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VOLUME XVIII. }  
 No. 3. }

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1881.

{ \$2 PER ANNUM.  
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**CANADA AT A DISCOUNT!**  
 UNCLE SAM.—WHO'S THE JUVENILE, JOHN?  
 J. BULL.—I DON'T KNOW 'IM. SOME OF MY COLONIES, I FANCY.

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

#### PARTICULAR NOTICE.

*This week's issue is accompanied by an autograph circular. Although sent to all our subscribers it is only intended as a reminder to those who have not as yet paid up; the others, in the consciousness of being clear on the books, can frame it as a curiosity. Subscribers are admonished to keep an eye on their address labels, as it is our intention to remove all unpaid names on the first of January, 1882.*

#### Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—The formation of a third political party with some new planks, the chief of which shall be loyalty to Canada, is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and possibly not far from realization. The columns of the *World* have of late been filled with intelligently written letters from men hitherto connected with the present parties, who declare enthusiastically in favour of a new departure. It is not concealed that the Third party would like, if possible, to make a strike on the handsome and talented leader of the Grits, and as it is not at all likely that that gentleman is over-much enamoured of the elderly matron who claims his affections at present, he would perhaps prove susceptible to the loving glances of the pretty maiden if he only dared. In this connection we are glad to record the failure of the Tory leaders to form a Young Men's Club, and we hope a similar *fiasco* will be the end of every similar attempt by the Grit managers. The young men of this Dominion have very little sense of their own respectability if they will condescend to soil their hands with the nastiness of either of them.

**FIRST PAGE.**—Mr. Walter, the proprietor of the *London Times*, has just returned home from a pleasure jaunt in America, and his paper comes out with some highly laudatory articles on the adaptability of "America" as a rendezvous for British emigration. When the *Times* uses the word America, however, of course it means the United States, for the lordly swell who didn't think it worth his while to spend half an hour in this blawsted but bloomin' colony could scarcely be expected to give it a word of mention in his written descriptions. Mr. Walter is a good representative of a large class of Englishmen, and his journal fairly represents a large section of the English press, who look upon Canada with something more than contempt. They do not think enough of the Dominion to speak contemptuously of it; they simply ignore its existence, or when they do speak of it, it is in the language of gross ig-

norance or malicious falsehood, and all this notwithstanding that Sir John congratulates us that Canada is beginning to be appreciated in the old land. It is no wonder that the feeling in favour of Canadian independence is growing steadily stronger, as it unmistakably is. As an independent nation Canada would at least have the satisfaction of hearing her name mentioned occasionally—perhaps even with respect; and if perchance the gloomy fate of being swallowed up by the Republic should follow upon her declaration of independence, as the prophets foretell—she would then have the gratification of sharing, in common with the other States, the praise and flattery of these English publicists and newspapers.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—They have established a School of Cookery in our esteemed sister city, St. John, and the enterprise appears to be meeting with a fair amount of encouragement. The leading citizens show their interest in the establishment by personal visits, and intelligent questions on the technicalities of soup, allspice, pepper, butter, batter, sponge, etc. Senator John Boyd assisted at the formal opening some days ago, and since that time his visits have been very frequent. It is said that he has a finger in most of the pies built in the school, and the profuseness of his questions and notes upon the black board give rise to the suspicion that he is shaping himself to succeed Sir Leonard Tilley, and wants to be able to cook the accounts in an artistic manner.

"For oysters," said Senator Boyd,  
"Wid goose grease they ought to be froyed—  
A shprinkle av salt,  
And a small drop av malt—  
I succeeded the first toime I tried!"

It's a pity the N. P. couldn't make lively times politically as well as commercially. Our funny contributors at present are labouring under great disadvantages for want of pabulum, and are in danger of getting themselves into trouble in their anxiety to satisfy the printer's boy who yells for copy. For example, last week one of our smartest young men got up a skit about certain parties whom it was inferentially alleged were office seekers. He carefully used anonymous initials instead of names, but it appears he did an injustice to a worthy gentleman who writes as follows to rectify the error.

\* \*

DEAR MR. GRIP,

Having used words imputed to me by a *Globe* reporter (and which I do not deny) in your last issue of GRIP, I do not think it necessary to speculate as to whether they refer to me or not. No reasonable person can doubt they are so intended by you.

Of the words themselves I do not complain, but I do most emphatically object to the motives you impute to me in having uttered them, and believing GRIP to be *par excellence* the chief of conscientious publications in Toronto, I confidently hope you will do me the justice of publishing my full and utter denial of the charge made in your article with regard to disappointment at not getting a government situation, etc. And further, I beg to state I am in the happy position of being able to prove that

I not only never asked the present or any other government in all my life for a personal favour, but have most positively refused such preferment when it was offered to me unsolicited.

If I had wanted a government situation I could have had it when the late lamented Chief Justice Harrison was elected for West Toronto, and after the elections of 1878 I more than once refused such an offer. *My real object* is the lasting good of that country in which I have made my home and in which I hope my descendants may continue to live, and I trust Mr. GRIP will be the last writer to soil with his indelible ink men who can claim as their own such an aspiration.

Yours, with much respect,  
J. ICK EVANS.

Toronto, Nov. 28, 1881.

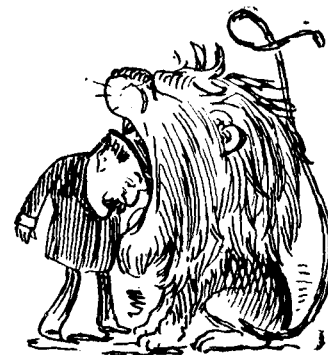
Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion that the education given in our public schools, at public expense, should be of a strictly practical character, is shared by a great many sensible people, notwithstanding the *Globe's* sneers. It is also true, notwithstanding that journal's blindness to the fact, that the "ambitious programmes" at present in vogue in our common schools have a tendency to "beget a false conceit of knowledge," and to inspire a contempt for common work. The public schools should give a good, solid, common-sense groundwork of learning, and there they should stop. Pupils destined for the learned professions could continue their studies in the higher branches at their own expense, as they ought to do, seeing that their education to that end is simply a business investment.

\* \*

It is alleged by the *London Advertiser* that the Government remits the duty on coal imported by Mr. McCallum, M. P., and that the proof of this is on file in the office of the Minister of Customs at Ottawa. The *Tisler* calls upon the *Mail* to explain why this is done. The *Mail* does not reply. If the charge is untrue, the *Mail* is making a great mistake by the policy of silence, especially as the allegation has been made over and over. For the credit of the Government we trust there is no truth in it; and meantime refuse to believe that Sir Leonard Tilley would be a party to any such crookedness.

#### The Zoo.

INSPECTION OF THE INSTITUTION BY THE NOTABLES OF THE LAND. THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.



HE day appointed by Vice-regal command for the ceremony of formally opening the winter season of the Zoo was last Friday. At noon a vast concourse,

composed of the beauty and fashion of the city,

together with many people of "quality" from Ottawa, Montreal, Kingston, Hamilton, Parkdale, and other places, assembled to witness the ceremony. Among those present were Lady Macdonald, Miss McPherson, Mr. J. A. Macdonell, Signor Teratolini Vardi, (Italian Minister), Senor El Centro, (Spanish Ambassador), Hon. Mulligan Murphy O'Finnigan, (M.P. Home Rule for East Meath), Tougal Mc-Tougall (of North Britain, Gent.), Harry Vane, Fitz Almonte Cholmonley Vane Smithers, (of the city of London, Gent.), Herr Raimrot Heimrot, (Count of the Holy Roman Empire, unpaid attache of the Prussian Embassy), and Brig. Gen. Alcibiades H. Doolittle, (U. S. Charge D'affaires). A magnificent and appropriate carpet from the looms of Turkey, was laid for the distinguished guests from the Front-street entrance to the entrance of

THE GRAND PAVILION,

where Professor Piper with his staff of lion tamers, tiger shooters, and buffalo hunters, stood ready to receive his visitors. Letters apologetic were read from the Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald, K. C. B., K. M. G., Q. C., M. P., G. C., Hon. Ed. Blake, M.P., Wm. Wandering McDougall, M.G., Hon. Ol. Mowatt, M. J., M. P., N. F. Davin, J. C., G. Washington Dalgrow, M. P., and several other gentlemen of prominence in the social and political world.

As the massive bronze doors of the menagerie were thrown open, the band struck up the "Turkish Rounds," while the wild beasts, each in his own particular key, made manifest the power of his lungs. The lion and lioness roared, the panthers screamed, the bears growled, the monkeys chattered, and the wild est (Thomas), (the pet of the institute) burst forth into song, the burden of which was

MARIAH!

Never at Barnum's, Forepaugh's, Van Amburgh's, or at any other man's show, was such a sight witnessed. It was indeed a thrilling sight, and one to be remembered.

PROFESSOR PIPER

then advanced and made the following remarks:—"Ladies and Gents, as manager of the Zoo it is my pleasant duty to do as far as is in my power to enlighten you as to the manners and customs of the animals now under my control, and, with your permission, we will now go round and see the great exhibition."

MUSIC BY THE BAND.

"This, ladies and gents, said the Professor, "is the celebrated *visitli roselli virumli tu*, or Great Spud Eater, the peculiarities of this peculiar animal are quite peculiar, his hide is impervious to the leaden bullet, but the natives know a dodge or two and profit thereby, *collected*. One native will take a Grrr Almanac and stand before the animal, read to him until the monster laughs, which causes him naturally to open his mouth, when an expert marksman, firing therein, will shoot him to the best."

MUSIC BY THE BAND.

"The next animal I will show you, ladies and gents," continued the Professor, "is the Lynx, commonly called the wild cat. Behold! and you will observe that when with my stick I rub the animal's fur again the grain sparks of phosphorescent fire are straightway emitted. This animal was captured only last week in the Armoury, near the City Hall, while in a state of coma produced by devouring the contents of one of the volunteers' haversacks. This, ladies and gents, is the animal whose latent phosphorescent fires are supposed to have ignited the contract commonly known as the 'burnt contract.'"

MUSIC BY THE BAND.

After which the different tribes of monkeys were put through their peculiar gymnastics. The

bears were made to climb the poles, the sea lion was fed, and the distinguished guests departed, after thanking the Professor and Count Heimrot, declaring that there was not the slightest doubt that the Toronto Zoo is the greatest show on earth, to which the Professor replied,

"ALL RIGHT, CULLY. BET YER LIFE."



SMITH ON CROMWELL.

Prof. Goldwin Smith is nothing if not historical. His latest idea is that Cromwell's statue, which was refused a place in Westminster, lest it should "dwarf the kings," should, according to the eternal fitness of things, be removed to and set up in Washington, where Mr. Smith thinks it would beautifully embody the spirit of national liberty. We take this to be another bar on Canada, deserving of our condemnation as much as the anti-Canadian utterances of the London Times. Why should Cromwell's statue be put up in Washington instead of Toronto? In this day of monopolies, crooked contracts, and bank defalcations, we would be the better of some grand old Puritan presence, even if it were only in stone, and if the statue of the great Protector is to be brought across the water at all, it ought to be put up in Canada. To be sure we have at present a great Protector in the person of Sir Leonard Tilley, but we couldn't have too many of such public ornaments. Besides, it will be time enough for the Washingtonians to talk about Cromwell's statue when they have disposed of Guitau and finished the monument of George Washington, which has been in course of construction ever since that worthy gentleman died.



D'ye know I'm growing somewhat intwested in the wisig clique or cotewie who stylo themselves the "Third Pawty," although I must confess I hardly see the dwift of theah—aw—intentions; and I, moahovah, weonly think the name is vewy indifinite and ill-chosen. I

am of—aw—opinion, as the lawyahs say, that it is simply a venual of the appawntly exploded "Canada First" pawty, who seem to be impwessed with the ideah that Canadians have hardly got a—aw—faih show in theah own country. Theah aw a few instances in which I can see some grounds faw complaint. The fact of Mr. Cwooks sending to England to get a pwopah peshon to fill a Pwofessahship in the Univesity heah does seem to me to be somewhat stwange, and wegawded, doubtless, by many college men as a diwect welflection upon the ability of the gwaduates of that institution.

Again, theah are the military people, who think it wathah wough on Canadians, that they cannot wise above the wank of an—aw—Lieutenant-Colonel, and that none of them are considered competent or admisible to take chawgo of our own militia. I think in this case they have some cause to complain, and that theah aw many officahs of the militia who have nevah been in the wegulah fawce who would be quito as competent, in case of actual wawfaih, to mnage the men as—aw—let us say, a wegulah officah, who has pwobably seen nothing moah than the woutine of gawwison duty, and whose ideahs are entirely dewived from gewel or wegimental awdahs, which would be alchge, hab out of place in active selvice heah. It must be wememb'ed that on difwrent occasions Colonial twoops have succeeded undah theah own command'ahs afaht suffewing defeat undah a gwewal of Ewropewen culchah. For instance, witness the defeat of Gen. Bwaddock, in the waws with the Fwench and Indians pwior to the Amewican Wewolution, who acted diwectly against the advice of—aw—Washington and othah Continental soldiahs, who knew the situation faw bettah than the wegulah in command, and who caused Lawd Cawnwallis and owah twoops to suwendah a few yehs aftehwards, a fact which is not vewy slawewig, notwithstanding the mutual admiration celebration at Yawktown the othah day. I weally see no weson why one of our own people should be incompetent to take—aw—full chawge in the field in case of a wov. I don't indeed.

Another thing that stwikes us as being stwange is the fact that the Seh'geons on the Canadian line of—aw—stewmahs are all appointed from the English schools. Are not the gwaduates of McGill, or the schools of medicine heah, sufficently up in the pwactice of medicine, or knowledge of dwings, to look afteh the health of a ship's crew and passengahs for a teu days' passage? if not, we had bettah close owah medical schools heah altogethah and shut up shop.—Yans.

It is a well-known fact that while almost ewything Amewican is lauded to the highest, things Canadian are almost invawibly owah-looked with suphicious contempt. The English newspawhs betway the most lamentable ignowance of us, politically, socially, and—aw—geogwaphically. All this is quite twew, but what a Third pawty, or a Canada First pawty, can do towawds disabusing the minds of the Old Country of theah opinions of Canada is not quite cleah. If the Third pawty go in faw a sepewation let them come out boldly and hoist theah colahs and stick to them; but, on the othah hand, if the pawty is got up by disapointed political aspawnts mcwely to obstwuct the Gwit or Towy factions, I weally don't see the use of it—I don't indeed.

Josephine.—You want to know "whether it is quite proper" to go to the skating-rink with out the company of your mamma. Why, of course it is, Josey, eminently proper. What do you want to bring your poor mamma with you for? Have you no respect for her age, or consideration for her infirmities? Do you suppose the old lady cares about sitting in the cold while you and young Spilkins are cavorting around on the ice? Go with young S. if you want to, but don't dream of asking your mother.



No. 1.—Sir Charles was born in Nova Scotia.



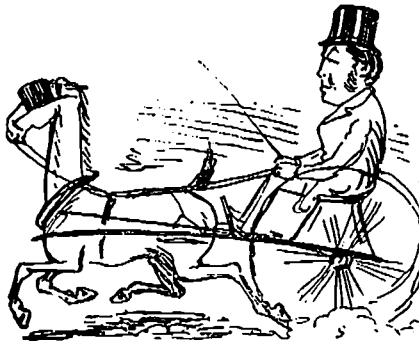
No. 2.—He early exhibited a love of his Province.



No. 3.—And a strong passion for the medical profession.



No. 4.—In due time he became a medical student.



No. 5.—And finally a full-fledged doctor.



No. 6.—Then he began to study politics.



No. 7.—He was elected to the Local Legislature.



No. 8.—Where he discovered the Spring Hill coal mine.



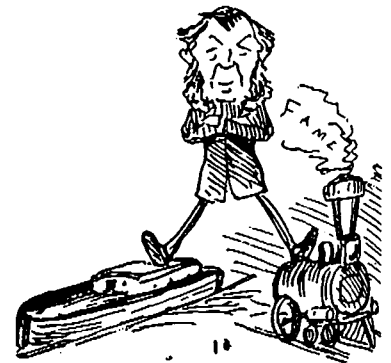
No. 9.—And led his province into Confederation.



No. 10.—He afterwards distinguished himself in the Dominion Parliament.



No. 11.—For which he was knighted.



No. 12.—And is now Minister of Railways and Canals.



## THE DANGEROUS "THIRD PARTY."

MISS GRIT.—OH, EDWARD, SWEAR YOU'LL BE TRUE TO ME!

EDWARD.—I WILL<sup>!</sup> BE TRUE—COMPARATIVELY—BUT I NEVER SWEAR.

\*.\* See comments on page 2.

**Rheumatism.**

It having been alleged that Mr. Grip's pencil was inadequate to the task of making the subject of rheumatism attractive, we disprove the assertion as follows

(Philadelphia Record.)

**A National Blessing.**

The Nineteenth Century, above all other ages, has been noted for its many inventions. It has given us the steam power in its thousand-fold applications, the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light and innumerable other discoveries, all blessings to humanity; each day bringing us new surprises until we have become so accustomed to the exhibitions of the genius of our century that any new development is at once received as a matter of natural consequence, and most people will simply remark: "I told you so." As an instance of this fact



we would only call attention to that wonderful discovery, St. Jacobs Oil. A few years ago this Great German Remedy had never been heard of before in this country; to-day you can hardly find a man, woman or child in the United States who has not used the remedy for some pain or ache, or, at least has witnessed its use and seen its wonderful effects on a fellow-being. St. Jacobs Oil has become a national remedy, for it is known in every city, town, village and hamlet in the country. It is a cosmopolitan preparation, for it is praised by the



Americans, Germans, Italians, Bohemians, Danes, Swedes, Portugese, Spaniards, French,—yes, even by the "Heathen Chinee." It may be termed the universal blessing, for it is endorsed by the rich and poor, the clergyman and the physician, the merchant and the labourer, in fact by all classes of the community. St. Jacobs Oil, by its almost marvellous properties, can be employed for a simple cut or sprain or the worst case of inflammatory rheumatism. Persons who have been confined to their bed for years with that terrible disease, rheumatism, have been completely cured by the use of a single bottle. Such cases have been quoted by the leading journals of our country; for instance, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* says: Under the title of *Old Probabilities*, one of the most useful and valuable officers of the United States Government is most widely known. But



quite as well known is Prof. J. H. Tice, the meteorologist of the Mississippi Valley, whose contributions to his favourite study have given him an almost national reputation. On a recent tour through the Northwest the Professor had a narrow escape from the serious consequences of a sudden and very dangerous illness, the particulars of which he thus refers: "The day after concluding my course of lectures at Burlington, Iowa, on the 21st of December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia in the chest, almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually eighty, fell to thirty-five; intense nausea of the stomach succeeded, and a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me: after suffering for three years, I thought, as I had been using St. Jacobs Oil with good effect for rheumatic pains, I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel, large enough to cover my chest, with the Oil and applied it. The relief was almost instantaneous. In one hour I was entirely free from pain, and would have taken the train to fill an appointment that night in a neighbouring town had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the night train for my home, St. Louis, and have not been troubled since."

The *Boston Globe* says: Charles S. Strickland, Esq., builder, No. 9 Boyiston street and 106 Harrison avenue, Boston, thus speaks: "The pleasure which I hereby attempt to express can only be half conveyed by words. Physicians of very high character and notoriety have heretofore declared my rheumatism incurable. Specifics, almost numberless, have failed to cure or even alleviate the intensity of the pain, which has frequently confined me to my room for three months at a time. One week ago I was seized with an attack of acute rheumatism of the knee. In a few hours the entire knee joint became swollen to enormous proportions and walking rendered impossible. Nothing remained for me, and I intended to resign myself, as best I might, to another month's agonies. By chance I learned of the wonderful curative properties of St. Jacobs Oil. I clutched it as a straw, and in a few hours was free from pain in the knee, arm and shoulder. As before stated, I cannot find words to convey my praise and gratitude to the discoverer of this king of rheumatism."

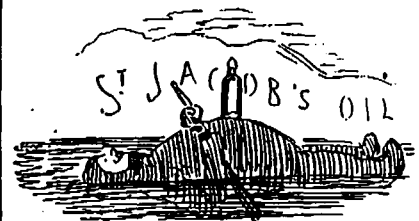
The *Chicago Times* says, "Everybody on the South Side knows J. D. L. Harvey, Esq., who has been a resident of Chicago for over twenty years. Mr. Harvey expressed himself on the 'Oil subject as follows:—'I have spent over



\$2,000 to cure my wife, of rheumatism. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil accomplished what all the medical treatment failed to bring about. I regard it as a greater discovery than electricity.

It is a boon to the human race, and I am very glad to have this opportunity of testifying as to its remarkable efficacy. I cannot speak too highly of it, and I would be recreant to my duty to those afflicted did not I lift my voice in its praise."

The *Philadelphia Ledger* says: Mr. George I. Graham, 820 Nineteenth-street, Philadelphia, is a journalist of many years' experience, and is actively connected with the *Philadelphia Sunday Mirror*, a leading theatrical and musical journal. During the late "unpleasantness" Mr. Graham was captain of Company K, 183rd Pennsylvania Regiment, and through exposure in the field he contracted a variety of ills, and he says a very troublesome case of rheumatism in the right leg and foot was the war inheritance that he had in vain tried to get rid of, until he was recommended to try St. Jacobs' Oil. He states that he felt a slight relief even on the first application of the Oil. Before the first bottle he purchased had been used up he had but few traces of his rheumatism, and at this time he says the disease has entirely left him, which he attributes entirely to the use of St. Jacobs Oil. He remarks: "No person need suffer with rheumatism if St. Jacobs Oil can be obtained; to those who are afflicted with that complaint it is worth its weight in gold."



The *Chicago Inter-Ocean* says: Captain Paul Boynton, the world renowned swimmer, thus speaks of the old German remedy: "From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and nothing would ever benefit me until I got hold of this old German Remedy. Why, on my travels I have met people who had been suffering with rheumatism for years: by my advice they tried the Oil, and it cured them. I would sooner do without food for days than be without this remedy for one hour. In fact I would not attempt a trip without St. Jacobs Oil, as I do not see how I can get along without it."

St. Jacobs Oil has been endorsed by persons of national reputation, who would not lend their names if they were not convinced that it was a duty they owed to suffering humanity: they have experienced the wonderful effect of the great German remedy, and they want their fellow-creatures to know the result. We would only mention in this connection the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio: "Excellent for rheumatism and kindred diseases: it has benefited me greatly." Mme. Marie Salvotti, prima donna, Wilhelmj Concert Troupe: "Nothing can compare with it as a prompt, reliable cure for the ailment named." William H. Wareing, Esq., Assistant General Superintendent, New York Post-office: "Proved all that is claimed for the Oil, and found efficacious, ready relief for rheumatic complaints." Hon. Thomas L. James, Postmaster, New York, referring to Superintendent Wareing's report concerning St. Jacobs Oil: "I concur." Prof. C. O. Duplessis, Manager, Chicago Gymnasium, Chicago, Ill.: "Our professionals and amateurs use it in preference to everything they have ever tried." George W. Walling, Esq., Superintendent Police, New York City: "Members of this department relieved of rheumatism by its use." Stacey Hill, Esq., Mount Auburn Inclined Plane Railroad, Cincinnati, Ohio: "Undoubtedly it is a remarkable medicine." Captain Henry M. Holzwarth, Chief Detective Force, Cleveland, Ohio: "Surprising relief: a

world of good." Prof. Edward Holst, pianist and composer, Chicago, Ill.: "Its effects are in harmony with its claims." In conclusion we would say that it is the imperative duty of every family to have a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil on



hand for all emergencies; for the remedy is a true friend in need, and the occasion for its immediate use may come when it is least expected. Follow this advice, and it will not be long before you will join us in calling St. Jacobs Oil "A National Blessing."

### Canadian Wayside Sketches.

#### THE COUNTRY HOTEL.

Shades of St. Boniface defend us!—Reader, dear reader, have you ever had the unhappiness to sojourn in the average Canadian country hotel? If you have, let us shake hands as brothers in affliction, and if you have not, take our advice and—don't. There are far easier, less painful, and more inexpensive ways of suicide. We have been there and respectfully rise to give our experience.

Who invented the Canadian country hotel, and when will the patent expire? All rights must be most stringently secured, for not one single innovation has crept into any one of them within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Yes, there it stands, on the corner facing you, as you disembark from your four-hours' ride in the rickety old stage that now pulls up with a lurch, and lands you, the only passenger to Tumbledown, and collecting your various traps from the respective mud holes in which the obliging stage-driver has deposited them, you stumble up the dilapidated old steps and enter the portals of the "Deary House."

Nothing has changed since you were there 20 years ago, with the exception of the landlord, who has probably been changed about the same number of times, but it is a relief to find that they have not got a patent for him anyway, it tends to vary the monotony somewhat.

Yes! that is the same old bar-room, with its same old stove (sending forth its same infernal heat,) its same old broken-backed chairs, its same old general woe-begone and repulsive appearance (and as you gasp for breath and throw down your quarter, you add) its same old infernal whiskey; but as you are indebted to this latter for the change in landlords, you refrain from comments on the respective merits of camphor and benzine as a beverage, and content yourself merely with a mental calculation as to the number of weeks before another change must take place.

(Men. for Life Assurance Associations—Do you keep a country hotel?) You retire to a corner as far as possible from the stove, and seat yourself on the only available stool. You are not interested in the animated discussion that is taking place between two of the oldest boners as to the number of cords of wood they cut in a certain number of days, on a certain number of lots, and which bids fair ere long to result in different kinds of cutting; you are not interested in the double shuffle calisthenic performance that the young man with the slouch hat and top boots is executing for the edification of his open-mouthed companions; you are not interested in the trotting capabilities of Tom Smith's bay mare who lately eclipsed all former equine performances in Tumbledown by doing it in 2.48 and seven somethings, (as per the narrator's calculation with the single-handed watch and massive brass surroundings;) you are not interested in

those phases of æsthetic art which adorn the watch, and in which are represented the most beautiful blue dogs, the most charming green horses, the most bewitching red-eyed Psyches, and vermilion-haired Madonnas, and which strangle you with vague apprehensions as to colour-blindness, and reminiscences as to the whole subject of Dalton is masapplied to yourself.

You are not interested in the perusal of last week's Tumbledown Gazette, whose columns (outside of the advertisements) seem entirely devoted to the important question of the respective qualifications of the rival candidates for village poundkeeper.

You are interested, I say, in none of these things, and with a sigh of relief you hear the same old bell sound the alarm for supper—perhaps you will be more interested in that—we shall see.

VIA TOR.



### YE TALE OF TADDLE.

Ye senior came down like a wolf on ye fold,  
And a poem on parchment with speed he unrolled;  
And the fire of his eye it was awful to see,  
As it flashed on these freshmen so cheery and free.

Like willows in summer so downy and green,  
These bold cheery freshmen at sunset were seen;  
Like leaf scar and yellow, by winter winds blown,  
Down Taddle ye freshmen went whirling alone.

For ye senior he tackled each one as he passed,  
And swore that ere midnight he'd give them a blast,  
And ye eyes of ye freshmen waxed fearful and chill,  
For the Taddle ran cold, and the Dean he was nil.

Ye senior he came with his gown flowing wide,  
And there put an end to ye cheek and ye pride;  
For he captured ye freshmen, with snow on the turf,  
And made him sing small, as he hung by his scurf.

Alone sat ye hunter, a captive and pale,  
A-fixing ye sheets down ye window to sail;  
While they went for their homes with the tail of a gown  
And locked up ye sufferers all breathless and blown.

And ye sire of ye freshman is loud in his wail,  
For the gown of his son it is minus a tail;  
And ye cheek of ye freshman, unsmeared by ye sword,  
Hath melted like snow by the Taddle fiord.

FAO.



THE QUEBEC CHRONICLE PUTS HIS "FOOTE" IN IT!

### The Financial Question.

ADOLESCENCE VILLA, Jarvis-street,

Toronto, Nov. 29th, 1881.

MR. EDITOR GRIP.

My dear Sir,—I am more than astonished at not receiving a letter from you to congratulate me on the execution already done by my last able and well written letter. As I told you in my private statement at the end, it would certainly drive a nail in somebody's coffin, and it has confined the hopes of the pupils of the Hamilton Collegiate Institute with a vengeance. The do-nothings and those who hate books and hard work are delighted, but the hard-working and ridiculously conscientious students are intensely disgusted and disappointed at the nice way they have been sold and given away. Some of the best scholars go so far as to say that they will only give bare pass work at the examinations, although they are well able to take full honour marks. Of course, the warning conveyed in my able letter was against the girls being allowed to compete in the Universities, thereby giving the male students no chance, but as, wherever prizes are given, you know as well as I do, that the girls will have their share, Hamilton, with its usual ambitiousness, has taken the initiative step backward, by doing away with prizes altogether in the Collegiate Institute, and, if reports be true, next year will abolish them in the public schools also, thereby killing two birds economically with one stone. 1stly, Doing away with all incentive to emulation or progress, and lastly, which is of infinitely more importance, achieving at this one blow a yearly saving of some five or six hundred dollars. By Jove! you know. The members of the Town Council, very properly considering their comfortable circumstances individually, and the snug little amount they each more or less have laid up against a rainy day, all which they have been able to accomplish with a very limited knowledge with the three R's, the idea of winning a prize never once entering their heads, are at a loss to see why the rising generation cannot arrive at the same high eminence where they stand, and fight the same battle of Gettingthrough with the old flint weapons, and brass vizors used in their day.

Consequently there will be no public examination, no crowds of parents and other relations jamming up the Academy of Music and manifesting an interest in education, which, in common people, was certainly the climax of absurdity; there will be no report of the year's progress read in the ears of the people, rendering them unduly proud of the youngsters who are carrying all before them in their classes and in the professions they have adapted, no regalizing them with the music of the schools, but for the future, along the cool sequestered vale of life Trustees, Principal, Teachers and Scholars will unnoticed hold the even tenor of their way, as they did in the good days when Hamilton was farmed. This, Mr GRIP, is what I call a long stride in the right direction. The fact is, the late Principal, Mr. Macallum, himself a self-made man and a great student, dissatisfied with the slow progress of education in the village (then) and realizing the impossibility of putting an old head on young shoulders, in other words, seeing that the majority of people arrive at years of discretion before they seem able to apprehend the meaning of Life, Time, Education; or appreciate the duty of learning for learning's sake so as to acquit themselves as men and women of the coming 20th century, resolved with his usual bland wisdom to try the reward system, the punishment ditto being, as a goal, no good whatever. Well, sir, the result was something astonishing. Hamilton shot up like a rocket in an educational sense. The Grammar began to send up students, who polished us off completely, one of them coolly walking off with a Gilchrist. A Hamilton girl, Miss Mills, was the first female to pass the University, and as if that was not enough, it had to be a Hamilton girl, Miss Cummings, who was the first of

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her sex to walk off with first-class matric. honours. So you see, Mr. GRR, it was high time that a veto should be put upon such educational ambition as this, and I am glad that that city's foes are those of her own household, so they won't be blaming us. I am in great hopes now that the example of Hamilton, together with all this *furor* about cramming, will have its due effect in helping to abolish scholarships in the universities. One great and noble end to be gained by this would be the all but exclusion of cads and sons of poor people, who, having no old governor such as I have to look to for the funds, study hard to gain the scholarships as a means of putting them through; and the way they work makes the likes of us fellows who are better off look so small, that either we must work too or be called muffs by the girls. Now this isn't right. I want to know what did my governor scrape and speculate and save, and spend such a lot of money on his election for, if I, his son, have got to work as hard as these fellows who have to coach us through pass in order to pay their way through the session? This is a conundrum which I put to some of these prize fellows, who I notice always read GRR. More anon from your esteemed and highly talented contributor

**THEODORE Z. DULCIMER,**  
Undergraduate Tor. Univ.

P.S.—(Private statement.)—I cannot agree with Paul when he advises people to press forward toward the prize, and I think it was very bad policy of those old Romans and Greeks to be continually holding prizes before the eyes of their youth. We live in a more advanced age, in an age of Town Councillors and School Trustees. When they die, Wisdom will die with them, and the school children will have a holiday to go to the funeral. T. Z. D.

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**DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.**  
Toronto, 6th October, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that, under an Order in Council, Timber Berths in the undermentioned townships in the Muskoka and Parry Sound Districts will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the Department of Crown Lands at twelve o'clock noon, on

**WEDSDAY, the 6th Day of December, Next,**  
viz:—Townships of Mowat, Blair, McConkey, Hardy, Aterson, Mills, Sinclair, Bethune, Proudfoot, Gurdie, Machar, Strong, Joly, Laurier, Pringle, Lount, Nipissing and Hingworth.

The area to be disposed of in the above townships as timber berths is upwards of 2,400 square miles, and to suit all classes of purchasers each township will, as nearly as practicable, be divided into four berths.

Sheets containing conditions and terms of sale, with information as to area and lots and concessions comprised in each berth, will be furnished on application personally or by letter, to the Woods and Forest Branch of the Department, or to the Crown Timber Offices at Ottawa, Belleville and Quebec, and the office of T. E. Johnson, Esq., Parry Sound.

**T. B. PARDEE,**  
Commissioner.

N. B.—No advertisement will be paid for unless previously ordered by the Department.

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