt a very clever man was celebrated Homer—
Yet there were many lands in which he had not been a
roamer.
The Egyptians and Phœnicians (of whom old writers
speak)
All know far more of Geography than this sagacious
Greek.
The Greeks, before his time, believed (for they were such
barbarians)
That people lived beyond the Sun—their titles were
"Cimmerians."
The names of all their dark abodes, to know, is not for
us—
The Grecians guessed—"The Euxine"—and near "Thra-
cian Bosphorus."
"Hyperboreans"—in the North—(this meaning, "Beyond
Boreas")—
"Ethiopiæns" (sunburnt) in the South—and last—was
not this glorious?
Believing their respective climates were joined far south by
land—
They thought the Ethiopiæns to the Indians near at
hand!
Virgil and Lucan, on these grounds, imagined all this
while
That India's frontiers owned the sources of the River
Nile.

What Fables too old Homer and Hesiod interlarded
With their wisdom! Thus—"Gryphons"—who precious
metals guarded
Of the Riphean Mountains. "Aramaspi" saw but with
one eye,
"Macrobians," too, these fablers said, would almost
never die;
Then "Elysiûm," an enchanting and truly happy land;
But "Colchis"—filled with monsters—a horrid, magic
band!

Theopompus, Plato, too, (most worthy this of note is,)
Fictionized the Fortunate Isles, Atlantis and Meropia.
And who the Fable could forget, Herodotus oft told—
Of Ants as big as Foxes, which made huge heaps of gold?

And then the shapes this Earth assumed! But yet so
the tale is—
It is a Sphere, prepared to swear that clever sage, old
Thales.
A Cylinder, asserted then his pupil Anaximander,
But Heracides and Leucippus soon proved this was a
slander.
The first declared it was a Boat, the other said, a Drum.
So thus they floundered on and on till things looked very
glum.

Lands, of which Herodotus knew nothing save their
name,
Already boasted, ere his time, considerable fame.
Of "Massilia" (Marseilles) founded by the very clever
Phœnicians,
And Rome too, he, apparently, had not the faintest no-
tions.
Magna Græcia, Southern Italy, and Africa he knew;
But we must own these countries seem comparatively
few.

Of Africa the Greeks knew naught of any of its west—
Though Carthaginian Hanno had tried his level best
To make a coasting voyage—and it may be good for us
To know that this same sailing round was called "Peri-
plusus."
It certainly is very clear bold Hanno was no nitny,
For he passed Gibraltar's Straits, and got as far as
Guinea.
Some say, however, "To the mouth of River Senegal,"
Gossolin vows, "Capo Nun," but they didn't know at all.

Four hundred thousand "stadia" (six hundred feet,
Greek measure)
Comprised, said Aristotle, (in learning, such a treasure!)
The Earth's circumference! and it's like to make us
shiver
To read his limits of the World: "Tartessus," "Guadal-
quivor."
"Albion" "Ireland," "Riphean Mountains," "Libya,"
and the "Indus"—
Really, naming all these points is quite enough to wind
us.
And then, to show how giddily his mighty brain whirled
round,
The River Niger with the Nile, he did utterly confound!

In the reign of Alexander, whom writers dub, The Great,
A feat by Nearchus was achieved, in those times, with-
out mate.
The Indus was explored, and thus Geography improved.
Then the Empire was dismembered and A. the Great
removed.
And so again King Geography became a wretched blank,
While into ancient ignorance the poor Historians sank.

To the rescue Eratosthenes, King Geography to nourish,
A treatise he compiled, (long may his memory flourish!)—
Of the Alexandrian Library he was the trusty keeper,
And in learning of all sorts few sages could go deeper.
Unlike wise Aristotle, to whom I have made reference,
With *Sundials* he discovered the mighty Earth's circum-
ference.

It is true he made a blunder of the Tropic known as
Cancer,
But then he was a man, and not a necromancer.
He thought that Alexandria and Syene dwelt together
On the same meridian, but there must be some end to
his tother.

We can forgive for learning's sake, this venerable sage,
Who was, perhaps, the greatest man who flourished in
that age.

He lost his sight, and this to him affliction was so weight-
ty,
That he starved himself to death, though but a youth of
eighty.

Claims our humble reverence next Astronomer Hippa-
rchus.
To know him not—ourselves unknown—assuredly would
mark us.
He catalogued the stars and taught the sphere's pro-
jection—
Thus helping on poor Geography with this—his kind
protection.

The Alexandrian Library the fame of which so wide is,
Had for its learned President the great Agatharehides,
Who wrote a book relating to the Red Sea's navigation.
Its commerce, too—thus adding to the general informa-
tion.

In searching out these ancient facts it very much pro-
vokes us

To think we find so little of the doings of Eudoxus.
He was of Cyzicus and went—in Ptolemy Physcon's
reign—

To India—Egypt—and we read that he got luck again!
The world, at least, must pay to him the tributary com-
pliment—
The circumnavigation of the vast African continent.

Sage Strabo seems to be of brave Eudoxus somewhat
jealous
For he tried to cast discredit on the acts of one so zeal-
ous.

Bold Hanno too and Pytheas—they shared Eudoxus'
fate
Old Strabo would have none of them of Geography to
prate.

Yet Pytheas found Great Britain—which assuredly was
more
Than Strabo did—in fact, I think him very much a bore,
And believe that e'en Columbus would have roused his
jealous speech
Because this grand America he cleverly did reach.

And now I feel I've chatted till you all cry, "Hold—
enough!"

About this interesting and highly ancient stuff,
Be certain you remember well the names of all my sages,
I only wish that I had thought of stating all their ages!
If they lived now, I wonder much what they would say
about us!

But you don't care? No. Nor do I—
Your ancient, SEARCHEMOUTUS.

I love to hear a minister make secular an-
nouncements from the pulpit: When I go to
church I don't go to take part in church ser-
vice, but to have hand-bills shoved under my
nose, as it were. There is something that
soothes the bald spot on my head in an earnest
exhortation to depart from evil, followed by a
reminder that the Ladies' Aid are going to
hold a tea-meeting at Mrs. Smythe's residence
on next Tuesday evening. Tickets 25 cents.
All cordially invited. When the preacher has
beautifully elaborated the text, "In my
Father's house are many mansions," the an-
nouncement that the stewards of the church
will meet on Friday afternoon to consider the
best means of paying off the mortgage on the
parsonage, is in no way an interruption to the
pleasant flow of one's thoughts. Presently, at
the rate at which we are going, we will be
having funeral circulars, concert announce-
ments, and social mentions, interspersed with
auction sale-bills, birth notices and circus
posters, as part of the exercises of the sanctu-
ary. Then there will be no excuse for any-
body to absent himself from church.

HANS BIERSVILLER ON PROHIBITION.

Ach! you must bet I does! efery time! Yes, siree! Mine bierhaus long since ago vas schutt up nefer any more. I mine bier wid-out goes, and ven I veels like I vants some lager I say—hold! schtop there! you Hans Biersviller! I vants to know vere's your vrau? Dead! Vere's your peety leedle boy Fritz? In the shenapentiary! Vat! yap! dat's so! an' you haf nobodies dat lofes you, only de vag of mine toggie's tail! Dot ish vat mine bierhaus do vor me. No, Herr Hans—I kess you not haf das bier.

Von dem dedodal mans de town go round, dey to my place gomes undt say, "Hans, ve vants your wote vor brobition." "Ter teufel! vat you schutts up mine bierhaus vor? Vat vor you go meddle mit das bier? Vat das lager got to say agin you? I lofes das bier! Ach! you go vay mit yourself, undt your brobition. Undt vay he goes undt I lafs ha! ha! ha! undt I say, ter teufel mit brobition! I lofes mine bierhaus undt mine bier undt I sings, "Ha! ha! ha! you undt me, leedle prawn jug, doan I lofe dee?" undt mine leedle poy Fritz mit de curly flax, he sing too, undt I gifs Frits von leedle drop das bier, undt he gif mine tog Beezmahk das bier, undt Beezy he crows undt his nose snuff so. Ha! ha! ha! I laf again, undt say, Beezy vor brobition go. Mine sohn, Beezmark von abtobtalt schtainer. Ha! ha! ha! I der togs brobition go for, I say, undt mineself undt mine poy Fritz ver merry make.

Put ven mine leedle poy Fritz crow pig, undt haf von moustache, he lofe bier, undt he lofe vishky, undt vines, unkt rum, undt prandy, undt he get drunk, ach! so mooch! Von I say, "You dat drink schtop, Fritz Biersviller," he laf undt say, "Vy, vater, ven you durn brobition?" undt he vinks ven I not see, undt some more vishky takes, undt he svaggering down der street goes, like von tam fool mit his head on you side his hat, undt der cigar like von valking stick his mouth inside. I not lafs no more! undt sing leedle prawn jug, ha! ha! Dere vas always von pig lump in mine troat ven I looks at dat poy—mine leedle Fritz, it veels like he vas dead. Undt mine vrau, dat poy's mutter, she veep undt sho cry, undt cry, undt I get no schleep vor dat way she cry, "Hans Biersviller, you my poy ruin mit your bierhaus, ach! ach! mine poy! mine leedle Fritz! You haf my poy destroy mit drink!"

"Vat you mean, Gretchen?" I say, "vat you means? Dot ish mine boy, too, undt I lofes him. Vy you makes me mad? Vy you say I ruin mine poy?"

"Cause you learn him drink. He drink das bier undt you gifs him drink."

"Ach! mein Gott! but I not gifs him vishky, vines undt prandy; I hates vishky." Undt Fritz he come in shvaggering; ach! Gott in Himmel! vosh dot mine leedle poy Fritz? Beezy doan know him; he bark undt crows! He curse die mutter undt curse der vater, undt he laf, undt cry, undt sing, undt die mutter her vingers into her ears put undt cry out, "Ach, Fritz! mine sohn! mine sohn!" Undt die mutter he schtrike mit his fist, undt ven I him down knocks, he kick me, undt curse me, his vater, mine poor poy Fritz—~~he~~ vas so mad mit der drink! so un-mensch! Ach! ach! mine heart vas proke, and mine vrau she die mit die heartbroke undt I say, "Fritz, mine boy, gif it up, dis drink, nefer any more." Undt Fritz he laf ter teufel's laf undt say, "Hello, vater! old Governor, ven you durn brobition?" Undt, by gemini! I durns brobition mit a wengeance, I knocks der blugs of mine parrels out, undt der classes undt derganters I schmash; undt Fritz he say der Covner onsame, put I cry, no. I vas onsame to learn mine poy undt oder beeplesses poy do drink mit das lager bier. I haf kill mine vrau, undt mine boy is verlor-

ren, and Beezy don't vag his tail nefer any more. Put I petter knows now undt I durn brobition; undt maypse ven mine leedle poy Fritz von der shenapentiary heimgang, der bier-hauses vill be schutt undt he vont to de shenapentiary go, and Beezy vill vag his tail mit gluck! Yap! you bet, I vor brobition goes.

CONFIDENTIAL CONFESSIONS.

For some time past Mr. GRIP has had poured into his sympathetic ears a number of confessions by various old subscribers. Feeling, however, that some of the confessions are overpowering in their intensity, as a relief therefrom, he has determined upon taking the liberty of presenting them before an over-indulgent public in the hope that those who read may be the wiser and better for their courage.

I. THE MISERABLE MAN'S.

It is a pleasure for me to own I am a miserable man. I would go to the housetops and proclaim the fact to all were I not afraid of being too happy whilst doing so. From my youth up joy has made me miserable. When at school successes at the desk caused me much unhappiness. Once I found a purse containing ten dollars. Any other boy would have been jubilant. I, on the contrary, made my way to a secluded corner and wept bitterly. As I passed from youth to manhood I became more and more miserable. In my secret soul I was happy. The only thing that marred my joy was the constant references of my friends to my suitability for an undertaker's duties. This caused me at times to break into a smile. Oh, how I suffered for that smile! Yet even that was not without its corresponding degree of comfort to my heart. I thought of the smile, and it caused me misery, and thus I obtained my comfort. At the age of twenty-two I married. I trust this will prove no surprise. The girl of my choice was even more miserable than I. The first time I saw her there were tears upon her pretty face. The second time she was weeping bitterly. How thankful I felt. I had found a responsive heart. Our courtship was a series of deep-drawn sighs, our marriage a most solemn one, my wife weeping copiously, whilst I groaned between the responses. It is now thirty years since that eventful day, and we have been happy. When I see my wife inclined to be cross I smile—how my heart bleeds to smile!—this causes her tears to well forth, and by the time they have ceased to flow she has forgotten her anger. When she first presented me with two living marks of her affection I should have made many demonstrations of joy according to the way of the world, but I retired to a quiet corner and saturated three large handkerchiefs with my thankfulness. Since then many other marks of affection have followed, and as they have grown up they have preferred to take my views of happiness. Nothing gives me greater pleasure when I arrive home from my daily toil than to see my family weeping in various parts of the house. It serves as their recreation. When any of them do wrong I place them in the centre of the room and order them to laugh heartily for five minutes. It is the severest punishment I can inflict upon them. Ah, my friends, it would be well if more would cultivate this spirit of miserableness. No unhappy surprises; no rebuffs; no disappointments; prepared for every sorrow; taking comfort out of every grief. The happy man is but happy for brief snatches of time only, the next moment to be plunged into a state of misery which to me would be positive luxury. Give me a miserable life.

Speaking of excise duty, is not the duty of a man who measures you for a collar a neck-size duty?

DEBILITY.—Perhaps you are weak and weary, all run down, get tired with slight exertion, feel faint and dizzy, or dull and languid, then you need a good tonic regulator to make pure blood circulate, and give you strength. Try Burdock Blood Bitters—it will not fail you.

The foot is as the boot makes it.

LUXURY ON WHEELS.

The new Pullman Buffet Sleepers now running on the Grand Trunk Railway are becoming very popular with the travelling public. Choice berths can be secured at the city offices of the company, corner of King and Yonge Streets, and 20 York Street.

The way some people write stories is a study—there is so much between their lines. Now, here is the way a pretty little thing in one of our dailies wound up: "N—A— lived for many years, happiest of husbands."

This statement has aroused an unsatisfied longing in my heart. I want to know more of poor N—A—'s career. Why wasn't he happy more than "many years?" To be sure, he had the pull of some of us at that, but one doesn't like to see a pretty spectacle marred. Was it his mother-in-law? But no; the story says his father-in-law was a widower. Could it have been the old man? Or a soft corn? Or his dudo pants? Or tho "might have been"? Alas! who can tell! Why, oh, why?

"The autumn winds do blow,
And we shall soon have snow.

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of WM. WEST & Co.'s lace boots? They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

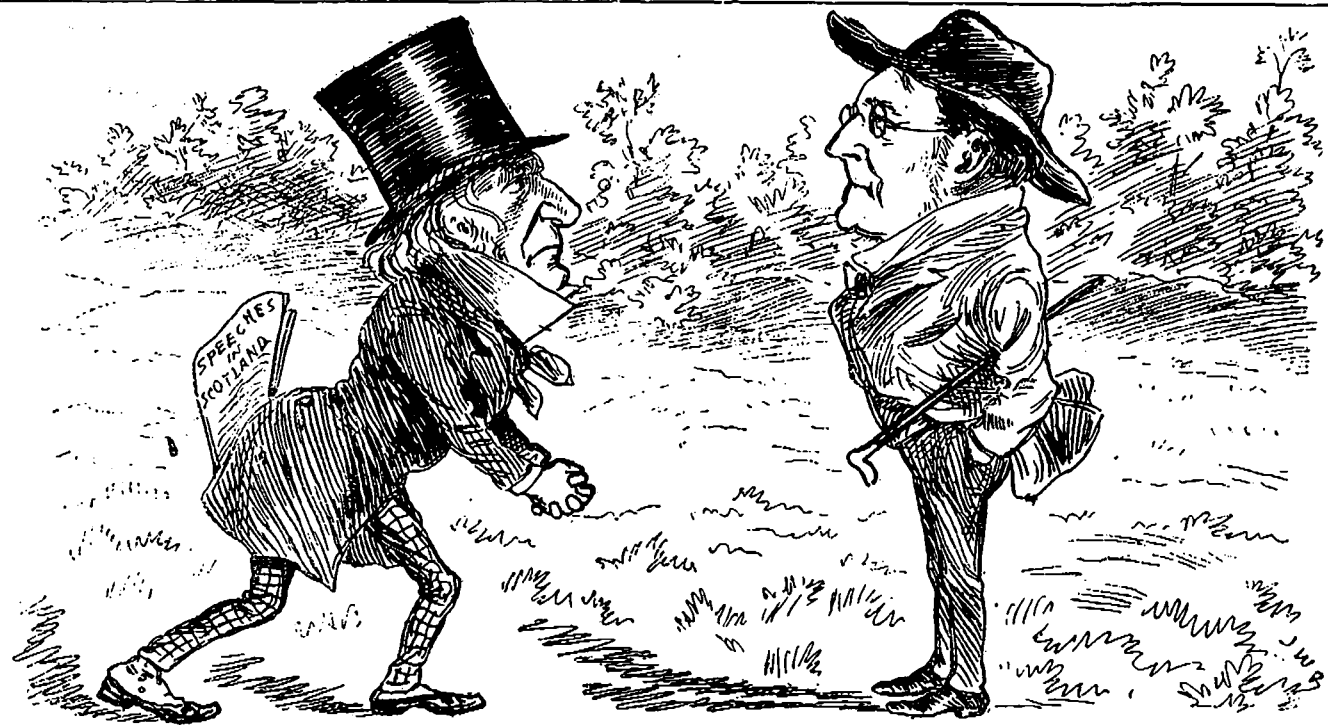
"No, no. I haven't any interest in 'the trade,' but I've several thousand dollars invested in the manufacture of native wine." This is what a bird of the air carried to me when I read the manifesto of the L.T.U. Whom did the bird mean, I wonder?

THE LUCKY VOLUNTEER.

At the close of the recent North-West rebellion, The Toronto Stove Manufacturing Co., of this city, offered as a present one of their celebrated "Diamond A Ranges," or a "No 14 Square Splendid High Art Self-feeding Base Burner" to the volunteer who served in the recent rebellion and was the first to get married after the 17th day of July, 1885. Applications with proof of marriage were received up to the first of October. The firm on being interviewed by our reporter, informed us that Mr. Fred J. Nixon, of "C" Company, 90th Battalion, Winnipeg Rifles, who formerly belonged to "G" Company, Queen's Own Rifles, of this city, was married in Winnipeg on the 18th day of July. The Range or Parlour Heater will be shipped to him as soon as he informs the Company which he prefers.

The Brantford *Expositor* says Sheriff Scarie's official sword is "a light affair partaking somewhat of the nature of a foil." That is not so much amiss, Mr. *Expositor*, if your sheriff uses his weapon dexterously against roguery and rascality. It is sometimes better to disarm a man than to run him through.

Imperial Cough Drops. Best in the world for the throat and chest. For the voice unequalled. Try them.



REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE IN THE GREAT LIBERAL LEADERS.

Gladstone.—Blake, I've lost my grip!
Blake.—Be calm, sir; so have I. I've stopped mine!

SOMETHING NEW.—Fragrant Philoderma. For chapped face or lips it has no equal. Not sticky or greasy. Ask your druggist. Price, 25c.

The people of New York city are not noted for their piety as much as those of Brooklyn, but they probably say Grace more than the residents of any other city in the Union. (Key—Wm. R. Grace is mayor; and New York is also much larger than any other city.)—*Peck's Sun.*

Before deciding on your new suit go into R. WALKER & SONS' Ordered Clothing Dept., and see their beautiful Scotch tweed suitings at \$18, and winter overcoatings from \$16.

Isn't it funny that the -ists and -isms that forbid their lively young folks to dance will let them play post-office and kiss-in-the-ring till they get black in the face?

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BRUCE IS STILL AT THE FRONT AS heretofore, and always on hand to attend personally to his patrons. All work in the highest style of the *Photographic Art* at bottom prices.
Studio, 118 King Street W.

There is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, FRANKY'S is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

COOK & BUNN, Manufacturers of Rubber and Metal Hand Stamps, daters, self-inkers, etc., etc., railroad and banking stamps, notary public and society seals, etc., made to order. 30 King-street west, Toronto.

What are you thinking of? Others claim to be Kings, and Crowns, and Perfect, but we claim to be only a DOMESTIC, but ONE that no lady will part with. Found only at 98 Yonge Street, Toronto. Call and be convinced.

LEAR'S

NOTED GAS FIXTURE EMPORIUM, 15 and 17 Richmond-street West. Proprietor, having business that calls him to the Old Country in June, has decided to offer for the next two months inducements to buyers not often met with. Ten Thousand Dollars Wanted. Cash customers will find this the golden opportunity.
R. H. LEAR.

A Good Investment.—It pays to carry a good watch I never had satisfaction till I bought one of WELCH & TROWAN'S reliable watches, 171 Yonge-street, east side, 2nd door south of Queen.

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MORSE SOAP COMPANY.



BURTON'S ALL HEALING TAR AND GLYCERINE SOAP
Cures all Diseases of the SKIN in MAN or BEAST. Makes the hands soft and smooth.
ASK FOR BURTON'S.

GOVERNOR'S Fragrant Carbolio Tooth Wash cleanses and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, purifies the breath. Price, 25c. Prepared only by C. J. GOVERNOR & Co., Montreal. Retailled by all Druggists; wholesale, Evans, Sons & Mason, Toronto.

CLOTHING. J.F. McRAE & CO., Merchant Tailors, 156 Yonge-street, Toronto.

PHOTOS—Cabinets, \$2.50 per dozen. J. DIXON, 201 to 203 Yonge-street, Toronto.

VIOLINS—First-class, from \$75 to \$3. Catalogues of Instruments free. T. CLAXTON, 197 Yonge-street, Toronto.

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