


IMPORTER,  
  
 GLOVER HARRISON,  
 49 KING ST. E., Toronto



GLOVER HARRISON,  
  
 IMPORTER,  
 49 KING ST. E., Toronto

VOLUME XXIV.  
 No. 8.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEB. 21, 1885.

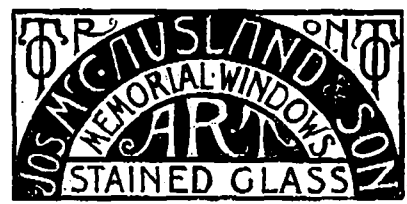
\$2 PER ANNUM.  
 5 CENTS EACH.



LITTLE RED-RIDINGHOOD AND THE OPPOSITION WOLF.

TORONTO WINDOW SHADE CO. } Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated OIL-FINISH CLOTH SHADES. } 417 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

\$10.  \$10.  
 Genuine Diamond, set in solid 15 karat gold.  
 DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.  
**50 Per cent. reduction**  
 on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 800 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.  
**CHAS. STARK,**  
 52 Church Street, Toronto, near King.

  
**JOHNSTON'S**  
**FLUID BEEF.**

\$20.  \$20.  
 Genuine Diamond, set in solid 15 karat Gold.  
 DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.  
**50 Per cent. reduction**  
 on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 800 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.  
**CHAS. STARK,**  
 52 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, Near King.

# GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to S. J. MOORU, Manager.

J. W. BRNGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

## GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

### ALREADY PUBLISHED:

No. 1, Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.....	Aug. 2.
No. 2, Hon. Oliver Mowat.....	Sep. 30.
No. 3, Hon. Edward Blake.....	Oct. 18.
No. 4, Mr. W. H. Meredith.....	Nov. 22.
No. 5, Hon. H. Morier.....	Dec. 20.
No. 6, Hon. Sir Hector Langevin.....	Jan. 17.
No. 7, Hon. John Norquay.....	Feb. 14.
No. 8, Hon. T. B. PARDEE:	
Will be issued with the number for..... Mar. 14.	

## Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—In the debate which arose over Mr. Edgar's motion asking for returns showing the temporary, as well as the permanent, trestle work on a certain section of the C.P.R., Hon. J. C. Pope, acting Minister of Railways, took the ground that it was the first duty of the Government to protect the Company, and this information, if granted, might be prejudicial to it. The motion was accordingly amended. Mr. Edgar and his friends affirmed that the amendment would have the practical effect of avoiding the information he was after altogether. Mr. Charlton wanted to know whether ministers are the servants of the country or of the outside corporations. The question was timely. Surely there are two parties to this railway bargain, and the country has interests to protect as well as the Company. Hon. J. C. Pope does not seem to think so, however.

FIRST PAGE.—A deputation from the Trades' Union waited upon Mr. Meredith and Mr. Mowat in rotation the other day, to find out, if possible, what was causing the delay in commencing the work upon the new Parliament House. Mr. Meredith said he didn't know; it was none of his business; this Province was supposed to be under responsible Government, and a matter of this kind was of course dependent upon Government and not Opposition action. Mr. Mowat said in substance he was afraid to take any action on the subject, as Meredith had a dangerous glitter in his eye, and would probably make it a party question. If that were done, the Government might probably be defeated, and the well-being of the Province depended upon the present ministry remaining in office. He further said that if Mr. Meredith would promise not to take this apprehended position, he (Mr.

Mowat) would be prepared to go on with the work. "The deputation then withdrew"—very much enlightened and encouraged.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Rt. Hon. John Bright doesn't approve of our Rt. Hon. John. He says he don't understand a man having so much cheek as Canada's Premier has. The idea that a colonial minister should bring in a Protective Policy and then go over to the old country and talk Imperial Federation, is amazing to the honest old Quaker. Mr. Blake, on the other hand, is very much to John's liking, as he is evidently regarded by the Manchester orator as a Free Trader, and an opponent of the ridiculous idea of Federation. Mr. Blake is undoubtedly deserving of John Bright's regard as a man of honesty and ability, but he cannot very well accept compliments on the other virtues implied. He is not—and never can be in Canada—a practical Free Trader;—and he *does* believe in Imperial Federation. In fact it is suspected that the bad boy, Sir John, picked Edward's pocket for that very idea. Right hon. gentlemen at home should post themselves before they launch out into colonial personalities.

fession at that glittering point of eminence to which We have attained, without going through the preliminary drudgery.

It is, then, to these aspiring young men that we now address our ably journalistic advice in our neatly turned ably-journalistic language.

The young journalist, then, before he becomes a thoroughly able one—like us—must lay in a stock of choice phrases: none of your ordinary, every-day "nipped in the buds," "last sad rites," "defunct canines," or "bereaved parents," will suit: mythology, the classics, and the best modern authors must all be drawn on for contributions to the young able journalists's collection of select sentences. We have compiled a few which will suit a beginner. True, they have been used before, but by judicious arrangement they will do very well. Our first division is the

### MYTHOLOGICAL,

and comprises the following very choice phrases: "arms of Morpheus," "eyes of Argus," "argus-eyed," "darts of Cupid," "Jove's thunders," "Pandora's box," "the Sybil's leaves," "cleansing of the Augean stable," "fair Ganymede," and "Minerva sprung ready armed from the brain of Jupiter." These are all good, but should not all be sprung at once upon an unsuspecting public in the young able journalist's first article. Next, a few quotations will be invaluable; these, also, come under the same head as those given: "A Niobe all tears," musical as Apollo's lute," "Proserpine gathering flowers," "dark as Erebus," "a Triton among the minnows."

The young able journalist should, to use a homely phrase (which, however, he must avoid) never call a spade a spade: for instance, the moon must be, with him, "chaste Dian"; dawn must be alluded to as "the blushes of Aurora," or "the awakening of the rosy-fingered goddess"; an awful state of affairs on earth may be expressed by "Astrea returning to heaven," and a festive occasion by "Momus ruled the hour." Then the following may be used almost anywhere: "The hymeneal altar," "the ever-burning fire of the vestal virgins," "Actæon killed by his hounds," "Phœbus sinking in the lap of Thetis," "the dying swan singing its own requiem," "nectar and ambrosia," "Olympus shaken by the nod of Jove," and "fierce as ten furies." A handsome youth must, of course, be either an Apollo or an Adonis; a self-admiring one a Narcissus.

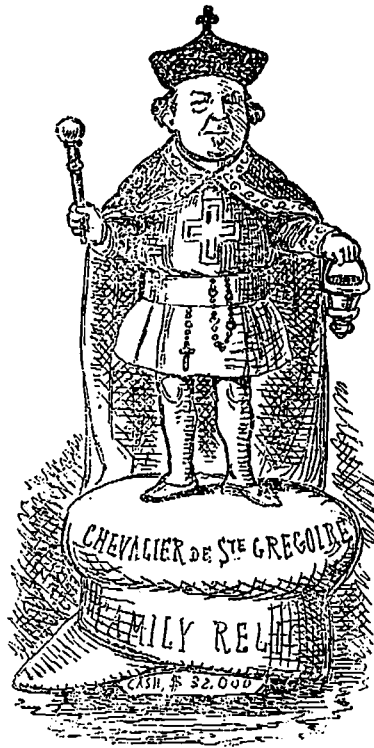
The second division consists of phrases supplied by the

### HISTORY, LITERATURE, AND TOPOGRAPHY OF GREECE,

and amongst them will be found "the vale of Tempe," "an Arcadia," "a Nestor," "a Solon," "an Aristides," "an Aristarch," and "a Zoilus." Mr. M. J. Griffin may be alluded to as "the Coryphæus of literature;" the wit of his writings as "attic salt." When Mr. Gay, of Guelph, and Mr. McIntyre, of Ingersoll, favor us with specimens of their poetry, they "tune their Doric reed." Such expressions as "a member of the school of Epicurus" applied to a go-maudizing alderman, and "a disciple of Democritus," to the editor and one of the contributors of GRIP, must not be overlooked.

### THE LITERATURE AND HISTORY OF ROME

supply us with Class III., and from them we glean "passing thro Rubicon," "Roman mother," "I will meet thee again at Philippi," "the mother of the Gracchi," "falling into Scylla in seeking to avoid Charybdis," "Marius among the ruins of Carthage," "Rara avis in terris nigroque simillima cygno," "geese that saved the Capitol," and many more which we will give on receiving a small fee. Classical quotations may be introduced with effect, as in the description of a friend much fallen off in personal appearance, when "Heu! quanto



DESIGN FOR A STATUE

TO BE ERECTED, PERHAPS, ON GOVERNMENT SQUARE.

### THE ART OF ELEGANT WRITING.

When a young man leaves college, the chances are ten to one that he will wish to follow the profession of journalism. He will not care to be an ordinary newspaper man, and he turns up his nose at the idea of his intellect being debased by his having to hunt up local items in the capacity of a common reporter. He must be an "able journalist" at once: that is to say, he wishes to commence his pro-

*mutatus ab illo, Hectore,* will be very appropriate. Then, when lamenting the degeneracy of the times, (for instance, should the Grips get into power), "*Oh, tempora! Oh, mores!*" is the very thing.

The young journalist must avoid, as he would a plague, such phrases as "the table actually groaned," "strong men were unable to restrain their tears," "neat and appropriate terms," "swan of Avon," "vital spark extinct," "become a Bonedick," "applauded to the echo," and "smiting the action to the word." The veriest penny-a-liner makes use of such terms.

Now, having mentioned merely a few of many choice phrases, we solemnly adjure every aspiring young journalist to make use of them. If he will but persist in thrusting them before the reading public it will, it is to be hoped, "rise in its might," and, "with one fell swoop," "smite him hip and thigh" so that, when "the rosy-fingered goddess" awakes from her repose, the "insensate clay" of the able young journalist will be found with "the vital spark extinct." —S.

JUST THE RIGHT LENGTH.

THE BRITISH JOURNALIST.

What I am going to tell you is a fact as you must know, And is no piece of fiction. Well, not very long ago, I found myself in London, Eng., my holidays to spend, And called on, as I'd lots of time, a literary friend, Yes; as I'd lots of time on hand, I called upon this friend.

He was a literary man, well versed in classic lore; Of knowledge about politics, he had a monstrous store; His style of writing was superb; his English simply pure, And with his facile pen he made a goodly income sure; And by his talents and his pen he made his income sure.

I called on him at one o'clock, p.m., he sat and wrote, And by his side were books he used whenever he wished to quote; He looked up as I entered; he smiled; said "How d'you do?"

I'm busy now, please take a walk, look in again at two, You see I'm busy, don't go far; look in again at two."

I strolled about, I saw Pall Mall; I breathed the foggy air That brooded over Landseer's lions, in broad Trafalgar square; And when an hour in walking round I had contrived to kill,

I visited my friend once more—but he was writing still. My literary friend I sought—but he was writing still.

"I'm sorry I'm so busy now, but I shall writing be For full another hour or so, drop in again at three," My literary friend remarked; around him on the floor, Were sheets of paper he had writ, a hundred, aye, and more. Wore sheets of "copy" he had writ, a hundred, yes, and more.

Once more I strolled the West End round, thro' parks and boulevards, I viewed the sentries motionless before th' august Horse Guards, Then just as three o'clock rang out from tall Westminster fane, I found myself at my friend's door, and walked in once again.

I threw the folding doors apart and walked in once again. He still was writing, and his pen flew swift the paper o'er, As there he sat knee-deep in piles of "copy" on the floor; "I really fear I shan't get done to-night," with deepest sorrow He said: "I must request you, please, to call around to-morrow. I know I shan't have done my work much earlier than to-morrow."

I went away. Next day at noon I called on him again, My literary friend still wrote and wrote with might and main; "I shan't be done, I much regret," he raised his head to speak, "Before next Thursday; drop around—yes, call, say this day week. I really can't get done before the Thursday of next week."

He turned to write, he wrote and wrote; I left him bounding o'er His paper and the fearful pile of "copy" on the floor; 'Twas "copy" here, 'twas "copy" there, 'twas "copy" everywhere; On every piece of furniture; on sofa, floor and chair, And he, my literary friend, sat waist-deep in it there.

"'Tis all one subject," then I said myself unto: "I saw The numbers on the sheets from '1' to '9999'." He must be writing some huge book; some fifty volume tome."

'Twas thus I pondered as I went my way towards my home, 'Twas thus I thought as I pursued my course towards my home.

The days slipped by, I went one day; peeped o'er his window sill, The pile of "copy" filled his room—and he was writing still;

On Thursday week I called again, "My task is at an end!" Then cried, as he laid down his pen, my literary friend, "Tis finished" said, and dropt his pen, my literary friend.

"What was the theme on which you wrote?" I asked and looked around, As I stood neck-deep in the piles of paper on the ground; "'Tis surely some ten volume work; a dictionary 't'rays, You have a lot of work to do, you literary chaps; You earn the money that you make, you literary chaps."

"'Twas not a book on which I toiled, throughout the live-long week, 'Tis not a dictionary, no" "What is it, friend? do speak; What mean these stacks of 'copy' no book, you say, not rhymes?" No, 'tis an editorial I've written for *The Times*; That heap of stuff's a 'leader' that I've written for *The Times*. —F. S.



SIR JOHN'S CRUELLEST JOKE.

J. B. P. — For the love of goodness Sir John, give me something to do!

Saturday Sermons.

BY PROFESSOR SPENCER E. VOLUSHIN.

Published by special arrangement with the *Protestant Free-Thought Society*, as a set-off to *Sprague's* sermons in the *Globe* and *Tatnag's* in the *News*.

SERMON V.

[NOTICE.—The indulgence of the congregation is craved for the omission this week of the usual discourse. Prof. SPENCER E. VOLUSHIN having broken down under his onerous labors, has by the advice of his medical attendant gone to New Orleans for recuperation. He is expected to occupy his pulpit as usual next Saturday, when Sermon V. will be delivered.]

DR. JOHNSON IN CANADA.

"Sir," said Boswell, as he and Dr. Johnson were taking a jaunt down King-street, "I wonder that you do not offer yourself for municipal honors in Toronto."

"Sir, your remarks are ill-timed," replied the doctor with some asperity. "The man who would offer himself as an aldermanic candidate here would pick a pocket if he had the chance—and—" he added after a pause, "he would find every opportunity for doing so in this city."

"How so, sir?" enquired Boswell, meekly. "Because, sir, the constabulary department is grossly mismanaged, and the detectives are somnolent and lethargic. In Hamilton, sir, the case would be different."

"In what respect, doctor?" enquired Boswell. "Is the efficiency of the police force of that city so much greater than that of Toronto?"

"No, sir," replied the doctor, rolling his head from side to side, and turning back to touch a lamp-post he had missed. "No, sir, but it would be impossible to pick a Hamilton man's pocket of any pecuniary property."

"Why is that, sir?" asked Boswell.

"Sir, the Hamiltonians are mostly Scotchmen, and where did you ever see a Scotchman who would part with money without some return? No Scotchman, sir, would leave his native barren and desolate wilds so long as he had sufficient money to keep body and soul together at home on sheep-heads, oatmeal and such other atrocious messes as he feeds on; therefore sir, no Scotchman in Canada would be likely to have money on his person of which a pick-pocket could deprive him."

"Sir, I am a Scotchman myself," replied Boswell, "but I cannot help it."

"Sir," roared the great lexicographer, "neither can you help being an ass."

Boswell in recording this incident in his biography remarks, "I felt that he was right and therefore said no more, so we adjourned to the St. Lawrence Coffee House and called for a dish of tea."

"What paper is that you are perusing, sir?" enquired the doctor of Boswell, as he helped himself to a second plateful of veal pie with plumbs in it.

"It is an old copy of the *Mail*, sir, and describes the reception accorded to Mr. Mowat," replied Boswell.

"Sir, you may read me a few selections."

"At every lamp-post," read Mr. Boswell, "were to be seen foul-mouthed and obscene young Liberals, ankle-deep in a flood of tobacco-juice; at every street corner, in various stages of inebriety, were loafers, sluggers and bull-pups of the lowest description who blasphemed and cheered alternately as the procession went by. All were sadly in need of a bath. A more disgusting scene —"

"Stop, sir," said the doctor. "I and the writer do not agree there."

"But, sir," ventured Boswell, "he was present on the occasion, and you were not."

"Sir," roared the doctor, "respect for your seniors is not one of your virtues."

"What, sir, is your opinion of Toronto water and the Bay from whence it is produced?" enquired Boswell, as he and Dr. Johnson were partaking of a bowl of punch in a private room above a King-street saloon.

"Sir, I am surprised at your question," replied the author of *Rasselas*. "Would you ask me my opinion of a putrescent and mal-odorous cesspool, reeking with the garbage and decomposing refuse of an uncleanly city? Would you seek for my opinion of a people who would tamely submit to be taxed for being permitted to drink a fluid which compares most unfavorably with the contents of a Neapolitan sewer? Sir, a hog would have more sense than to drink such contaminated pollution."

"Surely, sir, you do not mean to compare the inhabitants of this city with hogs?"

"No, sir; the hog is an animal for which I entertain a profound respect and I should be loath to insult him. Sir let us drop the subject."

"I had the pleasure, sir," said Boswell, as he and the doctor prepared to sally forth for a morning cock-tail, "of an introduction to a

reporter of the *Globe*. He seemed to be a very sensible and intelligent person."

"Sir," replied Dr. Jounson, "a man may be sensible and intelligent and yet write for the *Globe*."

\* \*

"I am surprised," remarked Boswell, entering the Doctor's apartment with a newspaper in his hand, "at the cheapness of the journals of this city. I have here a *Telegram* for which I paid but one half-penny."

"Sir," retorted the lexicographer, setting his wig awry on his head, "an article may cost but a farthing and still be exceedingly dear."

### Our Own at Ottawa.

DIARY OF A TORY M.P.

*Lively Rackets—Impartial Judgments—Sensational Scolds—Important Memoranda.*

OTTAWA, Feb. 14.—Looked into Chamber this forenoon—Huggins working at desk directing papers like a country editor—bushel basket full behind him—seems to have constituents on the brain. Muggins out—probably in Departments—regular Saturday lounge for Tories—lots of little things there worth picking up. Muggins seems to have truly impartial mind, e. g., viz.:

Monday, Feb. 9.—Bills and questions—Farrow wants to know if we should allow England to be blown up on Canadian soil? Sir John says "No."

Landerkin and a lot of other grits want Ontario and Ontario counties re-imbursement for railway expenditure, same as in Quebec. Why can't they let that alone? Ain't we here to look after Ontario interests? Had to vote against it last year—nasty vote to explain—no doubt Old Man will make it all right before elections—he'd better, if he want's to see me back again. P. E. I. members up again about crossing between Capes Traverse and Tormentine—always tormentin' us about it—make note of this joke for speech.

Tuesday.—Sir Sohn moving to make Daly chairman of committees and Deputy Speaker. Daly mad because they won't take him into Cabinet—Halifax went Grit at local election—got to give him something else with salary to it—work "poor speaker" racket—Kirkpatrick overworked—flush of exhaustion on his cheek—that kind of thing—must have relief from part of duties. Racket worked all right, only Bleus want Frenchman, and Blake said they should have one—confound his meddling. First resolution through—then Blake up again grinning—knew Old Man had put his foot in it somehow—seems he'd been trying to amend B. N. A. Act by resolution instead of bill—miserable technicality. Old Man says "of course—knew must be bill—had one ready based on resolutions"—hooray for O.M.! Blake says, "too thin—resolutions not worded like that." Old Man looks green but laughs—Grits laugh too—bill put in—"read"—bill blank paper—Grits laugh again—O.M. laughs too—wags head—nearly wags it off—always mad as the deuce when he wags it like that. Mean of Blake—used to tell O.M. how to fix little things like this—now lets him get into mess and grins. Nasty thing to give first vote of session for job like this.

Wednesday.—All went to Senate to hear scolding match between Alexander and McPherson. Alex. thinks it a scandal to have Ta Phairshon painted any longer than nature made him—awfully absurd—Ta Phairshon just as bad—wish he'd go over to Grits too—pity to spoil two parties with the pair of them! Saw picture myself—looks rather weak with admiration of his own beauty—"Sir Narcissus Ta Phairshon."

Thursday.—Blake says something quite casual-like about Senecal ring and "No. 8"—that's the room where French Bleus smoke—got Chapleau on his ear—pitched in like all pos-

essed—Senecal savior of his country—Bleus only true patriots—No. 8 triumphed over enemies of Quebec—arms and hair flying—magnetic eloquence and all that—hooray!—bully for Chapleau! Ouimet in same strain—good boy, Ouimet! There's Blake up again grinning—who's been doing it this time? Eh—what? . . . Gad, he's right enough, too! What the dickens were we cheering Chapleau for anyhow? Confound his cheek—blowing about how they bullied the Government last winter—nasty job for us Ontario Tories—remember very well how mad Old Man was about it. What's up now? Old Man's called him down to scold him—serve him right—O. M.'s language "unrevised"—hope Grits won't overhear—Sh—Sir John, *Mem.*—We've got to do a little bullying for Ontario or it'll be all "blue" for us next election.

Friday.—Edgar up again wanting statement about trestles on C.P.R.—these Grits always poking and prying. What's it all about? Won't the Government look sharp enough after the C.P.R.? Pope says "no—Yankees might hear how much wooden rock-work there is, and say bad things about railway." Charlton gave us about two thirds of old anti-syndicate speech. McLellan up—poor Mac don't amount to much. Why don't they have Peter back? Cameron said pair of them don't make as good a minister as Tupper used to—like his impudence! Tom White played Tupper—shouted and banged like a man—but couldn't Tupperize the boys worth a cent—afraid Tupper racket played out—can't always get bulldog with brains—Tom's not a minister just yet, anyhow. Casey pitched into all three—cheeky beggar—ought to be sat on—told White *Gazette* lied whenever party required—said it was paid \$10,000 a year for doing it—called Pope and Mac Siamese twins—some confounded yarn about stealing a jack-knife. Had to vote to refuse information wanted—all right enough, but "agricultural prejudices," as O. M. says mayn't understand it—some fellows shirked—wish I had.

*Mems.*—Go to Departments Saturday to look up some pay for Mugginsville *Boomerang*—"confidential printing" and that—won't do to let White have it all. Write to county council about bonus racket—get warden down—introduce him to Sir John—got him drunk—end of racket for this year—warden my friend for life.

### A CANADIAN POET AT LAST.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—When Mr. McIntyre's "Musings on the Banks of the Canadian Thames," hit the literary public below the belt and caused it to gasp for breath, the long-veiled question as to whether we had genuine poetical talent in this country or not was set at rest.

Further evidence that Canada can produce minstrels about as good as they make them anywhere is now forthcoming, as all readers of the splendid effusion which recently appeared in the London *Tiscr*—a poem of joy, a grand soul-outpouring to Mr. Mowat—must admit.

Sundry papers credited that wonderful piece of literary architecture to the Honorable Editor-in-chief of the journal named, but he, modestly, denies the soft impeachment, and endeavors to father the production on the gifted editor of the *Mail*, but as there is no reference either to canvas-backed ducks, magnificent salmon, or Grits sadly in need of a bath throughout the whole poem, I can hardly believe that Mr. Griffin is guilty of the deed. Whoever is the author, I am inclined to believe that he is the same heaven-born minstrel who composed the following ode, which came to me in a manner which, at present, I cannot make public. The style and sentiments of the two works are similar, and the *tout ensemble* of both incline me to the belief that they were conceived by the same master mind and penned

by the same lily white hand. Canada is to be congratulated that she has a poet capable of producing such verse, although, for the present the author prefers to hide his light under a bushel of turnips.

I forward you the poem, as I think some of your readers may recognize the style of the writer and identify him, and as it would be unjust to kill an innocent man, it is as well that the real author should be lynched and not some obscure individual who does not know true poetry from Tennyson's Freedom.

Here is the poem:—

"ODE TO AGRICULTURE.

"Hail! gentle zephyrs: fan my heated brow.  
Thus spake the horny-handed son of toil  
As, resting on the handles of his plough,  
He took surcease from furrowing the soil.

"Down on the earth the fierce December sun,  
His rays was pouring with his pristine fire:  
Toward the ice-bound river thirsty run  
The cattle, whilst the farmer and his team perspire.

"Athwart the sky the pallid moonbeams cast  
A silvery light; the Merry Dancers' glow;  
Whilst barefoot maidens' golden grainlets fast  
Throw down upon the expanse of snow-white snow.

"The ice-house keeper to the frozen stream  
Betakes himself to glean his crystal crop;  
The bardy waggoner drives his lusty team  
Toward the hay-field, and his brow doth mop.

"Fling wide your golden grain, ye maidens rare;  
Cut broad your swaths, ye men; ice-men, saw:  
And ye, oh! boys, make snow-balls round and fair,  
And for the plough-man jugs of cider draw.

"Spread the guano on the frozen rills;  
Down let it fall with d—l and s—ck—ng th—d;  
Tone up spring livers with aperient pills,  
And nip the 'aggressive janders' in the bud.

"With drowsy hum at eve the laden bee  
Home to her hive from fields of clovered sweets,  
Flies whistly across the darkening ice  
As Chanticleer the breaking day-dawn greets.

"Afar the watch-dog's honest bark is heard;  
The cat's sweet treble tuned to upper C;  
Soft fall the bass notes of the bull-toad bird,  
The world is left to solitude and me.

"Oh!"

This is all of the poem which ends very abruptly, that final "Oh!" being strongly suggestive of some one who has been peep'ng over the poet's shoulder, suddenly dealing him a tremendous kick in the rear. Be that as it may, I have much pleasure in forwarding you the work for perusal and, I trust, publication.

Yours faithfully,  
CONSTANT READER

WELL AS EVER.

Lottie Howard writes from Buffalo, N. Y.:  
"My system became greatly debilitated through arduous professional duties; suffered from nausea, sick headache and biliousness. Tried Burdock Blood Bitters with the most beneficial effect. Am well as ever."

PURE GOLD MANUFACTURING CO.

31 Front-street East, Toronto.





# QUEER CONDUCT

OF ONE OF MISS CANADA'S SERVANTS.

ARABIAN NIGHTS.

THE ONE THOUSAND AND SECOND NIGHT.

(Continued and Concluded.)

"It would consume far too much time," continued Scheherazade, "were I to tell you all the wonderful things seen by Plumduff, the Bargee, in the city of which I have been telling you, and some of his accounts you would not for an instant believe."

"I haven't believed a single word of what you have already told me," replied the caliph, "and I set that Plumduff down as a most deplorable liar. However, tell me a few more of his adventures, and if you draw the long bow too much—tick!" and the caliph threw his head on one side, thrust out his tongue, and held his breath till he was black in the face, thus facetiously imitating the contortions of a victim being bowstrung, as a warning to Scheherazade of what she might expect unless she was more careful.

"I can only relate Plumduff's adventures just as they were told to me," replied the fair story-teller, sniveling. "On the following day," says Plumduff, "I visited a most astounding collection of curiosities from every quarter of the globe; this spot was named The Dza, and I was attracted thither by the delicious perfume surrounding the enclosure. Almost the first object that greeted my eyes was a large cage full of creatures which I immediately recognized as of the same tribe as the Djudes whom I had seen at the caravanerai; the only difference being that they seemed to be far more intelligent than the couple of whom I speak, and were not encumbered with the tight pantaloons worn by my friends of the preceding evening, the design of which garments I now perceived to be to conceal the long tails common to their tribe, but which it is thought proper to hide when in the public street. A wonderful horse, clad from head to foot in wool, like that of a sheep, stood—"

"Oh! come, old woman," interposed the caliph, "a woolly horse! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! That bangs Banagher! Another lie like that and away you go."

"Plumduff avers such to be the case, and goes on to say, 'another object of interest was the whale that swallowed Jonah, and which was here on exhibition as large as life and far more natural.'"

"Well, I believe that, for I have read in El Khoran of the incident of Jonah and the whale; but does Plumduff say what the whale looked like?"

"He says it looked very much like a whale, and was so large that he took it to be the Prince of Whales. 'Leaving this enchanted spot, which indeed I was not loath to do,' says Plumduff, 'for the perfume was exceedingly strong, I devoted myself to inquiries amongst the various bazaars respecting all I saw, and I was much struck by the difference between the weights and measures used by the merchants, and those to which we are accustomed, thirteen ounces making a pound, seventeen hundred and thirty-three pounds one ton, three half-pints one quart, and a gallon basket of berries containing but three quarts and a fraction. I found that the milk consumed by these people is of a light blue color and quite tasteless, and that their wines and strong waters are made from drugs and chemicals instead of being the produce of the grape and grain. The city is ruled by a man whose authority is boundless, his only outward sign or symbol of power being a high, black hat which he never removes during a meeting of his officers, the only other potentate who is permitted to wear this symbol of power being the chairman of the public school board, in whose case the hat is well nigh as large as the official himself—though not in his own mind.

"The city abounds in mosques and other places of worship, presided over by men of undoubted goodness and piety, whose duties are enormous, so much so that fully one quarter of each year is allotted to them for the recuperation of their health, which is quite broken down by their exertions, just at that period of the year when it is most pleasant to take a run through Yurru or elsewhere, especially when the cost of the trip is defrayed by the worshippers and the faithful, and not by the invalid himself.

"The greatest attention is paid to the health of the people and excellent sanitary laws are in force, and the draining of this vast metropolis is so excellent that not more than eighty-four per cent of the deaths from typhoid fever result from it.

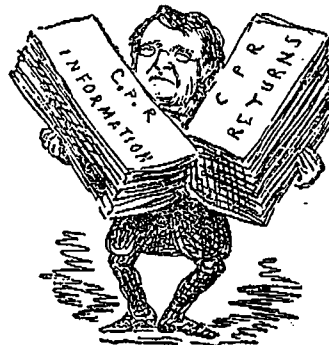
"It is everywhere acknowledged that the consumption by the people of strong waters is excessive and fatal, and every dealer in the fluids is compelled to pay vast sums into the treasury before he is permitted to slay his fellow-men. The number of deaths resulting from the use of these pernicious drinks is appalling, and it is calculated that three fourths of all the crimes committed can be traced to the use of them, but—"

"And you tell me," roared the caliph, "that the sale of these detestable liquors is permitted by the authorities?"

"So Plumduff states," replied Scheherazade, "and he further remarks that the authorities are deuced glad to get the money in return for the licenses to kill."

"Allah, Allah il Allah," exclaimed the caliph, sitting up in bed, "it is a base lie; no such country can exist under the sun. Say no more, Scheherazade, but get up at once. You are as bad as this Plumduff for repeating his villainous lies. Get up and take my compliments to the executioner, and request him to bowstring you at once."

Poor Scheherazade was forced to comply with this mandate, and in a few minutes her slender throat was encircled by the fatal cord, and her gentle spirit passed away as the caliph turned over for another snooze.



RAW MATERIAL FOR A COMING GREAT EFFORT.



"Three Wives to one Husband" is the title of the play at the Grand. Go and see the poor man struggle. If you have any fancy for Mormonism, it will cure you.

The Hollywood Juvenile Opera Company in "Cinderella" at Montford's, affords a fine

entertainment for all who delight in precocity. The little folks are very clever.

The Zoo is to the fore with an ice palace, second only to the Montreal edifice. See it ere it melts away, and see all the other wonders of the place while you are there.

The amateur minstrels will make a second appearance at the Grand on Wednesday evening next, 25th inst., when their former triumph will, we have no doubt, be repeated. The performance is to be in aid of the Orphans' Home, Dovercourt Road.

ADVICE TO THE CHILDREN OF A FRIEND.



ALWAYS be natural. If it were your nature to be like the innocent flowers there would be no fun in this, but as it is more natural to you to act like a set of wild hyenas, the benefit of following my advice is at once apparent.

When a lady visitor calls to see your mamma, immediately rush into the hall, seize her about the knees, and tread on her toes. You will, of course, be in different stages of extreme stickiness, sticking closely to the rule that the stickiest one should be the most affectionate. As she moves to take a seat, the eldest boy should snatch the back of her skirt, pulling with all his might, and howling "Gee up, here, now! Back, haw about!" By this means he will rip off several yards of goods from the waist-band, and afford a great deal of amusement to his little brothers and sisters. When the visitor is seated, swarm closely around her, prodding and punching her wherever taste or fancy may suggest, and jumping on her feet whenever she winces. Suddenly a few of you should run to the kitchen, bringing back six soda crackers apiece, all liberally oiled and varnished on both sides with butter and molasses. Some of these may be eaten, and the rest deposited in the visitor's lap for safe keeping. Said lap should now form a battle ground, on which two of you must fight a duel, having for its object the decision as to which one belongs the crackers. The other children may amuse themselves by trying to force a whole cracker into the visitor's mouth, whenever she opens it to talk to your mamma. When this diversion palls upon you, lug in a couple of cats apiece, being careful to select those who are shedding their coats. The very sight of a cat makes the visitor exquisitely nervous and miserable, and that's where the fun comes in. Mix the cats and crackers well together on the visitor's lap, pulling their tails occasionally, so that they will scratch her hand, and make her soul sick with fearful sounds. Don't forget to keep on eating. The vital spark of heavenly flame will be apt to quit your mortal frame on short notice if you don't feed it continually. A big piece of juicy cherry pie, made with the pits left in, and eaten from the hand, is good. Hold it so that the juice will drip in the visitor's apparel, and aim the cherry pits at her face. Don't be discouraged if you fail to put her eye out at the first shot. Take a closer and better aim. If at first you don't succeed try, try again.

The oldest girl can now take the visitor's hair down, and do it up in the way that better suits herself. The lady will probably say, "Oh, don't do that, dear," but pay no heed to this foolish remark. Grown up people frequently say silly things. The next oldest girl should fight with her sister concerning the proper way to do up hair, and each snatching a handful of the dishevelled locks must jerk them violently in different directions. The youngest child, who has been out in the snow, should now come in crying, with its hands covered with frozen molasses. He should climb into the visitor's lap, and thrust his hands into the visitor's neck. Then, as the molasses melts, it will trickle down the inside of her emancipation waist, making her feel very sweet indeed.

Sometime, my little dears, when your mamma is shopping, and the hired girl has an afternoon out, a masked woman will appear at your house. She will not say anything, but actions speak louder than words. Within her muscular right arm she will bear a prodigious s'pper, one of the kind which no gentleman's nursery should ever be without, and with it she will deal you out several good sound spank-ins—one each.

Adieu, my pets. We meet again. It will be a bitter meeting for you, I fear, but sweet for me. Revenge is sweet.

Fare ye well. Believe me that for you there is such a thing as future punishment. Bob Ingersoll may look after the rest of the world, but I will attend to your case.

A. E. W.

UNCLE DUNK ON WEDDINGS.



NE evening sitting round the fire we talked of all the news. We talked of politics and crops, and that new bean of Sue's.

For Sue had really caught a bean, a dandy neat and trim. She said that "in the wide, wide world there was no bean like him. He boarded in the village only distant three short miles. And came each night to see his Sue, his face spread over with smiles. For eighteen months he'd come and gone, just seven nights a week, and finally last Sunday night he thought it time to speak. Of course it was the very thing that Sue had long expected. She'd often wished the time would come when they would be connected. So, after dropping on his knees and pouring out his love, and swearing that he'd faithful be by all the stars above, Sue handily said that such a thing was never in her mind. But—she'd gladly take his offer—and he was so very kind; So they're going to be married on the seventeenth of June. That's five months from the 'gagement day—they want to have it soon. 'Twas thus the family sat and talked about the coming wedding. Aunt Alice said she'd have to take and get out the spare bedding. And air the blankets, sheets and quilts, returnish the spare room,— She'd have to have the best of things to suit her Sun's bride-room. And Sue would have to get new clothes, a bridal dress and veil, And then they'd go off on a "tower," for fashion must prevail; Her bean had lots of money and they'd travel far and near, They'd visit all the cities and they'd come back in a year.

But while this talk was going on, all heedless of their chat, Smoking his pipe in his old arm chair plain Uncle Duncan sat. He thought of days when he was young, when he first took a wife, And started on his little farm to lead a married life, "All host," said he when they were done, "who ever heard such stuff? In my young days when folks were tied they thought they had enough. They'd have a dinner in the barn and dance out on the green, And have the merriest waddin' day that ever there was seen. And when at night the guests were gone they'd stay right in their home, They didn't go off on a tower, and o'er the country roam. They'd sit right down and laugh and talk, and cast away all fear. Instead of all yer high-toned wines they'd drink their home-brewed beer; But nowadays when people tire of living all alone They marry while they're boys and girls, and won't wait till they're grown. Each gal must have a silken dress an' yards of ribbon gay And laces, furbelows and frills for which her dad must pay, And brooches, ear-rings, chains, and pins and all such other trash, And long false hair and bustles big that drain out all the cash, I wish that Sue'd take my advice, and let experience tell her Get tied as I did, save the cash, and boss that dandy feller."

A RURAL PATRIOT.

As he scrambled out of the pre-historic wagon and tied his antediluvian team to the hitching post with a section of beautifully frayed plough-line, you could see he had business on his mind.

When he pushed open the door and ambled dead straight for the editor's room at the far end of the office, it was evident that the business wouldn't wait.

He knocked down two rollers and a dead horse-bill form in one stride, swept a pile of pi off the stone with the butt end of his bull whip, tripped over the hell-box, and the next instant loomed up before the sanctum door like a pine stump in a quarter-acre clearing.

He looked as though Nature had thrown him together in chunks, and been called away to another job before dressing him off any; and when he started to talk it came out of him as if somebody was calling him a fool and a liar between sentences.

"I want ye to stop my paper, mister," he said, "that's what I'm here for to-day. It's bin thirteen y'ars since I signed fur it, but I stop right now. What's up! What rises me! Oh, I'll soon show ye. I ain't no man to go behind yer back an' kick. Look a-here! You writ this piece I reckon." He passed over a grease-streaked paper and pointed to a paragraph which ran:—

LAST WORDS.—Before another issue of the *Palladian* the people will have been called upon to select men to compose the county council. Let us all keep the right and true before us in voting. Let us lay aside all bickerings and local jealousies and unite for the good of our common county.

"That's my complaint, mister! That's what makes me bile over! 'Common county,' eh! Whar d'ye git yer common counties, if this is a specimen of the common brand? Pint me out a boss county, if this is sich an ornary one? Fetch along yer way-up counties, hein' as this is sich a low-down sample! Now, thar ain't no use'n ye makin' out fancy explanations 'n all that. Nor ye needn't worry yerself gettin' off 'pologies. Th' insult's struck me too hard. Ye've driv it clean into my gull. Why, man, this here county kin hold its own with any other in the hull Province. Yes, an' down the most of 'em, by gray! 'Common,' ye call it! I bin raise a bigger'n better crop o' grain on my place 'n any farmer in a hundred mile! Name yer 50-acre lot in some county as ain't common, an' fur weath I'll buck again it with any sort o' crop the s'ie raises. Yes, sir! An' you set here in yer seven-by-ten cabin an' fling yer

dirty slurs as if ye owned the hull country! The county's common, an' I'm common, an' my nayburs is common, an' everybody an' everything is common 'cept you and yer miserable little printin' ranche! Oh! yes, I know, I know! No offence war meant—jest a way o' talkin' like—never thought anybody'd talk it up this way—sorry I can't zactly comprehend! So'm I. But here's a y'ar's pay and it ain't due yit fur six weeks. Keep the balance fur yer kindness an' good opinion. I guess I kin stand the racket if you kin. No more palaver, now, if ye please! It won't go down with me. Mebbe some feller kin stomach it who ain't got no brains nor no gizzard. G'day!" TOLL.

TOPICAL TALK.

MR. JOHN L. SULLIVAN is reported to be on the war-path after all newspaper men and sports who have said anything in his disfavor, and who have armed themselves with revolvers and other lethal weapons. As Mr. Sullivan is not likely to visit Toronto I feel at liberty to repeat my opinion of him, which is that he is an unmitigated backguard and a scoundrelly bully. Should he take it into his head, however, to drop down here, I think he is a most perfect gentleman and an honor to humanity.

IN two brief weeks—nay, in two weeks of the regulation length—spring, gentle spring, will be here, though it is mighty hard to believe that she is so near, as one looks out of the window and sees ice eighteen inches thick being hauled up from the bay. The "youthful journalist has already nibbed his pen and got himself ready to say something about "Winter lingering in the lap, etc.," and the young man with the heavily padded overcoat has commenced to reduce the padding by degrees, lest his friends should be started by his sudden apparent decrease in size and weight. For a sudden drop from a seeming 210 lbs. to 96½ is somewhat alarming. Hail! gentle spring.

I SHOULD very much like to see some invention in the shape of a handle on top of fur caps. It is really too ludicrous for anything to see a young man wildly grabbing the whole crown of his cap whenever he meets a lady and wishes to do the polite; moreover, a fellow is never certain that he won't clutch a handful of hair as well as the cap; and that's painful. I saw a gilded youth t'other day lift himself two feet off the sidewalk by his hair; and he didn't get his cap off after all. I'm a Women's Rights'r, I am, and I think women ought to doff their hats to us; to us, Lords of Creation. Wouldn't there be some funny sights if such were the fashion? Gee-whew! hair and all would come off in some—but pause, rash me; pause.

"ALTHOUGH Mr., or Mrs., or Miss So and So, is suffering with a severe cold, he or she has kindly consented to sing this evening." Now, don't you frequently hear the chairman at "literary and musical entertainments" make this excuse when introducing some singer whose name appears on the programme? Wouldn't it be much more sensible if Mr., or Mrs. or Miss So and So would kindly refrain from singing when suffering from influenza. It gives nobody any pleasure to listen to a gentleman, whose voice, when at its best, is a cross between the bray of an asthmatic mule and the strains of a steam callopie out of repair, roaring out "The Vi-hillage Bla-hack-umith," whilst laboring under a heavy cold. It is enough to make an auditor, with a delicate ear for music, crazy, and it would be ever so much kinder of those singers if they would stay at home and drink hot gruel, instead of "kindly consenting" to prepare their audience for admission to a lunatic asylum.

J. FRASER BRYCE,

Life-sized photographs made direct from life a specialty. Nothing to equal them in the Dominion.

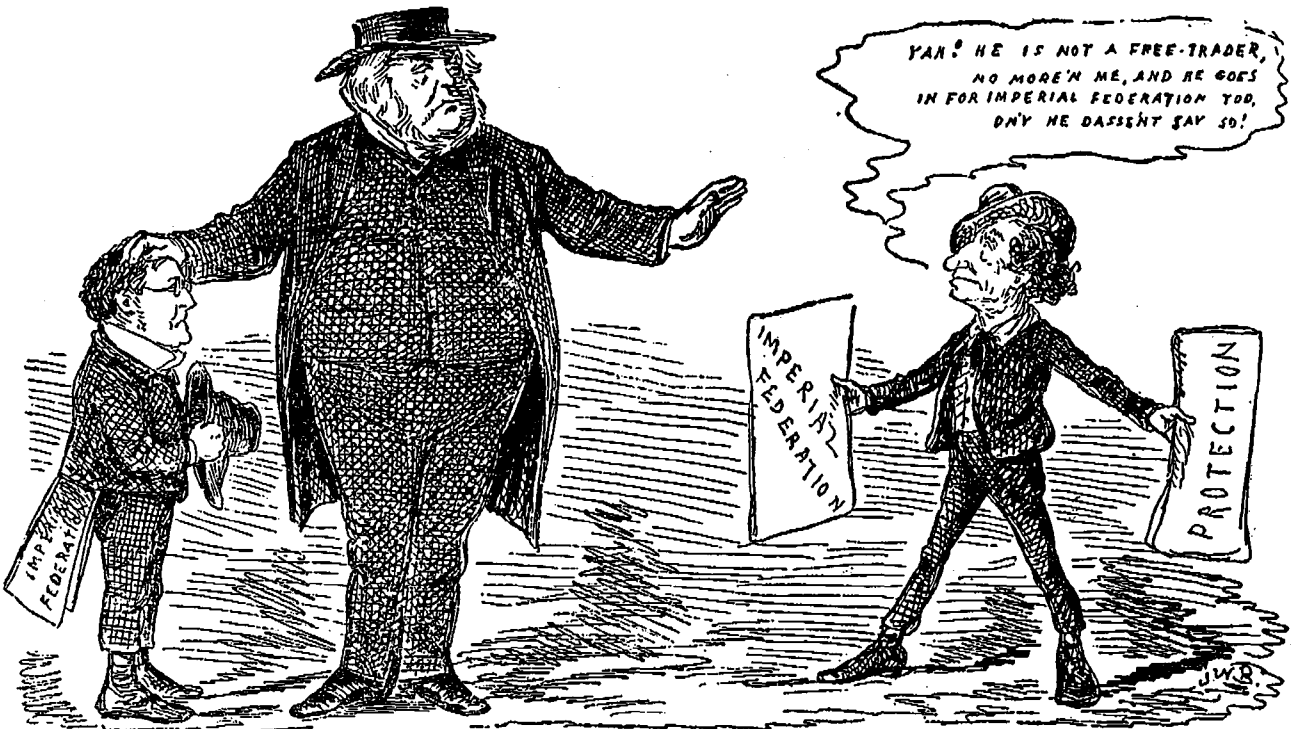
Photographic Art Studio, 107 King-street W.

97 to 107 Duke St., Toronto.

Barchard & Co.

Manufacturers of WOOD PACKING BOXES of every Description. All Work Guaranteed.

Pioneer Packing Case Factory!



JOHN BRIGHT'S WHITE-HAIRED BOY.

A WRITER in *Chambers' Journal* remarks: "Unfortunately only two or three scraps of Shakespeare's hand-writing have descended to posterity, etc." Unfortunately! no, sir, no; fortunately, if you please; that is if the usual hand-writing of the divine William was anything like his authenticated signature. I grant that the immortal swan of Avon was an average good poet, and a fairly intelligent man, but his hand-writing looks much better in print.

LADIES, if they have not got their canine favorites constantly with them, must have something by which to keep the tender attachment unbroken. So they wear dog-collars. Of course the collars are not the regulation brass circles bearing the inscription: "I'm John Smith's dog; whose dog are you? or words to that effect, as the case may be. The material is velvet ribbon, and the collar is said to look "particularly well against a soft, white neck." There is nothing very extraordinary in this. Almost anything would look well against a soft, white neck, just as a soft, white neck would look well against almost anything. A nice, dark coat sleeve, for example, properly arranged, would form a capital background, and heighten the effect of the soft, white neck, to say nothing of the color of the complexion above it. In fact, a soft, white neck by itself presents a very pretty picture. To tell the truth about it, if there is anything more

sweetly nice than a soft, white neck, it is a white, soft neck. But talking in this strain leads me away from the main subject under discussion—so far away, indeed, that I cannot in this chapter return to it with any degree of calmness or deliberation. I would prefer to linger on the soft, white neck—metaphorically speaking.

No wonder those Britishers over the pond fancy that Canada is a land of perpetual frost, when they read about ice-casules and so forth, though that does not do so much to convince them that it is as the absurdly insane custom so much in vogue of people who get their photographs taken for the delectation of their friends in England, having themselves muffled up in a ton, more or less, of furs sprinkled with flour or salt to represent the "once I was pure as." Even on a broiling day in August the man who desires to send his carte to the old country, rigs himself as described. Is it strange, then, that Britishers imagine that we plod about, from year's end to year's end, on snowshoes, muffled up on Dominion Day in a buffalo overcoat and taking a hand in a cheerful snow-ball contest on midsummer day? The idea which most English people have of Canada, i. e. that the thermometer seldom marks much higher than 25° below zero, is about as erroneous as that entertained by Canadians concerning England, that is that the sun is only visible about once in three months,

and that the whole island is almost constantly enveloped in a dense shroud of fog and smoke. This buffalo-coat-sprinkle-with-salt-photograph business won't help to bring emigrants out here.

**CATARH**—A new treatment has been discovered whereby a permanent cure of this hitherto incurable disease, is absolutely effected in from one to three applications, no matter whether standing one year or forty years. This remedy is only applied once in twelve days, and does not interfere with business. Descriptive pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.

Go to Kingsbury's, 103 Church-street, Toronto, for fine Cheese and Groceries.

USE THE ALBERT COY'S  
**CARBOLIC ACID**  
TOILET SOAP  
AS A DISINFECTANT.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGERS.

**GOVERNTON'S Fragrant Carbolic Tooth Wash** cleanses and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, purifies the breath. Price, 25c. Prepared only by C. J. Governton & Co., Montreal. Retailled by all Druggists; wholesale, Evans, Sons & Mason, Toronto.

**Gold Fish—Aquaria.**—Every family should have an Aquarium, which is amusing, interesting, and instructive to young and old. H. F. JACKSON, Chemist, 1,369 St. Catharine St., Montreal, has now the following stock on hand: Gold Fish, Silver Fish, Cat Fish, Bass, Chubb, etc. Treatise on Aquaria mailed free.

**HUSBAND.**—It is no good going anywhere but to the Golden Boot, 206 Yonge-street, for boots for my boys. They always fit and wear well.

**QUEEN CITY OIL Co.**



**5 GOLD MEDALS**  
Awarded in the Dominion in 1883-4 for  
**PEERLESS**  
AND OTHER MACHINE OILS:  
TORONTO.

The only subject on which all the great leaders of political opinion can agree perfectly, is as to the unapproachable excellence of Bruce's Photos. Studio, 118 King-street west.

There is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, PERCY'S is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

**COOK & BUNKER**, Manufacturers of Rubber and Metal Hand Stamps, daters, self-inkers, etc., railroad and banking stamps, notary public and society seals, etc., made to order. 36 King-street west, Toronto.

EVERY LADY in the land wants a sewing machine. Have you tried the DOMESTIC? Office, 98 Yonge-street, Toronto.

**ENGRAVINGS**

40,000 New Portrait Engravings (18x24) of Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Hon. Edward Blake, Q.C., Hon. Oliver Mowat, and Her Majesty the Queen, to be given away FREE.  
For particulars address

The Canada Pacific Trading & Importing Co., 120 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

**FREE!**

J. BRYCE, 107 KING-STREET WEST, TORONTO.