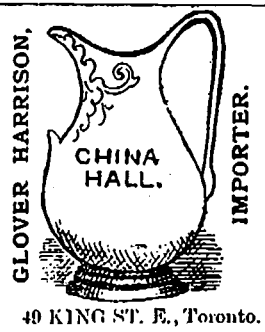
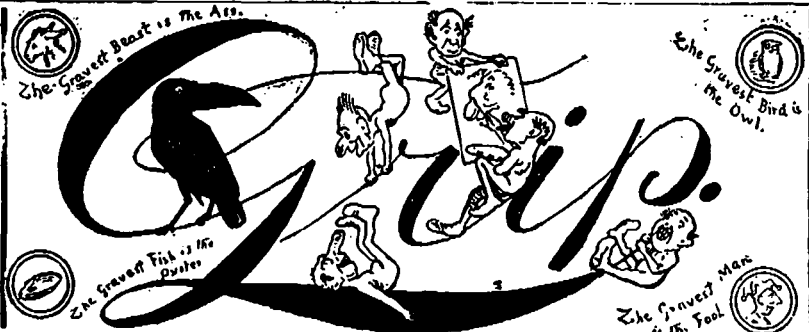
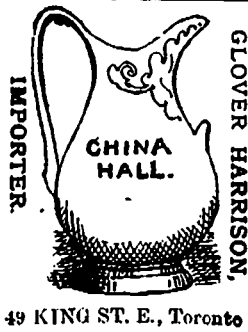


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VOLUME XIX. No. 20

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCT. 7, 1882.

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HEAD-QUARTERS, 11 King St. West, Toronto.



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

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Manager.

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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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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.—It is generally believed that if Mr. Mowat comes to grief in the political gymnastic feat he is shortly to undertake, it will be owing to the influence of certain individuals whom it would be invidious to particularize further than is done in our cartoon.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Gladstone's movements are watched with unusual interest at the present moment. Those who hold the cynical creed that political success is incompatible with personal honor, confidently look for a violation of the virtual pledge given by the Premier of England to the effect that he had no aggrandizing aims in undertaking the Egyptian war. This heggarly expectation will receive a rebuke. Gladstone happens to be one of those old fogies who believe that a diplomatic liar is no more respectable than a common prevaricator, and he acts accordingly. His glorious career is the antidote posterity will have against the evil influence which his contemporaries of the time-serving order will leave behind them.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. London *Free Press* editor should be more careful how he turns his elegant sentences. The one here quoted was pointed at the Mowat Government, but nobody knows better than Mr. Josiah Blackburn that it fits his friends at Ottawa at least equally well. It's wonderful and amusing how very blind people can be when they keep their eyes shut.

J. T. Trowbridge is to contribute the leading serial story to *St. Nicholas* during the coming year. It will be called "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill," and, like all of his stories, while neither unnatural nor overdrawn, will be vivid in style and exciting in incident. Many fathers, who are now subscribing to *St. Nicholas* for their children, will recall their own delight in reading his "Neighbor Jack-wood" and "Cudjo's Cave."

There is a great deal of la(y)-tent energy in that wind, as the Qu'Appelle man remarked when his canvas store was blown down.



"Squatter Sovereignty" made a great hit at the Royal—the entertainment being a continuous laugh notwithstanding the strong localism of the play, which can only be fully comprehended by New Yorkers familiar with "Shantytown." The present attraction is Dr. Howard in his presentation of "Mrs. Josh. Whitecomb."

The "Black Flag," a first-class play by a first-rate company, is the bill-of-fare at the Grand this week. Mr. F. E. Thorne, an eminent New York actor, Mr. N. C. Goodwin, and Eliza Weathersby are members of the troupe whose abilities are too well known to Torontonians to require comment.

MARMION.

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.—ACT I.

Scene.—EDUCATION DEPARTMENT OF ONTARIO.
The Minister of Education seated in his private apartment looking over his new School Law with satisfaction on his beaming countenance.

Min. of Ed.—Yes, that will do.
And now let's hope we've heard the last of "cram."

That nasty word suggesting "sham" and "damn"

I'll hear no more!—Now, happy as a clam,
My troubles o'er, with confidence we go
Before the country; point to my record, "Lo!
This is my work,—"

Enter Archbishop.— (Good-morning to you, sir.

I called to have a confidential chat with you
Anent a grievance, which you must redress.

Min. of Ed.—Welcome! your Grace. I
pray you state your case,
You know you may command me.

Arch B.— Marmion must go!
Min. of Ed., starting to his feet.—Marmion!
how? what? heard I your grace aright?

Did you say Marmion?
Arch B.— I say Mar-m-i-o-n,

Used as a text book in your Grammar Schools.
Min. of Ed.—Your Grace must pardon me,
this nob'e lay

Hath been three-fourths a century the boast
Of Scottish literature; a martial rhyme,
That moves to martial music, clash of arms,
And sounding slogan that adown the years
Comes ringing yet, full-throated, clarion-clear,
Tingling true patriot blood to the finger ends,
And stirring memories that keep alive
A national spirit, that strongly yet may serve
Our country in her need.

Arch B.— Our country! Humph!
My country is my church! I stand or fall
In, for, and to her only. This bad book
Tells of a broken vow of chastity,
Portrays the punishment of the offenders,
Hath actually depicted a flirtation
With royalty itself. It doth show forth
How poor, frail woman will forsake for love
All hope here and hereafter. It, in short,
Is not a book for Catholic youths to read,
Much less (saving your presence) to analyze;
Therefore, I do insist on its disuse.

Min. of Ed.— Is not your Grace—well—
hem! high-handed here?

Arch B.—High-handed! faith then, let me
tell you here,

The power that with authority forbids
Promiscuous reading of the *verbum Dei*,
Won't hesitate, from the fair roll of Fame,

To blot, if it so please her, proudest name
That ever burst on literary world.

Min. of Ed.—Pray give me time to frame a
reason for this sudden change.

Arch B.—There is no time to spare, the
tents are struck,
The march begun, the war-cry "Mowat must
go"

Rings in your ears. Reinforcements are at
hand,

Whose myriad votes the Tory wing shall rout,
With ruin and disaster; or else turn

The tide of war against you. Pray you, choose.
Exit Archbishop.

Min. of Ed.—Oh, wizard of the North! Im-
mortal Scott!

Why didst thou make that cap to fit so well!
Why do I live to see this woful day?

*He seizes his hat and goes outside, muttering
not loud but deep.*—To be, or not to be,
that is the question;

Whether 'tis better, in the main, to suffer
Imperious dictation from this—well—this
churchman,

Or—or—ah! *there's the rub!*

ACT II.

Scene.—THE EMPYREAN.

*Shades of Shakespeare, Scott, Byron, Dickens,
Burns, Thackeray, Moore, Hogg, Grey, Chris-
topher North, and other choice literati in friend-
ly and angelic confab, have their "nox am-
brobiana" disturbed by hideous howls from the
literary world below.*

Shakespeare, starting to his feet.—"Angels and
ministers of grace defend us!"

Hogg.—"Losh-sake! they'll deave us w'
their din;

They roar like water loupin over a linn."
Byron.—"From Alp to Alp leaps the live
thunder!

What on earth's the row?"

Burns.—"The vera rattans backward look
An' seek the benmost bore."

Dickens.—"Hark! the bells!"

Christopher North.—"Gentlemen, pray be
seated. Silence will best assist us to com-
prehend the meaning of this woful war in
yon sublunary speck, where erstwhile we
walked and talked ourselves."

Thackeray.—"Aye! and wrote, too." *They
resume their seats, and listen to the following
fragmentary echoes that pierce the impalpable
ether.*

"Intordicted because of its immoral-
ity, ha! ha! ha!" "Unfit to be read." "In-
sensible booby" "Crookedness of Crooks."

"The elision of a few lines." "Not intention-
ally immoral." "After seventy-five years of
unquestioned popularity, Marmion has been
found to be immoral."

*Scott, starting to the front with upraised
arm.*

"What arrant ass, what brainless fool,
What sensuous literary ghoul,
What wretch on evil search intent,
Sees thoughts the author little meant,
Speaks vice where vice is all unspoken,
Yet lives on earth with neck unbroken;
Why these old facts of history
Recorded in my numbers free,
The untainted mind reads through and
through,

Praising the hand the picture drew.
Unconscious of unholy thought,
They see the moral sternly taught;
While the foul wretch can but descry
Vile hints and inuendos sly.

Burns.—"Sit doon, dear Watty, man, sit
doon,

Just think o' my diminished croon;
If th' unco gude may no' read you,
What think you, sir, maun be my due?

Thackeray.—"And I wrote 'The Virginians,'
woe is me!"

Byron.—"Once more among the critics, yet
once more, and small souls start and
tremble, like a ship without a rudder."

Dickens—"Oh, Copperfield! my joy and pride! Oh! what a tale these two cities of mine can tell! Poor Mrs. 'Arris!"

Hogg—"Oh, waly waly up yon bank! An' waly waly doon yon brae!"

Gray—"Alas! I, in my pensive elegy, Thinking t' immortalize departed worth, Did use a phrase none can explain away: 'Here lies his head upon the lap of earth.'"

Shakespeare—"Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness! Men have grown better than the world they live in.

No longer up to Nature dare the muse Uphold the mirror, lest by truth impelled, Too like herself poor Nature may become. So thin skinned have men grown, so sensitive, That grammars from the schools must be expelled,

Or purged from words indicative of sex, As 'masculine,' 'feminine,' 'neuter' only left, As being non-combustible. The Word of God In the ears of such a people outrage were! And think of children saying Ten Commandments!

"Tis well I live not in this prurient time." Christopher North—"Gentlemen be calm. All this hubbub which you take to heart is nothing more or less than a Canadian election dodge, suited to work either way. Let us resume our celestial conversation. You were saying, My dear Dickens, that generally speaking"—Here one of Vennor's storm clouds loomed up and hid the Emphyrean.

JAY KAYELLE.

JOHN O'DONOHUE IN 1873 AND 1882.

SUGGESTED BY THE CARTOON IN "GRIP."

I'm Senator O'Donohue, a burly Irishman, Who in year of '73 for Aist Taranto ran. Ind in the good Reform Cause I was elicited too, Which was a plisint incident for John O'Donohue. But faix, the cursed Tories they swore they would me bate, So on appale they tuk from me my fondly cherished sate;

But to mesilf I vowed I'd be revinged upon the clan, Who thus could trate so shamefully a dacent Irishman: That to me feet I yit would bring their wily chief to sue, Fur pardon fur the wrong thus done to bowld O'Donohue.

They called me all the filthy names that Tories brand poor Fat, Sich as a "ribil Fanyan ind disloyal dimicrat." Whose shady antesaidints were not above suspicion— Who'd sell his principles ind sich for honor ind position. Now was it not a crying shame to thusly be abused, Ind by the fifth rib stabbers so basely be accused; Shure little did they know, when they their vile tirade began,

How dangerous it was to rouse a schaming Irishman. Or that their allegations might some day yet come thrue, Whiniver it sarved the purpose uv the bowld O'Donohue.

So from that sorry toime till now I've deftly played me card, Until at last me inimies low to me wid regard. And now I am a sinator, an honorable man, The loudest mouthed widin the camp, a lader in the clan.

I hob-a-nob wid Tories now—me counthrymin. I find They're just the sort uv bipeds that's suited to me mind. They'll give us any mortal thing we for our votes may ask.

So let us, friends and counthrymen, in fortune's sunshine bask; Let not shlip past advantages that to yez may accrue, By apeing the ixample of the bowld O'Donohue.

Though there are yit some poor gossoons widin the imerald ranks, Who publicly denounce me acts, as base unmanly pranks; But what uv that, me darlin' byes, beneath their lash I'll smart, That in our sinatorial halls I may uphold your part; Till even wid good McKenzic Bowell a truce I hiv patched up, That henceforth in the public bowl as brothers we may sup.

All bygone animosity is crushed or laid aside, That we the loaves and fishes may evenly divide; The will-o'-wisp called honor is long past over-due, Its payment then repudiate like bowld O'Donohue.

—TOUGAL MCTUFF.

Campbellford, Sept. 25th.



The Rivers and Streams Act—Fishing.

A Fair Deceiver—The woman who exhibits the same prize patchwork quilt for the fourth time.

An advertisement in a Philadelphia paper is headed "How to spend a Jolly Sabbath." We presume the next thing we shall see will be how to thoroughly enjoy a funeral.

Our Funny Contributor purchased lately a key to wind any watch, but his friends shrewdly suspect that what our contributor was really after was a key to unlock any girl's heart.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has published his opinion on the rights and wrongs of dancing. This is all very well in its way, but we were of opinion that the rights and wrongs in dancing pertained more to the dancing-master.

"Why, there is nothing on your subscription list," said a friend to our Funny Contributor, who was canvassing for the missions. "No," rejoined our Contributor, "I haven't done a Russian business, although, classically speaking, this is a *Nilist list*."



OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY, THE IRISH CANADIAN, MAKES HIS APPEARANCE IN AN EVENING DRESS.

CHRONICLES OF BAYVILLE.

(SWIZVILLE SNORTER.)

CHAP. I.

It is the peculiar province of the traveller to give the impressions he receives in his peregrinations to the reading public, and to let the inhabitants of such out of the way nooks as Peterborough, Bullock's Corners, Cayuga, and Montreal, see that there are other places in the world besides those in which they are permitted to reside, a fact which many of them would appear to but dimly realize. With this object in view I would wish to say something about the city of Bayville, a city, by the way, with the full complement of churches and saloons, with a municipal council, many of the members of which can read quite easily without spelling the big words, and with a chief of police who has kindly endorsed the excellent qualities of St. Jacobs Oil.

Bayville, then, starts from the south, at the foot of a mountain of which the Bayvillians are justly proud, not so much on account of its vast altitude (for of such it cannot boast) nor because of any extraordinary formation in its superficial (or other sort of) geology, but for the reason that it affords an excellent site for a hotel to which no license is ever granted, care being taken that the lessee is endowed with more than the usual "cussedness" of his tribe, and who will persist in constant breaches of the license law; of course being "nabbed" in his peccadilloes. Thus the hotel becomes a source of perennial revenue to the city of Bayville, and the citizens are proud of their mountain, exhibiting it with justifiable pride to every stranger visiting the place, and each one talking as if he himself had had a big hand, say the two bowers, joker, ace, and king, in putting it where it is at all.

For years and years, however, the Bayvillians stubbornly refused to erect any decent steps by which this mountain might be ascended. Many were the reasons given for this neglect, but the true one is supposed to have been that, as a magnificent view of the surrounding country and of the backyards of the houses of Bayville could be obtained from the top of the hill, and as those who scrambled up in a go-as-you-please manner to obtain this view might be supposed to be far thirstier than if an easier means of ascent were provided, it was therefore probable that the breaches of the license law referred to would be more frequent, and the influx of wealth from the lines more copious, if things were allowed to remain *in statu quo*. But one day a member of the City council, clambering about on the mountain side in a futile endeavor to find the downward path, and, as ill-natured people assert, having been assisting in several of the aforesaid breaches of the aforesaid license law, did there and then, in his erratic perambulations, trip, jab, stub, or swoggle his toe against a stone, stump, empty beer keg or rock, and did pitch from a height of 197 feet 3 inches, on to his head on the sidewalk below, thereby causing a breakage of three planks of the said sidewalk, and contracting a headache which lasted for several minutes thereafter. This fact caused the members of the municipal board to sit and think—for they could think when put to it, and did a vast amount of work—in their minds—and they said among themselves, "If some less gifted head had belted that sidewalk, it, the head and not the sidewalk, would have probably been the sufferer, maybe to the death, and this our city would be put to more expense for coffins, damages and things than the profits accruing from the breaches of the law as before-mentioned would make up for, therefore, Be it resolved that

"If this steep hill is quite as steep a hill as it appears to me, why what a most particularly beneficial thing a flight of steps would be."

THE CROOKS ACT.
FACTS AS TO ITS WORKING:


YEAR	TOTAL APPLICATIONS FOR LICENSES.	FROM TORIES.	FROM GRITS.
1880-1.	4,562	2,978	1,266.

LICENSES TORIES: 2,704
GRANTED: GRITS. 1,102
Belleville Ontario.

*Facts be giggered - I'm paid to yell,
and I mean to earn my wages.
Editor of the Mail.*

*WANT THE
OFFICES!*

The Crooks Act
is worked in favor
of the Grit Party!!



DEDICATED TO THE "MAIL" MAN.

THERE WAS A LOUD-LUNGED EDITOR, AND YELLING WAS HIS GAME,
BUT NOTWITHSTANDING ALL HIS WIND, THE FACTS REMAINED THE SAME.

And they passed a resolution that such steps should be erected, but that no more patients should be admitted to the city hospital till said steps were paid for. And it came to be a byword amongst vulgar people to say, "Is the hospital full?" and the response would be, "Yea, as full as the alderman who fell down the mountain." And so the steps were erected, and stand as monuments to the wisdom of the council even unto this day. And on the spot where the alderman fell was placed a stone slab like those you may see in country churchyards where people write elegies and loaf round, and on it was engraved the following poem composed by the two poetical and most classical of the aldermen, to wit:

"Here Alderman Jubbs fel on his hed,
But was not killed neer fately ded."

And people read it and wonder and pass on, but bad boys throw used-up quids of tobacco at it, and jeer and laugh most consumedly.

CHAP. II.

Another feature of Bayville and the opposite boundary of the city to the mountain is the bay (from which the place takes its name), in whose pellucid waters float dogs and cats in every stage of decomposition, and in whose congenial society the small boy sports, *in puris naturalibus* (this is Latin, but no Bachelor of Arts will let it down him), much to the horror of the fastidious citizens, who prefer unwashed, dirty, small boys, to seeing them as nature made them. All the vegetable refuse of the city finds its way to this branch of Lake—(Chorus now, please).—Ontayreeo! Ontayreeo! and on a calm, still, summer night, when the water is low, the atmosphere near the bay vividly recalls to the mind of the Oriental traveller that fair country, Ceylon, o'er whose luxuriant isle the spicy breezes forever softly blow. Reader, I was in Ceylon myself once for some years. I investigated these spicy breezes, and found them to be cocoanut oil and dead fish, fish that had been caught for weeks. But it is not with the bay that I have to deal, but with the city itself and some of the people in it, and I wish to tell you of some of its institutions, so that you may be duly impressed with a sense of the sagacity and farsightedness of its council and ratepayers. Far away to the eastward, as far as the eye could reach, lies—(Grit chorusers to the front, please; now

then)—Ontayrooo, Ontayreeo! and yet, though vast amounts of the people's money have been lavished on the erection of expensive waterworks, and though the city boasts of a fire brigade, second to none—it must be so, for the members say so themselves)—in hitching up and turning out in an incredibly short space of time, when representatives of the press and other magnates from afar are in the city, still it has become a byword and a reproach that these waterworks are N. G. in case of a fire of any magnitude at all. Ah! me, but it would thrill the bosom, and often has done mine, to see the gallant fellows, in the faded shirts of blue, dash past, with clanging bell, their faces wearing a set determination to do or die, their horses goaded to a 10.50 gait, to a chimney burning itself out and diffusing a perceptible odor of soot for yards around. It has, I repeat, "thrilled me, filled me with emotions mortal never felt before," as I gazed on the daring lads, and reflected that I helped to pay for the gorgeous paraphernalia of which they appeared so reckless. And now I must try to tell you all about a fire that occurred in Bayville. 'Twas Sabbath in the city: A still calm pervaded all the streets, broken only by the click clinking of some saloon back door, as the proprietor stealthily gave ingress and egress to the drouthy tipplers. Peaceful citizens were taking their quiet afternoon stroll, permeating the Sunday atmosphere with a mingled scent of bad cigar smoke and hair oil. From neighboring churches came the drowsy hum of the preacher's voice and the muffled snore of the worshippers. All was peace, when, hark! it is, it is the dread, hoarse cry, at first faint and indistinct, but quickly increasing in volume, till the words "fire! fire!" strike on the throbbing tympana of the startled listeners. Yes, a fire has broken out, and one of the city's finest buildings is wrapped in the scorching embraces of the fiery demon. Round the corner dashes the fire brigade. The spot is reached. The hose is affixed, all is in readiness. Why, oh! why this delay? Hark! From the brazen throat of the speaking tube come the words, "Hold on a minute, boys; it's no use wasting water. Don't squirt. It looks like rain." Good, careful official! Full well he knew that, let them squirt and squirt, the water pressure could never throw a stream as high as the second storey of the burning

building. So it came to pass that the fire went out, but not before a fine new edifice was reduced to ashes. Will those sapient city fathers now lock the stable doors in time to prevent the theft of another horse? Will they? Time will reveal.

A PASTORAL SKETCH.

He leans upon the handles of his plough—
A sickly man, though seeming strong and rough—
And, while he coughs and wipes his heated brow,
He rests within the shadow of the plough,
Near which the heifer and the brindled cough
Are making havoc with his garden-stough.

He sees not; but his wife who kneads the dough
Looks out of window when she hears his cough.
And, catching glimpses of the bovine fough,
Hurries her apron and her cap to dough,
Then, rushing forth, with many a sounding blough
She drives, at last, the greedy spoilers ough.

The farmer gazes on his horse's hough
Whose bleeding skin the flies have bitten through,
And sorrows that his tail he'er did dough,
With which erstwhile the winged pests he slough,
Leaving him wretched as the bob-tailed cough
Who, ere his tail was lost, so proudly cough.

Why is this yeoman sad and gruff, although
His orchard droops with fruit on every bough,
And all the corn that he may chance to sough
Yields plenteous crops for his capacious mough?
Ah—there's another corn upon his tough—
Its crop is sure—you know his secret ough!

He says, "I'm tired, and I have ploughed enough."
Then homewards leads his horses through the slough—
A dreary waste where wriggling serpents slough
Their scaly hides—and sadly wouder's hough
He can afford to buy his wife a mough,
And fears that he must sell his choicest ough.

At length the weary toiler passes through
The barnyard entrance, where the mud's so tough.
Upon the roof the mating pigeons cough,
And strut about in blue and white and bough,
"E'en so," he thinks, "long since I used to ough."
And sighs while taking his consoling ough.

D'ERE KNOUGES NOUGH.

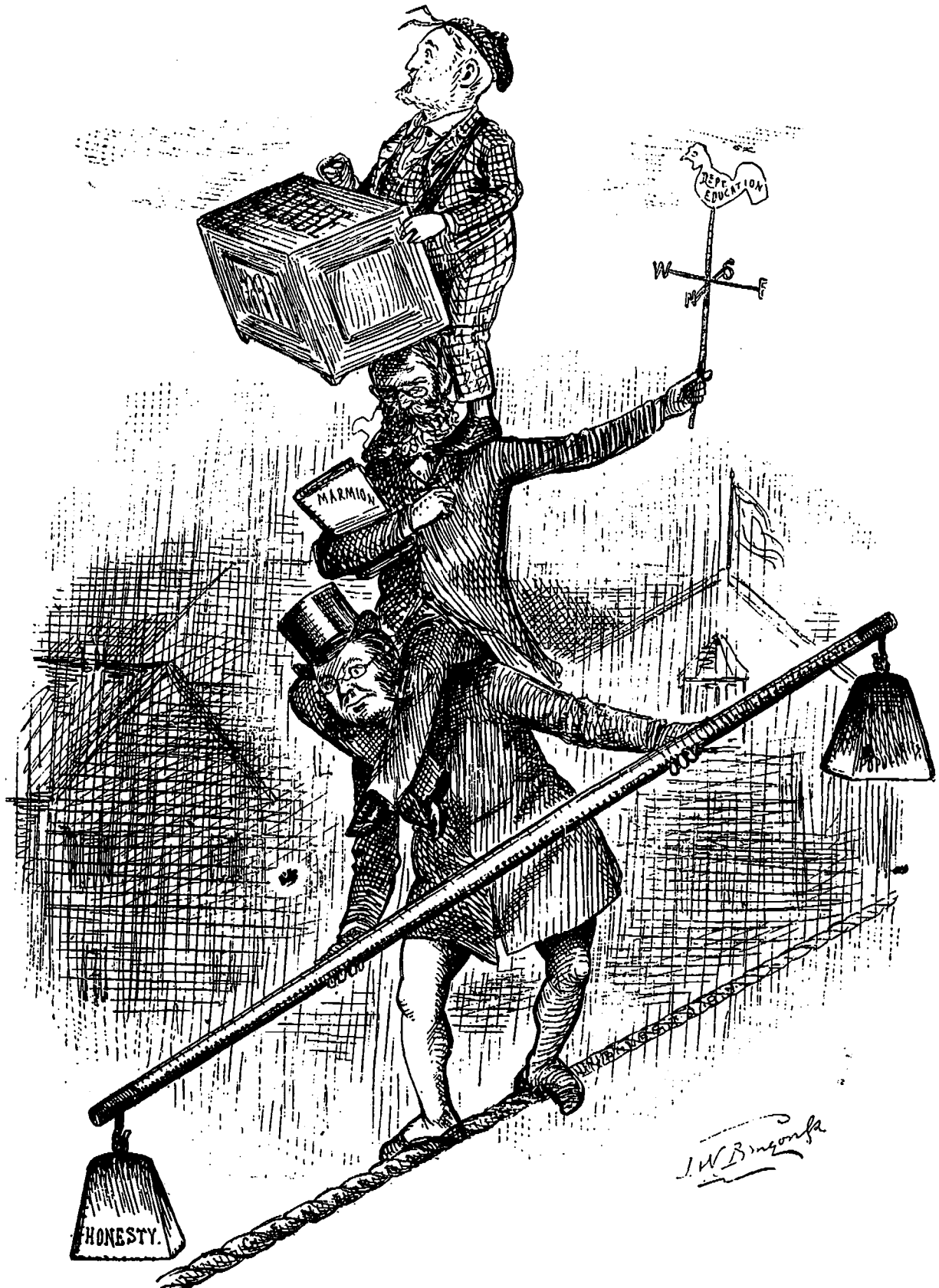
Beecher thinks no torment can surpass that
of hay fever. Mr. Boecher is evidently coming
round to Bob Ingersoll's idea.—*Lowell
Citizen.*



STUDIES IN GOTHAM.

By WM. BRNGOUGH.

No. 1.—"ONE OF THE FINEST."



SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!!

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

AMERICAN FABLES.

A Clam who was taking a ramble over the Meadows one day met a Hare, and after remarking that Winter would soon be here, he added:

"Oh, by the way, I wanted to say that I don't believe in Christianity."

"You don't?"

"No, nor in the Bible."

"Is it possible?"

"And I may as well add that I have become an infidel."

"Dear, dear me," gasped the Hare, and with tears in her eyes she argued and coaxed and pleaded and reasoned with the Clam to change his views. She was still wasting her breath when along came the Coon and called out:

"Good-day to both. Why these tears, Mrs. Hare?"

The Hare explained, and the Coon turned to the Clam and inquired:

"Is it true that you do not believe in God or a hereafter?"

"Strictly true," was the reply.

"And what if you don't?" continued the Coon. "You are simply one Clam out of billions. What you believe or don't believe won't affect even one blade of grass nor disturb one grain of sand. Please shoulder your opinions and move out of the path."

MORAL:

Let 'em Infidel if they want to,
P.S.—Suppose they don't go to Heaven—
what of it?"

THE FISH AND THE HOOK.

A fat Bass was swimming around with her plump young daughter one day when a hook, temptingly baited, was dropped before their noses.

"There's a good dinner for us," whispered Miss Bass, as she started for the bait.

"Hold on, my child," cautioned the mother. "The bait is tempting, but beware of the hook which it conceals."

"Oh, I'll risk that."

"It will be death to you. Take a mother's advice and hunt for frogs."

But the giddy young thing could not be convinced, and taking advantage of the first opportunity she rushed forward and grabbed the bait and—

MORAL.

You may think the fisherman caught her, but he didn't. He fished all that afternoon and didn't even get another bite.

NOT THAT KIND OF A MAN.

The seventh passenger was a lady. There was an abundance of room in the car, but as she entered an elderly man rose up with a great flourish and called out:

"Take my seat, madam. I am not the kind of a man to keep a seat in the street car and oblige a lady to stand up."

She sank down with a half-bow in acknowledgment, and he held out his hand for her fare with the remark:

"Some men are brutal enough to permit a lady to stumble to the fare-box and back, but that isn't me."

He took her ticket and deposited it, and then hung to the strap and continued:

"And I know men who think that passing a lady's fare to the box gives them the privilege of entering into conversation with her about

the weather, crops, rate of mortality, politics, and so forth. That isn't me, however."

The speech had its due effect upon all the passengers, including the victim, and the man let out another link by remarking:

"Giving up my seat in the car to a lady does not entitle me to offer to assist her off the car, or ask if she is married or single, or in any manner break down the stern barriers of social formality, and I know it. It is simply an act of courtesy, and I shall so consider it."

There was something painful in the situation to the other six, but relief came by the man reaching the end of his journey. As he was ready to get off he looked back and said:

"I have seen men whose conceit obliged them to lift their hats and bow to everybody in the car before stepping off, but that isn't me. I shall step off without any formality, and without hoping I shall be missed."

When the six looked back and saw him sprawled in the dust they were glad of it.

IT HAS ENTERED THE CAPITOL BUILDINGS.

It has finally gained its point and no less a personage than the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, Mr. D. W. McDonnell, Ottawa, thus endorses the Great German Remedy: "St. Jacobs Oil is a splendid remedy. I used it on my left hand and wrist for rheumatism, and found it all that it is claimed to be. Mrs. McDonnell used it for a most severely sprained ankle; by the steady use of the article for a few days a complete cure was effected. St. Jacobs Oil does its work very satisfactorily and also rapidly; such at least is my opinion."

"I can recommend my son anywhere," said an Arkansas gentleman to a business man. "It is true that he is a thief, but, sir, his morals are above reproach."—*Arkansas Traveller*.

"Yes," said Brown, "poor Johnsonbury is sinking fast. His mind is fast leaving him." "Nothing very alarming, is it," remarked Fogg, "that a man should free his mind?"—*Boston Transcript*.

A North Carolina preacher threatens to go to work in a cooper-shop if his congregation do not lift his salary a dollar a week more. This is hooping things up with a vengeance.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

An agricultural fair is a horse race with the exception of the address on farming that is made by the lawyer who gets his work in as a political candidate, though he knows nothing about the farm.—*N. O. Picayune*.

"There is not much seasoning in this dressing," said Brown at the dinner table. "No," replied Fogg, "Mrs. Scrimpem has a good deal to do, and she tries to save all the thyme she can."—*Boston Transcript*.

A well meaning person gives hints telling "How to live on seventy-five cents a week. We shall continue to live on eighty cents a week if we have to run in debt. There is such a thing as being too economical."—*Norristown Herald*.

"Vy, my tear poy," he said at Long Branch yesterday, "dere ish no blace like der sea-sides in September; der air ish fine like silk und der prizes at der boarding houses ish sheeper than living at home, so dare!"—*New York Express*.

Mr. Cody has changed the title of his piece again. This year it is called "Twenty Days; or Buffalo Bill's Pledge." It is not a very long time, is twenty days. William ought to swear off until Christmas.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

The guests have dined and the host hands around a case of cigars. "I don't smoke myself," he says, "but you will find them good—my man steals more of them than any other brand I ever had."—*Providence Journal*.

It was after having his eyes all summer outraged by this ubiquitous polka-dotted dress that Macbeth in a moment of anger cried: "Out, damned spot!" Under the circum stances you couldn't blame him.—*Boston Transcript*.

If the comet does strike the earth, we shall have the consolation that our sufferings will be extremely brief, for it will certainly and permanently knock the earth out of time in one round (Sir Isaac Newton's rules).—*New York Times*.

Gloomy prospects for champagne and brandy are reported from France. But so long as the kerosene wells gush freely and the corn-crop is abundant, Americans need have no fear of a famine either in Heidsieck or Cognac.—*Boston Transcript*.

RUPTURE CURED.



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Hear what the Deaf Say!

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

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

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

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THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

"I would like GRIP to tell you why he puts a Highland dress on Marmion."—*Englishman's letter to TELEGRAM.*

MR. TELEGRAM.—I'm astonished at your stupidity! The idea of your not knowing that "Marmion" was an Englishman!

MASTER GRIP.—Please, sir, Mr. Crooks says that the less little boys know about "Marmion" the better.

DOOMED TO DIFFER.

A NOVEL OF POLITICS AND PARANOMASIA

CHAP. I.

Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
And stately refuse to stand drinks for the crowd.
—*Ibid.*

With a wild shriek Eugenia sprang forward to rescue Ferdinand E. McIntosh from his perilous position. Inured as she was to danger, rarely had she been placed in a situation so well calculated to try the stoutest nerves and return a verdict against the prisoner. The



lightning flashed, the sea rolled mountains high, the whoops of the hostile savages sounded nearer, the jagged rocks were coated with ice so that a single mis-step might plunge her into the abyss beneath, which yawned like an auditor of Mr. Crooks'. But the brave girl never blenched, "I will save him," she repeated, "or-or-no not perish in the attempt. That is too commonplace altogether. If there

is anything I detest it is these hackneyed and well worn phrases such as the one I have just avoided making use of, which are of such frequent recurrence in the works of otherwise acceptable writers. Now that is why I like the *Telegram*. Its articles are so original, so piquant, so fraught with a *je ne sais quoi* so to speak."

At this moment the sound of a deafening explosion checked the current of her meditations. "Ha! then the plot has succeeded, I knew it would," she cried, as the debris hurtled through the murky atmosphere, and a pile of campaign documents fell at her fairy-like feet. "Now they will have to put up new government buildings, and that will be good for trade. But I'm forgetting Ferdinand altogether.

"Eugenia!" called out a manly voice in the distance.

"Where are you?"
Echo answered "you." If it had been like the general run of echoes it would have answered "where."

CHAP. II.

Change and decay in all around we see,
Alas! How seldom change comes round to me.
—*O'Pake.*

The conspirators engaged by the Trades and Labor Council to blow up the government building in order to encourage home industry miscalculated the quantity of dynamite necessary, and the force of the explosion was terrible. It loosened the vessel, upon whose deck Ferdinand E. McIntosh paced with anxiety, from her position on the rocks and drove her high and dry on the beach Ferdinand stepped ashore and began gathering up the blue books, ink bottles, and other spoils of office which still fell in a steadily descending shower. The superstitious fears of the Indians having been aroused, they vanished with celerity.

Ferdinand picked up a volume of statutes which bore the stamp of the Parliamentary Library, and seating himself on a log began its perusal.



The hours passed away, the sun sank low in the horizon like a Hebrew peddler of cast-off clothing.

[What does he mean? There is a subtle jest in this somewhere. Is it on "horizon," or "peddler," or "clothing." It surely cannot be intended to compare the peddler with the descending sun because he "sang clo." If so there are depths of paranomasiac depravity which we have not fathomed. Ed.]

Ferdinand began to get hungry. "I wish I could find my way out of this," he said. "I am told that the Indians never get lost, that no matter how far they may stray from their camp they can always strike a bee-line back by observing the peculiarities of the rocks and trees. Hence no doubt the hymn,

The heathen in his bee-lined-ness
Bows down to wood and stone."

And he chuckled over the joke until the welkin rang. He thought it was the dinner-bell

of some sequestered hotel, and quickened his pace through the leafy avenues of the forest.

CHAP. III.

"And the peasant homeward climbing
Heard the Bells of Bulox chiming,
His colliate soul subliming."

—*Spielhaegen.*

"What do you think of the explosion?" said Eugenia Mallory a day or two afterwards to Prof. Goldwin Smith, who had dropped in as usual.

"I regard the course of the daily press in weakly attempting to justify the outrage in order to gain the votes of the workmen as highly reprehensible," returned the Professor. "I object entirely to dynamite as a political factor."

The audience murmured their dissent from such extreme views, and the Bystander shortly took his hat and his departure.

"A worthy man," said Ignatius Mallory, senr., the retired peanut vendor. "Forcible, pointed writer, but utterly impracticable. A visionary—a doctrinaire. Just think of his



actually objecting to a transaction which will cause one million of dollars to be spent in Toronto during the next couple of years. I have no patience with his utopian notions."

Eugenia here tripped lightly to the piano and executed the following fantasia, composed expressly for the occasion:

The dynamite's percussive force
Our legislative hall has rent,
To put another building up,
One million dollars must be spent.
Rejoice, rejoice, ye sons of Toil,
Obstructives, now your folly see,
In vain your paltry schemes to thwart
The local government's po-hol-i-cy.
Ha! ha! ha!
Tra la la!
The local government's po-hol-i-cy!

Mechanics now will have good times,
They'll rear Ontario's lofty fane;
And when depression's gloom recurs,
Perchance they'll blow it up again—
Hurrah for dynamitic aid—
Let's gladsome raise our cheerful voice;
The little game was wisely played,
And victory bids each heart rejoice.
Ha! ha! ha!
Tra la la!
And vi-hic-tory bids each he-a-art re-ja-woice!

There are poems which cause the welling up of the soul, which thrill the heart-strings of being, and which need no excision by the careful pen of a Crooks to render them suitable mental pabulum for the young. We can cordially recommend the above on these grounds to compilers of scholastic literature.

(To be continued.)

Arabi has one consolation. England is left with those 500 Kentucky mules on her hands to manage.—*Boston Post.*



A SENTENCE THAT CUTS MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

SUSAN AND WILLIAM ;
OR,
"TRUTH WILL PREVAIL"

When William left the service he'd, besides a wooden limb,
A vast experience of the world and memories dear to him,
He'd also numerous virtues, and the greatest were, I think,
An aptitude for swearing and a tendency to drink.
Quite frequently, I grieve to state, he came home late at
night
As drunk as ever he could be beneath the moon's pale
light ;
And if his Susan waited up instead of going to bed,
Unscrewed that timber member and would beat her
beauteous head.
Now Susan didn't like it, she objected very much—
In fact she quite began to dread her sainted William's
touch ;
Her loving soul yearned for revenge for those inhuman
knocks,
She thought she'd burn the treasures in her husband's
private box.
When William went to drink at night, as every night he
did,
She carefully unlocked the box and lifted up the lid ;
But think of Susan's horror—just conceive her great
surprise,
When proofs of William's wicked games arose before her
eyes.
She found within that sinful box such varying locks of
hair,
And tiny shoes from China's shore that men could never
wear.
Gold rings and such like little things that sweeten lover's
lives,
And twenty-five certificates of William's former wives !
When William was upon the sea he spent an hour a day,
Arranging his belongings in a most methodic way ;
Each article he labelled in a manner neat and clear,
So Susan gained an insight in her husband's past career.
And then she vow'd she'd leave him, she would leave his
hearth and home,
With her raiment in a bundle thro' the wide world she
would roam ;
Just once more would she see him and would tell him
what she knew,
And would say, " Oh ! William, William, do you call this
being true !"
With anguish in her bosom and the poker in her hand,
Waiting wistfully for William did our gentle Susan stand ;
Then she hears his step approaching—as he opens wide
the door
Susan swings aloft the poker and she smites him to the
floor.
Then she points at all his treasures with a wild sarcastic
shout,
And William cannot understand what all the row's about ;
She talks of broken promises, of broken heads and hearts,
Strikes William and an attitude, and tragically departs.
MORAL.
Ye married men take warning now and never trust to locks,
Nor hide your gay frivolities however strong the box ;
But always burn them ere you wed,—such things are
never shown,—
If locks of hair are found around perchance you'll lose
your own.

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