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IMPORTER.



CHINA HALL.

GLOVER HARRISON,

49 KING ST. E., Toronto.



The Gravelly Best is the Ash.

The Gravelly Best is the Owl.

The Gravelly Best is the Fool.

IMPORTER.

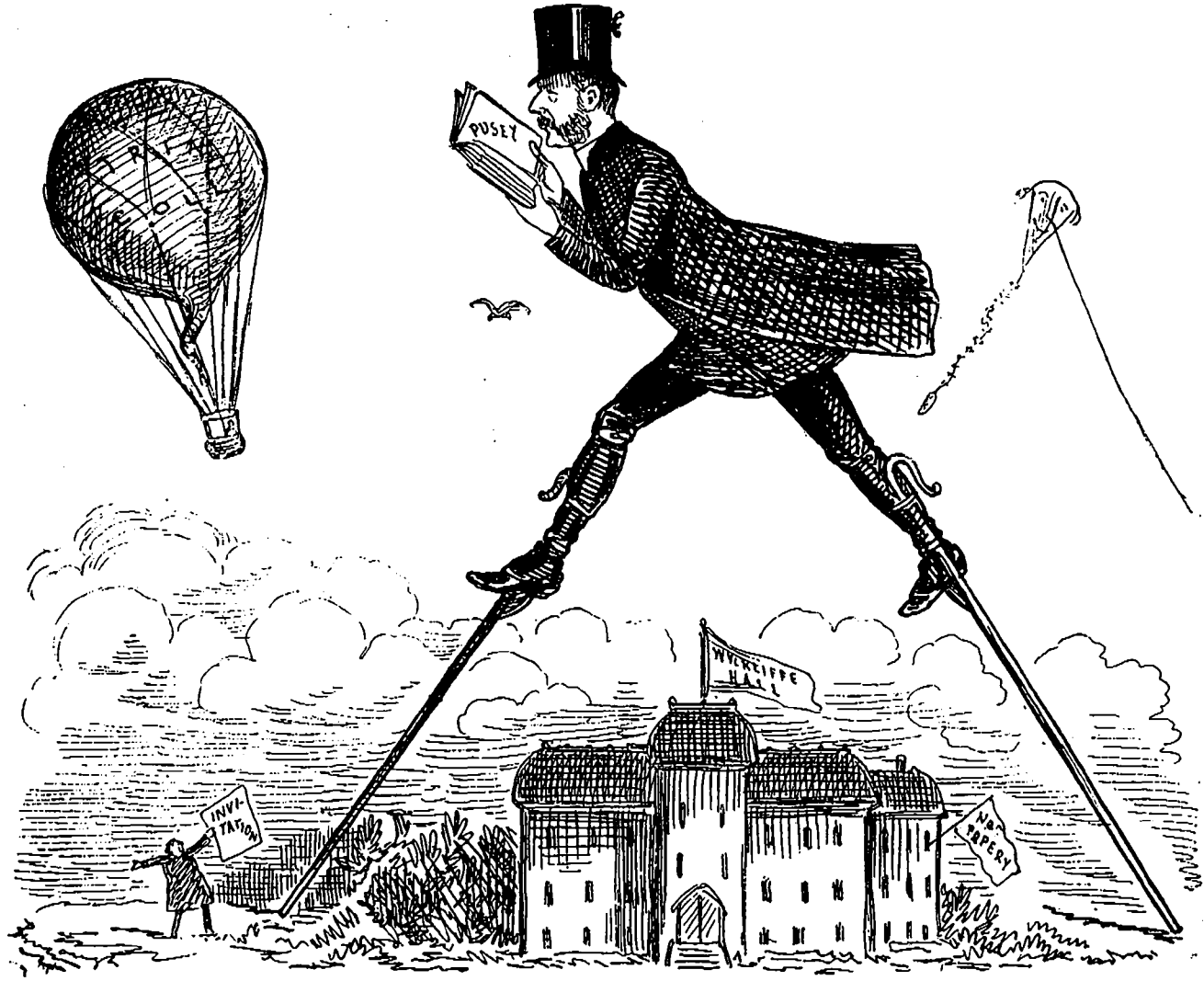


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 Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
 Hath come so near creation?
 2ND GENT—It must have been BRUCE, a he alone can
 so beautifully counterfeit nature.
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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

Published by the GRIP Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto.

J. W. BENGOUGH,
Editor & Artist.

S. J. MOORE,
Manager.

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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.

Please Observe.

Any subscriber wishing his address changed on our mail list, must, in writing, send us his old as well as new address. Subscribers wishing to discontinue must also be particular to send a memo. of present address.

NOTICE.

To prevent constantly recurring mistakes, we would notify correspondents that the "Shorthand Bureau" has no connection whatever with this office, but is managed by Mr. Thos. Hengough, at No. 11 King Street, West. All letters pertaining to phonography should be sent to that address.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The "Marmion" controversy still "thunders on the gale." The ruction being out of all proportion to the importance of the question at issue, it begins to look as though there were something more momentous behind it, and that something is, in the opinion of many, the desire of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to obtain further concessions in the way of separate education. High Schools and Collegiate Institutes supported by the public money for the exclusive use of Roman Catholics, is the next demand in order.

FIRST PAGE.—It is now clear that the Low Churchmen have lost their Bishop;—he has clearly gone over to the High section, and nothing could be more significant of this than his absence from the opening ceremonies of Wyckliffe Hall. We think it more charitable to attribute his absence to this cause than to accept the far more discreditable explanation that he stayed away because Principal Cavan and other Christian gentlemen ("dissenters") were to be present.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Hon. John Norquay has at last screwed his courage up to the sticking point, and comes out boldly as a champion of his native province against the encroachments of Ottawa. Bravo! John! May thy patriotism last longer than political necessity dictates!

John Ross Robertson ought not to send his horse race reporter to take Dr. Wild's sermons at Bond-street, after the mess he made of it last week.



At the Royal the new American drama "Ranch 10," a portrayal of life in the cowboy districts of the West—is now being presented by Harry Meredith and Company. The subject is new to the stage, and the play is altogether a great success.

If you have a weakness for the ballet, an eye for beauty and a taste for fun, visit the Grand—that is if you can get in through the crowd—and see "Around the World in 80 days." This grand spectacular piece is admitted to be the finest thing Toronto has yet witnessed. It will be withdrawn at the end of this week, so lose no time if you intend to see it.

"NORTHERN SPIES"

AND
LORD WOLSELEY.

It was just after the bugles had blown the reveille that an orderly (Royal Irish) drew aside the canvas closing Lord Wolseley's tent, and said, "Beg pardon Gen'ral" (Gen. Wolseley always sleeps in a tent, and pitches it at Aldershot, the tented plain of that locality reminding him so much of the Egyptian deserts).

"The general advance will commence at midnight," muttered the general, but half awakened, and dreaming of Tel-el-Kebir.

ORDERLY—The sinitry sir, says there's something sent yez from the Frinch, shall I have it sint up me Lard?

WOLSELEY—(Still half asleep,) French! French! oh, De Lesseps—yes, sould him up—send him up!

ORDERLY—Very good, me Lard! (Departs and fatigue party bring up barrel).

ORDERLY—It's here, me Lard!
WOLSELEY—(Up and dressed,) What's here?

ORDERLY—The barrel from the Frinch I told yer honor about!

WOLSELEY—What! what do you mean, you blockhead? whatthe—and—do you mean by a barrel from the Frinch?

ORDERLY—Sure here it is yer honor!

WOLSELEY—(Comes out of tent and reads on barrel,) "To the Right Hon. Sir Garnet Wolseley, Lord of Egypt, Northern Spies, from J. French, Canada." Now, by the busted Memnon, what the—and—does all this mean?" exclaimed the astonished hero. If the American war was going on and the consignment came from Savannah, I would perhaps understand the transhipment of Northern spies by the barrel, but why should they send the remains to me? By the great Sisostris but this beats cock-fighting! Open the barrel, orderly, and sergeant! detail a couple of men to dig a pit to hold the Northern spies.

ORDERLY—(Opens barrel,) By the howly St. Denis, but they're apples!

WOLSELEY—Well, by the great Rameses and the seventeen sacred cats! what the divvle does it all mean? Do they think I'm going to start an apple stall! Here sergeant, see this fruit brought to the Hospital.

"Of Northern spies we'll make good pies."

"But who the deuce is J. French?"

The incident, however, proved to be a source of considerable amusement for the *blasse* men about town. Young Giggleton (son of Lord Grimmonth), in the Mucilage Office, ne er passes Lord Wolseley now without asking, "Haw Wolseley! Anything ferthaw ffrom your wiend Fwrench?"

The *Canadian Journal* is a neat little monthly published at 92 King-street East. The subscription price is only 50 cents per year.

"We want more red paper for the evening edition," said the foreman at the *Mail* office to the general manager. "Pink, you mean," responded the manager emphatically. "Pink, sir; the *News* is never read!"

DEAR MR. GRIP.—Is the picture representing Sir Garnet Wolseley, and exposed for sale in the windows, a true likeness of that warrior, or is it taken from one of Mr. Tarrington, the organist?

Yours,
G. O. SPEL.

TRINITY COLLEGE'S RESPONSE TO WYCLIFFE HALL.

We don't want to fight,
But, by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the men, we've got the means.
We've got the Bishop too.

(With apology to the bard.)

CHANGE OF NAME.

DEAR SIR.—Allow me to suggest that, as the Alderman of Toronto are so fond of changing street names, and trying to perpetuate their own, that Lombard Street, *nee* Stanley Street, be changed to Rotten Row, which is appropriate to its present condition—it may become like the great street after which it will be named, and will perpetuate the street committee of this year (especially King Street) *en masse*.

Your obedient servant,

GENERAL SHAW.

Formerly of Shaw Farm, Toronto.

THE DISGUSTED VOLUNTEER.

"A deputation has waited on Sir John, to urge the propriety of giving up the rifle ranges on the Garrison Common for Exhibition purposes."

I think I'll pack my uniform, hand in my belts and rifle, it's hard to keep one's spirit up or indignation stiff when the heavy swells who manage the Industria Exhibition,

Are going to make our "ranges" a desirable addition to the lands they have already, and exhibit sheep and cattle
Where once the bugle sounded and the kettle-drum did rattle.

I suppose they'll level down the butts, and then burn up each target,
And make the reserve, in fact, just like a cattle market.
The space that erst was sacred to the flight of Snyder bullets

Will thus be dedicated to displays of setting pullets.
A building fine they'll have, of course, for "pugs" and "black and tanners,"

Where once the bayonets glistened round the regimental banners.

The only balls have uses *base* of pitching and of catching;
The only shells are those of eggs of artificial hatching.

And now, would you believe it? they have the gross effrontery

To suggest that we betake ourselves somewhere out in the country.

They say the march would do us good, so bracing and so jolly,

And the noise we make would not be heard e'en though we fired a volley;

But I hardly think the soldier boys will their suggestion follow,
In spite of rustic scenery or beauties of Hogg's Hollow.

Just let a Yankee gunboat—(such a thing before has happened),

Take up position half a mile from where the pigs are fattened,

And make a proper use of her big guns and ammunition,
She'd knock at once to chicken feed the charming Exhibition.

Then those who sneer at volunteer, and try to drive us out,
Might like to see the pens knocked down and rise a strong redoubt.

So good bye to my uniform. Farewell my belts and rifle:
Let the utilitarians now cry out "Oh be joyful!"

What care we for the riflemen? they can all go to the Dickens!

We'll occupy their ranges with horses, cows and chickens.
But p'raps some day when Yankee shells around their heads are humming,

They'll shout then for the volunteers, who p'raps won't be forthcoming.



THE EQUIVALENT.

Rich old Codger.—What, you marry my daughter? Why, sir, you haven't a cent to your name!

Romantic Lover.—No, sir; but I'm full of days' works!

THE JERSEY LILY.

A DREAM OF THE BOHEMIAN.

Hail! Jersey Lily, hail!

But stay!

How can a lily hail?

Any way

We may expect a storm,
When we see your lovely form

On the stage

Of applause,

Just because

You're the rage.

For even by this time

You're down fine.

Lovely Langtry from the Chancel,

The color of your flannel,

And the rest of your attire,

We admire,

And never tire

In looking at your busque.

Would it be too much to ask

The reason why

You don't try

To wear at least a brilliant diamond ring,

Or flashing solitaire

In your hair?

For here it is regarded just the thing

By our ladies in the morn,

At breakfast to adorn

Their fair persons with bright jewels rich and rare,

And silks and laces quite beyond compare,

While they tackle their hot corn.

So why don't you conform,

And like them yourself adorn,

Folks 'll think you haven't got 'em for to wear!

You won't wear your jewels, well, that's flat.

Well, never mind. Let's not have a spat.

Stick to that brown hat

If you choose,

So let's have a chat

About your shoes.

You won't! Well, how's your pa?

Reverend Dean,

How's he been?

And the Prince,

Did he wince,

Oh, la!

When you poured down his collar

The ice cream?

Did he seem

Mad at all? He did, I'll bet a dollar.

It wasn't nice

When the ice

Wet his clothes,

But I spose

From his message o'er the wire

That his garments now are drier;

And you're pardoned now, I guess,

For he wishes you success;

And his wrath

Through the bath,

Is by this time long forgotten—

Evaporated like the moisture from his linen and his cotton.

A FEW REMARKS.

There is a report that bread is down. Is this true, or is it only down in the mouth, as most of the bread winners are?

The fair sex can scarcely credit the fact that they are not necessarily to be credited by merchants on their husbands' account. Such an incredible state of things is not to the credit of the unfair sex.

Mark Twain has begun a new work, which is already being widely commented upon by the press, though it isn't likely to be much thought of by the public. It is the work of prosecuting pirate publishers.

"These eggs have the appearance of being smaller than the last you bought," observed the careful husband. "Yes," replied the frugal wife, "it's their having risen so high that gives them that appearance."

It was at a reception on Jarvis-street the other night. "Who is that young girl?" asked a lady of her companion. "I mean the one near the window—divinely tall and most divinely fair." "Don't you know?" said the companion in much surprise. "Why, that's a daughter of the gods. Nice old family, but don't go out much."

They had been reading Matther Arnold together, and afterwards sat down to a repast at which a foamy custard-like pudding was served. The young lady had made it from a nameless recipe, and din't know what to call it. "Will you have some—" she paused a moment, looked at it and said, "Will you have some sweetness and light?"

A Yorkville girl teased her lover for six months to tell her how much he loved her, and when he did, she declined seeing him again. "Why this unreasonable behavior?" inquired her mother. "Oh, its very easy to talk," was the indignant response; "but I'm not going to live in poverty all my days, and you know Shakespeare says there's beggary in the love that can be reckoned."

What is home without a mother? Don't you really know? Honestly, now! Well I'll tell you. It is an oyster stew without oysters and with a horrible lot of stew. It is a journey across the Desert of Sahara after the provisions have given out and before you come to any water. Its a severe attack of comfortlessness, aggravated by an intermittent fever of disgusted dissatisfaction, with the pulse at 120 in the shade.

HOW TO RECEIVE A COMPLIMENT.—The usual way is to exclaim, "Oh, you flatter me!" which is a direct insult, as to call a man a flatterer is to intimate either that he is a fool or else a l— fib-teller. A better way is, if you have a pretty mouth, to purse it up to its prettiest, and give a prolonged O-o-o-o-h. If you have fine eyes, open them to their widest, and say in a musing, dreamy sort of way, "And yet I have always considered you a man of penetration." If you are noted for your quick replies you should snap out, "Oh, Mr. Smith, do you say your prayers every night?" and if he retains sufficient self-possession to say yes, you should respond, "Well, you mustn't forget to ask forgiveness for that." If, however, he is so unmanned by the suddenness of the question as to tell the truth, you may reply, "I thought not! People who have to confess their sins are generally more particular what they say." But if you are known to be a young person of profound mind, and a firm believer in co-education, you should temper mercy with justice in this style. "Well, Mr. S., I appreciate your kindness more than ever, but I haven't so much respect for your judgment."

WHAT THE VOICE MEANS.—The higher a girl's voice is habitually, the quicker temper she has.

A low, unobtrusive tone shows the good business man.

A rapid talker is generally a rapid thinker. An indistinct, hesitating, or mumbling speech indicates want of clearness in thought.

If your words are each as hard and cold—as severely chiselled, majestic and unmistakable as the boss tombstone in a cemetery, it proves that there is no danger of your not succeeding as a school marm.

An extremely shrill and piercing tone in an infant indicates a crying need of peppermint or spanking.

There is something very soft and sweet in the accents of a girl in love, especially when she is completely "gone." The girl may be unconscious of it, but she can't help it.

A voice that is given up to speech and laughter alternately, and in almost equal proportions, shows that its possessor is a fool.

Silence is golden, and it is also "the perfectest herald of joy," but as a rule in a woman it shows that she is mad, and in a man it proves that he doesn't consider his wife worth the trouble of talking to.

A voice that is carefully modulated, smooth unctuous, and luscious, like a mixture of cod-liver oil and oleomargarine, is sure to belong to a base deceiver.

The voice of one arousing another in the morning, if modified by the feminine termination, "please, dear," means you have waked me too soon, I must slumber again. If, however, it is qualified by the masculine suffix, "You young rascal," it beautifully illustrates the force of the line, "Act, act, in the living present."

A soft, low voice is an excellent thing in woman, a rare thing in man, an adorable thing in children.

DE BIBLE.



ADIES AN' GEN'LEMEN,—Dare's some folks dats got a pooty good deal to say agin de Bible. When dey's on dis pint, I tells yer, dere tongues moobs along like a runaway locomotib. Among oddah tings, dey says dat dere is several werry smutty pieces in dat book, and, derefaw, it are fit only to be in de sarkilation lib'ry ob a house whose maw'ls is like a rotten egg. Well, now, yer knows dere's some crecturs dat likes to lib in dutty watah, an' some dat likes to eat food

dat hab got a smell dat are strongah dan nice. So, if de Bible are de nasty book dese fellahs say it are, all raskils and blaggards shoed read it wid de greatest ob pleazhaw. Yes, dey should hug it to dere buzzums. But dey hates it. Some may pretend to lub it, but dat are on'y pertense. Now, arn't dis worry kuris? I defy cny body to name one case in witch one's maw'ls was ruined by readin' eben dese pieces in de Bible dat dese fellahs blustah so much about. Ah! if folks would only read de Bible keerfully, and do what it tells dem, dere-would be nuffin but most 'spectibil folks in de w'ld. Dese fellahs dat I speaks about I'se sure has nebbah read keerfully de pieces dey condemns. Dey oughter gib de Bible de justis a plitical piece in a noospapah has a right ter. Dat wood on'y be fayah. But dey won't do dat. Dey hates de Bible just because de Bible are agin dem. Dat, I ashooah yer, are de reason wy.—*Julius Cesar Hannibal Washington.*

KNIGHTLY PRECEDENCE AT OTTAWA.



As Sir Leonard thinks it ought to be.



As Sir Hector thinks it ought to be.



As Sir Charles thinks it ought to be.



As GRIP thinks it ought to be.

SYMPATHIZERS WITH TYPHOID.

A FABLE.

The drainage of the city of Winnipeg had long been bad—very bad. The place was literally a stench in the nostrils of the public, and a standing scandal and a disgrace to the community, owing to its defective methods of sanitation. The Winnipeegers, though a pushing, go-ahead people in most respects, were somewhat behind the age in the matter of sanitary science, and rather inclined to pooh-pooh innovations. Accordingly, when people who had new-fangled ideas on such subjects urged the necessity of a new drainage system, on the ground that continued neglect of hygienic principles would certainly result in an outbreak of typhoid fever, the innovators

were very summarily sat upon. "Typhoid fever, eh? Oh, yes, you're always talking about typhoid fever. You'd like nothing better than to see half the city depopulated. You evidently sympathize with typhoid fever. You're a ba-a-ad man!" Whenever anybody ventured to deprecate the disgraceful condition of the streets and alleys which reeked with filth, he was instantly met with the crushing reply, "Oh, you are one of those sympathizers with typhoid." The state of things continually grew worse, as was only to be expected under such a condition of public opinion. Finally the fever really did break out, and a number of people, including several of the leading citizens, died. The indignation was intense against the sympathizers with typhoid who had gone so far as to suggest drainage, and by their continual talk about fever-germs and malaria had evidently promoted the spread of the epidemic. Several of them were seized and imprisoned for longer or shorter terms, and everywhere they were denounced and held up to execration as the vilest of mankind. Singular to relate, although the sympathizers with typhoid were so rapidly suppressed that nobody dare open his mouth on the subject, the fever showed no signs of abatement. In consequence of this visitation, the views of some of the citizens have been modified on the drainage question, though it is still held rank here to couple the spread of typhoid with the want of sanitary measures. And at a large public meeting recently held resolutions were passed declaring "that while a moderate degree of drainage might be beneficial on general principles as a thing no city should be without, this meeting can but inadequately express their sense of abhorrence and detestation of the sympathizers with typhoid, whose incendiary course has done so much to retard the adoption of a system of drainage."

It will be seen that the Winnipeegers are a conservative, practical, level-headed sort of people, very much after the heart of Prof. Goldwin Smith, and other quasi-Liberals, who regard Irish "outrages" as the great significant feature of the situation, and look upon the political and social abuses which provoke them as an altogether secondary and comparatively unimportant matter.

For particulars of the "Marmion" difficulty apply to the Bank authorities at Tilsonburg.



SKETCHES IN GOTHAM.

BY W. BENGOUGH,

II. THE RAG-PICKER.

FRENCH APPLES.

MR DEAR FRIEND MR. GRIP,—Pardin me bouldness in addressin' you at all on so short an acquaintance, as I haven't been in this same town that belongs to you more nor three months, but havin' herd from a friend with whom I am acquaint, that thro' the majum of your paper was the very best way to make nown one's publick opinions—as everyone looks to GRIP for counsel—I thought I mite express mine by the same.

Well, it's just to let you and the townspeople no how blessed a privilidge it is to belong to this same fine country, where lashins and lavins of everything reins; and where charity opens its doors on all sides, from the playhouse to the prison, to admit the poor people, if there were any, and shure it's aisy seein' there isn't. Sorra the rich door unclosed for us in the land we left behind us—manin' ould Ireland—but the poor house; and ne'er a grate man—french or irish—of an opera or or any other house, did we iver heer of there that would send a free donashun over 3000 miles of salt say, as I was towld a gentleman of this town did last week, to help a poor widder woman would one female orfant child, who wasn't a drop's blood of a relashun to him that anyone ever heard tell of. In throth, in ould Ireland I saw the poor widder and fatherless orfant on the roadside, many's the time, not a stone's throw from big noblemen's castles, and sorra the donashun would be sent to them if they were droppin' would the hunger; nor the laste notis taken, unless they raised a fuss themselves: but the lords and the ladies would pass by in their karridges, and turn up their noses if the poor famishin' widders didn't kurtsey to their honors.

But nothing of the kind is looked for here, an' the prosperity of the times an' the want of poverty in the country is shown by the tinder-hearted prisent that was sint so far away; for we all no "Charity begins at home," but when there isint anyone there to take it, it's a good man that will think of sendin' it so far away and to such a worthy object. Think of the pleasant Hallowe'en that may be spint by that little family, and all the poor woman's little grandchildren invited to a game of snap-apple, which maybe she hasn't ever had the means to ever before have them at since her widderhood; and shure the kind gentleman that remembered all this should never be left out in the annals of his country, be it France or Ireland or America; but if that man an' a few more like him were in the town I cum from it would be a blessed thing for it entirely. I remain, dear MR. GRIP, yer fast friend,

DINNEY O'RIELLY.

A MANITOBA IDYL.

I'm the cherished pet of Norquay,
I'm like his adopted son,
And with feelings quite paternal
He's me into office run.

It's true I'm rather youthful
—This fault's my only one—
But at quoting Coke and Blackstone
You'll find I take the bun.

I have travelled for my country
On Centennial Commish,
And I'll tell you, friend, between us,
That it wa'n't a bad possish.

At political conventions,
With mustaches pointed high,
I'll wave the Tory banner,
And will swear for it to die.

"Oh, he must be awful clever,"—
That is what the people say—
"Or he wouldn't be at thirty,"
"Torney-General, B. A."

If you wish to spend an evening,
Come and see me at my rooms,
And I'll produce those nice decanters
That I bought from Auction Scoones.

And we'll talk the matter over
Of Anti-disallowance
But then Sir; John may drop on us,
And give us all the bou(a)nce.

J. D.



THE INTERPRETATION.

PAPA MOWAT (*puzzled*).—ADAM, HAVE YOU ANY IDEA—ER—ER—WHAT JOHN JOSEPH IS DRIVING AT?

ADAM.—YES, I THINK HE MEANS THAT HE WOULD LIKE YOU TO GIVE HIM SEPARATE HIGH SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES, AS WELL AS COMMON SCHOOLS.

THE OLD LADY.—THEN HE SHALL HAVE THEM—AT HIS OWN EXPENSE.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

BALLAD OF A BRAVE CATTLE-MAN.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Across the broad brown Texan hills,
With blossoms to our bronchos' knees,
With singing birds by broken rills,
We rode through seas of drowsy bees.
We talked. The topic? Guess—Why, sir,
Three-fourths of a man's whole time he keeps
To talk, to think, to be of use;
The other fourth he sleeps.

To learn what the mighty know of love,
I laughed all constancy to scorn.
Behold this day, all storm at morn,
Yet now 'tis changed to calm and sun.
Yea, all things change—the heart, the head;
Behold on earth there is not one
That changeth not," I said.

He drew a glass, as if to scan
The plain for steers; raised it and sighed.
He craned his neck, this cattle-man,
Then drove the cork home and replied:
"For twenty years (forgive these tears)—
For twenty years no word of strife;
I have not known for twenty years
One folly from my wife."

I looked that Texan in the face—
That dark-browed, bearded cattle-man.
He pulled his beard; then dropped in place
A broad right hand, all scarred and tan,
And toyed with something shining there
From out his holster, keen and small.
I was convinced. I did not care
To argue it at all.

The ardor of my speech grew still
As we rode on that perfect day,
The brown birds piping from the hill;
The crickets had it their own way.
I wondered, marvelled, marvelled much,
Was she of Texan growth? Was she
Of Saxon blood, that boasted such
Eternal constancy?

Well, we fell weary with the day.
God's bars of gold across the West
Before us drew and made us stay
Beside a blossomed rill and rest.
But rest I could not. Know I must
The story of my Texan guide;
His dauntless love, enduring trust;
His blest, immortal bride.

The camp-fire blazed, the bronchos grazed,
And belly-deep in bloom and grass
Would blink, as by the bright fire glazed,
O. sniff to smell the panther pass.
The massive Texan stars stood out,
Bright camp-fires of poor, weary souls,
Bound Heavenward. While all about
Couched Peace, with white patrols.

I would not sleep until I knew.
"Now twenty years, my man," said I,
"Is a long time." He turned and drew
A short pipe forth, also a sigh.
"This twenty years or more," said he.
"Nay, nay, my honest man, I vow,
I do not doubt that this may be;
But tell, oh! tell me how."

"I would make a poem true and grand;
All Time should note it near and far;
And thy fair virgin, Texan land
Should stand out like a winter star.
America should heed. And then
The doubtful French beyond the sea—
I would make them truer, nobler men
To know how this may be."

"It's twenty years or more," urged he.
"Nay, that I know good friend of mine,
But lead me where this wife may be,
And I a pilgrim at the shrine,
And kneeling, as a pilgrim true."
He scowling shouted in my ear:
"I cannot show my wife to you,
She's dead this twenty year."

—The Independent.

A policeman in Gallon, O., had his shoes stolen from his feet while he slept at his post.

It may be set down as an axiom that when a person grows fat he grows waistful.—*Boston Transcript*.

When a powder magazine blows up, it can, we suppose, be called flash literature.—*New Jersey Enterprise*.

The "fours of habit," said the gambler softly, as he dealt himself all the aces in the pack.—*Boston Star*.

Archimedes invented the slang phrase, "Give us a rest," when he offered to move the world with his lever.

Mr. Earlward Muybridge is lecturing in Boston. His front name is probably an ead-cartisement.—*Lowell Courier*.

"Where are the men of '76?" shrieks an excited exchange. Oh, to Halifax with the men of '76. Give us the women of '23.

Man proposes, God disposes—but it takes a woman with her hair down to be indisposed when anybody calls.—*Lowell Citizen*.

Phosphorus is the striking name of a new color. It will be worn by match-making mannas.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Mr. Gladstone owns a piece of land at Niagara Falls and refuses to sell at any price. He probably has a toll-gate on it.—*Boston Star*.

"Yes, the electric light is a great invention," muttered Flub, as he felt about the door, "an' every keyhole should have one."—*Boston Globe*.

We commend the advertisement of the Pye Harvester Manufacturing Co., on the second page of cover of this issue, to the attention of our readers.

We sneer at the Siamese for worshipping the elephant; but think of the money that is paid here annually just to see it!—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

An English doctor wants everybody to be buried in a wicker casket instead of a plain coffin. He is supposed to be interested in a willow plantation.

Is it right to say, "Coals in Boston are cheap," or "Coal in Boston is cheap?"—*Thomas*. Neither is right, because neither is true.—*Boston Star*.

"Hold the forte, for I am coming!" said the muscular man, as his pals staggered on the stairway under the weight of the piano.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

The reason that aesthetics so admire the stork is that he can stand for hours on one leg and look as though he didn't know anything and didn't want to.—*Somerville Journal*.

It is an undeniable fact that nearly all centenarians are poor and have been poor all their lives. If you wish to live to a good old age, young man, never advertise.—*Boston Star*.

This is the difference between the much talked of speculation in caoutchouc and a game of whist: One is a corner in rubber and the other is a rubber in a corner.—*Lowell Courier*.

It is a blessed good thing to witness a brand new play, because there is no danger of the idiot behind you telling his friend what's going to happen next.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

"Madge:" A woman physician should put not "Dr." but "Dx." after her name. The word "doctor" is Latin and masculine. Its feminine form is "doctrix."—*New York Graphic*.

"And now I ask," said Mr. Talmage, striking the Bible a heavy blow, "what is the distinctive feature of to-day's religious press!" To clip without giving credit, Mr. Talmage.—*Arkansas Traveller*.

When Closephist died his disconsolate widow moaned through her tears, "Well, there is one thing, John never gave me a cross word." "Nor anything else that he wasn't obliged to." murmured Fogg.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Do you subscribe to all the articles of the Athanasian creed?" was asked an old lady. "No, I don't! I can't afford it. There's a collection next week for the convention fund, and I can't do any more," was the reply.

A fashion journal notes a dress of lemon-colored tulle with moire bodice. We don't know anything as to lemon-colored tulle, but feel satisfied that more bodice would fill a long-felt want in full-dress costumes.—*Lowell Citizen*.

Convicts at Dartmoor Prison, in England, make skeleton keys out of the bones of their meat. Nothing could be more appropriate. Their escape by this means reminds us of one of those skeleton leaves.—*Lowell Courier*.

Beauties of the "United States" language: A gentleman was growling about having to pay a bill twice. "Why did you pay it?" asked his companion. "Pay it? I didn't. It was jayhubbled out of me."—*Modern Argo*.

A lunatic in charge of his keeper, while stepping aboard a train the other day, stepped on a banana peel and slid under the car. "Ah!" exclaimed the keeper, "I am like a disabled locomotive, for I've slipped my eccentric."

Heard at the Comundrum Club: "What is the difference between a frigid undulation and a den in a forest?" The prize answer was, "One is a cold wave, and the other is a cold cave." Music by the band.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Madame comes to inspect the costume of a tambourine girl which she has ordered for the fancy ball. "It is ravishing, but my husband—will he not find the—the train a trifle short?" "Not at all, madame," replies the modiste, "after I shall present my bill."—*Elevated Railway Journal*.

The papers are boasting of the delicacy of a pair of scales at the New York Assay Office, which are so nicely balanced that the mere writing of a name on the back of one of two pieces of paper exactly alike will turn the scale in its favor. This is equally true, however, of any board of bank directors.—*Lowell Courier*.

EARS FOR THE MILLION!

Foo Choo's Balsam of Shark's Oil

Positively Restores the Hearing, and is the only Absolute Cure for Deafness Known.

This Oil is abstracted from a peculiar species of small White Shark, caught in the Yellow Sea, known as Car-charodon Rondeletii. Every Chinese Fisherman knows it. Its virtues as a restorative of hearing was discovered by a Buddhist Priest about the year 1410. Its cures were so numerous and many so seemingly miraculous, that the remedy was officially proclaimed over the entire Empire. Its use became so universal that for over 300 years no Deafness has existed among the Chinese people. Sent, charges prepaid, to any address at \$1.50 per bottle.

Hear what the Deaf Say!

It has performed a miracle in my case. I have no unearthly noises in my head, and hear much better.

I have been greatly benefited. My deafness helped a great deal—think another bottle will cure me.

"Its virtues are unquestionable and its curative character absolute, as the writer can personally testify, both from experience and observation. Write at once to HAYLOCK & JENNEY, 7 Dey-street, New York, enclosing \$1.00, and you will receive by return a remedy that will enable you to hear like anybody else, and whose curative effects will be permanent. You will never regret doing so."—EDITOR OF MERCANTILE REVIEW.

To avoid loss in the Mails, please send money by REGISTERED LETTER.

Only imported by HAYLOCK & JENNEY, Sole Agents for America. 7 Dey-st., N.Y.



EXPLICIT.

Mother.—Danny, have you gone to sleep?
Danny.—Yes, mother, I've gone, but I haven't got there yet!

A FEW THINGS THAT ARE RATHER PECULIAR.

That the majority of the professional men follow suit.

That such men should get on to the Aldermanic board at all;—but they do, don't they?

That a clergyman fancies it is wrong to work on the Sabbath day, and yet does his hardest day's work of the week on that day.

That out of about fifty million editors, each one imagines himself to be the individual who has his hand on the lever of the world—or sun—whichever moves.

It is rather peculiar that the Treasurer of a council of the Knights of the Legion of Honor, himself of course, being brimful of honor and integrity, should abscond with the funds of his council; *vide* newspapers.

That a physician accounts for his charges by saying that his education and the expenses thereof must be taken into consideration, and then shows how much he has profited thereby by writing a hand that a five year old shoe-black would be ashamed of.

That a man who has been known all his life as an addepleted noodle, should, when he persuades his confiding fellow citizens to boost him into the municipal council, be expected to discourse eloquently and sapiently on any matter that comes up at the meetings of said council.

That about this time of the year, when it has been discovered that your name is on the voters' list, a number of men who have always happened to be looking for the comet when you passed them on the street before, find out what a good fellow you are, and what a lively interest they take in your family.

That a plumber should be made the butt of a lot of would be funny people's alleged jokes, because he charges for articles in his bill for which he has to pay himself, whilst a man who writes M.D. after his name merely writes "professional services and medicine," and tacks on a sum big enough to pay fifty ordinary plumber's bills.

That you find out, when you have a fortune left you, that you, the hitherto despised and down-trodden drudge, are suddenly "a man the city is proud of, sir!" that you possess "sterling qualities and brilliant talents rarely united in one individual," and that you have about ten thousand relations you never heard of before.

SWIZ.

A SONG FOR THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Rev. Canon Wilberforce, in a letter addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, as President of the Church of England Temperance Society, has just put forward the fact, which neither the Archbishop nor any one else has disputed, that the Church of England, who with her enormous accumulations of property is the richest land-owner in England, is also the principal owner of houses where drink is sold, and that a large part of the immense incomes of her clergy is derived from strong liquor! It seems to us inconsistent for a Church which claims to preach temperance to continue to derive her revenues from such a source. The Church authorities make no sign of renouncing this scandal; perhaps a little salutary ridicule may stimulate their sense of right. The Bishop of London alone, in the short drive from his magnificent town house to his palace at Lambeth, passes over a hundred liquor shops which help to support his splendor.

I.

A most noble institution for decreasing inebriety,
Is what is called the Church of England Temperance Society,
Though our ardent Prohibitionists scarce think themselves the gainers
By a temperance scheme which blends the "moderate drinkers" with abstainers!

II.

At its head the "Lord Archbishop" of the See of Canterbury
Doth encourage "moderate drinking" of good beer, or port, or sherry;
He was a poor head master once in Rugby teaching scholars,
But now his yearly income is seventy-two thousand dollars!

III.

For England's Church of millionaires is richest in the nation,
To her the dead men left their lands in hopes to buy salvation.
She kicked the monks out from their homes, a fate perhaps they merited,
And making gain of godliness, their good fat farms inherited.

IV.

And England's Church has been accused of strange proceedings sinister,
Which scarce permit her thus to pose as Temperance's minister;
If much of all her wealth is paid from dens where vice carouses,
And no one else in England owns so many public houses!

V.

When London's Bishop takes a drive from his town house to his palace,
A hundred dram-shops he must pass where strong drink crowns the chalice;
His Lordship is the landlord of them all, it would not answer
For him to trench too roughly on the city's curse and cancer.

VI.

And through the land every hand, do rector, dean and vicar,
Make fortunes still by those that swill each vile debasing liquor,
And selling rum is thought by some a *spiritual* profession,
Well handed down with bands and gown in "Apostolical succession!"

VII.

Then talk no more of Temperance lest godless folk cry "gammion—"
Don't vaunt so much of serving God while slaves to vice and mammon
Shut up the liquor shops if ye would prove to us your piety,
And till you do, shut up the Church of England Temperance Society."

LAV I. Cuss.

ENIGMA.

DEAR GRIP,—Surely everybody is acquainted by this time with every passage in "Marmion" since Crooks & Co., have advertised it so extensively, so here's a little riddle *apropos* of that noble poem:—

Were I in noble Stanley's place,
When Marmion urged him to the chase,
What fragrance round would be diffused
By me, beloved, tho' oft abused.
The warriors, with emotion deep,
Would turn their crested heads to weep.
Yes, I could make the haughtiest cry,
And bring a tear to every eye.

ANSWER.—ON-I-ON.

Yours, etc.,
DADDADACK.

THE BARBER'S GHOST.

Before our scientific sages
Had thought of "broad or narrow gauges"—
When ev'ry light or heavy load
Was carried on a turnpike road,
Commercial men were wont to go
Their journeys in a chaise, called "po,"
Or else some trusty "hack" would straddle,
And do the distance in a saddle.

One morn' in boots and riding coat,
The hero of this anecdote,
A genial spirit and a wag,
Jack Barker, stood beside his "nag."
With "nose" and "bill" his saddle lin'd,
His pack of samples strap bulind
(That in the journey his back bolsters),
Then put two pistols in his holsters,
Sprang lightly from the frozen ground,
Politely bowed to those around
(Like knights of old did at a tourney,)
And started on his tiresome journey.

Now, when he'd called at some few houses,
Some bargains made and some carouses,
'Twas growing late, but not before
He'd gone some twenty miles or more;
But as his devious way he'd wended,
Had longer stopp'd than he intended,
And found that tho' the "glass" beguiles,
And "moments" kills, it does not "miles."

So somewhat late, 'midst wind and snow,
He'd still a dozen miles to go.
But Jack ere he'd gone half the distance
Was sore in need of some assistance;
His hands were chilled and numb'd his feet,
He felt half-frozen in his seat—
He sought in vain some welcome light,
And shelter from the bitter night—
When, lo! there smote upon his ear
The sound of muffled voices near,
He pass'd—and found the wordy din
Proceeded from a wayside inn;

'Twas long ere Jack to see was able
The outline of a house and stable—
The place look'd wretched, dark and poor,
But Jack soon thundered at the door,
Which someone opened from a passage
Dark as a tomb, for then the gas age
Had not made ev'ry roadside station
Ablaze with bright carbonization.

To questions Jack replied, "Of course,
Why, shelter for myself and horse,
For both, my buck, need bed and board;
The rest I'll tell you 'when I'm thawed."
The landlord growled, "There's little danger
Of table bare or empty manger—"

Your horse a rooney stall may keep,
But where the deuce are you to sleep?
You've made a most unlucky call—
My house, you see, is very small,
And extra guests to-night it harbors,
There's not a room, except the barber's."

"All right," said Jack, "then please convey
My compliments to him, and say
That Mr. Barker waits below,
"Lathered" from head to foot in snow,
And would his snug dominion share
So shield him from this "cutting hair."

"Tell him yours if," replied the host;
It ain't the barber—it's his ghost!"
"I'm not particular to-night,"
Said Jack, "I'd sleep with ghost or sprite:
Rather than face this storm's fierce revel,
I'd share an attic with the d—l."
"Enough," said Hodge, "then may retire,
I'll send you faggots for a fire."
"Ah! do," said Jack, "and landlord, mind,
A something that will cheer a body—
In fact the requisites for toddy."

Here, reader, I'd remind you that
A gentleman from boots to hat
In those days was—I scarce can tell,
But nothing like a modern "swell."
They used to wear top-boots and breeches,
And coats that stuck as tight as leeches,
With collars that just reached their noses,
(How changed the cut of Lynes and Moses!)
Moustaches then were seldom worn,
And chins were most demurely shorn;
A single hair on lip or chin
Gains etiquette was quite a sin;

In fact the only whisker crop
Allowed was that called "mutton chop,"
So he who then forebore to shave
Was thought of a "moss" or a knave.
Hence gentlemen who rode for days or
Weeks took with them strop and razor.

Now what I would impress is this—
That on the journey Jack had his,
Now when he'd made a roaring fire,
Enough to grill a heifer's sire,
And drunk sufficient scalding grog
To—"rather vulgar,"—said a hog,
"Let's see," he muttered, "by-the-way,
This room is haunted, so they say.
By Jove I 'twould startle ghosts and host
Were I to play this shaving ghost."

No sooner said, than Jack began
At once to carry out his plan;
With shaving brush from ready case
He thickly lathered half his face,
His stalwart form from head to feet
He shrouded in an ample sheet,

MACHINE OILS.

Four Medals and Three Diplomas awarded at
Leading Exhibitions in 1881.

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TORONTO.



VALIANT JOHN FALSTAFF NORQUAY!

"A PLAGUE OF ALL COWARDS, I SAY, AND A VENGEANCE, TOO! MARRY AND AMEN! —Shakespeare.

The barber's old "four poster" spares,
And hastened down the creaking stairs.
Now from a distant door ajar
He heard the tumult of a war,
Where fiercely yelled each drunken brute,
With horrid oath and loud dispute;
But Jack, undaunted by the din,
Approached the door and peered within,
When he beheld a gambling crew
That cursed in turn the dice they threw,
While in their midst in guineas told
There lay a heap of shining gold.
Jack opened the door without a sound,
And just one moment looked around,
Then uttered 'midst the fools and knaves
In deep sepulchral voice, "Who shaves?"
As if a thunderbolt had fell,
Or Palisser or Whitworth shell
Had burst with extra charges in it,
The room they emptied in a minute,
Save one and that was ostler Bill,
Who'd had what some folks call his "fill,"
So, drunk, he stumbled on his way,
And shook with terror where he lay.
Jack laugh'd, but feeling somewhat cold,
Betook himself to bed—the gold
Now, as I am ever bound to tell
The truth—why, Jack took that as well;
The morning broke with ruddy glow,
The sun's rays sparkled on the snow,
The storm had ceas'd, the air was still—
Jack woke, and so did ostler Bill,
Who hastened down to room and feed
And, saddle, too, the stranger's steed,
Which Barker mounted, and then gave
The usual fee that ostlers crave;
But scarcely had he touch'd the prize
That Jack had given, than his eyes
(As down the roadway Barker went)
Were fix'd in blank astonishment,
"What's up," exclaimed the puzzled host,
"What's up?" cried Bill, "Why that's the ghost!"
R. CROOKENDEN.

AT PARTING.

"You are a strong-minded woman," he cried,
"And I don't care for strong-minded women," said
he.
"Well, you are a weak-minded man," she replied,
"And I can't endure weak-minded men," said she.
A. W. E.

(Established 1854.)

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FOR
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Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,
General Bodily Pains,
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and Ears, and all other Pains
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DR. E. G. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a
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Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostra-
tion caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakeful-
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Each box contains one month's treatment. \$1 a box,
or six boxes for \$5; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of
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Since the removal of Dr. M. Souveille's Throat and
Lung Institute to his new quarters, 173 Church street,
hundreds suffering from catarrh, catarrhal deafness,
bronchitis, asthma, and many diseases of the throat and
lungs, have received treatment by his new and wonderful
instrument, the Spirometer, which conveys medicines in
the form of cold inhalations to the parts diseased.
Physicians and sufferers can try it free. Four people
bearing certificate will be furnished with Spirometer
free. Write, enclosing stamp, for pamphlet giving full
particulars, to Dr. M. Souveille, ex-Aide Surgeon of
the French Army, 173 Church street, Toronto, or 13
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nue, North Parkdale.