PUBLISHERS' NOTE

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EDITED BY MR. BARNARY BUDGE.

Che grabest Benst is the Iss; the grabest Bird is the Gwl; The grabest Jish is the Gyster; the grabest Wan is the Lool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 25TH JANUARY, 1879.

TO NEWSDEALERS....The Toronto News Co. are our wholesale agents; any orders from the trade sent direct to them will receive prompt attention.

The Facts about Horatius and the Bridge.

Then out spake brave HORATIUS, the captain of the gate, "Every fellow has got to die some time, and I don't know of any better or more likely way for him to do so, that to engage in a fair, square, up and down fight against fearful odds. There are several considerations and down fight against fearful odds. There are several considerations which invest such a means of getting killed with a reasonable amount of glory: firstly, a fellow is fighting for the ashes of his fathers, though why the other fellows should want to get those ashes is a problem withch a cannot at present stop to consider, as this thing has got to be done in a hurry; secondly the is fighting for the temples of his gods. This is an important consideration, for after a fellow has paid his pew-rent and passible larged binarial considerations and passible to the huiding the head of the huiding the second s sively allowed himself to be plundered at the bazaar in aid of the building fund, it is worth his while to die rather than have the church demolished by an invading army, which is even worse than a Property Owners' Ass-ociation who would tax church property; thirdly, I might mention, that he is fighting for his tender mother; fourthly, for his wife and baby (as well as his other children and his wife's mother,) and lastly for the holy maidens who are engaged in attending the furnaces in the temple. So go ahead, Sir Consul, hew down the bridge with all the speed ye may, or with axes if you prefer it; I with two more to help me will stay here and fool with the enemy. That straight path over there is about as narrow as the platform of the Local Opposition, and if MEREDITH, LAUDER and Morris can keep Mowat's big majority in check, I feel certain that in you straight path a thousand may well be stopped by three. Now, I have vacancies for two gentlemen to help me, and am prepared to receive tenders from respectable parties, Conservatives preferred." Then out spake Spurius Lartius, (a Ramnian proud was he, though he wasn't too proud to take a government sit like this) "Old man, I'll take the right-hand posish." And out spake strong Herminius, (He was a blood relation of Titan, the great house and sign painter of Italy.) was a blood relatiou of Titian, the great house and sign painter of Italy.) "I'll take the less-hand berth, if the salary is all the same." "Horatius," quoth the Consul, "you're a brick; I'll adopt your tactics on this occasion and if you carry it through all right, we'll have the biggest blowout you ever saw." And straight against that great array forth went the dauntless three, for Romans in Rome's quarrel had no hesitation about getting their fighting done for them in this manner in the brave days of old. Then, unlike George Brown and the Globe, none was for the Pairty, but all were for the state, and the fat offices thereof. Then the great man like John A. helped the poor but rabid politician by giving him berths in the post office, etc., and the poor man naturally loved the great, and voted for him every time; then lands were fairly portioned, and the aldermen didn't assess their own places at were fairly portioned, and the aldermen didn't assess their own places at ridiculuosly low rates; then spoils were fairly sold, and the poor Grits were not left entirely out of the spoils, for Romans were like brothers, yea, even like JOHN O'DONOHOE and JLREMIAH MERRICK, in the brave days of old.

THE Mail of Saturday has an editorial headed "How to deal with our beggars." Who would have thought that an editorial on Conservative office seekers would have been necessary so soon!

The Lyall Family,

From the Archives of Canadian History.

By Dr. Gonoff.

Author of "The Life of Von Shoultz;" "The Windmill;" "We will gather by the River;" "Chippeway and Chattegway;" "Buckwheat and Breastworks;" "Cabbagetown under the old Regime;" "The old Vet." etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

THE Polly Ann being of that peculiar style of naval architecture known to sea-faring men as "built by the mile and sawed off by the foot," like Mr. PECKSNIFF's horse, made a very great show but very little headway; but after deafening the dolphin and scaring away the porpoises for miles around her on her course, finally dropped anchor at

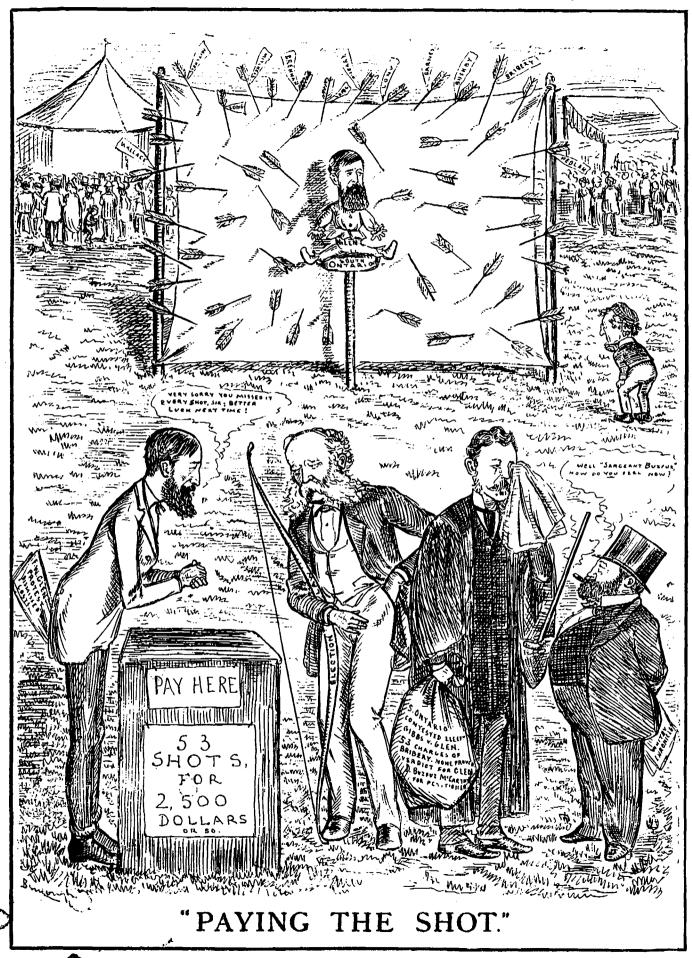
Quehec, where ULYSSES landed in a dug out feeling very unlike a hero, but as far as his appetite was cancerned, a perfect wolf, and being by this time economical of his remaining cash, engaged to work his way to Montreal on an ancient batteau with a Rimouski Captain, two half breeds, and an Iriquois Indian as shipmates. His position proved no sinecure. It is doubtful if he would much care if he had been dismissed or superannuated, for in calm weather he and the Indian on the port side, wrestled with an eighteen foot sweep while the two half breeds exercised themsalves on its counterpart on the starboard hand, chanting the while in the still remembered patois of their forefathers of Brittany, the plaintive melody:

"Oh, roolaw ma bool roolaw!
Oh roolaw ma boo-ooly
Le fee dur waw sa vaw chasaw;
Avec so graw fusee dargaw,
Roolay, roolaw, mabool roolaw,
Oh roolaw ma boo-oolee, etc."

The cuisne, though undeniably French cookery, was unpretending, and on the whole rather monotonous, each succeeding meal consisting of Bouillion a la poi and pain a la matelot which being interpeted meaneth pea-soup and hard-tack, and not being able to converse in either French or Indian the oid man was right glad when they gave the old bargee a spirt and succeeded in making fast to the pier in Montreal, at the foot of Jacques Cartier Square, where he jumped ashore a tired and thoroughly disgusted man. Yet U. E. L.'s undaunted spirit still sustained him; walking up to the pier towards the town in a most disconsolate mood, he descried a man sitting on one of the spiles thereof, smoking an exceedingly short and black clay pipe. He wore what had been once a white blanket capuchin coat, with a black stripe around it, a varigated sash, a red trigue, and an antique pair of shoe packs, each and several of these articles of attire seemed to be coeval with the arrival of the said JACQUES CARTIER, at the foot of whose square the wearer thereof was sitting. His expression was sad and solemn to a degree, reminding one of that of a partizan Postmaster when he learns that there is to be a change of administration. ULYSSES approached him with the usual French salutation of Bo ju. "Oh bo ju yeersilf," said the stranger removing his pipe. "Allons, go up town if ye want to talk. Bad luck to it for Frinch, anyway," added the unknown soto voce. "I don't think I'd ever larn it..." "Great Gewhittaker," interposed ULLYSSES, "Be you an Englishman? I swar I thought you was an Injun! I did by Gum!" "Thank ye," said the stranger. "Is there anyone else here that speaks English except yourself?" asked the old man. "Yes," said the stranger, "ther's two—two Scotchmin; I'm an Irishman mesilf, but I'm generally tuck for an Englishman be raison of me Oxford axint." "Jest so," said ULLYSSES. "Come along wid me," said his new friend, "and I'll inthrojuice ye; the're only Scotchmin av coorse, but moighty good fellows when you come to know thim."

ded by Madame SAITEMUTE and her two charming daughters, CLARETTE and ANISETTE, sat the two friends, their garb phillebeg splenchan cairn goram and eagle's feather required not the claymore and skene dhu, which each wore in his tartan hose to proclaim them "Children of the Heather." "Here's a friend from Boston come to see yez," said the Irishman, thus introducing ULLYSSES, "It's near New Orlanes," said he by way of explanation. "Gentlemen heow dew ye dew," said ULYSSES bowing low to each, "I'm right glad to meet yeow," which indeed he was. "Och, aye, she was well enough," said gael number one. "Och, aye, and she was well enough," said gael number one. "Och, aye, and she was well enough," said gael number one. "Och, aye, and she was well enough," said the second. "I'm durned glad to see you," said the old man, "and would like to know your names. Mine is ULYSSES E. LYALL, late of Bosting." "Oh, her name," said the first thane, "was McTonald—Chon Alexander McTonald." "And yours?" he as'ted of the second chieftain. "I'er name was McKenzie—Alexander McKenzie, she has no Chon tae hers." Ulysses gazed on them curiously, and had he but known how in after years the descendents of these two men, with their Pacific Scandals, Steel Rails, Neebing Hotels, and other enormities would bring his adopted—but we anticipate. "I'll be dod derned," said Ulysses turning to the stranger whom he first met on the wharf, "if I haven't forget to ask you your name." "Me name," said the stranger proudly, "Me name is Davin; but this is moighty droy work. I'll ordher a bottle of Molson's best, and we'll have the girls in and have a dance. Come Sandy, ye and ye'er friend, gives us a blast, ye have ye'er instruments wid yez." "Aye," said the two ex-rievers, glad to show their accomplishments before the stranger, "an'she can play them too." The pipes were produced, and after a prelimenary shriek that made the bells in the tower of Notre Dame rattle again, they struck up the ever populer air:

Let Whig and Tory a' agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
The Grits a' shout for the N.P.,
We a' are hunkey dory;
We'll have a tax on everything,
Ad valorum, ad valorum,
And we will make the Yankees sing
The Reet of Tullochgoram!



0

A Sleigh Belle.

In Toronto lived a pretty maid;
Most lovely and refined,
And yet it must be truly said,
She had a mercenary mind.

Of sleighing she was very fond, And she would oft declare, She ne'er would wed a man who could Not sport a sleigh and pair.

This came unto the ears of her Two suitors young and gay. And each resolved that he would have The nothiest kind of sleigh.

And so each suitor seperately
Unto the livery went,
Where are the very finest teams,
(Please see advertisement).

Of course he had but one nice sleigh, That was his very best,
This GUBBINS got for three odd days,
And BLOHS had it the rest—
(N.B.—Of the week).

We have to break verse here to Explain that neither of the two Deluded young men knew that the Other had this same sleigh.

On Monday this young dashy girl Went out with Mr. BLOBBS, With GUBBINS Tuesday she did drive, Then on Wednesday with "His Knobs."

On Thursday GUBBINS came again, On Friday BLOBBS came round, On Saturday she skimmed along With GUBBINS o'er the ground.

"This dashing team," young BLOBBS would say, As he looked at reins and collars, To see if buckles were all right, "Cost me \$1000."

"This rig," says GUBBINS the next night, As o'er Don Bridge they thundered, And striking a 2.40 gait, "Cost me \$1100."

And thus these two young jovial men Made hay while the moon did shine, During the winter of '78 And 1879.

It is useless to prolong this sad story. The fact is that the young lady was Engaged all the time to the livery stable Man himself, and a week ago they

Were married (no cards); and when the Young men (BLOBBS and GUBBINS) heard of it They fell on each others' necks and wept, And resolved to see that livery man in Halifax, N.S., Before they would pay that bill. Finis.

Curious.

We are glad to learn from the English papers that the Daily Telegraph man who came out with the Marquis, is on the whole pleased with Ontario. The farm houses look well, and as for the town residences they will compare favourably with those of the "Continental cities." This relieves our mind of a great weight. Nevertheless, we are sorry to hear that the hotels (with one exception) are not by any means to be compared with what "we have at 'ome, you know." The meals are poorly cooked, and served in separate small dishes, and moreover a smell of cooked meats pervading the atmosphere offend his nostrils; but what exercises him most, is the fact of the lobbies and passages being filled with "loafers" who expectorate tabacco juice in all directions, whereas in the Old Country nobody goes to a hotel unless he wishes to "see somebody," or has direct business. He furthermore is of opinion that he (the tobacco chewer) borrows the weed from an acquaintance. It is evident that he is unacquainted, even after his prolonged tour, with some of our social customs. For the benefit of the readers of the Telegraph we will explain: It is the custom here for our fashionable gentlemen whom the correspondent, alas, took for "loafers," to exchange tobacco boxes as our grantfathers did their snuff boxes "when George III was king," and must not be confounded with the vulgar habit of "chawing" so prevalent among the Judges of American Courts.

Desiring that GRIP and the rest of the Canadian public should no longer grovel in ignorance as to his personal appearance, His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne has graciously had his photograph taken by TOPLEY, of Ottawa. The picture, a copy of which has been kindly forwarded to us by Messers UGLOW and MCGIFFIN, the general agents, is an admirable one, and effectually dispels the illusions begotten in our mind by the current wood-cuts and ancient cartes-de-visite.



THE Shaugraun had a short raun.

THE snow shovel is mightier than the sword.

WHO writes the daily Cable dispatches to the Mail?

THE Cathedral clock seems to have been bought on tick.

WHEN a politician is in for a big game is he a big-game-ist?

SIR EDWARD THORNTON had an ice reception at Niagara falls.

Is it a "short" session when the members have no pocket money.

LEGALLY speaking we should judge hues were very blue in St. Thomas.

THE South Huron people are good; they unanimously renominated A. BISHOP.

A NOTICE OF MOTION.—The yell a man gives when he slips on the icy pavement.

REMEMBER when the snow slides down on you from a roof, that all blessings come from above.

POOR RELATIONS.—Those of the Government who relate the excuses for not bringing on Protection.

Mr. Mowat should reduce the indemnity allowance from \$800 to to \$600. "Noble Six Hundred."

THE place for Orangemen is down in Florida, which State intends to ship 5,000,000,000 oranges this year.

IF Mr. MEREDITH leads the Opposition to victory they will be "OWEN MEREDITH" for the offices.

BECAUSE the Victoria Regiment walk out on snow shoes, 'snow shoer sign they would walk away from an enemy.

HERE'S a sweet piece of business! The first cargo of West India molasses had to "go to Halifax," last week.

WHEN cigar makers go on strike it is time for the smokers to strike—to strike a match and make light of the trouble.

.THE Globe goes in for block pavements in a recent editorial. Has not the recent snow falls blocked the pavements sufficiently?

A GRAND Ball will be given at Rideau Hall on the 19th of Feb., and a grand bawl will be given by those who don't get invitations.

It has been decided in the recent snow fight between the Yonge St. merchants and the Street R.R. Company that neither are the authors of "Beautiful Snow."

MR. C. J. BRYDGES, Superintendent of Government R.R.'s being removed, the question naturally arises, how can the cars go when the BRYDGES are removed?

THE difference between my Grandfather's clock and the one in St. James' steeple is that the first was too high for the shelf but the second seemed to be a little too high for the purchasers.

THAT joke (so called) sent in from Guelph about YACOB KHAN and Khanister shot, Khan not be admitted in these columns at less than advertising rates. The Khan Khan is not allowed in Toronto.

THE team belonging to Mr. DAVID GLASS ran away in London the other day. The cutter was smashed but the GLASS was not broken and narrowly escaped a paneful accident—by not being in the cutter.

NOT satisfied with the number of letters in his name, Dr. ORONHYTEKHA being a member of the I.O.O.F. tacks on R.W.H.C.R. to his name. The remainder of a shattered alphabet can be had by applying to the Dr.

It appears that His Excellency and Her Royal Highness are going to reside in Halifax next summer, and the good Princess anticipates a charming time. Grip loyally hopes she may not be disappointed, but it all depends on whether that BAKER—Mayflower—JOHNSON—Reporter ruction is going on or not.



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Over 50,000 Copies.

It is published simultaneously in London and New York, and the transatlantic recognition of it is almost as general and hearty as the American. Although the progress of the magazine has been a steady advance, it has not reached the editors ideas of best, because her ideal continually outruns it, and the magazine as swiftly follows after. To-day ST NICHOLAS stands

Alone in the World of Books:

The New-York Tribune has said of it: "ST. NICHOLAS has reached a higher platform, and commands for its service wider resources in art and letters than any of its predecessors ary: "There is no magazine for the young that can be said to equal this choice production of Scribner's

Good Things for 1878-79.

The arrangements for literary and art contributions for the new volume—the sixth—are complete, drawing from already favorite sources, as well as from promising new ones. Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new serial story for boys, "A Jolly Fellowship."

Will run through the twelve monthly parts,—beginning with the number for November, 1878, the first of the volume,—and will be illustrated by James E. Kelly. The scene of this story, like that of the very successful one, "What Might Have Been Expected," published in ST. NICHOLAS, is laid in the South. For the girls a continued

"Half a Dozen Housekeepers,"

By Katherine D. Smith, with illustrations by Freder ck Deilman, begins in the same number; and a fresh serial by Susan Coolidge, entitled "Eyebright," with plenty of pictures, will be commenced early in the volume. There will also be a continued fairy-tale called

"Rumpty Dudget's Tower,"

Written by Julian Hawthorne, and illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. About the other familiar features of Sr. Nicholas, the editor preserves a good-humored silence, content, perhaps to let her five volumes already issued, prophesy concerning the sixth, in respect to short stories, pictures, poents, humor, instructive sketches, and the lure and lore of "Jackin-the-Pulpit," the "Very Little Polks" depart ment, and the "letter-box" and "Riddle Box."

The November Number.

Attention is especially invited to the November number, which in many respects approaches nearer to our ideal than any number we have issued. It contains 72 pages, and its illustrations throughout are fine and varied. It begins two splendid scrials. Its shorter papers represent a wide range of subject.—History, Tiavel, Fun, Poetry, Adventure, Science, Natural History, Home-life, Sport, and lively narrative,—the whole crowned by an appropriate Thankegiving story.

Throughout are seen evidences and fruit of the editor's recent travel across the continent, and Mrs. Dodge's inimitable touches everywhere show the heartmess and zeal with which she resumes active editorial management. One long article and two poems in this number bear the signature, and in the Letter-Box she talks pleasantly with the young folks about her delightful journey to California. There is a fine portrait of FRANK R. STOCKTON, accompanied by a sketch of his life.

Terms 3.300 a year; 25 cents a Number. Attention is especially invited to the November number,

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Types and Emblems, Spurgeon.
The Domestic World, by the Author of
"Enquire Within." \$1.00 60c. 75c. Sermons by Talmage, (cloth). Sermons by Cochrane, (morocco). \$1.00 \$1.50 Studies for the Pulpit, 300 Sermons. Lectures & Sermons by Punshon, (morocco). \$2.00 \$2.50 Toronto of old by H. Scadding, D.D., (morocco).

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Stones Crying Out, (cloth).

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