

# GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

GRIP CO. ENG.



### TIMELY WARNING.

*Mme. Quebec.*—Now, MR. MERCIER, TAKE CARE THAT YOU DON'T GIVE ME TOO DECENT A GOVERNMENT—FOR I WON'T STAND IT!

*M. Mercier.*—DON'T WORRY, MADAME; THERE'S NOT THE SLIGHTEST DANGER!

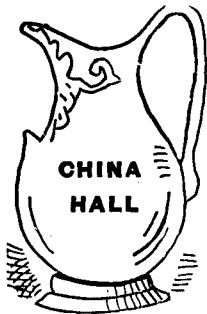
The gravest beast is the ASS.  
 The gravest bird is the Owl.  
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.  
 The gravest man is the fool.  
 — J. M. Miller

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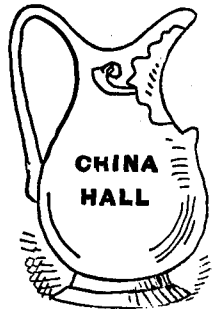
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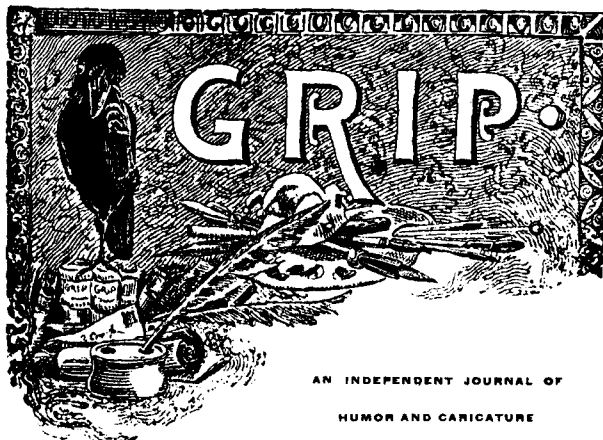
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J. W. BENGOUGH . . . . . EDITOR.

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*Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date on the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.*

**NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.**

OUR friends are reminded that the magnificent lithographed plate, "Prominent Conservatives," issued as a supplement to Midsummer GRIP, will be sent to every subscriber applying for same and enclosing five cents for postage.

**Comments on the Cartoons.**

ANOTHER APPEAL TO THE BREECHES POCKET.—There is a good deal of evidence to show that Sir John intends to rely mainly upon human cupidity to carry the forthcoming election. He has announced no policy capable of intelligent consideration, and he has specially repudiated the only organ of the Conservative party that has such a thing to its name. His hopes are built to some extent, no doubt, upon the new voters' lists, which, having been prepared by his chosen friends in most cases, ought to be of some use to him if friends are good for anything; and the Gerrymander is still a powerful means of repressing public opinion. But it is pretty clear from the interesting narrative furnished by Mr. Paul Pry of the Premier's recent movements in Toronto, that the appeal is to be made once more to the breeches pockets of the boodlers rather than to the consciences of the people. The "free and independent electors" with whom Sir John held vastly important conferences in this city, were nearly all of the *genus* Roodler, and it would not be too uncharitable to suppose that the chief topic under discussion was "funds," to be advanced on the one hand, and recouped on the other with more or less interest. But in the present temper of the people it may be gravely doubted that any arrangements can be made upon a financial basis to carry the country. It is as true now as it was in the mouths of the Conservative orators in 1878, that the people demand a change of Government every once in a while, regardless of the questions of the day. The time seems to have arrived for such a change, and the Government might as well gracefully accept the inevitable.

TIMELY WARNING.—If Mr. Mercier is called upon to form a Government in Quebec—a thing which is by no means certain as yet—he must be careful to have extravagance and corruption represented in the Cabinet, if he means to keep office for any length of time. Judging by the fate of the Joly Government, which was notoriously able and prudent, and the similar fate of the Ross Cabinet, which is declared by many to have been straightforward and capable, it would appear that the Province of Quebec cannot abide unmitigated decency.



MR. BLAKE'S TEMPERANCE POLICY.—It is stated that Mr. Blake intends to devote a speech at an early day to the Temperance question, and to take the opportunity of laying before the country his views on that commanding topic. This announcement will be received with gratification all over the country, and if the position he takes prove acceptable to Prohibitionists generally, the speech will do more than anything else to carry the Reform Party into office, where they will have an opportunity of translating words into deeds. Meanwhile a statement of Mr. Blake's idea on the subject has reached us from a reliable source. It is this: That the Scott Act should be so amended as to be a thoroughly workable measure; and that in every county in which it has been passed the officers entrusted with its execution should be earnest and sincere Prohibitionists. Under these new and fair auspices the Act should be given a trial, and the feasibility of Total Prohibition thus demonstrated, or its impracticability proved. In the former case, it is presumed that Mr. Blake would have no hesitation in proceeding to Prohibition.

**MR. FRASER'S PAINTINGS.**

THE collection of water color paintings of Rocky Mountain scenery executed by Mr. John A. Fraser, and kindly exhibited by that genial artist to his friends at the Queen's Hotel last week, was a rare treat to all who can appreciate first-rate work. We speak advisedly when we say that nothing to equal these water colors has ever before been displayed in this city. Mr. Fraser has long been known as a masterly painter of landscape, but it may be affirmed that never until he sat down in the presence of these stupendous work of nature, did the divine afflatus take full possession of him. At all events his brush was never before so deft and skillful. Not only has he translated the grandeur of the mountain peaks, the forests and the wild canyons—he has painted the very air. But it is mockery to attempt a description in words. We can only pity our picture-loving friends who failed to see these works, and congratulate Sir George Stephen on the possession of them.



THE music of "Pepita" was condemned as poor stuff by our critics, and their dictum was amply justified. The libretto was also very bad. How such a piece ever ran for three months in New York must remain a mystery.

MR. ARTHUR E. FISHER, organist of Grace church, has just published a very pretty song entitled "The Bells of Lynn," for tenor or soprano, with violin obligato. Messrs. Nordheimer are the publishers. Mr. Fisher's reputation as a composer is rapidly growing, and this latest effort will aid it considerably.

THE prettiest tenor song of the day is "I Am Waiting"—the musical gem with which Mockridge "fetched" the audience at the Trebelli concert. Young man, if you want to make a lasting impression on the coy Arabella, learn this ballad and sing it "neath her casement" some cool evening. You can get a copy at any of the music stores.

(All rights reserved.)

### The Dawn is Breaking.

OH, long and weary was the night !  
 The night of sin and sorrow ;  
 Men sat and grieved, and scarce believed  
 The sun would rise to-morrow ;  
 What multitudes in every land  
 For light, more light, were sighing,  
 Yet had to grope devoid of hope  
 Among the dead and dying ;  
 But oh, the weary night is past !  
 The nations are awaking,  
 The watchers start and shout " At last,  
 The Dawn ! the Dawn is breaking ! "

Oh, weary was the way, and long !  
 The night was dark and dreary ;  
 Of leading one another wrong  
 We've all at last grown weary.  
 The mists are clearing fast away,  
 Where men mistook each other,  
 And e'en in him we held at bay  
 We start to find a brother ;  
 Those that were creed-divided long,  
 To better thoughts are waking,  
 And join the universal song :  
 The Dawn ! the Dawn is breaking !

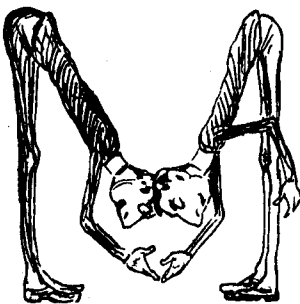
From Feudal institutions old,  
 No hope no comfort gleaning,  
 Men deemed this life with troubles rife,  
 A thing without a meaning ;  
 Now knowledge falleth like a shower,  
 And 'mid the desolation,  
 They waken to a sense of power  
 And moral elevation.  
 And over all the weary lands  
 The dead to life are waking,  
 The people shout and clap their hands,  
 The Dawn ! the Dawn is breaking !

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

### THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.



R. YUBBITS was the first to put in an appearance on the morning following the incidents recorded in the last chapter. He had passed a restless night, due to the fact that he stood somewhat in awe of Mr. Bramley, and he had been unable to make up his mind whether to tell that gentleman of his billiard match with the blackleg

Viner or not. He was, moreover, very much galled think to that he had lost some of his *prestige* as a sporting man and "knowing hand," characters in which he was specially desirous of shining. True, both Messrs. Crinkle and Coddleby had been, to use an expressive though unclassical term, "let in," but they made no pretensions to be considered "knowing," and the share they had taken in the episode of the billiard room had been the result of overwrought feelings and excitement.

Mr. Yubbits had not been seated more than twenty minutes in the sitting room, in a rather despondent frame of mind, when Mr. Coddleby came in, and shortly afterwards Mr. Bramley himself, the latter's nose still bearing

evidence that the punishment inflicted on it by the wasps had been none of the lightest. The swelling was considerably diminished, but it must be confessed that the color of the organ imparted to its owner a very dissipated and dissolute look.

"Ha! good morning, Yubbits," he said, "you're ahead of us for a wonder; but what's the matter? You seem to be out of sorts; not unwell, are you?"

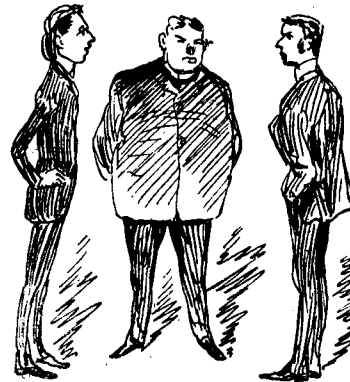
"No, Bramley, I am very well, thank you," replied the gentleman addressed. "But how are you after your 'ducking'?" he asked quickly, endeavoring to evade the other's question.

"Oh! I feel no ill-effects at all, thanks. I hope you didn't miss me last night; I trust you contrived to pass the evening without me in an enjoyable and harmless manner?" and he looked enquiringly at the other two, both of whom appeared somewhat embarrassed. Coddleby glanced towards Yubbits with a look which plainly said, "we had better tell him all," and to which the latter gave a little nod of acquiescence.

"Well, then, Bramley," began Coddleby, with the air of a man who feels that he has an unpleasant duty to perform, and that the sooner it is done the better. "I'm afraid our evening was, at any rate not very enjoyable, at least not altogether so, and as to its harmlessness, I'm sure I don't know about that, but I think the experience we gained will be valuable to us," and he proceeded to enlighten his leader concerning the whole affair.

At the conclusion of his recital, Mr. Bramley appeared both grieved and astonished, and for a few moments was silent. At length he said:

"Well, my friends, I need not tell you that I am pained to see that in my absence, you are unable to keep out of mischief. Supposing now, though thank Heaven it is only a supposition, supposing, I say, that I had been drowned when I slipped into the river last evening, where would you have been in that case?"



Mr. Coddleby was so overcome by the bare

thought of such a possibility that he was forced to sit down and catch his breath in a very unpleasant and fish-like manner; whilst Yubbits, whose despondency appeared to have vanished when a clean breast had been made of the overnight adventure, remarked in an undertone that they would have been, in all probability, just where they were at present, or assisting in the search for the body, if not found by that time.

Crinkle, who came into the room just at this moment, saw at once that all was known to Mr. Bramley, and hearing Mr. Yubbits' last unfeeling remark, and seeing the look of pain which passed across the face of the gentleman to whom it was addressed, he rushed up to him and grasped his hand, saying, "Then, you know all; I am glad of it. We did wrong, but we have been taught a lesson. My mind is relieved. Forgive us, Bramley."

"My dear Crinkle," said Bramley, slowly and sententiously, "we all have our faults. I am not altogether free from them myself, and I should be the last to blame others who, it may be, have not the same control over themselves as I have. When you say you regret what has occurred, all is said that is necessary. Coddleby, I am sure, feels this matter as keenly as you, but as for Yubbits—" and he looked in that gentleman's direction—"I don't know what to say about him."

"Well, then, my dear Bramley, don't say it," said Yubbits. "I think we've had enough of this matter now, and the sooner it's dropped the better."

"Yubbits, I do not wish to give you unnecessary pain, but I must say that I think both your conduct last night and your callous and indifferent demeanor this morning exceedingly—well—heartrending. Nevertheless, your hand, Yubbits!" he concluded, magnanimously, advancing and holding forth his own, which was taken by Yubbits. "You should not be so headstrong. Now let us go to breakfast," and the four trooped down-stairs, where they did full justice, as was their wont, to the meal in question.

"Now, Bramley," said Coddleby, as they sat at table, "I don't know how you feel about the matter, but Crinkle and Yubbits and I think we have had enough of Ottawa; but it seems to me that we have, so far, since we came to Canada, done but little towards investigating the geology or, in fact, any thing else of the country. We came out here, in a great measure, I believe, on a scientific expedition. Let us ask ourselves, then, what have we done, as yet, for the advancement of science, or for the furtherance of geological or botanical research?"

"Well," replied Bramley, "we have only been in the country a few days and have not had much chance to do any thing but get into scrapes, it seems to me. *That* we have done, you cannot deny, very successfully. However, I propose that we leave here to-day for Toronto, which I believe is quite a nice town, or city, and very English; thence we will go to Hamilton, a few miles beyond it, and from there again to some of the great American cities: New York, Chicago, Boston or some of the others."

"Oh! Boston, by all means," interposed Crinkle. "A work I have on America, declares that it abounds in culture and the fine arts. I am for Boston, decidedly."

"Well, that we will settle before we leave Canada; what do you say, Yubbits?"

"The sooner we get on the prairies or into the bush the better," replied that gentleman, who had been making sad havoc amongst the edibles. "My guns are idle, my rifle is rusting, all for want of a slap at the buffalo, panthers and smaller game; however, I will be guided by you."

"Good," returned Bramley, "then I propose, as this is Saturday, that we leave for Toronto to-day, and spend at least a week in that town. You, Yubbits, might put Hanlan up to a few wrinkles in rowing—he lives in Toronto, I believe—and I'm sure we shall enjoy ourselves there: What do you say?"

All were agreed that the programme was an excellent one, and as soon as breakfast was over they proceeded to their respective rooms to get their effects together.

This being done, it was found there was still an hour and a half to spare, before the Toronto train went out, so a final stroll through the Capital was decided upon.

They had been quietly strolling along, and had just taken a final look at the exterior of the Parliament Buildings, when Crinkle, who with Coddleby was some hundred yards in rear of their two friends, said,

"Algernon, I don't know whether you have noticed it, but it seems to me that those two men over there have been following us since we came out this morning," and he directed the other's attention towards where a couple of big, fairly well dressed men were standing, evidently watching them.

"Well, I hadn't noticed it, but they *do* seem to be observing us rather minutely: but, perhaps its only fancy. Our being strangers in a little place like this would make people stare you know, besides one doesn't see a man like Bramley every day."



That gentleman was pointing out to Yubbits something that had attracted his attention in one of the towers of the buildings, and both he and Yubbits walked towards the edifice and inspected the stone work at the base with close attention. They were, in fact, divided in opinion as to whether the stone was of the same kind throughout the structure, and had gone nearer to it in order to better judge of the matter. As they stood, first feeling the stone at the base of the tower and then looking up, the two suspicious individuals, observed by Crinkle, walked towards them, and regarded them narrowly.

"It's a good substantial edifice," Bramley was saying, "and yet it seems to me that it wouldn't take a great deal to blow it up, I fancy, though I may be mistaken, that it would topple over pretty easily."

Yubbits assented to this, and, saying he felt exceedingly dry, produced his silver-mounted hunting flask from his pocket (he rarely went out without it), and unscrewing the top, looked round in quest of a pump or a fountain at which he might obtain the element necessary for the dilution of his spirits.

At this moment the two strangers walked boldly up to him and Bramley, exclaiming,

"Ah! I think we've got you at last: We shall want you to come with us. Give me that thing," pointing to the flask, "and be careful how you handle it. Muddy, you go and take the other two; they're all in the same gang."

Mr. Muddy accordingly approached Messrs. Crinkle and Coddleby, and with a brief "good morning," informed them that they were prisoners, as were their two friends, and that they must accompany him to the police station, at the same time producing a pair of hand-cuffs, with which he proceeded to join Crinkle's right wrist to



Coddleby's left; Yubbits and Bramley having been forced to submit to a similar proceeding at Mr. Spoggles' hands.

"Now, Muddy, come, look sharp," shouted the other officer, for such he was, "bring them along," and Coddleby and Crinkle were accordingly told to "come on," and the whole six proceeded at a rapid pace in the direction of the police station, Bramley protesting loudly at the indignity imposed upon him and his friends, and demanding to know immediately what crime they were arrested for.

"You shall smart for this, sir," he said to the officer who had hand-cuffed him and Yubbits together. "Mark my words, you shall smart for this infamous outrage."

"Oh! we shall, eh? hear that, Muddy," sneeringly said the constable addressed, to his comrade. "Pretty 'smart' fellow this," and he laughed at his own facetiousness.

"Come, come, Spoggles," remonstrated Muddy, "don't hit a man when he's down; let us perform our duty as men and take the the reward as men deserving of that reward."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Coddleby, "what reward do you mean, gentlemen? What do you think we've been doing and who do you think we are?"

"Never you mind," replied Spoggles. "Don't you say nothing to criminate yourselves. The case is clear enough against you without that."

"My good fellow—" began Yubbits.

"Now you needn't be a -good fellerin' of us," replied Spoggles, "we know you and nothing wouldn't induce me to take them there hand-cuffs off till we get to the station."

A considerable crowd had collected round the unfortunate quartette and their captors, and accompanied them in their humiliating march—humilitating at least to the former, for Mr. Spoggles walked with the air of a Roman conqueror entering the eternal city with his captives at the tail of his triumphal car, though Mr. Muddy seemed very much more modest and unassuming, and, on the whole, doubtful about the arrest he had assisted in making.

*(To be continued.)*

### KALSOMINE HALL LECTURES.

PROF. RANTER JACKSON UTTERS A PROPHECY.

BRUDDERS AN' FRIEN'S.—It affo'ds me consider'bul pleasure to address yo' dis evenin', fer I hev some information to gib yo' in a scientifick sense, w'ich will be ob eberlastin' benefit to yo' poo' people. I is an observin' gem'len from de Souf; I waz dar when de yearhquaked, an darfo' I come to yo' wid experience. Oh, brudders, let me wa'n yo'. Dar er men who lib by predickshun, an' dar er men who do it to skeer yo', but I prognossicate fer lub (an' a c'llection). Yo' kin believe de man who does it fer lub. I don' want to skeer yo' my frens, er plump it too quick, but de merlenium am comin'; it am almos' here! We hab orcular demonstration ob de fack right here in dis city an' kentry. De ebil-doers hab got ter move on ter some mo' congenial hemespear; de deeds of darkness er becomin' too risky ter practice. Look at yo' p'lice—de fines' in de worl',—an ebery cracksman gits collared, ebery time! Let me see. Dar waz dat street-car office job, dat St. Lawrence market job, de Jamieson haul, an' some mo, what dey hezent got yit, but dey will git dem, dey will git dem I say. Ob co'se it may be some weeks, er some years, er maybe

w'en dey gits a new p'lice force, but dem fellows am boun' ter be collared, fer de merlenium am comin'.

Gaze at de way moralities am gwine. People an't all boun' up in deyselves in dis kentry, nohow; dey takes a mos' wonderful interest in der neighbors' spiritooal an' temperl welfare. Ob co'se dey may negleck der own ter do so, but anyhow dey eberyone takes interest. It may be, 2, 5, 10, or mebbe 20 p'cent. cawdin' ter de elasticity ob der consciences.

Anoder sign ob merleniumistic proximity am de great splurge some perlitical citzens am makin'—purifyin' de perlitical atmosphere—housecleanin' an' buildin' new mansions ter enjoy it in—castin' out de sellers an' buyers—castin' off der supercilious airs an' weepin' on each oders shoulders wid de new-foun' joy ob fellow-feeling fer all men. An't dat a glor'us sign? An' dey er signs w'ich can't be mistook. A editor gits ho's-whipped—de whipper gits eleben days. Justice—de great swo'd of Justice shall cut de wicked off in his wickedness. An' now let me tell yo' how ter shun do swo'd an' lib ter enjoy de fruits an' blessings ob de merlenium. De main point am generosity. "Be gen'rous to all men." Lub all men as yo' would yo'self, an' gib ebery man a dime, ef it be yo' las', an' yo' heart will eber rejoice. Steal from no man, but gib unto de poo' dat which thou hast stoled!

I will now pass aroun' my hat.

T.



**A HERO.**

*Employer.*—And you're not afraid of work?

*Applicant.*—No, sir; I'm not scared a bit. I can get the better of it every time.

### SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—I waz just canterin' awa' hame on Shank's naigie the ither nicht when turnin' a corner sharp, I got a crack on the skull that for a meenit gart me think a comet had strucken the earth, an' waz whurlin' its tail roon an' roon like a pin-wheel afore ma astonished een. But after a wee I cam to masel', an' realizin' that I waz still on terry firmy, an' in Toronto, I cam tae the conclusion that policeman Verney maun heb been roon the corner, an' gein me a cloor wi' his baton—just tae keep his hand in like. But picter ma confusion o' coontenance on beholdin' nae less than oor worthy Mayor stannin' rubbin' his curly pow an' laughin', an' shakin' his fist at me just as if I had been Alderman Turner or Paddy Burns—or somebody that waz gaun tae scuttle the city exchequer.

"I really beg yer pawrdon, Hugh," says he, "but when twa hard heads meet it's a serious maitter."

"Losh man, Willie," says I, shakin' hands wi' him, "ye've a head like a batterin' ram, an' alloo me tae remark, that if that's the way ye rin a'tilt o' the City Coouncil it's little wonder they're a-dancin' to the tune o' the "Deil Amang the Teeylors."

"Well, I guess you had the worst of it, as for myself—my head couldn't be much worse than it was when I left the Council half an hour ago," says he, slippin' his airm intae mine as we gaed daunderin' hame thegither.

"Deed I," says I, "ye've a hantle tae pit up wi' doon there."

"Aye, that's true—an' so hae the Coouncil, for they've tae pit up wi' me. What thae fellows want for a mayor is a meek figurehead wi' a pair o' rose-colored spectacles on his nose a' the time, a man that's content tae sit in the ceevic chair, like an owl on a fence at mid-day—just turnin' his head this way an' that way, an' winkin' at a' he disna want tae see. Unfortunately, however, I'm no built that way, a circumstance that some o' oor ceevic worthies spend their days in deplorin'."

"But," says I, "Willie, ma man, it wadna dae no tae hae the confidence o' the people, as a worthy alderman wad mak oot."

"Weel, Hughie, gin the people hae mair confidence in the aldermen that object tae abuses bein' corrected, than they hae in the man that objects tae systematic plunder, sae muckle the waur for the people. An' though I certainly wad like the confidence o' the people, the confidence o' ma conscience, an' the consciousness o' bein' in the right is o' faur mair consequence tae me."

"But Willie—"

"Now then—move on, will you! Don't you think you've talked to that blooming old Highlander in front o' this cigar shop long enough?" says a voice in ma lug, an' wi' that a muckle human paw grabbit me by the scruff o' the neck.

"Hands aff, ma mannie," says I, flingin' masel' clear o' the meenion o' the law. "Wilt thou slay me as thou didst the Egyptian (Maister Meany, from Hamilton, tae wit)? Faith an' ye try yer baton on me, ye'll find ye've taen the wrang soo by the lug. An' I wad like tae ken what's yer objection tae me haein' a crack wi' the mayor there."

"Get along, you fool! don't you know the mayor's in New Brunswick?"

"In New Brunswick! Then wha's that? isna that fine fallow wi' the kilts on, an' the cigars in his hand the Mayor?"

The policeman just opened his mouth and laughed like a cuddy. But somehow or ither, I began tae think the coffee we got in that temperance hotel *did* taste most wunnerfu' o' peat reek an' later on—

I mind something about singin' "Auld Lang Syne" wi' the tears like Awron's ointment rinnin' doon ma beard. Hoo I encoontered Mrs. Airlie an' explained the dloor on ma forehead I maun tell ye anither time. Yours,

HUGH AIRLIE.

**YES, STOP THEM!**

GRIP's speaking cartoon, "Stop the Death Factories," ought to be printed on hand-bills and spread broad-cast o'er this continent. No picture we ever saw, so faithfully portrays the overwhelming power of the dreadful and hopeless ruin produced by drunkenness.—*Algoma Pioneer.*



WOMAN I sing, her rights and duties.

\* \* \*

Has this creature, fairest of all creatures though she be, this lawless mass of inconsistencies, has she any duties, much less any rights? She has; incontrovertibly she has both rights and duties—especially rights. And what is more, there seems no end to the rights she will eventually possess. Already, such is the state of the law, as a grave judge jocosely remarked, a woman can all but eject a man from her property and then sue him for alimony on the ground of desertion.

\* \* \*

Rights? Yes; indeed she has rights. I myself believe that it is high time we men should clamour for "man's rights," and clamour pretty loudly too. We are fast approaching the stage of civilization depicted in Lytton's "Coming Race." Had its author believed in his own fiction, without doubt he would have inserted an *episode* having for its plot man suffrage agitations.

\* \* \*

It will be readily gathered from this that I am not an advocate of "Woman's Rights." Nor am I, in what, in my private opinion, is the narrow and restricted sense in which that phrase is now so often used. "Woman's Rights," in these fast-rushing, little-thinking days, has come to be synonymous with the theory that whatever man may do women can do; with the idea that between the capabilities of men and women—be they intellectual or physical—there is no appreciable difference.

\* \* \*

And to none of these assertions will I go out of my way to take exception. If any woman thinks she can be of more use on the hustings than at home, by all means let her make stump speeches. If any woman is more at ease in the caucus than by the cradle, by all means let her to take to canvassing. If she thinks she is more fitted to guide the affairs of the State than the affairs of the household, by all means give her a vote. But if I had the ordering of this matter, I should be inclined to make such woman first pass a stiff examination in political economy and the science of civil government. I should be inclined to ask her, for example—not, at what intervals in her opinion the baby should be fed; but, at what intervals in her opinion the presidential election should be held. Not, what were the relative advantages and disadvantages of giving said baby paregoric; but, what were the relative advantages and disadvantages of direct and indirect taxation. Not, to define what was meant by the terms "shot surah," "spit-curls," or "cut on the bias"; but to define what was meant by the terms "*status quo ante*," "Exchequer bills," "*entente cordiale*," "protocol."

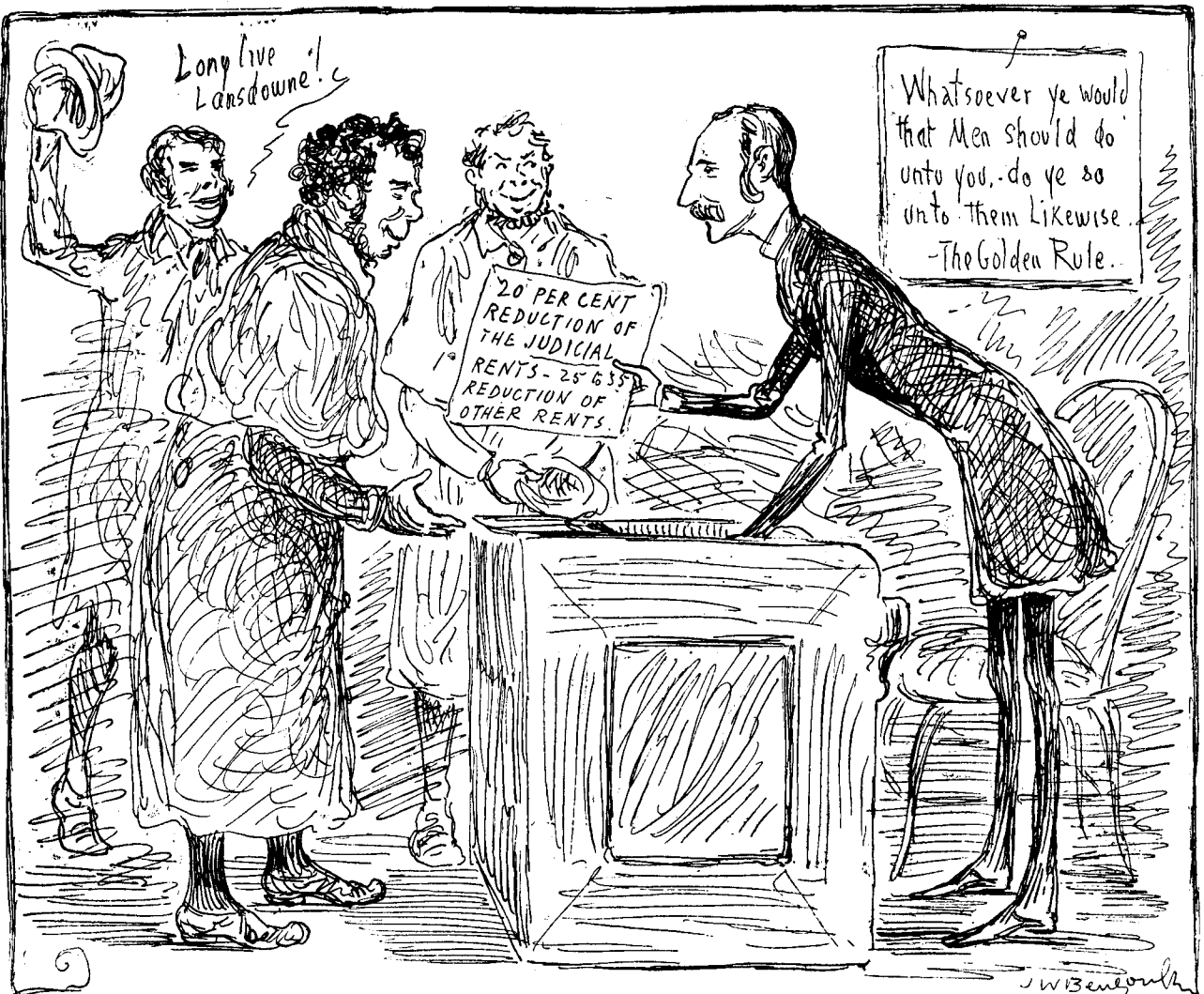
\* \* \*

"But what then truly are woman's duties and rights?" you ask me, reader? I will tell you:—Her duties are to love; her rights to be loved.

*A.S.*

UNDER the new Act an inspector of factories is required.—*Daily Paper.*

Query.—Who is the Archbishop going to appoint?



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[LORD LANSDOWNE HAS VOLUNTARILY REDUCED THE JUDICIAL RENTS 20 PER CENT., AND THE OTHER RENTS 25 TO 35 PER CENT. ON HIS KERRY ESTATES.]

**POLITICAL POT-POURRI.**

THE politics preached for the poll ! tra, la !  
 Have nothing to do with the state,  
 For its easy to see on the whole, tra, la !  
 The candidates try and cajole, tra, la !  
 And lie at a furious rate ;  
 And that's what I mean when I solemnly swear  
 That Canadian politics are not quite square ;  
 Oh ! your Grit and your Tory !  
 Your Grit and your Tory !  
 Not a Grit or a Tory is square.

The minister down at Quebec, tra, la !  
 Won't give up their office and get,  
 Which shows they have plenty of neck, tra, la !  
 To hang to their rotten old wreck, tra, la !  
 But Sir John is commander, you bet ;  
 And that is the reason I rise to remark,  
 That Conservative statesmen are deucedly dark,  
 A fig for your Tory,  
 A fig for your Tory,  
 Your Tories are deucedly dark.

The party that writes for the *Week*, tra, la !  
 Has nothing to do with the case ;  
 But, possessing unlimited cheek, tra, la !  
 He sets up a horrible shriek, tra, la !

And at everything makes a grimace ;  
 And that's what I mean when I openly state  
 That Goldwin is troubled with flies in his pate ;  
 The learned professor,  
 The learned professor,  
 Has flies in his funny old pate.

The policy followed by Blake, tra, la !  
 Will likely be labor reform ;  
 Which will make the Conservatives shake, tra, la !  
 For the matter will probably make, tra, la !  
 The masses remarkably warm ;  
 And that is the reason I state it right here,  
 That a platform of labor will make Blake premier,  
 Oh ! bother the Tories,  
 With all their bad stories ;  
 What's the matter with Blake for premier ?

But the truth that I wish to convey, tra, la !  
 May be put in a nutshell of rhyme :  
 That nothing that you or I say, tra, la !  
 Or Goldwin remarks in his way, tra, la !  
 Will have much effect on the time ;  
 And that is the reason my ribs do I hug  
 And say that all politics are a humbug,  
 Your Grit and your Tory,  
 Your Grit and your Tory,  
 Belong to the genius—*Humbug*.





ANOTHER FERVENT APPEAL TO THE BREECHES POCKETS!

THE SONG OF THE FLIRT.



WITH feet quite weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman reclined on a ball-room chair  
When she ought to have been in bed.  
Rich ! rich ! rich !  
In her low-necked silk admired,  
But still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
She muttered, "I'm awfully tired !"

Dance ! dance ! dance !  
Till her head begins to swim,  
Dance ! dance ! dance !  
And whirl with a horrible vim.  
It's O ! to be a girl !  
I would teach them a lesson of wit,  
For when they get into this maddening whirl  
They never know when to quit.

O, girls with mothers dear !  
O, young and giddy wives !  
It is not slippers you're wearing out,  
When your spending such giddy lives ;  
But your wasting away your brains,  
To your mothers and husband's hurt,  
And you'll find that never a bit remains  
When you get too old to flirt ! W. H. T.

FROM A PROMINENT CONSERVATIVE M.P.

"SUCH a paper, as you now seem to realize, should be impartial as regards the two political parties, and I think you can fairly lay claim to that character."

STUBBS ON BEE RAISING.



WHEN I focus my thoughts upon the dim vista of the past, and review the several energetic attempts I have made at gaining information and experience, I am led to wonder that I have not before now achieved a greater degree of success, and created more mundane furore by my extraordinary capabilities than I have. There have been men who seemed to hanker after nothing so much as post-mortem admiration. I am one of the ante-mortem chickens. I love to be admired (by my wealthy uncle). A phrenologist once informed me that my bump of inquisitiveness was abnormally developed. Perhaps he was right, but

was abnormally developed. Perhaps he was right, but

I am morally certain that the skating rink was answerable for the phenomenon.

Among many other accomplishments I consider myself a very fair apiarist. I have always taken a deep interest in bees, ever since I was a boy. This may be owing to the bump, or it may be explained by my utter indifference to fluid lightning. Where others quail before it, I rather enjoy the sensation.

I remember one day I found a hollow stump containing a bumble-bee's nest. Now it was an undecided question with me whether this insect could really burrow in the ground, as I had seen it stated, and a resolution took possession of me to fill that stump with a chunk of dirt and watch the result. No bees appeared for some time, and walking away I concluded that the question was settled in the negative, but thought I would take one more look at the stump before fully deciding. As I turned around I observed a large bee making towards me at a business gait, and before I had time to wink he turned a back somersault and landed stern foremost on my upper lip. In two minutes from that time I couldn't see where I was stepping. I did think of returning and clearing the dirt away from the stump, but owing to the vindictive spirit displayed by that bee, I refrained from doing so.

My last lesson was learned last spring, when I attempted to hive a swarm of bees. They were bunched on the limb of an apple tree. I sawed the limb off, but didn't take into consideration the weight of the bees, and the confounded thing dropped before I thought it would. That whole six or eight pounds of bees struck me square on the head, and dropped over me like a black pall of living death. They explored my back and dug for oil on every square inch of my body. They imagined me some new-fangled patent hive, and tried to walk into it through my eyes and nose. Then they went shooting through the bush on top of my head, and dug for ground nuts. I made a rush for a mill-pond, from which I was fished out in a semi-conscious condition, and lay for weeks under the doctor's care.

If any person desires to receive any pointers about bee raising, I will be happy to accommodate him. You will see by the above that I have been entirely successful in every instance where I have attempted to raise them.

STUBBS.



CURIOSITY.

"MA, what is a curry ?"

"A highly spiced dish which is much used in East India. It is very, very hot. But why do you ask ?"

"O, 'cause I heard pa tell Uncle Ben that you were peppery enough to season a curry, that's all.

**MIGGS AND THE MARCHIONESS.**

"WHY is domestic service unpopular?" inquires an evening contemporary, and several of its correspondents reply, "Because a servant dare not ask for the character of her future mistress." No doubt, in the Democratic by-and-by, we shall alter that; and Miss Miggs the housemaid will— But the subject lends itself to dramatic treatment:

*Miss Miggs*—Which I've called, my lady, respecting the character of your friend the Marchioness of Flatherbury. She wanted me to take a written one, but I says, no written characters for me—a pussional character is what I requires if we are to come to terms, Marchioness.

*Lady Clara Vere de Vere*—You deserve to be complimented on your prudence, I am sure.

*Miss Miggs*—Well, you see, we 'as to be careful, now so many ladies is not above taking of us in with forged characters writ by theirselves. But regarding the Marchioness—is she clean and sober?

*Lady Clara Vere de Vere*—Oh, a tidier person does not exist; and her sobriety is almost proverbial in our set.

*Miss Miggs*—Then I'm glad to hear it; for if there's one thing I do hate, it's a slatternly mistress with a fancy for eau-de-wee, or even hether, or moor feer, which those I've met as was wedded to narcopics was somethink disgusting. Honest, I presoom?

*Lady Clara Vere de Vere*—I can safely assert that I never knew the Marchioness to take anything that did not belong to her.

*Miss Miggs*—What a blessing, my lady! when there's so many of 'em goes shop-lifting reg'lar at the stores and the big drapers. I couldn't a-bear to serve a thief.

*Lady Clara Vere de Vere*—Of course you couldn't. I am convinced that you will find Lady Flatherbury a model of integrity.

*Miss Miggs*—I begin to think she'll suit. By the way, your friend ain't a gossip I 'ope, for I can't put up with 'aving my private affairs discussed with the neighbours in the droring-room.

*Lady Clara Vere de Vere*—Oh, the Marchioness is rather reserved than otherwise. She talks very little on any topic; and never mentions her servants to callers. Is there anything else you wish to ask?

*Miss Miggs*—Not as I can call to mind at present. It ain't my 'abit to be hippercritical; for if a party pleases me in the main p'nts, I takes her situation, and gives 'er a little latitood in miner details. And so wishing you a very good morning, my lady, which the Marchioness did ought to be grateful to you for the kind and 'andsome way in which you've recommended of her. [Exit affably.]—*Funny Folks.*

THE young man who invites his mother-in-law to go up in a balloon should be watched. There's murder in his head.

As the prickliest leaves are the driest, so the pertest fellows are generally the most barren.

VICTOR HUGO was reported to have said "A soul in a poorly constituted or starved body is a soul in jail. Health is a form of physical liberty."

"WHAT pretty children, and how much they look alike!" said Mr. Smith during a first visit to a friend's house. "They are twins," his friend explained. "What, both of them?" retorted Smith, greatly interested.

*Sunday School Superintendent.*—Now, children, tell me what heathens are. *Small Boy* (who has been reading about the Belfast riot)—Heathens is folks what don't fight over religion.—*Omaha World.*

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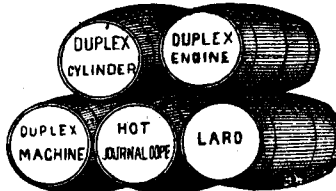
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Dividend No. 23.

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WEDNESDAY, THE 1ST DAY OF DEC.

next. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

D. R. WILKIE, *Cashier.*

TORONTO, 28th October, 1886.

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Dividend No. 54.

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S. C. WOOD,

TORONTO, 27th October, 1886.

*Manager.*

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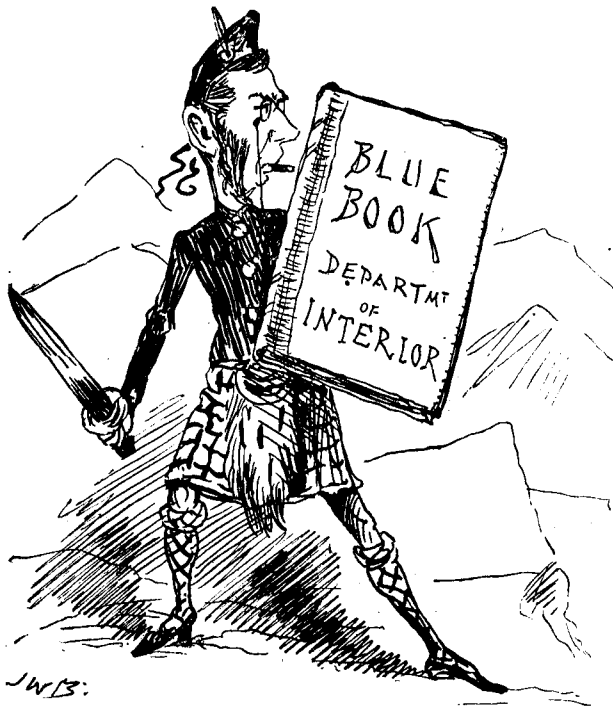
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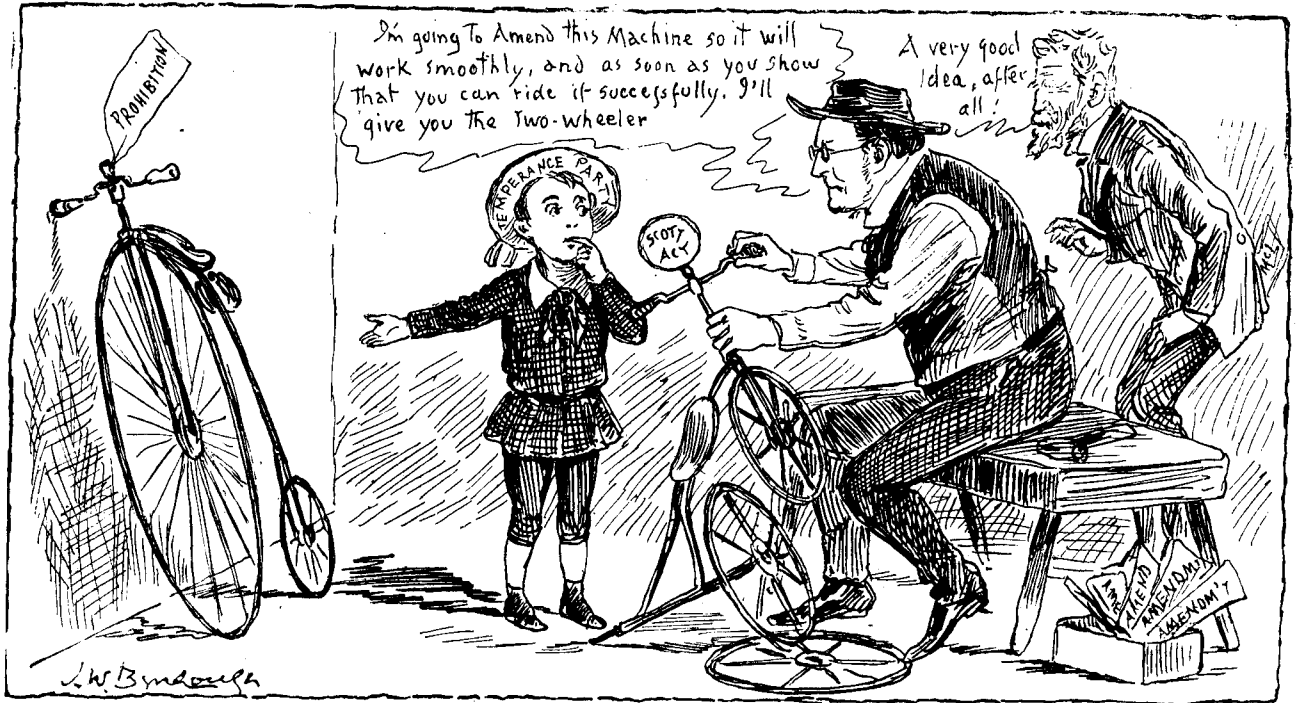
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