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HELP THE MUSKOKA SUFFERERS.

Mr. Mowat.—A DESERVING CASE, I HAVE NO DOUBT. I MUST TAKE IT INTO MY CONSIDERATION!

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### Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Hon. Alexander Mackenzie has resigned his seat as member for Lunenburg and intends accepting the nomination of his party for the constituency of East York. This move is accompanied with grave risk, but the political circus must have something sensational occasionally, like other circuses. It is quite possible that the Hon. Alexander, in making this desperate "leap for life" may come short of the object aimed at, and an inch of a miss is as good—or rather as bad—as a mile. East York may or may not take kindly to the idea of having a good member by way of a change. For some years it has been content to have Mr. Boulton; it is possible that having made some progress in civilization with the rest of the world, it may now be prepared to elect a better man. That Mackenzie is a better, abler and more deserving man than Boulton the most fanatical supporter of the latter will not deny. Then let Mackenzie be elected; from any point of view it would be a misfortune to leave him out of the House, though, no doubt, that would suit his own personal ideas best of all, just now.

FIRST PAGE.—The *Globe's* Commissioner in Muskoka ("Moses Oates") is doing a good work in exposing the real condition of the Muskoka sufferers—the victims of the terrific bush fires of last fall. According to his circumstantial accounts, the most desperate destitution prevails in many townships of the District, and assistance in money, blankets, etc., is urgently needed. It is reported that Mr. Mowat, as Premier of the Local Government, cannot see his way to providing any assistance from the Provincial funds, though officially cognizant of the facts. This, if true—and it is alleged by the *London Free Press* and other papers of good standing—is certainly shameful, considering that besides a heavy surplus the Government have a Fund for Contingencies amounting to about \$50000. The (perhaps unavoidable) action of the Government contrasts badly with

that of the manager of the Toronto Zoo, who has given half the net earnings of that popular establishment for the past fortnight to this worthy object, and with the equally generous conduct of Messrs. Samson, Kennedy & Gemmel, who, besides contributing a good round sum in cash, are furnishing blankets at cost price.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Our lively little contemporary, *The World*, is doing a good service in showing up the Manitoba Land Swindlers, and showing its editorial goose-quill through the precious paper towels that are being latched in all directions by the sharks. When the land fever strikes a man it generally makes him quite delirious on the subject of town-lots, and it is charitable to suppose that some of these voluble auctioneers and touters from the North-West are not morally responsible for half the lies they tell. But the people of Ontario deserve no pity if they allow themselves to be duped. Intending purchasers of North-West lands should deal only with reliable and responsible parties; and they should fight shy of all "flourishing towns" that flourish only on paper. Our picture conveys the facts in one specimen case, and we hope the lesson it conveys will not be without effect.

We commend the following extract from a letter just received from Grand Valley, Manitoba, to the attention of those who think GRIP is a trifle too severe on the Syndicate monopolists: "As we see you are setting things to *awites* in Manitoba, you would confer a great favour to a patient and long suffering community by 'showing up' the unjust and revengeful manner in which the C. P. R. Syndicate has treated this town. Grand Valley, as you are probably aware, is situated on the north bank of the Assiniboine River. Now, the C. P. R. runs right through the place, which comprises, in addition to a large number of dwelling-houses, eight stores, three hotels, warehouses blacksmith's shop, etc. Because the C. P. R. Co. (through Mr. A. B. Stickney, the General Superintendent) could not *grab* all the land here for a town site, they *positively refuse* to give Grand Valley any station or siding accommodation at all, and will rarely even stop their trains to let passengers on or off. In consequence, we have to haul all our freight, etc., back from Brandon, which is three miles west of this on the *south* side of the river; and, as there is no traffic bridge, you will see the great inconvenience we are put to."

The writer (it may be mentioned that this letter comes from a good business firm of Grand Valley) goes on to say that although this outrage has been brought to the notice of both Government and Company, all petitions, have been treated with contempt. We do not see what the good people of Grand Valley mean by sending petitions to the Government in this extremity. They ought to know that the Government is as powerless in the matter as their own Village Council.

"O papa, don't go to the bar-room to-night!" is the title of a new song by Mr. Robt. P. Joyce, a copy of which has been sent us. We haven't as yet had an opportunity of hearing it rendered, but if the music is as good as the advice, it is a first-class song.

The large edition of GRIP now required necessitates our going to press on Wednesday nights. Contributors will please bear this in mind and send in copy as early as possible. We cannot guarantee the insertion in the current number of anything reaching us after Tuesday.

Sir John A. Macdonald passed the sixty-eighth anniversary of his birthday on Wednesday. He appears to be a spry and energetic young fellow yet, though there can be little doubt he will feel it his duty to resign the responsibilities of the party leadership within twenty-five years from the present.

A member of GRIP's staff has been shown a letter from the Marquis of Lorne, d'ed Windsor Castle, saying that Mr. O'Brien's Quebec pictures have been much appreciated by the Royal Family. The view of Quebec from Point Levis has been selected by the Queen for Osborne House; that from the Citadel is hung in Windsor Castle. The Marquis has ordered six copies of "Picturesque Canada," the art department of which is under Mr. O'Brien's direction.

### A Fiendish Ballad.

When Satan's angels first broke loose,  
And sin and demons seized this earth,  
What awful ghoul, yet free the noose,  
Was't, filled men's minds with fiendish mirth?  
The practical joker.

Who prowls at midnight's hour so sleek,  
With maniac giggle scarce suppressed,  
And in the morn, with countenance mock,  
Enquires ament his victim's rest?  
The practical joker.

Who sews the sheets with woman's skill,  
Or fills the tooth-brush full of flour,  
Or fastens to the window-sill,  
The tick-tack of somniferous power?  
The practical joker.

Whose is the diabolic glee,  
That turns into ecstatic roar,  
To hear the bed, of slats quite free,  
Fall crash upon the next room floor?  
The practical joker.

Who, on mischief ever bent,  
With cayenne pepper fills the room,  
And with letters phosphorescent,  
On the wall describes your doom?  
The practical joker.

Who climbs the roof 'mid darkness dense,  
And to the chimney ties the cats,  
Then smiles to see upon the fence,  
A host with boot-jacks, guns, brick-bats?  
The practical joker.

Who to the table ties the chairs,  
And looks aghast with sudden halt,  
When, with sundry gulping stares,  
His neighbour says his sugar's salt?  
The practical joker.

Who with Machiavelian grin,  
All absent-mindedly ruminates,  
Upon some new and desperate sin,  
And titters as he cogitates?  
The practical joker.

What deed too wild or cruel for him,  
So he can hear behind the door,  
"Oh! blank it all, this is too thin,"  
From innocents who never swore?  
The practical joker.

Who is't, that pious men do pray  
May yet to Hades be consigned  
And get a taste of Old Nick's way  
Of joking with the evil kind?  
The practical joker.



The "Creation" concert of the Toronto Choral Society on Tuesday evening was a brilliant success. The pavilion was very nearly crowded, while the work done on the stage was exceptionally good. The addition of an organ erected for the occasion by the Messrs. Warren greatly assisted in securing this result, though the chorus and orchestra were more numerous than on previous occasions. Of course the interest of the audience was centered on Mrs. Osgood and Mr. Werrenrath, the New York "stars." The lady had no difficulty in captivating her hearers with the first note she uttered, and no singer could wish for a more complete success than she achieved throughout the evening. Mr. Werrenrath was only moderately successful; his voice is not a pure tenor, and his manner of pronouncing his words was far from pleasant. Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Caldecott, Miss Dick, Mr. Schuch and Mr. Egan were all well received in their solo and concerted efforts. Miss Boyd presided at the piano as usual, and Mr. Fisher wielded the baton. We congratulate him and the Society on the success of their first concert for 1882.

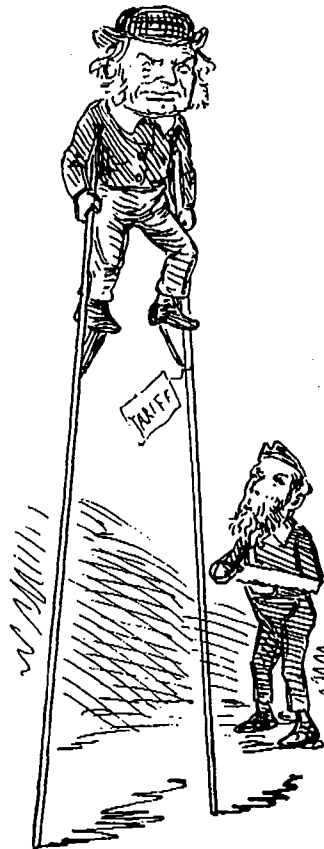
A good many of our readers may have seen the modest announcement of the two concerts to be given in the Pavilion on the 20th and 21st insts. by the "Royal Hand-Bell Ringers and Glee Men," without knowing fully what that signified. Let us whisper, then, that it simply means the greatest musical treat that we have ever had in Toronto. Nearly every Canadian who has visited London has heard of or visited the famous Company of Bell-Ringers in Poland-street, a company which has for many years been one of the institutions of the great capital, and time and again have appeared by command before Her Majesty the Queen. Well, this famous organization has crossed the Atlantic to see America, and one of our enterprising citizens has undertaken the responsibility of paying them their high terms for two concerts here as specified. If the Pavilion is not packed on both evenings it will only be because the public are not posted as to the merits of the Bell-Ringers.

The charming little actress, Miss Minnie Palmer, with an excellent supporting company, headed by Mr. R. E. Graham, is bewitching large crowds at the Royal this week, in her new play, "My Sweetheart." The piece does not call for serious criticism, its success depending mainly on the cleverness and agility of Miss Minnie—qualities in which she is without a rival, if we except Lotta.

"Uncle Tom" still lives, and the rumour that his "Cabin" had been sold by the Sheriff is unfounded. He must be rather more than a century old now, but he will continue to hold the fort as long as it brings money to the till. He may be seen just now at the Grand Opera House.

Mr. Charles Roberts' Humorous and Dramatic Readings are to be given in Shaftesbury Hall, on the evenings of Jan. 26 and 27, under the patronage of the Lieut. Governor and His Worship the Mayor. The New York press speak very highly of Mr. Roberts' abilities.

A restaurant sign—cheap fork hash.—Equivocation is own cousin to a lie.—E. R. Wick, Danbury News.



THE HIGH TARIFF.

MACKENZIE.—Don't be scared, Sammy. I ain't goin' to cut it all down at once on a sudden: I'm going to do it gradually!

The Insanity Plan.

ERINGOBRACH TERRACE,  
January 14th, 1882.

DEAR MISTHER GRIP:—

It's many's the time I'm ather thinkin' about you, since writin' me last unfortunat lether, but praise be to ivry saint in the calindir, sure it's here I am again intirely, right ind up, an' wishin' yez a——, sure an' what am I talkin' about, an' the year a-goin' on three weeks old. No matther, "bether late than niver" as the divil says, sittin' in the court-room a-waitin' for Guiteau. Well, durin' the writin' av me lasht lether, sure meself got clane crazy whinivir I'd think av the way I was drev out av me mind wid that infarnal advertisement, an' what does me relations do but claps me into the lunatic asylum. Bedad sur, whin I was ather wakenin' up an' fudin' meself out av me liberty to go down town an' amuse meself in me own way, sure me heart was broke intirely, an' it was wid the gratest difficulty that I kept me hands aff meself for bein' such a contounded fool as to get into such a place. However, ather a day or two, I had a bit sensible talk wid the docthor, a very fouse man intirely, an' ather that I began to walk about the grounds an' corridors an' began to get acquainted wid the onfortunat inmates. An' I solemnly declare to you, Misther Grip, it's mighty little difference I'm ather makin' out atune the world outside, an' the world inside the asylum. There they were, some siugin', some dancin', some preachin', some prayin' an' some layin' down the law wid a gravity an' a dignity, that some lawyers over the bordor would do well to be ather imitatin'. An' there, just as in the outer world, were the poor misfortunat souls

who have gradually sacrificed health, wealth, an' reason, wid all their grand possibilities of greatness or goodness, to the cup that cheers not, but inabretos; the victims av a traffic which the Government av this Canada av our's is afraid to crush out av existence, because, forsooth, av the loss to the revenue which would result from the stoppage av this wholesale poisonin' av the bodies an' souls av Canadians. In the first week av this new year, in Hamilton, behowld ye, a baby is found freezing to death beside the father an' mother lyin' drunk on the floor. An' in Toronto here we have the spectacle of a woman roasting amid the flames of a miserable straw bed, an' her husband, like herself, is too stupefied wid drink to lend a hand to save her; while all over this blisid young country, from the gaols, asylums, refuges, orphanages, an' from thousands av wretched homes, the cry av breaking hearts ceases not day nor night. How long, oh Lord! how long! and it's the misery, misery, misery av drink anywhere an' everywhere we turn. Yet in the face av all this there are people outside the asylum, who plausibly declare that it is quite possible to serve two masters, who dilate on the expydiency av making an "agreement with death and a covenant with hell," instead av settin' to work to exterminate the whole thing, distillery root and tavn branch, trusting to the righteous God they profess to believe in, to send prosperity and revenue to the country and people who believe so strongly in right, as to dare to do it. No sir! the madness inside is nothing at all, at all, to the madness outside the asylum. Still I musht say one does meet with mighty quare customers there too. For instance:—

"I'm going home to-morrow," says wan av them to me wan day.

"You are?" says I.

"Jes," says he, "I'm cured," says he agin, wid a quare comical look, puttin' his forefinger to his nose, an' winkin' at me wid first wan eye an' thin the other. Begorra, says I to meself private, it's madder than ever yez are thin.

"Whisper!" says he.

"Whist!" says I.

"Do yez know how I cum here?" says he.

"No," says I.

"I was no more insane, sir, than you are at the present moment, a mere dodge, I assure you on my honour. I took a long loan from the firm I was bookkeeper for, and when the old duffer found me out, I managed with the help of some friends to get iv here."

"The dickens, you did," says I, in grate astonishment. "Sure thin, it's in gaol yez ought to be, an' not here among decent people."

"My dear sir," says he, patten' me on the crown of me hat, "you are perfectly verdant. Your innocence is positively Pickwickian; you are too good to live. Did you never hear of the insanity plea?"

"No," says I. "What's that?"

"Ye gods!" says he. "Lend me your ears," says he to me.

"The divil a lend, thin," says I, clappin me two hands on me ears an' movin' aff a bit. (Betune you an' I, it's a little scared I was av this quare-talkin' mortal.)

"Hut-tut, don't be running away from a fellow like that," says he. "When I say 'lend me your ears,' I mean, listen with all your might."

"Oh!" says I, "that's a cat wid another tail." An' thin I comes back, an' wo both sits down on the settle in the hall.

"Can you understand a parable?" says he.

"Maybe perhaps now I moight," says I.

"Well," says he, howldin' out the palm of his left hand, an' layin' his finger on it, while he winked wid his left eye, "There was a certain man who was well off, shrewd business man, old respected citizun, and all that sort of thing, you know. He lends a man in trouble a bit of money, which he can't very well pay



"AS THE OLD BIRD CROWS THE YOUNG ONE LEARNS."

just then. So he tells him that goods are as good as cash to him, and if he will only betray his trust (the charge of government supplies for a public institution), and leave the doors open so he can help himself over night, he will thereby pay himself, and none need be the wiser. The keeper of the stores, being by his own folly completely in the certain man's power, consents, is found out, arrested, and sentenced justly. The certain man also is arrested; barrels of sugar, barrels of treacle, hunks of beef, and chunks of oysters, are traced and proven to have been carted away by him, his horse, waggon, and hired man. He fees a lawyer. Ugly case; no disputing the facts, but hold,—Euroka! yes, that's it, he'll try it any way; so he ups and tells the judge that law and justice has been administered illegally in the court since Confederation, ergo his client must go scot free. 'No, no, my man,' says the judge, 'that won't work—too thin altogether.' Then he runs his eye along that ugly high fence that hems in the certain man, and 'by Jove! there's another knot-hole, I'll see if we can't get him out here.' So in a few days a paragraph appears in the paper to the effect that the certain man is about to commit suicide, *a la Mantilini*—that he has made up his mind to be 'a demission body,' that in fact there are serious doubts of his being responsible for his actions, that a discovery had just been made that insanity was in the family, though no one ever heard of it before, etc., etc.—the usual routine, *a la Guiteau*, you know. The result—criminal lodged in asylum, discharged cured—penitentiary stigma avoided—bail saved—lawyer fattens on the fraud, and justice is completely fooled. That's how we come the insanity plea; it is a grand idea, and the crowning glory of our inventive era. By a clever working of this insanity wrinkle, we'll soon have justice at our feet. People will begin to find out that it pays better to grin and bear any crime, than sweat and toil and pay taxes, and bear the burden and expense of hunting up the pedigree and proving the sanity of the man who robs or kills his

neighbour. Another fine feature of this insanity plea is the way it brings out the noble self-abnegation of generous souls, who, rather than let the black sheep of the family get whipt of justice, will allow themselves and their posterity to lie under the awful ban of hereditary insanity. Mr. O'Hea, if ever your son murders a man or robs an asylum say, you will find that these few days spent in this asylum will be of infinite service to him in the hands of a clever counsel. Good by! Adieu for evermore!' and wid that he walks off, leavin' me sittin' there "a sadder and a wiser man."  
Yours in the right sinnis,  
BARNEY O'HEA.

Our City Article.

DEAR GRIP:—  
When in the history of a nation it becomes necessary—that is to say, when the rolling cycles of time, as it were—in short, when it becomes imperative to have a municipal election, it is necessary to choose good men. (*A la Mail, Globe, World, Telegram and Evening News.*) For the past two weeks Toronto has been convulsed; torn, as it were, with intestine discords; suffering from a periodical municipal colic. Great occasions produce great men, but it does more; it gives scope for almost monumental meanness and gigantic stultification. Instance—The reference to Ald. Ryan in the *Mail* of Saturday last. What was the argument, carried to its legitimate conclusion? That because a lot of young gamblers had lost money on a lacrosse match, the city was to be deprived of the services of a good, faithful, and eminently efficient servant. Of course politics and the West Toronto election had nothing to do with it. The complete annihilation of the little Rag Baby satiated the organ's sanguinary lust for gore. But the election is over, and, by my halidom, it was a fatal rout. Many are the slain, and the air is filled with wailings and lamentations. Where is the beautiful Mitchell, "that gentle youth beside whose whopping head?" &c., &c. His loss will be surely felt in the Council-

chamber. Who will now represent the august body in aquatic matters, and preside with such *bon homie* over the cheese and crackers? Alas, who? And then, the lowly Fleming, so meek and gentle, so handy to make a quorum and to swell the roll call. How shall he be replaced since the gallant Riddle, he who has so oft sat upon defunct organisms, is now "sat upon" himself. But above all, where, oh where, is Baxter? Sound your loud trumpets, and weep, oh ye daughters of Israel, over the lost one of the tribe. Fair was he to look upon, comely in appearance, and pure and gentle and good. Who now will attend to those comfortable little trips to Collingwood; who now will uphold the impecunious and struggling Street Railway Company at the Council Board; what will become of the aged foremen and the antiquated corporation equine; who will preside at civic bun-feeds, and propitiate the enlightened voter with unadulterated hogwash; alas, who? Henceforth in that Room of Fate there will be a big blank, an awful void, and space filled with utter nothingness. No more that towering form—at least not exactly towering, but massive form—will be seen, the right arm swinging ponderously, as the owner declaims upon the iniquity of discharging useless foremen, or of taxing unlicensed dogs. How eloquently he describes the innoxious mud of St. Patrick's Ward, and the enormous claims of its inhabitants upon the City pap-chest. But enough! we draw the veil.

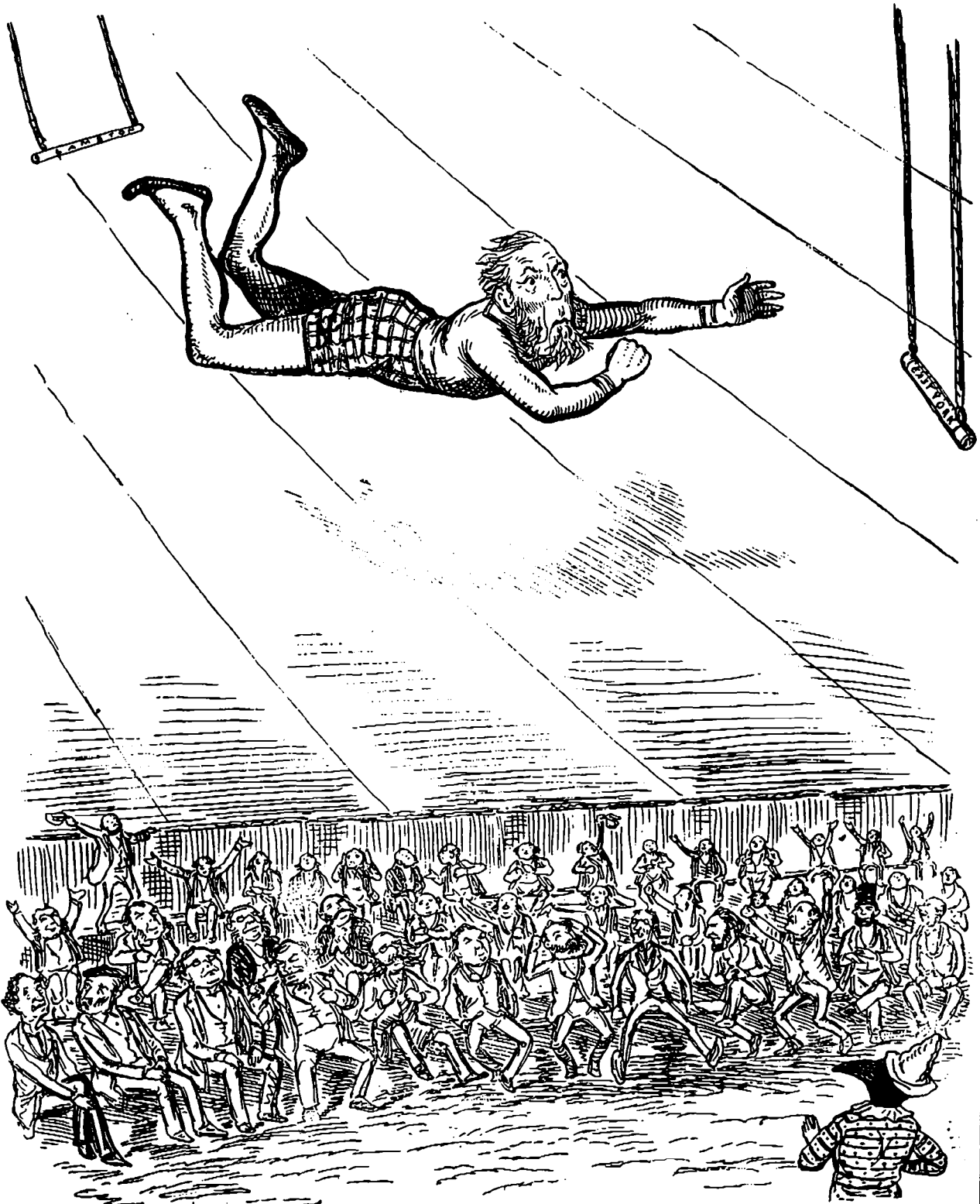
There is one question, my dear Grip, that I should like to press upon the attention of the new City Fathers. It relates to the dog tax, and would produce much revenue to the city. Let all the tagless puppies caught standing about the doors of the Opera Houses after a performance, be taxed, and if not redeemed let them be destroyed, their hides sold for the benefit of the poor of St. John's Ward, and their carcasses handed over to Morse's soap factory. We give this question into the keeping of Ald. Taylor.  
Sic (?)



OSCAR WILDE IN NEW YORK.

UNCLE SAM.—"Dod gast the feller, what did he want to come here for, and stir up our esthetic natur! I s'pose it's all right; it's Yurrupean style, and I've got to keep up with the procession if I bust—but there ain't no money into it as I kin see!"

Young men should be careful about dropping remarks. They may be picked up by a bigger man.—N. O. Picayune,



THE LEAP FOR LIFE!

[Toronto (Can.) Globe.]

**A Welcome to True Enterprise.**

Evidences of substantial prosperity are good to behold. It is a matter of special pleasure to refer to such evidences, as they are indicative of organizing talent and executive ability—none too common even in these days of enterprise and phenomenal activity. These impressions were suggested upon considering the sagacity and energy of the well-known house of A. VOGELER & Co., Baltimore, Md., certainly the largest of its kind in the United States, and known most extensively and favourably to the



trade everywhere. Established half a century ago and not ashamed of the "day of small things, the house has grown to its present proportions, and attained its enviable status by a strict adherence to the fundamental rules and laws of business, and by persistently hard work, guided by keen foresight and that comprehensive knowledge of the business which is sure to win success in the end. To this old German Drug House success has come and seems to have taken up its permanent residence. We are happy to chronicle these gratifying facts as distinctive evidence of the high mercantile and popular honour in which it is held.



Messrs. A. Vogeler & Co., have recently been in our midst in the person of the managing partner, and established a large branch house in Toronto under the management of Mr. E. H. Wooley. Though the affairs thereof will necessarily be on a somewhat diminished scale, compared with the immense home enterprise at Baltimore, Md., the demands of the Dominion will be promptly and fully met with the same care and accuracy as distinguish the transactions of the parent house. Every requisite for facilitating business and rendering absolute satisfaction to their patrons is here to be found in its perfect adaptation.

Then the methods of this house in conducting business with the press is so eminently characteristic, and withal so common-sense and practical, that the journalistic fraternity, without a recognized exception, are its staunch friends. We cannot more fully endorse the firm than to say that our experience exactly tallies with that of the papers of the States, from one or two of which we are pleased to quote the following expressions on this important point. The Philadelphia (Pa.) *Times* says: "They conduct their business in the most systematic manner—managing in a way that others may imitate if they could, but which no concern is likely to improve upon.

It is a pleasure to deal with a house, which conducts its affairs with such sound judgement, perfect system and praiseworthy promptness as we have found in the transactions of Messrs. A. Vogeler & Co." The St. Paul (Minn.) *Pioneer Press* observes: "It is indisputably true that all can well learn new lessons from the admirable system of A. Vogeler & Co., Baltimore. Discriminating with the utmost nicety, in every particular, exacting as to every legitimate demand, courteous in everything they say and do, every detail wrought out as perfectly as the machinery of a watch, their operations reaching every civilized language and State on the globe, their capital ample for all and more than any use they may have for it—this model house is the ideal advertising customer of reasonable and capable publishers."

**The Capitulation of the Caller.**

The caller set out like a sheep from the fold,  
And his cards were aesthetic in tinting and gold,  
And the sheen of his necktie was radiant to see,  
As the rainbow that hangs o'er the summer-clad lea.

Like the gobbler in spring time all gallant and bold,  
His start in the morning was good to behold;  
Like that gobbler at Christmas, rosetted for sale,  
That caller at evening lay vanquished and pale.

For the Spirit of New Year's rose light on the blast,  
And slyly he winked as before him he passed;  
For the tables were set and the snares were well laid  
To entrap the gay caller each visit he paid.

And there lay the cake, rich in currants and spice;  
And there lay the mince pie, so toothsome and nice:  
The jelly-cake, too, was all frosted and white;  
Nuts, apples, and figs, all in heaps of delight.

And there was the wine, beading bright in the glass,  
The hot whiskey-toddy, and who could say "pass."  
And there fragrant coffee, and steaming strong tea,  
All helps for digestion, or 'tother may be.

And over them all there presided fair queens  
Of twenty, or thirty, or still in their teens.  
With eyes so bewildering, grey, blue, or brown,  
'Twas death to look up, and despair to look down.

And the ripple of small talk was pleasant to hear,  
As each wished her caller a Happy New Year;  
And she looked, oh! so lovely, bewitching, and sweet,  
The caller was forced to take something to eat.

And he managed his cup without dropping his hat,  
And disposed of his cane like a new cricket bat,  
And bandied his jokes with such hearty good will,  
That the wit he set flying is on the wing still.

And then his departure which couldn't be stayed,  
And the words that he spoke, and the vows that he made,  
And the utters he uttered, may not be told here,  
But will keep with his cards till next Happy New Year.  
PHUZ

**WEFLECTIONS OF THE HON.  
C. BUFFER.**

D'y'e know I haudly know what to think about the Militawy College in Kingston; a gwent deal may be said—aw—ia its favah, while on the othah hand a gwent many objections may be brought foward against it. The design of the institution is of oaus to educate a numbah of owah Canadian youth in the hiah bwanches of militawy culchah, atfah the most approved mannah of Eupowean tactics, so that we in times of wawfaiah may have amongst owahselves a numbah of wiaing youth who know all the details of wunning a pawalell, making twenches, zig-zags, and—aw—all that sawt of thing, as well as all mattahs connected with in-

fantwy, gunnewy, etc., etc. An inducement is also offe'd to the Cadets in the shape of a commission in the wegulah awmy, when in India, A'wica, or some othah fowweign field, they may on a hogowy battle plain show the prowess of Canada, and—aw—at the same time sustain the glory of the Bwewish nation. This of oaus is highly cweditable as far as it goes, but in a utilitarian point of view it seems to me to be wabhah—a—aw—foolish than othahwise. To pobfahm the duties of a company offeich of the line in a respectable mannah does not wequiah any extwawordinawy amount of ewudition; a school boy in a few weeks could vevy easily lea'n the duties of, let us say—a—aw—lieutenant, and since the new pivot dwill has been in vogue, excepting so far as "intewiah economy" is conce'nd, the duties of the captains in field ex'heices is of the vevy simplest nachaw. Besides, what is the use of the countwy keeping up a somewhat costly institution to dwill a few of owah young men faw the waguilah liuo wewgements of Bw Britain? If pawents aw wiah enough and aw ambitious of the'ah young hopefult weawing a wed coat—a—aw—a sawd, they can awange the thing by sending them to some of the militawy schools in England. Once the cadet gets gazzotted and takes his place in the officaws' mess, you may depend upon it, he is lost to Canada, and when he leaves his wewiment and wetu'ns to his native countwy, he will be so imbued with the dignity of the "wegulahs" that he will doubtless despise anything in the "volunteah way, ye know," and and nothing shawt of—of—a D.A.G. in Canada would suit his views. On the othah hand, those who don't expect commissions will naturally of necessity take up some civil calling, where in these decidedly "piping times of peace" the'ah knowledge of angles, scaups, countah scaups, gwape, swappell, infantry dwill, and vevy thing will gwadually fade fwom theah young minds. Anothah thing to be wememba'hd is that when an engineal co'ah was organized and bwrought to an efficient state for seh'vice, undah an able offeich, it was allowed to die of inanition. If we ewah should have the misfawture to be plunged in the howible condition of—aw—waw—you may depend that the scientific bwanches of the awmy here will be taken chawge of by appointees of the "Haus Guads," and that the colonial fellahs will be snubbed as usual. D'y'e know I think that if the Gove'nement would be a little mo'ah libewal and encowaging towawds the volunteah corps throughout the countwy, and stimulate the offeichs to make fu'theh effo'ts to get theah different bat'alions, twoops, and battewies in good shape, the money would be faw bettah expended than in dwilling a few young spwigs of fellahs into a—aw—falso position—I do indeed.

**Imaginary Conversation.**

NOT BY W. SAVAGE LANDOR.

SCENE.—Mail Building.

MR. DYAS (to Reporter).—Where've you been?  
REPORTER.—Up to Shaftesbury Hall to hear tho Grip man lecture.

MR. DYAS.—Well, see here: don't you write one word about it in the paper. You understand? Not a word! Grip hits us pretty hard once in a while, and we must be r-r-revenged!!

REPORTER.—Who are you talking to, you bombastic understrapper? I'll write what I please.

MR. DYAS.—I'm talking to you, you impudent rascal. I tell you, I shan't have one word of notice about Grip go into the *Mail*, and don't you forget it!

REPORTER.—Who's talking about the *Mail*? I'm on the *News*, and both you and the *Mail* can go—well, get out of this department, any how!

(Mr. Dyas is assisted to a hasty exit, and the reporter of the independent little pink sheet sits down and writes a local notice which Dyas afterwards reads with impotent rage.)



## Canadian Wayside Sketches.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

As we have no shopkeepers amongst us in Canada, but are all, every mother's son of us, merchants, it follows as a necessary sequence that we require a large staff of Commercial Travellers. I am not in any way particular as to factions, and in fact have ever had an antipathy to them since my schoolboy days, when they presented themselves to me as savouring of a parsimonious and mean spirit, and when I registered a vow that I would never split a cent into any smaller denomination, as being derogatory alike to the national currency and the pocket money of a young gentleman; but I believe the statistics show about one traveller to every head and a half of the population.

I know nothing about your raw material, nor your law of demand and supply. I am unable to distinguish "good goods" from "bad bads," and I am absolutely ignorant as to the genealogy of our Commercial Traveller or his asserted connection with the Pilgrim Fathers; that he was a specific creation from our own clay, and indigenous solely to our own soil, I should be inclined to believe, did not the Mosaic dictum stare me in the face and force the rejection of that theory. We owe, by the way, a great deal to Moses, and have much to be thankful for, he has saved us so much thinking and research, and at the same time afforded us a sort of sledge-hammer argument most convincingly effective against our adversaries in opinion. But what has theology to do with commercial travelling? Very little, I am afraid—"Paulo majora,"—and I say I attempt no analysis of the origin of the C. T., but take him simply as I find him in the present day; and here he is:

A jolly-looking, well-developed specimen of humanity, on whose brow appears no furrow, and on whose lip lurks always a smile. Some 5 feet 10 inches of man incased in some 6 feet 3 inches of overcoat (our own goods), with the most recherche of fashionable fur caps, the brightest polished and rather large boots; a horsehoe pin in the latest "line" of scarf; a ring which would be an absolute incubus to a less robust man's finger; a superfluity of watch-chain and pendant emblem; with a sort of comfortable appearance on the whole, as though "chill penury had ne'er frozen the genial current of his soul," and that he has just risen from the consumption of continual Christmas dinners. All these, I say, taken together, with a slight suggestion of Falstaff and a soupçon of Sancho Panza added, make up the *tout ensemble*.

Look at him now, sitting at the hotel office window, with his favourite tilted back attitude, and his favourite tilted up cigar, whilst sturdy porters make obeisance before him, and crouching bell-boys tremble. He is watching the passers-by, and he is at the same time pondering—he knows everybody, of course, and has frequently to come out of his reverie to acknowledge numerous salutations. He has, however, the art of keeping up a conversation and pondering at the same time; even now, as he bows to the passing young lady with his sweetest smile, he is intent on cogitating the advisability of calling (professionally, of course) on Mr. Breakdown, across the road; he is taking a mental inventory of that gentleman's goods and effects, and has come probably nearer the mark than that gentleman would himself. He has evidently some unpleasant reminiscences connected with Mr. Breakdown—though he effected a sale, he was himself effectually sold; this, however, was long since, so he finally decides the matter by a reference to his treasured "vade mecum," which consists of certain calligraphic signs in neatly bound covers, and which always reposes in the innermost recesses of one of his unfathomable and mysterious pockets.

During the first five minutes of his arrival he has found out all the men in his "line" who

have been in town since his former visit, and he knows also who will be on his heels by the next train. His samples are already artistically displayed upstairs, and so, having stricken Mr. B. from his visiting list (in all honour, be it said), he sallies forth to leave his cards and to seek business.

It is, of course, no direct injury to the merchant to take a look at his samples, even though equal of course he doesn't require anything "in that line," but let him once get inside that room, and I hereby publicly challenge any one of them to get out without leaving our C. T. an order, I don't care if it is for \$10,000, or for a lace shawl for his daughter's wedding day, which happy and prospective occasion it is true is rather a long way off, considering that young lady only arrived at two o'clock this a.m., yet has not our C. T. asserted that lace will be going up all the time—but to get out without leaving some order I absolutely defy him.

In the sample room the C. T. is absolute, the autocrat of all the Czars is a nonentity in comparison; his word is gospel, his fiat is irrevocable. He will tell you unblushingly the happy and fortuitous circumstances whereby "The House" (his employers are always "The House") became possessed of that extraordinary line of velvet, of that extraordinary line of silks, at that still more extraordinary line of prices; he knows the number of yards left of them in the whole world, and will tell you within twenty-four hours of when the supply of the same article at any price will cease.

I remember once being present by chance at one of those interesting recitals to a young, oh so very young a merchant, and the thrilling and hazardous circumstances under which "The House" had secured one particular line fairly chilled me to the necessity of a stimulant. I know that amongst other minor and trivial matters was involved the overthrow of the dynasty of some silk-producing country, a declaration of war between two powerful nations, a piratical revolt, a fall in the Bank of England stocks, and, if my memory is not defective, I think there was a murder or two thrown in.

The C. T. does his best, of course, to make sales, and does it, let it be said, as times go, in a fair and legitimate way; but I should so like some evening, after he has packed up to take him to some quiet corner away from all mortal ken, and then ask him to unbosom himself to me, and give me his calm and unbiassed opinion as to the deservability of the punishment of the lamented Ananias and Sapphira.

VIATOR.

## Clerical Quits.

A DRAMA OF THE DAY, AS PERFORMED AT "GRIP" THEATRE, ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

ACT. I.—Convocation Hall, Toronto.

Enter Bishop Perspirationman and Clerical Delegates.

Bishop Perspirationman, of Yorkville.

To pay or not to pay, that is the question;  
Whether 'tis safer for the Church's interests  
To pay Stinsonius the salary agreed,  
Or deftly to refuse? My reverend brethren,  
Lend me your ears, (which laymen say are long)  
And tender your advice.

Sly Church Delegates—

My Lord, your Lordship  
Had best consult your Lordship's own opinions,  
Or with the Lord Bishop of Shantytown take counsel,  
Or with his Lordship of Seagoo—  
Yet would we counsel that no salary  
Be paid unto the catfish who hath soiled  
His clean hands by doing laymen's work.

Slow Church Delegates—

We think our Bishops should agree with Paul,  
"If any will not work he shall not eat"  
And since Stinsonius doth require to eat,  
And since work clerical was not forthcoming,  
What could Stinsonius do but work as layman?  
Pay him his salary? certainly! yes! Amen!

Bishop Perspirationman.

I do mislike me of these Slow Church delegates,  
They never will address me as "your Lordship!"  
Nor yield due deference to ARTHUR YORKVILLE.  
And though before I had the luck to be  
Slipped into this contested Bishopric  
Known as Slow Church and slowest of the slow,  
Skim milk of evangetic pious dullness,  
To turn my coat I greatly wish to try,  
Praise surpliced choirs, and how is that for High?

ACT II.—Convocation Hall.

Bishop Perspirationman. Enter Profane Laity.

Laity—

We humbly wish, if possible, that all  
This unclean linen were not washed,  
These parson squabbles settled otherwise  
Than in the law courts, to the church's scandal.

Bishop—

Dear! beloved, do not thus presume!  
And know that ye must be more reverent,  
And more esteem the ministerial office.  
Which to exalt, it is our Lordship's purpose,  
In this cathedral of Saint J. of Yorkville,  
To name a score of Canons, two Archdeacons,  
High dignitaries with ecclesiastic leggings,  
Whom ye must honour.

Laity—

Yes, it is our duty!

Bishop—

And pay high salaries.

Laity—

Duty so requires.

Bishop—

And from all tax and impost must exempt.

Laity—

Such is the duty of the humble layman.

ACT III.—A Law Court.

Enter Bishop, Judge, Laity, Lawyers and Stinsonius.

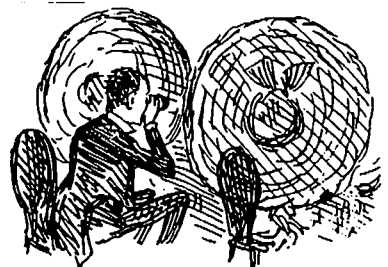
Bishop—

I tell the court here that this man Stinsonius  
Is guilty of the most heinous crimes—  
He hath earned cash and paid his bread and butter  
By working like a coarse and common layman!  
He hath to far Australia made voyage,  
And thence imported the unorthodox emu,  
Wherefore I pray his salary be docked.

Judge—

Whatever salary Stinsonius had a right to,  
No honest work of his can make him forfeit:  
In Canada, all before the law are equal,  
So pay the man his dues, or dread the sequel!

TABLEAU.—Stinsonius is paid amid frantic applause from Laity.



## A NOW-A-DAY NUISANCE.

Oh, the cart-wheel hat! the cart-wheel hat!  
What a torturing, crazy-brad nuisance is that!  
A plague to the eyes,  
So monstrous in size,  
The glaring, and flaring, and vile cart-wheel hat.

Oh, woman, just fancy a man in a hat  
Built of ten yards of plush or the skin of a cat—  
Three yards all around,  
And its weight, I'll be bound,  
Not less than a stone—woman! please fancy that.

Oh, the cart-wheel hat! the cart-wheel hat!  
At opera and lecture behind it I've sat;  
But I saw not a sight  
The whole blessed night,  
Because of that brain-racking, huge cart-wheel hat.

Oh, mankind of Canada, if you would know  
The pleasures of theatres, come with me, go  
To a millinery store,  
Full of cart-wheels, galore,  
Wide-brimmed, and all trimmed and set out for show.

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Leading Exhibitions in 1881.

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TORONTO.



LOOKING FOR HIS TOWN LOTS.

(Purchased at a popular Ontario auction.)

INDIAN GUIDE.—MUCH MORE FAR—TWO MILES. PALE-FACE BEEN BADLY SOLD! UGH! UGH!

Hang that on a hook—'tis the largest they own,  
And gaze on it earnestly, heave not a groan,  
Examine it carefully,  
Look at it prayerfully—  
You've been to a theatre, its pleasures are known.  
Oh, the cart-wheel hat! the cart-wheel hat!  
What a heart-breaking, ill-making man-pest is that.  
Why must man suffer so?  
Is what I'd like to know—  
Oh! quick! take it hence! skedaddle! skip! scat!  
Dick Dempling.

**Here, in our own Territory.**

It can almost be asserted that St. Jacobs Oil works wonders. Shortly before the New Year, when I visited my family in Mitchell, I found my son Edward, a lad little more than ten years old, very sick. He suffered with rheumatism, and so terribly, that he was perfectly stiff in his limbs, could not possibly walk and had to be carried from place to place. At once I sent for some St. Jacobs Oil, used it according to directions, and in a few days could see evidence of considerable improvement. On the tenth of this month I again visited my family and was astonished to find him well and hearty. He once more has fresh colour in his face and can go to school again. Whenever the old trouble threatens to return relief is immediately secured by the use of the celebrated St. Jacobs Oil. From sheer joy over this result I cannot withhold recommending St. Jacobs Oil to suffering humanity as a true benefactor. CHARLES METZDORF, office of the *Volksfreund*, German paper of Stratford, Ont.

Naturalist: can a wolf become fond of a man? He can, and would just as soon have him raw as cooked.—*Boston Post*.

A penny makes more noise in the contribution box than a five dollar bill, and the man who gives the penny makes more noise than the giver of the bill when it comes to saying "amen" or voting on church management.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

A clove is only the bud of a flower. One might suppose it were a rose-bud, so much is its fragrance relied on by men who go out between the acts.—*Lowell Journal*.

Some men are so extremely careful about taking cold that they will lock themselves up in the back office for a week to avoid drafts, especially sight drafts.—*Peoria Transcript*.

**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
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THE GREAT  
**GERMAN REMEDY.**  
FOR  
**RHEUMATISM,**

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Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,  
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and  
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,  
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and Ears, and all other Pains  
and Aches.*

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Where is the use in puzzling one's brains over such intricate problems as the origin of man and the whiteness of his future, when one cannot tell so simple a thing as how the small boy in rubber boots gets his feet wet going twenty rods over frozen ground?—*Boston Transcript*.

Darwin thinks man sang before he talked. If a man comes into this office and sings, we don't give him a chance to come to the point of talking. We send him humming.—*Lowell Cit.*

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