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The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

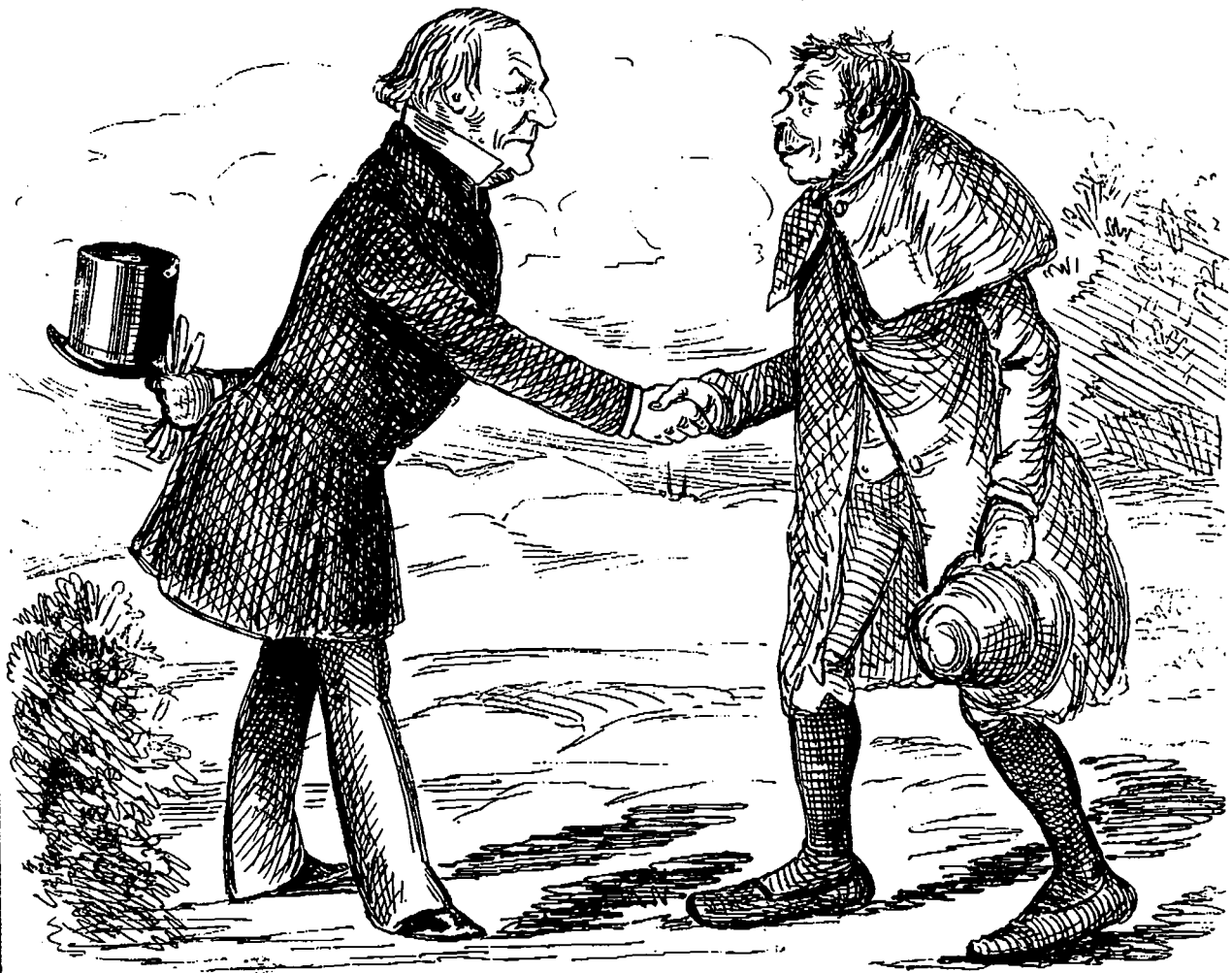


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The gravest heart is the Ase; the gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Grip's Greeting, 1892.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! friends and patrons all.
Health and good luck to each fair lot fall,
Behold our ebony claw extended now
In friendly greeting, while we make our bow.
Perched on this milestone labelled '81,
Pausing a moment ere we journey on.

And first, let me just ask, in passing, whether
You ever saw such uncanonical weather,
Political or otherwise? The atmosphere of life
With changeful electricity is so rife,
One never knows where next a storm may burst,
Who next with hell and hook and candle curst,
Now thunders reverberate throughout the *Globe*,
And call on each long-suffering modern Job.
To swoop down like a typhoon on the *World*
Till no flag save Reform be there unfurled.
In first and second parties to believe
But from a third the country to relieve
While like a comet coming to o'erwhelm,
The modern Mercury's flash from realm to realm.
One, nothing loth, enlists in Bacchus' train,
But leaves the thirsty god for dead in Maine.
One like a witch astride an ancient broom,
On an old buckboard scours the northern gloom,
And "Jimuel," brandishing imaginary tongs,
Sets out to investigate old Ireland's wrongs.

While for the *Telegram* the lightning's play,
As though Jove had gone out to spend the day;
While thoughtless youngsters fired his bolts in mirth,
Headless of whom they struck *en route* to earth.

With sails well trimmed to meet the coming gale,
Anchored on N.P. rides the *Daily Mail*;
Champion of medicos and midnight mirth,
Of high-taxed coal, and that more monstrous birth,
Monopoly, that, like a nightmare pressed,
Defies the awakening powers of the North-West.

Now gaudily arrayed in pale pink dress,
See *Mrs. Evening News* come forth from press
With saucy, jaunty, independent mien,
Blushing to think she once was young and green,
While smirking *Truth* with smiling tact displays
Her scissored patch-work to our weekly gaze.

Straight to the front the *Citizen* is bent
On noble aims and purpose high, intent
To beard the lion here in his own den,
And raise and elevate his fellow men.
Last but not least, the darling of our boys,
The youthful *Varsity*, with learned noise,
Depicts the doings of these college days,
And claims GRIP'S modicum of hearty praise.

A goodly bill of fare where each may choose
What best he likes as on his way he goes.
So judge we of the man by what he reads,
By wherewithal he ministers to his needs.

But all, of every shade alike, read GRIP,
And gaze with pleasure where his merry claw
Delineates some familiar eye or lip,
Or goth on his imagination draw,
For incarnation of his fancies quaint,
That slip the thin end of the wedge of truth
Where not the finest logic of a saint
Could pierce the harness or dispose to rath.

So friends and patrons all, to you again
A Happy New Year, filled with all that tends
To your best benefit in the end and main,
So GRIP'S oration on the milestone ends.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The cartoon in this issue requires no explanation; like Miss Thompson's famous Academy picture (which it slightly resembles) it speaks for itself. Major-General GRIP rides to the front to review the battered warriors who have survived the terrific en-

counters of another year. The maimed limbs and broken heads of the heroes are eloquent of the glories of political warfare; and every Canadian heart must swell with pride at the contemplation of the *tout ensemble*. Lieut. John A. is calling out the roll, and the men are gallantly answering to their names; but although most of the figures may be "speaking" likenesses, our artist thought it prudent to label them with their names for the benefit of those who may not hear them speak. On the threshold of another campaign, the General seizes this opportunity of addressing his political army in words of praise for the bravery they have displayed in the past, and of encouragement for the engagements of the future.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Gladstone's spirit is not yet crushed by the partial failure of his measures for the amelioration of the condition of Ireland. The Land Act has fallen short of the requirements of the case in some respects, and the satanic element of opposition to the grand old leader is still strong. But Gladstone is doing the best he can, and it is safe to say that is the best that can be done. Everybody believes he does sincerely wish Paddy a Happy New Year, and that he will do his very best to realize that blessing for the troubled isle.

EIGHTH PAGE.—These companion sketches require a few words of comment to bring out their full beauties. They are intended to illustrate "the jewel, consistency," as presented in the case of Mr. Robinson, M.P. for Hamilton. Everybody knows that this distinguished politician was exceedingly eloquent during his last campaign, as a supporter of the N.P., whose watchword was "Canada for the Canadians." So well did he plead the cause of native industry as against the Yankees, that he was returned to Parliament, where he enthusiastically voted the measure through. But that was several months ago. Mr. Robinson's latest public appearance was on his back in the mud in a certain street in Woodstock, and he reached that dignified position at the hands of some of his "dear Canadian working men," while engaged with a number of Yankee monopolists in endeavouring to "replevy" a rattan splitting machine which the furniture firm of Hay & Son had seoured with a view of starting a new industry—the manufacture of cane-seated chairs. Mr. Robinson was aware that this new factory would give employment to about six hundred men, but his anxiety for the Canadian artizan was not too great to prevent him from becoming an ally of the foreign monopolists in their attempt to throttle the Canadian firm on a flimsy technicality. We are sorry to hear that Mr. Robinson was rolled in the mud, but no doubt the big fee he got for his efforts will enable him to get a new suit of clothes.

Mr. T. P. Thompson ("Jimuel Briggs") has made a decided success of his Irish Commissionership for the *Globe*. His letters have called forth the admiration of all readers for their genuine usefulness as well as their literary finish. Mr. Gordon Brown might bestow a

graceful compliment, as well as make a good move for his journal, by offering Jimuel an editorial chair on his return. Meantime, a complimentary dinner is talked of among the pressmen, which we hope will be very successful.

This is the season of good wishes, and in the most profound sincerity Mr. Grip wishes—

For Mr. Blake—That he may not be hampered any more by "other engagements" when Tupper is to be met.

For Mr. Mowat—That he may get that Boundary Award before he is too old to understand it.

For John A.—That when he looks down from a higher sphere upon Manitoba he may not see a second Land League ruction going on there.

For Mr. Gordon Brown—That he may soon find rest for the sole of his foot on the Trade Question.

For Sir L. Tilley—That he may get all the information he asks for from the Banks.

For Sir R. Cartwright—That he will have a large and entirely new set of poetic quotations ready for his speech on the opening debate of the session.

For Mayor McMurrich—That he may do even better this year than last.

For Chief-of-Police Draper—Much joy on the happy occasion.

Grip is always most ready to make the *amende honorable* when he has made a mistake and is informed of it. The little cartoon published in our last issue, over the caption "A Christmas Carol," was such, as we are assured, and did an injustice to the Rector of St. James' Cathedral. Of course, in any case, it was not intended to reflect upon Dean Grassett in any but his official capacity, as the representative of the church; although we regret the misrepresentation none the less on that account. The cartoon implied that the whole of Lombard-street was church property, and a contrast was made between the wealth of the congregation and the miserable squalour of the locality.

We are informed by a gentleman, whose connection with the diocese entitles him to speak with authority, that the only portion of Lombard-street owned by St. James' Church is that between the Post-office and Church-street, on the south side, and this section is occupied by good buildings tenanted by respectable people. The suggestion, therefore, that the Church has any special duty to do for that thoroughfare, in the way of material improvements, is wide of the mark.

With a view to encourage the car-drivers on Sherbourne-street, in the discharge of their duty, and to foster kindly feelings between the passengers and themselves, the Indics and gentlemen who are accustomed to use the Sherbourne-street cars have decided to offer the drivers a New Year's gratuity. The inhabitants of other routes might do worse than to follow this good example.



On Monday the theatres did a rousing business at both matinee and evening performances. This was probably owing to the weather, which was well calculated to drive the crowds anywhere, anywhere out of the streets. Certainly the attractions presented did not merit the great patronage. At the Grand, Mr. Geo. Fawcett Rowe, a gentleman who has convinced himself that he is an actor, gave his tiresome Micawber business. He also appeared during this engagement in some of his own alleged plays. At the Royal, fate was still harder on the devoted patrons of the drama. Miss Buckingham was bad enough in *East Lynne*, but the character she personated in the evening—the leading figure in a dramatic monstrosity called *The Child Stealer*, was utterly bad. Nothing but an antiquarian interest in the blood and thunder ranting that used, in olden times, to be served up to the “gods” in the Bowery and in the English penny gaffs could have induced the audience to sit it through. It was protequesque enough to answer for a Christmas pantomime, though we hope our managers do not think seriously of making the change. Miss Estrella, an emotional actress of higher talent, is now at this house, to be followed next week by an Operatic Company.

The Toronto Choral Society, under the leadership of Mr. Fisher, intend producing the *Creation* on January 10th. The principal soloists are to be Mrs. Osgood and Mr. Geo. Werrenrath of New York.

True Love and Town Lots.

AN EAST YORK CHRISTMAS LOVE STORY.

(By Titania Tolworden.)

CHAPTER I.

“Father,” said Belinda Ann Fallowdale to her stern parent, as he stood before the drawing-room fire just six years ago, “if you separate me from Edwin I shall die.”

The speaker was a lovely girl just entering her fifteenth year, of slight though elegant figure, with a wealth of florid auburn hair, and a most exquisite little *nez retroussé*, she looked almost too utterly lovely for anything, as she gazed piteously at the old man though her beautiful blue eyes.

“Can’t help it, Belindy,” replied her papa. “There ain’t no dog-goned, puniless, whipper-snapper gits you if I can help it. Why, tho’ feller ain’t worth nuthin’, consarn his impudence!” burst forth the old man in a rage.

“But, papa, look what an aristocratic position he holds; you know he is clerk in a dry goods store. Oh! pa, let him intercede for himself!”

“Where is the cuss?”

“Here!” And Belinda Ann opening a closet door, the manly but trembling form of Edwin Delano stepped into the room.

“Why, you consarned critter, what were you doing in that closet?” roared the old man. “You know I forbade you the house? I’ve a good mind to kick you out!”

“Oh forgive him, father!” implored the fair girl. I told him to—you see you came home so unexpectedly—

“Just so,” said old Fallowdale sternly. “Well, young feller, what have you got to say to me? hey?”

“Only this, sir, that I ask the hand of your daughter.”

“What wages do you get?”

“Well, only \$5 a week at present, but I expect a rise—”

“You’ll get a rise” said the old man significantly, “from my boot, if you don’t git up and git it! but stay—can you ride?”

“Yes, sir,” said the astonished Edwin.

“Then take my advice—go to Toronto and join the Mounted Police, and see if a diet of pemmican and Buffalo bull steak won’t knock some of the love out of you. If within six years from this date you can show \$5,000, come and talk to me, if not, keep away, now git!”

The young man, after casting one lingering look at the weeping Belinda Ann, silently departed.

“Ha! Ha!” laughed the old man, “\$5,000! It’ll take him some time to raise that sum on sixty cents a day!”

Old Squire Fallowdale was one of the wealthiest farmers in East York. He owned 800 acres of the best farming land and had mortgages on the lands of his neighbours for miles-around. He was a staunch Grit of the most ultra uncompromising and cast iron type, and voted for George Washington Badgerow, M.P.P., (his solicitor every time), so every right-thinking reader will acknowledge that in his actions towards young Delano he did what was quite right, besides, as every body knows, “the course of true love never runs smooth,” for if it did there would be no love stories, and the readers of Grip would never have the opportunity and pleasure of reading this tale.

CHAPTER II.

Belinda Ann Fallowdale sat by the kitchen stove. The fire had gone out in the parlour and the night was cold. She was knitting a lamp mat to be sold at a church bazaar in Leslieville. “Six long years this night,” she said with a sigh, “since dear Edwin left to scour the plains in search of the Buffalo and crooked whiskey dealers, while I at home have been scouring pots and pans. Ah! Edwin, does your heart beat as warmly beneath your scarlet tunic on the cold plains, as it did beneath your ten dollar single breasted Ulster while we stood together under the pale moon at the garden gate? Ha, a knock! who can it be? ‘tis not papa!” and the sweet girl wearily arose, and went to the front door. She opened it, and a well-known manly figure that no capuchin overcoat with red sash could disguise stood before her. “Edwin!” “Belinda!” was all that was said as she fell into his arms just as old Fallowdale stumbled into the door, (he had been to a meeting of the Reform Association in Toronto). “Now what in the t’arnal thunder is all this, and who the dashed blank are you?” he shouted. “Explain or I’ll kick you into the middle of West Northumberland in one minute!” (He had West Northumberland on the brain).

“‘Tis I,” defiantly said Edwin.

“Who?”

“I, Edwin Delano, whom you so cruelly sent to exile six years ago—dost know me now, old man? I, Edwin Delano, have come to claim my bride!”

“Now see here, you,” said the old man. “You jest git! I told you you could have Belindy when you could raise \$5,000. I guess you hain’t got it, so git!”

“Ha! Ha! old man, you’re away off this time. Listen. During my stay in the North-West I enlisted twice; each time I enlisted I was granted a lot of land; they proved to be the sites of future cities. I sold one for twenty and the other for FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. I can lend you \$5,000 if you’re any ways hard up!”

“Wall,” said the old man, “that does put a kinder different look upon the thing—you kin have her.”

Next day the chimnes of St. James rang out a merry peal, and the Rev. Mr. Ratnsford was the recipient of a cheque of \$1,000.



A CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Prepared after long and anxious mixing, and spiced particularly to suit the tastes of land companies and English Lords.

“Hung up.”

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(By a Tramp)

I hung up my stocking at chimney-piece high,
But naughty old Santa Claus never came nigh;
I hung up some drinks, and they called me a heat,
And the bar-tender fired me into the street.

Would you ever believe

That on Christmas Eve

I feel like a criminal waiting reprieve:

Alas! ‘tis true!

Oh! what shall I do?

I’m afraid I’ll get copped by a man in blue.

Stay—happy thought!

I’ll not get caught;

A hope now awakens my bosom’s chords,
I’ll hang up my Ulster at Fleming and Ward’s.

Jocular Jumbles.

Mark Twain should have had more clemency shown him in Canada. Since his application for a copyright has been refused there is doubtless a marked wave in his admiration for Cannucks. P.S.—This is “in-no-sense-a-broad” joke.

A rabbit canning factory is about to be started at Sable River, N. S.—*Etc.* They ought to make money rabbit-ly.

Does the printing material in Scribner’s Magazine office resemble an aloe because it’s the *Century* plant?

There are six starch factories in P. E. Island. They must be doing a “stiff” business.

A doctor in St. John, N. B., who is considered very skillful, refers to his departed patients as “specimens of his s-kill.”

If murderers can escape punishment by pleading insanity, why cannot bank robbers—beg pardon, we mean, irregular bank officials—get clear by pleading money-mania?

“I’m in a hawk-ward dilemma,” as the chicken said when the hen hawk swooped down and carried it off.

An appropriate dancing term for a firm when dividing profits at the end of the year, “Balance to partners.” Especially if it’s a Co-tillion.

Finny-uns. John Front, Toronto, Miss Had-dock, St. Andrews, and Charles Fish, Newcastle, were all at the Royal Hotel, St. John, N. B., on the same day, and it wasn’t Friday either.

What is the difference between a chaplain in an Allan steamer and vultures? One prays on the sea and the other seizes on the prey.

J. S. K.



MANITOBA'S EMPTY STOCKING

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the land
 St. Nicholas was travelling with generous hand,
 The Provinces hung up their stockings with care,
 And Man-to-to-ha too, expected a share,
 St. Nicholas came down like a lamb on the fold
 With a bag-full of surplus of treasury gold
 He filled all the stockings—that is, all but one,
 Little Man-to-to-ha, the starveling, got none.
 Now wasn't St. Nicholas a shabby old cheat
 To neglect the poor Province that can't make ends meet,
 For her minerals and timber and lands and so on
 Are all in the merciful hands of Sir John?

A Talk about Christmas

BY DICK DUMPLING.

To begin with—this is Christmas; and in case that all should not know it, I repeat this is Christmas. Some unenlightened individual who has been asleep ever since he was born may ask, "What is Christmas?" To him I reply: Christmas generally comes in the winter, on or about the 25th of December, sooner or later, and is that joyful time when a man hangs up his socks, not on the floor as he is wont to do every other night in the year, but on the wall, mantel, or bedpost. When he arises in the morning he finds the above-mentioned articles filled with slippers, pipes, dressing gowns,—hideous, to scare the crows away from a hundred aced farm—and a smoking cap embroidered with a wreath of yellow ivy and four green roses. He makes good use of all his gifts, but in a fortnight, when the usual half-yearly bills come in, he is disagreeably surprised to find some asking payment for pipes, slippers, gowns and caps. Several chills run races down his spinal column; he has vague suspicions, but thinks it best for the peace of the neighbourhood to hold his tongue, metaphorically speaking. He enjoys satisfaction by resolving to be deceased and clad in a wooden Ulster with four sides, next Christmas.

And again, Christmas is the season so joyfully anticipated by a man with a family of fourteen growing sprigs of himself, to say nothing of scores of more distant relatives, every one of them expecting a Christmas box from dear John, "to remember him by, you know." Oh, yes! and dear John wants them to remember him; John would take a cat-fit, combined with mumps and small-pox, if he once thought that those affectionate relatives did not think of him.

And this is the season of good things. What piles of turkeys, mince pies, doughnuts, pumpkin pies, and "other delicacies of the season," too numerous to mention, rise before my visionary organs, and make me wish I were a boy again. Well do I remember when in the days long lost in the misty past I used to hover around my mother's kitchen table at Christmas

tide, and by scraping the batter from the pans, thereby do away with the necessity of washing them.

'Tis now that the American or Canadian who treats himself well, is filled with roast turkey and plum pudding, while the Englishman revels in roast beef and the tame dessert which he calls "jolly plum duff," and if the English, American, and Canadian indulge in roast luxuries at Christmas, why should not all the other nations eat their favourite food in roast condition? Of course they will, they must do as we do, for are we not the foremost and most civilized people in the world? Of course we are, and the others *must* follow our example. Therefore the Scotch will eat roast haggis, the Irish, roast potatoes; the Welsh, roast onions; the French, roast salad; the Germans, roast bologna; the Italians, roast macaroni; the Chinese, roast rice; the uncivilized barbarians in the heart of Africa, and the cannibals of the Fiji islands, roast missionary.

But beware! Feed not thyself too well. After the joy of the day cometh on the gloom of the night. Gorge nor thyself—bast ever had the nightmare? Beware, I say, and at Christmas dinner eat sparingly of those toothsome dishes, or thou wilt awaken during the night and find a seven-headed Santa Claus dancing hornpipes on thy bed, and with two leg—lim—no, branches of a turkey beating music out of a plum-pudding. Thou wilt see two witches pouring red-hot brandy sauce down thy safety valve.

What is the most suitable thing to give as a Christmas gift? Well, that depend. If some one, charitably inclined, wants to give something to the United States, let him give them a court capable of trying Giteau—one that will not turn the court-room into a circus-ring; give Giteau, first clown, a cap and bells, and if there is any change left give the same to those in charge of the trial; give the Hon. Ed. Blake a platform—he wants one; give the long-winded M. P.s something to talk about at the forthcoming session; give O'Dynamite Rossa a few thousands for "skirmishing purposes;" give a certain preacher a subject for a sensational sermon; and last, but not least, give GRIP a hearty support and a long subscription list for 1882.

"The Hoss."

A COUNTRY TAVERN IDYLL.
 (By a Wayfarer.)

"At the close of the day when the hamlet is still,
 And the streets are all dark in the absence of gas,
 I sit in the tavern, gloomy and chill,
 And wonder what way the long evenings I'll pass.

I view in the bar-room the rustics. A grove
 Of them sitting, and all of them spinning long yarns:
 While showers of tobacco-juice light on the stove,
 And the air is suggestive of stables and barns.

I list to the topics that, on the *hoss*,
 Seemed each of their bucolic minds to engross:
 They touched upon dog-fights and on the last spree,
 But the favourite subject by far was the "hoss."

They talked about trotters and of their condition—
 This one was a "daisy," the other was "boss";
 They argued so long that I couldn't help wishin'
 That each one was tied to the tail of his "hoss."

I visit the "settin' room," still all the talking
 Of "racers" and "rackers," and brood mares, and colts;
 How "Fru" could beat "Nell" if it wasn't for baulking—
 How "Jack is a 'rattler,' except that he bolts."

They know all the horses that's bred in Kentucky,
 For their weights or cognomens they're ne'er at a loss;
 How this one is "sure" and another unlucky:
 I believe while they're sleeping, they're dreaming of "hoss."

Oh, why don't they change it to mules, say, or asses!
 I'd as soon get a blow from the fist of Geo. Goss,
 That would knock me as high as the heights of Parnassus
 As slowly die under the horrible "hoss!"

A Prominent Actor's Belief.

Mr. Tony Pastor, of New York City, the great humorist and actor, was signally benefited by the Great German Remedy, and felt constrained to testify to its efficacy for the benefit of others suffering in the same way.



PAUL PRY TILLEY.

(AT THE DOOR OF THE BANKING FRATERNITY.)

"I'm not at all curious, but then I'd like to know, you know, all about your customers, and credits, and discounts, and securities, and so forth et cetera.



WREFFLECTIONS OF THE HON. C. BUFFER.

D'ye know, it strikes me that the present run upon the lands in Manitoba and the pswawies is one of the most absurd and ridiculous crazes that evah, so to speak, struck this country. Some yeabs ago a similah glamour came ova people's minds wegaarding Towouto lands, and fabulous pwices weah given faw them. It is of caus twee that the anticipated values of the pswopalties weah realized, but not for yeabs aftah; and mostly all the then speculatahs sold shawt. The—aw—Manitoba—awangement is somewhat, as a wule, in this way. A speculatah owne a certain numbah of acabs of land, situated some-weah on the pswawie, and someweah neah the line of the C. P. R. He pwoceeds to get an engineah and stakes out a pawtion of it into small lots. He leaves a space faw a Cawt House, City Hall, Opewa House, Collegiate Institute and—aw—a Pawk, &c., in fact leaving woom faw eweary awchitectual attribute of a city. He takes the engineah's notes and bwings them, say to Towouto, and gets a cleval dwafst-man to plot them out on a map. The dwafst-man makes a vevy pwetty picthah of them, colowing it in all mannah of gawgeous tints, making it as attractive to the eye as possible. The map is then emblazoned with the name of—aw—something—city—a pwetty name, of caus—such as "Diamond City," "Amethyst City," "Emewald" or "Wuby City," and the like.

The pwetty map of the imaginawy City is then pawaded in the auction woom, and the lots go off like hot cakes, and at compawatively high pwices, even if the places weah wentialities,

instead of being mewely in ombyo, and which nevah may weach cawly childhood. Theah are severah "Cities" on the Michigan shoabs of Jake Huwon, which yeahs ago weah mapped out in the same mannah as the pwesent ones faw sale in the "Gweat Naw-West" which aw yet undistinguishable fwom the suwounding pwimeval fowest. Theah is no doubt that some of the of these "Cities" may awise to wespectability in time, but I should imagine the chances to be a—aw—meah lottewy; faw, except a railway station is placed at the exact spot, I don't mean neah it, faw in that case the "City" would inevitably centah around the Station house—its chances to amount to anything in the immediate fuchah, except something of a most extwaordinawy nachah should take place, would be extwemely pwoblematical. Yaas, indeed. People, of caus, with a few loose thousands of cawney to invest, and not knowing what else to do with them, might possibly do worse than wun theah chances, blindly, but faw those who embawk in these speecious and faw-off lands, without evah having seen them or even having a knowledge of theah weal situation, with a view of making a stwike with theah—aw—savings—I should certaintly advise to considah befaw investing theah all in—aw—possible—aw—wild cat lands.

There are speculatahs in hundweds now in Winnipeg on the look out faw all the—aw—good snaps (if I may be allowed the expwessiou) and mattahs of this kind being these smawt fellows' business, you may west assuah'd that they will let nothing escape them if theah is—aw—any money in it. Of caus, I don't pwentend to stigmatize, by any means, all the Manitoba land sales as "plants." I would only advise the aspiwing imigwant pe'chasah to look shawp, before he entahs into the speculation, or he may find himself like ouah deah though fictitious fwend, Chuzzlewit, at Eden City, in a bad box—without a Mawk Tapley to help and console him. Faw my pawt, I don't think I'll invest in pewawie city lands—aw—just at pwesent—I think I'll wait awhile—I do indeed.

One more Lesson.

We'll sing you a song to a tune about Noah,
There's one more lesson to learn;
We're sadly afraid you've not heard it before—
There's one more lesson to learn.

Chorus—

One more lesson, there's one more lesson to cram in.
One more lesson, there's one more lesson to cram.

The folks in Toronto are making a fuss;

There's one more lesson to learn;
They say that "our brains will be turned into pus".
There's one more lesson to learn.

Chorus—

"I don't care for that," says Minister Crooks—
There's one more lesson to learn;
"I'm bound to examine, so stick to your books"
There's one more lesson to learn.

Chorus—

It's always examine, examine, examine—
There's one more lesson to learn;
And yet they keep saying that this isn't cramming—
There's one more lesson to learn.

Chorus—

We're shut up all day in this hideous place—
There's one more lesson to learn;
And if you don't know it there's music to face—
There's one more lesson to learn.

Chorus—

For us out of school there's small recreation,
Such lessons as we have to learn;
Comes Algebra, Latin, Greek, French and Dictation—
There are too many lessons to learn.

Chorus—

Too many lessons, there are too many lessons to cram in;
Too many lessons, there are too many lessons to cram.

Lightning never strikes twice in one place.
It isn't necessary.—*Modern Argo.*



ONE GOOD TERM DESERVES ANOTHER.

Dedicated, with Grip's compliments, to the re-elected Mayor—one of the best we have ever had.—John Barclay McMurrich.

The Very Latest.

Have a plate of soup?

What soup?

Turtle soup.

What Turtle soup?

Green Turtle soup.

And then they step into Jewell & Clow's, amongst the caudidates who are practising for aldermen by getting up a taste for the old aldermanic dish.

Canadian Wayside Sketches.

THE COUNTRY HOTEL (Continued).

No. 3.

The poet who propounded the query "Oh, where shall rest be found?" must have been inspired thereto by a visit to the Country Hotel, but of a surety the walls of the Dreary House in answering could echo only "where?"

You seek relief from your dismal and aforementioned surroundings in your own chamber; you prefer solitude and bed at eight o'clock to these, and you make the ascent to your room. No, there is not much choice in the way of rooms, the one is the twin counterpart of the other. We all know it, with its bare white-washed walls, its bare floor (save an oasis of a yard of carpet), its bare windows, its bare bed; with its one empty pitcher (broken), its one chair (attenuated) and its general air of most forlorn destitution.

Its windows being securely nailed against any attempt at ventilation, you commence a mental calculation as to the number of cubic feet of oxygen requisite to sustain the human system a given number of hours, and being somewhat doubtful of the result, you surreptitiously break a pane of glass and retire to bed. It is impossible, of course, to attempt any reading by the light of your dismal lamp, with its pestilential odour, and it is also equally impossible to sleep. It is true you are afforded the full benefit of the interesting conversation that is going on down stairs, owing to the invariable stove-pipe hole in the floor, which not only enables you to do this but also affords you a splendid opportunity for breaking your leg. Presently you hear the varied steps of your fellow sufferers seeking their respective rooms—there is the young dry goods clerk who comes singing snatches of

some popular song, and keeps it up entirely for his own edification; there is the man who, go where you will, always performs his ascent by falling upstairs, and whose profanity finally becomes less and less audible, as he becomes lost in the labyrinths around. There are these and all the other steps we know so well, which always haunt the passages of the Dreary House.

Weary nature seeketh rest and findeth none, and after cogitating all night on the miseries you have endured whilst here, you say, "I will arise and go unto the Commercial Travellers' Association, and will say unto them, 'Travellers, long suffering and gentlemanly travellers, how long will ye suffer these things so to be—ye have it in your own hands to bring about a reform—ye have hardships enough to contend with without continuing to endure the horrors of a Country Hotel under the present regime—arise in your might and demand a renovation of the whole institution from top to bottom; and if any leading statesman is in want of a policy offer him this for a subject, and generations yet unborn shall bless you for sweeping from the face of civilization the present Country Hotel.'"

VIATOR.

NOTE.—There are some few and laudable exceptions to the average Country Inn here portrayed and which are in every respect worthy of the highest credit, but on the whole we are about 2000 years behind the rest of the civilized Globe in this respect and it is about time we had a change.

An Amusing Scene in Court.

HOW A WITNESS WON A POINT AND CONVULSED THE COURT WITH LAUGHTER.

It is not often that Levity raises her laughing eyes before the face of blind Justice, but when she does, the rogue, she is sure to cause more merriment than (as they say over in the States) "the laws allows." The very surroundings which are prone to give birth to any thoughts other than those of laughter, are exactly what will make anything ridiculous seem doubly so. It appears that in the course of a trial pending before one of our tribunals, one of the chief witnesses proved to be our very highly respected and well known friend, Alderman John Baxter. Mr. Baxter, on being questioned by the Crown's Attorney as to his knowledge of the defendant, &c., said, among other things:



"If your Worship pleases I called on the defendant and had an interview in private with him; I drew him to one side, and said, while I looked him fairly in the eye with a very penetrating glance, 'Did you do it, sir.' It was fully a minute before my penetrating gaze was removed from his face. He bore the look calmly, and answered: 'Mr. Baxter, I am as innocent as an unborn child.'"

Now, this was all quite commonplace, and Mr. Baxter, in the innocence of his soul, saw nothing in it. The prosecution for the Crown, however, in his argument before the court, in referring to that portion of the testimony said:

"May it please your worship, when I entered

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PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.



SHOWING MR. ROBINSON, M.P. FOR HAMILTON, DECLARING IN FAVOUR OF HOME INDUSTRIES.



SHOWING MR. ROBINSON, M.P., ASSISTING IN CRUSHING AN INFANT INDUSTRY AT WOODSTOCK.

THE JEWEL, CONSISTENCY.

on this case I did so with a firm conviction that the defendant was guilty, as charged in the indictment, with the offence therein named and contrary to the law; but since my esteemed friend, the Hon. Mr. Baxter, (he of the penetrating glance), hath gazed in a penetrating manner into the eye of the defendant, and he (the defendant) having understood that awful gaze instinctively, I feel that I must submit when I contemplate the tremendous powers of penetration possessed by the optics of my learned and honoured friend. And especially the left one. And if I mistake not Mr. Baxter looked at him with the left one. May it please your Worship, I know of nothing that possesses penetrating qualities equal to Mr. Baxter's eyes—I may say the left eye—but St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy!"

This sally from the Crown's Attorney produced unusual mirth in the court, and for the time being it seemed that the attorney was, as is usually the case, going to have the best of it; but not so. Mr. Baxter could not let it pass in that way, so he simply rose to his feet, and in the dignified manner characteristic of the gentleman, he said:

"May it please your Worship, I am delighted to hear my able colleague speak in such terms, for despite any allusions which that gentleman may have made as to my eyes and their penetrating qualities, I wish to say that if they do possess the penetrative power of St. Jacobs Oil, they are infallible truth-searchers, and the innocence of the prisoner is established beyond doubt, for St. Jacobs Oil possesses penetrating qualities unequalled—it will penetrate to the bone to drive out pain. I know it for I have tried it. And I wish to say that it hits the mark every time. If, therefore, it cannot fail—and from the gentleman's view of the case my eyes possess the same qualities, it is time the defendant was dismissed."

Mr. Baxter was decidedly ahead on this rencontre, as the laughter which followed, and in which even the court joined, fully testified. After adjournment a representative of this paper met with Mr. Baxter, and the gentleman laughingly said:

"That little affair pleased me in more ways than one, and I am glad it came off. I wanted a chance to 'speak right out in meeting' for St. Jacobs Oil, it did my rheumatism so much good, and that was my chance."—Toronto (Canada) Globe.

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