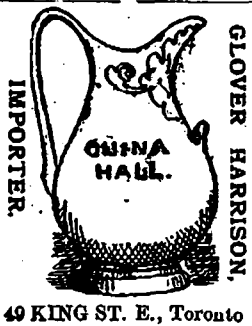


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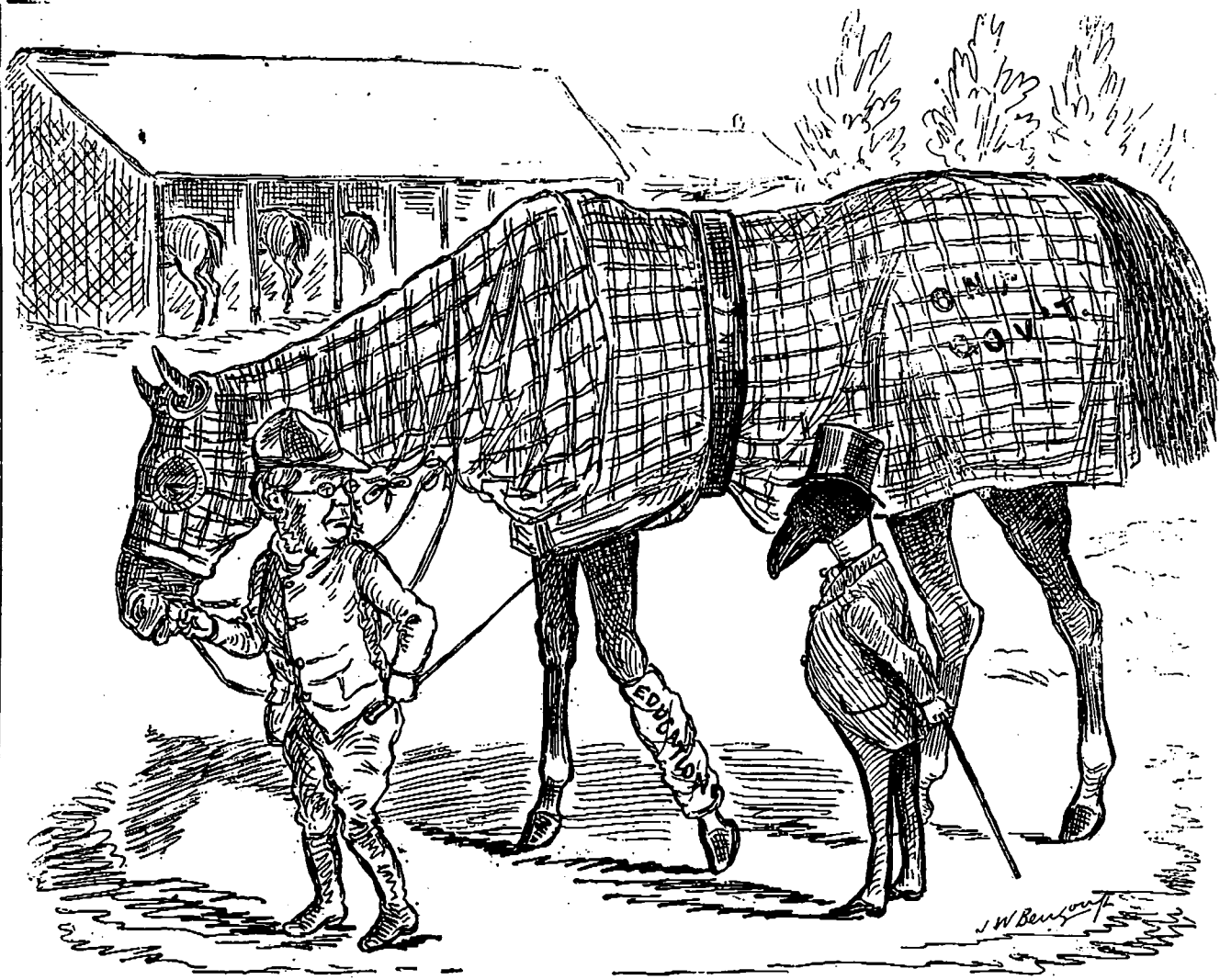
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1ST GENT - What find I here  
Fair Portia's counterfeit! Wha Deni-God Hath come so near creation!

2ND GENT - It must have been BRUCE, as 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. Subscription, \$2 00 per ann. in advance.  
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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH

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.

#### 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.

### Cartoon Comments

**LEADING CARTOON.**—A great deal of mystery clings to the arrangement just made by the Government, by which the latter agrees to guarantee three per cent. for ten years on \$100,000,000 worth of C. P. R. Stock. The only thing which is clear to outsiders is that the Syndicate's power over the Cabinet is practically unlimited.

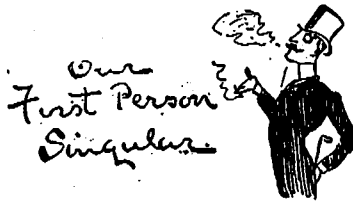
**FIRST PAGE.**—The Local Government horse is still very weak in the education leg, and unless something is speedily done, the animal runs an imminent risk of breaking down altogether. The limb has been very much neglected, the heal groom apparently thinking that the lameness was merely temporary. He appears to be waking up to a realization of the truth, however, as we understand that an unwonted commotion has been observed of late in the vicinity of the stables on Front-street.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—The editor of the *Mail* has at last accepted the doctrine of the despised Cartwright. He now says that "there are times when no hand but the Divine can save a country from depression." This is what the celebrated "mixer and muddler" used to say—his very words. Sir Dicky must be rejoiced over his convert. But what does Mr. Bunting think of such Fly-on-the-wheel talk on the part of his editor? And above all, what does the Finance Minister think of this repudiation of his professedly miraculous Hand?

#### THE TAILOR'S HYMN.

As pants the heart do not protect  
'Gainst winter's chilly air,  
The tailor's art makes coat and vest  
With all sufficient care.

France to China.—"You Hanoi me much."  
Mein Gott, Isaac! mark up eferyding in der  
shitore dree hundred und fifty her cend. Here  
comes a shtudent vot vants trust.—*Ex.*



Talk of offended dignity! I never knew the meaning of that word till last Saturday, when a newsboy ran up to a portly, expensively attired, would-be dignified old chap, and sang out "Buy a GRIP, mister; if you can't read you can look at the pictures." The old fellow gasped in amazement, thunderstruck at the insolence of the little mite of humanity before him; then looked round to see if any one had heard the awful words, saw me laughing at him and boarded a street car.

I see that Professor C. Astronomical Johnson, editor of the *British Eagle* and the *American Lion*, is about to lecture on the Hiding Place of the Wind. This subject ought to pan out well, but, judging from some of the Professor's speeches and lectures that I have heard, I should not think he would have to look very far for that same hiding place.

The approach of winter has ever had a depressing effect on my spirits. As I watch the sere and yellow leaf flutter groundwards in the autumnal breeze, I do not, Newton-like, ponder over that fact and make a grand scientific discovery, but the unwelcome thought will intrude itself, that Christmas, with the slow, unwavering tread of a boy sent on an errand, is approaching nearer and nearer. The season of Noel, termed by the poets and others of that ilk, "gladsome," has nought of gladness for me, for in the spring, "cooard loon" that I was, I made arrangements with divers tradespeople to pay their accounts annually, and Christmas-tide, with its wassail and its Yule log, its peace and good-will, brings nothing to me but reminders that dealers in meat and groceries have no souls, and that the gates of the Division Court are ever ajar. Still, there is solace for me in the reflection that the sweet singer of the vernal season, the spring poet, has retired for a time to exercise his talents on the prosaic bucksaw, and though the "Beautiful Snow" brigand will ere long cast aside his fetters and break forth into deathless song, the imbecile who annually writes a funny paragraph in which "lilac blazes" is the pith and marrow, has for a brief season vanished from our gaze.

With these few short remarks, I conclude with the fervent wish that the base dealers in the necessities of life, before alluded to, will mislay their account-books and that I shall not be compelled to pay them with the golden dross which I have laboriously accumulated by the perspiration of my good grey goose quill. Woe is me.

I was very much struck the other day by the appearance of a young lady who rode opposite me for some little distance on a street car, and I thought what an excellent model she would be for other girls to imitate. There was such perfect neatness and spotless cleanliness everywhere, from the dainty, but not gaudy, hat, under which the hair was arranged in exquisite simplicity, to the substantial and yet natty boots; and, though her dress was made of some cheap material, its fit was perfect, as was also that of her gloves, one of which she removed to search for her fare, revealing a shapely hand with delicate pink nails of a purity beyond comparison. Were I given to the use of slang I should say I was "mashed" at

first sight. Presently another young woman, (who would be mightily offended, no doubt, at being called such and not a young lady) entered the car. What a contrast was there between this one and the one before mentioned: The new arrival sported a huge Gainsborough hat; a massive brooch, a chain of equally ponderous proportions, and I think I counted seven rings on fingers of a hue that might be classed as "murky," whose broad nails bore that unmistakable sign of vulgarity—an edging of mourning. Her dress was an expensive one, but looked very much out of place on her figure, though why, it would be difficult to say; her boots fitted badly, and I just caught a glimpse of a hole in the stocking at the ankle; and finally, her speech to the conductor, "Is them there tickets six for a quarter," in the delivering of which she displayed a set of teeth which seemed to be in the sere and yellow leaf, settled her hash completely. I felt relieved when she left the car, though her odor of patchouli clung to it still, but when the other young lady got off I was as one who wakes to behold ordinary every-day things after dreaming of celestial beings.

#### A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.

##### OPERETTA.

"Considerable excitement was occasioned at St. Thomas on Thursday last in consequence of an affront of a serious character alleged to have been offered to the American flag. Judge Rogers, of New Orleans, has been stopping at the Grand Central Hotel in that city for a few months, and upon the occasion of his fortieth birthday, on Thursday, he was entertained to a banquet. Some of the gentlemen of the city sought to honor the occasion by elevating the Star Spangled Banner above the hotel, but Dr. Gustin, the Mayor, in company with Alderman Henry Brown, came to the house and requested that the flag be taken down, stating that unless such were done it would be torn or shot down. The flag was not taken down."—*Ex.*

SCENE.—ST. THOMAS.

*Dramatis Personae.*

JUDGE ROGERS.

DR. GUSTIN.—Mayor of St. Tom.

HENRY BROWN.—Alderman do. do.

Mob of Canucks and others entertaining Judge Rogers.

(Chorus of Inebriates and citizens of the baser sort.)

DR. G.—Haul down that flag I say;  
Now my orders please obey,  
For I'm mayor of this municipality.

JUDGE R.—But I'm forty years to-day,  
And this is our way  
Of exhibiting our harmless joviality.

DR. G.—Haul down that flag I say;

JUDGE R.—But I'm forty years to-day,

DR. G.—I do not care if you are forty million;  
That flag it must come down  
For the honor of this town  
Of which I am the principal civilian.

SOLO.—(By one of the Judge's entertainers.)

Doctor, spare that flag,  
For if you don't, I feel  
That if you touch that rag  
You'll hear the eagle squeal.

So, doctor, let it float  
As it is floating now;  
And do not truil your coat  
Tail, eager for a row.

(Chorus of inebriates and citizens of the b. s.)

"For he's jol' goo'f'ler,"  
"Wh' nob'dy can dn'y; 'rah-'rah-'rah."

DR. G.—Haul down that flag, I say  
I cannot let it stay;  
Insulting this Canadian community;

So haul it down, or I  
To shoot it down shall try  
When I get a favor-able opportunity.  
(Chorus of enraged St. Tomites).

Oh! Hannah,  
That banner  
Mussn't float in that manner;  
Pull down  
In our town  
The Sta-har Spa-hangled Ba-hanner.  
Mr. Brown  
Of this town  
Much objects to the manner  
In which you are floating that  
Star-spangled banner.

INEBRIATES.—That Bar Stangled Spanner;  
that spar bangled stanner; that star spangled  
panner, that floatsh o'er our town.

## RECITATIVE.

JUDGE R.—Well, gentlemen, I do not doubt  
you're persons in authority,  
Your numbers, too, are more than ours by a  
very large majority,  
Yet still I fail to see what harm that flag is  
doing where it is;

And I like to see it treated with respect, I do,  
where'er it is:  
You order us to pull it down, but that we  
must object to do;  
We do not think that that would be by any  
means correct to do;

So if you want to tear it down bring on your  
red-coat sodjery,  
For force alone shall lower it, as sure as my  
name's Rogery.

DR. G.—Come, alderman Brown,  
They won't haul it down,  
With Dutch courage these fellows are swelling

ALD. BROWN.—Just so, Doctor Gustin,  
With champagne they're bustin'  
Where this matter will end there's no telling.  
(Duet, by Peaceable Citizen and the Doctor.)

P. C.—Come, doctor, do not be absurd,  
And don't annoy the Yankee bird,  
But come and join us in a glass of champagne  
or Sillery!

DR. G.—Oh! no, my duty I must do;  
You, gentlemen, will shortly rue  
Your conduct when I come with my militia  
and artillery.  
(Exit Doctor and Alderman.)

Copy of Despatch from the Mayor of St.  
Thomas to the U. S. Minister of War.

"St. Thomas is insulted: American flag  
waving over the city. Unless hauled down  
within five hours war will be declared.

E. GUSTIN,  
Mayor of St. Thomas.

## REPLY.

"To Mayor of St. Thomas:  
Let her fly. Where is St. Thomas, anyhow?  
MINISTER OF WAR,  
U. S. A.

This so disheartened his Worship that the  
matter was allowed to drop.

## LOVELY WOMAN.

When lovely woman's feet are sevens,  
And such a size her soul abhors,  
What does she then? Why, gracious heavens!  
She squeezes them in Number fours.  
And when the years come onward pacing,  
And show her waist increased in size,  
What does she? Flies to tighter lacing,  
And shows her suffering in her eyes.  
And when her husband comes home jolly,  
Declaring, "Dear, I'm (hic) a'ri!"  
What charm can soothe her melancholy  
Like that of having "a good cry?"  
And when old age draws nigh and nigher,  
What then does lovely woman do?  
She makes herself a right-down l-r-r  
And says, "I'll soon be thirty-two."  
Thus lovely woman's e'er deceiving,  
Dispelling ever lover's young dream;  
And men must own, tho' sadly grieving,  
That women are not what they seem.

Swiz.



## ARTFUL MAUDELINE LEA.

FYTTE I.

Ponsonby Fane was a nobleman bold,  
And came of a family terribly old,  
In fact, if you looked at the family tree,  
You'd observe what a length was his pedigree.  
The young fellow, of course, could be never a churl,  
For Ponsonby Fane was the son of an earl,  
An earl as proud as an earl could be,  
Never an earl more proud than he.  
But Ponsonby Fane, though a terrible swell,  
In love with a beautiful actress fell;  
An actress who danced in flesh-hued tights,  
And remarkably well on spectacular nights.  
Oh! indeed she was beautiful—Maudeline Lea  
The name of this ballet girl happened to be;  
I say "happened to be," for some years before,  
She had gone by the name of Lucretia Gore;  
But "what's in a name? a rose" says Bill,  
"Will be equally fragrant called what you will."



FYTTE II.

Barnaby Brass was a barrister cute,  
Who had taught young Ponsonby's mind to shoot,  
And in quite a paternal and friendly way,  
The earl to the barrister wrote one day,  
And desired him kindly to try if he  
Could wean the young man from Maudeline Lea;  
He had heard that his son intended to marry  
The girl, an affair that would play old Harry.  
"Whatever you do," wrote the haughty earl  
"Break off this affair with that bold, bad girl;  
If coaxing won't do—and I hardly think  
That it will, why, make her an offer of 'chink.'"  
Accordingly Barnaby called on Maud  
And stated the will of the noble lord.  
(Be it known, in the past this barrister  
Had himself been awfully sweet on her,  
And he knew, as he'd very good reason to know,  
That her conduct had been just a *little* so-so.)  
And he mentioned his wish to sever this match  
With Ponsonby Fane, a most excellent catch;  
But Maudeline Lea would none of it hear,  
And she curled her lip with a feminine sneer.  
As she said, "You desire to stop my game,"  
"I do," quoth Barnaby Brass, "that same."  
"Excuse me a minute," said Maudeline Lea,  
"I'm not such a fool as I seem to be."  
And she left the room, to her boudoir steep  
And opened a desk where her billets she kept,  
She returned with a somewhat volubrious packet  
And said, "Mr. Brass, I shall stop this racket.  
This package behold, 'twixt you and me  
These letters once passed," said Maudeline Lea.  
"And you, I believe, are about to wed

An heiress—Miss Prude,—are you not?" she said.  
"I am," said the barrister, "Pray do you mean  
To say that you kept all that passed between  
Yourself and me, every word and line?"  
"I have," said Maud, "and I rather opine  
That I don't regret it, for please take note  
I shall send those letters, which once you wrote  
To me, where you called me 'your love,' your pet,  
To Miss Prude, that'll stop your game, you bet."  
By the way that she spoke the reader will see  
That uncommonly slangy was Maudeline Lea.  
Each separate hair on the barrister's head  
Stood up like those of a man in dread,  
And he begged and prayed Miss Maudeline Lea,  
Not to do as she threatened; "Then let me be,"  
Replied the actress, "and let me gain  
My point by marrying Ponsonby Fane;  
Don't try to obey that silly old earl,  
If you do—good-bye to that heiress girl;  
If you mind your own business, I'll give you again  
Your letters when I become Maudeline Fane."  
Now what could he do, poor Barnaby Brass?  
He looked like a fool and he felt like an ass,  
So he finally said, "Dear Maudeline Lea  
I'm afraid I'm compelled to let you be;  
I shall lose the earl and his business—good  
Or bad, but then I shall gain Miss Prude,  
Which I certainly shouldn't, I must allow,  
If you did as you threatened to do just now.  
So do as you please, I cannot afford  
To lose an heiress to please my lord."



FYTTE III.

The wedding came off, and Ponsonby Fane  
And his bride took a honeymoon trip through Spain,  
But first Mrs. Fane, late Maudeline Lea,  
Sent a neat little package to Barnaby B.:  
With a note, "Dear sir, as I promised to do,  
I send you that package I showed to you;  
Though a lawyer, you really don't seem to be  
Altogether" (what grammar!) "as smart as me:  
For I think it is right that you ought to know  
I destroyed your letters some years ago,  
And this is the package you thought was them,"  
(Oh! Lindley Murray!) "Yours truly, M."  
With trembling fingers the barrister tore  
The wrap from the package he'd seen before,  
But lo! 'twas nought but a neatly tied  
Bundle of paper and naught beside!  
Yes, sold indeed was the lawyer, alas!  
The actress had 'bluffed' poor Barnaby Brass.

Swiz.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A REGINA  
EDITOR.

(After his assailant was fined \$50 and costs.)



PORTRAITS FROM LIVING MODELS.

## II.—THE BORE.

The man who has attained the years of discretion and has never met a bore is one who may be styled thrice blest amongst mortals, and I do not, in my heart, believe that such a one exists.

Bores may be divided into several classes, as their methods of persecution are almost innumerable, though all lead to the attainment of one object; i. e., boring.

To begin with, there is the literary bore who is for ever writing a "doosed good article" and who is quite hurt if you give him to understand that you have not read it; he is sorry for you as he feels that you have lost a treat, and if you will only wait a few minutes he will fetch the paper in which his effusion has appeared and will read it to you. It will be a wise step on your part to promise to wait till he returns, and no sin whatever to break your promise, and vanish round the nearest corner as soon as his back is turned. Uttering falsehoods to bores of any description in order to get rid of them is no more wicked than prevaricating to a creditor; both are highly praiseworthy. When the literary bore is so fortunate as to have a sketch or a poem accepted by some paper or periodical of good standing, his spirits rise in proportion as those of his acquaintances become depressed. He will make the entire round of the latter, poem or sketch in hand, and should any of them venture to hint that they don't see much merit in the production they may rest assured that the bore will not leave them till, in very weariness and exaction of spirit, they have confessed that its beauties were of so subtle a nature that they were hidden till the bore had pointed them out. It is very unwise, however, not to admire anything the bore may have written, as there is no shaking the creature off until he imagines he has brought you to his way of thinking. Unfortunately the law still looks upon boreicide as a crime, though the steady march of enlightenment and civilization will probably lead to the issuing of licenses for certain portions of the year during which bore shooting will be as lawful a pastime as that of killing game.

Then there is the important bore; important, that is to say, in that restricted locality, his own mind. By some means or other, though heaven alone, if indeed the bore is known there at all, knows what, this personage has persuaded certain people that he really is somebody, and he is constantly in receipt of letters from persons in authority, soliciting his advice, and these letters, you may be very sure, will be produced for your delectation; if you chance to be so unfortunate as to be on terms of intimacy with their recipient. No matter where he may meet you, at a christening, a wedding, a funeral, the opera, or a

dinner party, it is all the same to him; you are in for it; the letters are produced; your attention is drawn to the fact of the high social position of their writers and unless you throw out some remark to the effect that you are convinced that the world would cease to revolve were the bore put out of existence, you may prepare yourself for a lengthy dissertation on his own importance by that individual. He has an overweening opinion of his own sagacity, and should you happen to mention to him that you have been overtaken by some misfortune, no matter what its nature may be, he will console you with the reflection that, if he had only been consulted in time, all your trouble would have been avoided. Though this bore is not exactly the same animal as the "I-told-you-so" and "I-knew-it-all-along" creature, the distinguishing mark is generally so exceedingly faint that the two are often confounded.

The travelled bore is perhaps the greatest nuisance of the whole tribe. He is generally a good-tempered, jovial kind of being with a loud voice, and is in his glory if he can prevail on you to dine with him at some public restaurant, his delight being to make comparisons between the way meals are served in this country and at the tables-d'hote in *la belle France*: he always calls it *la belle France*, never simply France—all of which he does in a tone distinctly audible in every part of the room and which draws the eyes of all the other diners in your direction. The travelled bore is sure to introduce some anecdote, generally utterly pointless and devoid of interest, into his conversation, merely for the sake of showing off his intimate knowledge of foreign languages, and to let people know that he has been abroad. He invariably drags scraps of French, Italian or Spanish into his discourse, translating them for your benefit, as it is his peculiar fancy that no one understands them but himself, as indeed but few do, for his pronunciation of these languages is generally such as to entirely preclude the possibility of an ordinary mortal even faintly guessing at what he means. "Ha," he will explain, "how this reminds me of a little incident that occurred on my third visit to Pahree; ah! Pahree *la charmante* (Paris the charming) it is thee that I adore (*C'est vous que j'adore*). I was dining with—no, let me see, I was breakfasting, yes, breakfasting (*dejeuner a la fourchette*) with my friend Count Dedbetowski—a Polish exile in Pahree. Some little remark of mine appeared to be doubted by the Count, who was somewhat tipsy, (*entre deux vins*) 'half seas over,' as you English say, 'Sir,' I exclaimed, 'do you disbelieve my statement? Do you doubt me—an English gentleman; (*moi, un gentilhomme Anglais*).'" It does seem incredible, sir, (*Il paraît incroyable*), he replied, when the words were no sooner out of his mouth than I threw an egg fair in his face. He started to his feet with anger depicted in every feature; nothing dismayed I returned his haughty frown. 'I am insulted,' he said, 'be it so: it is enough.' Quick as lightning I was down on him with the repartee, 'Count, it is an *œuf* (*il est un œuf*),' pointing to the broken egg. The Count was so struck with my matchless wit that he embraced me and begged me to pardon him." And so on and so on, till you find yourself wishing that the bore would choke himself with a hot potato, and inwardly resolving that never will you again accept his invitation to dine in public.

Space will not permit a description of any more species of this immense class, though they are as numerous as Vallambrosa's leaves. Who does not know the amateur theatrical bore, who invariably speaks of actresses by their Christian names or as *the* Montague, *the* Merriville, and so on? Who has not met the athletic bore who is eternally doubling up his arm and requesting you to feel his biceps?

Lives there a man who has not seen and been bored to death by the domestic bore, who gives you every little detail of his household affairs, from a description of his last Sunday's dinner to the conversation that took place between himself and Mrs. Bore on the subject of the baby's new tooth? These and many, many more belong to the great Bore family whose members are scattered throughout the world and are found in every quarter of the globe: whose usefulness none may know, though, doubtless an unerring providence created them for some good end, though what it may be is beyond the knowledge of ordinary mortals. S.

## PARTING GIFTS FROM THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

MR. GRIP does not vouch for the authenticity of the following list, but who will say that it is not an appropriate one?

- To Mr. GRIP.—A wreath of maple leaves.
- To Sir John Macdonald.—A complete set of the Statutes of Canada.
- To Mr. Blake.—A new hat.
- To Sir Hector Langevin.—A silver trowel.
- To Sir Leonard Tilley.—Two pounds of Li-  
quor Tea.
- To Col. Williams, M.P.—A copy of "Can  
you forgive her?"
- To Sir Chas. Tupper.—Picture of little Mrs.

To the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod,  
—A gold toothpick.

To Mr. Mowat.—A copy of Sinclair on the  
Division Court.

To Mr. John Ginty.—A Senator's toga.

To Mr. James Beaty, Jr. M.P.—A Wind-  
sor uniform.

To Mr John Cameron.—A nickel watch.

To Mr. M. J. Griffin.—A copy of Lord  
Lorne's speech on the amenities of the press.

To Judge Henry.—Cavendish on whist.

To General Luard.—A hand mirror.

To Fishery Smith.—An invitation to dinner  
—when they go to India!

To Sir R. J. Cartwright.—A prize in the  
Macdonald Jubilee of 1884.

To R. M. Wells, M.P.—Bell's Life in  
Ottawa.

To J. D. Edgar.—A copy of Lord Lorne's  
poetry.

To Col. Gzowski.—A piece of advice.

To Mr. Bourinot.—A copy of Lindley Mur-  
ray.

## DIRGE OF THE CABBY.

Weirdly the wind was shrieking  
With fitful blast and moan,  
As a hackman sat on his cheerless box,  
In the pattering rain, alone,  
And none was there to cheer him—  
No friend to tip him the wink;  
No pal to offer to beer him,  
Or ask what he'd like to drink.

But wait, wait, wait,  
On thy old cab-box, Cabbee;  
Whilst thou sighest in vain, in the pouring  
rain.

For a fare to come to the.  
But the stately swells walk on  
To the haven where strands a bar,  
Whilst thou look'st in at the window pane,  
And smellst the beer from afar.  
And though thou art thirsty and dry,  
None offers thy drouth to slake;  
And it's oh! for the touch of a five cent piece,  
Or the sound of a "whar'll you take?"  
But it's wait, wait, wait,  
On thy old cab-box, Cabbee;  
And it's oh! for a fare, well fixed and tight,  
That never will come to thee.

Is there none that is eager to ride?  
No; nobody wishes a hack,  
So away to thy home, oh, cabman go,  
And give us no more of thy "slack";  
For around the corner, behold  
Comes a peeler in angry mood,  
Who would wait here along to the cooler dark,  
Which would do thee a power of good.  
Don't wait, wait, wait,  
On thy old cab-box, Cabbee;  
For to-day is no day for a fare to come,  
To be fleeced of his coin by thee.



### DUNDREARY'S "WIDDLE!"

WH-WHY D-DOES THE DOG WAGGLE THE T-TAIL? B-BECAUSE THE D-DOG IS STWONGER THAN THE T-TAIL—OTHERWISE THE T-TAIL WOULD WAG-WAGGLE THE D-DOG!



"So the world ways."

"For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain" commend me, not always to the Heathen Chinese, but to the mild Hindoo, and I am sure that anyone who has dwelt in the East will back me up in the assertion that the average Oriental is a bird extremely hard to get ahead of. Full of outward respect to the European, he seems to be eternally turning over in his mind the ways and means by which he can "play it sharp" on the white man.

This is what an article in an exchange has to say of

#### THE MILD HINDOO.

An amusing story comes from Simla, which perhaps shows the reason for some of the strenuous opposition of the majority of Anglo-Indians to the passing of the Ilbert Bill. Cunning seems to be inseparable from the native character, and marvellous is the ingenuity with which on all occasions the Hindoos succeed in cheating their European employers. It is a well-known fact that the greatest care has to be taken in the holding of competitive examinations, as it is the amiable custom of the native printers to steal copies of the questions, and sell them beforehand to the candidates. On a recent occasion one of the examiners determined that he would prevent this, and accordingly he went to the trouble and expense of having his questions lithographed. He sat and watched the preparation of the stone; he saw all the impressions struck off, counted them himself, took the printer out of the room with him, and locked the door. And yet copies were sold at a rupee each that night to the students. The lithographer wore a white suit, and before he left the room he sat for one moment on the stone!

\* \*

Soon, I presume, the merry jingling of the sleigh bells will be heard; truly Edgar Allen Poe was right when he said "What a world of merriment their melody foretells." Gifted poet: would that he had lived to charm us with more of his matchless, musical verse. The following little poem clipped from an old number of *The Grumbler*, a periodical once published here, but now defunct some twenty-five years or more, has a pleasant ring about it. Had everything that appeared in *The Grumbler* been as good as this, it would have been a pity when the paper ceased to exist.

#### A WELCOME TO THE SLEIGH BELLS.

A welcome! a welcome!  
To the merry, merry bells—  
And the light, swift-gliding sleigh,  
As their music rings  
It merry tidings brings—  
"Be mirthful while ye may."

A welcome! a welcome!  
To the merry, merry bells  
As they dance in tuneful glee;  
Wake the snow-clad earth,  
With the voice of mirth,  
Keeping time to their minstrelsy.

Loose the reins, loose the reins,  
Bid the steed bound fast,  
Through the winter's fleecy gale,  
On! on! be the cry  
As ye swiftly fly  
O'er river and plain and vale.

A welcome! a welcome!  
To the merry, merry bells,  
As their clear sweet voice rings out  
Let them mingle long  
With the maiden's song,  
And the hunter's cheery shout.

A welcome! a welcome!  
To the merry, merry bells,  
And the light, swift-gliding sleigh,  
As their music rings,  
It merry tidings brings,  
"Be mirthful while ye may."

\* \*

The story related of Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle as follows, is old but none the less amusing on that account. The scene, as described, must have been ludicrous in the extreme, though the two principal actors in it do not seem to have been particularly impressed by the humor of the situation. Here it is:

#### DIPLOMACY IN BED.

Montague Burns, in his new book, "The Life of Admiral Lord Edward Hawke," tells this amusing story:—"There was a question about sending Hawke to sea, to keep watch over M. de Conflans; it was November; the weather was stormy and dangerous for a fleet. Mr. Pitt, in bed with gout, was obliged to receive those who had business with him in a room where there were two beds and where there was no fire, for he could not bear one. The Duke of Newcastle (the Prime Minister in name), who was a very chilly person, came to see him on the subject of this fleet, which he was most unwilling to send to sea. He had scarcely entered the room when he cried out, shivering all over with the cold. 'How is this? No fire?'—'No,' said Mr. Pitt, 'when I have the gout I cannot bear one.'—The Duke, finding himself obliged to put up with it, took a seat by the bedside of the invalid, wrapped up in his cloak, and began the conversation. But, unable to bear the cold for any length of time, he said, 'Pray allow me to protect myself from the cold in that bed you have by your side;' and without taking off his cloak, he buried himself in Lady Esther Pitt's bed, and continued the conversation. The Duke was strongly opposed to risking the fleet in the November gales; Mr. Pitt was absolutely resolved that it should put to sea, and both argued the matter with much warmth.—'I am positively determined the fleet shall sail,' said Pitt, accompanying his words with the most lively gesticulations.—'It is impossible, it will perish,' exclaimed the Duke, making a thousand contortions.—Sir Charles Frederick, of the 'Ordnance,' coming in at the moment, found them in this ridiculous position, and had infinite trouble in keeping his countenance when he discovered the two Ministers deliberating on a matter of such great importance in a situation so novel and extraordinary. The fleet nevertheless put to sea; and Mr. Pitt was right, for Admiral Hawke defeated M. de Conflans, and it was the most decisive victory the English gained over the French during that war.

#### WITHDREW THE SUIT.

A colored gentleman who was crippled in a railway accident sued the company. When the case came up for trial it was proved that the colored gentleman was stealing a ride at the time he got hurt.

"What difference do dat make?" he asked.  
"Makes so much difference that you cannot recover damages."

"Wall, how much will yer gimme ter wid-draw de suit?"

"A three cent stamp."

"Gin it here. Ben waitin' ter sen' a letter fur some time. Thankee, sah. De railroad a now free.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

#### ENQUIRER'S COLUMN.

##### DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUTHY.

Please tell me, if you can, who was called "the bard that soars to elegize an ass," writes HEEHAW. If I can, quotha, (good word that, 'quotha,') what can I not tell you? Lord Byron in his scathing "English Bards and Scottish Reviewers," thus refers to Coleridge's "Lines to a young ass," and particularly emphasizes the words "I hail thee, brother," which occur in the poem. The practice is now common, and it would seem that it is often the case that the bigger the ass the more elaborate the eulogy. Why people should be offended when the term "ass" is applied to them it is hard to say, for the donkey is a most estimable animal, and that is what many a man who feels affronted if called an ass, is not. The cultivated ass (to use the term in its usual manner), whose powers of thought are concentrated in the evolving of a "nivaculous necktie," or the elaboration of a coat, reflects no credit upon his quadrupedal prototype, who would doubtless feel insulted if he knew that he was classed with the creature mentioned. The Vicar of Bray was the last of his species honored with orders, although in the mild, fresh-from-college-with-hair-parted-in-the-center, High Church Curate, some people think they can yet discover the adolescent creature as a pulpit embellishment. The subject is one suggestive of deep personal analysis, and is recommended to my readers.

\* \*

Recently elected to a responsible and elevated position by the unanimous voice of the independent and enlightened constituents of my ward, and anxious to outvie all competitors in doing my duty like a good citizen and a true patriot, and acknowledging your incontrovertible claims to universal knowledge, I ask your advice.—SCHOOL TRUSTEE.

I give it with pleasure. Your ornate enunciation charms me. A school trustee should be an eminent scholar and an honorable man. Your first duty is retrenchment. The exorbitant salaries paid, especially to lady teachers (I hate the word female, so applied) in this city are enough to impoverish our civic exchequer. Those feminine cormorants ask wages equal to those of our domestic servants, and the upper classes receive enough to pay a cook or even a ladies' maid. Another duty is to see that the studies of the pupils are increased; personally question them in geometry, algebra, belles lettres, conchology, logarithms, Greek roots and French and Latin conjugations. Never mind the common place subjects, reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic and English grammar, which are of secondary importance. The school curriculum is intended to prepare all the boys for professional pursuits, and all the girls for rich men's wives. Attend particularly to their aesthetic education. Music is a refining art. Introduce it. The piano, the sackbut, the timbrel, the tambourine, the saxhorn, the trombone, the piccolo, and the jewsharp, according to the natural abilities of the pupils. Remember spelling, reading and writing are commonplace—consequently vulgar.

A Little Rock man found a cake of soap, and for days carried it as a curiosity, as nobody could tell what it was.

A painter was bragging of his wonderful command of color to a friend one day. His friend did not seem to take it all in. "Why," exclaimed the painter, "do you know there are but three painters in the world, sir, who understand color!" "And who are they?" at last asked his friend. "Why, sir, I am one, and—and—and I forget the names of the other two."



## HOW HE DID IT.

"You see," said the fat man who always gets on the car at the Dovercourt Road, as he stood with a friend waiting for it to come along, "there is a knack in doing all things. I never ask a driver to stop for me; Habit has become second nature to me and I had rather get on a car when it's in motion than when it's stationary. Now, here comes the car; watch me: I don't tell the fellow to stop; I merely watch my chance; I seize the rail with one hand taking my valise in the other, never for a moment losing my equipoise; I then—here she comes—by swaying to and fro, counteract the impetus of the moving car, and my centre of gravity remains in statu quo; then, lifting my foot,—so,—I step gracefully aboard—so,—and he sat down in the mud with a "swoosh" which was like unto the passage of a herd of bison through a swamp.

—S.

## POEMS OF LIFE.—No. 4.

## OCTOBER.—A REVERIE.

Written during a severe snow storm.  
BY MCTUFF.

(Concluded from last week.)

Now we nearer to the wood stove—  
To our well-beloved companion,  
Whilst the charm of conversation  
Lends its aid to present comfort  
And gray jest and lightsome banter  
By the pass around the circle,  
Whilst strange stories of adventure  
Wile away the evening hours.  
Seemingly an earnest list'ner  
Am I to their pleasant gossip;  
Yet my spirit is not with them;  
For the recreant is roaming  
Midst the labyrinthian pathways  
Of the unforgetten bygone,  
Noting keenly life's digressions;  
Brooding o'er its hopes, its failures,  
Until gentle, pitying Somnus  
With a wealth of fond carresses  
Wooes my wearied soul to rest.

E'en within the realms of dreamland  
Strange creations of the fancy  
Of disturb our deepest slumbers;  
Of times scenes that seem forgotten  
By mankind in wakeful moment  
Will uncalled appear before them  
In the semblance of a spectre.

Thus it was that stormy midnight  
That the record of the bygone  
Was unfolded to my vision:  
Earnestly I scanned its pages  
Of with bursts of sun-hine gleaming,  
Of times scarred, and seared and furrowed  
By the rude blasts of misfortune,  
Till my very spirit shuddered  
At the ruin there depicted.

Now again the vision changes,  
And I am a busy prattler  
In the early years of childhood,  
And a kind devoted parent  
Watches with maternal fondness  
O'er my plastic mind's tuition,  
Guides most tenderly my footsteps  
In the paths of truth and honor,  
Teaches my young lips to utter  
Words of gratitude to Him who  
Is the source of every blessing.

Let not scoffers say such teaching  
Will not leave a lasting impress:  
On the temple of the young mind,—  
Ne'er to be erased, though oft times  
In the after years of manhood  
Noxious weeds of scepticism  
May outgrow the tender seedling,  
Driving out the glad sunshine,  
Till the germ that gave such promise  
Fades and withers beneath their shade.  
Yet when in the heart implanted  
It requires but warmth and culture  
To spring forth in full-blown beauty,  
Giving to the mind a lustre,  
Causing it to shine conspicuous  
In its purity and power.

But the howling of the tempest  
Wakes me from my restive slumbers,  
And the phantasies of dreamland  
Fade before returning reason.  
Yet 'tis strange the mind should ever  
Sympathize with nature's changes,  
Now elated, hopeful, cheerful,  
Now despondent, brooding, wavering,  
Listening to the wily tempter;  
Prone at wayward fate to grumble,  
Yet in self a firm believer,  
Though all past experience teaches  
How unstable, faltering, helpless,  
Is the idol which we worship.

Oh! the mind; how can we curb it—  
How control it in its wanderings—  
How subdue its wayward fancies—  
How direct it that it may soar  
Over life's defeats triumphant.  
Truly 'tis a higher power  
That must guide our wandering footsteps,  
Curb the proud, rebellious spirit  
Prevalent within our nature,  
Now by gentle, tender pleading,  
Now by harsh distressing measures,  
Till the soul cries out in anguish  
And submits unto the guidance  
Of the author of its being.

But the morning light is dawning,  
And the storm no longer rages.  
Now my reverie is ended,  
And the stern demand of duty  
Urges on to greater labor.

Yet 'tis well the mind should sometimes  
Have a season for reflection,  
That it may by earnest searching  
Know its mission and fulfil it.

## SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE POETRY MACHINE.

## MR. GRIP,

DEAR SIR,—As I was fooling with my poetry machine the other day, I fancy I must have got some of its delicate mechanism shaken up, for, without any warning, it started off and ground out the following extraordinary piece of versification. I call it extraordinary because I never saw anything like it. You will observe that the first and second lines both rhyme at both ends, the third and sixth do the same, as do the fourth and fifth. There seems to be a break, too, in the fifth line of the last verse: it doesn't rhyme with its predecessor, and evidently refers to some individual who seems to have a bad cold in his head and who would appear to be the author of the poem; if so, I should think his cold is about all there is in his head, judging from this singular specimen of his composition. I never knew my poetry-grinder to take such a freak into its head before, and doubtless my readers devotedly trust that it never will again. This is what it produced:

## DECEMBER.

Winter is now drawing near,  
Into the dismal and drear  
Weeks of December we soon shall be slipping;  
August's fine weather's long flown.  
Raw gusts, with threatening tone  
Seek to affright us, the flow'rets nipping.  
Brief seemed the summer that's fled;  
Leaf upon leaf falleth dead,  
Down on the grass from the rudely kissed trees;  
Grey is the sky and o'ercast;  
Away is warm weather at last;  
Frown follows frown o'er the sky; a hill breeze.

Sweeps o'er the forest and wild,  
Keeps us all shivering with cold,  
Touches our fingers and bids us remember,  
Warning and comforting wraps  
Charming fur mittens and caps.  
Such is the courier in front of December.

Flowers are dead long ago;  
Showers are turned into snow;  
Trees are all leafless; the grass has ceased growing;  
Flakes fly fluttering and quiver;  
Lake, stream, brooklet and river  
Freeze in the wind that so cheerless is blowing.

What can we do? I ask what?  
Hot it is certainly not,  
Freezing and breezing and snowing and blowing;  
Lonely I sit by my fire,  
Only a hardlet named Swiz,  
Sneezing and wheezing and coughing and crowing,  
Something smashed here and my machine was silent.  
Swiz.

## RESULT OF A LOVER'S QUARREL.

(As sung at the last Eistedfodd in Wales.)

I'm going to try to tell a tale in an interesting manner  
About a pair of lovers, who came out to Indiana;  
His name was Morgan Meredith; her name was Mariana  
M. a. r. i. a. n. a.; her name was Mariana.

He was a Welshman, Morgan was, and she was Welsh  
as well;  
He was a dashing beau and she was quite a dainty belle;  
And all about their loves I'll try to rhythmically tell.  
R. h. y. i. t. h. m.—rhythm; I'll rhythmically tell.

He loved; she loved, for he loved her, and she, why, she  
loved him;  
They therefore each loved one another; 'twas Cupids  
whimsic whim;  
Their cup of love was full, full up and running o'er the  
brim.  
R. u. n. n. i. n. g.; 'twas running o'er the brim.

He'd come and talk to her in Welsh, and she in English  
would chatter;  
Of course so many consonants would make an awful clatter.  
But if the two were satisfied, whatever does it matter,  
Double u; double l; double d, r; that's Welsh for  
"doesn't matter."

The course of true love ne'er runs smooth, you've doubtless  
all heard that;  
And, in the usual lovers' way, our lovers had a spat;  
She told him to begone, and he took up his cane and hat.  
P. l. u. g.—Welsh for hat; he took his cane and hat.

They'd loved for years, and now, at last, were doomed  
for years to sever  
And dwell apart, perhaps to be divided thus forever;  
'Twas very sad; to make you weep I really won't endeavor.

C. r. y. with a cry, I won't to make you cry endeavor  
Years glided by as years will glide, and forty-five were  
spent  
Since Marianne told Morgan M. to go, and Morgan went,  
And not a line between the two in all that time was sent.  
No; no l. i. n. e. line; no line was ever sent.

Must fancy those two loving hearts, by passion separated  
Each would have liked to make it up, but each, to say so,  
hated;  
And so they were divided, as I've previously stated.  
A. s.; p. r. e. v. i. o. u. s. l. y. stated.

When forty-five long years had fled in customary manner  
Al. Meredith was dwelling in the state of Indiana;  
And so, but at the other end, was living Mariana.  
M. a. m. a.; r. i. t. i. a.; n. a. n. a.—Mariana.

Besides these two there were two more; Ap Shenkin's  
Hal and Sue,  
Who, in the self-same country, Indiana, landed too;  
(I wish I could romance a bit; I can't; this story's true.  
T. r. u. e.—true: "I cannot lie, G. double U.")

And now, by rights, these lovers fond should meet, make  
up and marry;  
But, just to show how things that ought to be sometimes  
miscarry,  
They didn't; Morgan married Sue, and Marianne Harry;  
Morgan, Sue and Marian; likewise Ap Shenkin's  
Harry.  
Swiz

"Let no man enter into business while he is  
ignorant of the manner of regulating books.  
Never let him imagine that any degree of  
natural ability will supply the deficiency or  
preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable  
confusion."—Day's Business College, 96  
King St. W. Toronto.

## SNAKES IN THE STOMACH.

Two parties claim that such are the wonderful  
curative powers of the Notman Pad Co's  
remedies that they will drive snakes or any  
other reptile out of the stomach in two days.  
Whether this is true or not we are bound to  
say that these remedies are the best in the  
world for all troubles of the stomach, liver and  
bowels. Advt.



**CARTWRIGHT'S CONVERT!**

**GRIP'S CLIPS.**

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

**FROM A PROUD FAMILY.**

"Look a heah, sah," indignantly exclaimed a colored gentleman, "does yer mean ter call me a thief?"  
 "Dat's whut I means."  
 "An' why, sah? 'Splain yerself, ur take de rough consequence."  
 "Case I seed yer when yer stole a coat."  
 "Wall, dat's all right, but ef yer hadn'tor seed me I'd er whupped yur, sho'. Better be pertic'lar how yer fools wid me, man, 'case I comes from a proud fam'ly."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

**WHY HE WEPT.**

"My heart is broken," said a man who sat on the bank steps, weeping.  
 "What is thematter?"  
 "My grandfather is dead, and the thought that I never saw the old man is too much for me."  
 "Did he leave you anything?"  
 "No, and the fact of the business is, that's what breaks me up. If he had only left me something as a keep-sake, I could bear the grief much more philosophically."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

**GAVE HIM CHANGE.**

"An' ken ye give me the change fur twenty-foive cints?" asked Dennis of a merchant.  
 "Yes, think I can."  
 "An' will ye?"  
 "Yes, here it is," and he handed him five nickels. "But hold on. Where's the twenty-five cents?"  
 "Oi hev no twenty-foive cints, yer honor. Oi only wanted change for wan an' ye said ye'd give it to me. Good day, sor."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Too much study is said to affect the mind; and we know a number of cases where it would affect it very favorably, too.

About the only troubles that comesingly are fussy o'd maids.

A young lady who was being stared at too earnestly drew a veil over the seen.—*Ex.*

"This is how a parlor-maid the other day corrected the pronunciation of a fellow-servant, a page:—Don't say 'ax,' you vulgar boy; say 'harsk.'"

The marriage certificate is one of the few noose papers that have not declined in price.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Disgusted guest—"Waiter, I'm sure this napkin has been used before." Waiter—"Be-four? Why, sur! You're only the third as has had it."

The new two-cent stamp must go. It shows the head of Washington "out of plumb," whereas everybody knows that gentleman was particularly level-headed.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

"Dear Louise, don't let the men come too near you when courting." "Oh, no, dear ma. When Charles is here we have a chair between us." Mother thinks the answer is rather ambiguous.

Two Parisian Esaus were taking supper at a farm house near Orleans. All at once one of them made a wry face, called the housewife and showed a very blonde hair in the hareragout. The good woman smiled and said, "Yes, there is one, after all; excuse me, gentlemen, I thought I had taken them all out!"

A prying sort of an individual has discovered that the oyster has a trunk. Such a receptacle may be necessary, from the fact that the oyster spends the summer by the seashore; but if the bivalve wants to put on as many airs as the fashionable young lady at the seaside, it must also have a big bandbox and a pug dog.—*Norristown Herald.*

What to him was love or hope! What to him was joy or care? He stepped on a piece of mottled soap the girl had left on the top-most stair, and his feet flew out like wild, fierce wings, and he struck each stair like the sound of a drum, and the girl below with the scrubbing things, laughed like a fiend to see him come.

A Nashville man received a piece of wedding cake recently, and foolishly ate it. It nearly killed him, and the doctors pumped him out, braced him up, and walked him around, and at last saved his life, although they declared he had all the symptoms of pyæmia, strychnine poisoning, normal temperature, Asiatic cholera, morphine poisoning, rapid pulse, and terrific respiration, and several other awful things. However, an analysis of the cake showed that it contained no substances absolutely poisonous in themselves, but having been made by the bride, to the best of her ability and experience, the cake was enough to kill a river and harbor bill. The man was very young or he would have known better, and would have saved the cake to kill tarantulas with.

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