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The gravest beast is the Ass; the gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the Fool.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The respective leaders of the Grit and Tory parties are at present engaged in calculating how many of the Provinces they will each capture at the coming general election. Sir John calculates that P. E. Island, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia will go into his game-bag without a doubt; as for Quebec, it is his beyond a peradventure; Ontario will be sure to go as it did on the last occasion; Manitoba will be an easy prey, and British Columbia, out of gratitude to the generous Tupper, will remain his truly. Mr. Blake's prognostications are equally clear and positive, to this effect, that British Columbia will fall before the Grit gun; Manitoba will scorn to be captured by John A., Ontario will reassert her old liberal inclinations; Quebec, liberated from priestly dictation, will go hand-in-hand with Ontario, while the Maritime Provinces, enlightened and inspired by the speeches of a certain great personage, will go solid for the present Opposition. The worthy sportsmen have fired a little prematurely; the game is yet beyond range and we will have to wait until the fall of 1883 before we know what the effects of the shots have been.

FIRST PAGE.—John Bull has finally come to the conclusion to put down the Irish insurrection with a firm hand. The issue of a proclamation declaring the Land League "criminal and illegal," and warning Her Majesty's subjects to govern themselves accordingly, seems to have paralyzed the arm of rebellion, at least for the moment. What will be the final issues of all this shindig is only known by Dr. Wild and those who either heard or read his sermon of last Sunday night.

SECOND PAGE.—Nothing in the political annals of Canada is more discreditably than the systematic manner in which certain Bleu charlatans, backed by a number of unworthy priests, have inoculated the simple-minded peasants of that province with the lie that the Pope's decree against "Liberalism" was intended to apply to the "Liberal" party in politics. This miserable falsehood has been a right bower in the hand of the Quebec Conservative party, and the fact that it has told so fatally against the Rouges is a striking proof of the pitiful ignorance of the general populace down there. The Pope himself has now come forward and with one imperial word he has destroyed this specious piece of clap-trap. He plainly declares that the Liberals against whom his decrees are directed are the persons so called in the religious world, and not the members of any political sect or party whatever.

"Men are but children of a larger growth!" True, O poet! Listen to this:—

Albert Edward:—
To the Very High and Eminent Sir Knight Colonel W. J. Bury McLeod Moore, Grand Cross of the Temple, Great Prior of the Dominion of Canada:

"Being well assured of the loyalty and true affection of the knights of the order towards us, and of their sincere resolve that in the Dominion of Canada the brotherly hand of union shall ever exist, all joined together under our grand mastership, and further desiring to show to you our continuing affection towards you, and to assure you that the prosperity of the order and that the union and brotherly love of the great officers and members of the same under her Majesty the Queen, our patron, are an object of our most constant care, we have therefore charged our trusty and well-loved Chancellor of the Great Priory of England, Alexander Staveley Hill, D. C. L., of her Majesty's counsel, and member of Parliament, to be the bearer to you of this our letter, and our said Chancellor hath it further in charge to express towards you, Very High and Eminent Great Prior, our royal favour and good will, and our affection towards the brethren, Sir Knights of the order, and to the Dominion of Canada.

"Given on board the Osborne.
"The 18th day of August, A. L. 5885, A. D. 1881, A. O. 763."

There! doesn't that remind you of the bombastic mock-heroic proclamations you used to nail up on the barn-door for the edification of your "right worthy subjects," the Robinson boys and the Johnston boys, when you were in pinafores and used to play "King of the Castle?" How the presumably sensible men who listened to this balderdash could help bursting into laughter we cannot understand.

It is to be presumed the big discussion evoked by the book seizure is ended, though it will be a pity if it passes away without effecting some practical result. The Collector of Customs is still in a haze as to his duties and prerogatives, and if some definite rule is not laid down for his guidance he may make a blunder whether he has done so in this case or not.

What shall that rule be? Both *Mail* and *Globe* agree—as everybody must—that indecent publications should be barred out. This is also plainly laid down in the law. The trouble is as to mixed publications. Paine's book confessedly comes under this latter head. The *Mail* says it ought to be excluded. Smollet's, Fielding's, Burns's, Shakespeare's and other writers' works are defaced by grossness, some of them as much so as Paine's, but the *Mail* says their works ought to be admitted. What is the Collector to do? We can see nothing for it but that he shall be required to read every book and paper that enters the Custom House. If he does this he will earn his salary, which is more than preceding collectors have done.

That the result of the discussion will be a demand for the nasty books is only too likely. Paine's work was an almost forgotten thing, and as for Voltaire's, here comes Dr. Gregg, a Professor of Apologetics, who declares he never heard of it before!

The present Government claims to be pre-eminently the people's friend, and that profession is being put to the test just now. The coal dealers offer to sell coal 50 cents per ton cheaper if the duty is removed. This ought to settle the question as to whether the consumer pays the piper, and the Government's response to the demand will tell whether the people's interests are paramount or not, better than any party organ editorial.

The *Globe* has sent a special commissioner to Ireland to report upon the state of that troubled bit of green. The gentleman selected for this mission is Mr. T. P. Thompson, better known as "Jimuel Briggs," whose able letters on the state of the Maine Liquor Law, written from the Anti-Prohibition standpoint, recently appeared in the *Globe*. The old journal is to be congratulated on its enterprise, and also on its choice of commissioner who will justify the expense involved if anybody could.



Speaking of journalistic enterprise reminds us that New York has another comic paper a la *Puck*. Since the failure of *Chic*, Keppler's journal has had things all its own way as of old, but now a new aspirant enters the field, in the "person" of "The Judge," whose phiz we copy as above. The title is a happy one, being "snappy," and characteristically American. Mr. J. A. Wales has left the *Puck* staff to wield his pencil on the new paper, and *Grip* wishes him every success.

Dr. Wild's simple specific for the cure of Ireland's woes is certainly worth a trial. It is just to cut the Island adrift from Italy. This ought to be easily done, and the Liberators of the Old Sod ought to do it just to see the effect before the "resources of civilization are exhausted."

Ald. Hallam deserves great credit for his efforts on behalf of the establishment of a Free Public Library in Toronto, and the scheme he has submitted is well worthy of discussion by our citizens. If we could only get a council that knew how to fix our streets for a reasonable sum of money, we could save enough in a year to endow a library, but we seem to be getting worse instead of better in street management.

To the Editor of *Grip*.

Sir,—In the powerful article in your last issue headed "The Permitted Crime," the judge, applied to by a young girl for justice against her seducer, after asking her whether she had any relatives, and being answered in the negative, is made to say:—

"Then justice you can't have. The law of Canada protects but those who have already natural protectors," &c.

That may be the law of Ontario, but it decidedly is not the "law of Canada" in the Province of Quebec. Here a young girl, in the circumstances set forth in your article, would have an action technically styled an *declaration de paternite* against her betrayer for the support of her child and for damages, and that quite irrespective of whether or not she had a single relation in the world. Seduction is not a "permitted crime" in the Province of Quebec, whatever it may be in other parts of Canada.

MONTREAL, 17th Oct. 1881. LEX.

Collector, was justifiable," and that the participants in the discussion were to be the editor of the *Globe* and his confere of the *Mail*, who had kindly consented to argue this question, chiefly to afford the younger members of the society an opportunity of hearing the principles of pure logic practically applied.

The chairman having announced that the editor of the *Mail* would support the affirmative, that distinguished scholar and gentleman came forward and said:

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen—For good and sufficient reasons the speeches on this occasion are limited to one minute each, so I will at once tackle my subject. I hold that the seizure was justified, because the law provides for the exclusion of indecent books, and these books are indecent. As I have the privilege of replying I will say no more just now excepting this, that of course the law does not contemplate the exclusion of Beaumont and Fletcher's works, Rabelais, Shakespeare, and others, and therefore these ought not to be excluded.

The *Editor of the Globe*.—Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen—My opponent says the law is intended to exclude indecent books, and for this reason Paine and Voltaire should be shut out. But the other authors he has named are decidedly more indecent, why then should they not be excluded? To be sure, Paine and Voltaire are blasphemous, but the law confines itself to indecency. Let my opponent state plainly why the other indecent books should not be shut out as well as Paine's and Voltaire's. I am moreover prepared to prove that these latter works do not come within the law of indecency as defined by Mr. Rainsford.

The *Editor of the Mail*.—In reply to my opponent's argument I would say that he had better give up this debate and apologize to the audience. The facts cannot be concealed, and reams of paper and oceans of printer's ink cannot hide the deformity of my antagonist from view. I would recommend a little sack-cloth and ashes for him.

The chairman asked Mr. Grip if he would kindly sum up. The request was endorsed with great enthusiasm by the audience. Mr. Grip modestly complied, and rising in his place said:—

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen—The discussion we have just listened to requires no summing up. It must be manifest to all that the *Globe* man has been utterly routed by the clear logic of the cool, temperate and sensible reply of his adversary. I would call the attention of all students of logic to the masterly method of the affirmative argument. First, it is shown that there is a law against the admission of indecent books, or books containing indecency. Next, it is alleged that the books in question fall under that law, and the syllogism is perfect. In answer to this the gentleman on the negative says. (1) That these books are no more indecent than other books which his opponent would not exclude, and therefore ought not to be excluded if the others are admitted. (2) That he is prepared to prove they are not indecent at all, in the sense of indecency defined by the Rev. Mr. Rainsford, and therefore do not fall under the law. (3) He admits they are blasphemous and profane, and would fall under a law against Blasphemy and Profanity, but the law is against indecency only, and therefore does not exclude them. All this sounds logical, but mark the ability and sagacity with which it is met and squelched by the affirmative. In reply to the first syllogism, he calls upon the negative to give up the debate. And in reply to the other two propositions he exhausts the resources of logic by advising him to go and soak his head, or words to that effect. My decision is emphatically for the *Mail* man.

Tremendous applause (in the midst of which Mr. Grip woke up and found himself dozing at his fireplace with a *Globe* in one hand and a *Mail* in the other. "The whole thing was simply a dream!")



EVERYBODY IS WAITING FOR IT!

Grip's Great Comic Almanac for 1882 is on the way, and will arrive at all the bookstalls on or about Dec. 1st. Lay by a quarter and secure yourself a copy of the best book of humour ever issued in Canada.

A Mis-loading Newspaper.

"If you take a buckskin bag and put 100 eagles into it and shake or 'sweat' the bag for three hours, gold dust to the value of \$20 will be left in the bag, and no one will know the difference, unless the eagles are weighed."

My Dear Grip—I cut the above item from the London *Free Press*, and if I was behind the Editor with a red hot poker I would make a black burn on him for his idiotic suggestion—I would—by Josiah!

Not being able to catch 100 eagles, I put a couple of owls and a game cock into a bag, expecting at least ten cents of gold dust. I shook the bag steadily for about three hours, and when I opened it, instead of gold dust I found three dead birds and a heap of feathers!

I wish that Editor would not be so foolish as to suggest gold digging in this style. Perhaps, however, I ought to have had only eagles, but they cost about ten dollars each here, and a hundred of them would be a very expensive poultry yard.

Yours,
SIMPLE SIMON.



THE GLOBE'S COMMISSIONER TO IRELAND.

Voice from the Troubled Isle.—Arrah, be gorra! Hee's a man comin' to write our wrongs!



INJEWDICIOUS GOLDWIN.

Shade of B-knif-d.—What's the matter with you? Have you any goods in pawn?

Our Private Box.

At the Royal, Miss Cleves is appearing in "Only a Farmer's Daughter," which, despite its simple and rural title, turns out to be a most thrilling play, which is sure to please all who have a taste for literature such as Miss Bradon produces. Matinee Saturday. Next week the Star at this house will be Mr. Alex. Kaufman, (a son of Ex-Lt-Gov. Kaufman) who will appear in a new play, entitled "Lazare." His performance is highly applauded by the American critics, and the play itself is said to be unusually good.

At the Grand, Mr. John A. Stevens is now playing his popular drama, "Unknown," which is by no means unknown to Toronto audiences.

Dr. Lord's Biographical Lectures at Shaftesbury Hall are deeply interesting and instructive. For dates and particulars as to subjects, our readers are referred to the daily papers.

A Model Debate.

The other day Mr. Grip had the honour of receiving a circular to this effect:—
"The president and members of the John Locke Society for the Diffusion of Logic, request the pleasure of Mr. Grip's attendance at a special debate to be held at their rooms on the evening of — commencing at — o'clock."

At the appointed hour Mr. Grip proceeded to the place named, where he found a goodly company, fairly representative of the brains of Canada, gathered in comfortable anticipation of an intellectual treat. A tastefully printed programme was politely handed to each guest, and upon glancing at his, Mr. Grip was made aware that the subject to be discussed on this occasion was, "Resolved, that the seizure of the books of Paine and Voltaire, by the Custom



HE CAN'T SEE THROUGH IT.

ALD. BAXTER.—Yes, that's the City safe, and this is the Yonge-street Paving Contract, and there's no forfeit specified, and there's an 'ole burnt just where the figures ought to be, but blowed if I can see through it!

That Contract.

MY DEAR GRIP:

There is certainly something rotten in the State of Denmark. I refer to the Yonge-street pavement business. The contemplation of that scheme and the accessories thereto is confirmation of the unregeneracy of the race. The present Board of Works and the contractors certainly move in a mysterious way, but the trouble is they fail to perform wonders. The whole business, from its inception, the way in which the whole affair has been conducted, is like the mysteries of creation, totally incomprehensible. The Board of Works lay down a certain contract which in due time is signed by contractor and the great seal of the corporation affixed thereto. Work goes on for a certain time, but ultimately the contractor gets tired; he has plenty of other work to keep him busy, and he comes to the conclusion that this job might as well lay over until next year. He says that there was an understanding between himself and the Chairman of the Board of Works that he could let the work lay over until spring. The said chairman denies this, but the contractor boards the lion in his den, and before the whole Board denies them to do their worst in the matter. The Board graciously submits, and states that the contractor is only liable to a penalty of \$10 per day anyway. But somehow it leaks out that the penalty was \$100 per day. The contractor says it was \$10, the Chairman of the Board thinks it was, the solicitor who drew up the document don't know whether it was \$10 or \$1000, and no other member of the Board ever saw it. Finally it is concluded to take a look at the document, when, behold, it is gone. Search is made everywhere but without success. Suddenly it turns up when least expected; and then it is found that the really important part of it, that relating to the penalty, is *burned out*. Everybody stands aghast, but very little is done in the matter. The funny part of the affair is the coolness with which the papers pass over the matter. Apparently the theft and mutilation of an important public document is a very trivial matter, not

worth wasting time upon. And then the spectacle of Ald. Irwin and Steiner, covered with mud and humility before their constituents of Yonge-street, is exceedingly hilarious. However the whole affair may not prove such a laughing matter before it is finished.

Next in importance to the Yonge-street pavement *fasco* comes the despatch of the *Globe's* special commissioner to Ireland. This is, in my opinion, the best specimen of Canadian journalistic enterprise that we have yet seen. And a more capable man for the enterprise could not have been selected. We poor Canadians will now probably get the true inwardness of Irish affairs, and not have to take our ideas from bogus New York *Herald* despatches. And I can also inform you, my dear Grip, that I am on the point of starting for that same country, which, by the way, should have its name changed from Ire-land to wrangle-land, and I hereby appoint myself Grip's special commissioner, and will give to the bird all the latest news therefrom. Expect my first communication by special cablegram next week. Till then, adieu. TIMOTHY.

Our Special in the Nor'-West.
BIG BONANZA HOTEL.
Winnipeg, Oct. 20.

PROFOUNDLY RESPECTED SIR:

I arrived in this lively city and formally began my career as your special yesterday. It is my purpose in this first communication to give you a slight idea of the great country and its people, and in order to do this in the most effective manner I simply jot down a plain, unvarnished account of the past day's experiences. The last stage of railway travel I found more interesting than any of the former stages. Up to a certain point it was decidedly hum-drum, but after passing that point it was more hum than anything else. My fellow passengers, especially those between the aforesaid point and Winnipeg, were exceedingly animated and excitable. I approached an old gentleman who was sitting alone, and sought to engage him in a friendly conversation, thinking by this means to get rid

of the deafening repetition of the words "speculation," "millions," "lots," "auction," "bonanza," etc., etc., which formed the staple of the eager talkers around me. Being a person, as you know, sir, of literary tastes and quiet habits, and having a special aversion for commercial and financial affairs, I found this sort of talk an intolerable bore, and I was in hopes the old gentleman, who looked like a superannuated Congregational minister, would afford me more congenial company. He greeted my approach with a pleasant smile, and politely moved over to let me sit down beside him. Without any of the conventional preliminaries, I at once inquired if he had heard Dr. Lord's lecture on Hildebrand. He nodded gracefully. He nodded gracefully. "Don't you think it was a brilliant effort?" quoth I. "No," he replied; "I'm going up to Winnipeg to try my luck in the town lot biz. What'll you give me for a couple of splendid sites just north of the railway station; I'll give them to you for \$200, and I won't take a—" I departed for the platform of the car instanter, and there I remained for the rest of the journey. I wasn't what you'd call comfortable, as the thermometer was a little below zero, but I didn't hear any more of the town-lot talk, and that was worth all the discomfort.

I duly arrived in Winnipeg, which I found to be a neat, flourishing city, though it looked like a place that was only touting there for the night. I gave my checks to the agent of the Bonanza, and asked him to attend to my baggage.

"Could I speak to you a moment, sir," said he, very respectfully.

"Certainly," I replied, condescendingly, and we went aside together.

"I've got a couple of lots to sell," he began "and being as you're a decent looking fellow I thought I'd give you the first chance. I'll let you have 'em for—"

With a horrible oath I tore myself away, and rushed into the bus. There was one other passenger, an old lady of seventy-five summers. As we joggled along she broke the silence by saying, "Fears to me there's plenty of mud hereabouts."

"Lots," said I.

"O, shet up about lots," she screeched. "I'm 'most talked to death about 'em. If I'd thought you was one of them specklaters I'd have kept my mouth shet!"

(Continued next week.)

The Trick Exposed!

The members of the Board of Works are determined that the culprit who mutilated the Yonge-street Paving Contract shall escape punishment, and with characteristic cunning they have adopted a device which only adepts in "ways that are dark" would ever have thought of. In order to secure the safety of the individual in question from arrest they have put the case in the hands of our detectives!



THERE CAN BE NO QUESTION AS TO WHO BURN'T THAT CONTRACT!

** See continuation page 2.

WHOS CAPTURED THE MOST BIRDS ?

(WAIT TILL THE FALL—1883.)



P. Douglas

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

"The Policeman's Lot is not a Happy One."
Why?

Our brethren of the quill are requested to send brief, characteristic replies to this for publication in Grip's forthcoming Almanac. Already several witty answers have been received. In all cases the name of writer and paper will be given. Copy should reach us before the 10th of November—the earlier the better. Now, gentlemen, come on with your side-splitters, and mark your envelopes "Grip's Almanac."

Fall Fashions on the Pier.

Three men sat on a beam's end beside an East River wharf. Neither had much to boast of in the matter of dress, but their hats were sufficient to distinguish them. One wore a soft felt hat of a brown colour, another a high-crowned hat which had once been black, while a battered crown of straw covered the head of the third. The owner of the stiff black hat evidently believed himself a dictator of the modes. "You fellows don't know anything about the fashions," he was saying: "Look at you there with a straw hat after the 15th of September; why, every dry goods clerk knows better than that."

"Well, now, look a 'erc," returned the wearer of the straw, "It's always my sentiments that what's in season's in season, and as long as it's hot as blazes in the sun you better believe I'm going to wear a hat that was made for sunny weather. I believe in common sense, I do."

"Oh, you're way off," said the other with infinite contempt. "What's fashion is fashion. What has the weather to do with it? Fashion is fashion the world over, and when a thing's in season it's in season; and what's more, it's my opinion a man might just as well wear a rubber overcoat when the sun's pouring down like a blast furnace as wear a straw hat after the 15th of September. When a man don't pretend to be a fashionable man there's some excuse for him. Here's Sol, he wears a soft hat all the time, and don't pretend to keep in style, but when a man sets up to be fashionable, why let him keep up with the occasion; that's all I have to say."

"Yes," said the unfashionable Sol, "I believe you stand by your colours, that's all. Now, I'd as soon be a monkey and done with it as go getting a new suit of clothes every time the sun goes behind a cloud. But if a man will keep hanging round the pawnbrokers' shops to get hold of a new coat, I like to see him go at it as if he meant business."

"Some men can't seem to understand how things is," said the king of the fashions. "What's the use of living if you don't keep up to the times? I'd rather be a 'gypshun man' than lie around the docks without taking any interest in society things. Maybe you don't know what it is to go sparking in a bran new coat, and see the pleasure lighting up somebody's face when she sees you so smart and fine. Why, it's all life's worth living for."

"Humph! I've a wife at home myself," said the man with the soft hat; "when you have a wife of your own you'll find out that it don't make much difference what kind of a hat you wear—you're sure to come in for all the bad words anyhow. I'd rather have a good glass of lager now and then than all the now hats you could give me, and besides, the old woman gives me Hail Columbia every time she finds I have bought anything new."

"Should think she would," said the straw hat; "here you lie around all day long doing nothing, and let her take in washing. I have a wife, too, but she likes to see me look handsome, like she says I was when she took me for

better or worse. That's what she says, you needn't laugh—I didn't say it. But she don't care to see me changing for something new as long as the old is good."

"Look there," he continued triumphantly, pointing at a brisk business-like man wearing a straw hat; "don't you call him a man that's up to the fashions? Your old hat isn't much to brag of anyway. You've worn it two or three years already, and I believe you got it second-hand at first."

"Well," replied the other, somewhat crestfallen, "and what if I did? A hat's a hat, and a fashion's a fashion. A man ain't to blame for wearing old things, if he's poor, only so he's in the style, and if you think you can hold up your head among stylish folks when you wear a straw hat after the 15th of September, I just want to tell you you're mightily mistaken, that's all."

The man with the unfashionable straw didn't venture a further defence of his despised head-gear, but invited them to "come and have a drink."—*Chicago Herald.*

The effect of electric light is said to be trying to blondes and favourable to brunettes. We shall continue in favour of the electric light until our present girl goes back on us.—*Marriageable Coburn, Lowell Citizen.*

A South Bend girl thanked a man who gave her a seat in a street car, and he married her and proved to be worth \$100,000. (We circulate this lie in hope of inducing the girls to be more courteous.)—*McGregor News.*

A Lockport young man recently went home intoxicated, and finding no one there but his mother, drew himself proudly up and exclaimed, "Mother, I'm the best doggone man in the house, and don't you forget it!"—*Danbury News.*

When some men go to a barber-shop to be shaved and they see a man in the chair ahead of them, they haven't time to wait until the man is shaved. They will go in a neighbouring saloon, though, and wait several hours.—*Kentucky State Journal.*

A sign in a window on Lexington-street, reads "Kids cleaned for 5 cents." What a boon this will be to mothers who have a dozen little tow-heads to get ready for Sunday-school. Surely the price will allow every child to keep clean in the future.—*Balt. Ev. Sat.*

Ice I had several VIpells and I wished II go II the seaside and the mountains II, but beIV starting I VIII some fruit sent by my beIX mother who is not L but acts like IIX, but who at Xds me during my wLXXX troubles. V dI wrong forgive me.—*Syracuse Times.*

The stars were shining softly,
The moon was round and full,
But their light struck not so brightly
On Billy Johnson's bull.
As May and Paul were walking,
And dreaming of sweet fate,
That bull came prancing after,
And tossed them o'er the gate.

—*Tarheel, Detroit Chaff.*

A New York bar-keeper set his savage blood-hound upon his wife, and the animal lacerated her in a frightful manner. He was arrested and promptly fined five dollars. If he had inflicted punishment one-half as severe upon the dog, Berg's society would have caused his arrest, and he would have been fined at least ten dollars and cost. It is to be hoped that the physicians who attend his wife will present a bill seven feet long.—*Norristown Herald.*

A lady friend of ours is constantly getting mixed in her dates when telling a story. The other day she proposed the old conundrum, "Why is a bald head like the arctic regions?" the answer to which is, "Because it is a great bare (bar) place." The company pretended

not to know the answer, and on demanding of her the solution, she triumphantly replied:—"Because it is a great place for polar bears." Being rallied on her blunder she retorted:—"Well, where would you find a more fitting place for a polar bear than a bar pole?" She scored one.—*Evansville Argus.*

"Is it porcupine for?" asked the boarding boss as he passed the spare ribs; "Yes," sighed the illiterate boarder, "I beaver-y fond of it." And the man with the bald head said if they didn't quit, he wood-chuck them both out of doors; "Well, don't let u-squirrel about it," pleaded the landlady, and they didn't.—*St. Louis Hornet.*

During this and the next month corn huskings will agitate the rural mind. It is stated that the man who fluds a red ear is at liberty to kiss any girl in the party. Spilkins states that he has a girl whom he kisses whenever he pleases, and the great charm of it, he claims, is that he doesn't have to do any husking.—*Puck.*

He was wealthy but penurious, and this was what he said to the suitor for his daughter's hand: "Yes, you can have her. But you must elope with her. I can't afford the expenses of a swell wedding, and the romance of the elopement will make up for the lack of show and we'll save \$500 on the expenses. Go it."—*Boston Post.*

"You can't add different things together," said an Austin school teacher. "If you add a sheep and a cow together, it does not make two sheep and two cows." A little boy, the son of an Austin avenue milkman, held up his hand and said: "That may do with sheep and cows, but if you add a quart of milk and a quart of water, it makes two quarts of milk. I've seen it tried."—*Texas Siblings.*

The London *Telegraph* says there is nothing new under the sun, especially in the matter of jokes. Isn't eh! Guess you never have seen the efforts of a brilliant coterie of American newspaper humorists, as they ring the changes on asking others if they "ever heard the stove pipe," or "did they ever see a re-cover," or some such side-rupturing thing. Nothing new in humour. Well!—*Rockland Courier.*

An Indiana man has invented a rolling pin which is bound to win golden opinions from certain male individuals. When the domestic utensil is lifted above the head a peculiar contrivance in the handle gives way and causes the weapon to give the woman a smart rap on the occiput, and the husband escapes the blow. It seems like taking a pretty mean advantage of a confiding and unsuspecting woman, and we shall not commend the new invention.—*Norristown Herald.*

A horse-car conductor was before the court a few days ago, charged with assaulting his wife. It was shown in the evidence that he had struck her with his fist and knocked her down. He acknowledged his assault, but pleaded in extenuation that his calling led him into habits of punching the fair. The judge said it was all right as long as he confined himself to punching the fair, but he would fine him for knocking down the fair.—*Somerville Journal.*

The meanest man in the world lives in Burlington. While a deaf, dumb and blind hand-organist was sleeping on the postoffice corner, the wretch stole his instrument and substituted a new fangled churn therefor; and when the organist awoke he seized the handle of the churn and ground away for dear life, and when the "shades of night were falling fast," that meanest man in the world came around, took his churn, returned the organ to its owner, and carried home four pounds of creamy butter.—*Burlington Enterprise.*

Col. Orlando P. Baggs on the Canadian Military.

You want to know who I am before you admit me? Waal, I'm Colonel Orlando P. Baggs of the Western Wisconsin Light Guards, and in my State they think I know some about military matters. My real business is nutlocks, which I travels for, but I takes the military promiscuous and don't charge nothing extra. So now we're acquaintances and I'll proceed to tell you what I think about your military Review.

The barber at the Rossin told me to go straight up the Queen's Avenue, which would bring me to the Queen's Park, which would introduce me to the Queen's Own Rifles, (everything's "Queen's" round here.) There's no denying the Avenue's straight, but what made you put it right *behind the houses*, instead of in front on 'em? Praps you think the stables and other little domestic arrangements is interesting to a discerning public? But Mrs. Baggs wouldn't want all those Queen's Rifles on the march peeping into HER nursery winders; she'd shut her shutters like a funeral till the procession was past. And would you mind telling me confidentially why you plasters your *sidewalks*? Out West we plasters our *ceilings*,—we ain't got no plasterers on our Board of Works, praps you has. But all them's details and matters of taste.

I like that Liberty Pole of yourn at the top of the Avenue, and the too Rooshan guns: a-taking care of it is very appropriate.

That Queen's Park is a real nice place considerin' it's in a state of nature. You can't had it very long, I guess, as I don't see you're doin' much to make it nicer under the guidance of a modern civilization. Out West we plant our parks all over with pretty shrubs and flowers, and we have turpentine walks, and shadey groves, and quiet nooks, and all that sort of thing; but then that's details, and people way differ about 'em.

My gracious! what a lot of folks was up there! I asked the barber at the Rossin what was your population, but he said he didn't know, but it *wasn't Chinee!* He's a wit, but I advise you not to lark when he has your nose in his fingers.

Waal, I worked my way up round past the Liberty Pole and the Rooshin guns to a yaller flag as folks said was the Grand Stand. I don't see why you uses a yaller flag for a parade, praps you ain't got no Union Jacks. Anyways I shored my way well to the front amongst a heap of intelligent young men, quite civil, and easy, and familiar like,—they evidently wasn't lawyers.

The Rifles was out in line, and a real nice, true, pretty line it was, nothing better. And the Colonel was out in front, and a mighty smart looking soldier he is; not an ounce too much, sits on his boss real clean, and looks easy in his mind, which is heaps when there's a General around.

We talked quite a bit, waiting for the General—there was too fellers next me as seemed to know everybody. One of 'em called the other Jim, and Jim called the other Charlie. I think they was too students of your University, goin' up for their degree in Fine Arts. I heard 'em say they practised music in the gallery of the Royal, wherever that is.

Presently there was a crush and a rumble, and a tall gentleman shoved through the crowd and walked straight out to the Colonel, right in the open, in front of the Regiment in line! Jim said it was the Queen's Own Aid de kump sent out special from Windsor with a telegraph message for the General. That same thing happened to me onst when I was out in our country in front of our Guards, but the feller as came out to me was our State Attorney, who didn't know no better, so he could serve his process. My! didn't I send him back into the crowd like a Boomerang! Our fellers killed him next day, but I hopes your Rifles is more



APPLIED LOGIC.

2352 A Certain Journalist (Horrified).—"You young scamp! Is that Voltaire you're reading?" and Young Hopeful.—"The principles of true liberty require that each individual should exercise the right of private judgment. That's what the *Globe* says."

considerate and that the gentleman is still in the flesh.

Them policemen of yourn is uncommon well got up. I like their drapery, I do. Jim says they're all officers and gentlemen, which accounts for their standing in front of everybody and havin' a supreme contempt for a crowd. Out West our constables knows as our pockets is in our coat-tails and they act accordin'.

Then a open haddaw drives right up to the yaller flag with the General's family, lestways Jim says it must of been the General's family, because all the other traps with the common people was kept at a respectable distance down by the Liberty Pole, where they couldn't see nothing if it went wrong, which was very considerate.

At last up comes the General hisself with his staff, a good-lookin' lot, but on the outside of mighty poor cattle. Is them your hosses; and if they isn't your hosses, whose hosses is they? Praps your Tramway Company keeps a Livery likewise! Is that so?

Then the gentleman as Jim says is Queen's Aid de kump tells the General what he had better do under the interesting circumstances of the present occasion. Jim says the gentleman's name is Soskinsko, and that he's a linear descendant of the celebrated General as fought and fell at the battle of Queenstone Heights when a Colour Serjeant of the name of Freedom shrieked. Jim says it was this incident as suggested to J. D. Edgar in his celebrated Canadian poem the beautiful line

"And Freedom shrieked when Soskinsko fell."

But Charlie says it *wasn't so*, and he *knows* it *wasn't so*, because Dr. Scaddin, as was Assistant Surgeon with the York Pioneers all through that bloody campaign, says it was when the body of the old gentleman was brought over for burial with military honours, and was carried into the Cathedral by the firing party, that it was *then* that the Colour Serjeant hollered so loud that he had to be taken out of the church; and Charlie says that Dr. Scaddin says he's quite sure about the shrieking, because Freedom

sat in the front pew of the gallery where the Queen's Arms used to be, and that Freedom was never at Queenstone at all until after the battle.

Of the two I think I like Jim best, because when he's beat he gives in so graceful-like. "All O K, Charlie," says Jim, "I give up, because you see if anybody knows, it art to be the Doctor, far he's been a buryin them York Pioneers steady twice a week ever since, and he has a beautiful Hellergy for ev'ry one on 'em as turns down, which is very encouraging and consolatory to them as is left, it makes the prospect so nice when their happy turn comes to have a Hellergy."

But that's a Digression and a Detail, which I don't know as it amounts to much, tho Jim larked a lot.

Where was I? Oh, yes, when the General gets his orders from the Queen's Aide he rides over to the right of the line. He wanted to do it up picturesk across the lovely green, but spurs wasn't long enough or sharp enough to get a canter out of them Tramways, so he took it philosophik-like, and went over slow, which suited the D. A. G.

Then the whole cavalcade comes down the line real nice,—the band playin'—and the men just as steady as a whole row of young light-houses, all of a size! Why you could string a line from right to left and it would tweek the tip of the nose of ev'ry man on 'em, they stand so close and firm, and all of a height. The W. W. L. Guards is always uncertain in that particular, because you see they won't stop parading just for parade purposes like your fellers.

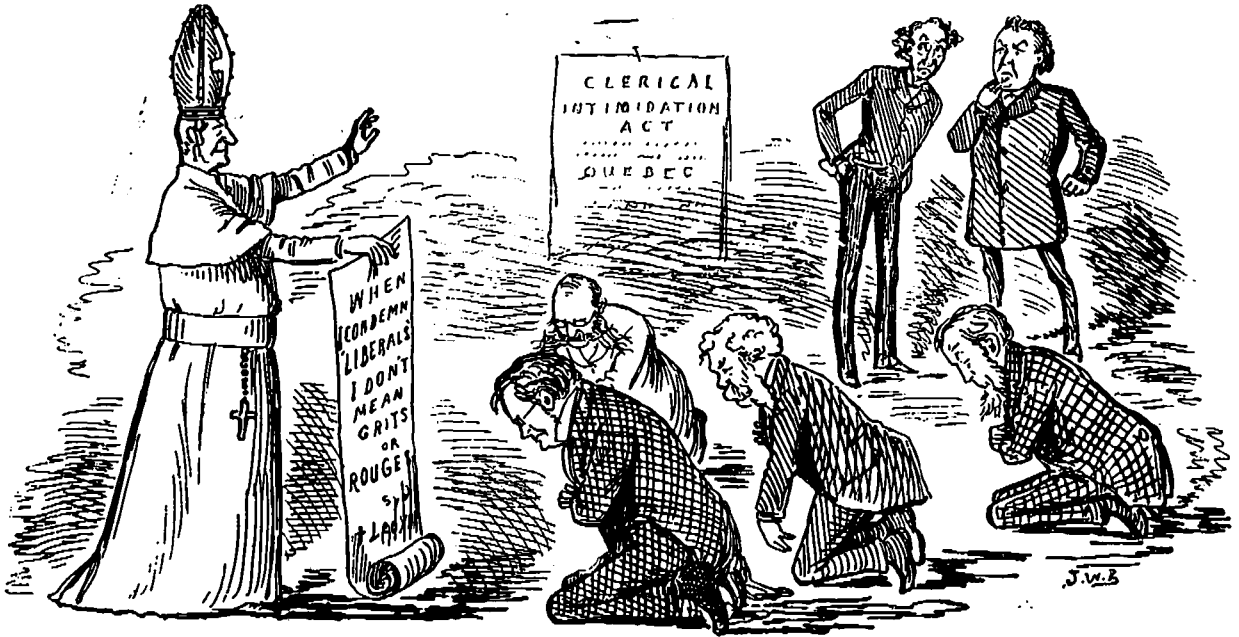
After that, the General comes back to the yaller flag, and the Aide as had come out special from Windsor looks at the Queen's telegraph and tells the General to "put 'em past in collum right away." And in course the General "put 'em past in collum right away," as he was told to, and away they come, tramp, tramp, tramp, just as lively as fleas!

Orlando P. Baggs flatters himself as he knows a trifle about marching; and O. P. B. says deliberately in the face of the whole organization of the Democratic party, including Tamman

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WOMAN'S LOVE AND LIFE



HIS HOLINESS BLESSING THE "LIBERALS"!!

and the Klu Klux, that your own Queen's Rifles just exactly *knows their business—and does it*. But the men dresses better nor the officers, who seems in a burry for promotion to the company in front on em; and when the officers salute, they looks as if they was never gonig to stop saluting, and as if they was going to devote the rest of the afternoon to that piece of politeness. Jim says some on em recover'd before they got quite down to the Liberty Pole, which it is pleasant to know.

However them's small details as don't mar the effect, and I goes on general principles. When I get back to the Western Wisconsin Light Guards I'll just give em fits and keep em moving a few I bet, or I'll know the reason why they can't go past in collum just like that. I think the pace is just a little bit killing, and ovon your boys couldn't keep it up from Atlanta to the sea; but Jim says a feller of the name of Roberts did it the other day, but then climate was in his favour.

But the barber at the Rossin was tellin' me you was goin' to get a field somewhere else, because the Queen's Park is to be given over to your State Legislature. Waal, that's a political detail, and I don't know as it comes inside the range of my special sphere of vision; anyway, stealing parks isn't a plank in the platform of the Republican party *this* election. Out West the people takes care of the people's parks, and the Assembly-man as would go and rob 'em of a park would have a darned hard time of it! Praps its different with you, because you see you can walk down to the Lake (*we* has no lakes), and get a bit of fresh air when you want to. But that comes of having such a lovely, beautiful picturesk esplanade right on your water's front, as a safe and quiet place on a summer's evening where a poor man with his wife and a large family can ramble about at their ease. Not but what I was thinking that you must sometimes have some sick women and little children as can't conveniently walk all the way down to the Lake: but praps you aint got no sick women or little children in these parts? Or it may be the rich folk gives 'em free tickets to their verandahs and pleasure gardens just to show that parks isn't *really* necessary.

When your Park's grubbed up and built over, and your Legislature's in possession, that Liberty Pole oughtn't to stay there no longer: Fust, because some Assembly-man might stumble agin it and hurt hisself; and second because

when the people's driven out, it wouldn't be decent or respectable for Liberty to stay there all by herself; she wouldn't be safe amongst the politicians after dark!

But that's another digression, and I humbly begs your pardon.

I'll try to be on hand agin when there's anything goin' on in the military way, and if you're willin' to pay for future communications I'll give you my impressions. It don't make no difference to me, as I travels all the time somewhere or another with my patent nutlocks, and I'm told there's real big chances your way just now in that line of goods. I'd share a commission with any influential parties; praps you've got *your* hand on the ropes?

Adoo—O Reevor.

Respectfully your servant,
ORLANDO P. BAGGS,
Colonel W.W.S.G.

The person who believes in the survival of the fittest must have his faith badly shaken when he looks about him and contemplates some of the survivors of the present day and generation.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Perils of the Deep.

Special to the Chicago, (Ill.) *Inter-Ocean*: The world-renowned swimmer, Captain Paul Boynton, in an interview with a newspaper correspondent at the seashore, related the following incidents in his experience:

Reporter:—"Captain Boynton, you must have seen a large part of the world?"

Captain Boynton:—"Yes, sir, by the aid of my Rubber Life-Saving Dress, I have travelled over 10,000 miles on the rivers of America and Europe; have also been presented to the crowned heads of England, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Spain and Portugal, and have in my possession forty-two medals and decorations; I have three times received the order of knighthood, and been elected honorary member of committees, clubs, orders and societies."

Reporter:—"Were any of your trips accompanied by much danger?"

Captain Boynton:—"That depends upon what you may call dangerous. During my trip down the river Tagus, in Spain, I had to 'shoot' one hundred and two waterfalls, the highest being about eighty-five feet, and innumerable

rapids. Crossing the Straits of Messina, I had three ribs broken in a fight with sharks; and coming down the Somane, a river in France, I received a charge of shot from an excited and startled huntsman. Although all this was not very pleasant, and might be termed dangerous, I fear nothing more on my trip than intense cold; for as long as my limbs are free and easy, and not cramped or benumbed, I am all right. Of late I carry a stock of St. Jacobs Oil in my little boat,—(the Captain calls it 'Baby Mine,' and has stored therein signal rockets, thermometer, compass, provisions, etc.)—and I have had little trouble. Before starting out I rub myself thoroughly with the article, and its action on the muscles is wonderful. From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and nothing would ever benefit me until I got hold of the Great German Remedy. Why, on my travels I have met people who have 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 it."



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

TUESDAY, the 6th Day of December, Next, viz.:—Townships of Mowat, Blair, McConkey, Hardy, Patterson, Mills, Sinclair, Bethune, Proudfoot, Gurd, Manchar, Strong, Joly, Laurier, Prangle, Lount, Nipissing and Hinsworth.

The area to be disposed of in the above townships as timber berths is upwards of 1,400 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. E. PARDEE,
Commissioner.

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

4-12-81.

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